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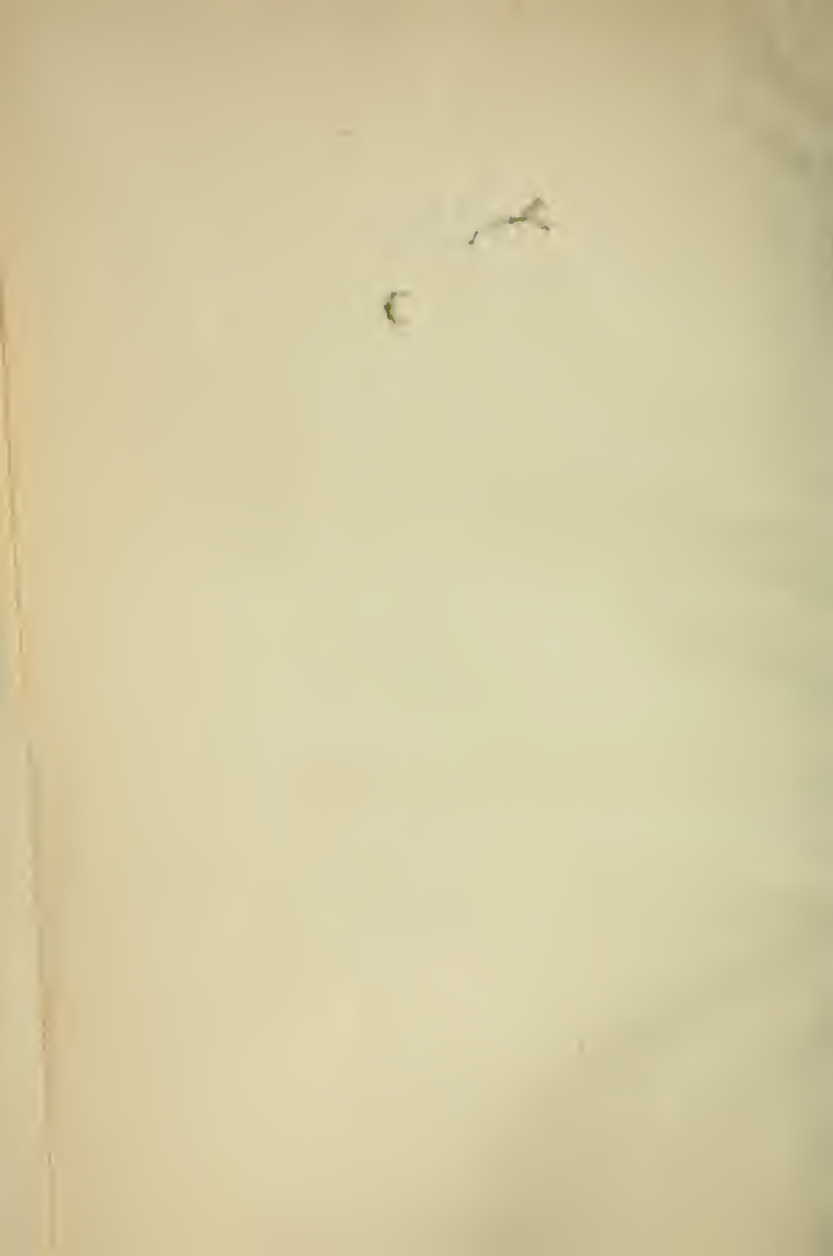
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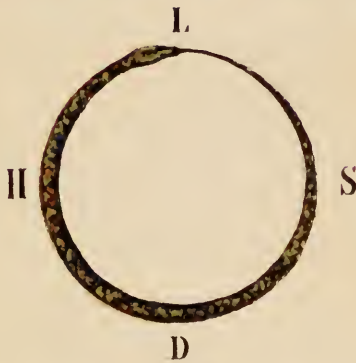


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Acton

OR

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE



New York
D. APPLETON & C^o
200 Broadway.

ACTON;

OR,

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.

A COLLECTION OF

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS,

DESIGNED TO DELINEATE

LIFE, MAN, AND THE WORLD.

Mucrones verborum—Pointed speeches.

*Dirvi chi sia saria parlare indarno,
Che 'l nome mio ancor molto non suona.*

To tell you who I am were words misspent,
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumor's lip.
CAREY'S *Dante*.

NEW-YORK :
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY

PHILADELPHIA :
GEO. S. APPLETON, 164 CHESNUT-STREET.

MDCCCXLIX.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,

D. APPLETON & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

TO
JAMES LENOX,
BY THE
AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

MANY books are published which were not intended for publication, and Acton is one of that class. This collection of thoughts and maxims is the result of reading and meditation, as well as of many observations made upon mankind and society, in various parts of the world. They are selected from a considerable amount of material collected time after time, and now digested into a systematic form. I may venture to say, that some of the articles were written in Europe, some in Asia, and others even in Africa, but the most of them in New Orleans and New York. Instead of descriptions in detail, the design has been to give rather the philosophy of things; and the hope of the author is that the work may contain some suggestions which will chime in with the experience of others, and that it may add something to the common stock of life and worldly knowledge.

ACTON.

LAST WORDS.

COMPANION of my mind and heart,
Acton and his friend must part,
Though each to each accordant made,
And blended like the beam and shade—
Oh, pleasant thoughts and themes were felt,
Whilst we together kindly dwelt !
Seek now the light the world doth claim,
Let me retire without a name,
But yet these whispering tones I hear,
The last which vibrate on my ear—
Gentle, impressive, brief, and true,
And so I pass them on to you.
Apply these thoughts with sense, with care,
Regardless who hath placed them there ;
Not for himself his toil was made,
Nor fashioned he his words to trade.
This is the truth by him believed ;
Freely he gives as he received ;
Not what shall serve for mocking show,
But what is good to feel, to know,
Deep Meditation's exercise,
Which yieldeth strength, and maketh wise.

Of all these hints, some may there be,
Not meant, but which may mean for thee,
Which with a chance, responsive word,
May strike some sympathetic chord ;
Whilst truths awakened, not conveyed,
In glimmering hues are here portrayed.
If smiles around thy lips shall play,
Some shadows may they chase away,
Or soothe those griefs we ne'er make known,
A cure for thine, which cured my own ;
And if, perchance, a tear shall start,
Tears are the treasures of the heart.
Let others idler pastime find,
Take thou these comforts for the mind.

ACTON.

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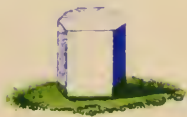
LIFE.
MEN.
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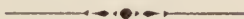


THE CRYSTAL.

*"— Light is none,
Save that which cometh from the pure source
Of ne'er disturbed ether; for the rest
'Tis darkness all, or shadow of the flesh,
Or else its poison?"*



THE CRYSTAL.



LIFE.

Indefinite Objects.

WE possess many instinctive and indefinable anticipations and hallucinations in regard to life. We persuade ourselves that it teems with novelties and delights ; and that it abounds with high festival days and gala shows, somewhere in happier regions, although they come not to us. Who will emancipate us from our monotonous thralls,—who will embellish the real with the romantic, and present us with the agreeable surprises, the far-fetched novelties, the exhilarating raptures, that we crave to make our own ? Who will solve the enigmas, unriddle the riddles, or gather the sweet pansies for us, and

“ Tell us of hills and far off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through ?”

We think more of the episodes than of the epic. In the great drama, all, even the drones and dummies, are engaged ; and in the parts assigned to us, our greatest prerogative will be, that we are adapted to them, and they to us ; and, whether sandals and garlands, jewels and ornaments, or clogs and burdens, yokes and fetters are allotted to us, still we should act well our parts, either with courtesy and grace, or with forbearance and fortitude. Definite principles and qualities are only realized when we are placed in definite positions, and when we grapple with definite objects.

Destiny of Life.

Proud life! yon tree its shadow throws,
 Substance and shade in harmony—
 Nursed by the genial wind which blows,
 A mocking proof of majesty!

Creature of earth, the sun, and skies,
 Upreared—yet doubly fated found—
 To fall as surely as to rise,
 And crownless be that once was crowned.

Ye forms which vanish from my view,
 In beauteous types to be renewed—
 My own in turn shall vanish too,
 To be with Essence-Life imbued!

Evanescence.

Life is fading tint and fleeting form. It is the blue on the grape; the blush on the rose; the foam on the wave; the beam on the cloud; the smoke on the wind; or, the arrow in the air.

Refinements and Delights.

The delights and refinements of life spring from elevated sources. They are eliminated out of the choicest materials of thought and action, and are the joint fruits of the fine arts and of a high state of moral and intellectual cultivation. Full of dazzling charms and bewildering attractions, these glorious perfections of the social state are beset with dangers and temptations on the one hand, and with follies and excesses on the other. The fop, the libertine, the spendthrift, the voluptuary, and the fashionable zany are all to be met with, mingling in these mazy circles of sensualism and pleasure; but they are only meteoric aerolites thrown off by the bright and rapid revolutions of those brilliant orbs which are for ever speeding on in their resistless course, while the stars of love and the whole galaxy of light and beauty still shine all glorious, undimmed, and unconcerned as ever.

In its refinements, its elegances, its graces and adorn-

ments, is seen the glory and perfection of life. It is the highest honor to be equal to them and capable of sustaining them; and the greatest happiness to appreciate them properly and to enjoy them rationally.

“ The resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

Its severest Trials.

The severest and most painful conflicts of life are experienced by few,—are communicable to none. Oh! what burning agony of soul, what direful convulsions of the brain attend them, when every throb of the heart is a death-stroke; when the fibre of every nerve is charged with piercing, searching and writhing torture, and the *intensity* of life is upon us; while the unfaltering energy of a great mind fails not, but boldly wrestles with despair! *This* is the scorpion girdled by a ring of fire, and herein is either the perfection, or the overthrow of life.

O! there are times of durance, when
One arm should be as strong as ten.

All this is known and realized by those who have been baptized in blood and flame; who have felt the elements of a great struggle boiling tumultuously in their veins, and who have been nurtured and cradled not amidst lawns and lilies, but among oaks and crags; and who have not gambled with the sunny insects of day, or with the glittering glow-worms of evening, but have braved the lightnings of wrath, and the darkness of midnight storms.

Weariness.

The tedious weariness and oppressive monotony of life—moments which we are at a loss to employ when we are uneasy and discontented and “life is dull and spirits low”—occasionally weigh heavily upon every heart; for into every heart, according to a fanciful conception of the Turks, there is originally infused a drop of black blood, which contaminates the whole body, and is the nascent germ of all our secret and inmost pains and sufferings.

Admit that this fable only symbolizes the mystery of some previous and fundamental truth; yet they who think it of more importance wisely to endure sorrows, rather than skillfully to explain their origin, will readily agree with La Rochefaucault, "that there is nothing more necessary than to know how to bear the tedious moments of life." The most effectual remedy then is patience, and thoughts of joyousness and content.

"Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content."

Contrasts.

Some impressions possess such an elevating and ennobling character, that we are loth to relinquish them, and to descend again to the level of common and ordinary feelings. When we experience them, we have touched the true source of the moral sublime; and have learned to know that there is something grand and imposing as well as humble and ignoble in life. Such sensations enable us to realize the import of what Gomez felt and said, when, for the first time, he beheld the grand and magnificent valley of Mexico expanded before him: "that no one could conceive of an earthly paradise without beholding it." But he passed on from the enchanting valley, with all its gorgeous and glowing scenery, into the wild wilderness and the miserable and wretched hovel of the poor Indian. Thus do the transactions of life occur; and thus do we fluctuate between the high and the low, the great and the insignificant, the sublime and the ridiculous.

Comparative Views.

Some take straight-forward, but Waller-conceived, *circular* views of life, and it may be regarded either as a toilsome or as a merry go-round.

"Circles are praised not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round;
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well."

Associations.

The observation made by Lady Bolingbroke, in regard to the acquisition of a foreign language, that it is only by asso-

ciating with the intelligent and highly cultivated that we are enabled to speak it correctly, is applicable to other kinds of acquisition. It is they only who are elevated in mind, character, and position, who can lift us up; while the ignoble, degraded, and debased only drag us down. We may be deprived of the advantages of better and superior associations, at some time or another, but unless we seek and obtain them we shall not profit by them, nor be acknowledged to be worthy of them.

Arduous Difficulties.

Strength, bravery, dexterity, and unfaltering nerve and resolution must be the portion and attributes of those who pursue their fortunes amidst the stormy waves of life. It is a crowning triumph, or a diastrous defeat; garlands or chains; a prison or a prize. We need the eloquence of Ulysses to plead in our behalf, the arrows of Hercules to do battle on our side.

Take Danton's noble and manly defiance. "To conquer the enemies of France—to hurl them back—what do we require ?

"To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare."
So also Ariosto

To conquer is a glorious thing ;
To *dare*, in mind, in heart, in deed ;
Let wit or valor conquest bring,
'Tis great, 'tis glorious to succeed.

Exertions and Trials.

The severe trials and hazardous enterprises of life call into exercise the latent faculties of the soul of man. Incentives to virtue and superiority, they are prepared and predestined for him, to put his manhood to the proof, and to inculcate upon him strength, hardihood, and valor. Pusillanimous and feeble without great exertions, he is only what he was designed to be, when he makes them, and forms a commendable and heroic resolution not to permit life to pass away in trifles, but to accomplish something, even in spite of obstacles, but more especially if they do not exist. At slight difficulties be not dismayed, nor magnify them by weakness

and despondency, but boldly meet them and put them to flight. There are cobble-stones in every road, and pebbles in every path. All have cares, disappointments, and stumbling-blocks. Sobs and sighs, groans and regrets avail not. All have need of heart and mind, wit, wisdom, address, management, patience and perseverance. Besides, most difficulties and trials are merely imaginary. In the Homeric ages, virtue and glory were identified, but they always implied greatness of soul, great exploits, and great honors.

“ Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field.”

It is indolence and deficiency of spirit which produce torpor and stagnation ; for both in the daily difficulties of life and in the arduous career of moral greatness, dangers and impediments abound, as well as in the perilous triumphs of heroism, but we perceive them not. The contest reveals them, and shows how difficult and onerous is the task of zealous and active goodness—of resolute and determined virtue—of patient and consistent fortitude, or of useful and laudable exertion and enterprise.

“ A vaincre sans peril, on triomphe sans gloire.”

The Game of Life.

We become wearied, and we weary others also, by these habitual appearances and masquerades,—by this double system of living ; one private, and for ourselves,—the other public, and for the world.

Nothing feigned or violent lasts long. Life will become manifest. It will declare itself. We at last by degrees strip off the worthless disguises. The spectators retire from the artificial show, and we are happy once more to assume our simple and natural characters and feelings. Our subdued love of retirement and seclusion is then equaled only by our former extravagant passion for ostentation and display.

We rush into extremes. The sinner becomes a saint ; the fop a philosopher ; the worldling a hermit ; and we shun observation and acquaintanceship, as much as we before courted notoriety and distinction ; and like those adventurers who have been profuse and lavish spendthrifts in youth, we are converted into grasping and hoarding misers in age.

False Views.

Discontent and wretchedness are as often erroneously associated with poverty, as peace of mind and happiness with affluence ; and there are those who entertain false views of real life, and who yet have the justest perceptions of human nature.

Mutual Sacrifices.

Life is like time : we must bestow a part to improve the rest ; but we should only give up what is proper and needful. So must we make mutual sacrifices, but such only as are right and necessary, and which we would be justified in making, as well as in receiving. Man makes small for others, but prodigious sacrifices for himself ; so that often life lives only in its between-cares and forfeits.

Defectiveness.

It is not strange that existence is a problem, and life a burden. Experience decides these points, but it is somewhat remarkable that the very verb which expresses existence, *to be*, is defective in some if not in all languages.

External Life.

Before us moves the diversified diorama of the world,—the pomp, the dazzle, the confusion of objects,—the commingled tints and roseate hues,—“ the various mockeries of sight and sound,”—and all the imposing circumstance and ostentatious parade of external life.

As the motley spectacle passes by, let us pause to look on, and learn the density of bubbles, and “ the physiognomy of shades.”

Internal Life.

Outward observation, but inward scrutiny. Nisi intus videris. Unless we search within, nothing is deeply and truly seen,—nothing powerfully and warmly felt. Time, nature, life, the soul, all speak and respond to the hidden and prophetic sense of things, *the within* being essentially a part of

the beyond, produced, and reproduced, like the seeds which have been perfumed in the fragrant recesses of the flower !

Internal and External Life.

The external life of man is the creature of time and circumstance, and passes away, but the internal abides, and continues to exist.

The city and the temple may be destroyed, and the tribes exiled and dispersed, yet the altars and the faith of Israel are still preserved. Spirit triumphs over form.

External life prevails amidst sounds and shows, and visible things; the internal dwells in silence, sighs and tears, and secret sympathies with the invisible world.

One is the painted glory of the flower; the other is the delicious attar of the rose.

Emergencies.

Pressing emergencies are to be met with which demand talents, wealth, power, energy, character; in short, every possible help and advantage, to extricate ourselves with honor and success from the straits and difficulties in which we are placed. We must apportion our strength and exertion to the requisite tasks and duties, and remember the Japanese proverb, that a "fog cannot be dispelled with a fan." "He," says Schlegel, "who weakly shrinks from the struggle, who will offer no resistance, who will endure no labor nor fatigue, can neither fulfill his own vocation, nor contribute aught to the general welfare of mankind."

Truly, he who hath never grappled with the emergencies of life, even in his humble sphere, knows not what power lives in the soul to repel the rude shocks of time and destiny, nor is he conscious how much he is

"Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
Into their contraries the petty plagues
And hindrances with which he stands beset."

The Lessons it teaches.

The difficulties of life teach us wisdom; its vanities humility; its calumnies pity; its hopes resignation; its suffer-

ings charity ; its afflictions fortitude ; its necessities prudence ; its brevity the value of time ; and its dangers and uncertainties a constant dependence upon a higher and all-protecting Power.

Career of Life.

Oh life ! whose ills assail, pursue,
 First with a cry, last with a groan,
 A struggling spasm betwixt the two,
 The swaddling band, the burial stone !

Enterprise and Obstacles.—(A sketch.)

His energy was not commensurate with every undertaking, his ardor not vigorous enough to surmount all obstacles, especially such as came inadvertently in his way. He could not sever the gordian knot of difficulty by one masterly blow, nor was he one of those fearless, resolute and enterprising individuals, who, when thrown upon the world without resources and without friends, could make his progress through it smooth and triumphant, and who could even gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles.

Dignity of Life.

In regard to our intercourse with men, we should often reflect, not only whether our conduct is proper and correct, but if it is urbane and dignified ? A trifling air and manner bespeak a thoughtless and silly mind, but “a grave and majestic outside,” saith a Chinese proverb, “is, as it were, the palace of the soul.”

“Respect is won by grave pretence,
 And silence surer e'en than sense.”

Things without life.

In the economy of the world, things destitute of life are indispensable to beings that are endowed with life, and are to be converted into service by them. Also, higher life rules inferior life, as itself is governed by the Source of all life.

Limited Objects.

To have but one object in view, or to be swayed but by one idea or impulse, is to be governed in a great measure by instinct.

Expedients and Compromises.

Life abounds with expedients. Few persons live entirely without them, or without using them at least on some occasions, and frequently they are proper and indispensable. To adopt, however, *nothing else* but expedients, evinces feeble judgment and defective character, and an absence of some distinguishing and ruling plan of life. But the manner in which they are employed, as well as the nature of the expedients, and the efficiency of the resources they manifest, in turning adverse circumstances to advantage; in adapting ourselves, and things also, to our purposes and plans, displays great ability and address, and frequently an admirable genius for the affairs of life. A weak mind or character resorts to poor contrivances. The compromises and expedients of life demand striking proofs of philosophy and address.

Delusions.

Delusions many and strong! Plentiful every where, sportive with the young, inveterate with the old—ingrafted upon opinions, modes, habits and customs. Yet not without purpose is life beset and teeming with them. They are means, not ends, and doors and windows to our prudence and discretion.

“ When I consider life, ’tis all a cheat,
Yet fooled with hope men favor the deceit.

* * * * *

Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give.”

Dryden.

Nothingness.

The glory and perpetuity of nature are permanent evidences of wisdom and power, beauty and grandeur. The

conceptions of them are ennobling and elevating ; they are the tangible representations of supreme and invisible omnipotence, and we cannot disregard them, nor cease to contemplate them, without doing violence to our natures, although they place in such an humble light the impotence and littleness of man. The confession which Sir Humphrey Davy made to Lord Byron, in regard to the limited faculties of the human mind, when seeking in vain to explore and comprehend the impenetrable and inexplicable mysteries of the natural world, is pregnant with the most solemn and convincing but humiliating truths. "We must confess the truth," exclaims Davy, "that we are nothing, nothing ; the pride of intellect, the boastful majesty of man, are nothing at all."

Business.

In the pressing affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and dispatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

Vanity of Life.

Human life, what is it ? It is vapor gilded by a sunbeam : the reflection of heaven in the waters of the earth : an echo between two worlds.

Inherent Value.

Not alone by its ultimate destiny, but by its immediate obligations, uses, enjoyments and advantages, must be estimated the infinite and untold value of life. It is a great mission on which thou art sent. It is the choicest gift in the bounty of heaven, committed to thy wise and diligent keeping, and is associated with countless benefits and priceless boons which heaven alone has power to bestow. What antecedent steps ushered it into being, and what daily and hourly miracles are required to sustain it !

If a world, and worlds numberless had been created, they would have been, and would be nothing worth without the principles and prerogatives of life, to which they are all adscititious and subordinate.

" Without man, time, as made for man,
Dies with man, and is swallowed in that deep
Which has no fountain."

If we appreciate not, and comprehend not this best and highest demonstration of omnipotent wisdom and regard, then omnipotence itself hath nothing richer, nobler, and more estimable to bestow ; and if it had, it would be in vain to impart it to us, for we should be wholly unworthy to receive it.

Life with its thousand voices, wailing and exulting, reproving and exalting, is calling upon us.

Arouse, and girdle thee for the race, up and onward, and,

—————"waking,
Be awake to sleep no more."

M E N .

Three Classes.

Mankind may be enumerated under three classes. They who do what is right from principle ; they who act from appearances ; and they who act from impulses in defiance of law, custom and reason : constituting the upright and conscientious, the time-serving and servile, the reckless and corrupt orders of men.

Unsteady Men.

There are some men who are like unmanageable ships. They have every rope but the most needful of all, and that is the one which guides the rudder.

Aspirations.

It would be well perhaps, if there were some beings living around us on earth, transcendent and superior to man, that we might compare ourselves with them, and see what it is that we wish, and hope to be. Or if we could realize the ten fabulous creations of men recorded in the Hindoo Mythology, and trace among them the characteristics of a higher and nobler race whose attributes might meet our anticipations, and harmonize with our ever unsatisfied aspirations.

Treatment.

Let a man be treated as a brute, and he will become more brutish than a brute ; as a saint, and he will be a saintly hypocrite ; but as a rational being, and he will show that he is so.

As to Duties and Obligations.

“ Man,” says Montesquieu, “ like all finite intelligences, is subject to ignorance and error. Even his imperfect knowledge he loseth ; and as a sensible creature, he is hurried away by a thousand impetuous passions. Such a being might every instant forget his Creator ; God has therefore reminded him of his duty by the laws of religion. Such a being is liable every moment to forget himself ; philosophy has provided against this by the laws of morality. Formed to live in society, he might forget his fellow creatures ; legislators have therefore, by political and civil laws, confined him to his duty.

Knowledge of Men.

In all the affairs of life, but more especially in those great enterprises which require the co-operation of others, a knowledge of men is indispensable. By means of it, Cromwell and Napoleon not only gained possession of power, but knew how to exercise it ; while Dion, for the want of it, failed in giving freedom to the Syracusans, notwithstanding they abetted him, and were urgent for it. This knowledge implies not only quickness of penetration, and sagacity, but many other superior elements of character. For it is important to perceive, not merely in whom we can confide, but to maintain that influence over them which secures their good faith, and defeats the unsteady purposes of a wavering and dishonest mind. And the world always laughs at those failures which arise from weakness of judgment and defect of penetration.

Various Destinies.

What a motley and heterogeneous throng is the race of man ! How various and complicated the currents of their

destiny ! Some are the select favorites of fortune, others the ugly victims of despair. Some are permitted to dwell in peace, others are dragged forth for slaughter ! Or,

“ Grinding through rough and smooth their way,
Through foul and fair their task fulfilling.”

A few live comfortably, die happily, and are entombed splendidly. Others struggle on in life, and at death are cheated out of a decent burial, or become defunct unluckily on the same day as some great man, who gets the benefit of the world's talk and glory, and eclipses them even in this last act of their lives.

Great and little Men.

Ordinary individuals sometimes show themselves capable of performing extraordinary actions. Thus little men occasionally imagine themselves to be great, but are so only in presumption and arrogance. The fewer such in any town or country, the better.

Anticipations.

Our recollections of what we have been, constitute our anticipations of what we wish to be hereafter.

Temptation.

When lust, ambition, interest, urge desires,
The best of men become the worst of liars.
If saints by rule, or only good by fits,
Such men, when tempted, turn to hypocrites ;
Their pious phrases pious thoughts supplant,
And great professions end in fudge and cant.

Men of great Talents.

Men of great talents generally have finely formed heads, united very often to ill-proportioned bodies. They are not remarkable for merry and jocund countenances, nor for “ fair round bodies, with good capon lined ;” on the contrary, they are generally the reverse of all this ; for sadness often gives a pensive limning to their features, and “ melancholy marks

them for her own." Great men are generally so by one great act, or this is father to all the rest.

Excitements of Passion.

Religion and war, peace and strife, security and danger, poverty and wealth, hope and fear, all develop and keep alive those passions and feelings which diversify the scenes of life, and make up the private and public history of man. Every individual has something to contend for; and occasions come, whether sought for or not, which are destined to prove his powers and test the feasibility of his endeavors. And great interests, comparatively speaking, are always at stake, as some advancement or some retrocession must be made.

In this point of view, every man possesses a modicum of consequence in the world, and not only his own, but the happiness of others is associated with his conduct, his capabilities, his character, and his success. Something must be hazarded, and something must be won :

"And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

Sorrows and Perversities.

Perverse, miserable, and unhappy man ! Poets have sung to him, moralists and divines have preached, and authors written—yet is he still erring, wandering, wretched, discontented, uncorrected and incorrigible ! *Poor, bare, forked animal*, that carries his pans on his knees, and nails on his toes and fingers !

"Pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Self-interest.

It is impossible to place two persons side by side, and looking in the same direction, so that their hearts shall beat next to one another.

Individual Man.

Imperfectly understood and appreciated by the Greeks, who, in their disproportionate admiration of heroes, overlook-

ed what was due to the common and every-day qualities of *men*, man, in his private and individual capacity, rises into merited importance only when he begins to be conscious of his dignity, and sensible of those inalienable rights and immunities with which he is endowed by nature. While the Greeks were ever ready to sacrifice their most distinguished citizens to the vociferous clamors of popular prejudice, the Roman, in his best days, felt proud and secure in the enviable title of a *Roman citizen*.

It is then the conception of individual rights,—it is the consciousness of freedom and independence, that elevates, exalts, and ennobles man—which inspires him with the greatest self-respect, and with the strongest patriotic attachment. He feels that he has duties to perform and rights to exercise. He is not an idle and careless spectator, but an active and efficient co-operator in the affairs of the world, and more especially of his own country ; and however poor, humble, and obscure he may be,

“ A man ’s a *Man* for a’ that.”

But if he should advance one step further—if to inherent he adds self-acquired privileges—if culture and elevation of mind are blended with faithfulness, and with courtesy and dignity of manners,—if scorning every thing that is paltry, base, and unprincipled, he adheres to all that is noble, virtuous, and high-minded, thanking the gods, like Plato, *that he was born a man*,—or briefly, if he is, in word, thought, and act, all that true nobility of nature and real refinement can make him, then doth he embody one of the finest impersonations of poetry—

“ A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

THE WORLD.

Things worth possessing.

There are in the world few things, *the best realities*, that are worth having. These are monopolized by the minority,

but all expect to acquire them. It is contention and retention, striving and warring on all sides. In this manner the life-contest is maintained, and the love of possession never dies. In fact, there are in the world these three kinds of things, the valuable, the non-valuable, and the invaluable, and it is a long time before we decide in our minds which of them we have been endeavoring to obtain.

Wonders and Delusions.

In the *Heroic Age* of the world, some majestic monument of art, or some grand and stupendous exhibition of skill and power alone could pass for a world's wonder, and the grand total of all these was only seven. In the *Speculative Age* of the world, the wonders and delusions mount up by scores.

When the elves were all chased away, times began to grow dull; Chaucer sung of them and after them,

" I speke of many hundred yeres ago,
But now can no man see none elves mo."

The elves have fled, but other phantoms and will-o'-wispis rise up out of the rank and luxuriant fens of ignorance and superstition, and corruscate awhile. As those luminous bodies of inflammable gas show the nature of the locality which produces them, so the world's phantoms and delusions indicate the state of society which engenders them.

Men and the World.

We desire to know men before we confide in them, and to comprehend the world before we rely upon it. Alas! when we have acquired these useful kinds of knowledge, we forthwith wish that we had never advanced so far. We prefer to avoid men, and to shun the world, in order that we may seek in retirement, the only peace that is worth possessing, the only happiness which is left us to enjoy!

Following the World.

We may follow the world, or worship it and serve it, until at last it will repay this devotion only with neglect and ingratitude. It will laugh at our folly, it will deride us for the opportunities which we have abused or neglected to improve,

and upbraid us with those very deficiencies which itself has caused. Poor man of the world ! Poor wit about town !

“ Yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me.”

Knowledge vs. Simplicity.

Good education and unremitting study should be productive of learning, if not of wisdom. But some minds learn more without books, than others with them. “ I have known,” says the curate in *Don Quixote*, “ the woods to breed learned men, and simple sheepeots to contain philosophers.” “ It is insufferable,” says Coleridge, “ that those persons, who are constantly in the world, should ever remain ignorant of it, since it is the only kind of knowledge which they pretend to possess,” as was remarked of Anson, that he circumnavigated the whole world, and saw it, but knew it not. It is awkward, embarrassing, unpardonable, and even detrimental not to know the world. But there is, with some enviable individuals, a permanent simplicity of character, apparently incorruptible and inexhaustible, which imparts to them perpetual gentleness and amiability—a long continued nonage and sylvan verdancy. Who would wish to eradicate it, and to substitute a brazen worldly knowledge in its place, or to exchange this downy softness and delicate smoothness for the rough incrustations and cortical asperities of every-day life ? We may admire proofs of hardihood and assurance, but we involuntarily attach ourselves to simplicity and gentleness, and the best companions are not uncommonly the worst friends, and the most showy the least stable ; and in this category are we inclined to place the *old stagers*, the hard heads and leather jackets of the world.

Cruel Indifference.

A great many people have some knowledge of the world, although the world has no knowledge whatever of them, and no particular desire to acquire any.

Hatred of the World.

If the world hates *us*, more than *we* hate the world, our chance of happiness is small, or it is wholly limited to our

particular feelings, capabilities and resources. But if we indulge a hatred of the world, and yet are dependent upon it, and cannot live without it, our lot is an unenviable one of discontent and torture.

This world-hatred, however, is almost always traceable to some vicious experience or imperception—to some false reading “in the lore of right and wrong,” or it proceeds from positive defects in ourselves, from a departure from things simple and pure, whereby we forfeit happiness without losing the sense of the proper basis on which it rests; for, says St. Pierre, “even the men who are most perverted by the prejudices of the world, find a soothing pleasure in contemplating that happiness which belongs to simplicity and virtue.”

Inhabitants.

Peaceful people inhabit the plains and meadows, but fiercer kinds the mountains and deserts. And ease and luxury are as much coveted by the former, as they are contemned by the latter.

Ordinary Knowledge of the World.

Must a knowledge of the world be gathered wholly from lessons of depravity, or from examples of maltreated virtue? Must we apply to the evil to learn the good; or must the good be crushed to earth, to show the patience and perfection not only of long suffering, but of suffering wrongfully? Our knowledge of the world is narrowed down to two points,—to a kind of mock study of certain sorts of zoology and ophiology, or to a critical examination of brutes and serpents.

“Oh! thou world!
Thou art indeed a melancholy jest.”

Insight.

Perspicacious and sapient views of the world are acquired by prompt and clear perceptions of things, seeing into and through them, not only in their actual but in their progressive state,—by keeping up with the age, not falling in the rear-ranks of it,—by seizing the spirit of the times, and by distinguishing positive truths from dreamy abstractions.

This kind of knowledge hits the taste and fancy, and strikes the sense and judgment. It is comprehensive, subtle, practical, and philosophical; and none but acute and alert minds can acquire it, and use it to advantage.

Its Influence in forming Character.

The world constitutes many men what they are, and what they would never be without its plastic influences acting upon them, and moulding them like potter's clay into new forms. But this influence is æsthetical and psychological. It penetrates the thoughts and feelings, and its nature is to revolutionize and transform. It mollifies, it indurates, it embellishes, it deforms, it degrades, it elevates. We are through it converted into philanthropists or misanthropists; into skeptics or enthusiasts; into drones and drivelers or into efficient and considerate beings, wise through folly, victorious through defeat, resigned through suffering, and strong through infirmity,—all by the secret and active emanations of the world and its experiences, which are not always comprehended aright, and which few apply to the ends of practical and profitable knowledge.

Practical Knowledge of the World.

That knowledge of the world which inculcates strict vigilance in regard to our individual interests and reputations; which recommends the mastery of things to be held in our own hands; or which enables us to live undamaged by the skillful manœuvres and crafty plots of plausible men on the one hand, or uncontaminated by the depravities of unprincipled ones on the other, is of daily acquisition, and equally accessible to all.

But that higher worldly sagacity, which has reference to the elevated principles and complicated results of life, is more difficult to be acquired. The foundation of it is laid in the love of whatever is exalted, excellent, rare and pure; and we are taught by this knowledge, which is genuine wisdom, some abatement of our own perfections, and a juster appreciation of those of others, and to place a higher estimate upon whatever is really true and good at heart, and not to be unmindful that the world abounds with self-complacent prophets, delinquent censors, and unjust judges.

Its Troubles.

The moral elements of the world prevail no less universally than the natural. Every heart that beats may be called upon to bleed. The fruits of life are mixed. The good and the bad go together. If we cull them, we must pay the higher price, but at last the best are only earthly fruits.

Eusebius has well said, "He that would avoid trouble, must avoid the world."

This maxim, however, teaches us neither bravery nor fortitude. Eusebius would have enlightened us more, if he had taught us why it is that the best people so frequently have the worst time of it; or if he had shown us how we might still live in the world, and endure its perturbations, or at least manage to receive no more than our proper share and proportion of them.

Courting the World's Esteem.

If our circumstances in life are advantageous, in seeking the world's good opinion, we generally assign them the first place, and ourselves the second. If they are unfavorable, we put ourselves forward first, and condemn the other practice loudly as being highly improper.

Worldly Wisdom.

There is a simple and common ordeal through which all pass, and mankind have generally adopted it to illustrate the initial experience of life. It is dentition. It is accompanied with considerable pain, and some danger, inasmuch as it is *the hard penetrating through the soft*. The weak and frail sink under it, but the strong and robust survive it. It has been remarked, that even persons advanced in years, who have these useful organs reproduced again, after the earlier sets have been removed, have still to pass through the same trials, and to endure the same pains as at first.

So it seems that there is *no cutting one's teeth without undergoing the pains of dentition*. We pass from the milky to the mature, from the cartilaginous to the osseous states of existence.

Mistaken Knowledge of the World.

Most men's knowledge of the world is experience, derived either from some delusion, or from some abomination; from an acquaintance with the cunning managements and deceptions of life, and that kind of conceit which springs from glimmering, scanty, and one-sided views of things; or it is abused and ill-requited confidence pushed to the extremity of endurance and disgust, and greatly enhanced by amplification. Many, besides, boast most of what they know least; and a man may disclaim all other kinds of knowledge, and undervalue it, but still persuade himself that he is a perfect master of this, although he has never thoroughly studied it. A weak and narrow-minded person's discernment of the world, like all his other knowledge, is not only frivolous and shallow, but ridiculous and provoking. He has solved one or two problems, and they the very plainest in the geometry of life, and concludes that he comprehends the whole science, and is competent to the quadrature of all sciences.

Obligations to the World.

Every one owes especial obligations to the world, not only for the good he receives, but even for the ills which befall him, and the rebuffs and back-handed favors which are his portion of life's patrimony. There is a natural and indispensable confraternity and communism in the world—an association of toil and talent, mind and means, more effectual, perhaps, than any others that might be devised, without those powers of attrition and collision which rub off the incrustations, and brighten the opacities of human nature. It is co-operative labor and competitive skill which make the town and country habitable, and which produce all the wonderful displays of art. We all pull in the traces, and every one has a draught harness buckled on his back, and contributes his aid in wheeling on the great work-shop of the world. We serve others, and others serve us by turns and by trade, by hands and by heads. As we receive, so we impart,—the greatest credit belonging to him who does most and best, while all of us do more or less for posterity, as our progenitors likewise have done much for us.

Knowledge of the World gradually acquired.

A knowledge of the world embraces so many principles and theories, and withal is so intricate, various, and contradictory, that it is not to be obtained except in detail.

It requires many observations accurately made and studied, and deductions carefully drawn, preserved, and applied, before we shall make any material advances in an undertaking like this.

No painter sits down to make a collection of his art by his own pencil at once. It is done piecemeal, and subject by subject ; and when a large number of pieces is completed in an approved manner, the whole is then exhibited for profit, instruction, admiration, and delight.

This World and the next.

We perceive, in some measure, how this world is related to the next, inasmuch as whatever is good and lovely in this, ever touches closely upon that. The lowest descent of the highest joins the highest ascent of the lowest. Or, this world is only the first letter in the alphabet of an eternal life, and of innumerable worlds ; and the perfection and variety of forms and emblems here, suggest the boundless resources of their developing and verifying principles hereafter.

SOCIETY.

Different Periods or Stages.

Previously to the reformation, the predominating influence which controlled society was the ecclesiastical and monastic ; subsequently, it was the spirit of politics and philosophy ; and lastly, that of commerce and the industrial arts.

In the first period, vast churches and convents were erected ; in the second, they were demolished ; in the last, ships and railroads were built, and school-houses and conventicles established. The first condition was that of isolation ; the second, concussion ; the third, progression and intercommunication. The old and the new elements, however, yet coexist together ; and it will be difficult, if not im-

possible, for the character of men to become so modified that the latter shall ever gain a complete triumph over the former. The minds of some men are naturally attached to the quiet of despotism and the shackles of authority; others are addicted to agitation and speculation; while others, still, take delight in the prospects of an endless progression.

The Intelligent and Accomplished.

We propose, or should propose to ourselves, some good or high aim in our social intercourse with the world. New feelings, new ideas, new associations are acceptable to us, and we naturally seek and covet those which are elevated and advantageous. And we may grow weary of all other pleasures, but we never tire of intelligent and accomplished society.

Who are best qualified for it?

They who are best qualified to confer benefits upon society, to adorn and dignify it, are seldom found in it. When they make their appearance, they are regarded as curious objects of wonder and astonishment. But the astonishment and surprise are no doubt mutual, and the discoveries made on both sides very great.

Exclusiveness.

They who stand, or desire to stand alone, should not be like peaks of a lofty mountain, which are seen in the distance, but are approached with difficulty.

They should rather resemble islands which are detached, but yet are open and accessible on all sides.

Solitude and Society.

Earth hath its solitudes, and so hath life. If we abandon the gardens and the groves, the forests and the fields, to dwell only in gloomy caves, dismal with darkness, or in sandy deserts where the refreshing rains and dews never fall, and trees and herbs never grow, and where there is neither sustenance nor companionship, how dreary and dreadful is

the scene! But there is no solitude so cheerless and forsaken, so wearisome and hopeless, so desolate and forlorn, as that of the human heart!

Degrees or Stages.

Society is like air—very high up, it is too sublimated, too low down, *dans le bas etage*, it is a perfect choke-damp.

Mixtures, Adulterations, and Substitutions.

The wine is seldom pure, the cheap cotton is mixed with the more costly linen and silk, owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

Pretension and Pretenders.

Society is so much under the dominion of accidental conditions and ritual observances, that its highest stations are not unfrequently usurped by those who possess no other merit than that they are able to conform to all its external rules and conventional ceremonies. Laacs and liveries supply the place of minds and manners, and pages and equipages establish the most unquestionable claims to distinction and rank.

Strange, that pretension and arrogance should be so infatuated, as to assume the government and direction of social affairs, or that they who are demented by them should believe themselves entitled to be courted and caressed, adulated and extolled, when they really deserve to be disciplined and drilled, or to be eudgeled and cuffed.

The Vulgar and the Refined.

A practised eye, at once, by look, by air,
Discerns the finer from the meaner ware,
And needs no rules of science to be told,
Which is the spurious, which the genuine gold.

Castes.

In India there are about a half-dozen different castes, the lowest of which are regarded as having no souls. In Japan, the tanners and leather dressers are looked upon as the scum of the earth, and the disgrace of the world.

Under the delightful government of Russia, there are thirteen classes of citizens, the fag-ends of which, including traders and dealers, are dedicated to the discipline of the cane. In free countries, the castes are innumerable, but generally speaking, every one considers himself equal to any body else, if not superior, but all doubtful points of rank and precedence are effectually settled by the length of the purse, and the quality and fashion of the clothes.

Quick Perceptions necessary.

In society, quickness of perception and ready presence of mind are required. The French employ a good term to characterize those persons who imagine, after they have left company, how many fine and brilliant things they might have said, if they had remained longer in it. They are styled *les esprits des escaliers*, "Knights of the Ladder,"—they who think while descending the stairs, upon what they might have said, but did not say, before they left the parlor.

Good Society.

In good society, one meets with good dancing, good dresses, good creams, good heads of *hair*, and good complexions.

The Arctic Colony of Old Women.

Captain Parry records in the Narrative of his Expedition to the North Pole, one of the most remarkable facts mentioned in any history—that he came upon an Arctic island that was inhabited exclusively by old women. Speculation is at a loss to account for this curious circumstance, this droll phenomenon. Were these Arctic old ladies assembled there for pleasure or for profit, for punishment or for peace? Was it an exile or an asylum, prison bounds or a retreat, that these ancient dames should there have congregated together to live *all alone*, without children or chickens, without spouses or spectacles, protectors, friends, or any such accompaniments? Had they found the cares and persecutions of Arctic society too *caustic*? or were the affections so much *colder* in those frozen regions than in the inter-tropical latitudes; and were they all

"Above life's weakness and its comforts too?"

One would like to know how this community and *grannery* was regulated, and how availing were the moralizing meditations which called up in review the enchanting, but illusive visions of eras past and gone, ere the transitory charms of life had faded away, or had become embodied in ghostly dreams, and when saddened looks and lengthened sneers had not bitterly repaid the treacherous allurements and corroding disappointments of earlier times,

—————"When life was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

Asking for a Sign.

In society, you must never ask for a sign; but if it is given, and you fail to understand, and take it, it is a bad sign for you.

Changeable Elements of Society.

Society is constantly changing its elements. Its losses are great, but its gains are ever accruing to supply their place.

The old retire—the young advance,—
Life's but a giddy, whirling dance.

And "when our shoes are danced through we run on bare soles."

External Aspects and Concealed Corruptions.

Every where society assumes a fair and specious outside, but every where also it is more or less unsound at heart, and corrupt at the core. The daily holocausts of common delinquents produce no profound or lasting results, but now and then some great and conspicuous offender is caught, some splendid victim is impaled upon the flaming altar of Public Virtue, and every body is amazed, and not a few alarmed, lest their own turn should also next come to be similarly detected and punished.

The accumulations of individual, make up the entire sum of the general corruptions; the infection spreading from one to another, from low to high, and from high to low, until few are wholly exempt from it; and the effects are finally manifested in the shape of dreadful disorders and outbreaks in the social

state and body politic, the crises of which resemble those of the storm, the volcano, and the earthquake,—the mobile and volatile commotions of the first, the fervid and fiery ebullition and desperation of the second, and the dreadful subversions and disturbing forces of the third, with all the wild confusion and turbulent energy of elementary agitation—the ethereal—the inflammable—and the impressible—all acting and acted upon, and tending to a peaceable, salutary, natural, and well regulated equilibrium.

BUSINESS.

Indispensable.

Business is not only an indispensable necessity, but an irresistible desire in the heart of man. How restless and uneasy the want of it makes us; and occasional perplexities with it, are a thousand times preferable to the frequent torments without it—for to have no business is to be cut off from the rest of the world, and to exist in a state of listless isolation and exclusion.

“Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
 And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create;
 Business! the frivolous pretence
 Of human lusts to shake off innocence;
 Business! the grave impertinence;
 Business! the thing which I of all things hate.
 Business! the contradiction of thy fate.”

Cowley's Complaint.

The Name.

Business implies occupation, or employment in some affairs. But with the Romans, it denoted self-denial of ease, *nego otium* (negotium), I renounce all pleasure and self-indulgence for the sake of business; and that is the life and soul of it, and the true secret of its prosperity and success.

Practical Knowledge of Business.

The moral maxim, “that we cannot serve two masters,” is applicable to nothing more strictly than to trade. That calling requires a watchful and devoted attention to the ob-

jects in view, to the one all-governing rule and aim. One must be "*totus in illis*," wholly absorbed, to insure success; and with these qualifications, if prudence be not wanting, success is not apt to be impossible. *Nullum mumen abest si sit prudentia*. It is said that Plautus, the Roman comic writer, acquired a handsome fortune by his comedies. He was afterwards tempted to embark in trade, and met with such severe losses that he was in consequence reduced to the necessity of working in a mill in order to obtain a support. What a *grinding* occupation and unpoetical business it must have been to him!

Regular Occupation.

The experience of life demonstrates that a regular and systematic business is essential to the health, happiness, contentment, and usefulness of man. Without it, he is uneasy, unsettled, miserable, and wretched. His desires have no fixed aim, his ambition no high and noble ends. He is the sport of visionary dreams and idle fancies—a looker-on where all are busy; a drone in the hive of industry; a moper in the field of enterprise and labor. If such were the lot of the feeble and helpless only, it were less to be deplored; but it is oftener the doom and curse of those who have the power to do, without the will to act, and who need that quality which makes so many others, but the want of which un-makes them—the quality of vigor and resolution. Business is the grand regulator of life.

Overreaching.

In dealing, we must in most cases submit to the dealer. The advantage is naturally on his side, but he takes double advantage of an advantage; and frequently, if we buy only an egg, or an oyster, something extra must be paid for the shell; if a bundle, a trifle for the string; and twenty per cent. more for the rent of the store. If we have a knack of buying without money and are *booked*, then *the double and single entry* process is served upon us.

A Poor Business.

A needy fellow once approached Louis XIV, and implored alms of him. "What business do you follow?" in-

quired the king. "May it please your majesty," replied the supplicant, "I am a maker of epigrams." "No wonder, then," observed the monarch, "that you are poor, you follow a poor trade."

A Bad Business.

Khol, in his travels in Russia, observes, that while at Moscow, he happened to take a stroll through one of the markets of that city. He saw there a man, who sold frozen fish by the pound. "Friend," said he to him, "how do you come on in your business?" "Thank God," replied the man, "very badly."

Success in Business.

If we were to consult the annals of commercial life, we should find that, in most instances, the men who have been distinguished for success in business are of the same stamp as those who have been eminent in the walks of literature and science. They have been characterized by self-denying habits, by simple tastes, and by unpretending manners; whilst the bold, the vain, the presumptuous and the reckless, have done immense mischief to themselves and others in the departments of trade, dissevering the bonds of confidence and good feeling, and often scattering havoc and ruin around them. The same principles and motives of action prevail in the good, the wise, and the prudent among all sorts of men. It is that wisdom which is unpretending and boasteth not, and that quiet sort of penetration and sagacity which is little exposed to self-flatteries and delusions, which are often more injurious and ruinous than all the worldly artifices and deceptions which are practised upon us.

The Shrewd Men.

Men who are so shrewd and well-practised in the ensnaring arts of business that no one can possibly circumvent them, are very often self-circumvented in their efforts to surpass others. Nothing is more common than for those persons to deceive themselves, whom nobody can deceive. Thus the simple and the wise are brought at last to occupy

the same level, for the cunning of the wise is taxed for the simplicity of the simple. Moreover, in business, as in politics, the crafty are not the profound.

Good and Ill Effects of Business.

“Business,” says a celebrated writer, “is the salt of life.” Nevertheless it is a death potion to many. Whole hecatombs of victims fall daily under the perilous and burdensome weight of its cares, its responsibilities, and its reverses.

To conduct a great business with permanent success, requires adequate, and even remarkable mental and physical qualifications, a strong and active mind with good practical common sense, and a sound and vigorous constitution. It exacts powers of thought and capabilities of endurance which are not to be expected in the feeble and inefficient, the reckless or inactive.

Under every advantage, the difficulties and dangers may prove formidable and fatal. But on the other hand, business is a fine and healthful stimulus, since they who abandon all regular occupation are frequently the victims of ennui and mental agony, and become discontented, captious, frivolous, and unhappy, if not worthless. They lack that *salt of life*, which communicates a wholesome and seasonable flavor to every thing, and is as necessary to intellectual support as the most useful and indispensable of all condiments is to bodily sustenance. Indolence has no pleasures like activity; and he who becomes a slave to luxury and ease, repines in secret over the animating ardor and vigorous enterprises of the past.

Want of employment is the most irksome of all wants, and is often more penal and severe than any labor.

“He saps his goodly strength *in toils* which yield not
Health like the chase, nor glory like the war;”

even the chase after distinction and wealth, and that kind of war and strife which are met with in the zealous and busy ranks of industry and competition.

FAVOR.

Dispensing Favors—A good Rule to follow.

Favors properly bestowed and received, are like truth and righteousness kissing each other. But, when we deprive the good, to befriend the bad, it is taking "the children's bread, and casting it unto the dogs."

"He that is merciful
With the bad, is cruel to the just."

The best rule, it has been said, for dispensing favors, is "to bestow them on those to whom we may do good, rather than upon those who are able to do good to us." For, "that is not a benefit which is given for gain."

Reciprocating Favor.

Inability to reciprocate favors is frequently charged to the account of parsimony, selfishness, or ingratitude. "Never let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth."

Be not too late in acknowledging favors, for according to an old writer, "the graces are painted young;" nor too indifferent, for that appears like shuffling off an obligation.

Danger of accepting Favor.

When we accept a favor, we are in danger of sacrificing our independence, unless the motives which lead to the offering of it are as justifiable as our own in receiving it. Also we run the risk of humbling ourselves only in order to elevate others above us.

Enmity and Favor.

Many gain favor because their enmity is not dreaded, and others because it is.

Benefits Impaired.

There is a niggardly manner of conferring or doing gracious things, which utterly destroys their benefit; or if it does not, the claims of acknowledgment are greatly diminished and qualified thereby.

Bestowing properly.

The parsimony of Swift is well known, and it may have been under the influence of his stinted feelings, that he once said, "A great man observed, that nothing required more judgment than making a present." With Swift, the difficulty of exercising this judgment was so great that he never exercised it at all. An over-stock of prudence is always fatal to the cause of benevolence.

An Apologue—(Compassion.)

A ray of light descended from heaven and penetrated into a dismal and gloomy dungeon. It was a bright and cheerful beam of joy and hope, and kindled new and livelier feelings in the heart. It was a welcome messenger from on high to a wretched outcast on earth. Man, is thy mercy small, when the bounty of heaven is without bounds?

Small Favors.

Doubtless there are times when even the smallest favors are gratefully received; but when great returns are expected for them, we should treat our benefactors to the compliment of the Spanish proverb, *A otro perro con esse hueso*—*Throw that bone to some other dog.* "I remember," said Sancho, "the old saying, 'when the ass is given thee, run and take him by the halter; and when good luck knocks at the door, let him in, and keep him there.'"

Favor and Artifice.

Those suitors are not satisfied merely to obtain a favor, who with it wish also to gain an advantage, in the same way as generosity is a temptation to cupidity.

Signor Geri, (in the Decameron,) requested some of Cisti the baker's wine. When he sent too large a bottle, he received none, but afterwards a smaller one, and it was filled.

Favor and Experience.

Here builds the world one of the vast storehouses of its experience. A thousand roads lead to it, and all kinds and

classes of travelers deposit there the lost remembrances of love—the dear-bought commodities of friendship, and the bitter fruits of that wisdom which they were slow to acquire, and which they so often obtained at the expense of sighs and tears. It is a merchandise of the human affections only in which we dealt, and we are compelled to learn the quality of the staple, and something of its marketable value. How few are the good bargains that are made! How few the prosperous traders! How numerous are the taxes and drawbacks! And when at last we come to pay off all the losses and scores, our real gains are found to be extremely small, insufficient, and unsatisfactory!

As to Friendship and Enmity.

While in the enjoyment of favors, some are only weak friends, but when refused them, are strong enemies. Concessions may be denied with impunity to inferiors, but it is dangerous to give denials to equals, or superiors.

Favor and Suction.

Things that imbibe merely, are of a spongy nature, and fish that live on suction are generally fat and plump, in good condition, but rather soft and delicate.

As a Test of Character.

In two points of view, favor may be regarded as a test of character. In the first place, to be above it; to show a stout and steadfast reliance upon one's own powers and resources; to supplicate not the smiles of fortune, and to be fearless of its frowns, implies a proud and independent spirit, and a conscious loftiness of soul fit for great and worthy deeds. Secondly, to have the means of dispensing favors, in other words, of doing good, and to act with kindness and judgment; to avoid ostentation; to reject unworthy motives; and to esteem every act of duty as a source of pleasure, and which carries with it a higher satisfaction than the mere sordid love of gain can ever bestow;—all this evinces a commendable and praiseworthy tone of character; and if the first example shows how meritorious a resolute, independent, and manly self-reliance is; the last exhibits a picture of that sort of ef-

ficient and unboasting benevolence which is the salt of the world, and the virtuous pride and glory of human nature.

Favor and Generosity.

The niggardly and parsimonious thrive only in one sense, that is, by gain, sordid and selfish gain. If they fail there, all is lost, for they have no claims to partiality and esteem.

“In generous deeds a rich reward we find,
And heaven is always just, when man is kind.”

Favor upon Condition.

Favor upon condition is commonly known as *quid pro quo*, or a sort of mutual tickling—you tickle me, and I'll tickle you ; and this sort of kindness is perhaps the safest of all, or is accompanied with the fewest risks. Such is the favor usually met with in the world, and they are gifted with great good luck who are fortunate enough to receive any other.

Sacrifices.

The time must eventually arrive when sacrifices must cease for the benefits of others. Every back is sufficiently burdened, and the only disinterested part of our lives is that in which we require but little, and when we have nothing to bestow. But in general, nothing is so much lauded and exaggerated as personal sacrifices. Every where are they amplified and misrepresented. Touch the person or the purse and we soon discover it.

The Hazardous Nature of Favor.

What a world do we live in ! If we confer a favor, or if we ask a favor, we are equally in danger of making enemies ; and in the world's estimation the very word *favor* has an odious sound.

After-Consequences of Refusals.

Self-interest and candor are seldom united together, and many mockeries accompany apparent sincerity and mere

ingratiation of manner. When justified in our own eyes, the misfortune is that we are not always justified in the eyes of others; and inferences are constantly deduced from denials of favors which circumstances do not warrant; and more injustice is done to him who refuses than to him who is repelled. At first, these impressions are feeble and indistinct, but they acquire strength and activity by being indulged, when fanciful conjectures assume the shape of positive convictions.

And yet these suppressed sentiments, for a long time, may not be manifested by visible acts; as in Pope's character of Atticus, some secret opposition and ill-will, envy or jealousy, hatred or distrust, are nourished in the heart,

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend."

In general, the refusal of favors soon extinguishes that friendship which is held together solely by benefits and expectations, or is so subject to them that we are not allowed to be just to ourselves, nor generous in our own way.

Favor and Disappointment.

Great is the disappointment, frequently, when only small requests are refused, therefore they are not to be rejected in a dogmatical manner. But if we intend to use the blunt monosyllable, then "he is less deceived that is soon denied," and very obliging if he spares us his after-commentaries upon our acts.

Favor and Time.

Favors too long sought are at last doubly and trebly paid for, and thus are too dearly won. Favors should be timely sought, timely bestowed, and timely obtained.

In Regard to the Sexes.

Most women expect some marks of grace or distinction from men. Condescension and favor are their natural and prescriptive claims; a sort of benefit of clergy to which they

are entitled, and which is universally conceded when justice is done to them. But there are some men who seek to reverse this natural law of life, and who depend upon, and expect every thing from the weaker sex. The gladiatorship of the world is so powerfully contested, that men think little of him who skulks from the conflict, yet manages without risk to carry off the prize. Especially do they abhor him, if he is indebted less to talents and energy than to intrigue and favor ; or if he regards the approbation of women more than the suffrages of men, and reflects upon the judgment of the latter, the estimation he has obtained, through the prayers and praises of some old woman, or through the approving and enriching smiles of some young one.

Contempt of Favor.

We do not ask or desire any offerings of affection from those whom we do not love, and spurn the gift on account of the giver,

“ And think as little of the gift,
As of the one who gave.”

Principle of Charity.

If that which we possess is useless to us, but would be useful to others ; or, if in other hands it would be a source of greater good than it is in ours, we should not be unwilling to dispense with it, either entirely or in part. The superfluity which we enjoy, is a fund placed in our possession by the Author of good works, for suitable investment ; and, by the proper management and application of it, we may gain the praises of men, and the blessings of heaven. “ The talent of doing good ” was the motto of a Portuguese prince, who himself must have been good. And “ certainly,” says Lord Bacon, “ it is heaven on earth, to have a man’s mind move in charity.”

Right and left-handed Favor.

Benefits accrue upon benefits. “ One good turn deserves another.” Sometimes, nay, frequently, one ill turn lays the foundation for another, and then it is like snow falling upon ice.

Whom to ask ?

This is a difficult question, since “*to ask for a thing is to pay the highest price for it.*” The rich are able, but illiberal ; the poor, generous, but lack ability ; friends turn away ; enemies deride ; the world scorns ; and supplication is a token of inferiority. After many rebuffs, cold looks and shoulders, soothing words, plausible smiles, lame apologies, and deep, anguishing mortifications, the true, kind, and considerate benefactor may *perhaps* be found at last, and generally it is one who, of all others, was least relied upon ; some young person not petrified by worldly experience, nor lacerated by severe disappointments—or it may be, some plain, upright, and unpretending, and not very sanctified individual, nor one that is too gracious and smiling, who had the smallest place in our calculations, but who is destined to possess the largest claims upon our gratitude.

Subjection and Favor.

He who lives under continual subjection and indenture to favor, occupies a false and fatal position, and must hazard every thing to correct it. To assert his independence, is to be considered arrogant and presumptuous ; but to offer no resistance, is to endure unqualified contumely and degradation. It is better to be ignorant of our rights, than to know them and yet to lack the courage to assert and maintain them. In a word, he who is constantly subject to favor, must sooner or later cut the cord which binds him, balloon-like, to the stake, and mount in his own parachute.

Allusions to Favor.

To forbear making allusions to favors conferred, is sometimes to confer a greater favor than all the previous services already rendered. To declare these allusions openly, is to offer the greatest insult that can be given, and one that is seldom pardoned.

Trusting to Favor.

Trust not to favor ; it is like traversing the shining glaciers, and relying upon “the uncertain footing of a spear.”

It is as if one were gathering diamonds in a desert, where sharp pebbles shoot up to cut the feet, and venomous scorpions dart forth to sting the hand.

“Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.”

Continuance of Favor.

Nothing short of the permanent attributes of Supreme Goodness, can insure an unremitting succession of favors without scruples and reproaches, without upbraidings and suspicions, or without arrogant demonstrations of superiority and power. The streams of human kindness and merey are scant and partial, and are sooner or later cut off. Patronage becomes the hardest servitude, and we grow weary of eating that bread, which is the bread of mourners, and which is earned by the tears of the eyes, and not by the sweat of the brow. We are of those whom Posthumus bewailed :

“Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done ;
Wake and find nothing.”

Rebukes assail us, which cry out,

“Oh, nourishment and favors ill-bestowed.”

Still more pungent and severe are our own compunctions and regrets, and private broodings over our misfortunes and helplessness.

“Thou shalt prove
How salt the savor is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs.”

Confidence and Kindness.

We cannot always confide in all those who are disposed to confide in us. But it is strange and inexplicable that we should be unwilling to serve those who serve us.

Confidence may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be.

Difficulties and Scruples.

As there are two parties, so there are two sides to every question of favor. There is the proposition or demand on one side, and the assent or denial on the other. Now, few

persons like to *break* with a friend, and there is great danger of doing it, if we act an unfriendly part; and the difficulty consists in so acting as to be just to ourselves, and not unjust to him. Perhaps the request comes in a shape that is *strange* and staggering, and at a time that is inconvenient and embarrassing; it may involve responsibilities which we cannot safely incur, or terms with which we cannot easily comply; or refer to some affairs with which we are little acquainted, and do not like to meddle with. The suitor is much more familiar with these bearings upon the case than we are, and has had leisure to revolve them all in his mind, and no doubt has applied to others, and been repulsed before he came to us. We are taken by immediate surprise, and must decide forthwith, without time for deliberation; for to hesitate, is almost to refuse, and a refusal offends outright. Some individuals are so adroit, and so well practised in courtly epithets and graces, that they can at once escape from a pressing difficulty with gracious bows and smiles—with fair words, but empty deeds. But all insincerity and double dealing sooner or later engender distrust and alienation of feeling. If demands, therefore, are made upon us, which are beset with impediments and scruples, and we are unwilling to expose too frankly those private relationships in which every one stands, we have nothing more to do than to appeal to the convictions of truth and candor; and then, if we are compelled to forfeit an *uncertain* friend, we have at least preserved a *certain* principle of action; and if we are blamable in his eyes, we are justifiable in our own.

Kindness and Treachery.

Kindness sometimes lays us open to our enemies, and shows us to be weak and unsuspecting at the very time when we should be strong, and on our guard. So Joram welcomed Jehu, "Is it peace, Jehu?" to receive in return the salutation of death; and Judas betrayed, and Joab stabbed with a kiss.

Favor and Adversity.

In a letter to the Empress Josephine, on the eve of his departure for Elba, Napoleon observes: "How many are the men of whom a false estimate is entertained! I have heaped

benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they in the end done for me? They have all betrayed me,—yes, all!” When Charles I was undergoing similar trials, and had been thrown into prison, in the verses which he left behind him he records the same painful testimony against the fidelity of friends in misfortune. The sentiments of the royal muse are pathetic, but the expressions not very elegant.

“The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.”

“Fortune makes him grateful,” says Publius Syrus, “whom nobody ever saw.”

Favor Absolute.

Requests issued like bulletins, or which are fulminated like positive orders, or words of command, and must be instantly obeyed as such, are rather appalling. They remind one of the mendicant friar in *Gil Blas*, who collected alms in a hat at the end of a loaded musket. If the contribution was paid, well and good, if not, the refractory were forthwith shot down.

Living upon Favor.

Some from choice, others from necessity, live altogether upon favor. They are either entirely helpless, or are slothful, servile, time-serving, treacherous, and unprincipled. They receive favors, but never bestow them; and they acknowledge no friends or acquaintances, but the wealthy and powerful, who have something to bestow,—some bones or bounties to throw away upon these cringing spaniels of the human race, who know how to adapt their bark and bite to all whom they meet.

Imperfect Denials.

The regret which the kind-hearted experience in denying favors, may lead to the granting of them afterwards with a better grace. But it is a concession which benevolence exacts of generosity, in defiance of inclination.

Dread of granting Favors.

Some persons have a greater dread of granting a favor, when they apprehend it may be asked, than they have of sustaining a loss which they might be in danger of incurring.

Even an expenditure of kindly feeling is painful and embarrassing to some people. Their stock of charity is prematurely exhausted, like showers which evaporate before they reach the ground.

Favorites.

One favorite at a time is as much as we generally need, or desire to have. If other candidates present themselves, they are not elected, the office of love and favor being already filled. They must be content, therefore, with that love which is colored with jealousy, and that demonstration of it which is regarded as officious intrusion. There is no friend like a favorite, but a favorite is scarce of friends, upon the principle of this legal maxim, that "the king should not confer a favor on one party, to the prejudice of another."

As to Love and Friendship.

Love and friendship delight in favor. It nourishes them for a little while, but in the end is apt to poison and destroy them both.

Standard Value.

Favors have no fixed, standard value, and the obligations which we repay by means of them, may be doubly and trebly paid, and yet not paid at all. For the want of such acknowledged value, endless misconceptions on many occasions constantly arise.

Exaggerations of Favor.

Favors which were conferred upon us by our *friends*, often come back upon us so much magnified by lapse of time, and distorted by intervening circumstances, that we are scarcely able to recognize the inconsiderable obligations which we once received.

Our benefactors, like the Hibernian tithe proctors, are not

satisfied with a *tenth*, by way of return, but would take a *twentieth* if they could get it.

Favor and Authority.

Favor is often an obstacle to the exercise of authority, and alienates those who cannot be won by kindness, conciliation, good deeds, and fair words.

Repetition of Favor.

A repetition of favor is an additional trial of constancy and affection, and a further temptation to disappointment and ingratitude.

Reciprocal Character of Favor.

They who have favors to bestow, if injudicious, are as much responsible for their misapplication, as the recipients for their ungrateful returns of them.

Its Antagonist.

The antagonist of favor is a brave and heroic mind,—a noble, self-relying, and independent spirit.

Favor and Misfortune.

The daily experience of life demonstrates, that there are many whose store of earthly possessions is prematurely exhausted by indiscriminate acts of generosity and benevolence, and who, in consequence of overmuch favor to others, are brought in the end to supplicate a little favor for themselves; or, who have become reduced by charity to a state of charity. The generous become disabled, the opulent impoverished.

“ The victor overthrown,
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own.”

So the good physician in the *Iliad*, cheerfully dressed the bleeding wounds of others, but finally had painful wounds enough of his own to be mollified also.

“ The great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now needs the succor which so oft he lent.”

The Close and Hardhearted.

It is vain to look for acts of kindness and grace from some descriptions of people. They are naturally so selfish, so frigid, so suspicious, forbidding, repulsive, and disobliging, that they effectually discourage us from making any advances, or indulging in any flattering prospects of success, from our overtures to them. We might as well attempt to pick a hole through a stone wall with a cambric needle, or to batter it down with egg-shells or pin-cushions, as to attempt to make the least impression upon a surly, crabbed, and stony heart.

Disinterested Liberality.

Many *disinterested friends* would persuade us by "the very easy arguments of love," that the rule of *give and take*, is a fair and beneficial rule of action. But they construe it in a sense to suit their own perverted views, and make it apply thus: *you give and I take*, or *I take and you give*; I play eagle and grasp, you play noddie and let go.

All is *my* share, and nothing for you is *yours*. For,

"Have is have,
Near is far off, well won is still well shot."

My name is Money-Love, I want all the money in the world, it is of no use to you.

Withholding Favors.

Withholding little favors sometimes makes great enemies. "Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language seems half so difficult to me," said the English pastoral poet, Sheustone, "as the language of refusal." There is often much harassing vexation and mortification attending the demands and supplications for favor, and men boast of their *previous exploits*, in excuse of what they *never design doing again*, palliating denial by self-praise, and comforting our needs by fine eulogiums upon their generosity. But then, the grace of kindness is destroyed if we at first cautiously withhold a favor, and afterwards reluctantly grant it, for thereby we provoke the pride of refusal, and purchase disdain instead of gratitude.

The Parmenios.

When Darius proposed to Alexander to join forces, and both united to conquer and govern the world, Parmenio said that he would accept of it if he were Alexander,—“And so would I, if I were Parmenio,” replied the monarch. The Parmenios are ever ready to accede to what is plausible and specious, and are more fond of compromises and expedients, than of firm and independent trust in their own resources.

Returns of, or Reciprocating Favor.

The strong do not choose to remember the time when they were once weak, and the great unwillingly look back to the day of small things. Where there is no connecting tie, and no reasonable expectation, we may turn away with indifference or disdain from all supplications—but what generous and magnanimous heart can refuse honor for honor, service for service, and due for due, thinking only that *now is now and then was then?*

Late Postponement of Favor.

To pass a whole lifetime without performing a single generous act until the dying hour, when Death unlocks the grasp upon earthly possessions, is to live like the Talipat palm-tree of the East, which blooms not until the concluding year of its existence. The flower which is then produced is inclosed in a sheath, and when this expands, or rather explodes, which it does with a loud noise, such a horrible odor is emitted, that the tree is frequently cut down to get rid of it. What more appropriate emblem could there be of the charity of those who postpone their munificence until the close of their lives, when a great report of it is made in the world? They surrender every thing when they see that they cannot continue to keep possession, and are at last liberal, when they can no longer be parsimonious—a late efflorescence of generosity, which lacks the sweet smelling perfume which good deeds should possess; and when it appears, like the Talipat's flower, it is a sure sign that death is at hand.

RICH AND POOR.

The Yokes of each.

The poor support a yoke of iron, the rich a yoke of gold. The latter is the most costly and showy, but sometimes by far the most galling.

“ If thou art rich, thou art poor,
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.”

Their Relative Conditions.

As Providence has seen fit to conjoin the rich and poor in all the affairs of life, the chief difference between them seems to consist in this, that the one lives in the parlor and the other in the kitchen ; and that the latter is clothed in serge, and the former in silk,—and the want of harmony between them, arises from one party not being always able to understand its true position in regard to the other, and sometimes forgetting which is the kitchen, and which is the parlor ; or from endeavoring to put both the kitchen and parlor upon the same footing. Again, when they are kept distinct, and respect and authority prevail on one hand, and deference and submission on the other, how happy is it, when the different members coexist, so as to constitute an harmonious whole ! Like the tree, for example, the roots of which, being the necessary and sustaining parts, are in the ground, and the top branches, which are the graceful and ornamental portions, and the glory of the entire work, are above in the air !

As to Enjoyments.

The poor are more sure of finding enjoyments in their substantial comforts and necessaries, than the rich are of obtaining pleasures from their refined luxuries and superfluities. Nor does the poor man's delight in the rich man's dainties, equal the rich one's relish for the poor man's morsel, when he occasionally condescends to partake of it after the wholesome seasoning of a little privation and toil.

Mutual Toils.

The rich depend on the laboring poor for their work ; on

the merry poor for amusement ; on the learned poor for instruction ; and on the pious poor for sanctification.

Condition.

Labor is the only wealth of the poor, and the largest hands—those of the poor—hold the least, and have the least to hold.

The poor are valuable for their thews and sinews. They have limbs to toil and shoulders to bear burdens ; but the oppressor remembers not that they have hearts to feel, or mouths to be fed, or that there is “a blood power stronger than steam.” The black iron is meted out to them, whilst the yellow gold gladdens the better sort.

Equality not Natural.

Bring the elements of Nature to an equilibrium, and though an apparent quietude is the immediate result, yet the elements of agitation are secretly at work, and some disturbance or convulsion will ensue.

Permanent equality is unnatural, and the most violent storms rage about the equinoxes. So when we attempt to equalize the conditions of mankind, we introduce a moral equinoctial state, and a deceitful calm prevails at first ; but turbulence and repulsion are the ultimate consequences thereof.

As to Contentment.

Contented poverty is more common than contented wealth, and how much more do the poor abound in the world than the rich !

Poverty and Oppression.

Poverty is the universal slavery of the world, the yoke every where imposed upon the greater part of all nations, and the hardest to be borne by those least accustomed to oppression, and who enjoy a comparative exemption from all other evils but this.

Different Standards of Wealth and Poverty.

There are as many kinds of poverty as of wealth, and as

many standards. Who is rich, and who poor, let every one decide for himself, and not the world; for the world can be made to judge as by standards which we erect for ourselves, rather than by those which it takes the trouble to erect for us.

Avarice and Poverty.

Avarice, when it overreaches itself, is exposed to as many annoyances as the privations which poverty is forced to submit to.

Losses.

Pecuniary losses are like depletions of the human system. If moderate, they arrest a state of plethora and prove salutary; if carried too far, vitality is endangered.

Riches and Freedom.

Riches have wings. Yes, bright and golden wings; wings of joy, of pleasure, and of peace. We can mount upon them and fly away whithersoever we please. We can soar, as if on the glorious wings of the morning, and dwell, if we choose, in the uttermost parts of the earth or sea, free from the cares and vexations which embitter our peace, and corrode into the very core of life. Whithersoever we shall go, under the talismanic influence of wealth, we shall find love and service freely offered at our disposal. We shall encounter troops of friends among every people, and in every land shall we be able to sit under our own vine and fig-tree.

The sun shall not burn us by day, nor the moon infect us by night; and when weary of roving, palaces and *hotels garnis* shall shelter us, and for every want a luxury shall be provided.

The Losses of the Rich and the Mortifications of the Poor.

The losses of the rich are not to be compared, in point of effect, to the mortifications of the poor; but they are more exaggerated.

The Rich who are Ignorant and the Poor who are Wise.

The rich who are ignorant desire learning, as much as the wise who are poor covet wealth.

It seems not to be intended that any individual, or that any country, should possess all the advantages which are desirable in life.

All are united, while all are separated; and there are bonds and ties which bind us into one family union—one indissoluble compact of kindred relationship.

Treatment of the World towards both.

The rich are hated, the great persecuted, the good vilified, and the poor despised.

“ Rich, hated ; wise, suspected ; scorned, if poor ;
Great, feared ; fair, tempted ; high, still envied more :
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither—
Great, wise, rich, high, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.”

Wotton.

Chinese Proverb.

The Chinese proverb saith, that the rich fool is like a pig that is choked by its own fat, fit only for the shambles.

“ It is our pleasure and our pride,
That men should say how fat we died.”

Lines on Wealth and Want.

O wealth and want, so oft extolled and curst,
Who shall decide which is the best, or worst,
Since each, as use directs, unnumbered times,
Inclines to virtue, or is warped to crimes ?
Unblest have thousands been with amplest store,
Thousands have blest the fate that made them poor ;
As fortune waned, saw brighter fortunes rise,
For dross of earth, the bullion of the skies ;
Resigned delusive dreams of place and self—
For surer riches centred in one's self.
What fatal lures have wealth and power combined,
To fire with maddening schemes the errant mind,
To rouse the slumbering passions from repose,
To banish peace, and foster direful woes !

Could Britain's king serene contentment keep,
 Or wrest from power the gracious boon of sleep—
 Like that which, spell-like, locks the ploughman fast,
 Or lulls the ship-boy on the reeling mast,
 To toiling limbs which sweet refreshment brings,
 And chafes the envy of a host of kings ?
 See suffering want succumb to wrong and ill,
 Those dreadful foes to bliss relentless still !
 But yet, where want's unknown the surfeit cloy,
 No wealth exists without some counterpoise—
 And few or none supreme delights can share,
 Unshorn by grief, or undefiled by care.
 Though Lydia's monarch held such stately rule,
 He blushed to find his son and heir a fool ;
 His poorest subject, virtuous, just, and free,
 Sent from his loins a nobler race than he,
 Strong to contend, to crown an humble name,
 With honors princes might be proud to claim—
 Or, skilled to exchange with courage shrewd and bold,
 The stubborn iron for the pliant gold ;
 And that achieved, to thirst for more and more,
 And spurn the wretch whose weakness keeps him poor.
 'Tis not alone the rank, the chance, the cast,
 But peace at heart, which yields the good at last.
 Let Life's impulses riot in the breast—
 The closing scenes give color to the rest,
 And Heaven may shower its gifts, or trials send,
 We hope—the hope of all—a blissful end !

HONORS.

Honors as such.

It is a fatal and delusive ambition which allures many to the pursuit of honors *as such*, or as accessories to some greater object in view. The substance is dropped to catch the shade, and the much coveted distinctions, in nine cases out of ten, prove to be mere airy phantasms and gilded mists. Real honor and real esteem are not difficult to be obtained in the world, but they are best won by actual worth and merit, rather than by art and intrigue which

run a long and ruinous race, and seldom seize upon the prize at last.

Seek not to be honored in any way save in thine own bosom, within thyself.

Great Honors.

Great places, are great burdens; and "distinguished conditions in life," says Seneca, "exact great servitude."

"Honor's the darling, but of one short day;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds."

Wotton.

Wealth and Honor.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, in their best days, honor was more sought after than wealth. Times are changed. Now, wealth is the surest passport to honor; and respectability is endangered by poverty. "Rome was Rome no more" when the imperial purple had become an article of traffic, and when gold could purchase with ease the honors that patriotism and valor could once secure only with difficulty.

Reputation.

Reputation is nice and precious. Like coin, it is kept bright by use; and yet, too much use wears it away.

When worn, its value is lessened; when tarnished, its lustre is with difficulty restored. Very brilliant reputations always lose a portion of their brilliancy.

Reputation and Character.

Reputation and character are so different and distinct, that many who enjoy the one do not always possess just claims to the other. Occasionally they are so opposite that some individuals, who are distinguished for reputation, think themselves entitled on that account to take greater liberties with their character. "We seldom," says St. Evremond, "proportion reputation to a man's virtue; and I have seen a thousand men in my time, that have been esteemed either

for a merit which they were not in possession of, or for that which they had already lost."

HONESTY.

Russian Sign of Honesty.

Raikes observes in his *City of the Czar*, that the Russians are not remarkably distinguished for honesty, and that the best way to ascertain who among them is honest, is to search in the palm of the hand to see if any hair is growing there, as it is the only certain sign of honesty among that people.

The hand and fingers have a good deal to do with honesty. The highway robber in *Don Quixote* says, "I am that Gines de Passamonte, the history of whose life is written by these ten fingers."

*Probité.**

The probe which surgeons use, to sound
The inward reaches of a wound,
In classic language takes its rise,
And acts of honesty implies.
So, changed into another sense,
We probe the heart's concealed intents,
To find what on the surface lies,
When searched, proves often otherwise.

Among the Chinese.

The Chinese are influenced not so much by *rights*, as by *rites*. Some historian remarks of them, that he who deals with them should be provided with his own weights, as every merchant is supplied with three sorts: the one heavy, for buying; another light, for selling; and another of the true standard for those who are upon their guard.

Ceylonese Custom.

In the island of Ceylon, when a young man first submits to the operation of shaving, it is made the occasion of a great

* Probe—Latin *probus*—honest, just.

entertainment which is given to his friends and acquaintances. What an admirable custom it would be for every one to observe, the first time in his life that he was *well shaved*, to celebrate it in a similar manner, and to signalize it in such a way, that it should make a permanent impression upon himself, and furnish a salutary lesson to others !

Honesty and Self-Interest.

As virtue is tempted by pleasure, so is honesty by self-interest. If the devotion to either be feeble, the strength of our inclinations may detach us as easily from one, as from the other. It is only where the principle of either exists, that we can be brought to prefer a virtuous self-denial to an unlawful indulgence, and a just loss to an unjust gain.

Honesty and Virtue Supplanted.

It is a deplorable state of things when a fair and upright course of conduct avails less in the success of an undertaking, than the employment of artifice and duplicity, and would be most likely to defeat it, when the other would be almost certain to accomplish the end in view !

CRITICISM.

Some kind of Fear for all.

The author dreads the critic ; the miser the thief ; the criminal the judge ; the horse the whip ; and the lamb the wolf—all after their kind.

Critical Labor.

How industrious some authors are in hunting up the origin of all celebrated productions, and tracing parallels and resemblances between different writers ! What ingenuity and learning did not Johnson show in discovering what he conceived to be the origin of the *Spectator* ! And what distinguished work is there in any language which has not found some one to question its originality, and to detract thereby from its merits ? May not different authors treat the same subject or express analogous ideas in similar language, and

still be original? Was Boileau's Art of Poetry less original than Horace's *Ars Poetica*?

Was Marmontel justifiable, when he asserted in his Elements of Literature, that it is to Moliere, to Racine, and Despreaux, that the English owe their Dryden, Pope, and Addison? That is an example of national vanity. No man, and no author is truly great who is merely an imitator. Every one must be himself. Superiority courts no fellowship. To criticism, and the benefits it confers, we may apply the proverb, *Après la mort vient le médecin*,—a post-mortem examination, but sometimes it buries alive, or impales and dissects the living.

The Critics.

Critics demand something that is altogether new and original, and condemn resemblances and imitations. Do they ever recall to mind that there is nothing very new in criticism itself, and that their own carping tirades are identically the same as their predecessors for the fiftieth generation before them have used? There is perhaps less originality in criticism than in any thing else. *C'est toujours perdrix*.—What is served up to-day, is the same that was served up yesterday and ever antecedently.

“What Gellius and Stobæus hashed before,
And chewed by *blind old critics* o'er and o'er.”

The only kind of criticism that is interesting and instructive is that which gives us the spirit and philosophy of things, *l'esprit des choses*,—or which treats us to the cream of knowledge, and the essence of wit.

Its true Nature and Uses.

The judgment that is passed upon the achievements of the mind, should not be different in principle from that which is decreed upon questions of morals. For the intellectual and the moral censor both have the same ends in view. The one appeals to the standards of taste and science, the other to the convictions of morality and truth. Neither creates the rules or tenets which control his decisions, for they are already established in the nature of things. They have studied and comprehended them, and it is their

province to rebuke the departures from them on the one hand, and to commend the nearest approaches to them on the other. This system of censure and praise—this tribunal of enlightened opinion—if acknowledged by all to be necessary and indispensable in matters of morality, is scarcely less essential as to the productions of the mind, the ultimate improvement, and the highest advancement of the human species being taken into consideration. But, as the precepts of a depraved moral teacher are not to be regarded, but contemned; so, the judgments of an unprincipled critic should be treated with merited disdain. For the cause of truth needs not the aid of private spleen, or malignant wit, which benefit neither those who employ, nor those who listen to them. In addition however to the masterly defence and maintenance of correct principles of taste and knowledge, Criticism should have other and higher ends in view. In detecting faults and blemishes, it should point out their remedies or their opposites. If it exposes defects, it should also exhibit and make us comprehend that which is more perfect. And thus, by the aid of instruction and reproof, and by the display of correct precepts and cultivated intelligence, Criticism may be made one of the most important vehicles in promoting the advancement of truth and knowledge; while it is not incompatible that it should assume the functions of a moral instructor, by encouraging the modest and unassuming, reproofing the vicious and depraved, the presumptuous and vain, and extolling the virtuous and good, the enlightened and refined.

POWER.

Five Kinds.

There are many kinds of power known and exercised in the world; but the chief, or most prevailing of them, are five in number—moral, intellectual, physical, mechanical, and lastly the money-power, the greatest of all, because it controls all—the great Autocrat of the world.

Power and Justice.

All power, private or public, not founded in justice, sooner or later falls to the ground; for justice, and not strength, is

the natural basis of power, and where this does not exist, oppositions, discontents and outbreaks are liable to occur, and the contentions in the family circle, are only diminutive representations of rebellion in a state on a larger and more formidable scale.

Oppression.

Tyranny is natural to man. Even the feeble desire to exercise it, not only over the feebler, but over those who are more powerful than themselves. In the latter case, it is regarded as an encroachment upon prescriptive rights, or resistance to imaginary wrongs.

But the strong habitually employ it against the weak, under some form or other of oppression.

The lover of peace is therefore placed between these two parties, and, abhorring war, is yet compelled to fight; for the *presumption* of the feeble is only equaled by the *assumption* of the mighty.

The Oppressor and the Oppressed.

The injurious and the oppressor are often the first to raise the cry of injury and oppression. They give the provocation, and then accuse others of the offence, putting the blame, not upon the encroachment, but upon the resistance to it.

“ A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.”

Love of Power.

The pursuits and inclinations of mankind all tend to the acquisition of power; if not to that of predominant rule and sway, at least to the power of self-control and independent action. It is sought for, and fought for, in every manner and by every means: in riches, in rank, in station, in knowledge; by fame, by open bravery and boldness, by artful cunning and submission, by pen, by sword, by trumpet, and by tool. But power, however pursued and obtained, is the coveted possession of man, and the cherished and aspiring object of his ambition, for the powerless are without influence or regard, and have no weight or voice in the world's affairs.

But there is always a place reserved in the world for him who is in possession of power.

NATIONS.

As to Manners.

The northern nations are distinguished for etiquette, the eastern for ceremony, and the southern for courtesy.

National Antipathies.

Antipathies prevail where resemblances suggest comparisons, and where the comparisons give rise to bickerings and jealousies. The next step is, to turn the bad and rankling feelings to active and hostile account. Power proceeds to revenge itself upon weakness; friends and allies are treated as foes and aliens; and near neighbors as the most distant acquaintances; and they who are most alike, as if there was no likeness at all. Witness the Poles and the Russians, the Greeks and the Turks, the Spaniards and the Moors, the Jews and the Christians.

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The fat comes out of the North, and the sweet out of the South. The East has its teas, its spices and its gums; the West its oaks, its maples and its pines.

Habit, Custom.

Some men behold the good habits and actions of their neighbors, without imitating them; and some contiguous nations witness each other's convenient customs and usages, but never adopt them.

Patriotism.

No nation can expect to prosper and become great, without ardent and devoted patriotism. It is the first and last consideration. When the last Punic war was being waged against Rome, and was threatening her destruction, and the great Carthaginian general was drawing near the city, some weak

minds gave way to their fears, and thought that all was lost. But the true Roman spirit was maintained; the cause of the country was not abandoned; and the very ground on which the army of Hannibal was encamped, was sold for as much, if not for a greater price than ever before. Patriotism is irresistible, unconquerable, universal.

A glorious shout upsprings o'er all the earth,
Long live! long live the land which gives us birth.

Nations and Races.

It is with nations as with the different races of men. Some are honored and favored, and others foredoomed to misfortune and contumely. Of the happy nations, witness the European and the American. Of the unfortunate races, behold the Arab, the Negro, and those parasitic plants, the Jews and Gipsies. To the catalogue of depauperated and deplorable nations, add all colonial dependencies which are universally dedicated to plunder and misrule.

National Honor.

Whilst older nations girt with honors stand,
And young Columbia, Titan of the land,
Far westward strides—and each successive day
Expands her bounds, perpetuates her sway,
And Freedom's champions hail her radiant sun,
Where Virtue's name, and Washington's are one,
Oh, may her children catch his sacred fire,
And ne'er forget to emulate their sire.
Though grandeur dazzles, may they learn to feel,
His wisdom, justice, and his patriot zeal,
And watch, as truth each darkened realm pervades,
The holy light which streams through Vernon's shades—
Be truly great, from grovelling vice exempt,
Nor sink, like Burr, from glory to contempt.

National Ascendency.

Time immemorial, some nation or other has aspired to maintain dynastic ascendency in the world. The Assyrians ventured it—

“The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.”

Then came the ambitious and subtle Egyptians, the restless and polished Greeks, the fierce Carthagenians, and the martial Romans, all eager for the world's dominion and mastery, to be won by conquest, rapine, and bloodshed. But the Sennacheribs, Ptolemies, Cæsars, Attilas, and Napoleons, all belong to ages that are past; and despotisms, like ancient baronial castles, are becoming matters of mere curiosity. The arts of peace are now governing the world, and awarding its supremacy, and not the art of war. Intelligence and refinement, equal laws and equal rights are in vogue, and the greatest nation is that which possesses all these in the greatest security and perfection. Such are the social, national, and fundamental influences which are being diffused abroad, fraternizing the nations of the earth, and the whole world is in danger of becoming Anglicized, Gallicized, and Americanized, except the Dutch, and they are Japanned.

Chief Productions.

Germany has produced clocks, ghost stories, and printing.

France, cooks, capons, and compliments.

Russia, mad emperors and hemp.

Africa, ivory and ebony—blacks.

England—whose people have the spleen at home and the liver complaint abroad—has produced roast beef, pudding, and beer, as well as mighty statesmen and scholars, seamen and soldiers, and the blessings of conquest, taxation, and good advice; *Anglica gens, optima flens, pessima ridens*, while the *Union of the States* lays claim to a *considerable* many handsome women and valiant men, and to a few Yankee notions about the rights of man and the government of the world.

The Oldest Nation. (A North American Legend.)

Many nations have advanced pretensions to the highest antiquity, without allowances being made for the prior claims of the *children of the woods*.

The Shawanese Indians, according to Thatcher, believe in a tradition which makes them the most ancient and respectable people on the globe. “The master of life,” said

one of their old chiefs, at a council held at Fort Wayne in 1803—"the master of life, who was himself an Indian, made the Shawanese before any others of the human race, and they sprang from his brain. He gave them all the knowledge which he himself possessed. He placed them upon the great island—the American continent. All the other red people were descended from the Shawanese. After he had made the Shawanese, he then made the French and English out of his *breast*, and the Dutch out of his *feet*. But as for *the long knives*—the Americans—he made them out of his hands, and all these inferior races of men he made white, and placed them beyond the great lake—the sea."

GOVERNMENT.

What governs ?

Wealth cannot purchase appointments, talents very rarely secure them, merit is ridiculed, and wisdom is out of the question. What then governs the world? These three things—intrigue, stalking-horses, and illusions; the latter being embodied generally under the form of some pompous catch-words, or enthusiastic mottoes.

Obedience and Resistance.

Government, when unmolested, is like the fire, which communicates a gentle and genial warmth. When the flames of its anger and wrath are aroused, it is a conflagration which consumes. When we yield quietly and peaceably to its protecting influence, it is a nursing mother, like to Rhea, or Ceres. But when we rebel against it, it resembles Saturn, who devours his children.

Mysteries.

We perceive many things in nature and in nations, that we do not comprehend, and which puzzle us to account for. So far, the government of the Deity, and the governments of men, are somewhat similar, with this important distinction, however, that the more thoroughly we understand the former,

the more highly we approve of it, while the more closely we investigate the latter, the less are we pleased and edified.

The best motives and reasons are assignable to the first, and often the very worst to the last. The mysteries of Divine government are inexplicable because our sagacity is inadequate to their comprehension. But the mysteries of human government are concealed from us, because our sagacity exceeds them, and ridicule is too strong for the tricks of imposture.

Which Best ?

That which is the most rational.

Which most Permanent ?

That which is the most rational and the most dignified, for it awards justice, and commands respect ; and being wise in principle, it will always be discreet in practice.

Balance of Power.

Balance is sometimes used in the sense of *remainder*. Thus, when princes and rulers have first helped themselves, the balance of power means that small *balance* which is left in the people.

Freedom of the Press.

Every mind has a right to make itself heard. If its thoughts are evil, let them be denounced and forgotten ; if good, known and remembered. Some despotic governments are as much afraid of dead authors as they are of living editors. A free press is the beginning of a free government, as a tavern and a law-office are the beginnings of a village.

Foundation.

All governments should be founded on love ; and so they are, on love of one or another kind : on the love of justice, the love of law and equal rights—the love of power—the love of oppression—the love of ostentation—the love of gain and

plunder—and the greatest and strongest of all love, the love of self. Of all these *loves*, self-love and the love of plunder predominate.

Utility vs. Luxury.

Rome, under the imperial dynasty, was devoted to the arts of embellishment and luxury. In the times of the republic, works of utility were carried on. Canals and aqueducts were constructed, and the temple of Venus was converted into a temple of Pallas, in order that wisdom and sobriety might take precedence of folly and licentiousness.

The Spirit of Virtue and Intelligence.

It is not expected of potentates and rulers that they should be learned, but it is necessary that they should be wise. And the general march of improvement has produced this effect, that princes entertain more respect for, and have a juster knowledge of the people, while the latter, on their part, are better qualified to judge their governors, and to decide upon their qualifications and merits. An illiterate sovereign would now scarcely be tolerated in any country, especially if his disqualifications were made manifest; and in the onward progress of events, this is noticeable, that licentiousness, as well as ignorance, is becoming banished from the precincts of the throne. The mere form of government will be a less debatable question, when all governments shall be equally subject to the dominion of virtue and intelligence. In less enlightened ages, when educational accomplishments and the graces of refinement were rare, the older race of kings and queens, emperors and empresses, relied more upon the supremacy of authority, conjoined with the natural strength of their characters, and upon the awe inspired by the elevated position they occupied, and not so much upon the influence of state assemblies and popular institutions. They created and upheld the power, and that power in turn strengthened and upheld them. But despotic dynasties are now becoming matters of history and curiosity. The contest formerly was, which should be the most powerful despotism, now it is beginning to be, which shall be the freest republic? Of old, the rivalry was in respect to the greatest show. Now the

question is, which shall be of the greatest use? The world has become practical and utilitarian. Arbitrary and despotic sway is unpopular and unpalatable, and as yet, history has chronicled no ill effects which have arisen from making a people more free and more happy. To direct and control the national destinies of a host of freemen is a great and noble enterprise, but to rule over a servile and oppressed population, presents few inducements either of honor or of personal advantage.

Freedom of the Press.

In those countries where the freedom of the press is restricted, the publication of harmless works of amusement, such as plays and operas, or tales of the imagination, or treatises upon mathematics and the abstract sciences, are sanctioned, but not those productions which advocate the rights of man and the political interests of society, or which lead mankind to reason and self-reflection. There was a time, when in some parts of Europe it was not permitted to write any thing except catechisms and almanacs, and "when the approbation of the public censor," says Helvetius, "was for the author almost always a certificate of stupidity." The press has been called the Fourth Estate, and is a power greater than that of kings, lords, and commons, all combined. It is a double organ of mind and voice united, an engine of thought, and the instrument of popular will.

Liberty.

"O Liberty," exclaimed Madame Roland, "how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Yes; how many men have been doomed to torture, incarceration and butchery, and have poured out their hearts' blood upon the scaffold, for daring to breathe even the name of Liberty—without which, the earth is only a lazarus-house and dungeon, and man the worst of menials and slaves!

In this persecution and perversion of liberty, how many crimes and enormities are and have been committed, while countless virtues and blessings take shelter and thrive with ever living strength and beauty under the protecting influence of real and secure liberty, the richest inheritance which

man has received from the skies ! When shall its sacred fire burn in every bosom, and kindling with the thrilling force of inspiration, spread from heart to heart and from mind to mind, and be the common privilege and birthright of every human being ? And when shall despots learn, that to trample upon these rights—to crush this spirit—is the greatest sacrilege—the worst and most fatal of all crimes—and one which will endanger the stability of sceptred power, and invoke the wrath of Heaven, and the vengeance of men ? Is the world ever oblivious of oppression, or does it ever forget the oppressor ?

Will it ever be erased from the pages of history, that there was a Black-Hole in Calcutta—a Dartmouth in England—an Olmutz in Austria—or a Bastile in France ? But Destiny has reserved for the benefit of mankind, at least one country, where tyrannies and oppressions are unknown, where there are no dungeon-caverns, no Dartmouths or Bastiles, and no exiled wastes of Siberia !

CONSISTENCY.

Two kinds.

Men assume credit for consistency, even in adhering to doctrines and opinions which have become exploded, and which were originally adopted from delusive views or wrong and mistaken motives. Consistency in error denotes weakness of judgment and obstinacy of mind, and they who hoodwink themselves, have no right to expect that they should blindfold others also. There is consistency of opinion, and consistency of principle ; but opinion is variable, and principle is uniform : therefore, he who is consistent in opinion should see that his opinions are conformable to principle ; if not, he is consistent only in inconsistencies.

Principles and Practice.

As principles are paramount to practice, inasmuch as they abide always, while the practice of them may be only occasionally manifested—so do they reveal the predominance of stability over change, and of truth over error. For bad deeds

and false words seek the protecting safeguard of honest principles and good consciences, and are ventured upon the faith of them ; so that the upright, who resort to no disguises, and spurn them, are tacitly joined by those who covet the credit of fair and honorable acts, and who, although they live in the midst of treachery and deception, yet are ever anxious to be seen in better company.

PHILOSOPHY.

What is it ?

“ It is the science of divine and human things.”

“ A desire of the highest knowledge, and a pursuit of divine truth.”

“ A species of intellectual melody, the internal harmony of thought and mind ; the music of the soul.”

Its Name.

The term philosophy, signifying a love of wisdom, implies also the possession of it, and that truly ; for they who are enamored with wisdom are not far from possessing it. We are indebted to Pythagoras for the first use of the word “ philosophy,” and Plato was the first to use “ ideas” to denote the definite conceptions of thought, or according to Loeke, “ things which the mind occupies itself about in thinking.”

Philosophy and Experience.

There are many things which philosophy cannot teach in advance, but which are settled by the subsequent experience of life ; and this is, after all, the great teacher.

The Maxim of Sadi.

“ Though whatever is, was to be ; yet nothing is as it should be,” is the maxim advanced by the discontented philosopher, Sadi.

Little Philosophy.

There is a philosophy of little minds as well as of great ; and small tenets of persons and places, as well as large

systems of orbs and planets. How tenacious are little minds of their fixed opinions, their limited ideas, and their pre-established formularies! To infringe upon, to deviate from, or even to doubt them, is to bring on a total eclipse of reason, or to violate some of the most positive and fundamental laws of nature!

Philosophy and Religion—Ancient and Modern.

In ancient times, philosophy was more highly esteemed, and ranked higher than religion; it commanded more respect, and engaged the attention of higher intellectual powers. Now, religion prevails over philosophy; and all attempts to restore the old order of things, have utterly failed.

“All things considered,” says Chateaubriand, “there is but one thing in life—religion. It is religion that gives order and liberty to the world, and after life, a better existence.”

Religion and Philosophy—Practically.

Some cultivate philosophy in theory, who are imperfect philosophers in practice; as others advocate religion, who are nevertheless indifferently religious. A little philosophy carries us away from truth, while a greater brings us round to it again.

Question between Religion and Philosophy.

The question is, whether we were originally good and have become corrupt; or were corrupt, and must become good? Religion takes one side of the argument, and philosophy the other.

Philosophy and Religion, contrasted.

We might say to Philosophy: Take thou the head, amuse and instruct the mind; but to Religion, Come thou, possess the heart, elevate and refine the soul.

Philosophy is designed for the few—Religion is intended for all. Philosophy approaches us with the ostentation and

dignity of acquired science ; Religion appeals to us with the simplicity and efficacy of revealed truth and divine inspiration. There are two fountains of consolation within our reach. One is proffered by the limited hand of man, the other is opened unto us by the infinite bounty of God.

Things beyond our Power.

“ We should not be affected,” says Epictetus, “ by things which are not in our power,” and which control us, because they are in their nature more mighty than we are. We should therefore necessarily yield to them, inasmuch as we cannot overcome them. But there are many things which appear impossible which are not, or are only so by defect of resolution in ourselves. The truly brave, and the positively strong, are generally equal to the enterprises and obstacles of life ; and Nelson and Napoleon would have erased the word “ impossible ” from the vocabulary of languages.

Practical and Theoretical.

There is philosophy in all things ; and it is of two kinds, theoretical and practical. One is based upon sense, and the other upon sentiment. When theoretical and practical philosophers engage in the discussion of abstruse and speculative points, they afford mutually to one another occasions of surprise, astonishment, and derision. The practicalist believes, that the theorist labors under some unfortunate delusion of fancy ; whilst the latter is fully convinced, that the former suffers from some absolute defect of reason.

Maxims of Philosophy.

There are occasions in which the soul relies solely for support upon its inherent strength, and the principles which it has formed to act upon, and when we regard with equal indifference the plausible maxims of philosophy, and the ostentatious conceits of sentiment. They are the fripperies of learning, and the effusions of wit, and are of little avail in those emergencies when their service might be greatest. In our familiar intercourse with this world, and in our expected relations with the next, nothing can well be substi-

tuted for the desire and necessity of individual and collective goodness, which furnishes laudable rules and motives of action, and will always properly influence and lead us aright. "The character of the true philosopher," says Sir J. F. W. Herschel, "is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable."

GENIUS.

What is Genius?

The chief characteristic of genius is, that it possesses a creative and combining power. It is energy of thought united with sensibility of feeling. It is the highest elevation of the mind connected with the deepest depths of the soul—a fervid and glowing impulse of heart and brain.

Above all, it is a self-absorption into the world of life and nature around us.

Its Eccentricities.

The eccentricities of genius arise chiefly from constitutional defects and nervous disorders. The profound emotions of the soul, the bright flashes of the mind, owe their chief origin to those impressions which an acute sensibility alone can experience; and it is to that heightened state of sensibility that genius mainly owes its beauties and blemishes, its brilliancy and gloom, its sufferings and hopes, its joys and sorrows, its glory and its shame.

"Nature," says Madame de Staël, "has supplied remedies for the great evils to which man is subject—has balanced genius with adversity, ambition with perils, and virtue with calumny."

BRAVERY AND CAUTION.

The dangers of life make us brave, but bold and incautious; its difficulties render us wary and circumspect, but timid and doubtful.

They therefore who are fittest to protect, are not always

most suitable to govern ; for the brave need circumspection, as much as the circumspect need valor.

ARCHITECTURE.

In connection with Life.

All the arts of life are intimately associated with the history of mankind, and with the progress of society. In their advances to a greater state of perfection, they reveal the successive and successful efforts that have been made to arrive at the points they have reached ; or if they have retrograded, traces of the retrocessions appear.

Painting, sculpture, and architecture, are thus so many distinct chronicles of the power, ingenuity, and labor of man, to which he has consecrated the resources of his mind, to display the compass of his skill, the embellishments of his taste, and to supply the many real as well as artificial uses and requirements of life. But of all the arts, architecture is that which is most nearly and eminently connected with human affairs—with the conditions of society, and with “the fixed delights of house and home.” The poorest habitation that was ever converted into a family abode, becomes a witness to the scenes and experiences of daily existence, and a chronicle, while it lasts, of the joys and pleasures, the griefs and cares of the dwellers therein. It is a shelter from the storm—a refuge in the hour of adversity—a hall of festive enjoyment—a bower of domestic bliss. There may the occupants erect the altars of their religion ; and the dwelling, however unpretending and obscure, in the estimation of the law is a strong castle of defence. It is a chosen and cherished place, though ever so humble, and is preferable to all others—the fireside, the asylum, and the home. The public and national associations of architecture appeal to us with still greater force, perhaps, than the private or social. We are bound by them no less to our country and our people, than to our families and our friends ; and often our passionate pride in a public edifice, is equaled only by our affectionate attachment to a private domain. In religion, this feeling is carried to a still higher point. The temple

which has been dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, is sacred in our eyes—it is hallowed by the rites, ceremonies and consolations of our faith, and sanctified by our hopes of immortal life and celestial bliss !

PRAISE AND BLAME.

Two Difficulties.

There are two difficulties in the way of bestowing praise, it excites vanity or envy ; and two also in regard to blame, it produces enmity or false pride.

As to the Heart and the Mind.

Praise is more acceptable to the heart than profitable to the mind, and he is in a negative state who is unworthy of praise and unreprieved by blame. All things possess some quality or qualities of praise or dispraise.

Although we are so covetous of compliments and commendations, a moment's consideration is sufficient to convince us that we are seldom deserving of them. Rarely do we discharge our entire duty, and our graces and accomplishments are mere conventional vanities which add nothing to the stock of intrinsic worth. The world, and we ourselves, too, understand them too well to be deceived by them. We praise the inferior and do homage to the superior.

Disregard.

How small, how trivial is the cause,
That swells the shout of men's applause !
And just as trivial and as slight,
Is that which wins their hate or spite,
He who is wise may live above
The poor world's enmity or love.

Injustice.

We all award this kind of injustice to others, that if they sin towards us in one respect, we infer that they are ready to sin in all.

If they fail to do us good in one particular, we see no good in them whatever in all other particulars.

Seeing our own Faults.

When we begin to be as severe to our own faults as we find others to be; when we perceive them as quickly, and reprove them as certainly as they do, we may then flatter ourselves that we are making some advances in virtue and improvement.

Neutrality.

I do not wish thy faults to name,
 And would much rather praise than blame,
 But should I laud, who would believe?
 Should I lament, who else would grieve?
 So many doubts of thee prevail,
 So many tongues reprove, assail,
 So little loved, so shunned by all—
 Thy virtue must be very small.
 To thee, no friend's esteem apply,
 And I should fail, if I should try.

Forgiveness and Forbearance.

If we can forgive when we have been deeply wronged; if we can act with gentleness and meekness when pursued with rancor and injustice, malignity and hate; if we can forbear retaliation, and desire only to do good when we are assailed by others with all the evil artillery in their power, our virtue must be of a heavenly kind.

It is hardly possible for human nature to exhibit so much perfection. The world has only seen one example of it, in Him, whose birth recalls to mind the manger of the inn; and his death, "the lance of the soldier, and the nails of the cross."

Forgiveness of Injuries.

Forgiveness of injuries is the most difficult of all the attributes exercised by man.

It accords better with the character of man, to commit

wrongs than to pardon them. He is naturally an oppressor rather than a lover of justice. It requires the greatest magnanimity and virtue to act otherwise.

Mankind delight in remembering offences, and practice the ceremonial forms of granting pardon a thousand times, to the bestowal of free forgiveness once.

Rivalry and Detraction.

The mode to raise a favorite most in use,
Is to depress a rival by abuse ;
By the same rule, we step ahead of those,
Whose greater merit turns them into foes,
And vile detraction reveleth in joy,
To find that Virtue's gold betrays alloy.
The basest metals lose the least by loss,
But something gain when guilt adorns the dross.

Being a Prophet.

Many deluded and misguided persons imagine, that in order to be prophets, nothing more is required than that they should be rejected by their own people. But the chief condition is, that they should be accepted by some other people. He is a very poor prophet indeed, who is bandied about the world from place to place, received and applauded by none, but derided and denounced by all, and who believes in himself, but in whom nobody else believes.

Conglomeration.

Defective reasoning faculties are not uncommon. Self-will, prejudice, pertinacity and misconception, enter so largely into the composition of some minds, that a conglomeration of ideas is the consequence. It is not a simple thought, but compound fragments of ill-assorted thoughts and feelings all massed together, in the shape of a conglomeration.

Few persons are there, who, some time or other, have not been forced to swallow some of these conglomeration pills.

The Simple and the Wise.

The most skillful and discreet are subject to as great oversights as the simpler and less wise, only more plausible ex-

cuses and palliations are assigned for them by themselves and others. "Certain it is, that exceeding skill is the prolific parent of exceedingly woful failures."

"Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all."

The Common Stock of Worldly Praise.

Of the great and common fund of praise, provided by the world for general distribution—if rich, your share may be the weight of a doubloon; if poor, be thankful if you get a penny's worth, or less.

Dealing in Condemnation.

To a pure, sensitive, and affectionate mind, every act of finding fault, or dealing in condemnation, is an act of pain. It is only when we have become callous to the world, and strangers to the sentiments of compassionate love, that we are able to play with unconcern the parts of persecutors and slanderers, and that we can derive any pleasure from malignity and revenge. He who is the first to condemn, will be often the last to forgive. *Chi offende, mai non perdona. He that offends, never forgives.*

It costs more to perform the primary acts of violence which impair confidence and affection, than to follow up the successive steps which completely sever all ties of fellowship and communion. When the blow is given—when the poniard has been thrust into the heart—mercy and tenderness are lost sight of, and a late contrition may alone ensue. Sincere and artless love turns away with aversion and horror from such scenes of demoniac dye. If it can no longer attach itself to those who have only the forms of men, but the qualities of brutes, it turns with resignation to the loveliness of Nature, and to the majesty of Nature's God, and finds in its pleasing abstractions, its hallowed sympathies, and its delightful anticipations, the realizations of those impulses which the world can neither comprehend nor destroy.

LAW.

Law and Justice.

“Law,” says my Lord Coke, “is the perfection of human reason.” “Justice,” says Hooker, “is that law whose seat is the bosom of God, and whose voice the harmony of the world.” It is obvious, therefore, that we must seldom expect to meet with these things in the halls of modern legislation, or in the ordinary proceedings of legal tribunals.

“If,” says Seneca, “the law punishes one that is guilty, he should submit to justice ; if one that is innocent, he should submit to fortune.”

Redwood System of Justice.

This admirable mode of administering justice is becoming more and more popular every day, and is in great vogue in all states, communities, cities, and countries, not so much in public courts as in private coteries. The method of proceeding is brief, rapid, and summary ; no delay, expostulation, or suspense is allowed.

The criminal is in the first place taken up, and forthwith condemned and executed ; next, he is arraigned and indicted ; and finally, the trial and accusation come on, when he is recommended to mercy, and acknowledged to be innocent.

Trifold Systems of Law.

The moral laws of the Deity are embodied in the Bible, and the truth of them is confirmed by the constant experience of life. But the natural laws, or the laws of Nature, are exhibited in the various departments of creation, and regulate this, and all other worlds. Man imitates and multiplies the former in the institutions and regulations which govern society, and which distribute the awards of justice.

But with the latter laws he intermeddles not. They are beyond his comprehension in their fullest extent, and the investigation of them constitutes the chief elements of human knowledge, and the principles of what is called science. The system of laws therefore is trifold : the laws of God (the moral law) ; the laws of Nature, or physical laws ; and the laws of man in relation to human affairs and social rights.

Three Ways of Hitting a Mark.

In capital cases, the Law is just and merciful. It says, "look to the motives of an evil deed, to see how evil it really is." In affairs of business, and in ordinary transactions, it says, "look to no motives, but to positive facts and circumstances." In matters of reputation and honor, which give rise to actions of libel, it denounces motives, and rejects the truth to prove the truth. There are, then, three ways, according to the Law, of hitting a mark. 1st. Fire right at it. 2d. Fire on either side of it. 3d. Fire right from it.

Practical Results.

Many exclaim against the Law, because they are disappointed in the succors which it brings. Admit that objections of this nature are unfounded and unreasonable, yet the cunning sophistries and ingenious devices, the legal quibbles and skillful efforts, resorted to to make the wrong appear the better side (and which is not unfrequently done), must be acknowledged to have prejudicial effects upon those who resort to them, and no good influence upon the state of society which sanctions and encourages them.

All kinds of unfairness and double dealing, the defence of dishonorable deeds by honorable men, the being, as Burke says, "disingenuously ingenious and dishonorably honest," must inflict the most fatal injuries upon the soundness and stability of the moral principle. "The law," says Burke also, "is one of the first and noblest of human sciences—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all other kinds of human learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion." As to its plain, practical results, the professed eulogists of the Law assert, that in deciding upon its merits, we are not to consider its onerous expenses, or its vexatious strifes, but its erudite principles and grand historical associations. These are truly admirable, and every one should cheerfully lay out a portion of his time and means upon them. But ah, my friends, these professional dainties and beauties are too costly for poor people!

Origin of Lawyers in America.

After the New World had been discovered, Ferdinand, king of Spain, enacted a decree that no lawyers should embark thither, being persuaded that they would do no good in that land. It was not long, however, before the lawyers evaded this wise and most excellent law ; for, not being able to come directly from Spain, they emigrated in phalanxes from all other parts of the world. They soon made their appearance in the Land of Promise, in spite of law, and no portion of the population has increased and multiplied more than they.

“Men of that large profession, that can speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law !
That with most quick agility can turn
And re-return ; can make knots and undo them,
Give forked counsel, take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up. These men
He knew would thrive.”

Ben Jonson.

Green Bags and Thimbles.

It is an unprofitable state of society where lawyers and tailors abound to too great an extent, and have so many *suits* to make up, that they monopolize too large a share of the time and money, which might be better and more usefully employed in other ways.

Judge-making.

Times have changed more in no respect, than in the ready facilities afforded for judge-making ; and the great dispatch and expedition with which the work is performed. Formerly, *a wise and discerning spirit*, an acute judicial capacity, was a rare thing in the land, and was much lauded. But now, nothing is more common. The Minoses and Rhadamantuses, the Solomons and Daniels, Solons and Zaleucuses, the justices and judges of the Law spring up on all sides, “thick as leaves in Vallambrosa’s vale.”

Whilst doctors dull continue packs and drudges,
The dullest lawyers are preferred for judges ;
The brighter seldom cross preferment’s way,
But hold on to their fees as richer pay.

The Law, self-acting, guards its own estate,
 Preserves the best, but spares the second rate ;
 The want of clients never brings to these
 The strong temptation of the fattening fees ;
 The sauce of salaries, though, is not begrudged,
 And feeless lawyers thus are often *judged*.
 This task is simple, here they all succeed,
 And show how easier 'tis to judge than plead.
 The ermined robe is comfortable—warm,
 And long preserves their precious lives from harm ;
 With Time and Justice, too, the staunchest friends,
 The Bench is tranquil, though the world contends.
 A storm of words may rage on either side ;
 His Honor nods—or listens to decide.
 Myriads may fall, or losing stakes endure,
 A Judge 's a fixture, and is always sure.
 The calmest, easiest, happiest life of all,
 With no complaints, except the pay is small—
 Ah ! if the Bench might name what it should draw,
 Justice would prove the dearest part of Law !

Long Speeches.

Horne Tooke said, after a noble friend's plea of eleven hours in his behalf, before the House of Commons, that he would rather be hanged another time than be so defended again. There is nothing brief about the law, except its briefs.

Condition of Law and Medicine.

While there is nothing more noble than the cause of justice, the warmest defenders of the legal profession must admit, that there is nothing more harassing than protracted and complicated cases at law. While medicine as a science is becoming every day more simple and easy of comprehension, the law is still multiplying its voluminous documents, and swelling its immense codes, to involve subjects of future consideration and judgment in greater difficulty and perplexity.

But the world is never contented with the learned professions, and is constantly exclaiming: "Let us have less medicine, and more cures ; less cant, and more piety ; less law, and more justice."

Pettifoggers.

In general, mankind distrust the merits, and doubt and deny the pretensions of others. But there are some sorts of people that every body distrusts and despises, and luckily, they finish by cordially distrusting and despising one another: as, for instance, quack doctors, canting preachers, and pettifogging lawyers.

“Sly pettifoggers, wranglers at the bar.”

Law and Charity.

Charity, when applied to the law, is generally coupled with a *cold word*. The cold charities of the law are well known, and often spoken of. Of the three professions—law, medicine, and divinity—the first must be regarded as the most wealthy, and so far, the most powerful and influential. But compared with physicians and divines, or with merchants, the lawyers have not distinguished themselves so much as these in acts of public charity, and in the endowments of institutions of public benefit. Of the poorer professions, medicine and divinity, less might be expected. But where are the colleges, hospitals, and asylums founded by lawyers? or what lawyer ever even thought of building a church? Individually and co-operatively, acts of munificence have not been wanting among them, and no more have been wanting the qualities of nobleness, honor, virtue, and piety. But as a profession, the community in general, in return for the best places, the best distinctions, and the best profits, have not received from them those proofs of public regard, and wide-extended benevolence, which would convince the world that the legal profession is as charitable as it is great.

Perhaps the progressive rewards and emoluments of the law do not coincide and harmonize with a spirit of active benevolence and philanthropy—for certain it is, that the customary office of the law, as well as the custom of law offices, is to receive, not to bestow; to gather in, but not to scatter abroad.

Professional Anecdote.

It is stated by Boswell, that a gentleman, on his return from the North of England, undertook to relate to Dr. John-

son the details of an important event which happened on the occasion of one the assizes at Shrewsbury. It seems that some refractory and rapacious fleas had fell upon the lawyers and bit them pretty severely, and the gentleman from the North of England was proceeding to give a graphic description of what occurred. But he made such a long history of it, that Dr. Johnson became impatient, and exclaimed: "It was very fortunate that the fleas were not bears—else the story had never come to an end; and the lawyers might not merely have been flea-bitten, but devoured."

Expenses and Profits.

Nothing is more essential (in every one's opinion) to the prosperity of a state, than a wise, economical, and expeditious administration of justice. Pellicer observes, that the Moors enjoy great prosperity and become rich, because they do not waste their substance in lawsuits. On the contrary, Peter, in his Letters to his Kinsfolk, states, that such is the mode of transacting forensic business in Scotland, through the agency of the legal factor who resides in the capital, that for every house which a gentleman erects on his estates in the country, his attorney-representative is enabled to put up a corresponding one of a little better finish in the city. Nevertheless, it has been remarked, that many lawyers live rich, but die poor.

Its Patrons.

The greatest patrons of the Law, are the poor who expect to gain, and the rich who fear to lose by it. The law is a privilege which the poor love to assert to show their independence; and the rich value it, and hold it in reserve, to maintain and increase their supremacy. It is the old net in which the former think to catch some prize; and the latter, if caught themselves, know well enough how to break through. A large class of prudent and sober, industrious and upright people have nothing to do with it.

Solon compared the people to the sea, and orators and counselors to the winds; for that the sea would be calm and quiet, if the winds did not trouble it.

In feudal times, the privilege of an inferior arraigning a

superior, was a thing unknown; and was gradually introduced, and at last reluctantly conceded. Now, perfect legal equality is established. There is no distinction of persons, but only of purses. All are invited to come. The contest begins and is conducted with spirit; but when it terminates, the lawyer, in most cases, is the only party who succeeds in getting all that he was in pursuit of.

Different Systems.

Which of the two systems, the common or civil Law, is entitled to be considered the best? This question rests between a hop and a jump; or it resolves itself into two other questions. Is it easier to penetrate through a cane-brake, or a bramble-hedge? or which is preferable, the Knights of Rome, or the Barons of Runnymede? Justinian ordered his chancellor, Tribonian, to arrange and condense into a complete form, the mighty mass of legal decisions collected before his time. This constituted the Pandects of Justinian, or the body of the civil law. A whole army of Justinians and Tribonians would now be required to arrange and simplify the confused medley of legal decisions and enactments of the present day. Two things are greatly needed in modern times;—1st, to curtail the laws; 2dly, to curtail the lawyers.

State of the Law as to Real Estate.

There was a time when ambitious men desired to be monks, for the same reasons that they now desire to be lawyers. It was observed anciently that, “where there is no law, there is no transgression;” but both the civil and common law of modern days, civilly and commonly declares, that “where there is no property, there is no law or lawing; and where there is much property, there is much law and lawing.” In fact, the legal profession of the present times has the same controlling influence and interference over real estate possessions, as the clergy maintained in Europe during the middle ages over landed property; with this difference, however, that the priests proclaimed all their monopolizing acts to be ostensibly for the benefit of the church, whilst the

lawyers honestly acknowledge all theirs to be for the good of themselves alone.

Habeas Corpus and Juries.

The Law protects our personal liberty, but makes too free with our purses.

The act of Habeas Corpus is its great boast and glory, and it runneth thus: "You are commanded (legally) to take the body and secure it; or, (professionally,) if there is *no body* to take, try and take something belonging to somebody, and secure *that*. And as to juries, Lord Mansfield remarked, that men's consciences were like their feet, of different sizes, some large, some small, while others resemble gum elastic, and are capable of being very much stretched.

Judicial Age. (An Arabian Anecdote.)

An ancient Roman law assigned the period of thirty-five years as the judicial age. Augustus fixed it at thirty.

The first of the four orthodox sects among the Mohammedans is that of the Hanifites, so named from their founder, Abu Hanifa al Nómán Ebn Thábet, who was born at Cufá, in the eightieth, and died in the one hundred and fiftieth year of the Hegira. He ended his life in prison at Bagdad, where he had been confined because he refused to be made *cadi*, or judge; on which account he was hardly dealt with by his superiors, yet could not be prevailed on, either by threats or ill-treatment, to undertake the charge, choosing rather to be punished by them than by God, says al Ghazali, who adds, that when he excused himself from accepting the office by alleging that he was unfit for it, and being asked the reason, he replied, "If I speak the truth, I am unfit; but if I tell a lie, a liar is not fit to be a judge."

It is said that he read over the Koran, in the prison where he died, no less than seven thousand times.

With all due justice and consideration for the conscientious scruples of Abu Hanifa al Nómán Ebn Thábet, it is highly probable that he would have made a most excellent judge, but a very poor lawyer in modern times.

LANGUAGE.

General Remarks.

In rude languages, there is far less verbiage or redundancy than is usually met with in a language which has reached a maturity of cultivation. Use enlarges and refines. As we mount to the original sources of a language, we discover its close alliance with nature. Threkeldi states that all of the ancient characters of the Irish tongue are called after the names of trees. The uses of language are to be considered in three points of view, namely, natural, moral, and intellectual.

He knows but little, who knows only the language of words, often the least graphic and expressive of all; for a word-language is a kind of sieve, which allows the finer particles of thought to pass through, and which are lost, while the grosser remain and are preserved for use. The best language is that which is most replete with meaning, and "which would express less if it uttered more."

Lingual Knowledge.

Great linguists have been remarkable for quick perceptions and good memories, but not so much so for other distinguishing attributes of mind. If I am acquainted with six languages, I shall be able to call a thing by six different names, and I may be more learned, but not much wiser for it. The advantage of lingual knowledge is, that it opens a communication with strange dialects, and enables us to see how other nations think and speak, and in this way it affords many advantageous facilities of instruction and improvement. The emperor Charles V said, that whenever he read a foreign language he felt a new soul within him. The mere accumulation of words is unprofitable. We derive no more benefit from it than we do from a collection of old coins which are not in circulation, or from a stock of antiquated furniture which is out of use, and is more valued by the possessor than by any body else.

Languages, Dialects, and Symbols.

The cultivated languages in the world are generally set down as seven in number ; the great groups, or families, at five,* while the number of spoken dialects is estimated at three or four thousand.

Languages, like races, become mixed and incorporated with one another.

But, notwithstanding the multitude of dialects in common use, they are not to be compared, numerically, with the countless and innumerable variety of signs and emblems displayed within the compass of nature, all of which have their appropriate meaning, and their distinct tones and voices, which appeal directly to the minds and hearts of all men.

Language in reference to Brutes.

It is a wise provision of Providence, that brutes and inferior animals have not the gift of speech. It would provoke opposition and resistance to man, and destroy that patient obedience and submission which are necessary for their station in the systematic order of the world. A mutual discussion of their evils would make them discontented and tumultuous, and there would be no subjection where there was a preponderance of physical strength united with reason and speech.

They would also frequently be quarreling among themselves, and we might suppose that their language would be correspondingly coarse, gross, and abusive, such as we have no idea of, and accompanied also with actions and gestures very ungainly and impolite, all which would serve still further to corrupt and debase by example that class of persons who are already said to approach them most in feelings and character.

Inherent Qualities.

Monosyllabic languages, like the Chinese, are diffuse. The polysynthetic quality of the North American languages (whereby many words are joined to form one) gives them great powers of condensation and brevity. They are not eminently conversational, and the people who use them are taciturn, and observe more than they speak. But great

* 1. The Indo-European. 2. Syro-Phenician. 3. Polynesian. 4. Chinese. 5. Aboriginal American.

force and power of expression are acquired by this constructional peculiarity, and hence it is that some of the finest specimens of natural eloquence on record, are to be found in some of these aboriginal tongues; and with cultivation, it is possible that they might surpass all other languages in strength and beauty. The Latin possesses brevity without this associative power. This expression, for instance, in Latin, "*esse quam videri malim*," is not convertible into English, or French, without employing twice the number of words.

Proficiency.

Proficiency in any language, is a rare accomplishment; for even the rudest language embodies in its structure such a degree of philosophy and science, that only a profound degree of investigation and research, united with adequate ability, is able to master it. The ordinary use of conventional, or arbitrary terms and phrases, is a very different thing from this. Children acquire these, but scholars and philosophers only attain to the former. And rude minds in early times, apparently by unassisted efforts, originate these primary rules and principles, which, when afterwards fully developed, it requires the profoundest intellects to understand and elucidate them.

The Universal Language.

It has long been a mooted question, which, of all languages, is most widely diffused and universally prevalent in the world? That question may now be finally decided in favor of the *Jawee* dialect. Historians and philologists have heretofore maintained, that the *Jawee* tongue was wholly confined to Queda, or Keda, a kingdom of Asia, in the peninsula of Malacca and a dependency of Siam, where it is vernacular. But this is by no means the case, for the *Jawesse* language is spread over the whole universal world. All members of parliament, congress, public councils, and assemblies every where, are well practised in it. It is used by counselors, attorneys, and pundits in all courts and offices of justice; and in private life, all domestic feuds and wrangles are conducted in animated *Jawesse*. It is heard in

the streets, and in the market-houses, as well as in judicial halls and forums; and no language is kept brighter by use, or is half so widely known and generally diffused, or is so easily acquired, and when once well learned, so difficult to forget, as the Jawesse.

F A M E .

Nothingness of Fame.

Nothing is so discouraging to the ardent lover of Fame, as to find that they who have been most distinguished for talents and learning, have looked upon their attainments, which might give them just claims to renown, as worthless, compared with those things which it is desirable but impossible to know.

When to soothe the last moments of La Place, a friend whispered to him, that his labors would perpetuate his fame, and that his name would be immortal—"Alas!" replied the philosopher, "what we know is nothing; but what we are ignorant of is immense."

Worldly Knowledge and Fame.

Most generally, men become distinguished through certain achievements, or exploits; and sagacity and knowledge of the world and of mankind are superadded afterwards to a reputation acquired by other means, but by these enlarged and preserved.

On a Backslider.

When Faith and Hope and Life were new,
 Fame had seductive charms for you :
 A noble ardor then was felt,
 When to Ambition's shrine you knelt,
 And prayed that these unconscious days
 Might weave the dazzling wreath of Praise.
 Oh, how these bright, dear dreams have fled,
 In torpid drowsiness how dead !

And have they all expired in *that*,
 So calm, so radiant, and so fat!
 So steeped in soft, in sensual ease,
 That table-pleasures only please,
 And higher joys contemned, are free
 To champions pressing on like me.
 The cause—the cause—need I be told
 It is the opiate power of gold?
 Far happier were the lot to share,
 Which wars with want, which strives with care,
 Where darker clouds of fortune roll,
 To flash the lightnings from the soul—
 Than in this oozy state to be,
 Of crassitude—obesity;
 Where every sense is lulled in peace,
 Or bottled up in market grease.

False and True.

False Fame is the rushlight which we, or our attendants, kindle in our apartments. We witness its feeble burning, and its gradual but certain decline. It glimmers for a little while, when, with flickering and palpitating radiance, it soon expires. True Fame is the Light of Heaven. It cometh from afar, it shines powerfully and brightly, but not always without clouds and shadows, which interpose, but do not destroy, eclipse, but do not extinguish. Like the glorious sun, it will continue to diffuse its beams when we are no more; for other eyes will hail the Light, when we are withdrawn from it.

Just Rewards of Fame.

If we enter "the stony houses of Fame, where the immortals are," to do homage to the hallowed names therein inscribed and enshrined, we shall find that the highest honors have been permanently conferred on those who merited them by their great services to mankind, by the good which they accomplished through the moral and intellectual pre-eminence they achieved. Dignities and promotions, in all ages and countries, are sometimes accidentally and unworthily bestowed; but intrigue and stratagem, accident and

favor, must ultimately yield to fearless enterprise and undoubted talents—for the watchful and discriminating tribunals of public opinion never fail finally to adjudicate these cases, and to strip off the wreath and the robe, the ribbon and the ring, from those who wear them without a just and acknowledged title to them.

Reputation.

Few reputations are entirely independent and original. For the most part, the reputation of one man is only food for that of another; and a successful competitor displaces many disappointed aspirants; *serpens, nisi serpentem commederit, non fit draco.*

Consciousness of Fame.

When Franklin succeeded in bringing down the lightning from the clouds, and proved its identity with the electric fluid, conscious of the importance of such a discovery, and feeling the secret but awakened impulses of Fame, he stood motionless, and being for a moment absorbed in his reflections, he drew a deep sigh. When Columbus discovered the New World, the first act which he performed was an act of devotion, thus consecrating the country to God, and himself to immortal fame. The good and great Washington was in the constant habit of offering up prayers at the head of his armies, equaling his greatness by his goodness, and meriting fame because he delighted in virtue.

Fame and Oblivion.

Some sigh for the gold they have squandered on others,
 When they looked on mankind as a band of true brothers;
 Many weep for the charms which they cannot restore,
 And for love which hath perished, and returneth no more.
 But I, whom the voice of Experience now rules,
 I weep for the time I have lavished on fools.

For gold we remake, and new loves we may form,
 And the wreck of the heart may be saved from the storm;
 And Fortune, repentant for ills she bestows,
 May again fill the cup till the brim overflows;

But Time, living Time, swiftly hurries us on,
Whilst we mourn for the Past irretrievably gone.

If mine were the longest of lives I could name,
To pass it unnoticed—unhallowed by Fame,
I would rather condense its full years to a day,
And give that unshrinking to glory away,
Than live for the pleasures a lifetime might yield,
And fall then at last like a brute of the field.

Passion for Glory.

La gloire vaut mieux que le bonheur. The love of glory regards, in view of its lofty deeds and daring aspirations, the insignificance of the present by contrasting it with the grandeur of the future. It dilates itself to embrace an imaginary duration of time, which shall impart to it strength and perpetuity. "It is," says Mad. de Stæel, "a passion which knows only the future, which has no possession but hope. If it be regarded as a proof of the immortality of the soul, it is because it seems to reign over the infinity of space, and the eternity of time."

Contending for Fame.

Fame may for us no honors weave,
Albeit, we may contend enough ;
We miss the Cassock's skirt and sleeve,
But almost always get the cuff.

Obscurity.

Unmerited oblivion may be styled only another name for the ignorance of the many of the virtues and perfections of the few. There are some, no doubt, who are *elected*, but whose misfortune is, nevertheless, to be *neglected*.

If they were *well known*, they would perhaps surpass those who are *better known*.

Hence, they who are worthy of fame, and yet obtain it not, charge the failure to the account of the world's partiality, oversight, dullness, or ingratitude ; while, on the other hand, the world waits for some demonstration of power, or for the re-

port of the gun, before it judges of the calibre of the piece, deciding generally in favor of the loudest noise that is made.

Physical and Mental Qualities.

Our associations are so intimately connected with the physical displays of life, that we necessarily draw many of our commonest ideas from that source. The exuberant wildness of nature is as favorable to the development of brute forms, as the enervating refinements of the social state are unfavorable to the acquirements of vigorous intellectual powers. When we behold any of the celebrated animals of earth, we are seldom disappointed. We see in the lion the strength, boldness, and fierceness which overawe our comparative weakness and timidity ; and the vast and majestic dimensions of the elephant correspond to what we expect to see in such a gigantic animal. When we first approach the most distinguished men, we imagine that we shall experience sensations analogous to these. We expect to be moved by the awful presence of such characters, to see the lion's head and mane, and hear his terrible roar, or to witness the heavy tread of the elephant, and the lithe and cunning play of his proboscis. But we behold no such things. These eminent personages are mostly nothing more than dwarfish creatures in appearance—there is nothing ferocious and dismaying in their aspect—and when publicly exhibited, frequently show to great disadvantage. It is only when we forget these sensual delusions, and look to the moral and mental nature of man, that our feelings and judgments are chastened and elevated, and finally receive their proper direction, so as to enable us correctly and justly to make up our judgments not by outward manifestations, but by inward excellencies ; not by the external adjustments of bodily form, but by the internal perfection, beauty, harmony, and superiority of the soul.

Local Reputations.

Frequently men are distinguished in some places, but become obscure in others. They are like those poodles, which are plump and curly in one climate which agrees with them, but turn lanky and straight-haired in another that does not. But it is a poor place or country where reputation is too easily won.

Early Obscurity and late Fame.

Many men have been obscure in their origin and birth, but great and glorious in life and death. They have been born and nurtured in villages, but have reigned and triumphed in cities. They were first laid in the mangers of poverty and obscurity, but have afterwards become possessors of thrones and palaces. Their fame is like the pinnacle which ascends higher and higher, until at last it becomes a most conspicuous and towering object of attraction.

Trust in Posterity.

Great and decided talent is a tower of strength which cannot be subverted. Envy, detraction, and persecution, are missiles hurled against it only to fall harmless at its base, and to strengthen what they cannot overthrow. It seeks not the applause of the present moment, in which folly or mediocrity often secure the preference; but it extends its bright and prophetic vision through the "dark obscure" of distant time, and bequeaths to remote generations the vindication of its honor and fame, and the clear comprehension of its truths.

"For my name and memory," said Lord Bacon, "I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages."

"——— for a serener clime,
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation."

Ephemeral and Real.

The praises and commendations of intimates and friends, are the greatest and most impassable obstacles to real superiority. Better were it, that they should whip us with cords and drive us to work, than that they should extol and exaggerate our childish scintillations and puerile achievements.

No virtues and learning are inherited, but rather ignorance and misdirected inclinations; and assiduous and persevering labor must correct these defects, and make a fruitful garden of that soil which is naturally encumbered with stones and thistles. All home-triumphs and initiatory efforts are nothing worth. That which is great, commanding, and lasting, must be won by stubborn energy, by patient industry, by

unwearied application, and by indefatigable zeal. We must lie down and groan, and get up and toil. It is a long race, not a pleasant walk, and the prize is not a leaf or a bauble, but a chaplet or a crown. The spectators are not friends, but foes; and the contest is one in which thousands fall through weakness and want of real force and courage.

We may add virtue to virtue, strength to strength, and knowledge to knowledge, and yet fail, and soon be lost and forgotten in that mighty and soul-testing struggle, in which few come off conquerors and win an enduring and imperishable name. If we embark on this course, we shall need stout hearts conjoined with invincible minds. We must bid adieu to vice, to sloth, to flatteries and ease,

“And scorn delights and live laborious days.”

“Now needs thy best of man—————
 For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
 Of canopy reposing, fame is won ;
 Without which, whosoe'er consumes his days,
 Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
 As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.”

The Hour-Glass.

TIME.

INDUSTRY.

TRUTH.

THE TONGUE.

CONVERSATION.

TRAVELING.

AMBITION AND AVARICE.

UTILITY AND USEFULNESS.

TEMPERANCE.

MERIT.

NAMES.

NATURE.

TALENT.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

READING.

LEARNING.

BOOKS—AUTHORS.

MIND.

MEMORY.

MIND AND BODY.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

PRIDE.

PROMISES.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MEDICINE.

SOCIAL LIFE.



THE HOURGLASS.

*"Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall,
Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small,
Time future is not, and may never be,
Time present is the only time for thee.*



THE HOUR-GLASS.

TIME.

Past, Present, and Future.

The past is the great depository of facts and knowledge. The future, of uncertainties and doubts. The former we clothe with fictions, the latter with visions. The present moment rests between these fictions on the one hand, and these visions on the other.

Spirit of the Present Times.

Momus and Minerva, Punch and Plato, Common Sense and Transcendentalism, dispute the possession of the present times. Books which spare the trouble of thinking, and inventions which save the labor of working, are in universal demand. We would be wise without application and rich without toil. There is more haste than speed; more enterprise than profit; more zeal than knowledge; and more avarice than gain. It is a millennium of the frivolous and the sagacious; the showy, and the solid; the vicious and the virtuous; the imaginary and the real; the superficial and the profound.

Secrets of Time.

How eager are we to unfold the Book of Fate, and to decipher the characters therein inscribed! We have no gnomes

or sprites—no oracular trees—no magic wands—no enchanting Merlins—no Runic sticks, and no voleries of birds—nor any thing except the mesmerized—to reveal to us the secrets of the future! But this we know, that our future depends upon our present and upon the past, and takes its complexion from them.

“Theirs is the present who can praise the past.”

On a Slow-striking Clock.—An Epigram.

Oh lazy clock, that strikes so slow,
 With quicker speed canst thou not go?
 In counting how time flies away!
 We lose the best part of the day.

Progress.

The world used to be mounted on the back of a tortoise, now it rides behind a steam-engine. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the inventor of a saw-mill was compelled to fly the kingdom as a daring innovator. More recently, Arkwright, who improved so much upon manufacturing machinery, was at first subjected to great insults and personal danger, but was afterwards regarded as a national benefactor, and was enriched and ennobled. Progress, *the movement of ideas*, is one of the greatest instincts of human nature, and wise are they who are able to distinguish the true from the false spirit of it, the pretended gain from the actual loss, the advancements from the retrocessions. For time hath two directions, of the axis and the orbit, rapid, circular, and full of mysteries—the recurrence of the days, the revolutions of the years, embracing both the present and the future.

The great, nay the greatest secret of Progress is, that it hath a keen eye that never sleeps, and a vigilant spirit that never dies in the world.

Time and Sport.

Oh Time! he who toys with thee, trifles with a frozen serpent, which afterwards turns upon the hand which indulged the sport, and inflicts a deadly wound.

Adaptation.

Time subserves all uses, but we do not always know how to regulate it. Light as a feather—weighty as a stone—brief as a moment—tedious as ages—we are variously affected by it. To make time to suit us, we must be able to lengthen and shorten it at our pleasure, as if we had it stretched like the victims upon the bed of Procrustes.

Proper Employment of Time.

There are three obligations resting upon us in relation to the use and application of time ; 1st, our duty to ourselves, in the care of our happiness, our improvement, and providing for our necessities ; 2d, our duty to our connections, dependants, and to society ; and, lastly, our accountability to God, who bestows upon us this valuable gift, not without its being accompanied with the greatest inducements, and the strongest and most cogent motives, to improve it to advantage in all these three different respects. For “we touch not a wire but it vibrates in eternity, and there is not a voice that reports not at the throne of God.”

Street Crossing. (Delays not dangerous.)

Here must we pause to pass this thronged street,
 The whole world's trains of carriages here meet ;
 Some creeping slowly on with funeral pace,
 While others onward dash to run a race.
 Though reckless spirits boldly dare to cross,
 The cautious fear of life or limb the loss ;
 'Tis dangerous here to walk, 'tis death to ride—
 Heaven land us safely on the other side !

Three great Elements of Progress.

Steam does for navigation what printing accomplishes for literature. In fact, there are three great elements of Progress, steam, the printing-press, and the ballot-box. Ink is the blood of the printing press.

Seizing the Favorable Moment.

There are happy moments or flying instants of inspiration which visit us like angels' whispers, breathing into

our hearts a sense of better and higher things. If we listen to them and obey them, we shall find them to be the comunings of the soul with its high destinies. For, as the body affects the things of the body, so the mind has its attraction for the things of the mind, and the soul for the things of the soul. These auspicious moments are like the favorable temperature and showers which make the seeds grow, and the flowers bloom; or, they are like those propitious gales which give speed and success to the voyage of life, impelling our frail barks safely and triumphantly, and laden with rich treasures, into the havens of our destination.

Time and Air.

Time, like air, is invisible, and must be estimated by its uses and effects.

Complete Use of Time.

It is a difficult thing to be idle when we fully know the real value of time. But no man can so fully employ his whole time, but that, in spite of himself, he will find some portion of it in which to be idle or unhappy.

Night and Day.

In sultry climates of tropical latitudes, night is less the season of repose than of recreation and amusement. The Arabs, according to Savary, as quoted by Sale, reckon time by nights as we do by days. This custom doubtless had its rise from the excessive heat of their climate. They dwell amidst burning sands, and while the sun is above the horizon, they usually keep within their tents; when he sets, they quit them to enjoy coolness and a most delightful sky. Night is in a great measure to them, what the day is to us. Their poets, therefore, never celebrate the charms of a beautiful day. But these words, *Leili! Leili! O night! O night!* are repeated in all their songs.

Prudence and Caution vs. Haste and Dispatch.

Thousands have had reason to repent that they were too rapid and impetuous in their career: few that they were

too deliberate and cautious. Like the fabled race between the stag and the tortoise, the slowest competitor is apt to win; with this difference, when applied to men, that the tardy runners are most likely to proceed by fair and honest means, rather than by fraud and stratagem.

Dependency of Time.

Time is ever advancing onward, but leaves behind it the traces of its flight.

The last depends upon the first, and the new upon the old; and neither can be comprehended without the other. Blot out a single day from the pages of time, and the records of heaven and earth will be thrown into confusion and disorder.

Robbery of Time.

Time is a gift bestowed upon us by the bounty of Heaven; but the world steals it away, making us poor in that which is our greatest treasure.

Judicious Improvement of Time.

Both life and nature are pregnant with examples which tend to show, how much we are affected by the improvement or neglect of time. How the feet trudge! the hands move! wings fly! and minds toil at their tasks! All have ends in view, and duties to perform; and nature reveals to us numberless lessons of activity and zeal. Folly and sloth decline, industry and wisdom advance. Cowardice is defeated, but bravery conquers.

“He showed how wisdom turns its hours to years.”

Past, Present, and Future.

The present time is for occupation; the past for contemplation; the future for anticipation. “Some,” says Fuseli, “confine their view to the present; some extend it to futurity. The butterfly flutters round the meadows; the eagle crosses the seas.”

Delays of two Kinds.

There are two kinds of delays. One sort proceeding from wisdom, and another from the want of it. The former are salutary, the latter dangerous.

INDUSTRY.

Industry and Frugality.

Spare that you may spend; fast that you may feast; labor that you may live; and run that you may rest.

Labor and Rest.

If it be a law of nature that we must labor in order to live, it is equally ordained that we must rest. Perpetual, unremitting toil would soon wear us out, and Nature would defeat her own ends, if she disqualified us for what she designed us to do.

But there is no law, "Thou shalt rest"—*that* we all do voluntarily. They who assume this *privilege*, and rest too much, have in the end a harder lot than those who obey the original law, and distribute their time prudently between labor and repose. Cicero observed of Scipio Africanus, that he was never less alone than when alone; never less at rest, than when at rest.

Industrious Habits.

The cool of the morning imparts fire to the mind; the shades of the evening bring it light. Ardor profits by repose, and acquisitions increase with outlay. The day is reserved for the glowing sun, whose rays quicken the processes of life and growth. The night looks down with its millions of stars, as if so many eyes from heaven were beaming upon us; like so many lights illumining the recesses of the soul; or, like so many beacons beckoning us away to our far homes in another world.

The Onward March.

Rest when the undone is done,
 Droop not with the drooping sun,
 Freely burn the beamy oil,
 Press—press on in ceaseless toil.
 When the stars at midnight close,
 Chant the requiem of repose,
 “Holy, holy, holy Time,
 Lost or wasted, sin, or crime,
 Misapplied, or overused,
 Ill is favored, good abused.”
 Listen to that anthem then,
 Music for the sons of men;
 Call the moiling mind away,
 Ease it for another day;
 Seal thy lids with fervent prayer,
 Welcome hope and banish care—
 Peace within, calm, clear, and free,
 Peace without, be all with thee.
 Soon as twilight strikes the skies,
 From thy dreamy slumbers rise,
 Gaze then on the Morning star,
 “Look aloft,” and look afar,—
 Gird thee up thy race to run,
 Strive until the goal is won,
 Labor on, and labor fast,
 Time on earth can never last.

Industry vs. Sloth.

Sloth is a perfect deadness of the soul. If there is any happiness in it—in the *dolce far niente*—it is purely of a negative, torpid, sensual kind. In a sense of industry, in an ardent desire of activity, in an heroic spirit of usefulness, there is that kind of zest and animation, satisfaction and delight, connected with so much inward approbation and consciousness of rectitude in a commendable pursuit, that it is the greatest source on earth of contentment and peace of mind.

Drudgery.

Occupation without excitement or personal interest, is mere drudgery, and resembles the labor of brutes.

Efforts well applied.

There is, perhaps, no description of business which has not been productive of wealth, and no department of letters that has not led to fame. Every thing depends upon the time *when*, and the *persons by* whom they are followed.

Indolent Occupation.

Some kinds of employment are only apologies for idleness, or ingenious contrivances to reconcile us to that unaccountable propensity, in the same way as some descriptions of favors are only plausible atonements for ingratitude.

Sloth and Pride.

In vice and error some are deeply dyed,
And what suggests the sloth defends the pride ;
That love of self, that equal love of ease,
Our constant, greatest, worst of enemies.

Enterprise of Man.

In vain has nature thrown obstacles and impediments in the way of man. He surmounts every difficulty interposed between his energy and his enterprise. Over seas and mountains his course is unchecked ; he directeth the lightning's wings, and almost annihilates space and time. Oceans, rivers, and deserts are explored ; hills are leveled, and the rugged places made smooth. " On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in." The soil teems with fertility, and under the cunning and diligent hand of his taste and skill, the whole earth is beautified and improved.

The stimulus of a painful necessity urges man to accomplish more than his necessities require, and the world is filled with monuments and memorials of his industry, his zeal, his patient labor, his masterly spirit, and his indomitable perseverance.

" All is the gift of industry : whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful."

Exertion.

Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertions we make ; and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labor and energy, it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat steal a march upon prosperity and honor, and overwhelm us with reverses and shame.

The hours which we do well employ,
Give labor wealth, and sorrow joy ;
Nor bring they these choice gifts alone,
But richer fruits before unknown—
Though not disclaimed, nor prized in vain ;
And such a life is given to gain.

The Usual Course of Things.

The crude material is first made by hard labor in the field, and is afterwards disposed of to the factor or merchant, and thus agriculture becomes the foundation of trade. The manufacturer purchases the staple, and out of it forms the cheap and common, as well as the fine and costly, articles of apparel.

The plain cloth is good enough for the sower, and grower, and man of toil ; the richest scarcely satisfies the dainty consumer, the idle drone, and the captious non-producer, who, through adventitious circumstances, is enabled to appropriate to himself the better part of that which he has had no immediate hand in creating.

The fruits of industry, however, supply in this manner to *the many* the means of honest competency and successful prosperity, and are made also to impart the required stimulus to the pomp and luxury of *the few*, until the excesses of the latter involve those consequences which create a revolution between these two parties, and the sons of diligence rise up into the ranks of luxury and ease, and the advocates of the latter fall back into the old starting points of poverty and hard work.

TRUTH.

What is Truth?

What is truth? That question, which was propounded by Pilate, had already been answered by Plato. "Truth," says the Grecian philosopher, "is the body of the Divinity, and Light is his shadow." We know what is the quality of truth. It is that which is most acceptable to God and to man. It is the mastery of knowledge and intelligence over error and ignorance. We seek it at every step of our lives. All the operations of the understanding aim at its possession. It is the perfection of the soul, the essence of wisdom, the basis of every science. And without it, learning is but a profitless pastime, and religion itself only a fable and a song.

Congeniality.

Truth harmonizes with the soul. The inspiration of eloquence and poetry, the love of nature and of art, as well as all the ennobling elevations of the mind, are only the kindlings of this devotion within us, animating us to the pursuit and acquisition of whatever is supremely excellent, just, and good.

The halos flash upon us like the coruscations of the polar lights, or radiance of the morning star.

" Either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn."

Tennyson.

Its Strength and Majesty.

"Great is the earth, high is heaven, swift is the sun in his course, but great is the truth, and stronger than all things.

"It endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore; it is the strength, kingdom, power and majesty of all ages."

Truth by Contrast.

Truth is the firm basis of honor, and of every fundamental principle of morality. It is, says Pindar, the beginning of virtue.

As all things have their opposites, from which they are removed by contrary principles and antagonist extremes, so the zenith and nadir, the positive and negative poles of no two things are more remote than truth and falsehood, for they are as far asunder as light is from darkness, or as Paradise from Pandemonium.

Its Firmness and Security.

Truth is the first principle of duty, and the basis of honor, knowledge, virtue and religion. If we abandon it we are false to ourselves and alien to the Creator. We are lamps without oil, ships without the compass; we are lost and bewildered travelers in a benighted wilderness, without path-way or guide. Or we no longer tread on a rock where the foothold is firm, but rather in the slippery road of infamy and error.

—“Scorn the prison and the rack;
If you have truth to utter, speak, and leave
The rest to God.”

Its Beauty and Dignity

There is nothing which all mankind venerate and admire so much as simple truth, exempt from artifice, duplicity, and design. It exhibits at once a strength of character and integrity of purpose in which all are willing to confide.

Painters and sculptors have given us many ideal representations of moral and intellectual qualities and conceptions, and have presented us with the tangible forms of beauty and grace, heroism and courage, and many others. But which one of them will or can give us a correct and faithful delineation and embodiment of truth?—that we may place it upon our altars and in our halls, in public and in private places, that it may be honored and worshiped in every home and in every heart!

Oneness of it.

Truth is natural, revealed, scientific, moral, and so on, but these are branches of that which is One. In natural and scientific truth, the moral and revealed, *the law within the law,*

may be but partially and dimly perceived. Newton felt this law, but could not elucidate it as successfully as he demonstrated the laws of science. La Place, too, maintained a matchless superiority in science, but in morals all was intricacy and obscurity to him. Copernicus and Pascal were highly gifted with a combination of moral and intellectual endowments. With them the superior rose above the inferior truth and suggested it.

The highest mounted minds are adapted to the reception and fruition of truth, not dividedly and fragmentarily, but in reference to its unity, comprehensiveness, and indivisibility, and presenting a *oneness*, which exists by the stability of immutable laws, eternal as creative power, and incapable of subversion, even that *final* truth perceptible to wisdom and experience, and which pervades the essence of all things throughout the boundless universe of God!

Creeds and Systems.

Truth is not partial but general, and is immutably connected and combined with the elements of all things. The passion for novel creeds and systems is universal. Every one warmly embraces his own, preferring it to all others. He presses it to his heart, until newer visions succeed and displace it, when it is cast away and some other adopted in its stead.

“ I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.”

Tennyson.

Difficult to Conceal.

Truth is sometimes exposed by the very efforts and artifices designed to conceal it; like clocks which point the time right, but strike the hour wrong.

Truth a Standard.

Truth is a standard according to which all things are to be judged. When we appeal to it, it should be with sincerity of purpose and honesty of feeling. Divesting ourselves of all partiality, passion, paradox, and prejudice—of every kind of sophistry, subterfuge, chicanery, concealment and dis-

guise, and laying the soul open to what is honest, right, and true, our only desire should be to judge of things as they really are, and candidly and truly to acknowledge and receive them as such. For this is truth—the *perception and representation of things as they are.*

Investigation and Mystery.

The mind seems to be conducted in its intricate investigations after truth, through “avenues of sphinxes” similar to those which lead to the portals of the Egyptian pyramids. We pass through some mysteries to reach a point where greater mysteries prevail, we endeavor to penetrate them and solve them, but in vain; we are baffled in our attempts, and arrested in our progress; for where we most wish to enter the doors are closed, and the deep fountains which we are most desirous to open are forever sealed!

To Ourselves and in Action.

To speak truthfully is to perform but a small part of our duty in the inviolable cause of truth. Many are false in deeds, and false to the world in those things which they themselves privately know, but acknowledge not, and which are only known where nothing is unknown.

When the tongue is silent and *dares* not speak, is there no look, no gesture, no inuendo which stabs like the stiletto, or is more fatal than the poison of the aspic?

If we knew the truth, what numberless acts of injury and injustice would we not refrain from! And if we always had the candor to declare it, how often would we confess that the censures which we lavish upon others are more applicable to ourselves, and that we cannot escape those disparagements which are common to human nature, and which none can entirely avoid.

He who is Truth's friend in action, is a surer friend than he who is only outwardly or verbally so.

THE TONGUE.

Its double Use.

The tongue possesses the double virtue which was ascribed to the lance of Achilles—it wounds and it heals.

“’Twas thus the great Arcadian hero found
The Pelian lance that wounded, made him sound.”

*Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoste,
Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta fuit.*

OVID, *Rem. Amor*, 47.

The Heart and the Tongue.

“The heart and the tongue,” says Lokman, “are the best and the worst parts of man,” as Plutarch said of the soil of Attica, “that it produced the finest honey and the most fatal poisons.”

Governing the Tongue.

The first injunction that was given to his disciples by Pythagoras was this: “Above all things, govern the tongue.” A most important precept when wisdom is to be imparted, or prudence and discretion are to be practised or gained.

Tongue-tie and Excision.

Infants are sometimes tongue-tied, but what a pity it is that adults could not often become so likewise! A Russian empress, for slight cause, cut out the tongue of a beautiful princess, and a Roman *lady* pierced the tongue of a murdered patriot and philosopher with her bodkin. But dark deeds, though buried in the grave, have a voice which speaks of malice and vengeance, ferocity and insult, as loudly as living tongues do of jealousies and wrongs, debaucheries and crimes. The excision or eradication of the tongue is the most cruel and revolting part of a penal and barbarous code.

Tongue and Throat.

Long tongues are for volubility and chatterbility; long throats for ululubility and deglulibility.

Holding the Tongue.

If the French are remarkable for garrulity, it must be accounted for, not only by vivacity of temperament, but by the conversational character of a graceful language; and if more animated and gesticulatory style of speaking is practiced in France than in any other part of the world, it must be borne in mind, in extenuation, that in that country alone exists an institution dedicated to the god of silence, patronized not by *women*, but by men. The monks of La Trappe, near Nantes, never speak. No similar establishment is any where known for the benefit of women, although the love of a woman made the founder of this institution in love with secret seclusion and voiceless solitude.

That some Exercises of the Human Tongue may be dispensed with.

There is not, perhaps, a sound either rural or vocal in the compass of nature, that can be spared half so well as some intonations of the human voice.

Other sounds, although more discordant, may be natural to those creatures to which they belong, and not offend the rules of custom, or "ears polite." Besides, they may be confined to the *locale* of forests and jungles, or to unfrequented wilds far from the precincts of "home, sweet home," that happy and peaceful retreat, which is never so uncomfortable and purgatorial as it is amidst the din of rattling words, and clash of noisy tongues.

"Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue, and knowledge high."

CONVERSATION.

Three Requisites.

We may read, write, and even think, and yet converse not, or not be competent to manage our own, or to elicit the powers of others in conversation. Knowledge is the first requisite; self-possession is the second; practice is the third. No ignorant, or very timid person, and particularly no *mumbler*, was ever able to speak or converse well.

Deliberation and Discretion.

“Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.” It is said of Epaminondas, “that never any man knew so much, and spake so little.” The late Chief Justice Marshall was asked his opinion of phrenology: he replied, “I cannot pronounce any opinion concerning it; for I have never examined it.” The stoical philosopher, Panætius, was very cautious and reserved in expressing his opinions upon difficult subjects, and usually replied, “I will consider on it.”

“————— let this
Henceforth be lead unto thy feet, to make
Thee slow in motion, as a weary man,
Both to the ‘yea,’ and to the ‘nay,’ thou seest not.”

Limited Range.

Some persons, in conversation, employ certain fixed and invariable expressions on all occasions. They remind one of the Dutch artist, Vanderveer, who, it is said, never painted a picture without introducing the moon in it.

Repartee.

Barbarous nations produce men who are great in action and in eloquence, but not those who are profound in learning or science. Eloquence is the moving power of language. Anacharsis was the son of a Scythian by a Grecian woman, and inherited intrepidity from his father, and a sense of refinement from his mother.

When in Athens, whither he had been sent in some diplomatic capacity, he was desirous of becoming acquainted with the great Athenian lawgiver, Solon. A friend offered his services to introduce him. Arriving at Solon’s house, word was sent in that a Scythian had called to pay his respects; but Solon, having more dignity than courtesy, returned in reply, “that friends were best made at home.” “Then,” said Anacharsis, “let Solon, who is at home, make me his friend,” and this accordingly was done.

On a certain occasion, the Scythian wit was reproached by an Athenian on account of the rudeness and barbarism of his country. “My country,” retorted Anacharsis, “is a disgrace to me, but you are a disgrace to your country.”

When it was asked of Charidemus also, "Who is the best man in Athens?" he replied, "He that is least like you."

To Speak or not to Speak.

Mohammed Ebn Edris al Shafei was the founder of one of the four orthodox sects among the Mohammedans. Al Ghazali, says Sale, tells us that Al Shafei used to divide the night into three parts; one for study—another for prayer—and the third for sleep. It is also related of him, that he never so much as once swore by God, either to confirm a truth, or to refute a falsehood; and, that being once asked his opinion, he remained silent for some time, and when the reason of his silence was demanded, he answered, "I am considering first, whether it be better to speak, or to hold my tongue."

What may be left out.

In conversation, leave out as much as possible "I," "My," "Mine," or that four-lettered, and abominable word, SELF.

What kind is most pleasing to Young Ladies.

Long arguments, tedious and complicated deductions and proofs of reason, and all dry, dull, and prosy discussions, are unpalatable to sprightly young ladies. Miss Chudleigh—subsequently Duchess of Kingston—laid down the following pointed and pithy maxim: "Let us have something that is short, clear, quick and surprising."

Silence.

"Silence," according to the Chinese philosopher, "*is a friend which never betrays,*" yet is it a drone which often displeases or offends, or at least, is productive of no good.

There are as many kinds of silence as there are of conversation, or any other sort of noise making. Sometimes it is lively and respectful, attentive and kind; sometimes blank and vacant, careless and unmeaning. Then, again, it is ambiguous, eloquent, or expressive of a great deal of meaning in an indirect and covert way—is frowning and forbidding—

sullen and moody—discouraging and terrifying—and a thorough damper and restraint upon all sociability and converse. Silence does not expose and commit us as speech does, but it is seldom that it does not betray its own hidden meaning and import.

Keeping Counsel.

It is stated by Plutarch, that the Roman general, Metellus, was on a certain occasion importuned by a young centurion, to know what enterprise he had on hand. To rid himself of this impertinent curiosity, Metellus replied, “that if he thought that the toga which he wore was privy to his designs, he would pluck it off and burn it.”

During the campaign at New Orleans, when that city had been placed under martial law, General Jackson was urged in a similar manner to reveal his intended plans of operation. He improved somewhat upon the reply of the Roman general, by declaring “that if the hair of his head knew his thoughts, he would cut it off, or burn it off.”

Speaking to the purpose.

It is recorded of the Athenians, that being about to erect an important public edifice, they received applications from two architects, one of whom addressed them in a long and pompous harangue, setting forth all the wonderful things he intended to perform. After he had finished, the other,

“Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue,”

arose and said, “Lords of Athens! all that this man hath said, I will do.”

Stammering.

Lawgivers have been more remarkable for wisdom than for eloquence. Neither Moses, nor Minos, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, were eloquent men. The Bible, indeed, expressly asserts, that Moses was slow of speech; hence it has been inferred that he was a stammerer, and the following tradition has been preserved and handed down to account for it.

“Pharaoh one day carrying him in his arms, when he was a child, the little lawgiver suddenly laid hold of the

king's beard and plucked it in a very rough manner, which put Pharaoh into such a passion, that he at once decreed him to suffer death. But Asia, his wife, representing to him that he was but a child, who could not distinguish between a burning coal and a ruby, he ordered the experiment to be made; and a live coal and a ruby being set before Moses, he took the coal and put it into his mouth, and burnt his tongue, and thereupon he was pardoned, but contracted a stammering in his speech."*

On Things, not on Persons.

Dr. Watts observes, in his Treatise on the Improvement of the Mind, that a good rule to follow when in company, is, to converse on things, and not on persons, "that our conversation should rather be laid out on things than on persons." But he did not bear in mind, that persons are often the most interesting *things* to converse upon, and constitute nine parts out of ten of ordinary conversation.

Bright and Dull.

Many good minds keep their brightest moments for solitude, their dullest for society. They speak to us forcibly from a distance—through the quill—but are voiceless and silent when near by. The attraction of sympathy operates upon them afar off; but is unfelt and imperceptible close at hand. Is it the consciousness of the frivolity around, the fatal power and contact of which dims the brightness of the mind's eye—shuts the heart—and fetters the tongue? Oh! how venial is dullness in us, with our vagrant and unmeaning thoughts—our ready and careless laugh—when the heaven-inspired, the allotted few, have their intervals of eclipse—become darkened and unilluminated—and when the bright Apollos are converted into sleepy Endymions!

We can be cheerful and gay, and throw off our surface feelings, while they, the gifted ones, are silent and speak not. They are treasuring up thoughts, not for present use, but for after time, seeing, observing, scanning, reflecting, and laying up those rich stores of observation, which they will dispense hereafter in seclusion and make our own, to pay off the scores

* Shalsh. Hakkab., quoted by Sale.

of the unsocial hours, when they saw *us*, but we did not see *them*; when they met us, but could not mingle with us; and when we sought to know them, but knew them not.

Ordinary Conversation.

Conversation, or intertalking, is not often instructive. It is mostly a pastime indulged by tongue-pads, who show a willingness to listen to commonplace recitals, which spare them the labor of reflection or the pain of turning their thoughts in upon themselves. He who can contribute nothing to conversation, should, as Shenstone says, "*keep his teeth clean, and preserve silence.*" "The worst of Warburton," said Dr. Johnson, "is, that he has a rage for saying something when there is nothing to be said."

Conversational Powers.

Nothing can be farther removed from profitable and instructive conversation than mere gossip and gabble, or "bald, unjointed chat." To excel in conversation is the lot of few. It implies great intellectual powers united with cordial feelings, and a strong sympathy with outward and inward nature. To reach this excellence, we must have learned as much from inward abstraction as from outward observation, and we must be equally able to depict what we know, what we have seen, and what we have felt.

The conversation of Burke was a rich intellectual feast. It exhibited every delicacy and variety, and embodied every requisite that was sumptuous or substantial, to please and satisfy. Some endeavor to display force and brilliancy in conversation like Madame de Staël. Some aim at argumentation, and wield the disputatious sword of battle, like Johnson. Others launch into metaphysics and poetry, like Coleridge. Others are grave and sedate, like Selden; taciturn, like Cowper; or silent and hesitating, like Addison; and others still, amuse with sparkling wit, with novel images, copious illustration and varied knowledge, enlivened by the attributes of social life, like Curran. The conversation of Burns was so imaginative and animated, that the Duchess of Gordon said, "it fairly lifted her off her feet." In short, the conversation unfolds the character of the mind and of the man. Hume's

was free from pedantry and well stored with practical wisdom—that kind of conversation of which Lord Verulam says, “It makes a man wax wiser than himself, and that more by an hour’s discourse than by a day’s meditation.” Gibbon’s was rich in copious information, and communicated in a calm and pleasant manner.

“Conversation,” according to Shakspeare, “should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free from indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.”

“To hear patiently and to answer precisely,” says Rochefoucault, “are the great perfections of conversation. One reason why we meet so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him.”

TRAVELING.

Profitable and Unprofitable Results.

The chief result of traveling is often nothing more than to see objects of curiosity scarcely worth seeing, and to acquire information not always profitable to possess. Sir Henry Wotton gave this advice to Milton when a young man, and about to travel in Italy: *il viso sciolto ed i pensieri stretti*—“an open countenance, but close thoughts.” or, “keep your thoughts to yourself, but let your eyes wander abroad.”

“What say you of Lord Charlton?” said Boswell to Dr. Johnson. “Why, sir,” replied Dr. Johnson, “I never heard him speak but of one object which he had seen in his travels, and that was of a large snake which had been discovered in one of the pyramids of Egypt.” There are some thriftless travelers who “run the great circle,” but manage to bring back with them only a few unprofitable and trivial things. They do nothing more than make some changes in their wardrobe, and large additions to their stock of affectation. Like Naomi, they go away full and come back empty; or like Peter Bell,

“They travel here, they travel there,
But not the value of a hair
Are heart or head the better.”

Lord Bacon gave excellent counsel to a young gentleman, who was going abroad: "Let thy travel," said he, "appear rather in thy discourse, than in thy apparel or gesture."

Some one observed to Socrates, that a certain person had not profited by his travels. "No wonder," he replied, "for he traveled along with himself."

A Roving Disposition.

To be perpetually rambling about, traveling and making love,

"Ever roving, ever gay,"

brings us many acquaintances, but few friends; occasional pleasures, but frequent discomforts; many residences, but no settled home. "He that is every where, is nowhere."

Ulysses, that man of many sighs and sorrows, makes the following truthful confession to his faithful servant Eumæus:

"Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wanderings is the greatest woe!"

Advice of the Earl of Essex.

When we have perused the whole Book of Life, and read the great volume of the world, the amount of it all seems to be this—that there is nothing valuable or desirable in comparison of a cheerful and intelligent mind, and of a correct and feeling heart. The old Earl of Essex advised his kinsman, Roger, Earl of Rutland, previously to his starting on his travels, "rather to go an hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town."

Recognition of Old Acquaintances.

None but the English shun one another's society in traveling, and seek to elude the vulgarized crowd of their own people. Great is the pleasure in foreign lands in encountering old acquaintances, and in reviving old associations.

Alfieri, when a young man, made a tour through the northern states of Europe. When he arrived at Gottingen, he there beheld an *ass*, the first one he had discovered since he left Italy, where they are quite common. He was

so much overjoyed, that he almost fell upon the neck of the Gottingen ass, to kiss it ; but said he, "It was only one ass meeting another ass."

Taking Notes.

Burekhardt, in his journal from Cairo to Mount Sinai, says, that he came to the ruins of an ancient city called Faran ; and the most remarkable thing about it is, that there no one is suffered to put pen to paper. The reason of the prohibition is this : there was formerly a river in that neighborhood, but, according to tradition, when a European undertook to write down a description of it, out of indignation, it sunk under ground, and never has been seen since.

When the Duke of Saxe Weimar was traveling in the United States, he and his suite happening to be in the western part of Virginia, it became necessary to pass the upper part of James river, in an ordinary flat, square tow-boat, commonly called a scow. His secretary proceeded to take the dimensions of the craft with a foot-rule, when unluckily he lost his balance and was tipped into the water. "I wonder," said the ferryman, "if he put *that* in his notebook also !"

Foreign Travels at Home.

*"And wonder much to heare him tell,
His journeyes and his wayes."*

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

A traveler cleared the city gates,
Strange foreign sights to see ;
And wending from the United States,
Was lost in New Jersey.
He wandered on throughout the day,
From Pluck'min up to Rockaway,
And on he went as chanced the fare,
From Hudson to the Delaware—
The land to see of famous note,
Which once was not allowed to vote ;
O'er slopes of sand, and plains well briered,
He rambled till the man was tired.
On either side a city lies,
Consuming what the soil supplies,

The market gear the country yields,
 And harvests of blackberry fields;
 The diet of a famished race,
 Grasshoppery formed with sharpened face—
 In *yerbs* and fruits who briskly trade,
 To buy some sugar, tea, and bread,
 But have a stouter air you know,
 When nuts and berries finely grow;
 Haply a railroad came in view,
 Which wisely passes *through and through*,
 And all who traveling thither stray,
 Mount on this road and haste away,
 Their sufferings in some city ceased,
 Where they are nicely lodged and fleeced.

Love and Non-Love of Traveling.

The gay and dashing class of travelers are dependent for their pleasures chiefly upon showmen, bankers, bakers, cooks and coachmen. But many there are, who are too devoted to their home comforts to risk them by venturing abroad, like the rich Echepolus in Homer, more rich than brave, and

“Living dully sluggardized at home,
 Wear out their youth in shapeless idleness.”

They who have derived the greatest good, and the most solid advantages from traveling—who have most benefited themselves and the world—have been incited more by a fearless and laudable spirit of adventure, than by an ignoble love of ease, and have scaled mountains, traversed deserts, and explored cities and countries, and endured every privation, for the sake of novelty and knowledge, and for the just appreciation of them; and not for those attractive amusements and entertainments, which in all lands are purchased at considerable cost, and acquired with little profit, but are never failing enticements to entrap the sensual, the sumptuous, the idle and the vain.

More Agreeable than Useful.

Few modes of spending time are more agreeable than that of traveling, but many are more useful. It may be useful, but it is occasionally irksome to remain continually

at home. Traveling is an elegant means of living in idleness. We acquire by it a kind of knowledge which is not always beneficial, and estrange ourselves from our daily avocations to partake liberally of the vices and pleasures of other people.

The Use of Traveling.

The use of traveling is to widen the sphere of observation, and to enable us to examine and judge of things for ourselves; a species of independence and autonomy, and a source of beneficial instruction not to be undervalued.

Philosophy of it.

There is a profound and instructive philosophy in travel, and great is the utility of it when it unfolds the genius and polity of nations, and the prevailing principles upon which they think and act. It was to study and observe these things that Solon and the great travelers of Greece visited foreign countries, to examine their institutions and to investigate the state of society, to obtain in this manner some valuable and practical knowledge to carry home with them. Not that these distinguished characters were not often given to credulity, and not unfrequently imposed upon by ridiculous fables and marvelous events. Herodotus, the father of history, is full of such harmless wonders. There have been travelers, who have gone abroad to make observations purely for the interests of science and philosophy; and of these Humboldt stands at the head. A philosophical traveler,* in recent times, appeared in America from a foreign country, to scrutinize the spirit of its institutions and the character of its population, which he accomplished in a manner, not only creditable to himself and to the nation whence he came, but to the one which he visited and of which he wrote. At the same time, from a neighboring nation, a horde of traveling mountebanks also came to the same land, to caricature the people and their government, to deal in commonplace vituperation, and utterly to fail in a just comprehension of that condition of things necessarily attendant upon unrestrained liberty of thought and action, and a rapidly, perhaps too

* De Tocqueville.

rapidly progressive state of society. In other respects, it must be acknowledged, that travelers, in general, who have thought it worth while to publish their observations or adventures on and in other countries, have aimed at administering chiefly to the current taste and tendency of the times, in gratifying the prevailing propensity for novelty and excitement, and the insatiate desire for incidents and adventures purely marvelous and romantic, curious and strange, and not unfrequently flippant and puerile,—recitals, in which a large share of personal vanity is displayed, but in which little substantial knowledge is imparted.

Ordinary Results.

Traveling is a pleasant and easy way of ridding oneself of superfluous gold, and of regular systematic business. It is the pursuit of pleasure and excitement, under the tempting masks of novelty and variety.

It is searching with much care and trouble abroad, for the happiness, contentment, and recreation which should be found most surely at home. The strangers that we resort to, for the attainment of these things, with equal surprise visit us likewise in quest of the same; and both parties, at last, after much useless fatigue, disappointment and disgust, are glad to abandon the profitless chase, and to live beneath those happier skies where Providence has cast their lot, where infancy has known its early smiles and joys, and maturer life its bitterness and cares.

Lines written on the Mediterranean Sea, on approaching the Coast of Africa.

I.

And I am sailing o'er thy waves,
And gliding by thy lovely isles;
To reach the dusky Land of Slaves,
Of turbaned Turks and wild Kabyles.

II.

What peerless beauty round me reigns,
Fresh with the sunlight and the breeze!
Oh, who would think the clank of chains
E'er rang o'er waters such as these!

III.

Thou Queen of Seas, what matchless fame
Long hallow'd and revered, is thine !
What deeds of Greek and Roman name,
With thy past triumphs intertwine !

IV.

The Greek and Roman are not now,
And change hath stretched its hand on thee !
The scroll upon thy azure brow,
Reads " traffic," not a " classic " Sea.

V.

Naxos and Actium,—peak and bay—
The fleets and armies of the brave—
All but your memories fades away,
Like the blue ether of the wave.

VI.

Visions are these which rise to view,
Where Grecian banners were unfurled ;
And where the Roman Eagles flew,
To grasp the mastery of the World.

VII.

The older Glories nerved with pride,
Exult no more o'er their domain,
Where modern navies tamely ride,
To swell the common lust of gain.

VIII.

No more of ancient strifes the seat,
Where heroes graced the wars they made ;
Now in thy ports the nations meet,
Their chiefest strife, the strife of trade.

IX.

And should barbaric prows explore
These freighted realms with robber law,—
Columbia's canuons loudly roar,
To hold a pirate race in awe !

X.

But Afric, injured, wretched land!
 To thy benighted shores we go—
 Ah! well thy parched,—thy blasted strand—
 Foretells thy doomed curse of woe!

XI.

To what predestined mockery made,
 To scorn, to servitude consigned—
 What retributions, paying—paid—
 For wrongs on thee and all mankind!

XII.

This scourge of nations, Time recall,
 Our hopes in mercy rest and thee;
 Break down the shackle and the thrall,
 Defend the birthright to be free—

XIII.

That Freedom in her fearless might,
 May here announce her glorious reign;
 And shed abroad a purer light,
 Where Ledyard fell and Park was slain.

XIV.

Proud Atlas, garlanded with snow,
 And braving heaven, majestic stands—
 Oh, might its cooling breezes blow,
 To yonder fervid, sultry sands!

XV.

The Camel's foot those sands shall press,
 His sheltering tents must Ishmael raise—
 The robber of the wilderness,
 Who thirsts for plunder whilst he prays.

XVI.

Mountains and deserts and the Moor—
 And prowling hordes in lengthen'd line;
 What barriers must be passed before
 The light of knowledge here shall shine—

XVII.

Ere through this darkness it shall break,
 Where'er the fertile Niger flows—
 And spreading through these regions make
 The Desert blossom like the rose—

XVIII.

Ere Truth's triumphant cause be won,
 And minds like these broad wastes expand—
 As gleams of sunshine flash upon
 The prairies of my native land.

XIX.

For noblest conquests such as these,
 The leagu'ing powers join hand in hand—
 And the bold Lion of the Seas,
 Quells the wild Lion of the Land.

XX.

And France, new honors wait on thee,
 In arts of peace, if wise and calm—
 Extend the Empire of the Free,
 And twine thy Lilies with the Palm.

AMBITION AND AVARICE.

Poor Results of Ambition.

How few aspiring and ambitious men are exempt from headache or dyspepsia! The great Master of ambition, Napoleon, suffered almost as much as he triumphed, and won all his crowns and battles only to die at last of a cancer of the stomach! Many are the disciples of ambition who are restless and unhappy, merely because *the trophies of some Miltiades will not allow them to sleep.*

Love of Gold.

Nature has put a considerable share of iron in the blood, but no gold. That, or the love of it, is found *in the heart of man, not to refine and embellish, but to debase and corrupt it.*

“How quickly Nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object.”

Want and Superfluity.

Too often doth it happen, that to be above the reach of want, just places us within the reach of avarice.

As to Thrones and Principalities.

The cares of royalty are so urgent, that Lous XVIII remarked, “that a king might die, but should never be sick.” *Un roi doit mourir, mais ne doit jamais être malade. Nullum tempus occurrit regi.* When Prince Louis, the brother of Napoleon, refused the crown of Holland, the Emperor said to him, “It is better to be a king, and die, than to live with the title of prince.” *Qu’il valait mieux mourir roi, que de vivre prince.* The number of those who have declined the offer of crowns, is small compared with those who should have declined them. And the number of those is also small, who have actually renounced the sceptred honors and dignities of regal life, compared with those, who, some time or another, desired to do so, but lacked the resolution to carry it through.

Charles V and Christina left the throne for convents and crosses; Diocletian renounced the imperial purple; Gregory relinquished the mitre; and Celestinus the popedom—

“To base fear
Yielding, abjured his high estate.”

Avarice and Strife.

No passion meets with less favor and more opposition than that of avarice. It maintains its ground by tenacity and contention, and engenders strife and discord where all before was peace and harmony. The courteous smiles and ingratiating address which the avaricious frequently assume, are at once converted into resolute looks and determined resistance when the love of gain or the dread of loss, even in trifles, is called into play.

No impulses of feeling, no love of justice, no dictates of mercy, and no ties of fellowship and kindred even are then

acknowledged, all considerations of whatever nature becoming absorbed in the sole regard of self and of lucre.

Iron and Gold.

When savage nations are first visited by the civilized, they evince the greatest eagerness to obtain iron, as soon as they have come to know the uses of it, while the Christians who go amongst them, manifest a still greater desire for the possession of gold. To accomplish these mutual ends, the savages resort to cunning, pilfering, and bartering, and their more enlightened brethren to deception, violence, and fraud.

Contact with the Mean.

There is no disgust greater than that experienced by a noble and generous mind, when it comes in contact with the paltriness and littleness of mean people, and more especially, if ignorance besets them also. Their narrow and sordid views, their cunning devices to gain every advantage, their groundless suspicions and watchful fears of injury and wrong, their niggardly parsimony, and unyielding obduracy, and clinching love of money, whilst they have no other love except that of the most cankered selfishness, fill a liberal mind with absolute indignation and contempt, which it feels so forcibly, that it is always difficult to suppress, although useless to expose, for it does no good to preach to those who have neither sense nor soul, and who are as deficient in justice as they are in generosity.

What is Commanded.

The first of the ten commandments proscribes the law of faith, the last forbids the practice of covetousness.

A Mean Fellow.

Born but to be some snarl or plague,
Vile product of a rotten egg,
In every feature of thy face,
A want of heart, of soul, we trace ;
By every honest man contemn'd,
By your own looks betray'd, condemn'd,—

Of shame in front there is no lack,
And curses ride upon your back.

Temptation and Desire.

As pomp renews ambition, says Petrarch, so the sight of gold begets covetousness, and a beautiful object sets on fire this burning lust.

Sordid Feelings.

If the wealth of Cræsus, or of Crassus, were offered to any one who is not a professed Mammonist, upon condition of conforming himself to it, by becoming utterly mean and mercenary, and binding down his feelings within the close limits of a despicable selfishness, he would be right in rejecting such an offer; for competency, and even poverty, with free and generous sentiments, and an appreciation of things noble and great, would be far better than the amplest treasures under such circumstances, which would render us unfit for happiness within ourselves, and disqualify us to appreciate the happiness of others.

In proportion as we contract and curtail our feelings, so do we confine and limit our minds; and if we have so little faith as never to venture our happiness in the trust of others, we shall finish at last by distrusting ourselves, and adding to our own torments.

“It is greatness of soul,” says Thucydides, “above all things, that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights us in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honor.”

“O, good Fabricius! thou didst virtue choose
With poverty, before great wealth with vice.”

Perversions.

Few sins in the world are punished more constantly, and more certainly, than those of ambition and avarice,—“vaulting ambition” and sordid avarice. They are universal passions, and their fatal effects are seen not only in the high roads and public places, but in the nooks and by-lanes of life. Not alone among conquerors and kings,—

“From Macedonia’s Madman to the Swede,”

but among the humble and obscure ; in the dissembling artifices of trade ; in the unsatisfied lust of wealth ; in the devoted pursuit of station and power, confederated with the worst feelings, and the most depraved designs.

“ Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.”

The only avarice which is justifiable, is that of love ; the only ambition that is commendable, is zeal in the cause of virtue and good actions.

Avarice and Crime.

If those sins abound most in the world which are associated with the greatest temptations—witness the peccadillos of love—we might expect upon this principle that avarice would be often blended with crime. So it would be, and frequently is, when the passion of gain is in harmony with a bold and daring nature. But, generally speaking, avarice is a pusillanimous and cowardly vice. It loves security and concealment, where it can collect and hoard with secret satisfaction and delight. But, when not content with ordinary gains, it ventures out in the garb of the assassin, it makes a conspicuous figure in the criminal calendar by its heartless, unfeeling, treacherous and cold-blooded deeds. There is now, or was, a few years ago, in the Louisiana penitentiary, an aged convict sentenced there for life, who was originally, by profession, a Catholic priest. He had apartments in a remote street of the city of New Orleans, and lived alone. It was his practice to decoy the passers-by at night into his dwelling, and, after dispatching them, to commence the work of plunder.

It was long before he was detected in his secret crimes, but he was finally arraigned and sentenced to a penitential life of confinement and labor. A regard for his former avocation, served to mitigate the severity of his penal duties. He was daily brought out and chained to a tree. His regular occupation was the care of a warren of rabbits, which afforded him an opportunity of contemplating the sportive gambols, the mild and inoffensive habits of those harmless leverets ; thus bringing this pleasing picture of playful and gentle innocence into constant contrast with his own former fiendish and diabolical passions.

UTILITY AND USEFULNESS.

Usefulness.

There are innumerable ways in which the quality of usefulness becomes manifest: for instance, by the love of applause, by the desire of success, by the precepts of duty, and by the dictates of affection; but better still by the hand of adversity. Remove impatience from the mind, and pride from the heart, and few misfortunes assail us that we cannot turn to advantage. Bunyan in his imprisonment, Milton in his blindness, Cowper in his melancholy, Wolsey in his disgrace, and Napoleon in his exile, all found the means of being useful, and all of them imparted to the world the lessons of wisdom and the fruits of meditation and experience, adapting themselves to the circumstances in which they were placed, and deriving consolation themselves, and bestowing benefit upon others from their privations, reverses, and afflictions. And these are only the greater stars of the galaxy; the lesser are without number, but not without influence.

Necessity and Use.

To create creatures liable to wants, is to render them susceptible of enjoyments in the gratification of them. Infinite wisdom is required in the appropriate adaptation of means to ends, and principles to practice; in constituting living beings subject to necessities, but with capacities adequate to their demands, and by regulating all things in such wise that they shall be suitable for service, by properties, qualities, applications, and developments. In this manner, whatever is produced in the laboratory of Nature, even the most common and ordinary objects, are all applicable to some good purpose and final benefit, and nothing in the world is useless or worthless.

Spirit of Utility.

Utility is the watch word of modern times, the ruling spirit which insinuates itself into the heart of public and private deeds. Destructive of taste—offensive to pride—inimi-

cal to privilege—the utilitarian influence is uncompromising, but not always unjust. Still, it is endowed neither with sentiment nor generosity. It subjects every thing to the standard of simple ideas narrowed down to definite results. repulsive to liberal minds, and is only a respectable recommendation of good acts, and a plausible apology for bad ones.

As to Persons and Things.

Things should be estimated by their utility, and persons by their usefulness.

An ancient writer observes, “With respect to utility, we shall find, on a minute inquiry, that the primary object with all who seek it, is safety; with regard to pleasure, love is entitled to the first place; and, as to honor, no one will hesitate in assigning the same pre-eminence to virtue.”

Being Useful.

Occasions are not wanting in the world to show the proud and complacent satisfaction resulting from the consciousness of being useful. We derive pleasure from witnessing it in others, and happiness in being sensible of it in ourselves; as, when suffering is relieved, when knowledge is imparted, when evils are remedied, or when some positive good is accomplished. So firmly are mankind persuaded of all this, that drones and idlers claim no deference or respect, because they achieve nothing, and are not guided by any exalted, practical, or praiseworthy motives. If we behold others doing commendable acts, we desire to be partakers with them, and disability occasions regret. It is by useful qualities that we must be judged; and if we have them not, in some shape or capacity, we are looked upon by the active and busy portion of mankind only as mopers and croakers, like owls in bushes, like frogs in a pond, or like parrots in palm-trees.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance in Diet.

Eat little to-day, and you will have a better appetite to-morrow—more for to-morrow, and more to-morrows to indulge it.

As to Young and Old.

The excess of the young is in the sweet, of the old in the strong.

Moderation vs. Excess.

Must I discard the social feast,
 Because thou art, or wert a beast,
 Or be content whene'er I dine,
 With water, air, and haberdine ?
 If thou art lured beyond thy might,
 Must I be monk or anchorite ?
 If thou art blind, or wilt not see,
 A slave to wine or gluttony,
 Must I abstain from sight and taste,
 And starve on sawdust, slops, and paste ?
 If lazy thou, yet let me rest ;
 If naked, still would I be drest ;
 If wanton, vicious, weak, or vain,
 Let me my natural sense retain,
 Wisely to choose to feel, to do,
 And live as God designed me to.

Beauty of Temperance.

There is beauty in temperance, like that which is portrayed in virtue and in truth. It is a close ally of both, and like them, has that all-pervading essence and quality which chastens the feelings, invigorates the mind, and displays the perfections of the soul in the very aspect. Like water from the rill, rain from the cloud, or light from the heavenly bodies, the thoughts issue pure from within, refreshing, unsullied and radiant.

There is no grossness, no dross, no corruption ; for temperance, when effectually realized, is full of loveliness and joy, and virtue and purity are the elements in which it lives.

Excess.

The excess is committed to-day, but the effect is experienced to-morrow. First the pleasure, then the penalty, and

the passion before the punishment, which is mild in the beginning, but afterwards more and more severe, until the excesses are too often indulged, and Nature has sounded her warnings in vain; then the retribution is death. If an admonitory sign-board were hung out, for the benefit of the old and young, there should be inscribed upon it, in prominent characters, "*No Excess.*"

Right and Wrong Views.

Temperance is resisted by some upon the ground that it exacts more than they can comply with, and they prefer to defend a depraved inclination rather than sacrifice it to the cause of virtue. The real sensualist looks upon the world as stocked with eatables and drinkables, believing that he was made for them, and they for him, and regrets that life is too short to satisfy his desires to the fullest extent. They who, to favor their appetible propensities, draw their arguments from the open bounty and profusion of nature, overlook the wisdom of her salutary and restricting laws. For, firstly, life must be supported. Secondly, it must be regulated. Thirdly, it must be directed to future and nobler ends. Temperance, therefore, is one of the fundamental laws of nature, indispensable to individual happiness, and no less essential to the public good and the general welfare. Without it, there can be no permanent health of the body, and no solid virtue of the mind.

Cold Water and Strong Water.

Cold water is a warm friend, and strong water is a powerful enemy to mankind.

MERIT.

With the Burmese.

With the Burmese the possession of merit implies the favor of heaven. With other nations it often incurs the reproach of earth.

Rewards of Merit.

Merit is mostly discovered by accident, and rewarded by destiny. Honor is an uncertain estimate of it, for great honors frequently follow after small claims, and fly away from great deservings.

“Thy worth and skill exempt thee from the throng.”

But suppose that merit, once in a thousand times, should be adequately recompensed, it not only stimulates the possessor of it, but the whole of his class, like the electric fluid communicated along a succession of wires : or, many wheels of emulation are put in motion ; the central one is touched, and all the subordinate ones partake of the influence and act in sympathetic concert with it.

Difficult Things.

That which is most difficult in the performance, is most praiseworthy and commendable in the execution. The result has a double claim upon our admiration, for we not only admire the deed, but the means which led to its achievement.

Modesty and Courage.

Mankind yield to the modest, but succumb to the bold. For modesty conciliates and subdues opposition, but courage defies and overcomes it.

Concealed Merit.

The leaves very often conceal the fruit, but they have contributed to its growth, and without them there had been no fruit at all.

Excellence.

Superior excellence is rare, but always grand, commanding, admirable. It is the Alpine peak, high elevated, unassociated, and standing alone ; and the elevation which makes it solitary, keeps it so. There are not found the potherbs and flowering plants of earth, but the sun-tints and snow-wreaths of the clouds.

NAMES.

Value and Detriment of a Name.

The world contains many people who would give worlds to possess the open sesame of a name which they have not, and others who would give equally as much to be dispossessed of the titles they have, or to stamp some new *imprimatur* upon them. But no bravery is more quick and instantaneous, or so invincible as that which is aroused in defence of a good and virtuous name—the best guarantee of respect—when it is unjustly aspersed and assailed by calumny and detraction. Here weakness is heroism, and innocence is a bulwark of defence.

Lines to Professor Goldfuss, of Germany.

Ah! well enough can I divine,
 Without the aid of book or date,
 How thy strange patronymie grew—
 Thy fathers ruled some great estate,
 Some mineral lands, or golden mine,
 Or spreading acres not a few;
 They thought to make the family strong,
 And rich in treasure and in land;
 To brave the shock of changes long,
 And homages of men command—
 But dreamt not that where these abound,
 Much discord and *gold-fuss* are found.
 I venture on this bold surmise,
 Thy typic name naught else doth mean;
 I've known *Goldfusses* thus arise,
 And many such we all have seen.

Name and Fame.

Some men, by the union of great abilities and favorable circumstances, have succeeded in making themselves not only distinguished, but have become the representatives of some abstract principle or quality which is held in great estimation among mankind.

Thus, the name of Howard is identified with philanthropy, that of Napoleon with martial renown, Washington's with freedom, Nero's with tyranny, &c. The same circumstance is observable in almost every pursuit of the human mind. Who, for instance, can separate the name of Homer from poetry, that of Shakspeare from the drama, Newton's from philosophy, Hippocrates' from medicine, or the names of Coke, Mansfield, and Marshall, from the profession of the law? Names adhere like leeches to things. Reptiles and Reprobates have theirs, and Sages and Heroes theirs also. *Magna vis et magnum nomen sunt unem et idem*, says Cicero. "A great name and great power are identical;" or, a great name is a tower of strength.

Names of Things.

In infancy we are occupied in learning the names and forms of things. It is the business of riper years to study their properties and uses, but we still keep up the old preference for names merely.

On a double Bankrupt.—(An Epigram.)

A double title crowns thy name,
Bankrupt in wealth, bankrupt in fame;
Fair name departed long ago,
Foul wealth to leave was yet more slow.
Again may wealth be ill-begot,
A fair, unblemished name cannot.

A good Name.

A good name is the richest possession we have while living, and the best legacy we leave behind us when dead. It survives when we are no more; it endures when our bodies, and the marble which covers them, have crumbled into dust. How can we obtain it? What means will secure it to us with the free consent of mankind, and the acknowledged suffrages of the world? It is lost by folly, by ignorance, by destitution, by ignominy and crime, by excessive ambition and avarice. It is won by virtue, by skill, by industry, by patience and perseverance, and by an humble

and consistent trust and confidence in a high and overruling Power. The ignorant have no esteem in the world. The vicious fill the prisons, and die upon the scaffold. The virtuous are exposed to evils and privations, but vanquish them by patience and fortitude.

Who live more miserably, or die more wretchedly, than the avaricious, who, incapable of doing good to themselves, refuse to do good to others? Who succeed better in life than they who cultivate skillful arts and industrious pursuits? Who have perpetrated crimes more heinous, or entailed upon themselves sorrows more lasting, than they who have embarked in the schemes of an unholy ambition? Oppression, wrong, outrage, and injustice, we should resist and resolutely oppose, but

“ Never wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

The young and noble Count de Fiesque, in Italy, lived happily with his family. His palace was adorned with taste and magnificence. He was fortunate in all things, except a restless and passionate desire for dominion. In peaceful times, he conspired against a just and tranquil government. A dark night was chosen for darker deeds. While some committed havoc, and made the streams of blood to flow in the city, the count commanded the galleys—part of them being designed to attack the shipping, and the remainder the forts which lined the Bay of Genoa. He slipped from his galley, and sinking suddenly by the heavy weight of his armor, was drowned. By one false step he commenced his ruin, by another he completed it. The conspiracy was defeated, and his body, after it was recovered, lay for four days neglected upon the strand of the harbor. It was at last thrown into the sea; his palace was razed to the ground, and his family banished for many generations; and a fair name was disgraced for ever by the ill success of a perilous and doubtful enterprise.

NATURE.

Teachings of Nature.

Nature is to the mind, what Heaven is to the soul.

Book of Nature.

When all books composed by human hands and heads prove futile and unsatisfactory—when they impart no consolation and no instruction, and inspire no interest—we turn to the great Book of Nature, and peruse it with profit and delight. In every page we behold indelible traces of its divine Author, and its legible and instructive characters are displayed around us in forcible and enduring forms, and illumined by the golden light of a glorious sun. All things are voiceful and full of meaning. Our senses are animated and regaled; our minds and souls expanded and edified; and gathering the spirit of rapture and enthusiasm from all surrounding objects, we adore the Power that hath made them, and us also, with hearts to revere and minds to comprehend.

Time, Air, and Light.

All nature is but an allegory, and things are hieroglyphics only, speaking to us under the cover of signs and emblems. The earth and the heavens, of a globular form, shadow forth the circle of eternity. The solid earth is girdled by viewless winds; and that which is indefinitely confined to space, stretches out into the vast, the illimitable, and the unknown. The temporal is part of the eternal, or “time is a distraction of eternity;” and the greatest subtleties and miracles of the universe are light, air, and time. The light is time’s criterion, for what estimate could we form of it, if excluded from it by perpetual darkness? And were it possible for life to be sustained without air under a different order of things, there would yet be an absence of all sounds, and many pleasing emotions which delight us would be wanting. Air, Light, and Time!—while we breathe the air, behold the light, and enjoy the time of a glorious world, may we estimate them as the most precious gifts and blessings, and as the preludes and harbingers of purer and better worlds, where the air shall be unvisited by storms, the light undimmed by glooms, and time unchanging and eternal!

Occupation of Nature.

The daily and hourly occupation of nature is to create and destroy.

Continuing ever as a whole, she spurns the idea of individual perpetuity, and exists only by the laws of constant, unceasing, and eternal revolution.

Changes and Transformations.

In all the transformations and changes of being witnessed in the natural world, there is a tendency to increased beauty and greater perfection. Nature does not retrograde, but ever advances forward; and life renewed and continued, is life improved and glorified, and endowed with increased capacities and powers.

Differences of Natural Endowments.

The outward world embraces the inner, as the body does the soul; and as the soul diffuses its influence through the bodily temple of its abode, so the natural world, reversely, should and does act upon the mind. If we sympathize with the beautiful forms, harmonies, and expressions of nature—if they act upon us, so that we feel them and grasp them, and possess that fullness of them which impels us to conceive, embody, and delineate them, then these impulses of nature determine us to be painters or sculptors. If we look at natural objects in an ideal and speculative sense, with the light of reason and with a glowing imagination, so as to develop the wonderful applications of which they are capable, and to blend them with the moral impressions of life, then are we poets. If we employ the same means—only with a greater infusion of logic—and connect these teachings of nature with the interests and passions of man, and are able to portray the emotions which they give rise to in vivid and graphic language, then are we orators. Leave out all taste and fancy, extinguish the imagination, and limit the mind to definite forms and qualities; associate it with abstract truths and positive demonstrations, then are we mathematicians. Restrict the intellectual faculties furthermore to established rules and precepts, and call in the aid of manual labor to accomplish them, with the implements of some kinds of handicraft, then we are mechanics. But if we merely aim at buying and selling, weighing and measuring, and conducting such operations with all the vigilant and wily tricks

of trade, then we are tradesmen. If we are fitted for none of these things, or if we can perform none of them to advantage, then are we fools or idiots.

Temple of Nature.

Glorious Temple! Pillared upon the perpetual hills and mountains, and canopied by the lustrous and enduring skies! The trees and verdure are thy stately and graceful devices and ornaments, and the clouds the vapory and shifting mosaics of thy over-arching dome. The peals of thy orchestral music are the chiming winds, and the mingled sounds of many waters. Thy altars are set up on high, and before them bow the children of men of all lands and nations!

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,” and let us enter into this mighty and majestic sanctuary to meditate and adore, and look through nature up to Nature’s God.

Here is the gate of novelty and joy; further on is the gate of tribulation and care; but the innermost of all, is the gate of knowledge and truth.

Oh, when the doors of pleasure and delight are closed behind us, and those of sorrow and suffering are unfolded to view, happy shall we be, if at last the portals of truth and light, the Holy of Holies, shall be opened unto us!

Illusions of Nature.

Nature pleases us with the engaging beauties of youth, but offends us with the unsightly deformities of age. She beguiles us with distant views of natural objects, mellowing the hues and harmonizing the shades, but undeceives us on a near approach, when defects and blemishes appear, and the illusion of the senses is taken away.

“Distant objects are most pleasing to behold.” This is a saying which, by classical writers, is ascribed to Julius Cæsar. Previously, it was no doubt claimed by some one else. It has now become a proverbial and stereotyped truism in the “Pleasures of Hope.”

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountains in their azure hue.”

Light.

Of all the marvelous creations of nature, none is more wonderful or more widely diffused than light.

It streams upon us from suns and stars, and from countless millions of luminous bodies which diffuse throughout the entire universe an inexhaustible and ineffable effulgence ; and no scene can be more sublime than this grand and perpetual coruscation and illumination of numberless and indescribable worlds, whose beauty would be imperceptible, and whose existence unknown, were they not revealed to us through the all-pervading and attractive agency of light.

Well hath it been said that, "the consolations of philosophy have less empire over us, than the enjoyments we derive from the spectacle of heaven and earth !"

Sympathy with Nature.

Man does not and should not stand alone, isolated and detached from all communion, mysterious and incomprehensible though it may be, with the natural world around him. The internal conceptions of harmony and love, which all more or less feel, but gifted minds most, blend us in attractive fellowship with the elements and influences of creation.

There is an invisible but mighty chain of affinity, which connects the various manifestations of creative power in the outward world with the heart and mind of man. Poets—those inspired ministers and interpreters of nature—have, by the aid of their divine art, initiated us most thoroughly into these congenial and enlivening associations ; and not only the grand and conspicuous, but even the most humble and unobtrusive objects, have a melodious and instructive voice which speaks in impressive and sympathetic tones to the kindred soul of man, and breathes into it an elevated sense of higher and holier things. "The rocks form a rampart against misfortune ; and the calm of Nature hushes the tumults of the soul."

Pure, divine, and ennobling inspiration ! The Apocalypse of man's life !—the most grateful transport of his existence—when we are moved, wooed, and won, not by the promptings of others, but by our own self-directed impulses, and not by act of memory, but by emotion of heart :

“ —————the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.”

Wordsworth.

“ To talk and walk with Nature, in her wild
Attire, her boldest form, her sternest mood ;
To be her own enthusiastic child,
And seek her in her awful solitude.”

Brainerd.

In this way it is that the benevolent author of creation—in order to enlarge our happiness, to add to the resources of our minds, and to infuse the sweetest and most consoling charms into life—has bound us to the ever living works of his hands by strong and imperceptible links which we cannot sever, and would not if we could.

“ Nature, too,” says Schlegel, “ has her mute language and her symbolical writing ; but she requires a discerning intellect to gain the key to her secrets, to unravel her profound enigmas, and, piercing through her mysteries, to interpret the hidden sense of her word, and thus reveal the fullness of her glory.”

T A L E N T .

Difference of Development.

The incubation of talent is subject to different periods of time and to different results. The small egg of the nest, exposed on some waving bough, may produce the bird which will soar and warble through the air, whilst the bigger egg, which has been sheltered with much pains, only hatches out the great fowl whose ambition never leads him further than the barn door.

Talent and Genius.

Talent is strength and subtlety of mind ; genius is mental inspiration and delicacy of feeling. Talent possesses vigor and acuteness of penetration, but is surpassed by the vivid intellectual conceptions of genius. The former is

skillful and bold ; the latter aspiring and gentle ; but talent excels in practical sagacity, and hence those striking contrasts so often witnessed in the world, the triumphs of talent through its adroit and active energies, and the adversities of genius in the midst of its boundless but unattainable aspirations.

Talent is the Lion and the Serpent ; Genius is the Eagle and the Dove.

Or, the first is like some conspicuous flower which flaunts its glories in the sunshine, while the last resembles the odoriferous spikenard's root whose sweetness is concealed in the ground.

The flower displays itself openly, the root must be extracted from the earth.

Aspirations.

Fiery talent ever overleaps its bounds. If talent is only respectable, it would be great ; if creditable, it would be famous ; if more than common and ordinary, then most uncommon and extraordinary. The gift, a miracle ; the endowment, a revelation ; the small rush-light, a long mass candle ; and the twinkling star, a dazzling sun.

By Right of Discovery.

Some persons have the talent of finding out talent, where no one else can perceive it. It exists then wholly by right of discovery, the discoverer as usual assuming the credit and privileges of the discovery. But others again are skeptical where believers abound, and they are flattered by an opposite kind of penetration.

Its Temptations and Dangers.

Great talents create enlarged desires, difficult to be gratified. They open the spacious field of ambition, which is full of dangers and pitfalls. They excite the enmity of those, who, taken singly, are impotent and despicable, but united in a body, are formidable and overpowering. The perils however from within transcend those from without, and he who

is gifted with great abilities, is, as it were, mounted upon a wild and spirited courser, which it requires skill, judgment, and experience to manage, to prevent the rider from being hurled from his seat, and thereby either crippled or destroyed.

Talent and Mediocrity.

Mediocrity not unfrequently wins the honors and emoluments that talent often aspires to in vain. It is the great golden rule of cautious prudence, and sure, undeviating wisdom. Its days abound with peace, and its nights with sweet repose. While the great and lofty are hazarding their safety in the clouds, and inhaling attenuated vapors, the humble but prudent advocates of mediocrity securely rest upon the earth, not where grow the reeds and flowers, but amidst harvest fields and well-stored granaries.

One Talent.

If we possess but one talent, it will be better for us, if it be of a practical and productive kind.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Practical Knowledge.

Practical knowledge should in many cases be styled *technical* knowledge, as it is generally restricted to some especial objects, and beyond the limits of these it is no knowledge at all, but only a specious apology for the want of it.

Advantages of Knowledge and Love of it.

First, that it can be acquired; secondly, that it can be retained; thirdly, that it can be increased; fourthly, that it can be imparted; fifthly, that it can be made a source of satisfaction and happiness to ourselves and others.

It was said of Plato, so devoted was he to the acquisition of knowledge, that his ardor was unremitting, and he was no less anxious to obtain information than he was willing to com-

municate it. A friend inquired of him, how long he intended to be a scholar. "As long," replied Plato, "as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better." And the following saying is ascribed by Pomponius to the Emperor Julian: "Although I had one foot in the grave, I should still have a desire to be learning something."

Knowledge and Inspiration.

Knowledge without inspiration is the clay-like body without the animating, life-giving Promethean spark. It has no soul, no spirit, no essence of beauty, no creative and combining power. It is tedious, prolix, wearisome and dull as a thrice told tale, whilst inspiration is the living and quickening principle of emotion, which imparts to the mind all its interest, novelty, grace, attraction and effect. And knowledge is won only by a pure, devoted, and passionate love for it. As in the legend of the rich Melisso, who wasted his substance in giving costly entertainments to his friends, who never loved or esteemed him—when he complained of his misfortune and disappointment to king Solomon, the latter replied to him, "Learn to love"—so also must we learn to love—for one who knew well the nature of knowledge, said, "Thou hast not gained the cordial if it gushes not forth from thy own soul."

A truly Wise Man.

A wise man, says Lactantius, is the true sacrifice of the Great God: his spirit is his temple: his soul is his image; his affections are his offerings: his greatest and most solemn sacrifice is to imitate him, to serve and implore him; for it is the part of those that are great, to give, of those that are poor, to ask.

Importance of Facts.—Inferences from a single Fact.

A writer has knowledge of a fact, and records it. He is the chronicler or historian. Another embellishes it with fancy, and imbues it with feeling; he is the poet. Another depicts it; he is the painter. Another investigates the principles of it; he is the moralist. Another, the utility of it; he is the economist. Another, the nature and relations of it; he is

the philosopher. Another, the solid and real advantages derivable from it ; he is the practical operator. Another still, its imaginary or probable uses and ends ; he is the theorist. Take a single fact as an example ; "*Columbus discovered America*," and it will illustrate all these positions, and show how many views and applications a solitary circumstance may give rise to. For, in this case, there are no less than eight individuals who seize upon a fact, and turn it respectively to account ; and it is easy to perceive how the condition of things may so operate as to increase this number almost without limit.

Knowledge and Fame.

Knowledge is the fruit that is still yielded by the Tree of Life, and it is the hand of Fame which plucks it.

What kind of Knowledge is best ?

Some kinds of knowledge are preferable to others, but that is most desirable which exposes and makes us feel our ignorance most, by bringing into contrast the known and the unknown, the attained and the unattainable, and which teaches us to be sensible of our deficiencies, rather than to be elated with imaginary excellences. This is the knowledge which grows up in the spirit of meekness, and whose humility is its strength.

Knowledge and Respect.

No man can ever be contemptible who is endowed with knowledge, provided that he knows how to use it ; provided also, that he is sensible that knowledge is worthy of respect, and must procure it.

Human Wisdom and Weakness.

Neither the maxims of wisdom, nor the precepts of religion, can always fortify man so that he cannot err. They are his best and safest guides, and might be infallible, if it were possible for us to surrender ourselves entirely to their influence and control. But the tension of our mental resolution is liable to become relaxed, and our weaknesses too

often mutiny against the prescribed discipline of virtue and strength.

What an anomaly and mystery is it, that wisdom should take up her abode in the midst of degrading and conflicting passions and feelings! She dwells with Seneca, who is a miser; with Bacon, who is corrupt; with Julian, who is a tyrant and an apostate; and with Empedocles, who is a madman. That is, the wisest men are not exempt from human frailties and defects, which the greatest wisdom is unable entirely to overcome. But in spite of these drawbacks, wisdom makes itself honored and respected, and wins upon our affections by the simple grandeur of its dignity and serenity.

Credulity.

In spite of reason and persuasion, Credulity will have its way; and they who are guided by it, believe, and insist upon it, that what the schoolmaster and the doctor do not know, the pedant and the quack do; and that *no-study* knows by intuition what much study can never find out by great application.

The Cocoa-nut. (Milkiness.)

Most heads have two eyes, mine has three,
It grows sans body on a tree.
It is outside as hard as thine,
But yours within 's as soft as mine,
And just as milky I opine.

The cocoa-nut having three eyes, may be regarded as the symbolical representative of Prudence, which is also symbolized with three eyes, regarding the past, present, and future.

Self-knowledge.

To know ourselves, we must commence by knowing our own weaknesses, and the strength of others, as well as their weaknesses and our strength. It is a result derived also from comparing ourselves as individuals with others collectively, or with the world at large. Our foibles should be regarded as salutary checks upon our presumption, and our wisdom as the triumphs of self-knowledge, or of those conclu-

sions which are forced upon us by a profound study and thorough comprehension of the inward tendencies and operations of life.

Knowledge of Ourselves and of Others.

Every one has something to conceal from the scrutiny of others, and we should be in danger of hating the whole world, and of compelling the whole world to hate us, if we knew one another intimately and thoroughly. Does every body dislike those whom we dislike, or are those whom we love, beloved by all ?

Ignorance and Hypocrisy.

Ignorance, *per se*, moves our pity, and that modifies our aversion. It is only when accompanied with arrogance, ostentation, or disdain, that we act in direct opposition to it, and treat it with derision and contempt.

An affectation of learning with the ignorant is hypocrisy of the mind, as an assumption of virtue with the vicious is hypocrisy of the heart. If the really virtuous often endure reproach, and the truly learned know but little, where shall these two great classes of hypocrites appear ?

Education and Knowledge.

Education is the means of acquiring knowledge. Knowledge is of two kinds, theoretical and practical. It is also technical or special, and general or universal.

Knowledge relating to facts and things is *information* ; connected with particular studies, and especially with literary and scientific pursuits, it is *learning*. But when it refers to the original exercise of the mental powers, it is *intelligence*, the highest endowment of the mind, and the most honorable attribute of man.

The object of every kind of education should be to communicate knowledge, and to excite this intelligence in the minds of others : firstly, by imparting information ; secondly, by encouraging application ; and lastly, by calling into exercise the native and original powers of the understanding.

Prejudices against Knowledge.

The gross and irrational prejudices of the world constitute one of the chiefest obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge. While men do not wish us to be ignorant, but, on the contrary, expect us to be well informed, they desire us to limit our attainments, as they themselves do theirs, and caution us against a waste of time in severe and continued application. Although the ignorant are no better judges of knowledge than cowards of bravery or the blind of colors, yet it requires no small degree of resolution and heroism to surmount these difficulties and to resist these admonitions, coming, as the latter do, from those who are interested or pretend to be so in our welfare, and who really mean to do us good. There is another motive also, which greatly influences the minds of the sensitive. We have, perhaps, been already denounced and condemned for our devotion to knowledge, and we dread the addition of ridicule when superadded to the sentence of condemnation already passed upon us. By these means many timid and irresolute, but praiseworthy persons, are effectually discouraged, and become proselytes to the *superficials*. The Horatian maxim is, "Dare to be wise (*sapere aude*); and Dr. Watts quotes an excellent motto adopted by Lord Chancellor King, *Labor ipse voluptas, Toil is its own pleasure*; and so also is knowledge its own recompense, its own delight, and its own happiness.

READING.

Reading and Thinking.

If we have not always time to read, we have always time to reflect, if not upon learned subjects, at least upon those things which lie around us and near us, and which are very often the most profitable themes for contemplation and study. Why should our minds ever live upon the charities of others?

Cultivating our own Thoughts.

We should esteem those moments best improved which are employed in developing our own thoughts rather than in acquiring those of others, since in this kind of intellectual

exercise alone our own powers are brought into action and disciplined for use.

Conversation and Reading.

We may be overpowered by the force of intellectual conversation, as we occasionally may be by some works that we read, but the latter is more voluntary.

Habit of Reading.

Reading is sometimes a slothful indulgence which we resort to, to avoid the trouble of thinking; and by it we make use of other people's minds to save our own.

“ Books do not teach the use of books.”

Again, reading may become an inveterate habit, not easy to be broken. When Luther was flying from his persecutors and concealing himself, in disguise, in the remote parts of Germany and Switzerland, he was cautioned by some of his friends in regard to his usual exercise of reading, and was advised to be seldom seen with a book in his hand, for fear that he might thereby be betrayed.

Reading too Little or too Much.

The danger of reading too much is, that we shall have only the thoughts of others. The danger of reading too little or none at all, that we shall have none but our own; and there is no more edification in that than there is in a man's talking to himself.

Essential Rules.

It was a saying of the Earl of Roscommon, that we should choose an author as we would a friend. Books are, indeed, our friends or foes. They do us either good or harm. They improve or corrupt. They either waste our time or enable us to employ it to advantage. If we seek the company of the idle or the vicious, the foolish and the vain, what can we expect but to imbibe their qualities, and to remove ourselves farther and farther from the virtuous, the exemplary, and the wise?

If our associates seek only to amuse, they will seldom instruct us. Thus it is with some, and with most fashionable authors; they desire to entertain us, but do not increase our stock of knowledge a great deal. They do not enjoin upon us that culture of the mind, that discipline of the feelings, that love of virtue and that abhorrence of vice, that contempt of ignorance and folly, and that admiration of wisdom and truth, which alone can elevate us in the scale of rational and intelligent beings, and give us just conceptions of the value of life and of its great destinies.

Haste and Impatience in Reading.

Some readers are as impatient to see the conclusion of a book as some travelers are to arrive at the end of a journey. But impatience destroys profit and perverts the use of time. It is incompatible with those habits of attention and reflection by which alone all valuable knowledge is at first acquired, and afterwards turned to advantageous account. Unprofitable works only require a hasty perusal.

Reading and Writing.

He who is always reading, and never writes, is like the husbandman who is ever collecting seeds but never sows them, or who sows but never reaps.

LEARNING.

Learning and Knowledge.

Learning is the foliage of the tree. Knowledge is the fruit. The tree of knowledge was a *fruit-bearing tree*. When the fruit was seen, then arose the temptation. When plucked and tasted, then came the knowledge of good and evil—the starting-point in human attainments, the beginning and the end of all wisdom, the first lesson that was learned and the last that should be forgotten in the career of life.

Taste.

Taste has been called "an instinct superior to study, surer than reasoning, and more rapid than reflection." Taste is of two kinds. The above is the taste of *perception*, and refers to the appreciation of the harmony and relation of things. But taste *in execution and finish* is a painstaking and laborious art, exacting quickness of sight and delicacy of touch, and thorough precision in both.

Meditation and Study.

"We should," says Descartes, "meditate more than we learn."

Learning, without meditation, fills the mind with the ideas of others, but excludes our own. He who studies the works of nature, learns to be wise; if we study only the works of men, we take the copy instead of the original; and if the copy be imperfect, our impressions of an imperfect copy are still farther removed from truth, and are often nothing more than "shadows of shades."

Pretenders and Pedants.

There are three things which give value and consequence to life, viz., religion, society, and learning. Men generally seem to be sensible of this, for in this triad are comprised the objects of our present and future welfare, if we live to any rational purposes at all. But to be shining lights in religion, in society, or in learning, falls to the lot of few. The false lights—the counterfeited resemblances of the true and genuine—glitter around us in every direction, and dazzle us with their glare. Who shall distinguish the true from the false, the genuine from the mock suns? For religion and society have their hypocrites, formalists, and impostors; and learning its pretenders, sciolists, and pedants.

Learning and Ignorance.

There are fewer learned persons, and fewer ignorant ones, in the world, than is commonly supposed.

Charms and Attractions of Learning.

Some men have voluntarily secluded themselves in caves and garrets; others have been immured by force in prisons, and have endured heat, cold, hunger, privation, want, suffering, contumely and reproach, and yet have been faithfully true, and ardently and patiently devoted to the cause of learning.

That of itself has been motive, attraction, interest and happiness enough, and without it, all other things had been of no estimation. Some earnest lovers of truth and knowledge have moreover encountered the anguish of bodily pain; have become blind; have been crippled with deformity or disabled by disease; yet the mind has triumphed over all these difficulties and obstacles. It has found in the exercise of its powers the best antidote of care, and achieved its gratifying consolation and encouragement, in its delightful recreations and ennobling pursuits. "For the wise love wisdom, and will search for it, as for life and salvation."

Pride of Learning.

What an admirable sentiment is that of Sir Thomas Browne, when speaking of his freedom from learned pride;—he says, "Those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections, that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers unto mine. I have seen a grammarian tower and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the writing of the whole book."

"What we know," says Socrates, "is, that we know nothing at all."

Learning and Truth.

The light of learning should be the light of truth. It should illumine the darkness of error, and be a certain beacon to conduct us through the concealed, the rough, and intricate ways of the world.

The Means and the End.

Some great and learned scholars have had but a scanty supply of books, whilst it is not uncommon for many vain

and shallow men to possess extensive and costly libraries, which they arrange with great parade and effect, and keep more for show than for use. They pay the same deference to the cause of learning, as others of the same cast do to that of religion, by strictly observing all the external forms and ceremonies thereof. Dr. Watts remarks of these individuals, that "their libraries are better furnished than their understandings."

Learning and Wisdom.

Learning is diffused over a large surface; wisdom is condensed to a small compass. Learning collects materials; wisdom applies them to some use. The one may be regarded as the boards and timbers, planed, morticed, and adjusted, while the other is the architect which constructs them into a suitable and commodious edifice. Without this application, the materials, although prepared with care, skill, and expense, would be nothing worth; they would only be incumbrances, and might as well be thrown as fuel upon the fire.

BOOKS—AUTHORS.

Books and Book-Knowledge.

Those books are most profitable to read which make the readers think most. That some are to be read, and others studied, is an old remark; so also is the saying of Roscommon, that we should choose a book as a friend. Diminutive books, like diminutive men and women, may be of greater value than they seem to be, but great tomes are greatly dreaded. It is a saying that "books file away the mind." Much reading is certainly not profitable, without much meditation; but many vigorous and profound thinkers have read comparatively little, although most great men have been very devoted and ardent readers. When it is said, that there is scarcely any thing that is not to be found in books, it does not import that we shall find every thing in them, unless we are great handlers of them. Books of the least merit are the decanted books, as Lord Bacon calls them, and made by

pouring the contents of one into another. A book which is destitute of talent, proves, says Montesquieu, either the patience or the memory of the author.

The knowledge which is stored up in print, is accessible to every one who will read and study. Other and more profitable kinds of knowledge must be obtained by reflection and observation—by studying ourselves and studying nature. Book-knowledge is undervalued and ridiculed by men of the world, as being deficient in practical interest. But mere practical knowledge is restricted within limits too narrow for an aspiring mind.

Learning has ever been loved by some too much, and by others too little.

“— and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.”

Their Reception in the World.

Books come in for their full share of the praises and censures bestowed upon whatever belongs to humanity. They are, in their nature, either harmless or full of harm. They are lauded for their virtues and excellences, and condemned for their blemishes and defects; are caressed by partiality and favor, and assailed by prejudice and hate. Some are honored by kings and princes, and others dishonored by the executioner and hangman. But the proscription to which they are sometimes subjected in private, when the youthful and ambitious are discouraged from studying them, when of a useful kind, is arrogant and odious, but is all that might be expected from profound ignorance and absurd and preposterous prejudice.

Epigram on a Dull Author, who puffed himself and his works.

Less puffing, dear Eugenio, make,
Thy works will scarce survive a day :
The stupid things would hardly take,
Even should you give them all away.

Spare, spare your friends the painful task,
To read, to nod, to scoff, condemn :
And if revenge on foes you ask,
Inflict this punishment on them.

Desultory Reading.

It is with books as with food, the plain and substantial is apt to be most wholesome or least injurious. As the dishes are multiplied, the taste becomes more vitiated and fastidious. The appetite is soon cloyed and satiated when pampered to excess, and it is essential for health and comfort to have recourse to plainer and less noxious fare.

So the increased attractions and novelties of literature divert and amuse for a while, until entailing upon us the usual penalties of unprofitable pastime, if we regard our intellectual interests, we shall be glad to relinquish these agreeable recreations, in favor of what is less captivating and seductive, but more salutary and profitable.

Parodial Epigram.

Ye books ! which roam all over the world,
And many from over the sea ;
Ye are so unacquainted with man,
Your *tameness* is shocking to me.

Originality.

Nothing is more elevating to the mind, than to experience the effect of bold and original thoughts. Whence they come we know not, but they resemble the rainbow which is born of the sun and the cloud ; and like it, also, they reflect a brilliancy and beauty which all admire.

The Best Book.

The best of all books is the Book of Nature. It is full of variety, interest, novelty and instruction. It is ever open before us. It invites us to read ; and all that we require is the will to do it—with eyes to see, with ears to hear, with hearts and souls to feel, and with minds and understandings to comprehend. Infinite intelligence was required to compose this mighty volume, which never fails to impart the highest wisdom to those who peruse it attentively and rightly, with willing hearts and humble minds.

Writing and Speaking.

Writing admits of more condensation than public speaking. The style of Tacitus is admirably adapted to the historian, that of Cicero is better suited to the forum.

On a Dull Author.

The man that wrote these stupid pages,
Shall live perhaps in after ages.
Some critic then who stamps and rages,
Shall give his fame its lawful wages,
And roast it well through all its stages.

Imitation.

Originality is the rarest of all things under the sun. Not only men, but nations imitate one another. Lucretius wrote on the nature of things (*De Rerum Naturâ*) in Latin, as Empedocles had already done in Greek. The Romans imitated the Greeks, not only in manner, but in the subjects on which they wrote. The Italians, and all Europe, have imitated the Latins; the English, the Italians and Germans and nearly all other nations; and the Americans, the English.

Style.

Mere style makes a *stylish* writer, but something more is necessary to make an original one. A good style, however, is not wholly negative; it implies cultivation, skill, and practice.

The Puffers.

O, puff, puff, puff, puff, till with the smoke
Our eyes all water, our throats all choke;
The last we'll clear and the first we'll wipe—
Puff—puff on—thou ever puffing pipe.

Use of Books.

“Books do not teach the use of books.”

Some books we should make our constant companions and associates, others we should receive only as occasional

acquaintances and visitors. Some we should take with us (not those which we generally do) wherever we go. Some we should leave behind us for ever. Some of them, like vices of gilded outsides, which they conceal, but represent, are full of depravity, and we should shun their ideal images, as much as we should their actual representatives, which we meet with in the world. Some books we should keep in our hands, and lay on our hearts; and the best way we could dispose of others would be, to throw them into the fire.

Authors and Politicians.

Authors have generally been mild and modest men; politicians, bold and arrogant ones.

Commonness of Plagiarism.

Plagiarism is the great bond of union among authors, especially with the poetasters. With great writers, it is set down as a virtue; with small, as a crime.

Poetry and Prose.

The language and sentiments of poetry possessing a more universal application, are not so much subject to fluctuations of times and style. The poetry of Milton still retains its freshness and beauty, but his prose productions are harsh and crude, and seldom or never read. The best prose composition partakes in some degree of the nature, spirit, and ornament of poetry, and sparkles with some of its brightest gems.

Works of Fiction.

Works of fiction are the ornamental parts of literature and learning. They are agreeable embellishments of the edifice, but unsolid foundations for it to rest upon.

Aristotle wrote against the abuses of rhetoric, which had become too ornate and artificial among the scholars of his day, and he endeavored to substitute the methodical rules and principles of a sound logic in their place. Cervantes undertook to correct the exaggerations and extravagances of knight-errantry. What Aristotle accomplished for the intellectual,

Cervantes performed for the social errors of his times. The evils of fictitious writings at present, are of both these kinds, social and intellectual, and they affect our manners as well as our minds. The romance writers, however, need the hand of no satirist to correct and restrain them, for they will ultimately correct and restrain themselves, by exhausting or overworking the subjects of fiction, and by surfeiting the public appetite with a superfluity of light and imaginative works.

Plagiarism.

Those lines, which many eyes have read,
Flow'd from his *pen*, not from his *head* ;
The style is new, the words well coined,
The quill was bought, the thoughts purloined.
For crimes like this, there's no redress,
For let the theft be more or less,
All you can do, is but to rail,—
The knave cannot be sent to jail.
And were he chastised at a post,
The good example might be lost ;
'Twould move a pitying world to tears,
To scourge his back, and crop his ears.
Contrition, too, were sheer pretence,
With him who has no shame nor sense ;
But where there is no blush,—no fear,
There's sometimes virtue in a sneer.

Variety of Style.

The style of some writers is as weak as water ; that of others, as sparkling as wine. Style in general, presents the various forms of debility and vigor, beauty and deformity, care and neglect, intricacy and obscurity, or simplicity and grandeur. With some, it is penetrating, and cuts like a two-edged sword ; with others, it possesses both grace and strength, like carved marble, or shafts of polished steel ; and with a few, it is like furbished and finely wrought silver and gold, ornamental, weighty, and valuable.

Vanity of Authorship.

The personal display which is made by some authors in their works, resembles the vignettes and embellishments on a bank-note, which look fine, but do not enhance its value, for gold and silver are the only legal tenders. In business, men seek not the tinsel, but the real gold, or something of substantial value. And also in war, it is not the flourish of the trumpets, but the firing of the shots, that wins the battle; and so more especially in books, the paper and the parade are all nothing, the mind and the matter every thing.

Modern Literature.

Some of the best and most cultivated minds of modern times, which have directed the current of literature, have done the least for the actual benefit of mankind.

They have been influenced by considerations of self-advancement and literary celebrity, and have sought less to instruct than to amuse, and to gain admiration rather than to win gratitude. It would be unjust to suppose that these accomplished minds have acquired their stock of knowledge, and invigorated their intellectual powers, by the use of the same kind of delicacies which they serve up to us. This is an imperfect way to impart vigor to thought, and to add strength and stamina to the thews and sinews of manhood. All feel it and acknowledge it, but who endeavors to fly from the garden of delights, or to escape from the Circean islands of corruption and pleasure? Reason is unattractive—science is too profound—and thought exacts too much labor and effort. The draughts of pure knowledge are drawn from deep sources, but we quench our thirst from shallow streams which ripple and murmur along with the mingled perfume of violets and roses. The imagination is invoked to give us pictures and illusions, when we stand in need rather of substance and facts. Will the world never raise its voice to rebuke these literary caterers of the public taste, who have lightened our brains and purses long enough, and who should cease to deprave and despoil, if they cannot improve and instruct?

Blessed be the man who shall write the *last* novel, and thrice blessed be the last man that shall read it!

MIND.

General Progress of the Mind.

The general advancement of the mind corresponds to its particular and individual progress. We advance from the complex to the simple; from the abstruse to the plain. We emerge, in short, from darkness into light. The last result in the process of a long induction, or of a series of mathematical propositions, is some positive and simple truth, not perceptible at first, but conclusive in the end. The grandest of all, is the most simple of all.

The simplest ideas are sometimes the most incommunicable. Mankind are so prone to mystery, that they create it, and expect to find it where it does not exist. Moreover, simplicity is the first thing that is lost, and the last that is regained.

The Mind its own Judge.

Whenssoever the mind can be brought to examine itself, and to form a just and impartial estimate of its powers, there is no better judge, and no critic more sagacious and severe.

Many instances have been known where this judgment has been exercised with too much austerity.

Complexion of Ideas.

Some people's ideas incline to the white, but others are very black, being in a complete state of nigritude.

Great and Little Minds.

It is the great minds which are most susceptible of improvement. The lesser or feebler never acquire any considerable amount of strength, and are as far removed from it as infancy is from manly vigor.

Mind and Stomach.

Mind is like the stomach, and takes
Its food for profit, pleasure, use ; .

Reflection all the virtue makes,
And serves it for its gastric juice.

Strength and Flexibility of Mind.

A strong mind should be adequate to the least as well as to the greatest undertakings. It should be like the powerful but lithe proboscis of the elephant, as remarkable for force as for flexibility, and "capable of picking up a pin, or twisting off the trunk of a tree."

Great Minds.

Great minds are as rare in the history of mankind as great monarchs, and the reason is the same. The greater tyrannize over the less, and when once subdued, hold them in subjection. *Parva Mantua, &c.* This intellectual supremacy is habitually exercised to the prejudice of those, who possess not the bravery nor the spirit to assert and maintain their own individuality and independence, and hence become more familiar with submission than accustomed to authority. Seldom is a great or good mind seen that is not at the same time overbearing or monopolizing.

Cultivation.

The mind should seek profitable attainments upon which to bestow its strength, and to enlarge and improve itself. Let us not be like the things of vegetable growth—as flowers, which throw their perfumes upon the winds, or as trees, which cast their fruits upon the ground.

Originality.

Nothing is so beneficial and elevating to the mind, as the free and independent use of its faculties when its thoughts are as much the spontaneous results of fullness and vigor, as muscular exertion is of the voluntary efforts of corporeal power. "The unknown," says Hazlitt, "is the natural element of genius." Thither doth it instinctively resort, as if upon a distant and perilous voyage, and returns freighted with treasures and novelties which none could have gained

but they who have won them, yet, which every one may possess, who will receive them.

Mental Pleasure and Reliance.

He who can rely upon the resources of his mind—who can find therein the means of pleasure and peace, instruction and profit, realizes the greatest intellectual happiness of which he is capable, and may exclaim with exultation,

“My mind to me my kingdom is.”

“My library is dukedom enough for me.” For knowledge is the grace of this world.

Mental Derangement.

As nothing is more admirable than healthy displays of intellect, so nothing is more appalling than derangement of mind. The mind, as well as the body, is subject to deformities and calamities, and it was of these calamities that Dr. Rush remarked with great sensibility, that “if he thought them beyond the reach of remedies, he would lay down his pen, and bedew the paper on which he was writing with his tears.”

Exercise of Mind and Feelings.

If in the exercise of our minds, we rely exclusively or too largely upon our feelings, they must needs have great depth and scope, else we will soon come to an end. Our ideas will strike root in a kind of surface soil and crust which is soon exhausted, and where the clover grew the poverty grass will spring up, not in the loam but in the sand; or our mental conceptions will resemble what was said of the stunted forms of Albert Durer—“the thwarted growth of starveling labor and dry sterility.”

Wants of the Mind.

Oh that we could but feel the wants of the mind as promptly and imperiously as those of the body! If we fast but a day, how earnest is our craving for food! But the mind lies neglected for years, and we are insensible to its

cravings and necessities. For ignorance lulls us into repose ; it dulls our apprehensions, and quiets our alarms ; and by concealing the dangers we are exposed to, makes our ruin more certain and more deplorable. We have but to exert ourselves manfully to break through the shackles of this slavery and oppression.

“ Fling but a stone, the giant dies.”

“ The fountains and rivers deny no man drink that comes. The fountain doth not say, thou shalt not drink, nor the apple, thou shalt not eat, nor the fair meadow, walk not in me.”*

MEMORY.

The First Forgetful Man.

As Adam had a poor memory, inasmuch as he was unmindful of the divine commands, the Arabs have a proverb which says that, “ The first forgetful person was the first of men.”

Defect of Memory in Ourselves and Others.

Defects of memory in ourselves are embarrassing, and we often witness similar embarrassments in others. It is they only who treasure up knowledge who have any thing valuable to impart ; and continued application without acquisition, is as discouraging as abundant supplies of food without an appetite. The difficulty in both cases is the same, viz., the want of appropriating power.

Correlative.

Memory, united with judgment, perception and penetration, constitutes a good mind, well adapted to the ordinary purposes of life. Add to these habits of persevering application and industry, and you have an example of a superior man ; but if you conjoin with them the elements of enthusiasm and inspiration, you have an extraordinary man, or one who is gifted with genius.

* Philostratus' Epistle to his Mistress, quoted by Burton.

Distribution and Prevalence.

The fullness and prominency given to the eye of birds and animals by nature indicates the great prevalence and free distribution of memory and perception among them. These qualities, therefore, may be supposed highly essential to them, and they, no doubt, enter largely into the properties of instinct.

Disuse of Memory.

Habits of inattention and disuse of memory are as injurious to our mental faculties as sloth and corporeal indulgence to bodily strength and vigor.

Particular Organs.

The eye, the ear, and the heart, have in general a better memory than the mind.

MIND AND BODY.

First Impressions.

In general a well-dressed body takes precedence, for a while at least, of a well-stored mind.

Animal Progress.

The only department of human affairs in which the matchless skill and perseverance of man have been most fully carried out, and crowned with complete success, is that which refers to the regular supplies of nourishment and the gratification of the various physical wants of life. To these ends the earth, the air, the rivers, and the sea, have been explored and laid under contribution. And mankind would not now be content to dwell again in the Garden of Eden, unless there were a market-house and grocery, a hotel and railroad hard by.

Hinderances.

AN EPIGRAM.

But for feasting and dressing,
 Couching, caressing,
 Disputing and guessing ;
 Too much herding and messing,
 Backbiting, oppressing,
 Boring, distressing,
 The world would have many a blessing.

Tootky Yedim—Suppose I had eaten it.

We deny the mind unscrupulously almost every thing it requires, and keep it under such perfect subjection that we are not much molested by its importunities and demands ; but we supply the body liberally with all things. We do not like to *girdle the beast*, as St. Francis said when he put a sash around his waist. Every day the milk, the meat, the fat, the sweet. But without *many* self-denials, no one knows what he may not accomplish when all Sybaritism is renounced, and a great will bends strong necessity to its purposes, or when a prudent inclination leads to a virtuous resolution. A wealthy Mussulman at Constantinople designed giving, at much cost, a sumptuous entertainment to his friends. But all at once he said to himself, “Tootky Yedim”—“*Suppose I had eaten it,*” and spared the funds, and, adding to them from time to time, was enabled, at last, to build a grand mosque, which was named, from this circumstance, Tootky Yedim.

Salutary Influence of Mental Pursuits.

Madden remarks, that salutary exercises of the mind have a tendency to invigorate the body, and, by their tranquilizing influence, add to the duration of human life. And it is undeniable, that neither the sensual nor their offspring are remarkable for longevity. They are mostly prematurely cut off. The *mens sana in corpore sano* is the true requirement of nature. If a man has any mind he will live the longer by cultivating it, and shorten his days by neglecting it.

Relationship of Parts.

The eyes and the ears have the same relation to the mind, that the hands and the mouth have to the body.

Body Predominating over the Mind.

The history of individuals, as well as of nations, shows that when the body is more cared for than the mind—when nobler ends and aims are lost in debasing and degrading pleasures and corruptions—from that moment is to be dated the time of declension and fall. The highest intellectual state is that of philosophy, the lowest sensual condition is that of cannibalism.

Mutual Analogy.

The analogy between bodily, and mental or spiritual ills, is well sustained by Scarron, who says that no evil can be taken away but by another evil, whether it be in body or in soul. Our spiritual maladies are cured by repentance, watchings, fastings and imprisonments, as our bodily complaints are by medicines, incisions, cauteries and diets.

The ignorance of the mind is removed by great, long, and painful study; the want and poverty of the body by great care, watching, travail and sweatings. So that, both for the soul and for the body, labor and care are as proper to man as it is for a bird to fly, or for the flame to mount upward.

Structural Arrangement.

The bones are the *substrata* of the bodily structure. They are formed in reference to the muscles, the muscles in reference to the organs, the organs in reference to the functions, the functions in reference to the life, and the life in reference to the ultimate purposes of the Deity.

The inferior is created with a view to the superior; nor can this order of things be inverted, since the former is subject to the latter, and not the latter to the former. And there is an immediate connection sustained between the different parts, yet all are planned and arranged upon the system of a grand whole.

Contemplation and Action.

Action is impetuous, thought calm. The excitement of active life calls into exercise those intellectual energies which require to be aroused from repose. But, as profit is the reward of toil, so meditation is the fruit of study, and secluded meditation contributes as much, in point of speculative wisdom to active employment, as the latter does in practical experience to profitable knowledge; the two being essential to, and sustaining one another. The most strenuous advocates for action must still find in meditation the ultimate sources of their highest pleasure and advantage; and no occupation can confer any lasting benefits upon its followers that does not admit of some time for reflection.

“C'est la vie sédentaire,” says Madame de Staël, “qui perfectionne l'ordre social.” And this fact is also worthy of observation, that it is *the plain and quiet people* who conduct the greatest and most important part of the world's work.

Compared.

If strength of mind were proportionate to strength of body, what additional oppression would there be in the world! If feebleness of mind were graduated by feebleness of body, what additional suffering!

Occupation.

The mind should keep the body busy.

The goodly Bodies vs. the good Heads.

The goodly bodies are in better conceit of themselves than the good heads.

Long and short Bodies.

Men, who possess most energy of character, it has always been remarked, are of a nervous, sinewy or compact form. The long-necked and long-legged bodies are comparatively of little use. The nerves which are strung upon them are so wiredrawn that they are easily relaxed, and rendered unfit to sustain any vigorous or prolonged efforts of strength.

The muscles have too much extension, and too little volume, and the blood which is propelled over such an extended frame, becomes too much cooled in its ramifications to admit of great warmth of feeling, or vivid animation of thought.

“ The greatest virtue ever lies,
In bodies of a middling size.”

Long-limbed and bodied people, therefore, are necessarily more or less cold-blooded and feeble, and have little warmth of heart or fire of brain. They have languid sentiments, no active passions; melancholy of the moping kind, but not that which strikes deeply, and stirs up the inmost emotions of the soul. They are tolerably good walkers, but poor runners; not being able to “ fetch up,” and to hold out on a long stretch. They are capital waders in shallow water, indifferent swimmers in deep. Finally, they are admirably constructed for the Procrustean bed, and something might be lopped off from either extremity, greatly to their advantage, it would not matter much from which.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

Comparative Actirity of the Brain and the Heart.

If the brain were as active as the heart, we should live in a perpetual delirium of sensation and thought; for thought is to the brain what the blood is to the heart.

Position of the Head and Heart.

Nature has placed the head at the summit of the body, where it presides, in order that the intellect may have the supreme mastery in all things.

The heart, on the contrary—which is better protected than any other organ, except the brain—is assigned to the centre of the body, and by its superior influence holds dominion, metaphorically speaking, over the affections and desires. If nature has thought proper to take such extraordinary care of these important organs, she suggests to us the propriety of taking equal care of them ourselves.

As to Happiness.

We may be happy either by the mind or the heart separately, but only supremely so by both together. Oh, how some minds toil to keep down the sorrows of the heart !

Defects of the Mind and Heart.

Why can there not be some moral system of medicine invented to heal and remedy the defects of the mind and heart ? As if some kind of cups might not be applied to the head to extract stupidity ; or a species of blister placed over the heart to draw out its malice.

Relative Influence.

Speak not of the heart and the head ; the stomach is by many considered as the most important and useful organ of the whole body. They keep up both conditions, the intellectual inanition, and the epigastric bulimia.

Intercommunication.

Let us always maintain a free communication between the head and the heart. Let us ever preserve unobstructed that direct highway between the mind and the senses ; that great channel of intercourse which connects together the judgment and the conscience.

The Mikado's Head.

In Japan, the dynamic theory of government is exemplified differently from what it is in any other part of the world. Spiritual as well as temporal supremacy is recognized, but they are kept entirely distinct. The ecclesiastical head of the empire is represented in the consecrated person of the Mikado, who discharges his official responsibilities in a very impartial, original, and compendious way. Every day, at noon, he ascends his august throne, and sitting erect, holds his head in a perfect equipoise. In this manner the affairs of the empire are maintained *in equilibrio*, and we be to that portion of the kingdom from which, even by the slightest inclination, the sacred caput is for a moment turned away. Confusion and

disorder instantly ensue ; but this good result is nevertheless effected, that, if at any time things go wrong, nobody thinks of blaming his own head for his misdeeds, but lays all the blame upon the Mikado's head.

Extreme Agonies of the Mind and Heart.

It is the great provocations, the severe reverses, and the extreme endurances of life, which produce the conjoint and double convulsions of the mind and heart—when the idols we have worshiped have all been cast down and broken—when the brain has been fired, and the heart smitten with the fiercest torture ! The last scintillation of kindness is quenched—the last light of hope extinguished—and the last links of affection severed !

Here is the demoniac work of desolation, and the shattered and blackened fragments of lost and ruined peace and tranquillity of mind !

Oh Life ! sweet gift of Heaven ! that thou shouldst be thus embittered, exeruciated, and disconsolate ; and that a wretched and frantic soul should be driven to madness, desperation, and despair !

Good Minds and Pure Hearts.

What pleasure and profit is there in conversing with good minds, and holding communion with pure hearts ! It is as if strength and beauty had met together, and truth and righteousness had kissed each other.

A Full Mind and a Full Heart.

Knowledge is the object of the mind ; virtue, the object of the soul ; pleasure, the object of the body. When the soul is oppressed, who does not know how good “an open confession” is for it ? So when the mind teems with thoughts, there is peace and joy in giving utterance to them. Great authors have always found in intellectual exercises, the only sufficient relief for this mental weight and oppressiveness. After having written Werther, Göethe acknowledged the consolation of a free and disburthened mind. Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron, and a host of others, experienced like sensations, and made similar confessions.

Without this strong pressure, and fullness of heart and mind, it is doubtful if there be any true inspiration. The love of distinction, without the ability to achieve it, may urge us on, but it will produce nothing but shadows and hollow things. *Dare pondus idonea fumo.* Or, there will be words without ideas, and ideas without consequences, and not those living and enduring forms of strength and beauty, which are the joint conceptions of the mind and soul of man, and which exhibit the creative power of the one, and the immortal essence of the other.

PRIDE.

Definition of Pride.

Pride, that “never-failing vice of fools,” that “mockery of greatness,” has been thus defined: “It is a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature, not circumscribed by a world.”

Reverses of Pride.

The proud, who are uplifted, are constantly experiencing those convictions which tend to their humiliation, and the humble, who are kept down, are ever watching for those occasions when they shall exercise with impunity the prerogatives of pride.

Nothingness of Pride.

Though great thy grandeur, man, may be,
No pride of heart is meant for thee ;
Let fools exult, presumption boast,
Go turn to dust, and be a ghost.

Pride and Poverty.

Unhappy is it for us, if our condition in life procures us respect, but keeps us poor ; if it creates pride which must be often mortified, or expectations which are seldom or never realized ; thus keeping up that harassing and distressing con-

flict between what we wish, and perhaps deserve to be, but what in reality we never shall be.

The Seven Sins.

Pride and envy are the two first of the seven sins ; gluttony and libidinousness the two last. The two first mentioned are closely allied, and so are the latter.

Pride and Ambition.

“Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel,”

who shall undertake to place limits to pride, when it madly confederates with ambition, and riots in the high career of overreaching influence and power ?

“The meanest wretch, if Heaven would give him line,
Would never stop till he were thought divine.”

The Quality of Pride.

Pride constitutes nothing advantageous to the perfections of human character.

There is a worldly pride which covets the respectabilities of life and lives by them, but the truly great are as far above it, as it is itself above what it affects to spurn and contemn, with that insolence which characterizes the eye of disdain and the lip of scorn. There is a higher cast of mind than this ; and they who possess it abandon to inflated men those supercilious airs, and that haughty demeanor, which are no signs of strength, but are convincing proofs of weakness and littleness of mind and character.

PROMISES.

Promise vs. Performance.

Promises exaggerate unaccomplished deeds. At first, they appear large when magnified by the eye of hope ; afterwards, they dwindle into insignificance when their reality has been tested. The flowers of most plants and trees look

pleasing and attractive, and are of a different color from the fruit.

Promises and Promising Things.

Promising things are of less value even than promises. We assign to them an arbitrary importance without their possessing the sanction of any positive pledge, and the deception on our parts is voluntary. But we are deceived in promises, when our own sense of truth is superior to the integrity of those who violate it, and the infractions may injure or provoke us, but they are certainly complimentary to the rectitude of our principles; provided we always bear in mind, not to occasion any mistakes in the hopes and assurances which we ourselves give to others.

When Faithfully Kept.

What is more ennobling to the character of man, or more essential to the confidence he inspires, than for his wealth to be his word, and his faith his bond; when he scorns either to temporize or to deceive, or to be guilty of evasion and subterfuge, and would much prefer that his purse should suffer, rather than that his promise should be broken, and is always steadfast and true, consistent and reliable! Rome beheld such integrity in her Fabricius and Cato; and Greece in her Aristides and Epaminondas.

But now we have a higher system of religion, albeit a lower standard of heroic virtue than that which prevailed in ancient times; a better faith, but a worse practice.

WIT AND HUMOR.

“Holy Laugh.”

The world has always followed after some delusion suited to the times which generated and sustained it. Thus, anciently, auguries and oracles were believed in and consulted. When they were abolished, the occult mysteries of divination and astrology succeeded. Next came demonology and

witchcraft, and lastly mesmerism, the abstrusest and most surprising of all. What will be the next revelation in the cycle of miraculous knowledge, remains to be seen.

But perhaps it has already been discovered by an original genius in one of the western states, who, with his followers, in conducting their religious worship, indulge in what they denominate a "holy laugh."

Efficacy of Wit and Humor.

Mankind has done well to treasure up the recollections of wit and humor, to enliven the season of festive enjoyment, and to relieve the listless moments of depression and care. Few are the permanent records of individual sorrows and tears—our griefs for the most part are born with ourselves and die with ourselves. They are the companions of our cheerless solitude, upon which no one intrudes—the melancholy and unwelcome visitors of our sad and desolate hours. They are soon banished from all memories but our own, and are destined to pass away and be forgotten!

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

Wit and Age.

Nearly all men as they grow older become more artful and cunning, and they persuade themselves also that they are wiser and more witty. What the imagination loses in sprightliness, the memory supplies in anecdote.

On Thomas Hawk.

O, Thomas Hawk had many cares,
Not cars, of those his share was none;
And happy had he said his prayers,
Before he ever went in one.
For leaping out when he was balked,
His leg was broke—then cut—then corked.

But Thomas in life's mazy whirl,
(After his leg was cut and corked,)

Did wed a very pretty girl,
And this dear girl was 'Tommy Hawk'd.

Wit a Rare Quality.

Thousands of eminent and distinguished men exist, or have existed in the various departments of life, but the witty ones are few in number.

True wit, like diamonds of the best water, is rare, but the false, like imitation diamonds, is valueless and common enough. The reason why true and genuine wit is seldom seen is this; that many persons, though somewhat qualified for it, are deceived by its resemblances and substitutes, and content themselves with the grotesque or burlesque, with vile puns, and pointless witticisms or broad buffoonery.

“True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was seen, but ne'er so well express'd.”

This definition of Pope's applies as much to poetry as to wit. But wit, as well as poetry, is a natural gift; for true perceptions of nature, united with quick, lively, and superior powers of reflection and contrast, are necessary to trace those nice resemblances in the occurrences of life and the world, which, when well expressed and defined, strike us with electric effect, and appear to us new, pleasing, and surprising; altogether admirable for their originality, their point, and their application.

Anecdote of St. Francis.

In many of our pleasures and amusements, we depend chiefly upon the brute creation; especially upon those useful animals, and great adjuncts of man, the dog and the horse. Also in our associations with our fellow-beings, we often like those best, who possess some of the qualities of the brute creation, and who fawn like dogs, or mimic like apes and monkeys. Many wonderful stories are related of celebrated personages, who enjoyed the privilege of holding communications with birds and beasts. “St. Francis,” says Helvetius, “passed eight days with a grasshopper, and sung a whole entire day with a nightingale. He also effected the reformation of a mad wolf, saying to him, ‘Brother Wolf, you should

promise me that you will not hereafter be so ravenous as you have been ;' which the wolf assented to by bowing his head. St. Francis then said to him, ' Give me your pledge,' and at the same time held out his hand to receive it, and the wolf quietly lifting his right paw, put it in the hand of the saint."

Distinction.

Wit is the offspring of gayety, as humor is of melancholy. Wit is characteristic of the French, as humor is of the English. The French abhor all sensations of sadness. One of their most conspicuous writers, regarding this repugnance as an inherent association of the mind, says, that " gayety leads us back to natural ideas." And there is no doubt but that sadness and gloom occasion greater distortions of real sentiments, than vivacity and warmth. The pleas of distress are without bounds, but it is not so easy to counterfeit our pleasurable emotions, whilst imaginary calamities are the least supportable of all. But it is worthy of consideration, whether seriousness is not as much allied to virtue, as gayety is to frivolity. And the best discipline of the mind, is that which is enforced by some moral principle, in opposition to the tendency of our desires. Besides, if gayety leads the mind back to natural ideas, the moralist would demand, where does it lead the heart, especially when it becomes a national characteristic ?

MEDICINE.

Essential Parts.

Geography and chronology are the eyes of history. So anatomy and chemistry are the right and left hand of the healing art.

Disease and Decease.

Between disease and decease, there is, orthographically or verbally, but little difference ; and the one is too often an easy introduction to the other. Diseases are the heralds, decease is the realization of eternity.

Health.

Health has been called a third blessing of life ; a good conscience and a happy temper being the other two.

Physicians and Politicians.

Physicians and politicians resemble one another in this respect, that some defend the constitution, and others destroy it.

Lawyers and Doctors.

Physicians without practice, are quiet and harmless ; but lawyers without it, are restless, and doubly armed to do mischief.

Systems and Quacks.

Medicine is the study of nature in reference to the physical and physiological, and even some of the moral conditions of man. Practically, it refers to the diseases of the body and their remedies. Relatively, it embraces many things and many sciences. It is a great field, where some reap that do not sow. If one should look through a telescope, and discover a bright star, it is bright because it is in the heavens ; but how many great constellations are there, which he considers not, looking only at his little star ?

Here must be no short-sighted delusions, no contracted views, and a small part must not be esteemed greater than all the parts together. The cornices and trimmings do not make the entire architecture of the house ; and if the house should be on fire, and one should stand sprinkling water from a mop, or a feather, that will not put out the fire, and the house may perish. Or, if a drum-major beats his drum—a snare drum—the noise may attract some of the idler sort ; but what is that racket compared to the music of a full orchestra of *regular performers*, where each one skillfully performs the part assigned to him, and contributes, with the rest, to produce one grand, concordant, and harmonious whole !

Diseases and Remedies.

Diseases are more simple than the remedies for them, and our conceptions of both are exaggerated. But every where remedies are more numerous than the maladies which they are intended to cure.

How to be Sick.

Dr. Nichols wrote a treatise upon what he called, *De Animâ Medicâ*. The office of a physician, he maintained, was to prescribe for bodily infirmities and disorders, and not for cares and vexations of the mind. He would not attend any one whose mind was not at ease, believing that mental and corporeal complaints should be kept distinct. It is said by Boswell, that when Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turtin said to him, "Your pulse is much more disturbed than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith answered, that it was not. Every man must expect to be sick; but whatever his ailments may be, he must endure them philosophically, as querulousness only aggravates misfortunes, whilst resignation reconciles us to them if it does not remedy them.

Love and Physic.

Love is the sweetest, purest thing,
That angels to our race can bring;
But physic is the vilest trade,
That saints or demons ever made.

Fashionable Doctors.

We do not always inquire who is the most *skillful* physician, but who is the most *fashionable*. Let any kind of sickness become fashionable, and every body has it, and none but a fashionable doctor can cure it; and if he can accomplish it by means of a fashionable remedy, no matter how absurd and preposterous it may be, so much the better. Nine day wonders are more common in medicine than in any thing else.

Professional Rank.

By the common consent of mankind, and the usages of nations, some rights and privileges are granted to medical men which are conceded to no others. They are entitled to admission into those private retreats of the sick and afflicted where all others are excluded; and when upon the public highway, and intent upon urgent professional services, a physician can take precedence of an emperor or a king.

The nature of his duties gives him a pre-eminence which few are disposed to question or resist.

Innovations.

New creeds and systems of medicine arise from time to time, and flourish at least for a while: but diseases and their results continue pretty much the same as ever. New vocabularies are introduced, and old things are baptized by new names, although the things themselves remain unchanged. "Paracelsus," says Montaigne, "declared that he alone had discovered the true secrets of the healing art. He denounced those systems of medicine which were in vogue before his time, as false and fatal, and affirmed that his opinions only were safe and correct." And every innovator since, has asserted as much in his own behalf.

Merit and Skill.

Your skill and merit both are such,
'Tis rare you ever fail to please;
We all esteem your practice much,
If tried upon our enemies!

An Exterminator.

Physicians, though much skill they use,
Will now and then a patient lose;
But you, more bold, with perfect ease
Exterminate whole families!

Medical Advice.

A man, not sick at all, but weak,
(By abstinence from feeding)

Called in a doctor in a freak,
Who recommended bleeding.

This feeble man, in such a mood,
Had stronger been by eating—
The doctor though was scenting blood,
And bent upon depleting.

The patient then enraged, they say,
Dismissed him in a trice ;
Although the doctor made him pay
For medical advice.

Phlebotomy.

'Tis hard such double ills to rue,
To part with blood and treasure too ;
These grievous losses to endure,
To gain the triumphs of a cure—
But doctor, pray, to lower the tax,
Do swap your lancet for an axe !

SOCIAL LIFE.

Social Intrigues.

No intrigue is too deep, no sophistry too cunning, no subtlety too refined, for those who pursue the supple and managing arts of life. The spirit of ingratiating is ever and every where at work—

“ Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

Some place must be sought, some prize won, some portion gained, and every attention and civility lavished, to obtain success. Are we suspected ? No—the kindness was too civil and delicate, and the policy too skillfully concealed. Are we defeated ? Disappointment is the lot of all, and many fish remain yet unaught and lots of game unkilld. We spread our nets for others, and others likewise spread theirs for us ; and the whole world is full of fishers and hunters, with a countless number of traps and snares.

Visits—an Epigram.

What smiles and welcomes would I give
Some friends to see each hour I live!
 And yet, what treasures would I pay,
 If *some* would stay for years away!
 And better still would be the case,
 If they should never show their face.

Public Visits.

Of public characters, the postmaster receives the most calls during the day; and the receiver of public moneys, the fewest.

Visits Ill-timed.

We may flatter ourselves that our visits are well-timed, but nevertheless they may be indifferently received. When Good-Will goes gadding, he must not be surprised if Ill-Will sometimes meets him on the way.

And Hope very often opens the door, but Disappointment shuts it.

Tariff of Visiting.

Some will undertake to prescribe to you rules for visiting; will dictate the laws of privilege and etiquette; will form for you in short, a regular tariff of *ad valorem* duties—an arbitrary system of taxation without consent. The feeble and the suppliant only will acquiesce in these restrictions; whilst the firm and independent will demand those conditions that are fair and equal; or which imply a simple, just, candid and sincere interchange of thoughts, feelings, civilities and affections, “balancing claim with claim, and right with right,” or according to the national motto, “Ask nothing but what is right; submit to nothing that is wrong.”

Compliments.

If flattery were regarded in its true light, as a tribute paid to vanity by cunning and deception, and as much a reproach to the one who pays, as to the one who receives it,

society would be less contaminated by the flippant characters who frequent it only to disparage it, and more honored by those whose presence would add to its dignity and intelligence.

“Learn to contemn false praise betimes,
For flattery is the nurse of crimes.”

Neglect.

Society assumes a right, and not always without cause, to inflict a punishment, which is more dreaded than the bulls of popes, the mandates of kings, or the ukases of autoerats; and that punishment is the ban of its silence, its indifference, and disregard. With many persons direct reproaches would be more supportable than the cold obscurity of neglect, when no eye notices, no voice welcomes, and no smile gladdens us into social being and joy. It is a desolate and miserable isolation, which is alike dreaded by old and young—the Nicban of life—the comfortless, cheerless, unpittied and freezing solitude of the heart.

Communism.

Formerly it was the *Art of Living*, now we must live *scientifically*. We must study first principles and final consequences. Distribution and equality are advised. Nothing must have something for its share. Enough must not have too much. O, fellow Areadians! brother Jews! brother Spartans! fraternizing Quakers and speculators! kind-hearted Phalansterians! all cattle shall graze alike in the Great Social Meadow. No wolves, lions, or foxes, shall any longer be harbored in the new-modeled dens of society. Horns and hoofs, tusks and talons, shall be voted innocent and harmless. None shall be high or low. There shall be neither strength nor weakness, defence nor offence, but harmony and co-operation, peace and prog shall be apportioned to all alike.

Conservatism.

The social state is progressive. It is subject to the convulsions of new lights, occasional agitations, and many startling demonstrations. But society is, in principle and at heart, conservative; and from convulsions, wild theories, and

past experiences, gathers up whatever is useful and true, and placing it upon the strong basis of common sense, preserves it for the general good and welfare of all.

The First and the Last Visit.

Let any one recall to mind what his experience has taught him in his social intercourse with the world. He has been neither a hermit, nor a misanthrope, but has mingled freely and generously with those around him, and bestowed upon inane people the time which might have been more wisely employed upon himself. Let him reflect upon all that has occurred, and say how far he has profited by it? Or, tell us the difference between the sensations created by the first and the last visit, when he expected much, although he received but little, and ultimately renounced every thing, and cast aside a long cherished friendship—an old and cultivated acquaintance—like a thread-bare garment, or a worn out shoe, as something worthless, and no longer deserving of attention and regard.

We run hither and thither, up and down, seeking novelty and change—sympathy and pastime—communion and love—and engage in those social recreations which we do not pretend to scrutinize closely, and which hardly come within the range of fixed and positive things, but are best judged by their results.

If we could subject our daily and familiar experience to an impartial examination, the profoundest secrets and mysteries of life might be revealed to us thereby. For it presents a spacious arena—a vast theatre—where there are many actors and many actions which might greatly enlighten us, when we refer to the Genesis, the Exodus, and the Anabasis, of social life; or to the reception and repetition of civilities, and the final disgust and abandonment of them altogether!

The first and the last visit! when we warmly met, and as coldly parted! When in the beginning, the heart palpitated with joy; but in the end only ached with pain!

The Rainbow.

LOVE.

BEAUTY.

RED HAIR.

MATRIMONY.

WOMEN.

FASHION.

PLEASURE.

HAPPINESS.

FOPS AND FOOLS.

THE SEXES.

PEACE, JOY, CONTENTMENT.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

YOUTH.

GIRLISH AND BOYISH DAYS.

APPEARANCES.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

MANNERS, COMPLIMENTS.

DESIRES.

MUSIC.

IMAGINATION AND HOPE.

PASSIONS.





THE RAINBOW.

*A landscape wide salutes my sight
Of shady vales and mountains bright;
And Heavens of azure I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.*

Dyer.

THE RAINBOW.



LOVE.

Cravings of Love.

Love is an actual need,—an urgent requirement of the heart. The needle ever turneth to the star. There is a “strong necessity” of loving, felt by every human being who is properly constituted, and who entertains an apprehension of loneliness and wretchedness, and an anticipation of happiness and content. It is the pure, celestial manna, the bright and ever-gushing fountain of waters, even the ambrosia and nectar of Elysium itself. It invigorates, revives, sustains, and perpetuates. Without it, life is unfinished, and hope is without aim; nature is defective, and man miserable; nor does he come to comprehend the end and glory of existence, until he has experienced the fullness and beauty of an entire and soul-satisfying love, which actualizes all indefinite cravings and expectations; and imparts a foretaste of the rich and precious fruits of his future destiny.

Its Depth.

Madame de Staël remarked, that the greater part of mankind are better judges of the works of Newton than of the real passion of love, in all its depths, and in its fullest import—meaning thereby, that this passion is more profound than the mysteries of science.

Its Blissful Moments.

There is a rapture in pure, elevated, and refined love, unequaled by any other emotion. It seeks but one object, which is dear to the memory, a treasure to the eyes, and a heaven to the heart. We realize it, when the soul is absorbed in the very being and essence of another—when one passion engrosses all thought—all sense—all feeling—all desire—and all hope. When without the aid of language, we comprehend what language itself is powerless to express—the sympathies—the delights—the aspirations of unsullied, devoted, and reciprocal attachment—when we pay,

“ Love for love, and homages to beauty.”

“ Sweet love, that dost apparel thee in smiles !”

Beauty and Love.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity. No deformity is present where vanity and affectation are absent; and we are unconscious of the want of charms in those, who have the power of fascinating us by something more real and permanent than external attractions and transitory shows.

Love and Faith.

In business, credit; in labor, patience; in knowledge, zeal; in suffering, hope; and in love, faith.

Late Love.

Pythagoras taught that love, like many other things, was best acquired late. Still, it should not be too late; for then it is *loveage*, or love in age—an indifferent plant, plain and uninviting in its appearance.

Independence in Love.

They who are independent in love, are generally so in every thing else. If weak in this respect, they are generally weak in other respects.

Tricks and Snares in Love.

If there be any system at all in the love-philosophy of the fair sex, it would hackle the wits of Aristotle and task his skill to unravel and comprehend it. There must be some impenetrable springs of action, some hidden and mysterious influences, which adapt them to novel and unaccountable impressions, which they themselves cannot explain, nor any body else; and which render them at one time extremely variable and uncertain, and at another completely defeat all the sober and rational estimates and deductions of reason.

In this respect they may be likened, at least many of them, to the strangest kinds of puzzles, to perplex our unsuspecting calculations and anticipations; and to convince us, that among the many dubious things of this world, the affections of the heart hold a most conspicuous and unquestionable rank. Yet, after all these anomalies and contradictions, these fluctuations and contrarieties are over, woman soon becomes herself again,—the temporary disguise is thrown off, the natural and real character is assumed, and sweet as a cherub, meek as a saint, and innocent as a dove, “something between a flower and an angel,” she stands, like Goldsmith’s Angelina, all radiant with smiles and blushes,

“A maid confessed in all her charms.”

Beautiful Analogy.

Love is the most attractive charm of life, and is like the honied essence of the flower, which imparts to it all its real virtue and excellence—which imbues the tender germ with its sweetness while living, and is the very property which, after death and decay, insures its future existence.

Blindness of Love.

The aspect of mere personal beauty, when it inspires no internal emotion, produces no other effect than if we gazed on a lovely picture. Let this emotion be felt, and he who is conscious of it forthwith discovers a thousand ideal charms, and is bewildered by the dazzling attractions with which he invests the fascinating object of his adoration and desires.

Some power sways you that I feel not,
 I look, I gaze, and I admire ;
 I am quite cool, though you are hot,
 Or warm, whilst you are all on fire—
 I fear, at last, you too will cool,
 And learn that you have been a fool.

Sentiments of Love.

Explain, ye sovereign Powers above,
 Why men of sense lack wit in love.
 Why slaves by choice, when they are free,
 Why blind, when eyes have need to see ;
 Why court the snares that prudence dreads,
 And use their hearts more than their heads ;
 Misled by Love's persuasive power,
 The sad Amphitryons of an hour—
 Or why are sighs and whimples meant,
 For the green age of sentiment,
 That age when we entreat, adore,
 Till two are one and several more ?

Three Stages.

Love has been divided into three stages ; the sympathetic, the romantic, and the passionate. It is in the two first that we indulge in the exhilarating and delightful visions of anticipated bliss and rapture, overcoloring the attractive object of our desires, and surrendering ourselves to the most entrancing delusions, when Love "laughs at locksmiths," and dreams of "balconies and bowers."

In the third period, our reason, which previously had been powerfully assailed, is ready to surrender entirely, being effectually bewildered by the imagination, and vanquished by the force of impatience and desire. But the last stage of all is that of collapse, in which the love-bubble explodes, scattering the fragments in every direction, never, perhaps, to be reunited again ; and light as they may seem, they are strong enough to do serious damage to ourselves and others. The danger, however, can be avoided by the exercise of those qualities of judgment, prudence, and skill, which are effectual in preventing other analogous explosions where too much steam has been put on.

Blighted Affections.

Blighted affections produce the same effects as abused passions ; or passions suppressed, as passions in excess.

To a Young Lady

Too gentle thou ambition yet to feel,
 Too good to hate, too artless to conceal ;
 Long may it be, ere troubled thoughts molest
 The radiant calmness of thy placid breast !
 In thee, how many matchless charms combine !
 Would *my* life's flower bloomed half so fair as thine !

Love and Flattery.

Men admire, respect, adore, but never flatter in love. *That* is reserved for the benefit of those for whom they have but little feeling and regard, and with whom they can afford to make free, whose esteem is not felt and valued, and whose love is neither appreciated nor desired.

Ambition and Love.

The great passions of ambition and love, may well be considered as finding their analogous destinies amidst rocks and waves. The enamored youth who sank in the abyss, whilst swimming for the torch-light held by his mistress in the Sestian tower, and the great hero of modern times, immured on the rock of St. Helena, both verify the illustration, and strengthen and complete the allegory.

To a Coquette.

“ Henceforth I will do as they,
 And love a new love every day.”
 Had I been false as I was true,
 Dissembling as sincere ;
 Or had I dared to swerve like you,
 To smile—to seem—appear—
 On equal terms we might have met,
 And felt disdain without regret.

Let other eyes those charms behold,
Let others strive to win ;
The truth at last let them unfold,
And blush to look within—
To see what treachery governs her,
A painted rose—a sepulchre !

Revolutions.

Instances occur in the affections when a kind smile or a gracious acknowledgment would attach us for ever, and bind us indissolubly to the objects of our regard, but they come not, though in their place we receive the slight and the disdain which produce those revulsions of feeling which change us entirely. What a look, a glance, a whisper even, might have accomplished before, entreaties, smiles, and promises fail to effect now ; and it is far easier to devote ourselves to new associations than to revive the old. And this arises not from unskillful management of the affections so much as from insincere dealing with them, which destroys confidence, and annihilates hope.

Extremes.

Extremes meet in love. Warmth and coldness, gentleness and severity, tenderness and cruelty, are associated together with this passion. The strong submit to the weak, for in these affairs weakness is often more powerful than strength. It is a battle-field where the soldiers are swains, and where the swords and cimeters are Cupid's darts and daggers. Sighs are as destructive as cannon balls ; and the cooing turtles of Venus are more terrible than the neighing steeds of Mars.

It is a contest in which the women are umpires and victors, dispensing thorns and flowers, frowns and smiles, cuffs and kisses, at their pleasure. Many champions are more surely defeated the harder they fight ; and some who risk nothing are more certain to obtain every thing. Snares and stratagems are in universal use. We must consent to be shot down and slain, or feign it, before we can be said to be victorious ; and they who meet with success must make up their minds to be led captive in chains, and to be bound and sacrificed upon an altar.

The World's Love.

The world's cold love is full of guile,
 Its trust is but a painful sigh ;
 'Tis treachery masked with candor's smile,
 And kin without a kindred tie.
 Scorn, envy, hate, contention, pride,
 Baleful and dire when not withstood ;
 When they by nature most allied,
 Are only enemies by blood.

Love and Crime—Analogy of the Shark and Pilot Fish.

It is well known that the shark, the most remorseless monster of the deep, is usually found to be attended by a harmless and playful little guide and companion, familiarly known by the name of the Pilot Fish. The real office which it performs is not known ; but it seems to be regarded with tenderness and attachment by a creature addicted to ferocity and bloodshed, and is admitted into an intimacy of kindness and love, while all others are repelled by fear and awe. In the whole compass of nature no analogy more striking and beautiful than this can be adduced to illustrate the strong and mysterious attraction which is sometimes found to exist between love and crime. How many sons of rapine and violence are there in the world, who roam over the sea, or prowl upon the land—who still have some dear and tender being clinging to the heart, and watching over them with the most invincible and devoted endearment and fidelity ! And yet, how often do these hardened reprobates participate in no other sympathy and love except this, but are detested and proscribed by the whole world besides, and are finally dragged forth like the merciless shark, to be condemned and slain, whilst the defenceless and innocent object of affection is left unprotected, uncared for, and unthought of behind !

Devoted Love.

There is a deep-seated feeling in the heart which cannot be destroyed or subdued. It triumphs over reason, resists all persuasion, and scorns every dictate of philosophy. Like a tree or a plant, we may cut it down at night ; but, ere morn-

ing, it has sprouted up again in renewed freshness and beauty ; its leaves and branches are re-expanded to the air, loaded with blossoms and fruit—and the birds of summer are singing in their midst. We nurture it and guard it, until, once more, leaf after leaf is torn away, and the bleak winds of winter mourn and sigh over its verdureless decay. Then, when all is nakedness and ruin, desolation and despair, the living root of that deathless tree is cherished still in the hidden recesses of the soul, and there will it grow, and thrive, and bloom again, for ever the ornament, the solace, and the beauty of life.

Do you ask what this mystery is ? It is the irradicable, the imperishable affection for the devoted object of our love !

Reciprocal Love.

When time brings us to the resting-places of life—and we all expect them, and in some measure attain them—when we pause to consider its ways and to study its import, we then look back over the waste ground which we have left behind us. Is a bright spot to be found there ? It is where the star of love has shed its beams. Is there a plant, a flower, or any green thing visible ? It is where the smiles and tears of affection have been spent—where some fond eye met our own—some endearing heart was clasped in ours ! Take these away, and what joy has memory in retrospection, or what delight has hope in the future prospect ? When Paris was wounded, CEnone alone could heal his bleeding wounds. Love has power to heal. We love to love, we live to love ; it is the heart's food and nourishment, and the soul's highest happiness and bliss. Some other being must be blended with our own, else our existence is objectless, our natures unavailing ; and *that* is wanting which wealth, and honor, and pomp, and pride, and glory, all together, can never supply. No human power or ingenuity can invent or suggest any lasting means of satisfaction without this elixir of life, which sweetens, sustains, and perpetuates it. The bosom which does not feel it is cold ; the mind which does not conceive it is dull ; the philosophy which rejects it is false ; and the only true religion in the world, has pure, reciprocal, and undying love for its basis.

BEAUTY.

Its Destiny—Its Inspiration.

Il faut souffrir pour être belle. It is the destiny of beauty to suffer and to make suffer,—

“The sweets of love are washed with tears.”

The ideality of beauty with woman produces the same lofty conceptions as genius with man; it is full of inspiration and aspiration, glowing thoughts and fancies, and hopes of happiness too exalted and sublimated to be reached,—too ethereal and indefinite to be realized.

“I must be wonne that cannot winne,
Yet lost were I not wonn;
For beauty hath created bin,
T’ undo, or be undone.”

“— A bitter fate
Is his who broods o’er beauty. Yet in vain
Unto the common scenes and moods of life
Man turns, and would be worldly. In his heart
Deeply implanted is the thirst divine,
That pants for heavenly fountains,—waters pure,
And bland, and bright, that fill the swelling soul
With thoughts sublime.”

Beauty glides before us like an entrancing vision of bliss. The disembodied conception already had a dwelling-place in the unveiled recesses of the soul, but here it comes forth in a tangible, glowing, and palpable shape, the perfection of a thought, and the glory of a dream.

How sweet is the rapture, how ineffable the delight!

“The grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute or harp.”

Comparative.

Grace, says La Fontaine, is more estimable than beauty. The most beautiful and accomplished women are indebted to the joint influences of nature and art, for the perfection and embellishment of their charms and graces. Celebrity distin-

guishes great beauty, without conferring upon it any real or permanent benefits; for Thucydides wisely remarked, that those beauties are most to be esteemed, who are talked of least. It was a singular observation of a distinguished modern philosopher, that two ordinary beauties neutralize our admiration, but that two great beauties increase it. It is the estimate of comparison, although double stars and double rainbows, in a perfect state, are not to be seen every day. But doth not one beauty sometimes have the effect of heightening another beauty?

“ Each gives to each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop’s arm.”

Beauties of Nature and of the Mind.

O Beauty, thou art the type and emblem of the infinite and supreme good! Whithersoever we turn, thy numberless and matchless forms rise up before us, to charm, to delight, to elevate, and to refine. There is beauty in the stars, in the clouds, in the earth, in the trees, in the flowers, in the mountains, and in the streams; and beauty in the hard, firm rocks, in the many-colored gems, the sardel, the jasper, the onyx, the chrysoprase, and the chrysolite. Beautiful are the countless works of nature, more beautiful and lovely still the infinite graces of the mind, and the perfections of the soul! Grant us but these, let others share

“ The Raphael grace, the Guido air.”

Dangers of Beauty.

What’s hid within, without is barred,
The soft is laid above the hard;
And ’tis indeed a painful truth,
So near the lip is placed the tooth,—
If what I know, is known aright,
The lips may smile, the tooth may bite.

Subordinate Beauty.

Subordinate beauty exists by the arrangement of parts and colors without expression. It is abundantly seen in inferior things, as in insects and reptiles, which convey the

general impressions of frailty and danger ; but in regard to flowers, a sense of delicacy, sweetness, and grace.

Beauty and Duty.

Great beauty is almost too transcendent for the homely affairs of life. It seems to be above that condition of things to which it must conform itself and be allied ; it is the tangible and the evanescent united, or, *l'actual et la spirituelle* combined together. A spotless camelia in a gilded cup ; or better still defined by the strange association of ideas in the words of an old poet :

“ A ladye fayre of hew and hide.”

Phidias represented the Venus at Elis treading on a tortoise ; a symbol of silence, patient industry, and diligent housekeeping.

Beauty and Honor.

The wreath and the flower harmonize together. Beauty attracts admiration, as honor applause ; but the nod of distinction is by many esteemed more estimable, than the smiles of loveliness itself.

Beauty and Goodness.

Let wasting time, from day to day,
Dissolve those fleeting charms away :
Each after each, the rose leaves fall,
A kind, sweet smile restores them all.

Union of Beauty and Talents.

While the endowment of talents is a proud distinction, and the possession of beauty an enviable advantage, yet both have their countervailing offsets. Talent is environed with many perils, and beauty with many weaknesses. Talent is restless and ambitious ; beauty is coquetish and vain. But when both are united together in a single individual, they often prove as fatal as the girdle of Pallas, or the tunic of Nessus. Alcibiades is an example of it among the Greeks, Cleopatra among the Egyptians. How admirable, how seductive and

enticing their personal fascinations, and their distinguished talents! What restlessness! what intrigues! what capricious and licentious desires! And, finally, what incalculable misery and wretchedness! The choicest and highest gifts converted into the worst and most deplorable uses! So much glory and brightness reserved for such lamentable purposes and ends! Death in exile and by assassination for the Greek,—in shame, and by the asp's poison for the Egyptian! So talents and beauty combined, with men, and more especially with women, always inflame hearts, disorder heads, and on some occasions put whole kingdoms in commotion.

*Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux dieux.*

To win thy love, the bliss it brings,
A glance from those bright eyes,
I've dared the power of earthly kings,
Would dare that of the skies.

Perversion of Talent and Beauty.

No power has ever yet been intrusted to man, without a liability to abuse. What has been more misdirected than beauty, or what more perverted than talent? Yet how great are their triumphs, and how envied their possession! They may be said to govern the world, not by laws, but by influence; not by written codes and compacts, but by concessions and conquest.

“Ye fair, be mindful of the mighty trust!
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just,”—

and harder still for talent to be just to itself, and just to others. The above poetical sentiment, is a juvenile one of Dr. Johnson's, when he only dreamed of the charms of beauty, and long before he was married to the burly Birmingham widow (hard featured as the hardware of her native town), whom he appears to have loved by legerdemain, and wedded under some learned delusion.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, records an instance of a distinguished beauty, who playfully caressed a ferocious tyrant, and wreathed her fingers through the tresses of his beard, while his courtiers trembled in his presence, and the slightest liberties from others, were taken only at the peril of their lives.

RED HAIR.

Prejudices against it.

The prejudices against red hair have, it is true, some foundation, but they are much exaggerated. History has recorded not a few ominous and remarkable instances of its ornamenting some individuals who have identified unfavorable associations with it, and these examples are quoted to excess. Cain, the worst man in the Old Testament; Judas Iscariot, the worst in the New; Nero, the most wicked of Roman emperors; Henry VIII, the most abominable of English kings, (the wife-killing "caliph" of England); Cato, the austere censor, and Sylla, the sanguinary dictator, and many others were so distinguished.

Nevertheless, this particular hue of hair often distinguishes those whose manners are as peculiarly bland and soft, as their complexions are chaste and fair; who possess delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of feeling; and who are generally proud, ambitious, aspiring, talented and high-minded. There are bad people of every color of hair, and not more, perhaps, comparatively, of the red than of other colors.

But if we regard the inferior objects of creation, the red-headed ones in the world are almost always vain, cunning, fierce, treacherous, or destructive, the worst of their kind, and of all kinds. The restless and injurious woodpecker has his head tufted with a red topknot. Many of the ornate, vain, and clamorous tropical birds are similarly embellished. Lions, wolves, and most foxes are tawny. And besides this, it is a little white worm with a red head which destroys all the peach-trees.

Ancestry—The Nose.

The Chinese entertain the notion, but on what it is founded it is impossible to say, that the nose is the part of a person which is first formed in the ovum. Adopting this idea, they call the first ancestor of a family the nose ancestor, and the most distant grandson is denominated the ear-grandson. "But avoid foolish questions and genealogies."

Hair and Character.

Bald-headed men are generally smooth, polite, insinuating, seductive, reverential and hypocritical, which arises from the influence of the organ of veneration and the perversion of it. On the contrary, the full hairy-headed men are mostly plain, bold, blunt, obstinate, candid, off-handed, violent, desperate and unmanageable.

Among the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians formed their opinion of persons by the color of their hair, and in time of war, put to death all the red-haired men who fell into their hands. In most, if not in all countries, it is rare to see a red-headed preacher of the gospel.

MATRIMONY.

Before and After.

The time which is lost in wooing is often afterwards reclaimed when we are wed. For courtship is a pastime, but matrimony is a serious affair.

Man more Dignified in Matrimony than in Love.

Man is seldom dignified in love, but he is often so in matrimony. For then the weakness of the sentimental passion is absorbed in the obligations of the conjugal state.

*Non benè convenient nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.*

A Roman Suitor.

A Roman suitor, who went to woo his mistress, took with him a bar of iron and a bag of gold. The treasure he threw at her feet, and the stubborn metal he bent in her presence.

Troubles and Molestations.

An ancient philosopher, speculating upon the sublimated nature of matrimony, comes to this erudite conclusion, "That

marriage hindereth and averteth those beautiful and great elevations of the soul, the contemplation of things high, celestial, and divine, which is incompatible with the troubles and molestations of domestical affairs.

The Institution of Matrimony.

The first institution which man received from his Creator was that of the Sabbath. The second that of marriage. The first thought of man should be of heaven; the second of earth; homage to the Creator before a love of the creature; a care for his soul, and then for his heart.

Floral Emblem.

Among the floral emblems assignable to matrimony, no one is more appropriate than that of the wild box-vine.

As a vine, it has the property of clinging, embracing, or entwining around, like the true affections of the heart. It creeps indeed upon the ground, but it remains fresh and green, although the snows fall, and the winds be blighting and cold. It is humble, for it does not exalt itself on high, and it bears two fragrant flowers, modest and sweet, not only upon "one stem," but upon one cup or calix, where they bloom together in private, retired, and sheltered places; and unite at last to form a double berry of a lively red color, and shaped like two hearts closely knit and compacted together.

Marriage and Matrimony.

Marriage is the rite, the ceremony; Matrimony, the state, the condition, of wedded life. The first is the framework of the building; the second, the edifice itself. The ceremonies of marriage differ in different places, but the institution of matrimony is the same every where, and is usually accompanied by the same interests, if not by the same sanctions.

A maniac lawyer, however, in a lunatic asylum, once gave a different account of marriage and matrimony. Having been requested to point out the distinction between them, he observed, "That marriage is when people marry for love; matrimony is when they marry for money."

Day and Night Marriages.

Ordinary marriages are mostly celebrated at night, but great and distinguished ones by day. With uncivilized people, as for instance, the American Indian tribes, the ceremonial of day marriages prevails, as it likewise does in the other extreme of society, amidst the most polished and refined classes. Religion, custom, motives of economy or ostentation, and many other considerations suggest and regulate these observances, but there appears to be this decided advantage in favor of day marriages; that they who are wedded by broad daylight, have certainly a better chance of seeing what they are about.

Remarkable Family Virtues.

There are some families which possess most remarkable qualities of grace and virtue. As soon as any lucky individuals become matrimonially connected with them, no matter how humble, obscure, and unnoticed they were before, they instantly become great, distinguished, and notable characters. They are dipped in the very fountain of grandeur and glory—washed of every stain of plebeianism and uncleanness—and if they were only Christopher Slys and Jeremy Diddlers formerly, they are certainly transfigured now into nothing short of My Lord Dukes, and Sir Charles Grandisons.

New Zealand Marriages.

Brown, in his account of the New Zealanders, says, that robbery is practiced among them as a punishment for offences, and is submitted to by the offenders without resistance. He also says, that it is a common practice to rob a new-married couple immediately after the nuptials, and not unfrequently to compliment them with a good beating in the bargain.

Diving Belles.

In the letters from the Egean, by Emerson, it is stated, that in those islands, the young maidens are most expert divers, and take many pearls in that way; and these constitute their dowry of marriage. Indeed, they do not pretend

to marry until they have first secured the pearls. They are what may be called diving belles, or pearls of great price. Very different are they from the East Indian belles, of whom a writer says, "they have no ideas whatever, except those of dress and making love."

Romantic Marriages.

Marriages may be celebrated in bowers as fair as those of Eden, but they must in the end be conducted and put to proof in the workshops of the world. There romantic minds are speedily sobered down, the transparent gloss of pretension soon wears off, and musical hands may perhaps find some substantial exercise by dipping occasionally into the bread-pan or the wash-tub; or by engaging in other plain household offices which require to be dispatched, not by angels, but by women,

"With homely sympathy, that heeds
The common life our nature breeds."

How horrible, and how much abhorred in advance!
Therefore,

"This is the golden age, all worship gold."

"Hang the poor lover and his pedigree,
The thriving merchant or fat judge for me."

Or rather, as Waller's *Zelinda* says, "*None but a prince for me,*" a delusion that leads a great many astray.

Chances.

It is essential to the happiness of wedded life, that there should be nothing wrong in either party, but the reverse is apt to be the case, so that the chances of matrimonial happiness or unhappiness will depend upon the quality and degree of the right or wrong in both parties.

It is said, in the East, when a maiden is to be espoused, that "the mother prefers a rich man; the father, a learned man; the relations, a man of high birth; but the bride gives the preference to a handsome man." These are the prizes in the matrimonial lottery, wealth, learning, birth, beauty. Few obtain all, the majority secure a part only of what they are in quest of; but yet there are many who vainly flat-

ter themselves with what they have won, when in reality they have drawn nothing but sheer blanks in the great lottery—negative and lackadaisical things, not useful, not rich, not accomplished, and not wise—companionless companions, and helpless helpmates.

As to Families.

Matrimony seems to have been invented to build up some families, and to pull down others. Some fortunate individuals should have candor enough to acknowledge that they owe every thing to it—their rank and station, home and equipage, and even their dinners and wine, and their cosy and glorious afternoons; whilst the luckless parties freely confess that by means of it, they have lost every thing, these same comforts and luxuries; and besides, what is of more value, have furthermore forfeited their peace and happiness, with the sacrifice of better prizes and chances that might have offered.

Matrimony and Misery.

All weddings perhaps begin alike; but all do not end as they begin, in love. For wedlock is an Elysian fount, or lake of Como, to some; but a Black Sea, or a Maelstrom of Norway, to others.

The curtain of domestic privacy conceals many painful and unhappy scenes from view, where to the uninitiated “all discord” may be “harmony not understood;” where pride shrinks from exposure which procures less sympathy than mortification, while the heart pines in secret and crushing disappointment, in wasting and painful regrets, or in utter loneliness and despair.

With all this suppressed and hidden misery and suffering, matrimony may still outwardly appear specious and plausible; but may nevertheless be like the forests of sandal wood in the East, which are fragrant with perfume, and inviting to the senses, but when explored, are found to be full of noxious reptiles and venomous serpents.

The Unmarried.

If the greatest happiness, and perhaps the only real and genuine kind, is to be found in the blessings of chaste and

devoted love, yet matrimony, it must be acknowledged, is chargeable with numberless sollicitudes and responsibilities; and if it often causes the heart to exult in joy, it as frequently makes it throb with pain.

If it does not fall to our lot to participate in the delights and pleasures of a happy and reciprocal union of hearts; if destiny has restricted our sympathies and thwarted our desires, and consigned us, perhaps unwillingly, to solitude and celibacy; if we are only neutral spectators of those scenes wherein great artifice and deception, unfairness and insincerity are constantly practised, but plain and candid dealing is seldom found, and where hearts are won but happiness is lost,—we should remember that there is great satisfaction and many positive advantages, in being alone; and that the command of time and the freedom from many cares, opens the way to new and beneficial sources of pastime and usefulness, sufficient to reconcile us to our condition; and to render it as enviable as that of those who have more encumbrances but less ease, and who rebuke us because we are not as they; or, because engrossed with their individual concerns, they do not comprehend and appreciate those which interest us, as if the world were made for matrimony alone and nothing else; or, as if we did not sometimes wince under this divided excellence of life which they deride, and knew not as well as they that the taste of family bread is sweet.

“But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.”

Matrimony and Fickleness.

Terentia, the wife of Mæenas, was a weak but beautiful woman. Her husband, who was all his life a valetudinarian, was kept by her in a constant state of attraction and repulsion; for he was attracted by the winning graces of her person, but repelled by the caprices of her variable temper.

They often fell out, and as often made peace with one another again; so that Seneca remarked, that “Mæenas had been married a thousand times, yet never had but one wife.”

Terentia seems to have resembled the famous giantess, La Giralda, mentioned in Don Quixote, who, “without

changing place, was the most changeable and inconstant woman in the world."

Paradise.

The question may be asked, How long did Adam remain in Paradise? Until he was married. It would seem that Adam was right in preferring a whole world to a flower-garden. We reverse this order of things now; when married, we desire to relinquish the world for the retirement of some domestic paradise, some enchanting garden of delights, at least in imagination.

Some learned doctors have endeavored to fix the period of time during which our ancestral parents remained in the garden of Eden. In the *Historia Scolastica* of Petrus Cometor, it is stated, that the traditionary account places the time at seven hours—*Quidam tradunt eos fuisse in Paradiso septem horas*.* If an hour be reckoned as a month, that is as a definite period of time, it will be seven months, or the interval betwixt spring and fall. When they first entered the garden, therefore, it was filled with every thing beautiful to behold: that is to say, the trees, shrubs and plants were all in full bloom. They remained until fruit was ripe, for of that Eve plucked; so that they must have entered in the spring, and they certainly came out in the *fall*.

Its Joys and Scuffles.

The history of the joys and scuffles of matrimony would be curious and not uninteresting. It would reveal to us how, in the scenes of love, and in the unison of souls, cemented or partially agglutinated together, by accident, by caprice, by interest, passion, intrigue, or misguided or misplaced attachment—or else happily blended by the close sympathies of strong, congenial, and harmonious affection—how much there is to enjoy and endure; and what efforts of patience, fortitude, resignation and forbearance, and what inexpressible sentiments of sweet, endearing, caressing and chastened love, have all been called into play! And how, out of all these inconsistencies, conflicts, harmonies, incongruities, en-

* Quoted by Carey, in his *Dante*.

joyments, vexations and delights, the children of the human family are ushered into the world, to enact over again the same exploits their predecessors have performed, from the times and even before, of Samson, Socrates, and Cicero, in whose conjugal alliances there were so much discrepancy and discord, to some of the more modern instances, though rare, of the inappreciable and inestimable affinity of hearts and minds, as was the case with Dacier and his wife, equals in love, in learning, and in literary labor; and no less so likewise with Klapproth and his adored spouse, who were inseparably united in taste and affection, and to the attractions of social tastes, added the embellished charms of poetry and piety.

“ O happy love ! where love like this is found,
O heartfelt rapture ! bliss beyond compare ! ”

WOMEN.

Influence and Virtue.

Woman's influence is the sheet anchor of society; and this influence is due not exclusively to the fascination of her charms, but chiefly to the strength, uniformity, and consistency of her virtues, maintained under so many sacrifices, and with so much fortitude and heroism. Without these endowments and qualifications, external attractions are nothing; but with them, their power is irresistible.

Beauty and virtue are the crowning attributes bestowed by nature upon woman, and the bounty of heaven more than compensates for the injustice of man. The possession of these advantages secures to her universally that degree of homage and consideration which renders her independent of the effects of unequal and arbitrary laws. But it is not the incense of idol worship which is most acceptable to the heart of woman; it is, on the contrary, the just appreciation of her proper position, merits, and character, and this demands the oblation of no “ mewling minstrelsy,” the adulations of

“ No whining rhymster with his schoolboy song ”

Ever true to her destiny, and estimating at their real value the higher perfections of human nature, when brought into

contrast with what is puerile or ridiculous, woman surpasses man in the quickness of her perceptions and in the right direction of her sympathies. And this is justly due to her praise, that the credit of her acknowledged ascendancy is preserved amidst the increased and increasing degeneracy of man.

Woman's Love.

Deep in her soul pure love is found,
In woman's soul, the world around ;
In every place, lot, rank, or clime,
Where course the chasing sands of time—
Where the sun shines or the wind blows,
Midst tropic heats or polar snows—
Where want, or ill, or grief are known,
Her generous sympathies are shown.
In princely halls, in prison cells,
Life's faithful guardian angel dwells ;
In Love's or Mercy's noble sphere,
She gives a smile or sheds a tear !
The greatest good that man e'er knows,
Is that which woman's heart bestows ;
If in its bliss he has no share,
His lot is joyless every where ;
But if it brightly on him beam,
A desert then a heaven doth seem—
And let the world rail all it can,
He is indeed a happy man.

American Women.

The discovery of the American Continent is due to Columbus, yet it should never be forgotten that his patron was a woman and a queen. The influence and countenance of a woman sustained and encouraged the great navigator when his novel enterprise was regarded with coldness and disfavor by all others, and had been rejected and denounced by wise men and mighty kings. But the name of Isabella has never been greatly honored in this country, although many of her sex have here inherited her virtues and noble sentiments, and, like her, have conferred honor and renown

upon the land “If I were asked,” says De Tocqueville, “to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women.”

Satire.

Poetry is so much imbued with sentiment, and breathes so often the spirit of compliment and love, that ladies take it ill that it should be employed as a vehicle of censure against them. Boileau, contrary, it would seem, to national gallantry, had the boldness to publish a satire against women, and Arnauld wrote an apology in favor of it. Would modern Boileaus find, in the sex of the present times, most to commend or most to satirize? Or, had the French author substantial reasons for his strictures—some defect of ingratiating or some well-merited slight, such as were imagined or experienced by the wicked little wasp of Twickenham, as Lady Montague called Pope? But what can the ladies allege when not only literary writers, but Hebrew prophets, are included among the number of their satirists? They can say this, that where one abuses, thousands extol.

“Women enough in China.”

The Russian envoy at Peking, during the last century, succeeded, contrary to law, in smuggling his wife into that city: she was, however, soon discovered, and required to be sent home, and notice was given to the ambassador “that there were women enough in China.”

Epigram.

In Eden’s bowers, where Eve did range,
She plucked the fruit of knowledge—strange
This act appears to Eves like ours,
Who care much less for fruits than flowers.

Praise of Little Women.

(From the Spanish.)

“In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes,
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!

So in a little woman, love grows and multiplies :
 You recollect the proverb says, ' a word unto the wise.'

A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every dinner,
 More than all other condiments, altho' 'tis sprinkled thinner ;
 Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her—
 There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
 And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies ;
 As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
 So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, tho' small and light of
 wing,
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing ;
 And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
 Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring."

FASHION.

What is it ?

Fashion was denominated by Addison, "the custom of the great." It is equally the conformity of the little to the usages of those above them. It is the offspring of luxury and pride, two things which, above all others, have most disturbed the peace and happiness of the world. Fuseli styled it the bastard of vanity, dressed by art.

Influences of Fashion.

Fashion exerts its sway over the mind, the habits, the tastes, the affections, and even the looks, when we vainly try, by its trickeries, to keep off old age ; and in all these, it is the predominance of the arbitrary and artificial over the uniform and natural.

"The desire," says Montesquieu, "of appearing to advantage, establishes the embellishments of dress ; and the desire of pleasing others more than ourselves, gives rise to fashions."

Is the world benefited by fashionable pursuits in literature ; by fashionable follies ; by fashionable marriages ; or, by fashionable religions ?

The law of opinion goes forth. We do not ask who pro-

claims it, but fall into the ranks of its followers and worshippers. We are whirled round in the giddy maze, and blinded by the dazzling lights. Novelty is the show—conformity is the law—and life a trance—until at last we awake from it, to find that we have been the victims of a fatal folly and a bewildering dream.

Its Perfection and Decline.

Fashion is a great luminary, which revolves around some central orb of still greater attractive power. It is bright and glorious in its perihelion, but dim and dull in its decline.

As to Modes of Living and Dress.

In two of the most important particulars which concern us, namely, dress and style of living, we surrender our own judgment and preferences, and submit to be controlled and directed by others. Nothing is more imperious and uncompromising than the decrees of fashion. "Such a soup or olio, they say, is much in vogue, and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it."

The Most Fashionable.

The most fashionable are they who have a fashion of following the fashions in the most fashionable manner, and after a fashion that is contrary to the fashion of those who are denounced as unfashionable. They are also a class of people who are exceedingly loving of themselves, and loving to one another.

Adopting and leaving it off.

Some devotees of fashion learn it too late ; many more too soon. Few leave it off too soon ; a great many abandon it too late. Like other follies it is more excusable in youth than in age.

Fashion vs. Nature.

The ordinary usages of society tend almost entirely to the effect of display. If accomplishment is to be added to accom-

plishment, and one exterior attraction to another, we should call to mind the pertinent question once put by Walpole, "Of what use will all these things be *at home*?" In what way will they contribute to the charms and solace of domestic life? If we succeed in captivating the senses, shall we be equally successful in keeping up the delusion? When the heart shall demand the treasures of love, will it rest satisfied with the decorations of taste? If the book has been well bound, and doubly gilt, will its outward splendor and gaudiness sufficiently atone for the vagaries and puerilities we shall find within it? Who has not perceived that the genuine and undisguised loveliness of simplicity is beyond comparison far more endearing and fascinating than all the extraneous adornments of artifice and art in the world—and that for every step we take by which we deviate from it, so do we proportionally recede from sincerity and truth, and engage in those trickeries and deceptions, which at first impose upon ourselves, and which we adopt with the hope that they will equally impose upon others?

"Time obliterates the conceits of opinion or fashion, and establishes the verdicts of Nature."

Fashion and Nature.

Fashion is not always opposed to Nature. At every decade or so, it lays aside its fantasies and eccentricities, and assumes the garb of propriety and simplicity in conformity with Nature.

PLEASURE.

Variety of Pleasures.

Pleasures are those of book, bed, bag, bowl, board, business.

Lines.

Though pleasure is so brief and vain,
So lawless and so vicious;

And costs us gold, and health, and pain—
Yet oh, it is delicious.

Its draughts upon the senses steal,
Beguiling and delightful ;
As flowers which bloom but to conceal
The precipices frightful.

As breezy winds o'er ocean play,
Whilst merry scenes are calling ;
'Tis sweet to kiss the dashing spray—
A shipwreck is appalling.

Pleasure, Labor, and Devotion.

Pleasure loves the garden and the flowers. Labor loves the fields and the grain. Devotion loves the mountains and the skies.

Two Difficulties.

There are two difficulties of life : men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

Pleasure should be intermediate between frugality and festivity ; or be like Venus placed between Ceres and Bacchus.

Dangerous Pleasures.

Indulging in dangerous pleasures, saith a Burmese proverb, is like licking honey from a knife, and cutting the tongue with the edge.

The Arabs of the desert use their cimeters as looking-glasses.

As to Duration.

All pleasures are brief—the most active the soonest sped. The longest pleasure with which we are familiar, is of a passive kind, namely, sleep.

Dangers.

Beware of pleasure, should be the perpetual lesson inculcated upon youth. This it is which corrupts, enfeebles, and destroys the mind as well as the body. It is the parent of vice, and the promoter of exhaustion and premature decay. Oh, tritons of the wave, and insects of an hour !

Pleasure and Ruin.

Where there is too much pleasure, there will soon be too much ruin.

False Pleasures.

The pleasure which is generally esteemed as such, is, in fact, the antagonist of all true and positive pleasure, and is nothing else than misery and wretchedness in the alluring disguise of temptation and folly. It dissipates time and opportunity, and debauches talents ; and the heroic self-denial and determined resolution which resist the influences, and turn away from the enticements of this false Goddess, are the best guarantees which can be given in favor of virtue and discretion in youth, and of judgment and wisdom in old age. And what better proofs can we give of this ascendancy of the mind over sensual desires, than that we are able, on every occasion, resolutely to close our eyes against all temptations !

“ Fair hangs the apple from the rock,
But we will leave it growing.”

The Study of them.

Every man should study his pleasures while they are in hand. They afford important themes of reflection and retrospection in after time.

Pleasure and Sorrow.

Pleasure and sorrow are such universal sensations, that every language embodies a great variety of terms to express their different shades and gradations. Thus, joy, hilarity, merriment, amusement, sport, pleasantry, &c., for the one ; and grief, trouble, melancholy, sadness, despondency, gloom,

dejection, tribulation, and many more for the other. And equally prevalent are the impressions which they produce—the evanescence of pleasure, and the permanency of sorrow.

“They are changed, and so am I;
Sorrows live, but pleasures die.”

Forsaking it.

We loiter long in the retreats of pleasure, loth to abandon them, and to place ourselves in that condition so unenviable and uninviting, where we must live to ourselves in companionless solitude, “alike forgetting and forgot.” We wait for disappointment, persecution, care, age, affliction, wisdom and experience, to beckon us away and to direct our footsteps into more secluded and less enticing roads.

Why should the old linger too long? Why should the youthful leave so soon? How void of staid reflection the former, and how earnest the convictions of the latter, to determine them upon an immediate and lasting renunciation of the joys and pleasures, the amenities and delights of life! In the expressive language of Corinne, “The nuns at Venice, on entering the convent to assume the veil which separates them from the world, cast behind them a bunch of flowers as soon as they pronounce the vows which consecrate them to lives of sanctity and seclusion.”

HAPPINESS.

Attainable and Unattainable.

The happiness within our reach we covet not, but affect to despise. That which is beyond it, we desire to possess, and overrate its real value.

To embrace the dictates of common sense is considered vulgar and unambitious; to transcend them is proof of elevation and spirit. Wretchedness is the forfeit which folly and indiscretion pay to experience and regret, or as the adage says, Being miserable, he has been unwise.

Degrees of Happiness.

Hume asserted that all who were happy were equally so. But Dr. Johnson observed that the fallacy of this opinion was exposed by a simple illustration given by the Rev. Robert Brown of Utrecht, "A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full; but the large one holds more than the small."

Amusement and Happiness.

It is more easy to be pleased than to be satisfied; to be amused than to be happy. A French philosopher asserts that happiness is a serious state. Certainly the frivolous can experience no just conceptions of happiness.

Not in Extremes.

Extremes are not in their nature favorable to happiness. The power resides in the fulcrum, not in the ends of the lever.

The Unhappy.

There are two classes of unhappy people in the world, but how numerous and diversified are they! They are those whose desires have been in some measure realized by the favors of fortune, and they who have ever been, and continue to be, the victims of disappointment and evil destiny, or of protracted suspense. The overloaded, and they who are loading up; the full and the empty.

Difference of Places.

In that vile den where you reside,
Your patience is severely tried;
But here, alas! 'tis far worse yet—
That place is Tartary, this, Tophet.
Discard the discontent and ease,
The place is made just what you please.

Happiness Various.

Nature ever proposes to herself certain ends, to be accomplished by various means. The cattle that graze in the fields, the fowls that feed in the yard, the birds that alight on the trees or curvet through the air, the insects that gambol in the bright rays of a summer's sun, and the fish that glide through the sparkling waters, are all happy, but in different ways, by fixed conditions that do not admit of exchange or transposition.

But the happiness of man embraces every element and circumstance of life. He is the representative of every class of created beings, and enjoys, by a general process and exclusive privilege, what they realize only by distinct provisions and limited regulations.

“ And a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,
Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.”

Saith the English poet Herbert,

“ All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.”

And saith another poet also,

“ All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,
On which the soul may rest ; the hearts of all
Yearn after it ; and to that wished bourne
All therefore strive to tend.”

Craving for it.

As the lapwing thirsts for the water, and strikes with its wings the ground where the fountain is concealed,—as the diamond loveth the lustre of the light,—and the gazelle pants for the cooling streams in the desert,—so do our souls yearn and thirst for happiness and peace ; we long for the fountain of bliss ; we love the cheerful and the gay, and seek for pleasant retreats and refreshing delights, to beautify and enliven the arid and cheerless wastes of the world.

Past and Prospective.

Our recollections of what we have been, constitute our anticipations of what we wish to be hereafter.

Sometimes overreached.

We engage in some pursuits so intently, that the ardor which impels us, transcends the possessional value of the objects we desire to possess; and what we ultimately gain poorly compensates for what we have previously lost. The effort should be proportioned to the aim, and the weapon to the strength which wields it.

When the use of firearms was first introduced in the Tongo Islands, the inhabitants undertook to adapt the size of the load to the game which was to be killed; thus, a heavy charge was thought necessary to kill a large man, and a very light charge to kill a small one.

Perverseness.

Insects and reptiles there are, which fulfill the ends of their existence by tormenting us; so some minds and dispositions accomplish their destiny by increasing our misery, and making us more discontented and unhappy. Cruel and false is he, who builds his pleasure upon my pain, or his glory upon my shame.

Transitions.

“Sperate miseri,
Cavete Felices.”

In happy hours, of woe beware;
In wretched, hope release from care.

Happiness and Merit.

The separation between happiness and merit, seems to be of a violent and unnatural kind; we seek to reconcile it to the deductions of reason, by supposing it to exist more in appearance than in reality, and that these kindred qualities are destined even here, ultimately to enjoy the relationship and fellowship of harmony.

When Alexander was at the point of death, his friends asked him to whom he intended to bequeath his empire? He replied, “To the worthiest.” Would that the possession of earthly empire, as well as the destiny of human happiness, might ever fall to the lot of “the most worthy.”

Management of Happiness.

Happiness is in kind and in degree. Let not the counterfeits deceive thee too much, neither chase thy happiness away by folly, temerity, excess, or surfeit of enjoyment. Says Madame de Montolieu, "Il ne faut pas fatiguer le bonheur ; il echappe si facilement." "Do not drive away happiness by too much caressing ; it will depart soon enough."

Negative Happiness.

The unexcitable and passionless, those neutral spirits, who are imagined to be happy, and supremely so, are too emotionless and insipid to experience positive enjoyment. They lack the will to do good, but have not the power to do harm. They possess not the requisite elements, either of greatness or of happiness ; and are so far from being more blessed, by being destitute of occasional impulses or wayward efforts, which are so many *feelers* after happiness, that they are generally feeble in character, and strangers to the highest zests of life. There is no exhilaration in mediocrity, no transport in negative pleasure.

Occasional.

Occasional intervals of happiness, only serve to make us still more unhappy, as the bright flashes define more distinctly the dark outlines of the thunder cloud.

"The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dashed with care."

Caring for it.

Happiness is like wealth ; as soon as we begin to nurse it and care for it, it is a sure sign of its being in a precarious state.

Unmistakable Happiness.

The Chinese character employed (according to the French orientalist, Amusat), to signify happiness, is composed of two signs ; of which, one represents an open mouth, and the other, a handful of rice, or rice by itself.

Happiness dependent upon Temperament.

Le Droz, who wrote a treatise upon happiness, describes the conditions necessary for it, as consisting of the greatest fortitude to resist and endure the ills and pains of life, united with the keenest sensibility to enjoy its pleasures and delights. That is to say, we must have the constitution of a Dutchman, and the vivacity of a Frenchman; or possess strength and sensibility conjoined together.

Gayety and Happiness.

It has been asked, "If to be gay is to be happy?" If gayety were not sometimes the mask of contentment, worn by dissembling and deceit,—if it were not the means, instead of the end,—if it were not leagued more frequently with frivolity than wisdom,—if it possessed the cordial balm to soothe the ills we suffer,—if it could benefit and expand the mind, while it pleased and delighted the heart,—then to be gay would be indeed to be happy.

In serving others.

Is it a good man, or a fool, who makes himself unhappy in promoting the happiness of others? That question has been correctly answered thus: Is thine eye evil because I am good?

In Things.

If happiness consisted in things only, there would be no end to the numberless kinds of it. It was in this point of view that the erudite Roman writer, Varro, enumerated seven hundred sorts of happiness. So also the learned Turkish Doctor, Ebn Abbas, maintained that the number of grievous sins is about seven hundred; thus balancing the accounts between good and ill.

Happiness, Felicity, and Beatitude.

A French writer observes, that happiness relates to external circumstances,—such as the possession of riches and friends; that felicity depends upon the state of the mind,—its

contentment and tranquillity ; whilst beatitude, or bliss, refers to a future condition of being, and is reserved here for those exemplary and devout persons, who already anticipate the enjoyments of another existence beyond the present.

The Curse still upon us.

The original curse is still resting upon us. The cherubim with their flaming swords still guard the gates of Paradise, and no man enters therein.

“ But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true ;
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still pursues us like the wind.”

FOPS AND FOOLS.

As to Experience.

Fools purchase the same experience more than once.

Wise-looking Fools.

Fools, who know how to assume a grave and solemn aspect, gain more esteem in the world than wise men, whose looks are not set off with an air of gravity and wisdom. Any one may be a fool by the head, or by the heart (that is, the old scriptural fool), and escape detection, but if he is a fool in the face, he is indubitably condemned.

Epigram on a Shining Fop.

Your boots, my friend, unlike to mine,
With polished lustre brightly shine ;
Had you bestowed such studious pains,
To gloss the dullness of your brains—
It would not then by all be said,
“ How much his feet eclipse his head !”

Folly and Gravity.

None advocate folly, except the lovers and followers of it, or they who believe that private vices and follies are public

benefits. But it is extremely doubtful, did any one possess the power of eradicating all the follies of life, if he would prove a real benefactor to the world by exercising it. Harmless follies achieve some good, but to enjoy life only in frivolity, is the most irrational way of enjoying it. Wise men have generally been grave and quiet.

Solon and Pericles, Epaminondas and Phocion, Fabius, Maximus and Cato, were all dignified and sedate men. When Phocion was reproached for his gravity, he replied, "My gravity never did any one any harm, but these jesting fools have caused their country many a tear."

Epigram on Rich Fools.

If blest by Fortune, fools are amply wise,
They may denounce the wisdom they despise.
Why should they vex their brains to toil and think?
Asses and sheep are seldom known to drink.

Single and Combined.

An especial fool, considered solely in reference to himself, is provoking and ridiculous enough; but fools combined and leagued together, are contumacious, refractory, and intolerable. Be no John a' dreams, no tinkling, no intermeddling fool. Nor a fool distinct, nor conjunctive, nor comparative, nor superlative, nor direct, nor indirect, nor male, nor female (singly or in unity): and neither in theory nor in practice, in quality, nor in degree; nor a fool by inference, nor by implication, nor of any kind. But forsake the foolish days, and conform rather to the simplicity of nature, the gentleness, efficacy, goodness, sincerity and beauty of love and wisdom. Above all *spurn conceit*, for a conceited fool is the most abominable of all fools;

"—— and let instructions enter,
Where folly now possesses."

An Old Fop.

Behold that old fop! when he was a young fool he passed by unheeded; now he is an old one, he is folly's target. Has he earned nothing from the wealth of his youth—the rich time of young days—but these traps and trinkets and looped chains of gold, and glittering stones and tinsel?

Must it ever be appearances and frippery and nothing more? Old, but still young—aged, but yet unwise! When will he awake from the enthralling dreams and delusions of error and folly? When will he extricate himself from the hands of tyrannizing tailors and barbers, and take the book, the pen, the plough—or use the hand or the head in some useful service? Was that head made only for ointments and curls—that face for lotions and mirrors—those hands for gloves and canes—that back for cloaks and robes merely? Is there no laugh in the world loud enough to reach his ears; no pointed finger for his eyes to see; or no secret misgivings to make him doubt and feel, remember and amend?

“Pleased with some bauble still, as oft before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

Epigram.

To be the first in any trade,
Is a just boast by many made;
But this Great Fool, The Lord Chief Ass,
Stands up the captain of his class.

In regard to Riches and Rank.

The fool has an ancient sanction for acquiring riches and rank by inheritance, but that he should obtain them without this privilege of birthright, and defraud the just claims of talent and sagacity, is unaccountable, and makes merit blush, and wisdom despair.

Locality.

Fools may be met with any where and every where *passim et ubique*, although the most cunning disguises are worn by them. The finest specimens and the richest varieties are always to be found in very large cities.

THE SEXES.

Two Kinds of People.

It has been said that there are but two kinds of people, men and women, in the world ; which is about as true as to say that there are only two kinds of feeling, pleasure and pain. There are conditions, grades, and shades of distinction in both ; although the predominant qualities of the sexes are striking enough to justify the generalization, and the inferences deducible from it. Andrew Marvell observes,

“ The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good and bad, and these mixt every where.”

Oracles and Traditions.

Some articles of faith are handed down from father to son, and many more, perhaps, are transmitted from mother to daughter. Old men's tales and fables abound every where. The world is full of the oracles and traditions of old men, and the marvels and superstitions of old women.

As to Perfections.

The changeableness and caprice so often charged upon women, occasion that kind of interest and novelty which are wanting to the quietude of domestic life, and which rival in diversity the various and unexpected scenes which men encounter in the active pursuits of the world. We should stagnate in torpidity without some sort of excitement ; and repulsion, as well as attraction, is indispensable to the lot of the sexes, and perhaps they understand one another better for being sometimes at a loss in what way to understand one another at all.

Mohammed said, that among men there had been many perfect, but no more than four women had attained perfection, to wit, Asia, the wife of Pharaoh ; Mary, the daughter of Imram (the Virgin Mary) ; Khadijah, the daughter of Khawailed (the prophet's first wife) ; and Fatima, Mohammed's own daughter.

The number of perfect women, although not ascertained, has, no doubt, greatly increased since those times.

But it is a great pity that the prophet had not told us who in the world these many perfect men were.

In Relation to One Another.

Madame D'Aubigné, on taking her last leave of her daughter, afterwards the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, gave her this earnest and affectionate counsel, "to act in such a manner as fearing all things from men, and hoping all from God."

Frailties and Passions.

First came the temptation and fall, and subsequently the taking of those images (Laban's) by Rachel—a pious fraud, or defraud. Sentiment and enthusiasm belong peculiarly to woman; the stronger passions and impulses to man. *He* was violent from the beginning, the true destroyer. The Eves and Rachels long preceded the Judiths and Jezebels, though the old weaknesses continue yet in the world.

When here *one* serpent threw its spell,
The woman was the first that fell;
But since the rib sprang from his side,
The dangers much have multiplied;
The world now full of serpents all,
Thousands of women yearly fall;
And as it happens every where,
The thing is neither rich nor rare.

As to Governing.

There are some men who might rule a double empire, and yet still not be able to govern a single woman.

Reciprocal Advantages.

Women are wise in some things, in which the men are foolish; but then they are foolish in other things, in which the men are more wise.

Mutual Influences.

The two sexes seem to be placed as spies upon one another,* and are furnished with different kinds of abilities adapted for mutual inspection, observation, and discovery; with the design that each may profit by gaining from the other that which it needs, and in which it is deficient. For instance, the men require the tact and delicacy of the women, and women, in turn, might be benefited by a portion of the practical sense and energy of men.

Shades of Feeling.

Gradations of feelings and sentiment are in general more natural and habitual with women than with men; while, with men, there are positive and absolute love or hatred, indifference or regard, all the nicer shades and fluctuations of the feelings and affections, in many cases, belong to women, who run through this gamut much more readily than men.

Logic and Sentiment.

The weaker sex is as averse to logic as the stronger is to sentiment. In fact, reason is as much a puzzle to some women as sentiment is a torment to some men; but, with both, reason and reflection come in after time, or in the fullness of time.

In regard to Labor and other Obligations.

Nature, in the natural disposition of the sexes, is entirely epicene in her views. Their wants, sufferings, hopes and conditions, all correspond; nor is any thing created for the benefit of one party to the exclusion of the other, even as the dew and rain, the heat and cold, the air and light, come to all alike. For nature has given hands, heads, and hearts to the *ladies*, as well as to the *gentlemen*; and although the weaker sex should be shielded from severe burdens and excessive toil, and their affections should be the best stimulus and reward of man's hardships, yet the volume of sound precepts which tells us that St. Paul wrought, also informs us that Dorcas sewed; and while the former accomplished some good abroad, the latter likewise did some good at home.

* Goldsmith.

Impressions upon Each.

To reach the heart of a woman there are two ways, through the eye and through the ear. But Napoleon said, that the only road to the heart of man was down his throat.

Privilege of Sex.

They who insist upon the privileges, should possess the qualities of their sex. The men should be noble and generous, the women gentle and condescending.

When, through the excitement of vexatious passions, or the assumption of unjust rights, either party forgets itself, such are not justifiable occasions to plead the privileges of sex, which should be considered as forfeited to all termagants and tyrants.

Imitation.

Women imitate men in some particulars, and very often to their credit; but men do not pattern after women, or, if they do, are apt to gain the contempt of both parties.

Effect of the Tender Emotions.

Religion and sorrow make men and women equals in tenderness and tears, compassion and love.

Intellectual Differences.

The differences between the sexes are perhaps as great mentally as physically. Let us judge by facts and experience.

The world abounds with the works of man, with the achievements of his labor, his industry, his power, whilst it is the praise of woman to assert that by her sensibility and tenderness, she is fitted to be his companion, and to alleviate the toils, and soften the asperities of his life. It is in vain to plead the examples of a few women of superior literary and intellectual endowments, who after all, according to Franz Horn, may be better than their works, and who are only exceptions to the general law: and although they have been

admired for their attainments, they have not generally been loved and esteemed by either sex for the domestic qualities which give to woman her chief attraction. If men, however, insist upon their superiority over women, it will be better to show it than merely to talk about it, for actions it is said speak louder than words.

Ingratiation.

If favor and fair terms are desirable jewels, they who approach the gentler sex, and assume for their device the motto of the Black Prince, or of the Bohemian King, *Ich Dien*, "I serve," or "Ever at your service,"—will fare better with the fair, than if they were to "voice it with claims and privileges," and fulminate in Turkish and imperial style, *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, "This is my pleasure; these are the Pacha's commands." But no fawning and crouching can ever be compared to true dignity of deportment and genuine nobility of soul, which command respect and reverence, and always insure ingratiating and love.

Relative Condition.

In order to estimate the comparative rank and position of the sexes, let us refer to the scenes which were exhibited in the Garden of Eden, and near the Mount of Olives. Although Mary was the most blessed of women, yet was she not exempt from sorrows. And though Eve had possession of the garden, yet she did not retain it. We may admire and adore the endearing loveliness and subduing beauty of woman, yet to man is given strength to labor and to overcome. His lot is to toil and conquer; to improve and embellish the earth; and to make it a more glorious garden than the one which has been lost, and a happier abode for the companion of his bosom, and the idol of his heart.

Love of Titles.

Among the Pelew Islanders, the Rupacks or nobles, are distinguished by a particular kind of bone which they wear. The Chinese Mandarins of different grades wear buttons of various colors. In Europe, ribbons, stars, crosses, and gar-

ters, serve the same puerile purposes of distinction and rank. The women having, perhaps, already a sufficiency of ornaments, do not enter into active competition with the men to acquire additional trinkets such as these. They only set their hearts upon those who obtain them, and strive to possess the possessors of them, although the Counts are often after all of no account.

“ For never title yet so mean could prove
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.”

These lines are Shenstone's. But Hudibrastically :

“ Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'Tis properly a female passion ;
Women and beaux beyond all measure,
Are charmed with rank's ecstatic pleasure.”

As to Implements and Occupations.

The two sexes may be properly characterized by certain implements which denote respectively their relative occupations and inclinations, as the needle and the axe, the scissors and the sword ; or by those things which require delicacy and taste on the one side, and strength and hardihood on the other.

Results in Nature and in Life.

In reference to the sexes, Nature gives power to the one, but preference to the other. If the male is highly favored, the female is the subject of peculiar regard.

In sexual plants and trees, the male flowers, after awhile, generally drop to the ground ; but the female remain to sustain the germ, and something of this kind is occasionally witnessed in human life. Also, in families which are on the decline, they seem to *run out* sooner in the male than in the female descendants.

As to Pretension.

Few men have their ideas so exalted as to believe themselves gods or heroes ; but it would be very difficult to convince any woman that she has not something or other of a heroine or goddess about her. Men are not so much self-

persuaded that they can conquer, as women are that they can captivate.

Character.

Men flatter the weaknesses of women in order to please and captivate them ; but women make a study of the weaknesses of men to turn them into advantages, and by means of them to obtain power and influence. All women are shrewd and excellent judges of character, and however versatile and variable they may be themselves, they will not tolerate these defects in the opposite sex, but regard all undecided and vacillating men with aversion and contempt.

Beauty and Wisdom.

There is always great demand in the world for handsome women and wise men. The former abound more than the latter, and as beauty engenders a certain amount of idleness and folly, the world will continue to encourage vanity more than it courts wisdom.

As to Dress and Ornament.

Sumptuary laws were prevalent in ancient times, but the best sumptuary law is that which is founded upon prudence and good taste, and which exists effectually in a well-disciplined and well regulated mind.

When Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, sent Lysander some rich Sicilian garments for his daughter, he declined them, observing, "He was afraid those fine clothes would make her look more homely."

Great men have generally been indifferent to ornament and personal attire. The great women renounce such things more reluctantly. Most women are more enamored with beauty than with talents ; and Queen Elizabeth and the Empress Josephine left behind them at their death, a more showy and expensive wardrobe than a score of fashionable young ladies would need to comply with the customary toilet-demands of the present times. And in regard to those Sicilian garments, the finer the better ; and if the daughter of Lysander had been allowed to have her own way, there would have been no objection to them.

Ornaments and Contentions.

The Eastern nations, if not unpoetical, are at least somewhat deficient in sentiment. They are distinguished for allegory and hyperbole more than for grace and gallantry. In their moral writings, great plainness and simplicity of speech are used, and no scrupulous niceties prevent them from calling things by their right names. The estimation in which women are held exercises great influence over the habits and genius of a people. Under a system of seclusion, women become puerile in their tastes, frivolous in their habits, and captious in their tempers. Hence, in the Eastern writings, when women are called to account for those old defects of *too much tongue and too much dress*, they are admonished in such explicit terms, that they are at no loss to comprehend what is said, although they may be slow in abiding by it. "In the Koran, women are described as being brought up among ornaments, and contentions without a cause." The Chinese character which designates woman, according to Remusat, when doubled signifies strife and contention; and when tripled, immoral or disorderly conduct.

Virtues and Vices.

The virtues of men very often spring from reformed vices and restrained indulgences; those of women from pious resignation and sad disappointments.

Mental Cultivation.—Notice taken of Fops and Scholars.

If the fair sex, who, to their infinite credit, have established themselves upon the throne of virtue, and dictate its laws, would only assert a supremacy over the mind, equal to that which they maintain over the heart, they would do as much good in demolishing fops, as they have done in exterminating rakes. The baroness De Staël was asked the favor to permit the introduction of a *nice* young man. Through courtesy, she consented; but she found him so vapid and unentertaining, that she arose from her seat, and left him with the tables and chairs, in possession of the parlor. Every woman is not a Madame de Staël, but there are a great many such nice young men every where. Most persons hold talents and virtues in less esteem than wealth, and bestow higher consider-

ation upon the latter. But, shall we place the scholar lower than the fop? Shall we undervalue the modesty and merit of the former, to commend the effrontery and undeservings of the latter? Which of the two holds the sex in the highest estimation? The devotee of fashion, even if he fails to dishonor and betray, regards women merely as the toys of his pastime, and instruments of his pleasure, as if they were destined, *ad usum, et ad lusum hominum*, to subserve no higher purposes than to be devoted to the designs and uses of men. But it is the enlightened scholar who appreciates properly the charms and virtues of the sex. He is the champion of their rights; the protector and defender of their honor; their best and truest friend.

Without cultivation of letters, there is no elevation and refinement; and ignorance and barbarism, as well as licentiousness and dandyism, have always been deplorable to the interests of woman.

As to the Objects and Difficulties of Life.

What man expects to acquire by force of energy and the exercise of his talents, woman hopes to obtain by the power of pleasing, and her ascendancy over the heart. The means are different, the ends in view the same; namely, prosperity in life, and a desirable position in the world. There is no period in the life of man, as long as his mental and bodily powers remain unimpaired, in which he is socially disqualified for the race he has to run, and for that contest in which he is called upon to engage. He may remain a long time a silent, but watchful spectator of the scene; or he may be disabled, and thrown off his balance; but he can appear again, and by summoning his dormant faculties to his aid, he may succeed in dividing the booty with his compeers, or in securing his share of the world's honors and spoils.

To place a woman in early life in a career like this, is to alter her destiny, to endanger her respectability, to destroy her sympathies, and to subvert the intentions of Nature. If, by the influence of her charms, or the opportunities of her position, she has failed to procure a desirable elevation in society—or if, by a cruel destiny, she has been deprived of friends and fortune, and is urged to assert her rights, and to make her own way through the world—if her resolution can

save her from despair, and her principles of virtue from reproach—yet she labors under great disadvantages in placing herself upon the same footing with men, who are hardened to the world, and more accustomed to personal privations and toil. But nevertheless, there have been women who, impelled by high motives and a determined sense of duty, have surmounted all these obstacles, and have acquired by their own efforts both fortune and influence; and young America can show many such to the Old World.

PEACE. JOY, CONTENTMENT.

Discontent and Resignation.

There are some persons who are discontented, to the same extent that they have every thing in the world to make them happy; and others, who are resigned equally as much as they are disappointed.

Contentment and Happiness.

We attempt a great many things to make us happy, and failing therein, only become more and more miserable. Under nearly every vicissitude, and in almost every condition, we might secure our object, if our wish were only to be contented, and if we honestly endeavored to be so.

Peace and Contentment the most natural Wish of the Human Heart.

In the midst of ease and plenty we still desire novelty and pleasure. In moments of care and anxiety we covet contentment and peace. Now the cares and perplexities of life abound more than contentment and ease; hence, the most common wish of the human heart is for peace, and not for pleasure.

Discontent to be avoided.

If the way of the transgressor be hard, the lot of the discontented is wretched. Miserable are those who live but to repine and lament! “who have less resolution to resent than

to complain ;” or who, mingling resentments and complaints together, perceive no harmony and happiness around them ; and discover in the bounty and beauty of nature nothing to admire, and in the virtues and capabilities of man nothing to love and respect.

It might be well for us sometimes to draw a veil over our eyes when they see too much ; and, if possible, to enlarge our hearts when they feel too little ; and to place the mind in a safe position against the contagion of contracted sentiments, and captious and ill-natured feelings ; for there is nothing so tenacious and infectious as discontent.

A contented mind sees something good in every thing ; *bonus odor ex re quâlibet*, fair weather with every wind ; but a discontented spirit distorts and misconstrues all things,

“ From good intent, producing evil fruit.”

Complacency.

Complacency, when real, is a sovereign antidote of care ; but it is often a great hypocrite and deceiver—a painted mask—an outside show.

Moderation and Resignation.

Peace and few things, “ *Paix et Peu*,” is preferable to great professions and great cares. Such was the Stoical maxim, *Contentus parvo*, for contentment often abides with little, and rarely dwells with too much. Said Bias, one of the seven Grecian sages, *Omnia mea, mecum porto*—“ All is with me, or rather within me.” Miserable is the philosophy of discontent, and wretched are those who undergo all the perturbation of Uranus for the most inconsiderable trifles of earth.

Hortense, who inherited many of the amiable virtues of her excellent mother, and who finally was called upon to encounter those reverses of fortune which display the true virtues of the heart—Hortense, a queen, and the daughter of an empress—learned patience and resignation in the school of adversity.

Peu connue, peu troublée, mieux connue, mieux aimée,—
“ Little known, little troubled ; better known, better loved,”

was the unassuming and appropriate motto inscribed upon a signet ring belonging to Hortense.

“Pleased to have been, contented not to be.”

Moments of Peace and Joy.

Happy are the moments when sorrow forgets its cares, and misery its misfortunes; when peace and gladness spring up upon the radiant wings of hope, and the light of contentment dawns once more upon the disconsolate, unfortunate, and unhappy heart.

“The past unsighed for, and the future sure.”

Contention.

Contention is the curse of life. Its *imbroglios* fill the heart with bitterness, and convert many a home, otherwise peaceful and happy, into dreary and desolate wastes. Discord is a dragon-tree, poisonous and unsightly; and wherever it is rooted, nothing good can grow. It is planted by demons, and reared and nurtured by them.

“But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!”

“Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite and knows no end.
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound, and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail.”

There was an interesting custom, called the Holy Truce, observed in the Feudal ages, which might be practised with advantage by *Feudal* people of the present and of all times. Every week this truce was announced by the tolling of bells, proclaiming a jubilee of peace from Wednesday evening until Monday morning, during which time all feuds and animosities ceased, and concord and amity prevailed.

Ill-Nature.

What is most culpable in Nature is, the *ill-nature* which she bestows upon some people; which acts like fire upon the

finer feelings, and consumes them. Or, which is as different from true gentleness of disposition, as the quills of a porcupine are from the down of the dove.

FRIENDSHIP.

Making Friends.

The talent of making friends, is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

An old man dying, gave this advice to his sons: *Never try to make a friend.*

“Peace in the affections, and support in the judgment,” according to Lord Bacon, “are the two noble fruits of friendship. And after these, followeth the last fruit, which, like the pomegranate, is full of many kernels: I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions.”

Old Enemies and New Friends.

A new acquaintance generally pleases us, excites our expectations, and enjoys much courtesy. But the same or equal confidence and civility which are necessary to build up a new friendship, if granted to an old enemy, might bring him back and reconcile him to us for ever. And the difference between the recent friendship, and the old which is re-established, may at last be in favor of the latter; as rent things are sometimes stronger for having been broken and afterwards well mended.

Friendship and Self-Interest.

One of the moral sentences of the Hindoos, says, “A tree that yields no fruit is forsaken by birds: a forest consumed by fire is no longer the resort of wild beasts: a flower that yields no fragrance the bee spurns: the aquatic birds soon take their flight when they see the waters of the pond dried up: a harlot meanly deserts her lover when he is reduced from affluence to poverty: a cruel tyrant is abandoned by his ministers:—so every man has certain connections,

certain friendships, formed for his own ends, his own convenience, and his own private advantage.”*

Old and New Friends.

A new friend is sometimes only a troublesome acquaintance ; but an old friend is frequently the greatest bore in the world.

Acquaintances and Friends.

Lord Bolingbroke thus writes to Swift : “ A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly,) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintances and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves ; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade.”

Constancy and Desertion.

There is this consolation left us, in the desertion of friends. They who adhered to us steadfastly in the hour of trial, were the only true ones. The others failed and forsook us, but they had no real attachment to us. They wore masks abroad, but kept their hearts at home. Their aims were mercenary, and the change of fortune which puts *us* in darkness, places *them* in their proper light. Our faces are not so bright as they once were, but still they are not near so black as their false hearts.

Acquaintances and Friends.

In proportion to the great extent of our acquaintances, will very often be the small number of our friends. Socrates lived in a small house, though it was large enough, he said, to accommodate all his friends ; and akin to this, was the remark of one who observed,—a church would not contain his acquaintances, but that he could put all his friends into the pulpit.

* Selkirk.

Reconciliation.

Reconciliation is a new covenant of friendship: or it is that angel which is represented as being half fire and half ice.

Friendship and Enmities.

Our best friends may be at variance with one another, and love and serve us the better for it; we can afford to be poor in the affections of some, if we are rich in the affections of others. Yet some will verify what the Abbe Gervaise said of the Siamese:—"Though as enemies they are not dangerous, as friends they cannot be trusted."

Feelings and Principles of Friendship.

We identify with our friendship whatever relates to a friend, and thus act more with reference to the *feelings* of friendship, than to the *principles* upon which it was originally formed.

Violating it.

They are but little to be confided in, who violate one friendship, or who abandon one friend on slight occasions to preserve another.

But let us first be convicted of crime, before we are condemned like criminals.

Severed Friendship.

Few things are more painful and perplexing, than that restraint and distrust with which we first encounter a former friend, when separation and coldness have intervened between him and us. We do not know whether it is best to advance, or to retreat; to be constrained, or to be cordial; to smile, or to look grave. It is an awkward and uneasy position, full of difficulty and embarrassment, and we cannot decide which set of feelings should predominate: either those of the former love, or those of the recent hatred.

"How shall I meet thee? with an eye
That hath no brightness, yet no tears,
With heedless tone and cold reply,
Or with such garb as winter wears?"

Tampering.

It is possible to sport with the foibles of our friends, and still to maintain friendly sentiments toward them. But love is often vanquished by self-love, and many who allow nothing to the exaggerations of raillery, believe that friendship consists in an unlimited and unwavering admiration of themselves, and of every thing that belongs to them.

The friends of a friend go with a friend, for friendship is *gregarious*, but tampering with it makes it *precarious*. Moreover, too great a love of personalities, is ever fatal to a love of persons. The historian says of Pyrrhus, "It came to pass, that he lost his friends without gaining his enemies."

Good and ill Disappointments.

If we are sometimes dismayed in finding an enemy where we counted upon a friend, we are also occasionally agreeably surprised, in recognizing a friend where we thought we had nothing more than an acquaintance.

Ancient and Modern Examples.

The distinguished examples of friendship which are celebrated in ancient annals, are familiar to all. Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, Lycurgus and Alcander, Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, and some others. But does modern history afford no instances equally as striking and remarkable of devoted and unwavering constancy and attachment between friends, which continued unshaken and true under the severest trials and reverses of fortune, of a fidelity that remained firm and unmoved amidst the most imminent perils and hazards of destiny and life? Yes; Charles I had his Richmond, Louis XVI his Malsherbes, and Napoleon many companions and steadfast friends of fortune and war, and conspicuously among them were Drouot, Caulincourt, and Bertrand.

A Single Friend.

In a country where the court and the camp were the centres of attraction and power, and where merit relied for its

advancement upon the aid of rank, Corneille might well say, that the friendship of a great man was a benefit bestowed by the gods.

“L'amitie d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux.”

Few persons are so fortunate as to secure, in the career of life, the happiness and advantage of *one* efficient and devoted friend.

It is all that many aim at, seek, and ask to have, and is worth a whole caravan of those lukewarm and treacherous souls, who pretend to be attached to us, but who decline serving us; and whose affection is so uncertain and unstable, that we fear to put it to the test of trial, lest we might run the risk of losing it for ever, and turning a friend into a foe, as is often the case.

“O, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend.”

Or, as the English pastoral poet, Shenstone, says:—

“Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.”

Friends and Enemies.

We constantly complain that our friends forget us. Our enemies, though, have much better memories. They often think of us. and lay up something in store for us.

Parting Scenes.

Barentz taking his last view of Icy Cape; the Queen of Scots, with more affectionate interest and sensibility, fixing her last melancholy and parting gaze upon the fertile and lovely shores of France; Rousseau and Mirabeau, in their dying moments, begging to behold the glorious sun yet once more; Ajut, the type of adventurous Lapland swains, leaving his beloved Aningait, never to return again; all these are pensive, serious, and affecting scenes. Indeed, Dr. Johnson has remarked, that whatever we do consciously for the last time, touches us with a feeling of sadness. And this observation applies to almost every condition in life, except it be, when a man makes a safe escape, for the *last* time,—when

he takes a final leave, consciously, of debt, difficulty, or the jail.

Reminiscences of early Friendship.

There are few minds, perhaps none, that do not take delight in the reminiscences of youth. The theme is trite, but it possesses an interest which the world cannot dislodge from our breasts. We recur with sincere delight to the pleasing recollections of childhood and youthhood. If all then was not uninterrupted sunshine, yet the clouds flew rapidly by, and left no permanent shade behind them, as those do of riper years. From the covenants of friendship then, we thought in after days to enjoy the benefits and treasures of love. But they who engaged with us, where are they? The forces of life have driven us asunder, and swept away all but the memory of the past.

Other ties may grow weaker, but these, in the face of the greatest obstacles, grow stronger. We had *faith* then, but we have *doubts* now. When the pledge was then given, truth signed the bond, and sincerity was a witness to the compact. *Now* we have left the fold of the lambs, and have strayed into the woods among wolves. We are not loved, we are scorned; we are not cherished, but we are persecuted; not caressed, but despised.

“O! my friends,” said Aristotle, “there is no friend.”

“The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er.”

Would we indulge in sport, alas, there are none to amuse or to be merry with us! The heart must,—nay, it has grown old, and is full of cares. It will relate at length the history of its sorrows, but has few joys to communicate. They who knew us formerly, if they hated us, they were quick to let us know it. But now men hate, and conceal it; they avoid the light by which we might see them, and wait for the darkness to prowl around us.

Formerly, they who embraced us, loved us also. Now, men give the hand without the heart; the word without the faith; and the smile without the sentiment; and if we would know what affection is, we must consult the records of the past, and appeal to the early visions of the heart.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Dominion and Equality.

There may be tyranny and disproportion in love, but there must be reciprocity and equality in friendship, for the judgment and the understanding are exercised more in the latter, but the imagination and the will in the former.

Inconstancy.

The friendship of some men is like the love of some women ; it is variable and capricious, inconstant and uncertain, hard to win and to keep, and, if won, not worth having.

Love paid back with Friendship.

That love which is recompensed with friendship only is lightly esteemed. We gave all the devotion of the heart to receive in return for it the expression of but one cold and heartless word, as different from what we expected as sunshine is from snow, as a crow is from a crow-bar, or as a bird from a burden. It is like giving gold for lead, pearls for pebbles, wine for vinegar, or pudding for pickles.

As to Sex.

The friendship of women is liable to be converted into love, the love of men into friendship. Friendship includes many, love *is for one*.

Renunciations.

In the progress of time we learn to renounce the sentiments and feelings of love and poetry. We grow weary of these fantasies and baubles ; we have no time to bestow upon them, and they cease to attract and please us. Afterwards we begin to question the expediency of trust and friendship, and they are abandoned. What objects are then left for us to cling to and cherish ? *Our homes and children*. If they disappoint us, we are cut down to self and the world, or to a

miserable and forlorn isolation, with none whom we can safely love and befriend ; or what is worse yet, if we need those kind offices ourselves, there is none whom we dare ask to love and befriend us.

Violations.

They who commit the first offences in friendship are most to be blamed. We forgive and forget many things in love which we do not overlook and sanction in friendship ; for love is full of artifices and treachery, and until it is strengthened by faith, it is too inconstant to be relied upon ; but so strengthened and confirmed, it partakes at once of the binding force of friendship, which is based upon honor ; and violations of honorable compacts are not to be regarded with indifference, and are seldom pardoned unless atoned for.

Difference between them.

Love is probation—friendship is approbation. The latter seeks equality—the former, superiority. One is the quick and instantancous blaze which is made from igniting chaff—the other the steady fire which is produced by the burning of hard coal.

The Flower and the Fruit.

Love is the flower, growing on tender plants or delicate shrubs. Friendship is the fruit borne by trees of larger size and hardier growth. The flowers fade, the fruits fall.

Rivalry.

Rivalship in love very often destroys friendship between friends.

Lovers, Friends, and Enemies.

Behold two individuals who have barely exchanged glances and smiles ! They have ogled each other well, but not a word has been spoken, not a wish uttered, yet they are mutually pleased and captivated. Already they are ardent lovers.

On the contrary, witness those two associates who are holding such close communion together! They are making an interchange of falsehoods, or, in common parlance, "swapping lies." They will soon be devoted *friends*.

But here are two others who are communicating to each other some very plain unvarnished truths! They are both astonished and offended, and will shortly be implacable *enemies*.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Freshness, Renovation, Decay.

Youth is the season of joy, of bliss, of strength and pride. It is the treasury of life, in which nature stores up those riches which are to be employed for our future enjoyment and profit.

Is after-knowledge, or honor, or wealth, or power, to be put in competition with the charms and buoyancy of our innocent and rollicking hours, or with the freshness and elasticity of those bountiful feelings which create and enhance the greatest and sweetest pleasures of existence, and which must be given in exchange for those possessions which fail to delight us and make us happy like the fullness of youth?

Youth is to age what the flower is to the fruit—the leaf to the tree—the sand to the glass—and, it may be, the time that is measured, to an immeasurable eternity.

It was said of old, that by rocking in the cradle of St. Hilary, or by plunging in the well of Kanathos, the wasted vigor of youth might be renovated.

Happy would we be, if we could rock in this cradle, or drink of this well. Or, if we could not revoke the tide of time, that we might at least unite the frankness and freshness of younger, with the wisdom and experience of maturer years! Madame de Genlis desired to be fixed and made stationary at a certain period of life, being satisfied to remain as she then was, without further gain or loss. "Par Malheur," says Montesquieu, "trop peu d'intervalle entre le temps on l'on est trop jeune, et celui on l'on est trop vieux."

When youth did greet me on the way,
Saw I then Life's blooming day;

When it left me—on the morrow,
All was hopelessness and sorrow !

Difficulty of Improving with Age.

There is great difficulty in growing wiser and better the older we become. Goëthe remarked, that so far from improving after a certain period, it was almost impossible not to retrograde.

Incidental cares and infirmities, and the distractions and perplexities of business, all struggle against us in the race of life. Youth is the spring-time of enthusiasm, love, hope, enterprise and acquisition.

Manhood is the season of plans and action, as age is of retrospection and regret.

Experience of Youth and Reminiscences of Age.

In after times we depend so much upon the reminiscences of early life, that in our younger days we cannot treasure up too many useful and agreeable subjects for after-thought ; nor be too mindful that the after-thoughts will come either for pleasure or for pain.

Young Looks.

It was said of Jeremy Taylor, when he was a young man, and had the appearance of being younger than he really was, that some church preferment was offered to him. But an objection was raised on account of his youthful looks. "If that is the only obstacle in the way," said Taylor, "it can be easily remedied, for I shall be growing older and older as long as I live." A similar incident occurs in the life of Cardinal Richelieu.

Bearing the Yoke.

"It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." It is deplorable, if not infamous, to wear it in age. The time will come when it must be cast off, and when the contumelies of the proud, their encroachments upon our rights, and their invasions upon our peace, must be no longer borne.

To bear the yoke always, is to live a degraded and wretched life ; without honor, without happiness, and without a title to respect.

Pleasures and Prejudices.

In youth, we renounce a pleasure with reluctance ; in age, with still greater difficulty we relinquish a prejudice.

Struggles of Youth.

If, as it has been said, there is no spectacle more noble than that exhibited by a good man who contends successfully with adversity—so there is nothing more animating and more honorable than the laudable struggles which virtuous and aspiring youths make against poverty and misfortune. Dr. Johnson, in his 19th year, had the misfortune to lose his father, when his destitute condition awakened in his mind the most serious apprehensions in regard to the future. But he resolved to be stout-hearted and true to himself, and to the interests of virtue. On this melancholy occasion he made the following memorandum :

Interea ne paupertate vires animi languescant, nec in flagitia, egestas, abigat, cavendum.

“ Meanwhile, let me take care, that the powers of my mind be not debilitated by poverty, and that I be not drawn by indigence to commit any criminal act.”

“ And oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress ;
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay.”

An Apologue.

I traveled, and met an old man, hoary and well stricken with age, going forth to toil ; and a young man, in the freshness and strength of youth, who was in pursuit of diversion. The veteran exclaimed, mournfully, “ Life is short and full of care !” But the youth said, with exultation, “ Life is long, let us be merry.” I was silent, but I thought of the last with a sigh, and of the first with a tear.

In regard to Appearances and Success.

Young people with more safety may confide in their looks and hopes, but the old must rely upon their qualities and possessions. At first, the world is gracious and indulgent, because we have all the chances in prospect to rise, and may acquire much. At last, it judges of us by what we have done, and what we have obtained. If in the scuffle we have secured but few plums, we must expect but little praise.

Conditions.

It is unfortunate that youth should be passed without enjoyment; manhood without power; and age without respect.

Youth, Manhood, Age.

Youth hath its elastic spirits and buoyant hopes; manhood its steady courage and enterprising deeds; old age its pitiable feebleness, its dogmatism, and its tenacious habits.

“an old man’s fate,
Foolish and blind, and overcome with fears.”

Vain Aspirations.

It is not without reason that the Chinese, in training up their youth, instruct them early to choose some definite object in life. To this they are required to direct their thoughts, and to devote all their energies. It becomes, therefore, a sole and ruling purpose of their lives—the full desire of their hearts—and is almost certainly a means of their future advancement and happiness in the world. The chief cause of failure with most men, and women too, is doubtless this, that in early youth—the age of inexperience and overreaching hope—our expectations are pitched too high, and we ultimately become disconcerted and dispirited when we find that the true and real falls so far short of the probable and imaginary. Another cause operates just as often in producing defeat and discontent, and that is, the variety of projects pursued, which deceive and lead astray. A single individual object which is worthy of pursuit and attainment, which satisfies hope and stimulates ambition, is alone desirable; for, when the days of early anticipations are past, and we are no

longer credulous and easy-minded, we find that the various streams of our wishes flow all into one single current, and happy shall we be, if we are permitted to glide down it in peace and safety, and secure even something valuable and commendable at last.

GIRLISH AND BOYISH DAYS.

Reminiscences of Childhood amidst the Cares of Life.

Alas, for the transitory days of girlhood and boyhood! the times when the cheerful smile, the merry laugh, and the exulting voice were so many expressions of happiness, and ignorance of care! How time has multiplied its scores, and accumulated its unwelcome offsets against the charms and attractions of the woman! If the cheek is more pale—the eye less bright—and the heart chilled; if the outward adornments of the temple of love have become faded and dimmed, there yet may be inwardly preserved the shrine wherein is laid up the sacred treasures of loveliness and purity, gentleness and grace—the attempered qualities of tried and perfected virtues—as if the blossoms of early childhood have ripened into the mellow and precious fruits of autumnal time!

And alas, for the veteran who has reached the weary limits of man's terrestrial pilgrimage! who has known and felt the dangers and the harassing vicissitudes of the time-worn and protracted way, and has triumphed over them all! He has provided for the accidents of fate, and the advances of age, and has long promised himself some happy intervals of repose. Night after night has followed the successions of the days, but the season of peace and repose has never arrived. Imaginary needs and groundless fears have taken the place of those which were once real or reasonable. Treasures must be amassed which are not required, and dangers anticipated which never come. Say, does this anxious and unhappy dreamer ever recall to mind the careless and sportive hours of early and elastic boyhood, when the harmless pleasures—the frolicsome gambols—and the adventurous scenes of that thoughtless age—gave no presages of the arduous duties, the thankless and unsatisfactory

occupations, and the numberless vexations and responsibilities of advanced and concluding life ?

APPEARANCES.

What we wish to be.

If we were what we should be, we should oftener be what we wish to be.

Outward Looks and Inward Qualities.

The outward appearances of a man should correspond to the edifice which he constructs to live in. In the external show of dwellings, there may be grace, beauty, and grandeur ; but the richest furniture, the most costly decorations, and the highest finish, are all within.

Rationale of Appearances in Nature.

All nature exists by inherent and ever-acting laws of generation and reproduction. In the freshness of new creations, the most attractive and fascinating forms—the most engaging to our sight, and instructive to the mind—are presented to view. But there are deceptions arising from these circumstances, which, in frequent instances, would mislead us, if we did not look one step farther, and observe how nature passes, with invariable rules, from things to principles, and from external attributes to internal qualities ; and how it is, that within the heart and substance of her works, she always incloses those seminal ingredients, not visible, but hidden within, which contain the secret of her powers, and the developing sources of her wonderful operations. In the Hindoo philosophy, the world is described as existing under a triple aspect, namely, the world of truth, or eternal being ; the world of illusion, or vain appearance ; and the world of darkness. The mysterious trimurti of nature, thought, and revelation.

When justifiable.

On many occasions, it is warrantable to appear strong even though we are weak, and rich even if we are poor. No

one should allow himself to be trampled upon by others ; and we have a right, also, if we choose, to take a prescriptive stand. Dr. Johnson carried his opinion of this matter still farther, and applied it to the unimportant and frivolous arts of life, which are rather to be contemned than approved. He says, "that he who does not know how to dissemble, does not know how to live." But that adage is much older than the times of Dr. Johnson. But it is, after all, an evidence of weakness to take refuge in such shallow maxims and artificial sentiments.

False Impressions.

If we did not deceive ourselves, it would be difficult for others to deceive us. There is something more than the false glare, "the vague presentiments, the fugitive tones, and the momentary flashes of light" around us.

As to Happiness.

Let us strive to be happier than our condition, that is, to be above it. It is a great secret of profiting by life, and enjoying it. Most people are less so, because they deceive themselves by shallow appearances, follow false lights, or aim at impossible things. But when we are happier, or wiser, or greater than circumstances seem to permit, we rise above destiny itself, and are victorious over fortune. And we moreover possess that elevated kind of self-approval which is far better

"Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Social Vanities.

Nothing is more mistaken than the ends for which society has been constituted. It is a great compact, designed to promote the good of man, and to elevate him in dignity, refinement, and intelligence. But it is understood and applied, solely as a cunning contrivance to palm off unreal virtues, and to conceal real defects. Dignity is pretension, refinement is artificial gloss, and intelligence only verbal display, based upon knowledge barely sufficient to make a show. All is

vanity and disguise, empty mockeries, and hollow-hearted nullities. Yet, in the midst of these obvious deteriorations and contaminations, we laud the perfections of society, and urge on the race of hypocrisy and folly, striving to see who can be the most ridiculous and hypocritical of all.

Keeping up Appearances.

Appearances may be, and frequently are kept up so long, that nothing else is left, and we have only a shadow of importance in our own eyes, and a mockery of it in those of others. It is the odor merely of the dish, that is purchased with the jingle only of the coin.

Personal Defects.

Vulnus non penetrat animum. A bodily wound does not reach the soul.

An ancient Emperor of Germany, coming into church to attend divine worship, beheld a priest officiating, who was ill favored, and exceedingly deformed in person. But when he commenced the service, and repeated these words,—“*It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves,*”—the Emperor was so struck with the truth of the expression, and so much delighted with the piety and learning of the minister, that he immediately afterwards took him into favor, and conferred upon him an important bishopric, the duties of which he discharged in a most exemplary and honorable manner.

The Useful and the Ornamental.

AN APOLOGUE.

A tree grew tall and strong, and was proud of its grandeur, and of its usefulness to man. A modest flower flourished beneath it, and hung down its head with timidity and beauty. A woodman felled the tree with his axe: a lady plucked the flower and placed it in her bosom. If we value what is useful, shall we not cherish what is ornamental?

Principles vs. Practice.

Some affect to undervalue and condemn the very things which they most highly estimate and desire to possess.

Chrysippus and Diogenes wrote treatises upon the contempt of glory, but coveted ardently the possession of it. Erasmus, a wise man, wrote in praise of folly, and Seneca denounced the passion of avarice, whilst he was excessively rich, and thought nothing so desirable as the accumulation of more gold.

Love of Display.

“True dignity is without arms.” It does not deal in vain and ostentatious parade. In proportion as we gratify our own self-esteem, by a love of display, we commonly forfeit, to the same degree, the respect of those whose good opinion is worth possessing.

Fallacy of Appearances.

Appearance is a base coin. We seek to purchase something valuable with that which we know to be worthless. It is like passing off the barber's basin for Mambrino's helmet. Or it reminds us of that fair and goodly seeming globe which one struck, to find it void within. *Tinnit inane est.* It is all empty and hollow. We “sigh after painted prunes;” mistake “a fish's eye for a pearl;” or “a streaked pebble for a precious stone.”—*Chinese Proverbs.*

We covet good opinion, which gives a marketable value to things. For, according to Simonds D'Ewes, the antiquary, “Nature made precious stones, but opinion, jewels.”

As to Wealth.

The mere appearance of wealth, the vain affectation of seeming to possess it, has done as much harm in the world, as the abuses of wealth where it has really existed. The waste of wealth robs and injures the individual himself who has it. But the mere show of it is frequently assumed, with covert designs to rob and injure, or to impose upon others.

Great and Small Things.

It is very often with things great and imposing in appearance, compared with the small and less striking, as it was

with the Palladium, the tutelary statue of Pallas, which guarded the liberties of the Trojan capital. To prevent its being stolen, several others were made like it; *but the smallest was the true and genuine one.*

As to Voice and Looks.

Some persons possess mild voices and pleasing looks, and appear like saints or angels; but yet are little better than demons at heart. The demon, though, if not expelled, is destined to get the complete mastery, not only within, but without. The disguise cannot always be worn, and, at last, the features of the countenance, as the interpreters of the feelings, reveal the truth. Nature will not be made a constant hypocrite of by art. And if we would always appear serene and kind, we must be in truth what we seem to be.

As to Dress

In dress—dignity, taste, neatness, and propriety are commended and commendable. The outward appearance should, if possible, harmonize with the inward condition. And as, in externals, there should be nothing contrary to propriety and decorum, so in our most secret feelings, nothing should be opposed to just and correct sentiments.

“Glitter is the refuge of the mean.”

The world, however, judges more by what it sees, than by what it knows.

Dante was once excluded from a feast on account of his mean attire.

Vestis virum facit. The dress makes the man, and the feathers are sometimes more valuable than the bird.

Affectation and Cant.

Let us have the fertilizing showers of wit and sense, instead of the vapid and vaporized tenuities of cant, hypocrisy, deception and affectation. Oh, for the sweetness and simplicity of nature in light things; and for its serious and profound depth of meaning in grave ones; that some hope, some laudable aim and competition, besides mere puerilities,

might animate us to what is lofty, pure, and good ; and that a better spirit than that of folly and pretension, might reign within us !

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Inhabitants of each.

Inhabitants of the city resort to the country for retirement and seclusion ; to obtain fresh air, simple food, and healthy exercise ; and to divert themselves with the killing of birds and game.

Country folks, on the contrary, repair to the city to jostle with the crowd ; to breathe a foul and smoky atmosphere ; to live awhile on sumptuous fare ; to feel the weight of ennui and lassitude ; and to be converted into a kind of game themselves, as they are often plucked like pigeons, and bagged like birds.

Life in each.

We can form some estimate of the importance justly attached to city life compared with that in the country, by contrasting the inhabitants of a city with the same amount of population, numerically considered, in any required extent of country. The country population would by no means be idle. Their occupations would be great, often incessant, and useful to themselves and others. The monotony of this life would be frequently interrupted by the demands of many local interests and concerns between neighbors and friends ; and by a considerable share of gossip and recitations of old news made new again. There, toil would be recompensed by wholesome and abundant fare ; and refreshed by sweet and sound repose. Pure air, water from the spring (mixed sometimes with brandy from dirty villages), milk, cider, strong food, good digestions, ruddy complexions, simple, guileless and gentle hearts, shady trees, and all those sort of things, would not be wanting to fill up the measure of rustic or rural bliss. On the other hand, contemplate the engagements, avocations, and aims of city life. How many wants are to be supplied, both artificial and real ! What contrasts of luxury

and poverty! What displays of splendor and wretchedness! How many ranks, orders, classes, and kinds of individuals, who herd together, but yet are as opposite as light and darkness, or oil and water, and who can never be thoroughly amalgamated and united! How many useful, grand, and praiseworthy enterprises! How many that are low, groveling, ignominious and degrading! How many scenes of festivity, amusement, and joy! How many others of heart-rending distress, and agonizing woe! How innumerable and important the ramifications and pursuits of trade! How diversified the employments of the artisan! How many heads that are half or quarter full of thoughts! How many hands entirely full of work! For these generous citizens not only attend to their own affairs, but to the affairs of the whole metropolitan public; building, enlarging, improving, embellishing, and advancing constantly in wealth and power; and moreover they are called upon to create establishments of charity; to promote education; and to organize associations for the diffusion of religion and truth, and for many other purposes under the sun. All these things demand attention, and many others untold, and which no man can tell; and multitudes, perhaps from all parts of the world, are congregated in cities, and afford exhibitions of social life under every phase and form. And yet, in cities, where so much is done, and so much is to be done; where there are some *busy-bodies*, but a great many active ones; they are the very places to find vagrants and idlers, villains and thieves; as well as the great, the noble, the virtuous, the high-minded, and the good of the earth.

Sub-Towns and Villages.

Small towns can never hope to exercise much influence in the world, any more than children who are ever sporting and trifling, idling and quarreling, can expect to perform the work of men. Compared with larger communities, they are only like the troublesome gnats, in company with the larger insects; but when we contrast them with the great cities of the world, which direct its grand interests, and conduct its important affairs—they are like pismires among lions; or the little skiffs of the river by the side of the majestic ships of the sea.

MANNERS.

The Agreeable and the Frivolous.

It is unfortunate that the agreeable should be so often found in unison with the frivolous, for frivolity makes great encroachments upon dignity.

Argument against Politeness.

It is an argument against ordinary politeness and fashionable accomplishments, that they are more easily assumed by vice and impudence than by integrity and virtue.

The Art of Pleasing.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than upon a uniform disposition to please. The difference is that which exists between ceremony and sincerity ; or between a habit and an expedient.

Good Manners an Embellishment to Charms and a Substitute for them.

Good manners are not only an embellishment to personal charms, but an excellent substitute for them when they do not exist. When the attractions of beauty have disappeared, there should be an elegance and refinement of manners to supply their place. Beauty is the gift of nature, but manners are acquired by cultivation and practice ; and the neglect of them is seldom pardoned by the world, which exacts this deference to its opinions, and this conformity to the least mistakable of its judgments.

Politeness in Different Parts of the World.

The accomplishments so much esteemed in some parts of the world, may be disregarded elsewhere, but wisdom and virtue, intelligence and worth, are universally respected and appreciated, and exhibit that kind of deportment which is every where approved and honored.

Extremes.

They who set about to be polite, are mostly *too* polite ; or to be rude, are *too* rude.

Manners and Temper.

Be high-toned, but not high-tempered. Politeness is no certain sign of the absence of temper. They who are very polite, are not unfrequently very quick and passionate. Quiet and unassuming persons are not characterized by extravagance of manner, and are not so profuse of smiles, nor so lavish of speech, but they are more sincere ; whereas with great politeness, there is always more or less dissembling.

True Dignity.

If dignity exists in the mind, it will not be wanting in the manners. When no seat was offered to the Indian chief, Tecumseh, in the council, and he exclaimed, in a spirit of elevated but offended pride (at the same time wrapping his blanket about him), "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, I will recline upon her bosom," and then seated himself upon the ground, he displayed a striking instance of genuine and manly dignity. He might have stood for centuries, making Parisian attitudes and grimaces,

"With studied gestures or well-practised smiles,"

and not have been half so noble, commanding, and dignified, as by this sublime expression and this simple act.

Tact.

Tact is quickness of perception united to promptitude of action. It is a great instrument of success, and many possess this kind of talent and no other. It is of daily use in the schemes, the plans, the intercourse, intrigues, duties and operations of life ; and the want of it, and the non-comprehension of, and incapacity for it, is the reason why worth and merit so often languish in obscurity, while impudence and hardihood, artificial skill and cunning pretensions prosper and triumph in the world.

Popular Manners.

Popularity is best estimated by its quality and character. It is far better to conquer than to court it; to be indifferent to it than to be concerned about it.

The Graces vs. Grace.

The graces often thrive where grace does not.

The Rationale of Politeness.

It is pride, says Montesquieu, that renders us polite. We are flattered with being taken notice of for a behavior that shows we are not of a mean condition, and that we have not been bred up with those who, in all ages, are considered as the scum of the people.

Burmese and Persian Etiquette.

The Persians sit on their haunches. They conceal their feet entirely, and eat with the right hand alone, considering it rude and impolite to use the left hand at all. In Burmah good manners have reference chiefly to the management of those great extremes, the head and the feet. The feet, in company, must never be presented towards a person, but kept out of view; and the head of an inferior must always be held lower than the head of a superior. If the latter stands, the former sits; if he sits, you squat; if he squats, you must squat more; if he bobs, you duck; if he is low down, you must be flat on the floor. If, with these pedal and capital compliances, you have besides the two upper front teeth knocked or pulled out, your graces and accomplishments are considered complete. Domestic, when they bring in dishes to the table, prostrate themselves and push them before them as they advance along.

Early Associations.

Good manners, like good principles, are imbibed early. The efforts to acquire them late in life, in spite of defective associations, rarely succeed; and such attempts, in conspicuous cases, afford constant themes of jest and ridicule. Who-

ever has been much among the French must have noticed that the children among them are all trained up from infancy to be polite, and so they continue in after life. It is the nice points, the delicate touches, and the exquisite harmony of coloring which are all important, and which are easily understood by the refined and well-bred, but are incomprehensible to the vulgar and illiterate. All the subsequent advantages of fortune are seldom sufficient to supply original defects of position and education, or to compensate the want of polite training in early life. With people of sense, plain and unaffected manners pass better than showy and fashionable airs; but when pretenders assume the right of practising these, and place their consequence entirely upon wealth and style, they expose themselves to the world's laugh, for as much as they may double gild the fleece, yet they cannot cast off the wool.

Making Apologies.

Cardinal de Retz appears to have been well acquainted with La Rochefoucault, and extols the graciousness of his manners and his polished address, but afterwards shrewdly remarks of the celebrated maxim-maker, that there was this defect perceivable in him, that he was *too fond of making apologies*. Another defect of more consequence has since been discovered, viz., that he was too much addicted to the practice of purloining the thoughts of the ancients, and passing them off in a new dress upon the moderns as his own.

Pleasantry regarded as a test of Good Breeding.

During the old monarchical times in France, when a person was introduced into society, it was easy to perceive if he were familiar with its usages as soon as he ventured to show any pleasantry. This was considered a test of his tact and address in an age when flattery was a refined and delicate art, and a skillful display of it was a necessary means of advancement in the state. In those times pleasantry was regarded as resembling the fables in the East, and was nothing less than an allegorical manner of making truth to be heard, even whilst subjected to the dominion of error.

A Noble Example.

Such is the effect of refinement and affability of manners, when blended with intelligence and virtue, that our prepossessions are at once enlisted in favor of those who are so pre-eminently endowed.

Hampden afforded a distinguished example of the rare and happy combination of these admirable traits of character—these distinguished mental and personal qualities—of “a high soul seated in a heart of courtesy,” as Sir Philip Sydney saith; insomuch that the learned and pious Baxter declared that one of the greatest pleasures which he hoped hereafter to enjoy in heaven would be to hold communion with the virtuous and noble-minded Hampden, who was a hero, a statesman, a refined and polished gentleman, and a devout and consistent Christian.

In many respects Hampden recalls to mind what Tacitus remarked of Mucianus, “that he possessed the art of giving grace and dignity to whatever he said or did.”

The Politest People in the World.

The politest people in the world are not the French, the English, the American, the Italian, or the German, but the Jewish. For the Jews are maltreated and reviled, and despoiled of civil privileges and social rights, yet are they every where polite, affable, insinuating and condescending. They are remarkable for their industry and perseverance—indulge in few or no recriminations—are faithful to old associations—more respectful of the prejudices of others than these are of theirs—not more worldly-minded and money-loving than people generally are—and, every thing considered, they surpass all nations in courtesy, affability, and forbearance. Few persons excel in address a bright and polished Jew. There is no rusticity among that people.

Accomplishments.

To be accomplished, ought to mean something more than an elegant manner of trifling away time. Diogenes remarked of a young man who was distinguished for his graceful dancing, and who was much praised for it, “The better, the worse.”

Improving in Manners.

Some men continue to improve in manners long after they have ceased to improve in mind ; but in that case they should not regard their minds as being equal to their manners.

The Agreeable.

A constant display of the graces is fatiguing to a sober mind. We beseech the fantastics to observe "*the simple art of not too much*;" and if our friends do not choose "*to play the agreeable*," we certainly have the right to ask them not to play "*the disagreeable*."

Different Kinds of Manners.

MERCANTILE, quick, abrupt, methodical, decisive, consequential, peremptory, sagacious.

ARISTOCRATIC, cold, polished, scornful, haughty, disdainful, exclusive, repulsive.

PLEBEIAN, uncouth, strong, vulgar, coarse, greasy, submissive, rebellious.

HOTEL, unctious, rubicund, plethoric, well-fed.

STEAMBOAT AND RAILROAD, puffy, vapory, expeditious, urgent, hasty, swift.

MARITIME, bluff, candid, frank, sincere, spacious, off-hand, tarry, free.

MILITARY, urbane, gallant, upright, perpendicular, short, commanding, belligerent.

PROFESSIONAL, smiling, ingratiating, savory, sly, intriguing, dignified, respectful, imposing, assinine, profound, extensive.

OLD MAIDISH, nice, neat, staid, prim, circumspect, precise, querulous, modish, minute, captious, fastidious, ridiculous, dry.

Influence of Praise.

"Will you imagine," writes the Earl of Peterborough to Pope, "that women are insensible to praise, much less to yours? I have seen them more than once turn from their lover to their flatterer."

Compliments—their Value to those who know their Value.

Compliments are of little estimation when we have embarked in the serious business of life. It is, however, a source of pride and consolation to those who are above bestowing or receiving flattery, to know that they are in the right, when their desire and aim have been to be so.

Lines to a Lady seated at a Front Window.

I looked up to the window pane,
 And gladly turned to look again.
 Exotics, priceless, choice and rare,
 Bloomed out in clustering beauty there.
 But oh, the Flower that met my eye,
 Which never graced a foreign sky!—
 Fair Lady, why dost turn away,
 When roving glances thither stray?
 Thy charms outrival thy bouquet,
 As lilies far outshine the hay—
 And sweeter is a smile from you,
 Than all the flowers that ever grew.

Complimentary Words.

Où seroit donc mon asile, si tu m'abandonnois? Les beaux arts me retracent ton image. La musique, c'est ta voix, le ciel ton regard.—*Corinne.*

If thou shalt desert me, what refuge will be left for me? The embellishments of art will recall thy image; in the strains of music I shall but hear thy pleasing and welcome voice; and in the aspect of the heavens I shall only behold thy lovely and benignant looks, thy serene and bewitching smiles.—(*Paraphrased.*)

Compliments and Flattery—the Difference between them.

The difference between compliments and flattery is this: The former are the expressions of real, the latter of pretended sentiments. One is the genuine homage of the heart, the other the insidious artifice of the mind. One is the offspring of sincerity, the other of hypocrisy. These coins of compliments and flattery circulate every where in society. The

true is of gold ; the base of brass ; but many are so eager to receive them, that they do not pause to examine them, or to distinguish the good from the bad, the genuine from the counterfeit.

DESIRES.

Limited Capacities and Boundless Desires.

As our capacities are limited, but our desires are without bounds, we perceive in this condition of things the fruitful source of much of our wretchedness and misery ; and the cause of that perpetual conflict between the two great principles of our nature ; one of which is for ever carrying us forward even beyond the limits of space and time, while the other is drawing us back into oblivion and decay.

Bounties in Excess and Mercies in Disguise.

Our wants are few, our desires many. Our wishes or desires, if fulfilled, would still fail to satisfy us ; and our wants, when not gratified, are uttered in loud and positive complaints. The superfluities, above what we really need, are not charged to the credit of occasional deficits ; so that, in the end, we profit no more by bounties in excess than we do by mercies in disguise.

Restraint and Gratification of Desire.

Restraint upon desire is the fruit of forbearance and experience. Œdipus was punished by the gods in having his desires gratified.

“By suffering desire,” saith one, “to prevail over reason, we shun the good and pursue the evil.”

And our desires may prove to be like the Grecian fire, which consumed, but could not be extinguished.

It is difficult “to fix the vague excursions of the eye,” or to regulate those great sources of our cravings, the eye and the heart. But “what the eye never sees, the heart seldom or never rues.”

Multitudinous Desires.

“There arise not,” says Scarron, “so many waves in the sea, as desires in the heart of man.” Let us carry out the figure. Our desires are like the waves of the sea. They follow each other in rapid succession. They settle with the calm, and rise with the storm. When kind and gentle, they waft us tranquilly into the haven of peace and happiness; when furious and uncontrolled, they endanger our safety, or overwhelm us in ruin and despair.

The Old and the New.

New desires, like new nails, may be easily eradicated; but old ones are like rusty spikes, firmly fastened, which cannot be extracted without difficulty from the plank of the heart.

The fire of time and the destruction of the timber, alone can accomplish it.

Freshness.

Fresh desires add a zest to enjoyment, but when they have become cooled down, half, if not all the pleasure is lost. It is like drawing tea with water which has been heated a month ago.

Extravagant and Capricious Desires.

It is said of Heliogabalus, that he devoted his time and revenues wholly to the pleasures of the table. His desires were not only extravagant, but capricious. Quantities of birds were served up merely for their brains. “When he was near the sea, he would not partake of fish; when he was removed from it, he would have nothing else. He hated what was cheap and easy to be had, and loved only what was scarce and dear; and the debauchery and irregularity of his appetite outstripped all the inventions that could be contrived to satisfy it.” What this emperor did on a large scale, many attempt to do on a small one.

Positive Desires.

“Where there is a will, there is a way,” and the willful are determined to find it. Resistance only provokes a stronger inclination. “We are,” these sort might well exclaim, “of the blood of the Panzas. We are all willful and positive. If we cry odd, it shall be odd, in spite of all mankind, though it be even.”

With the Feeble and the Powerful.

The feeble as well as the powerful speculate in ungratified and unattainable desires. The difference consists in the skill, the address, the ability and good fortune to accomplish them as far as it is possible. While the feeble and irresolute languish in inaction, cheated by anticipation, and effecting nothing, though expecting and within reach of all things—“wealth without labor, and a life as long as the patriarchs without care”—the strong and energetic rush forward with active resolution and valor, and make some conquests, even though they achieve not an entire victory; they subdue at least a few provinces, if they do not subjugate the whole empire of human felicity and power.

Desire and Reality—the Contrast.

Realities and desires afford powerful subjects of contrast in the experience of all. We travel wearily over the dry and thirsty sands of life, and the “*Bahr-bella-ma*,” the waterless sea of the thirsty desert, ever floats before the deluded senses. Alas! the cooling fountains and the flowing streams are destined seldom or never, or only at long and tedious intervals, to be reached, when we have more than earned the refreshments we receive. To alter the metaphor, we fish either where there is too much shallowness, or too much depth, and toil fatiguingly to catch nothing. The proverb tells us, *Il faut hazarder un petit poisson pour prendre un grand*,—But we oftener bait with a large fish, to take a very small one.

Unreasonable Desires.

Spoiled by indulgence, fastidious by ease, and corrupted by pride, we frequently become more difficult to be pleased,

the greater reason we have to be so. We forget the homely conditions of life, and do not bear in mind, that the nut has its shell, the orange its rind, the corn its husk, and the wheat its chaff. We would have the fruit without the peel and parings; the rose without the thorns; the fish without the scales and bones; and wealth without its incumbrances; every pleasure without its pains; and every enjoyment without its cares.

Desire and Hope.

Hope is based upon faith; desire upon caprice. The former is almost always calm and steady, moderate and reasonable; the latter is often impulsive and unsettled, extravagant and unreasonable, for desire (with its present longings) anticipates only a momentary gratification, while hope, with its moral bearings, looks forward to some permanent good.

Desire and Reason.

If we gratify our desires at the expense of reason, we must learn to cultivate our reason at the expense of pride.

Strong Delusions.

Strong delusions now and then take possession of the mind in defiance of every rational consideration. Nothing short of absolute extermination can effect their entire removal; and what Julius Cæsar said of death is applicable to them, "*the deadeſt death is beſt,*" and it ſhould alſo be the quickeſt.

Desire and Dread.

We may desire ſome things, yet dread them, too, as old age, death, and matrimony.

Desire and Ambition.

Ambition is the ſtrength and energy of deſire. It is deſire impelled by impuſe, and directed to ſome definite end, to the attainment of which we conſecrate all the powers of our ſouls—all the reſources of our minds; and we puſh onward towards the object in view, in ſpite of every obſtacle

never happy or contented until we have achieved it, and then most wretched and dissatisfied when we have.

Desire and Retrospection.

How different and indifferent do we often become, when subsequently reviewing those things which we once ardently desired to possess; and which we formerly were willing to hazard any thing and every thing to gain, and thought that it was impossible to live without them! yet do we still live on, and finally conclude that privation is often more profitable than possession.

Desire and Necessity.

The desire of accomplishing a purpose, joined to the urgent necessity of performing it without ability, creates a painful struggle in a well-regulated mind.

Expectation and Reality.

Expectation and reality make up the sum total of the issues of life. We may place our profits and losses, pleasures and pains, like so many figures, in these two columns, and add them up, and then subtract the one from the other, to see what amount of happiness remains for us. Every one expects more than he receives, and he must be extremely fortunate, whose disappointments shall be too inconsiderable to disturb his philosophy, or who shall fully realize all that he hopes to enjoy. Falling stars are near the earth; the fixed are far off in the heavens. A radiant cloud is most beautiful to behold, but it is the dark one that gives the fertilizing shower.

MUSIC.

Antiquity.

Music dates antecedently to books, and prevails where they are not known. Musical instruments were invented long before the implements of writing were used or thought

of, and it is the first of the sciences which claimed the attention, and commanded the admiration of mankind.

Classification.

Music may be classed into natural, social, sacred, and martial. It is the twin sister of poetry, and like it, has the power to sway the feelings and command the mind. In devotion, it breathes the pure spirit of inspiration and love. In martial scenes, it rouses the soul to fearless deeds of daring and valor, while it alleviates the cares, and enhances the innocent and cheerful enjoyments of domestic life.

Without it, there would be less refinement, less sympathy, and less delightful intercourse in society; and one of the most important avenues by which the heart is reached would be closed. We should be deprived also of one of the best and purest pleasures of this world, and one which will be, perhaps, renewed in a more elevated sense, in the world to come.

Social Music.

The musical entertainments of social life seem to have been common even in the most remote times; and they appear to have produced similar effects then as now, in inspiring the listeners with gallant and courteous sentiments, so as to create a sort of commingling of poetic spirit and dulcet sounds together. No courtly phrases of modern times can transcend the complimentary terms which were addressed to Penelope, so famed for

“Coy reserve and prudence mixed with pride.”

Thus,

“Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears her, though she cease to sing.”*

So also the angel and Adam of Milton,

“The angel ended, and in Adam’s ear,
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix’d to hear.”

* Wordsworth, in one of his lighter pieces has imitated this idea literally.

“The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.”

Power of Music.

The voice of Orpheus was more potent than the club of Hercules. It moved the rocks and trees, and charmed a spirit out of Hell ; but the strength of Hercules only destroyed the monsters of the earth.

Universality.

Music, the love of it and the practice of it, seem to pervade the whole creation. That the heavenly bodies, the planets and stars, perform their evolutions with melodious sounds and tuneful harmonies, constituting the music of the spheres, is a sublime conception, not only poetical, but possible. In the elevation of the soul—in the rapture and reaches of the senses—in purity—in refinement—in delight and ecstasy of feeling—this glorious science surpasses all others, and is as ethereal as the subtle element upon which sound depends ; and while it affords the highest and most inexpressible pleasure, it constitutes the profoundest and most intricate study, when we come to consider the infinite powers of vocalization and instrumentation, and the various tones, modulations, and adaptations of which they are capable. Besides, music seems to be a constitutional element of nearly all created things, or rather, a faculty peculiar to them. And if this were not so, nature would be a dreary solitude, instead of possessing that perpetual and all-pervading concert of sounds and praises every where prevalent and audible.

The voice of man is no less adapted to singing, than it is to speaking ; and the same is true of birds in some degree ; for, although singing is their most especial province and endowment, yet they have signs, and expressions, and intonations, by which they are understood among themselves.

Those animals, also, which are voiceless, or which have but limited powers of utterance, have, notwithstanding, a taste for music, and are softened, subdued, and captivated by it.

Some beasts take as much pleasure in it as some men, and no doubt comprehend it as well as very rude people ; for they keep excellent time when they are taught to dance by it.

Fishes, too, are not entirely destitute of musical taste ; some of them make sounds with their bodies, and lash the water, and jostle in the sand. And there may be aquatic

concerts and oratorios of mermaids and dolphins which we know nothing about, and which we never shall attend.

The shells, also, are full of intonations and responses. They are typical of music, and suggest its idea, as some of them, the harp-shell, for instance, exhibits in its shape the form of one of the earliest and most primitive of musical instruments. In the domain of the ocean, if there are creatures of limited intelligence and restricted pleasures; if they have none, or but little music in their souls, yet they live in an element which amply compensates for this deficiency, as they are constantly saluted by the roaring of the waters, the rippling of the waves, and the whistling of the winds.

All nature is tuneful and vocal. Sound is both active and passive. The ear is the chief avenue of the soul, and is so constructed that it takes infinite pleasure and delight in drinking in the reverberating melodies and entrancing harmonies of the sublime and beautiful world around us.

IMAGINATION AND HOPE.

Influences of Imagination and Hope.

Imagination is the ardent spirit of the mind, and hope its cordial. "Curtaile thy hopes," saith Ebn el Wardi, "that thou mayest prove happy; for the retrenchment of hope is the health of the intellect."

Mastery of Hope.

It is wrong to consider hope always in the light of a friend. It is sometimes an enemy that must be subdued.

"With thoughtless gayety I coursed the plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of pain." *Wordsworth.*

Governing our own Imagination and that of others.

To govern our own imagination is an arduous undertaking; to control that of others is the hardest task in the world.

Expectation and Hope.

Hope differs from expectation as pride does from vanity. One has reference to an inward, the other to some outward

object. If associated together, still hope has ever an internal quality in it, while expectation has an external aspect.

Now abide these three, Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity—(love).

And now also abide these other three, Expectation, Doubt, and Self-esteem; but the greatest deceiver and braggart of all is the last.

Hopefulness.

There are humiliations too many in the world; the secret is, to rise above them—to throw off dissatisfactions—and to grasp some pleasing hope, ever grateful and beneficial to the mind. Illusions and delusions, how are we encompassed by them! We need the comforting promises of the heart—a steadfast faith in the good and true—and hopefulness in all things, but especially in Future Time.

“A man of hope and forward-looking mind,
Even to the last.”

PASSIONS.

One Passion only.

As there is but one heart in the breast, so it would not be difficult to show that there is but one passion of the soul, and that is love. It is by pre-eminence called the grand passion, because it takes precedence of all others; for all other passions are but modifications and perversions of this, as ambition is the love of glory, and the love of glory is the desire of immortality. All good and noble affections and impulses range themselves on the side of virtuous love, while baser passions and feelings, such as envy, hate, jealousy, revenge, are but the distortions and abuses of the same principle misunderstood and misapplied. Love is the first passion, which, in the midst of endearing caresses is nurtured into existence in infancy, as it is the last which displays itself in the hour of death, when the ruling passion, that is, the predominant love (as it has been directed by the course of life), finds expression in the last words, and dies with the last expiring breath.

In corroboration of this view, that there is, properly speaking, but one passion, and that all others are only emanations from it, it may be remarked that Collins, in his celebrated Ode on the Passions, as some critics have pointed out, has not included love. He has unadvisedly been censured for this omission, but the philosophy of the poet is deeper than that of those who condemn him; for love was evidently considered by him, as it is in reality, the groundwork and basis, the origin and source of all the passions, originating in this unity.

Compass of the Passions.

We shall be no more able to comprehend the compass and influence of the passions, without measuring their circuit, and passing through the fiery ordeals of personal experience, than we shall be to understand the nature of the weather without witnessing its calms and storms and all the many incessant fluctuations of temperature to which it is liable; and no more also than we shall be able to arrive at a knowledge of a country without comprehending the extent of its resources, and informing ourselves of its geographical position and general aspect.

In mathematics it is difficult to square the circle; in life it is difficult to traverse its round.

Contiguity of the Good and Bad.

The worst passions frequently border upon the best or better; the dark upon the bright; as the most frightful precipices often overlook the most beautiful scenery.

Elevated Passion.

If a passion reaches its climax, its ascendancy, if possible, is then complete, its power over us supreme. When the highest point of elevation has been secured, the extreme of excitement terminates in the quickened ebullition of feeling, and that law of chemical action is brought into exercise, which decides that the fermentative process should cease when that of boiling begins.

The Passions and the Mind.

The passions are to our intellectual faculties what the salt is to the bread: they season it and give it flavor. The mind is the yeast which vivifies and elevates the mass, while the world is the oven which receives the whole and fits it for use.

Associations.

If the master passions consort together, as love and ambition, so do the inferior also, the tribe of which is greatest, as we fall down faster than we rise up.

Violent Passions.

Violent things are short in duration; especially so are the feelings and passions.

“Peut-on haïr sans cesse, et punit-on toujours?”

The Greater and the Lesser.

If we are strangers to the influence of the greater or more violent passions, we may be familiar with those which are less powerful, but which are, nevertheless, on that very account, more malicious and vindictive. We may not rob, nor kill, nor bear false witness; but yet we may harass, persecute, and offend. We may not be able to load and fire off the great cannons of desperation and rage, but we may, perhaps, succeed in keeping up a constant discharge of light arms, to wound and pepper the victims of our hate and spleen. Our province may not be to pour out the larger vessels, but the smaller vials of wrath; and although we may never spill another's blood, we may often make it boil in his veins. “The heart of the serpent,” says the adage, “is near the head.”

What is Sentiment?

Mere sentiment is the weaker and ornamental part of a passion. It is the top embellishment, the wings and laurel of the Caducean wand without its strength, body, or magic power. When we aim at being *too natural* or *too exquisite* we fall into one or other of two defects, and they have been

well defined by Schiller: "Insipidity and overstraining," says he, "are the two rocks of the *naïve* and the sentimental."

The Sentiments.

The sentiments are pleasing reliefs of the sterner qualities of the mind, and are like those tasteful embellishments which nature displays in the external finish of many of her works. They lie wholly upon the surface, or are not deeply implanted, except when the passions have had some concern in their growth, for they may be considered as the offspring of the feebler passions. As taste and skill are necessary for the judicious use of ornaments, and unless properly employed some absurdity is the consequence; so it is in regard to sentiment; if not directed or applied in a becoming manner, something puerile is the result.

Sentiments impart the fragrance of the rose, and the sparkle of the brilliant, to the ingenious and playful conceptions of poetical imagery and embellished prose, but give, at the same time, more of the touches of polish and finish, than of manly and vigorous solidity and strength. In fact, great vigor and delicate sentiment are seldom united, although not entirely incompatible with one another. Real poetry, and true and lofty eloquence, rely in their efforts upon higher qualities of the mind, and sublimer impulses of the soul. It must be confessed, however, that sentiment is the charm, as it always is the affectation of mediocrity, which, without it, would often be insufferable, and yet with it, is as often ridiculous.

Sentiments and Emotions.

Those ideas of the mind which touch the heart, become, in consequence, imbued with feeling, and are denominated *sentiments*. Those feelings of the heart which affect the ideas of the mind, are thereby converted into *emotions*. How constant and reciprocal are these intercommunications sustained, thus keeping up the chain of associations between these fundamental points of the soul!

Suppressed.

Suppressed passions are like the bird with folded wings, pluming itself for flight,—like the full-grown germ of the

flower prepared to bloom,—like the sealed fountain, marshaling its waters to gush out,—like the coiled serpent that is ready to strike,—or like the smothered flame that waiteth to burst forth.

We carry embodied within us, the compressed and confined elements of beauty and destruction, of ornament and use,—the inherent materials and qualities, which, well or ill developed and directed, may render us attractive or repulsive, dangerous or useful, ignoble or great.

Fermentation.

As in the process of fermentation, some original property of sweetness must exist, before the spirit which it embodies can be developed, so also it is with respect to the passions of man. The sweet and amiable attributes of the individual,—those saccharine qualities he possessed, and which rendered the natural disposition so pleasing and attractive,—become, in the end, the very ingredients, when the passions are subjected to a continued ferment, which first communicate acerbity, and subsequently a fiery character, to him who is subjected to ordeals or exasperations such as these.

Guilty Passions.

Think'st thou the murderer never wept nor smiled,
 Nor shared in playful pastime when a child ;
 Nor in his soul's communion knows no time
 When conscience was unmote by guilt or crime ?
 Exclude the shame of deeds he learns to rue,—
 He is a *man*, and reasons like to you,
 And feels, could you his inmost thought detect,
 What your suggestions only can suspect.
 Oh, happier hours ! too brief, too early flown,
 When no inflictions of remorse were known,—
 Ere peace and innocence were cast behind,
 Or darkness settled o'er a troubled mind !
 Whilst tortured virtue bids these visions rise,
 He views his deep debasement with surprise ;
 And scarce, perhaps, can realize the truth,
 How hardened manhood contradicts his youth,—
 And that his step, once light and free as breath,
 Must mount the scaffold to a felon's death !

Acting on weak Minds.

As the poorer kinds of wines undergo an excess of ferment, and become sour, so the weaker sort of intellects, instead of being strengthened and improved, are corrupted and enfeebled by the influences of the passions.

Antipathies.

They who have the strongest and most active sympathies, usually have the fewest and weakest antipathies.

Prejudice ; or a Fable of the Tobacco Worm and the Rosebush.

A rosebush happened by chance to spring up in a tobacco field, and a tobaceo worm, in traveling from one plant to another, got upon it by accident. He was arrested by a rose in full bloom, and of the richest fragrance. "What abominable odor is this?" exclaimed the tobacco worm; "One good leaf of tobaceo is worth all the roses in the world."

Passion and Repose.

Perhaps a wise and calm repose, is the happiest and most enviable state of existence that a rational being is capable of, and is

"The joy that mixes man with heaven."

Action implies effort, pain, necessity. Some degree of perturbation seems to be inseparable from every thing that is endowed with the principle of motion. The waters have their "spoom," the fire its flame, and the air its storms and whirlwinds. All these elements of nature however have their intervals of rest; but a permanent repose to the agitating passions of man, were it possible for him to experience it, would be the joy of his mind, and the heaven of his soul.

Reason and Remorse.

The faculties of the mind are as various as the passions of the soul. Into what a chaos would we be thrown, if the

author of our being had not endowed us with the power of controlling them both! Reason presides over the former, and conscience over the latter. Truth is the natural arbiter of the one, as remorse is of the other.

Sympathy.

If there be but one passion as the foundation and superstructure of all the rest, it results that the impulses of passion must necessarily be selfish; a fact of which every one is convinced by his own repeated and familiar observations. The evils which might arise from this state of things (as we see in the examples of some men who have become utterly selfish), would be intolerable, had not nature interposed some counteracting influence for the benefit and happiness of the human species, and this has been accomplished through the agency of Sympathy.

Shall we liken sympathy to a passion?

It is the offspring of love, but no more like a passion than the morning dew is like the rain, or a gentle breeze like a whirlwind. Yet the dew has the quality of the rain, and the breeze the milder nature of the hurricane. But sympathy possesses something so delightful and diffusive in its character, that it may be properly compared to those delicious odors—those sweet perfumes—which are exhaled by the breath of flowers. The conservative laws of sympathetic action, moreover, seem to be ordained and established by a similar prospective foresight to that which regulates the distribution and circulation of the atmospheric air; or which checks the congelation of the waters of rivers, after a certain point, in order to preserve the lives of their inhabitants and to give them comfort and security, in the place of the danger and destruction, which, without this control, might otherwise have assailed them.

So have the laws of sympathy been ordered; so do they prevail, and we may compare it to the banyan-tree of the East, where every dropping shoot becomes another stem, and an additional trunk, to send forth in its turn new branches, in like manner to spread and multiply. Thus do the fibres of sympathy in the human bosom, springing from the common stock of love, increase, thrive, and spread in the hearts of men, and link and bind them altogether.

Influences of Love and Hope.

If love is the predominating passion of the heart, the one which occupies the first rank, and which, by the appointment of nature, reigns supremely in the breast of man, yet is it closely allied to a sentiment or feeling which has the tenacity but not the ardor of a passion, and which may be classed among the desires of the soul, and that sentiment is Hope. It springs early into existence; it abides through all the changes of life, and reaches into the futurity of time. In the midst of disappointment, it whispers consolation; and in all the arduous trials of life, it is a strong staff and support. If, in the warmth of anticipation, it prepares the way for the very disappointments to which it afterwards administers relief, it must be confessed, that in the severer inflictions of adversity, which come upon us unlooked for, and where previously the voice of adulation was never heard, it then appears like an angel of mercy, and frequently assuages the anguish of suffering, and wipes the dropping tears from the eyes.

Of all the endowments which it has pleased an all-wise and beneficent Providence to bestow upon the mind and heart of man, there are none which we would be less willing to part with than those of love and hope. They intertwine themselves around so many objects which are dear, or rather dearest of all to us, that our hearts must be crushed entirely before we would allow them to be torn away. All the attainments of the mind, and every perfection of the soul, look to these sovereign impulses, and ask of them the promised rewards which they have in view, and which they have sought to obtain; and all our other passions and feelings pay them that just homage which is due to these ruling powers, which they freely acknowledge to be the King and the Queen, who preside, with undisputed and coequal sway, over the joint empire of the heart and mind.

The Fountain.

SORROW.

DESTINY.

EXPERIENCE.

CHARACTER.

CONTRAST.

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

HUMILITY.

MORALS.

OLD AGE.

CHILDREN.

ERRORS, EVILS, FAULTS.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE.

VIRTUE.

VICE.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

THE PLOUGH AND THE PULPIT.

VANITY.

VICTORY.

SLEEP.

DEATH.



THE FOUNTAIN.

We are born, we laugh, we weep,

We love, we droop, we die!

Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?

Why do we live or die?

Who knows that secret deep?

Alas, not I!

Barry Cornwall.

THE FOUNTAIN.

SORROW.

The Lesser and the Greater.

Life is beset with unavoidable annoyances, vexatious cares, and harassing events. But we endure them—we strive to forget them—or, like the dust on our garments or the soil on our shoes, we brush them off, and, if possible, scarcely bestow a thought on the trouble it requires. But when we have once been called upon to feel and undergo a great sorrow—to bend the back and to bow the head—to endure the yoke and to suffer the agony—to abide the pelting of the pitiless and unpitied storm of adversity and sorrow; when few, perhaps none sympathized with us, and we had been insensible to it if they had, oh! these are the days of anguish and darkness—these the nights of desolation and despair; and when they have once come upon us with their appalling weight—their remorseless power—we can never be beguiled into a forgetfulness of them. The memory of them will endure as long as life shall last. We may forget them for awhile—we may again be permitted to behold the beams of a cheerful sun, throwing a delusive coloring over the landscape around us, and our eyes may rest upon the lights, but they will dwell still more upon the shadows of the picture.

We cannot be deceived and deluded again, for the heart has learnt its first and last lesson in the school of fortitude and experience.

Care.

Pythagoras gave this advice to his disciples in regard to the cares of life, *Cor ne edito*, "Eat not the heart;" for care, like envy, is that fatal mildew mentioned in the fable of Eri-siethon, which feeds upon itself, and destroys that which sup-ports it.

Secret Sorrow.

Secret sorrow is like those destructive ingredients which we are forced to confine and seal up, but which corrode the vessels in which they are contained.

Uses of Adversity.

Celui qui n'a pas souffert, que sait-il ? "He who hath not suffered, what doth he know?" We can weigh our sorrow with our comfort. We are something stained with grief." We know the beginning of our troubles well enough; what we demand to know, for their alleviation and mastery, is their end. When shall the prisoner in the house of bondage again be free? When shall our faces once more be happy and bright? When shall the darkness cease, and the day-dawn begin? But should afflictions prevail, we have only to wait patiently to discover finally their uses and object. What at first is not obvious, may, in time, become intelligible through the ministration of experience. The Mussulmans, when laboring under any great calamity, commonly exclaim, "We are God's. and unto him we shall surely return."

Approaching Sorrow.

"Ask not why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break."

There are moments when the eye is more settled and calm, the cheek less bright, and the tongue quite silent. The brain is full of imaginings—pensive and sad—its inmost springs less elastic and buoyant,

"And on the saddened spirit still,
The shadow leaves a shade."

Here is one,

"Who for the cheek,
Makes of one hand a couch with frequent sighs."

What has occurred? Why is the future so obscure—the soul so languishing and melancholy? A dense haze hath gathered over the canopy of the feelings, and the stars of promise are dimmed! The darkest and most dismal clouds of fate have not yet come, charged with dreadful fury and crushing despair. Ah, no! These are but the glimmering and instinctive approaches of sorrow—the restless and uneasy welling of the fountain of future tears!

“——Nay,
Weep not yet; behooves thee feel the edge
Of other sword; and thou shalt weep for that.”

True Sorrow.

The profoundest sorrow is not brought upon us by the world, by its bitternesses, its malice, its injustice, or its persecutions. These indeed affect us, and make us wiser, more weak, or more brave. We can, if we choose, repel the world's wrongs. We can laugh at the injuries inflicted upon us, and hurl defiance at them; or, if we cannot command this spirit, we may patiently endure what we do not resent. But at the bottom of our hearts there lurks, if we could call it up, the sleeping spirit of retaliation and resistance, and we hope some time or other to exercise it. But all these griefs and provocations are not true sorrow. *That* comes alone from *within*, and not from *without*. It is not composed of rage, or vengeance, or resentment. It is subdued humility and unalloyed resignation. It communes with ourselves and with God, and its chief element is pity, and its most ardent desire is hope.

It would not persecute and wound, it would reconcile and heal; it would not always remember in wrath, but it would forget and forgive in mercy, bestowing a free pardon for all offences, and maintaining a perfect submission under every affliction.

Misfortunes beneath our Condition.

Misfortunes which place us beneath our condition are the hardest of all to endure, because there comes with them a sense of degradation, which diminishes fortitude, but increases adversity.

Storms of Adversity.

Adversities, like storms, possess a centrifugal action. The central point of the storms of life is the heart of man.

Misfortunes Useful.

Misfortunes should act upon us, or upon our feelings, like fire upon old tenements, which are consumed only to be rebuilt with greater perfection.

“The native metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine.”

Prosperity and Adversity.

Adversity is of no use to some men, and prosperity is of no advantage to others. Experience is wanting to both, and the cloud and the rainbow are misconceived alike—the former is no token of darkness; the latter, no covenant of peace.

Sickness and Sorrow.

“No man,” says Cicero, “can expect to avoid sickness and sorrow.”

These “twinklings of oblivion,” and touches and misgivings of mortality, are the unavoidable allotments of life—its portion and penalty.

“One billow ebbs, another flows,
We only pass from woes to woes.”

Penitence and Regret.

Regret is the purgatory of grief; and penitential offerings and holy prayers can alone deliver us from it.

Second Disappointments.

Second disappointments are most severe, and are like dangerous relapses in sickness.

Added Sorrow.

Sorrow gathers here and gathers there. There are few sorrows or griefs which singly affect us much. We blend with them the recollection of others, either past or anti-

pated ; we add them to the ancient stock of previous sufferings and injuries which we have endured, which no one remembers but ourselves, and we connect them with those distrusts, misapprehensions, and discontents, so fatal to our peace of mind and so aggravating to our actual miseries and misfortunes ; so it is rare that any burden is imposed upon us by chance or circumstance, to which we ourselves do not add something, except under those repeated reverses, when blow after blow, pang after pang, and drop after drop, torture and wear us down and render life a continuous scene of sadness and agony. And,

“ If any star look forth, it is to call
Us hence, and light us to another world.”

Private Sorrows.

We become familiarized with our private and peculiar sorrows, and learn how to adapt ourselves to them. We know their extent, as well as their extenuation, if there be any ; and we admit sorrow into the soul, like light into the eyes, in degrees suited to occasions. After being a little while in the dark, the darkness appears less, but continued excess of light is always painful and insupportable.

Pride and Misfortune.—(A Fable of the Drift Log and the Green Tree.)

A portly log, with its boughs and bark all shattered and worn by time and decay, was drifting down the river, when it lodged against a bank where grew a stately tree of lofty bearing, flourishing in its strength. “ Vile log,” said the tree, “ how darest thou rest thy unsightly body against this verdant bank, which is designed for my use, and where I spread my green foliage to the cooling breezes of the running stream ? Must I endure the presence of thy naked and unsightly form, and make myself a companion to such as thou ? ” “ Vain product of the forest,” replied the log, “ know that I once grew with a form as lordly as thine, and was watered by streams as cool, and fanned by breezes as fresh as thou canst boast of. Misfortune came and smote me in my pride, and so it may come to thee.” With that, there came a dashing wave of the current, and then a sudden submersion of the

bank, and the fresh green tree and the withered log were locked together, and floated down the waters to meet the same hopeless and unchangeable destiny.

Adversities of Life.

Events occur in the lives of some individuals, which occasion such deep and permanent distress, that the impressions of it remain ever afterwards uneffaced and uneffaceable,

“And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Consumes the little joy that life had yet to lend.”

The Duke of Richmond, whose attachment to Charles I was unwavering, never laid aside his mourning apparel for his royal master and protector.

And Henry I “never smiled again,” after the loss by shipwreck of his only son and heir.

“No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.”

Overpowering Sorrow.

As limbs which are wrenched violently asunder do not bleed, so the sudden shocks of overwhelming sorrow are unrelieved by tears. The heart is benumbed—the eyes are dry—and the very fountains of feeling obstructed and stagnant. Our lighter afflictions find relief in lamentation and weeping, and the voice of sympathy and compassion brings some consolation and peace. But when the heart has been deeply and powerfully struck by the cruelest and fatalest blows of destiny—crushing and annihilating every germ of joy and hope—the intensity of suffering exceeds the bounds of sensibility and emotion, and nature kindly administers to our relief in the only way that she can, by rendering us unconscious of the full violence of those pangs, the severity of which would be too great for us to endure. It is not the grief so much that “doth not speak,” as that which “doth not weep,” which whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent. SENECA.

Our lighter griefs in loud, vain words we wreak,
But true, deep sorrow, hath no tongue to speak.

Knowledge and Sorrow.

“*Quæsitæ cælo lucem ingemuitque reperta.*”

“O pitying Heaven, thy sacred light impart;
It came, and sorrow settled on the heart.”

“No one has ever yet trod the vale of Tempe, or drank of the Pierian spring—touched the solid helmet of Minerva, or the jeweled crown of Urania—walked with the Muses, or shaken hands with the Destinies—without feeling the influences of sorrow. Heaven, in its mercy, has placed the fountain of wisdom in the hidden and concealed depths of the soul, that the children of misfortune might seek and find in its healthful waters the antidote and cordial of their cares and calamities. Yes, knowledge and sorrow are blended together, and are as closely and inseparably united as ignorance and folly, and for reasons equally as salutary and just. Such is the established course of nature, such her best and wisest law. When she leads us from what is frivolous and vain in the land of darkness, and brings us to the impressive and true in the element of light, the first act she performs is to remove the scales from our eyes, that we may see and weep. Oh man! thy sighs and tears are witnesses only of tenderness and love; the darkness of thy soul is the only attraction for the light of heaven! Wisdom therefore exclaims, “Child of ignorance and affliction! hast thou then entered into the pathways of my kingdom, into the chambers of my imagery? Thou must first learn to mourn and feel, before thou canst think and know; and the deeper thou shalt go down with me into the depths below, the higher shalt thou ascend also into the regions above.”

DESTINY.

Allegorical Significations.

The ancients represented the Destinies as three in number, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. They possess allegorical significations. One spun the thread of life, another wound it on the rock or distaff, and the third severed it. Thus they are the beginning, the middle, and the end. The joy of

youth, the activity of manhood, and the repose of old age. The sowing of the seed, the blooming of the flower, and the ripening and ingathering of the fruit.

The female form is assumed, because woman is the mother of all, the companion of life, and the watchful angel over its declining years.

Abstractly, the Destinies are, Hope, Fruition, and Satiety. They are the opening dawn, the noonday light, and the setting sun; or, time, death, and eternity—all typified in the triple and mysterious nature of man.

Faith in Destiny.

Many place an implicit reliance upon the influences of destiny, and have their settled convictions in regard to this belief. Is destiny a real and actually existing power? No; but false conclusions make it so, by giving a direction first to the thoughts and impressions, and then to the actions.

“ He is what God pleases,
He shall be what God wills.”

Had Camões believed himself born to be happy, he might have become so; but he was fully persuaded to the contrary, and became miserable. Lord Strangford has given the following translation of those lines of the Lusitanian bard, which depict in such a feeling manner the wretched doom which, even from the hour of his birth, he was firmly convinced was reserved for him:

“ My cradle was the couch of care,
And sorrow rocked me in it;
Fate seemed her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadowed with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
As natal boons were given;
And the fair forms of happiness,
Which hovered round, intent to bless,
Scared by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven.

Individual and General.

There have been a few persons in the world who, like Fabricius, Metellus, or Polycrates, have been so fortunate

that their whole lives have been crowned with unvarying happiness and good fortune. There have been others also, like Sylla, who have been prosperous in the midst of crimes and bloodshed. Some men, and some places too, have boasted that they were never conquered. Sparta, Rome, Salamis, in their great days, suffered the footprints and footholds of no enemy within their limits; and there were times when they could assert, with pride, that they never had submitted to a foe.

But, in general, all men and all nations must succumb at last, if to no other power, at least to that of time; and destiny, ever watchful of its object, ultimately accomplishes its ends. As the seeds of death are sown in the rich soil of life, and will some time or other flourish in the period of corruption and decay, so will the germs of destiny be finally developed; or, as the Greek proverb saith,

“ Oh man, thy sovereign master see,
That was, or is, or is to be.”

When most to be Deplored.

Destiny is most to be deplored when learning, merit, industry and perseverance contend with it in vain, and when the corrosions of disconcerted hopes and ill success are their only consolations and rewards. More so still, when the heart-struggle is repeated and prolonged until the soul is agonized and convulsed to its centre, and we see too surely that the adverse powers of fate are gaining a steady and overwhelming march upon us; for the concluding stroke of destiny is most to be apprehended of all, and is by common consent regarded as the true one, and that which was reserved for the individual, and settles every thing either for or against him.

Apropos and Mal-apropos.

Some men die, some marry, and some run away exactly at the right time; and others again, perform all these feats exactly at the wrong time.

As to Honors and Promotion.

Some fortunate individuals have the talents and address to conceal their defects and disqualifications until they have

profited largely by the honors and favors of the world. Their friends then appeal to those very acts of promotion and preference to prove that they really deserved all that they obtained; and, if reverses happen, it is because they have become the objects of detraction and persecution. So, on the contrary, some men of positive merit have not been promoted or rewarded, and the want of reward or promotion is urged to show that they never possessed any real merit.

Uncertainty of Success.

“Some,” says Cervantes, “are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, press, will take no denial, obstinately persist in their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the prize, and jumps into the preferment which so many had pursued in vain; which verifies the saying,

“The happy have their days, and those they choose;
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.”

And oftentimes how slight an accident intervenes between the success of one man and the failure of another!

Time and Opportunity.

It needs the sharpest wit to know
When to be swift, when to be slow;
What we should hate, what we should like,
When to withhold, and when to strike;
Unknowing these, as we advance,
We hood our eyes and trust to chance.

Pursuit of Ill Luck.

Meleager, he who, “wasted with the wasting brand,” although strong at first, was at length, by the decree of the Fates, doomed to pine away; and it was the curse of Alcmæon, that whithersoever he went the earth became barren by his presence, and yielded him no sustenance.

So it is with many unfortunate and luckless individuals whose names are written in the black book of Fate, and who seem to be foredoomed to continual mischances and disappointments. They are every where “escorted by poverty,”

and shunned by prosperity. Poorly provided, poorly followed, whatsoever they turn their hands to withers and fails, and they are like the ill-starred gentleman, who, meeting with uninterrupted reverses of fortune, remarked at last, that "if he were to turn halter, he verily believed that children would be born without heads." Or, they recall to mind the Duke of Nerbia, who bore in his shield, for a device, a bunch of asparagus (ill luck), with an inscription signifying, "By destiny I am dogged."

Contending against Reverses.

In the contest which we carry on against ill luck we shall be able to sustain ourselves with credit, if we have a good head on our shoulders and a good pair of hands at the end of our arms, *provided that we put them to their proper uses.*

Delusion.

Pyrrhus, the Epirian king, was brave and active, but impetuous and too confiding in the resources and constancy of fortune. Antigonus remarked of him, "that he made a great many good throws, but never knew when he had the best of the game."

Chance.

Many have but one chance in a thousand to arrive at an object, and yet attain it; and others have a thousand chances to one, and miss it. The chances of life are alluring, and often lead us where we did not think to go; for many leave roses and gather thistles, and many think to find fitches of bacon, yet never obtain so much as the racks to lay them on.

Unequal Destinies.

There are some (and enviable is their lot) who receive every day new honors, new enjoyments, and new sources of happiness. *They live whilst they live*, and realize all the blessings which life can confer. Happy few! How different from those who experience nothing but daily privations and care, and who expect nothing else beside! for whom there are no

smiles and favors of fortune, no thrilling moments of honorable deeds accomplished, and noble ambition fulfilled! No; they have nothing to hope for, and hope is their greatest need. As they have lived, so must they die, in obscurity and neglect, and exchange the contumelies of this, for the uncertainties of a future world; and as life was without interest or sympathy, so death without regret or tears.

Surprises of Destiny.

We often close every door against the admission of Fate but the very one by which it enters. Being taken off our guard, we are like soldiers asleep in the fortress which they supposed to be secure; but there was one weak and undefended part which the enemy scaled, and having gained one point, gained all.

Jacta est Alea—"The Die is cast."

In ancient works, allusions are made to dice, and not to cards, to illustrate the turns of chance and destiny. Cards are a more modern invention, and as they afford a species of amusement more lively and varied than dice, so the illustrations furnished by them are more apt, striking, and appropriate.

Disappointments and Delays.

Every occurrence or recurrence of delay and disappointment is only a postponement or a consummation of destiny.

Destiny and Power.

"It is impossible," says Machiavelli, "that a person should make himself a prince and found a state, without opportunities. The armed prophets alone have met with success; as, for example, Moses, Cyrus, Theseus, Romulus, and Mohammed; whilst the unarmed ones have failed."

In reply to this, it may be said, that although opportunities may be wanting for the *display* of virtues, they are never wanting for the *exercise* of them. And, furthermore, a principle is sustained, when he who promulgates it perishes.

"God," says Richard Wesley, "buries the workmen, but still carries on his work."

Solon and Codrus were as much prophets as Cyrus or Theseus, but they were unarmed, except with the weapons of truth and justice, and they did not fail. And the meek prophet of Nazareth, it is true, perished on the cross, but only that the cause of religion and truth might never perish in the world.

The Spoilt Children of Fortune.

They who have never been thwarted, nor crossed, are the spoilt children of fortune.

As to Dominion and Power.

By the decrees of Destiny, the humble are lifted up and the lofty let down. The thrones of mighty monarchs have been taken from them, to be transferred to ploughmen and fishermen. By Destiny, also, the heads which were encircled with diadems, have been made to roll upon the scaffold.

The dominion of the world was given not to King Agrippa, nor to King Herod, but to the stripling shepherd with the sling, and to the carpenter's son; and the wise men of the east were directed to worship, not the setting sun of imperial Rome, but the dawning star of Bethlehem.

Among the Turks.

The Turks are great predestinarians. In respect to the day of judgment, they maintain that the trumpet will be sounded three times. The first blast will be the blast of *consternation*; the second, the blast of *examination* (to be conducted in silence, without talking or whispering); the third, the blast of *the resurrection*; there being an interval of 40 years between the two latter. One of the previous signs of the eventful day's approach will be a great smoke, which shall spread from east to west, filling the whole earth, and which will not much incommode the true believers, but will intoxicate the infidels (perhaps very much to their delight), and issue from their noses, ears and posteriors, greatly to their annoyance and alarm.

Destiny Unrevealed.

Let no character be written on the wall for us, no horoscope of our destiny be cast! For us, let the great book of

Fate be unopened, and its mystical contents for ever unknown! The day's and the night's evil is sufficient for us. Let the *penetralia* of our future doom be undiscovered and unrevealed! We shall enter sufficiently early the chambers of revelation and truth. We shall soon enough explore the dark and winding labyrinths of time, and palaces and halls, and fountains and flowers, and music and mirth, and the beaming eye and the buoyant heart, may never be reserved for us. No hand, it may be, shall ever guide us to the fountains of bliss, or call us away from the darkness of solitude and care. But angels of mercy have heretofore opened the doors of prisons on errands of consolation and peace, and the ray of a happy and cheerful sun hath often penetrated the gloomy precincts of solitary confinement, or the cheerless abode of deserted misery, to show us, when all is dark below, that there is brightness above; and that they who are forsaken on earth, may still be remembered in heaven!

EXPERIENCE.

What is it?

It is not so much "the light in the stern of the ship," as Coleridge expresses it, illuminating her wake, as it is the signal lantern at the mast-head, acting both as beacon and guide, and diffusing its effulgent beams all around.

Reply of Lassus.

Lassus, an ancient Grecian poet, being asked what would be best calculated to render life pleasant and comfortable, replied, "Experience."

Ignorance the Source of Experience.

We know nothing in advance. Every new step we take in life is an additional experiment we make; and it puts to the test our theories, our feelings, and our principles.

Its Nature and Effects.

Experience is that stony formation of character, upon which are superimposed the gentle or the severe—the kind or

the cruel—the stern or the tender passions of our nature. It is like the hard rock, which receives the rough incrustations of the flinty madripore, or the soft mantling of the velvety moss.

Results.

The same acts, and even the same observations, do not bring the same experience to all alike. The difference lies in the apprehension; in the springs of thought and feeling; and in the use and application of whatever affects us. A great experience is with difficulty acquired. And some minds cannot acquire it at all; as all wood is not fit for fuel, nor all soils adapted to cultivation.

Practical Experience.

The ultimate destinations of life may be reached by various routes. We travel over a circular road, and the lines pass from the periphery to converge in a common centre. Life is like a journey; but still more doth it resemble a battle-field, where all are compelled to do battle—to endure the heat or cold—the fatiguing march—the dust—the smoke and shock of arms. Desertion is crime; substitution is impossible; and while the warfare lasts, on each banner should be inscribed the words of Hushai, “That thou go to battle in thine own person.” Win thy own victories. Make thy own conquests.

Contrary Effects.

Experience acts upon some individuals like heat upon certain bodies in nature, rendering some fluid, and others solid. So does the experience of life soften or harden the human heart.

Like Medicine.

Experience is like medicine; some persons require larger doses of it than others, and do not like to take it pure, but a little disguised and better adapted to the taste. Like medicine, also, it is a cure for many ills to which we are liable.

What it is.

Experience is dear-bought wisdom, of great value to ourselves, but seldom of much use to others. It is that precious and invaluable essence which is extracted from the bitter, unpalatable, but healing herbs of life.

Objection to Experience.

Valuable as it is, inasmuch as it is purchased at such a costly price, yet a reasonable objection to it is, that they who acquire it assume the right of judging all things by their own particular standard without reference to the intrinsic differences between themselves and others, and the many impassable barriers which are frequently placed between one man and another, and one condition and another. Times, customs, conditions, institutions, and persons also, change continually. What Arnold says in regard to politics, may well be applied to other things: "It is a fatal error," says he, "in all political questions, to mistake the clock; to fancy that it is still forenoon, when the sun is westering; that it is early in the morning, when the sun has already mounted high in the heavens."

Accumulated compared with the Isolated or Detached.

"Large experience makes large wit." When it is only isolated or detached, it can never greatly instruct us. But, when it gathers up the reminiscences of time; accumulates the wrongs, sufferings, and injuries that we have known and endured, until the heart has bled, and the brain has become maddened—when it recalls to mind how often our tenderest and most cherished feelings have been rudely trampled upon and crushed—and how often, also, we have leaned upon the broken reeds of affection and faith only to be pierced and wounded—and when, like a warning spectre, it rises out of the melancholy ruins of the past, and "bids us beware and trust no more,"—we need no teacher more solemn, more sincere, and more impressive than this. By constant additions of experience, we become in time wholly transformed—"one being of many beings made."

Re-experiencing Experience.

It is a painful thing to re-experience experience ; to be doubly lashed by the thongs of folly ; to be twice stung by the serpent ; to fall a second time into the stream.

Father Dufailli said, " he had a great horror of the water ever since he fell into the sea."

Self-deception.

We have exulted too much and too soon. We have not borne in mind how " the promises are kept to the ear, but broken to the hope," else we had not sighed like Alnaschar for this El Dorado, we had not become drunk like Shacabac on this imaginary wine.

The Commencement of Experience.

The profitable experience of life dates its commencement from the time when we begin to discover our own imperfections and those of others ; and when we learn to correct our false opinions in regard to men and the world.

Produced by Contrary Emotions.

Experience is the offspring of varied emotions. We acquire it in the revolutions of sentiment and feeling ; by a knowledge of things actual and imaginary ; by the *seductions* of hope and by the *inductions* of reason ; and by the fluctuating transitions which occur between a sigh and a sneer, a smile and a tear.

Personal Experience.

I have felt more than I have expressed ; attempted more than I have achieved ; desired more than I have enjoyed. I have known the strength of ambition, and the weakness of despair, and have had seasons of buoyancy and depression, gladness and sorrow ; and have viewed life in nearly all its aspects and phases, its glowing colors and its darkest shades ; and what shall I say of it or of myself ?

Still let me experience the glowing sympathies and affections which bind me to the world and to my race—still let me

enjoy that quiet conscience which gives serenity to the mind and peace to the soul ; and looking upon the world as a tranquil and happy abode, I will cherish the present for the hopes which it unfolds of the future !

As a Guide and Standard.

The experience of life should be like those weights and measures which we sometimes see disposed in nests, and ready for use in the ordinary transactions of life. We should be enabled, by the aid of experience, to adapt ourselves to every emergency, and to give to every one the true weight and measure which are proper, whilst we ourselves should receive likewise what is justly our own due. If experience, however, is a correct standard of action, it should, like the weights and measures referred to, have the stamp of truth and authority upon it, in order that it may be fair for all, and be recognized and submitted to by all.

Experience and Practice.

Experience, if obtained but never used, is of little or no avail, and as well might not have been acquired at all, especially if occasions call for it, and its application be wanting. For practice is to experience, what use is to the blade ; it keeps it bright and fit for service.

Individual Experience.

All individual experience is valuable, and is only not generally useful because it is confined to ourselves, or to a few. Let every one appeal to the tribunal of his own sentiments and feelings, to be convinced that he has treasured up within his breast those records of time, those convictions of truth, and demonstrations of life, which apply with greater force and power to himself than to any one else, and which he guards with a sacred kind of privacy and partiality, and seldom or never discloses them to the world, inasmuch as the world has no concern with them, and because he is unwilling to confide in its heartless mockeries and faithless insincerity. And this is the chiefest beauty of life, and one of the most inestimable virtues of the soul, that it ever clings

with tenacity to the possession of its private thoughts, as if they were invested with a vestal purity which loves seclusion, and shrinks instinctively from exposure.

Yes, in every heart there are secrets which are never disclosed, and which cannot be wrested from it.

Boasts of Experience.

It is not agreeable to witness any one pluming and exalting himself,

“ With that half wisdom half experience gives,”

upon the attainments of his superior judgment ; or insisting with complacent pride and satisfaction upon the vastness of his worldly knowledge, penetration, and sagacity. As if,

“ ————he had run,
O'er all the ladder to the topmost round.”

We ourselves have something to confess on that subject ; and our own experience teaches us to undervalue all extravagant pretensions and pretenders. And if we were even to credit them, it must be with some allowance, for how can we confide in those who, in their excessive self-admiration, have renounced all trust in others ? And how can they merit our approbation, when all that we should receive in return would be coldness, indifference, or contempt ? Could we see through the cunning disguises which screen all this vanity and arrogance, we should discover a large stock of emptiness and mere sham.

CHARACTER.

Character and Position.

To possess unblemished and responsible character, implies the presence of uprightness, integrity, and consistency, and the world constantly identifies it with these things.

We either have or have not a position ; if the latter, we have no very enviable character. But if we have a position in the world, the world expects us to defend it ; and if we desert or forfeit it, it court-martials and punishes us severely.

In the crisis of temptation—in the battle of life—when the struggle comes either from within or from without—it is our strength, heroism, virtue and consistency, which defend and secure our happiness and honor; and if they fail us in the hour of need—in the season of danger—all may be lost, irretrievably lost, and nothing left us except vain regrets and penitential tears.

Practical Effects.

The very conception of character implies the qualities of usefulness and efficiency. It always commands more or less of social or worldly influence; is an operative agent far more potent and commanding than wealth; and is productive of those results which bespeak the proudest kind of homage, that which is conceded to personal merit and respect. It is, however, the accidental endowment of no moping dangler, no nerveless aspirant, no visionary dreamer; but rather the sterling property of one who comes into the world, not as a cipher or a drone, but as an intelligent and serviceable being; who is destined to play a part in life, it may be a conspicuous part; to direct the current of affairs; to sway the minds of men; to stem the tide of difficulty; to grace the favors of fortune; to make himself *heard and felt*; and when he passes away, to leave some memorial vestiges behind.

Resolution and Energy.

Resolution is the purpose, energy is the quality; and we may possess much resolution with comparatively very little energy. Energy implies a fixed, settled, and unwavering purpose; but resolution may vary its inclinations a thousand ways, and embrace a thousand objects, keeping up an air of steadiness and determination, while nothing is accomplished in the end. So that, he who is distinguished for resolution only, is a jack of all trades, and a weathercock of all opinions, without being remarkable for any one in particular.

“Though equal to all things, for all things unfit.”

Yet the world exclaims, “How persevering he is! His resolution never flags; if one project fails, he forthwith adopts

another!" Whereas, if he were to combine energy with resolution, he would renounce his versatility, and be more settled, more uniform, more wise and prosperous, and more happy. There is, in short, the same difference between resolution and energy as there is between kindness and goodness. Kindness is displayed in occasional acts of good will, whilst goodness exists always by a principle of love.

Defects—The Greatest Defect.

There is a unison and harmony of things in the moral, as well as in the natural world. And, as in geology, for example, where one kind of substance or formation is met with, it suggests the contiguity of some other; or where certain things which are present indicate the absence of some others, so it is as to the elements of character. Wit, for instance, of a pointed and personal kind, has little affinity with gentleness of feeling or tenderness of sympathy; and excess of sentiment constantly vitiates the judgment. Principle is the basis of upright character, and without it there is no real excellence or virtue, although there may be many brilliant qualities of intellect. For the greatest defect of all, without reference to things paltry, is *a want of principle*—where malice and bad faith dwell in the heart, and treachery lurks at its core.

Character is easily tarnished, and the blemishes with difficulty effaced, like stain-marks upon fine tulle.

Conformity.

Elevated character may be said to be independent of the world's opinion, or at least to be fearless of it. Its province is rather to dictate it, than to be ruled by it, whereas many feeble characters are what they are, merely because they quietly conform to opinion in order to escape its strictures. They look well to their phylacteries, and are sly and circumspect. They know well how to approach the mansion of public respect, without awakening the watch-dogs of censure; and succeed in all that they aim at, namely, to be smoothed down by tacit approbation, and are content to dwell in conventional decencies forever.

A Practical Truth.

Here is a practical truth made manifest. Let us humble ourselves to the condition of inferiors, and we lessen their respect for us. But if we elevate ourselves to the rank of those above us, they may be jealous of us, but we compel them to respect us, while we are really independent of their esteem.

Importance of a Good Character.

There are trying and perilous circumstances in life, which show how valuable and important a good character is. It is a sure and strong staff of support, when every thing else fails. It is the acropolis which remains impregnable, imparting security and peace when all the other defences have been surrendered to the enemy. The higher walks of life are treacherous and dangerous; the lower full of obstacles and impediments. We can only be secure in either, by maintaining those principles which are just, praiseworthy, and pure, and which inspire bravery in ourselves, and confidence in others.

Natural and Acquired Traits.

When there is an inherent want of dignity in the character, how many distinguished, and even noble acquisitions are required to supply its place!

But when a natural dignity of character exists, how many prepossessions does it enlist in its favor, and with how few substantial and real excellences are we able to pass creditably through the world!

Elegance of manners wins favor, and always meets with a gracious reception. But this is generally merely tinsel compared to the solid gold of character, which every where possesses a current and acknowledged value.

Associative Defects.

Defects may sometimes be blended with a particular character, and yet similar ones be noticeable in others that are seemingly opposite.

No one, for instance, would expect to see a disinterested act performed by one who is admitted to be a cunning and artful person, one who perpetually resorts to some finesse or ledgerdemain in every action of his life, and who constantly habituates himself to sophistry and subterfuge. Yet, cunning, which is a quality inseparable from mean, selfish natures, and little minds, is ever full of plausible pretences, and conceals its weakness under many specious flatteries. Hence it is associated with traits of character which seem to be at variance with one another—with manners that are occasionally very bland and amiable, or with those on the contrary which are uniformly very staid and precise.

As long as whatever is truly noble and high-minded forms the proper standard of human actions, all artifice and deception must be set down as worthy of aversion and contempt. "The intriguers," remarked Napoleon, "only accomplish secondary results." What Celestine said of Pope Boniface VIII* is applicable to them: "They come in like foxes, but go out like dogs."

Its Proper Level.

Clouds and mists may occasionally conceal the summit of the mountain, or by the aid of some refraction of light it may appear more lofty than it really is; but, nevertheless, the actual elevation is always determined. So it is with respect to men. Under the influence of adventitious circumstances, a false or exaggerated estimate is often assigned to them, and they appear greater or less, better or worse, than they really are. Their virtues may be obscured, or they may dazzle us by superficial qualities, but in spite of all difficulties and delusions, the world generally has penetration enough to discover the truth, and finally it takes the altitude of every man's merits, and notes it down; and it remains as fixed and decided as the measurement of the Alps, the Andes, or the Himmaleh.

* This pope was seized with a kind of rabidness. He bit and gnawed himself frantically, and so died. Celestine prophesied concerning him, "that he should enter the popedom like a fox, reign like a lion, and die like a dog," all which was fulfilled.

Permanent Qualities.

Firmness, stability and strength, are indispensable elements in the constitution of character. Deprived of these, the structure which is raised is only feeble and temporary, and can never be strong and lasting.

How unfortunate is it, that men of genius are generally so shy and reserved, wanting in address, and very often deficient in energy of character, although possessed of brilliant reputations, and it may be of permanent fame! Yet, yielding to weaknesses, or swayed by impulses, the greatest talents lose a part of their influence, because they are unsupported by character.

But it by no means follows that to be characterless, or to have an uncouth or awkward address, is a sign of talent or genius.

Changeableness.

It is impossible to feel always calm and uniform, vigorous and buoyant. In addition to the vexatious affairs of life, our physical constitution produces occasional revolutions of feeling and variations of temper. They who are habitually kind-hearted, patient and self-possessed, succeed most effectually in escaping those mutations which are inseparable from the very action of life and the conditions of humanity.

The character of a man therefore is as much the result of his most prevailing and permanent feelings and emotions, as it is of his most striking thoughts or great actions; and the impression which he makes upon us, will be according to the phases under which we behold him, and the caprices of the moment which may happen to influence ourselves. Hence, the opinions of others in regard to us are frequently different at different times; and hence also it is, that mankind often think most of those of whom they know the least, or of those whose slight acquaintance has been sufficient only to develop their commendable qualities, without displaying their opposites.

Opposing Qualities.

There are particular qualities in the character of some men that would be improved by a union with their opposites.

The timidity of modesty and the effrontery of impudence, for instance, have not much affinity with each other; but both would be improved on some occasions, by being in some rational degree united together.

Opinion and Character.

The evidences of character set forth by our friends and acquaintances, sometimes transcend, and at others, fall below the estimates which we had formed of them. But opinion is such an elastic material, that we experience no difficulty in stretching or contracting it according to circumstances, so as to suit every case, and to uphold the supremacy of our judgment and penetration, and fully to establish our claims to the rightful exercise of them according to our will. Character is something fixed and stable, like the iron rail, for instance, on a circular railroad, while opinion is the velocipede flying rapidly around it.

Indecision of Character. A Fable.

In the times of Pythagoras, when the souls of men passed into brutes and they became *new creatures*, it was found necessary for a man to change his condition. Being conscious of this necessity, he convoked his friends on the occasion, and seriously besought their advice, whilst a multitude of animals were paraded before him that he might make a choice of the new existence which he was about to assume. The variety only served to puzzle his judgment and perplex his taste, and good reasons were alleged against them all. The horse might be made to work, so also might the ox—and the last might moreover be slain for beef; the swine was too groveling and beastly, and the dog was liable to be beaten with a cane. In short, each one had its disadvantages and objections.

At this moment, a near relative, who wore a stout beard pendant from his chin, urged him by all means to become a goat. This animal, from its lively aspect and promising qualities, suited better than any which had yet been seen; but upon surveying it all around, although he liked it in front, he strongly objected to the configuration and finish of the hinder parts. Continuing in this state of doubt and per-

plexity, and being unable to decide what to do—and whether he would be one thing or another—all of a sudden, his ears began manifestly to shoot upwards, a thick hair commenced growing upon his skin, a coarse rumbling voice was heard—and, to the astonishment of his friends and kindred, he was immediately changed into an ass.

CONTRAST.

The Permanent and the Fleeting.

If the force of contrast makes no appeals to us—if it occasions no deep and rational convictions—then nature fails in her design of impressing her simple and instructive truths upon us. All is contrast and variety, revolution and change around us. Observe how the momentary joins with the momentous! Behold “the hills of a thousand years, and the blossoms of an hour!” See how the showy and the substantial blend together, even as the wild rose clammers up the mountain’s side!

As a Means of Instruction and Source of Knowledge.

The world abounds in contrasts. We perceive them in the form, color, size, shape, properties and uses of things, as well as in the mutations and vicissitudes to which they are subject. The latent powers of observation are thereby called into perpetual exercise, and an easy, natural, and profitable source of instruction is continually unfolded to us. A greater part of our knowledge is imparted in this way; and we might increase it vastly by enlarging our perceptions, and studying more attentively the innumerable lessons that are forever outspread before us, which are addressed to us, and designed for our use, and which are admirably arranged and planned, to induce us to see, think, and feel, or *to mark, learn, and inwardly digest* these delightful, wholesome, and teachable truths of life and nature.

Internal Contrast. Innocence and Guilt.

Detected guilt is powerless, even with the mightiest. It cries for mercy ; it implores forgiveness ; it seeks to fly ; it is full of dread, misery, wretchedness and woe !

Crime, which has opened the gates of danger and destruction before, has closed the door of peace and safety behind. Security is abandoned, and ruin—utter, overwhelming ruin—is inevitable. Is there honor in life ? Is there glory in the world ? Is there esteem in the breast of man, or love in the heart of woman ? Oh, Guilt ! it is not for thee to share them. Thou art shut out from all these, an outcast in the world, its scorn, its hate, and its reproach ; an object not of its favor and protection, but of its vengeance and retribution.

Hadst thou those who were near and dear to thee ? Their love is changed into sorrow and anguish ; their affection into sighs and tears. For the adornments of respect and pride ; take the ignominious and disgraceful garb of the felon and convict. For the jewels and pearls of merit ; the chains and manacles of disgrace. For the delights and joys of home ; endure the dreary gloom and horror of the prison. For the warm and luscious air of the broad day ; inhale the damp and noisome vapors of thy narrow cell. For the proud post of distinction ; take thy dishonored stand on the scaffold of shame. For the hand of thy friend ; the blow of the executioner. For thy cherished station in life ; thy fearful doom in death. For a companionable tomb in the hollowed cemetery, where lie the good and the just ; go to thy solitary grave in the neglected common, where the dogs are buried—where no grieving heart is heard to mourn, no sympathizing eye is ever seen to weep.

The Pale and the Red.

So pale, and yet where lies the snow
 A sheltered warmth is felt below ;
 And where the whiteness is not spread,
 The spelt less thriving lifts its head.
 A modest plainness best doth suit
 The plants which most excel in fruit.
 No essenced drops those flow'rets yield,
 Which cluster on the harvest field ;

Those spacious fields are made to grow—
 In profit rich, not rich in show.
 Let ruddier tints, exacting praise,
 Attract the homage-giving gaze ;
 And let disdain pass coldly by
 The pallid cheek, the pensive eye ;
 Their beauty lies concealed within,
 In crimson fonts beneath the skin.

Antagonistics.

There is nothing that has not its antagonist, affording matter for contrast and speculation.

Religion is opposed to infidelity ; liberty to tyranny ; knowledge to ignorance ; war to peace ; heat to cold ; truth to error ; light to darkness ; and death to life.

It was the existence of this natural dualism which early became the subject of reflection and consideration among the ancients, and laid the foundation of the Sanchya system of philosophy among the Hindoos, as it had previously done of the speculative philosophy of Anaxagoras and Plato among the Greeks. A dynamic display of the opposing parts of a system is common enough in the world ; but to adopt the oriental theory of two principles at work in creation, was shown by Archbishop Tillotson to be fallacious, inasmuch as the action of two equal powers could have no real existence.

Ruins of Nature and of Art.

We contemplate the crumbling ruins of art—the curious relics of ancient skill and power—with a mournful kind of satisfaction, not unmingled with speculative sympathy and sorrow :

“ Ruines sur ruines et tombeaux sur tombeaux.”

But to mark the traces of progressive decay in the living organization of man, excites in us sensations allied to horror. It raises a pleasing reverie in the mind to behold the mouldering and time-stricken remains of ancient buildings and temples ; but to witness the painful wreck and dilapidation of *men*, fills us with distress and dread.

Contrasts in Nature (Ludicrous).

In the nose of the bee which scents the honey, why has not nature placed the sharp little point which goads the child? Why are the horns of animals in the head; the sting of insects in the tail? Why is the rat so fond of his hole, or the ant so delighted with his hill? Why has nature given such a short tail to the partridge, and such a long one to the parrot? Or why has she denied the bird-like qualities to the ostrich, in curtailing its wings, and compacting its legs, so as to make it unfit to fly, though suitable to run? It does not warble like a bird, but it kicks like a horse.

Strong or Violent (in Nature).

The brook babbles, the torrent roars. There is the gentle rippling of the rivulet, and the deafening thunder of the waterfall. The everlasting rocks stand steadfast and firm; the light and vanishing foam dashes against them, and momentarily dies away. The leaves of the oak, and the feathers of the eagle, are not extremely different from other leaves and feathers; but how sturdy and durable is the tree that bears the one; how swift and powerful the pinion which impels the other!

Poetry and Prose.

Prose composition, free from the poetic spirit, limits itself to the direct narrative of facts. But poetry takes a higher range and a wider reach. Prose is the citizen of the world, in his daily dress, or with the implements of toil in his hands. Poetry is the warrior with his glittering spear, his shining helmet, and waving plume. Prose is plain and perspicuous language. Poetry is the sublimated essence of thought and feeling. Prose is limited to details; it expatiates with reason; or, when armed by the passions, it rises into eloquence, and overwhelms us with the convictions of the present, with recollections of the past, or anticipations of the future; still its proper element is the earth. But poetry soars aloft; it pierces the vivid regions of light, and links hearts to hearts, and worlds to worlds.

Physical and Moral.

In general, natural contrasts are agreeably diversified, impressive, and instructive. We behold them, and they imprint upon us familiar but useful and effective lessons. Now it is day, but the night cometh. Winter is at hand,—dark, cold, and cheerless,—anon, it will be summer,—bright, warm, and gay—the green for the gloom; flowers for frosts; the beautiful and living, for the faded and dead. Or, look at this landscape; some objects are stationary, others moving; some in the light, others in the shade; some large and prominent, others diminutive and scarcely visible. On this side are hills and mountains; on that, slopes and plains. Here are enclosed the limited fields and gardens carefully cultivated by man,—there, boundless forests are outstretched, untended and untamed, in all the wild luxuriance of nature. How lovely and pleasing is this stream! How frightful and terrific the precipices which overhang its borders! Those waters are gay and bright; these rocks are dull and dark. The current is still, or it scarcely seems to move; but there is a graceful motion,—a gentle swaying to and fro of the tree-tops above it.

But turn from outward to inner life. Profounder sources of contrast engage our attention. There is much to offend,—little to please. Many things depress,—few elate us. Evils, moral and social, beset us. Good precepts—bad examples. Pretended virtues—real vices. Weeds for herbs—words for deeds. Poor realities—rich desires. Bodies pampered—minds starved. Treachery strong—faith weak. Hate and falsehood plentiful,—love and truth rare. And seldom have we the feast of reason, and the flow of soul; but often the stint of judgment, and the dearth of wit. Thus do external and internal contrasts present themselves to us, and we may profitably demand, what do they imply, and whither do they tend?

The Neck.

It does not often occur to us, that the neck, which is adorned with so many elegant and appropriate ornaments, is reserved also for such striking testimonials of degradation and shame. In the pride of beauty, amidst the blandishments of

fortune and favor, when charms are to be heightened, and honors conferred, this part of the person is selected, to receive the tokens of applause and the emblems of distinction. On the contrary, in the season of disgrace, in the hour of punishment, it receives not the bracelet of diamonds and pearls, but the iron collar and the oppressive yoke; not the golden chain, but the hempen rope; not the light and embellished works of the pleasing and cunning artificer, but the rough and heavy blows of the heartless and unfeeling executioner. In glory and honor, also, the crown and tiara adorn the head, whilst in affliction and shame it is covered with sackcloth and ashes; in victory and triumph, it is wreathed with laurel and bay; in defeat and degradation, it is met with scoffing and derision, and is plaited with thorns.

“Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
Thy neck with chains of gold.”

The neck may be compared to a graceful and superbly finished alabaster column, the head being placed upon it as a capital. Neither is fixed and stationary, like the immovable marble, but possesses a living and expressive grace and action. The head has a suitable covering, and is ornamented with waving locks and ringlets. It towers up in dignity and majesty,—the eyes are brilliant beacons of light to animate it. The crimson cheeks are like roses in bloom to embellish it.

The neck ever displays the most admirable and inimitable motions, the effects of which are so striking and captivating, that we can only properly conceive of them, by supposing the body to be destitute of an appendage so essential to it as this, and that the head, instead of rising up in commanding beauty, were, on the contrary, to sink down in unsightly deformity.

Blue Eyes vs. Black Eyes.

Some signification is seemingly implied by nature, in the expression and color of the eye, inasmuch as they suggest the ideas of intelligence, and the accompaniment of moral qualities. Of the two predominant colors,—the blue and the black,—it would appear that the supremacy, if any, is assignable to the blue. Our Saviour was of a fair and beautiful complexion, and had serene and expressive blue or gray-

ish-blue eyes. Placing that high authority at the head of the list, we may be permitted to classify others along with it. Shakspeare, Soerates, Locke, Bacon, Goëthe, Milton, Franklin, and Napoleon, all had blue, or grayish-blue eyes. They constitute a characteristic feature with the greatest men, and we are not able to enumerate such an array of distinguished names from the list of the black eyes, although they may have much to boast of.

The blue eye is restricted in its perfection to the human species, and the above mentioned examples afford some of the most striking illustrations of it. It is observable, however, with diminished size and beauty, in certain kinds of birds and fishes, creatures that are remarkably sprightly, vigilant, and active. The dark eyes, on the contrary, are seen in the greatest perfection and lustre in the heads of certain animals; as, for instance, the serpent and the gazelle, which possess the power of charming and pleasing, and with others whose habits are purely sensual. Dark eyes certainly accompany swarthy complexions, and as certainly range down and prevail with the animal creation. Is it possible, therefore, that the blue eyes are associated with moral sentiments, and with contemplative habits, while the dark are allied to the sensual and voluptuous feelings and passions? England and Germany have the credit of being more moral nations than France, Italy, and Spain. The blue eyes predominate in the former, the black in the latter. Besides, it may be affirmed, incidentally, that blue is the sweetest and purest color in nature. It is the color of the heavens above, whilst the next most grateful color, but less soft, the green, is the prevailing color upon the earth. But then it may be alleged, that brilliancy and blackness, light and darkness, lustre and gloom, exhibited in the contrast of a fine black eye, produce, so far as effect of feeling is concerned, the most captivating and delightful emotions.

Or, shall we solve the question more wisely, by referring the shades of difference to that law of nature, which multiplies infinitely the objects of taste and skill, in order to give us greater manifestations of wisdom and power?

Plausible as these opinions may seem, if adopted to their full extent they might often lead to error, since the diversities of human character are so great, and perhaps it would be safer to class these views under the head of general ideas, which appear to be true; yet, when we seek to verify them

in individual cases, we are not unfrequently puzzled and confounded.

In a national point of view, some curious reflections arise out of the consideration of this question. For instance, among the English, a nation which has accomplished so much in the cause of social progress and religious reform, no king having black eyes has ever sat upon the throne, except, perhaps, some of those of the early Norman race, and except, also, Charles II, who was a great libertine, and remarkable for his sensuality. And in this country, also, all our presidents, with a single exception, and that of a most exemplary character,* were blue-eyed men. The second office of the government, though, has been held by one or two black-eyed men, and particularly by an individual,† who was, in some respects, another Charles II. These observations, however, require this qualification, to be made in connection with them, namely, that England and the United States are both blue-eyed nations.

But there is no doubt whatever, since the argument seems to be in favor of blue eyes, that if the black ones were called upon to vindicate their rights, they would be fully able to make an eloquent and most convincing appeal to our *hearts*, at least, in their own defence. But in doing this, they would only strengthen and confirm the arguments which have been brought against them.

If put to vote, the black eyes would certainly settle the dispute in their favor, as they predominate greatly in the entire world. But then it must be remembered, that in questions of high moral import, the minority is not unusually in the right. Looking at the matter in another point of view, and divesting it of serious consideration, it must be acknowledged, that although the blue eye may be the most pensive and pleasing, yet the black one is often the most powerful and irresistible, and will do ten times as much mischief in the world,—and that leaves the subject at the conclusion, just where we started from at the commencement.

* General Harrison.

† Burr.

THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS.

The Thoughtless.

Happy are they, or seem to be, who see in life nothing but its light and its sunshine, its rainbows and its flowers: who resign themselves freely to the song and the dance; and who live with the smiles of the heart, and not by the sweat of the brow. They sport the time away like frolicksome bubbles on the surface of the fountain, unconscious of the effort and struggle of the deep and stirring waters at their source below. Oh, thoughtless beings, and supremely blest, if Divine Providence has placed no indissoluble link between the self-afflicting emotions of the soul in this life, and the eternal happiness and tranquillity of the next! Or, if our destiny in this world is so shaped and ordered as to correspond to the lives of insects; then, they who take the severer parts are like the toiling bees, or the persevering tribe which saw, cut, and bore, while others with gilded hues and enameled wings are like the butterflies which gambol in the gardens and coquet with the flowers.

Independence of Thought.

The best gift which nature has conferred upon man is the independence of his thoughts and feelings. The outward as well as the inward world suggests subjects of contemplation and motives of action; but the reflections upon them, which spring up within us, owe no responsibility to any power save that of the author of our being.

Union of opposite Feelings and Emotions.

There is a strange and mysterious blending of contrary feelings and emotions at the same time in the breast of man. Love and resentment, pride and humility, hope and despair, vice and virtue, holiness and sin, have a kind of coexistent character, or fluctuate with the slightest and most unsettled alternations, as every opposite touches closely upon its correlative.

Shakspeare and other writers have penetrated into the mystery of this double state of feeling. "Most dangerous,"

says he, "is that temptation which goads us on to sin in loving virtue."

Dante also :

" Mine eyes with such an eager coveting,
Were bent to rid them of their ten years' thirst,
No other sense was waking."

And Byron :

" Strange though it seem, yet with extremest grief
Is linked a mirth that doth not bring relief."

And we frequently fall into those moods in which contrary sentiments commingle together simultaneously in the soul,

" When pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind."

Second Thoughts.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

Restricted Thoughts and Feelings.

As the earth is parceled out into small possessions—as we limit ourselves to sizable apartments to dwell in—and fall into the routine of systematic habits of regular employments, and well-known places—so our thoughts and feelings, in a corresponding manner, become restrained and circumscribed, and it is even offensive to some persons to have the quietude of this restriction invaded ; and the attempt to introduce new ideas and sensations is regarded with suspicion, and rebuked at once. Expansion of thought and feeling is, moreover, looked upon as something extremely dangerous, and we are cautioned against it, by all the demonstrations of wisdom and experience ; and the very things which might and would render us wiser and happier, our best friends assure us will only make us flighty and visionary, and that nothing of the kind is needed for success in business, and respectability in the world ; and to convince us of it, and fully to settle the point, they exhibit to us as positive proofs, their own empty heads and icy hearts.

Reciprocity and Equilibrium.

The secret of happiness lies in well-balanced feelings, and this was formerly made the chief tenet of a great philosophical sect. But there is a higher and nobler philosophy than

that of stoicism. What vast differences exist among men, in every respect, but more especially in regard to feeling! And this difference creates a separation and distinction, so that one portion of the world is incomprehensible to, and alienated from another. The strong and energetic have little sympathy and fellowship with the feeble and sensitive, and mercy is as alien to rudeness as compassion is to force. How often are unfeeling and ungenerous assaults made by the energetic and powerful upon the weak and defenceless! and

“Man’s inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

Difficult is it to comprehend things that are beyond our sphere, and contrary to the bent of our nature—difficult is it to understand ourselves—and most difficult of all to learn how to respect the feelings of others—so as never to provoke nor wound; to raise no blush on the cheek; to send no pain to the heart; to draw no sigh from the breast, and no tears from the eye! Herein is a deep and great philosophy, to govern ourselves for ourselves, and in relationship to others; to be kind and compassionate, yet firm and resolute; indulgent, yet not weak; discriminate, but not severe; patient, but not torpid; generous, but not prodigal; and slow to offend, but swift to forgive.

Good and Evil.

Our good thoughts are the true angels of light which descend from above to counsel, advise, and bless us, whilst our evil thoughts, which dispute the mastery of them, are the wicked spirits which rise up unbidden from below.

Noble Thought and Happy Feeling.

Oh! how many listless and weary hours do we live of common and ordinary life, for the rare privilege of enjoying a few precious moments of noble thought and happy feeling—when the spirit gathers up its strength for that vigorous and upward flight, which lifts us above the *chiaroscuro*, the half-shadow and half-brightness of the world below! “Every man,” says Zimmerman, “is occasionally, what he ought to be perpetually.”

Ennui.

“As the mind saddens, murkier grows the shade.” *Dante.*

I would not sit, nor ride, nor walk,
I cannot read, nor write, nor talk ;
I feel no pain ; what can it be
Oppresses thus ? Is it Ennui ?

This cruel, crushing weight of care
Felt at the heart, which none can share—
Forsaken, lifeless, lost to be,
Unloved by all ; is *this* Ennui ?

Is it a moaning for the past,
Regret for joys that fled too fast ;
To know the future thus must be
As desolate—is *this* Ennui ?

It is not thought, I only muse,
Like vapors dripping morning dews ;
No fragrant flower, no leafy tree
Cheers the lone aspect of Ennui.

It is a dense and murky haze,
Of darkness born, on which I gaze ;
Which dims, obscures whate'er I see,
This incubus of life, Ennui !

What languor clutches on my soul,
Subduing all to its control ;
Inert, distressed—oh, woe is me,
A martyr to this sad Ennui !

Delicacy.

There is in the frame of some minds, or in the constitution of some hearts, that which, if not a distinct characteristic, is yet a most pleasing and happy accompaniment or quality of them. Where it is not found, it is not justly appreciated nor understood, for it is the part and element of a refined, gentle, and sensitive nature, namely : true, native, and genuine sensibility and delicacy of feeling, which imparts to those who possess it such niceness of apprehension—such quick

touches of sympathy—and such lively shades of exquisite tenderness and emotion—that colder, harder, and more insensible minds and natures do not, and cannot experience or comprehend it.

Self-convictions.

It would be a nice point to settle, how far self-convictions are to be confided in, and in what cases they are to be distinguished from wayward inclinations and unsettled desires on the one hand, or from perversions of judgment and prepossessions of enthusiasm on the other. It is, however, a safe rule to lay down, that an ounce of reason is, in most cases, worth a pound of conviction.

Few persons are so well satisfied with their actual condition in life, as to take no pleasure in turning over the leaves in the mysterious book of destiny, to peruse, if possible, the unknown and enigmatical revelations of the future.

If self-convictions took sides less with vanity and weaknesses, they would be more reliable, and would seldom tempt the lovers of wealth with the treasures of Pluto—love-sick swains with the roseate bowers of Venus—or deluded saints with the raptures of heaven.

During the wars conducted by Louis XIV, it is recorded of a general in the French army, that he had a dream which was repeated two or three nights successively, in which it was revealed to him that the French troops would be beaten by the enemy, and that he would be killed in the engagement. Reflecting on this matter seriously, it soon became a settled conviction in his mind, that all this would really happen. He therefore deserts with the troops under his command to the ranks of the enemy. A battle ensues, the reverse of the dream as to the victorious side takes place, the French are triumphant, and the unfortunately deluded general is slain fighting as a traitor against his own countrymen.

Suspense.

Wearisome are the tedious and anxious intervals of suspense, when the messengers of desire come not, and solitude and sadness reign within. It is that disquietude in the Ark of the Mind—the painful and uneasy moments which inter-

vene between the delay of the raven and the return of the dove.

Surface and Depth.

It is the surface feelings only which are constantly affected by change. The deep and profound remain undisturbed, and are more difficult to be moved.

“The deepest ice that ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close;
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.”

Constant Elevation of Feeling unattainable.

There are times when Venus ceases to be pleased with her beauty, and Apollo with his grace; when Hercules no longer glories in his strength, nor Minerva in her wisdom; and when all high thoughts and proud feelings nestle at the very footstool of humility.

Repressions and Transitions.

Alas, that time and cruel circumstance should too often compel us by force to curb in the proud and aspiring feelings of the heart, so as to make us no more what we were, and so different from what we thought to be! This dwelling which we inhabit is not a palace; this garden is not a Paradise; these dull cold feelings are not love! Our life was once gay and bird-like, and sported upon light elastic wings; now, it is sluggish—dreary—insensible: a stagnation—a desolation—a petrification.

Complacency and Harmony.

There are delightful moments of peace and composure—a halcyon calm of the breast—when all is tranquillity and content within and around us. We feel the glow of a mild and gentle radiance—of a pure, bright, sweet sunshine—full of beauty, life, and joy. We are exempt from every disturbing, every impulsive and disordering action. The winds of passion and the tides of feeling are lulled to rest, and the serene quietude of a happy equilibrium prevails in nature

and in life. Then are we kind, just, compassionate, and good. The rancor of hate and the vexations of envy have subsided, and love and forgiveness possess the soul. We are patient, submissive, subdued. Self-love is for a while lost sight of, but the love of God and of man is brought more forcibly than ever to view. We are reminded of the rational purposes of life, and of the harmonies of the world we live in, and experience no other regret than that these visitations of tenderness and resignation, of concord and complacency, should be so few; or that we should ever be destined to forfeit them, when we have known and felt the charms and benefits of their possession.

Action and Reaction.

When the feelings are elevated, there is something to invigorate and sustain, but the props are removed when the moments of depression ensue. The action and animation are full of zest and interest, but the reactions and declensions are oppressive and horrible.

Actions and Thoughts.

Actions are fixed things, or embodied thoughts, but comments upon them are the variable colors which set them off, and impress upon them many changeable aspects and right or wrong significations;

“ For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.”

Feelings and Judgment.

The actions and sentiments of others, which originate in their feelings, we subject to the test of our judgments, and we are thus liable to put the same misconstruction upon our neighbors as they in like cases put upon us.

Feelings and Sentiments.

Nothing is more common than to confound feelings and sentiments. Our sentiments are inconstant and variable, our feelings generally persistent and durable, although the partitions between them are sometimes sufficiently transparent.

But sentiments are changed without effort, while the modification of our feelings is frequently the effect of time, of discipline, and experience.

Reason and Sentiment.

There is truth in sentiment as well as in reason. Each has its appropriate place, and they may often and on many occasions well be united together. To destroy sensibility contributes neither to our happiness nor to our wisdom. Reason is the sword and buckler of the mind ; sentiment, the plumes and adornments of the heart. As soldiers depend mainly upon the quality of their arms, and their skill in the use of them, but nevertheless, equip themselves with many embellishments, so should we rely upon the strength of our reason, but render it attractive by the graces of sentiment.

Elevation and Depression.

What rising and uplifting emotion transports me on high, so that I seem to sport with the winds and to sail with the clouds ! But anon, the earth-spirit calls me back, and I seek the retreat of some quiet and unnoticed corner ; or shelter me in the shade of some lonely and secluded hill, where no observation intrudes, and where my low breathings commingle with the whispering sounds of nature, until the life-instinct which is around me appears only a part of my own soul—the mortal a triumph over chaos, and the immortal a scintillation from some everlasting and eternal sun !

Depression and Aspiration.

“ Why partest from me, O my strength ? ” “ Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me ? ” Thou art in the dark valley where the shadows deepen, and where silence reigns. Shall our feet no more ever run upon the hills or climb upon the mountains ? Shall the soul never again re-mount to the bright fields above where dwell the pure air, the sunshine, and the azure ? Oh “ bear me to the uppermost stars, to the uppermost part of the uppermost, ”

“ There up aloft in the life serene.”

Thought subject to Feeling.

As thought is preceded by the feeling which produces it, so is it under subjection to it. When the feeling declines or dies, so does the thought, unless it be inscribed in the memory. As thought also precedes the words which express it and give it form, so are the words inferior to the thought, and there are thoughts and emotions of the soul too deep, too powerful for utterance or expression, and language never can explain them or convey them to others—

“ Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.”

“ Things that do almost mock the grasp of thought.”

Dante.

“ Yes, there are thoughts that have no sound—such thoughts,
That no coined phrase of words can utter them !
The tongue would syllable their shapes in vain ;
The cautious pen, even in a master's hand,
Finds nothing at its point to mark them with.”

Brainerd.

Inwardness.

We may condemn, or reject, or estimate at their true value, the flattering testimonials of others. We may refuse to acknowledge the gracious oblations which are proffered to our self-love, but it is more difficult to regard with scrutinizing suspicion and distrust the secret and seductive insinuations of our own hearts, which whisper, in tones which we alone can hear, of our individual virtues and perfections. There is a mental and moral delicacy in gifted minds and noble natures which shrinks from this dangerous kind of delusion and contamination, and which holds in reservation the inward and priceless gems of purity and excellence, enfathomed in the depths of the soul, and which naturally shun the light, but do not shine the less brilliantly when brought into it. Goëthe, in writing to Schiller, affords an illustration of these sentiments. “ I know,” says he, “ that I never get through with a thing if I have in any way confided or disclosed to any body the plan of the work.” And again, “ This aesthetic influence has its source in the depths of my nature, in a certain feeling through which I find a satisfaction in veiling from the world's eyes my existence, my actions, and my writings.”

“ When most unseen, then most himself he sees.”

“ Open thy mind to what I now unfold,
And give it inward keeping.”

HUMILITY.

An Illustrative Anecdote.

Lesk II, King of Poland, elected to that monarchical dignity for his distinguished virtues, was originally in a very mean condition of life, yet he demeaned himself in the administration of the government with as much prudence and policy, as if he had issued from the loins of a whole race of ancient kings. On all festivals and solemn occasions, when he was attired in his royal robes, he still put on a great-coat made of coarse, plain homespun, which he wore before he was made king, casting it over his sumptuous apparel, to refresh his mind with the remembrance of his primitive estate.

Pretension and Humility.

Almost every one knows more than he is able to communicate, and less than what he claims to know.

“We may be learned by the help of another’s knowledge,” says an ancient philosopher, “but we can never be wise, but by our own wisdom.” There is a Turkish legend which records, that after the settlement of the Israelites in Egypt, Pharaoh dreamed of an aged man who was holding a balance in his right hand. In one of its scales he placed all the sages and nobles of Egypt; and a little lamb in the other, and it outweighed them all.—*Salé.*

Humility and Virtue.

Humility is the greatest virtue, for all others follow where this is found, and fly away where it is not. It is a plant that was but little known among the ancients, and first grew to perfection, violet-like, in the retired and shady hills of Judea. Without it, ambition, always aiming at great fruits, finds them, when they come to maturity, to be full of bitterness and ashes.

Without it, also, learning is full of presumption, and that which is called “Glory” is nothing more than inflated vanity and hollow-hearted applause. Without it, moreover, many ancient and renowned heroes of antiquity, believed

themselves to be gods, and were worshiped as such, when they were little better than monsters and demons. Humility is the beauty of life, and the chief grace and perfection of the soul.

MORALS.

Moral Maxims.

Every occupation and profession boasts of its maxims and adages, but there are more of these associated with morals than with any thing else. The reason is plain. Morality is a subject in which all mankind feel the deepest interest, and it occupies the thoughts of those most, who are most accustomed to think.

Moral Writers and Thinkers.

Moral writers and thinkers cannot be too much multiplied and encouraged. The many evil passions and numberless gross perversions of error, which abound in the world, are like so many serpents in a den ; and it requires a good many hands well armed with weapons to beat them out and destroy them.

The Natural and the Moral.

We like to see the natural as it is, and the moral as it should be. Fidelity to nature, and adherence to truth.

OLD AGE.

Its Insecurity.

“Old age,” saith Lord Bacon, “is a tower whose foundation is undermined.” More beautiful is the remark of a female author :* “Old age is like a flower without root, the first blast lays it low.” But still the old have great trust in time. They look round to see if there are not some older than themselves, and if others have succeeded in passing over

* Catharine Sinclair.

the three score and ten limit, they expect to do it also, and to live as long as the sun-dried Arabs of the Desert, or the snow and ice hardened peasants of Russia.

The Reckoning.

Art thou "a young aurora of the air," or a long-lived and youth-regretting Tithonus? Thy age? Is it cosset-lamb, verd antique, Nestorian, or mummy? Whether we are old or not, Heaven best knows, as Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva says.

There is no tree that we prefer to sit under more quietly than under the date-tree; nor is there any kind of science that people in general more dislike to be questioned about than that of chronology.

Effects.

Old age is bad for the face, but good for the head. Every face hath its scores, and is a map of life.

"If Time, penurious of his treasure,
Should steal the gold from that bright hair,
Poor, but contented still, with pleasure
I shall behold the witness there,
And shall esteem the silver more
Than e'er I prized the golden ore."

Salvator Rosa.

As to Trouble.

People may be too old for pleasure, but never too old for trouble.

Renovation and Decay.

Whilst we are tottering with the infirmities of increasing years, many familiar objects around us seem to be also touched by the finger of decay. With the old, all things appear to grow old. The mansions in which we dwell begin to look weakly and dilapidated; the walls crumble and settle down; the painted colors wear off; the cushioned seats become abraded; and the furniture and mantels put on an ancient and time-worn aspect. The trees too have assumed a ven-

erable figure, and cast a melancholy shade. The flower garden is neglected, with here and there only a crocus, a daffodil, or a hyacinth, struggling with rank weeds and briars, to show their gay fronts, like occasional smiles amidst many cares.

The box plants have grown stout and corpulent; they have an air of sedate dignity, as if they were conscious of the portly honors of a green old age. But they who planted them must pass away. The old settlers must be gone, and new ones succeed. The apartments, where debility and decrepitude linger out their solitary and expiring days will again be fitted up for festivity and joy.

With a new generation, new things will start into life. The ancestral possessions will be cut up, and perhaps the clumpy old boxes cut down, or be left standing as solitary relics which are spared—the only impressive witnesses and memorials which remain to testify of the past.

Gray Hairs.

Gray hairs, when associated with fresh and healthy looks, are not displeasing; when accompanied with feeble and broken health, they seem to be indeed the harbingers of fate, and “the blossoms of the grave.”

Advances of Time.

Ye who control our fates, Ye heavenly powers!
Time must perform its work, as we must ours;
Onward and onward, swift and unconfined,
We join the flight, and cannot lag behind!

Legend of the Midrash.

There is a legend of the Midrash, which relates, that before the time of Abraham, no gray-headed old men were ever seen, and that he was much astonished when he beheld his head assuming a silvery aspect. But inasmuch as Isaac was born to Abraham in his old age, and had a perfect resemblance to his father, the hair of the patriarch was turned white on that occasion, in order to distinguish the father from the son.

Age and Vice.

How ill do vice and guilt consort with hoary and well stricken years! White is the immaculate emblem of purity, but is misplaced when applied to depravity. Vice may seduce the young, and lead them astray, and some apology may be offered for it; but it is revolting to see it confederated with the crafty experience and canting hypocrisy of the old, when they have lost all love of virtue, and all sense of shame.

But how delightful is it, to behold an old age, chaste and venerable, dignified and noble; and to see the snows of time descend pure and unblemished upon a veteran's brow!

Ill-Regulated.

The break-down feebleness of age, with those who are

“Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with cares,”

moves us to compassion; but an ill-regulated old age excites either aversion or contempt, when we discover that reason and sobriety have not enforced those wholesome principles of restraint and self-control which serve to prevent depraved actions, and to fortify virtuous ones.

“Be the fresh herb far from the goat's tooth.”

Acquired Deformities.

Youth is seen as it is, unmasked and untransformed; its greatest attraction being, that it is simple and natural, and exempt from the thousand artful disguises worn in after life.

But old age presents itself with many acquired deformities; outwardly, by the dilapidations of time; inwardly, by the vexations of life. By these accompaniments which attend it, but do not necessarily belong to it, is old age judged. These distressful looks, these traces of pain and passion,—of inward strife, suffering, and *mal-aise*—may be, and are, according to the usages of life, but not in accordance with its laws; for in the natural world, there is beauty in a fading leaf, gentleness in a receding tide (although the shore is bald), and glory in a setting sun.

Age and Companionship.

Without companionship of some kind, old age is peevish, solitary, and cheerless.

It revives the associations of youth, and prolongs the hopes of life, to witness the sportive gambols of childhood, and the harmless diversions of innocence and mirth.

Pastime, so acceptable to the young, is almost indispensable to the old. Silvestre, in speaking of St. Evremond, says, "That he was naturally slovenly, which was occasioned chiefly by his having dogs, cats, and all sorts of animals, constantly with him. He used to say, that in order to divert the uneasiness of old age, it was necessary always to have before one's eyes, something alive and animated."

Enterprises.

Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that any one who died before the age of sixty, died contrary to the intentions of nature, and therefore untimely. No doubt but that enough of human life is wasted in this world, to people many other worlds of greater size. Montaigne asserted, that no great enterprise should be contemplated after the age of forty. But many authors, generals, statesmen, heroes and philosophers, have undertaken and accomplished the greatest enterprises, and performed the most distinguished services after that period. And even Montaigne himself wrote the best of his essays after that age. As long as life, health, zeal and ardor last, the mind is capable of effort, if energy be not wanting.

He who gives up, is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use, is the very way to become useless. When Sir Joseph Banks was crossing the snow-covered mountains of Patagonia, he knew the necessity of exertion to save himself and his companions from being frozen to death, and he said to them, "Do not stop—push on—he that sits down, will soon lie down—he that lies down, will soon sleep—and he that sleeps, will wake no more."

Cato was far advanced in life, when he commenced studying Greek. Hobbes began authorship at sixty. Cervantes was far from being young, when he wrote his immortal Don Quixote, and was even reproached with levity, for his exuberant humor.

Masinissa, king of Numidia, had children born to him at the age of eighty-six, and at ninety-two he headed his army and conquered the Carthaginians.

When do we grow old?

If there were any particular times in which age made an instantaneous invasion upon us, it would, perhaps, be easy to ward off its attacks. But it steals upon us with silent march and stealthy step, unheard and unperceived; nor are we conscious, until made so by after discoveries, that the persevering enemy, Time, has invaded our territories without our knowledge, and robbed us of the wealth of our charms. Anciently, in Spain, a youth, having been detected in some act of indiscretion which incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, was cast into prison, and expected nothing less than the forfeiture of his head. This apprehension of death so wrought upon him, that on being brought out the day after his committal, it was found that his hair had turned entirely gray. When ushered into the royal presence, he was dismissed with this admonition: that his sufferings had sufficiently atoned for his want of reflection and prudence, and that his self-inflicted punishment rendered any other unnecessary, since from being a young man, in the course of one day only, he had become an old one.

Numberless have been similar instances, exhibiting the powerful influences of terror and agitation, both upon the mind and body. If we look to the other extreme, we find that many have become delirious, or have actually died, from sensations of sudden and unexpected joy and excitement. Tranquillity and composure, therefore, a harmony of action, *a quiet mind in a healthy body*, are the most effectual safeguards against the precipitate attacks of age. When we lose this security, or deviate from this serenity, we act, more or less, in opposition to the original intentions of nature. Who but the imprudent, the intemperate, and the ill-regulated, by their overtaking excesses, prematurely invite the hasty encroachments of time, and make rapid advances in the stages of disease and decay? Allowance must be made, however, for inherent defects of constitution; but even these are often traceable, directly or indirectly, to those causes which characterize the self-indulgent weaknesses and follies of man. We grow old by extremes of emotion,—by too much languishment and ease, or by being subjected to the action of those intensities,—those inward and consuming fires, which dry up the wells of the heart, exhaust the unction of the brain.

CHILDREN.

Their earliest Words.

It was remarked by Cicero, when speaking of the early period at which children commence talking, that they seem to recall a language which they had learned in another world.

Providence appears to develop this precious intelligence in them, in order that these tender and diminutive beings may make early advances in knowledge, and compensate by their drollery, their companionship and amusement, for the cares and responsibilities which infancy demands.

The Care of Children.

Children are little things, but they exact great cares. They may be childlike and simple, but the charge of them makes their parents shrewder and wiser. "Children," says Lord Bacon, "increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death."

Parental Solicitude and Filial Devotion.

"Le cœur d'une mère est le chef d'œuvre de la nature."
A mother's heart is full of the tenderest, sincerest, and the most devoted solicitude and affection. Every other feeling may be expelled, but the love of offspring is irradicable. It is as strong as life itself, and its hallowed influences achieve a victory even over death. The writer of this, during a residence in France some years since, happened to pay a visit, on All Saints' Day, to the grand cemetery of Père Le Chaise, where he became a witness to the following impressive scene. It is usual for many of the tombs to be so constructed as to admit of a small ante-chamber in front, which is entered by a door capable of being secured. It is only resorted to when the pious affection of the friends and relatives of the deceased induces them to repair to the sacred spot, to blend the love of the living with love for the dead; to indulge in prayer; and to crown the hallowed place of burial with garlands and flowers; especially on the occasion of such a grand festival as that of All Saints' Day. Whilst

walking through the cemetery, I beheld three beautiful boys, graceful, and well-attired, kneeling devoutly in prayer before a golden crucifix, which had been placed in one of the little sepulchral chambers above alluded to. The eldest appeared to be about fifteen years old; and the other two, eight and ten. As soon as they had finished their devotions (at a little desk, or *pric-dieu*.) which they performed with an earnestness strictly devout, they began to brighten the candlesticks, the crucifix, and the vases, and to water the flowers, and put the tomb of their departed mother (as it proved to be) in order. There was so much sincerity of purpose, innocence, and filial piety, displayed in their looks and actions, that I approached to witness their behavior, and to examine the monument. It appeared, from the inscription upon it, that this much cherished parent had been dead but three years; and upon her tomb was inscribed the following pathetic and animating admonition to her surviving children: "*Courage, mes enfans, je vielle encore sur vous.*"

"Take courage, my children, your mother is still looking down from heaven upon you."

Loss of Children.

The loss of a child leaves a mournful vacuum in the home and heart, which nothing can fill. A destiny it seems unnatural and irreconcilable, when,

"Reversing nature's kindly doom,
The parents rear their children's tomb."

How touching is the exclamation of Constance:

"He talks to me who never had a son!"

and who knows the transport of a daughter's love, like those who have felt it, and lived upon it, and then lost it for ever! "If I am bereaved of my children," said the afflicted Patriarch, "*I am bereaved.*" For a child is a double blessing, a present joy, and a future hope.

Faults and Crimes.

The faults of the child become the crimes of the man. Faults in early life should always be timely and promptly corrected, whilst it is asserted by good judges of human

nature, that the *first* crime should always be forgiven. If a sincere contrition of it can be effected, or any tenderness of feeling elicited, the offender may be brought to see the nature of the offence and prevented from becoming subsequently hardened and irreclaimable. When the child transgressed, it was the opinion of Diogenes that we should strike the father. Children are more thoughtless and imprudent than vicious or depraved.

Childish Play.

The recreations of childhood, like the simple and undisguised feelings of that tender age, are nearly every where the same.

“When I was a child,” said the celebrated Indian chief and warrior, “Corn Planter,” “I played with the butterfly, the grasshopper, and the frogs.”

Permanent Ties.

The relationship existing between individuals and those which prevail in society, are subject to constant fluctuations. But those ties and obligations which refer to parents and children, ever remain immutably the same, and have continued so from the foundation of the world. A mother’s love and a father’s care are always and every where the same.

Providing for Children.

There may be submission without cheerful obedience, and subjection without a willing consent. The motive of an action is far more important than the action itself. The resolute and violent rule by a principle of fear; the virtuous and dignified alone are able to sway the heart by gentleness and the principles of love, and by first securing a winning confidence, to exact homage from a sense of duty and a desire to please. Every parent is a preceptor as well as a protector. Few of them would willingly abandon their helpless offspring to the charities of a pitiless world, whilst in other respects, they do not always sufficiently guard against the world’s future influences, its sorrows, its contentions, its sufferings, its reproaches, and its shame.

Those parents act most wisely who have foresight enough to provide not only for the youth, but for the age of their offspring—who teach them usefulness, and not to expect too much from the world—to become betimes familiarized with the stern and actual realities of life—and never to be apes of fashion, nor parasites of greatness.

Training.

Some parents, who are blessed with children, are not equally blessed in the management of them, and do not exactly know *how* or *what* to do with them, although they hope the best. They have some indistinct recollections of the manner in which they themselves were sparingly nourished with variegated chaff in some great establishments in their youthful days; and are anxious to provide something more substantial for their young ones. But however warm may be the parental *heart*, yet if the parental *mind* be deficient in cultivation and experience, and the most responsible and sacred of all duties is wholly intrusted to others (who are not always competent), some disappointment must ensue, for those things are best done which we either do ourselves, or are good judges of, to see that they are well done by others. Plato said, that one of the chief duties of life was to train up a child properly.

“Who but a happy son will praise his sire?”

None but sensible people can bring up a child well. Nine-tenths of the children in the world are either neglected or mismanaged in some way or other.

In fact, to bring up children judiciously, three things are required, a great deal of time, a great deal of patience, and a great deal of knowledge—an arduous and important task, but if well performed, not likely to prove an unthankful one.

So many things, however, are included in the proper and successful training of children, that it is not easy to enumerate and define them all. But certain it is, that where children have been prudently governed and directed, they never fail to show it in their minds, manners, and characters, and in after life, they delight to honor and revere the memory of their wise parents, whose foresight and intelligence placed

them in the right path of respectability and usefulness—who permitted not the valuable opportunities of youth to be wasted and frittered away—and who never subjected them to the cruel necessity of afterwards unlearning all that had been early taught.

The Credit of having Good Children.

The young are the peculiar care of heaven, in the affection which they inspire ; and in the pleasures they impart, atone in a thousand ways for the troubles they give. The sacred books of the Persians say, “If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good actions which they perform, will be imputed to you.” And according to one of the wise sentences among the Hindoos, “To the sky, the sun is a gem ; to the family, a child is a gem ; and to an assembly, a learned man is a gem.”

Grecian and Turkish Way of Baptizing Them.

When children are admitted by baptismal rites into the Christian church, the sign of the cross is usually made upon the forehead, signifying, emblematically, that sentiments of religion are early to be impressed upon the mind of the child.

In the Greek church, the cross is made not only upon the forehead, but upon the mouth, the eyes, and the ears, in order that all those avenues of the senses may be well guarded and watched over in after life.

In the Moslem religion, no baptism is employed. What is called “name-giving” supplies its place. “When the parents have selected a name, and wish it bestowed upon a child, a priest is called, who takes the infant in his arms, pronouncing its name, and at the same time whispers or blows into one ear the word used to call the faithful to prayer, and into the other ear an abbreviation of the same word, as both are used. The young believer is thus supposed to be fortified in the true faith, and rendered secure against the influence of evil sounds, and nothing more is required.”—*Salé*.

Sons and Daughters.

In the Chinese language, the union of *tse* and *nyü*, the characters or signs which denote son and daughter, also signify happiness or comfort.

Disobedience.

Disobedience in parents brought the first sin and sorrow into the world, and the same spirit of disobedience, transmitted to the children, was the first blow given to the peace of the domestic circle.

History affords no example of a disobedient and rebellious child (without reformation), who ever became exemplary or distinguished in after life ;

“ ——— for much I muse,
How bitter can spring up, where sweet is sown.”

Such often, nay, almost always, prove to be the children of violence and crime, and are mostly short-lived, miserable, and unhappy. They are the Amnons and Absaloms, the Dinahs and Tamars, who bring wretchedness and sorrow upon themselves, and give their parents the cup of affliction and the waters of bitterness to drink.

It is the obedient child, only, that receives the true and right direction, which leads to peace, usefulness, and honor. The others are liable soon to be cut off; or they live to be full of trouble, and to prove the truth of these sayings in Scripture: “ *The meek shall inherit the earth,*” “ *Such as are for death, to death,*” and “ *Such as are for the sword, to the sword.*” Obedience and truth are the chief and all important requisites, and constitute the fundamental parts of a system of parental authority.

Force of Example.

The parents are the first patterns which a child copies after. If they are lazy and worthless, the children are poor and destitute; if careless, they are slovenly; if ignorant, they are so likewise; if windy and pompous, they are conceited and vain.

The very Young.

Women are the most competent judges of very young children. Men comprehend best the overgrown ones met with in the world. What a beautiful remark is that of Jean Paul Richter's: "The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

Moral Influence.

Children exercise a moral influence over their parents, even when the parents might otherwise, and from all other sources, be insensible to such impressions and restraints. Innocence pleads its own cause in eloquent silence; and tender age, with guileless heart, implores the shelter of virtue and the protection of love. Beautiful is the mediatorial and reconciling office of children.

If we have known and felt the depravities of human nature and the corruptions of life, we would spare our unoffending and unconscious offspring this sad experience and this painful knowledge. If *we* are weak and erring, we desire to see *them* strong and able to prevail; if we are corrupt and contaminated, our wish is for them to be spotless and pure; and no wretch is so utterly callous and abandoned, as to cherish the hope of seeing his vices and crimes, or the consequences of them, perpetuated in his children. No; the hardened criminal has no social or family ties, or, if he has, he rends them violently asunder; and virtue has no surer safeguard, and no sublimer incentives to noble acts, than those which spring from these engaging and attractive little beings, who are peculiarly the representatives of innocence and love.

"To thee I know too much I owe,
I cannot work thee any woe."

Love of many Children.

Zuinguis records of Charlemagne (who, it seems, was remarkably philoprogenitive), that he was so devotedly attached to his children, that he always took them with him on his journeys, would not sit down to table without them, and continually desired their company and presence. On one

occasion he was asked why he did not procure husbands for his daughters, and send his sons abroad to see the world? He replied, that he loved them so dearly that he could not endure them to be separated from him. As the love of offspring is one of the strongest impulses of nature, it may be remarked, in connection with it, that in the Adamite age, the number of children appears to have been small, but that they greatly increased in the patriarchal or tributical periods. In all countries where the dictates of nature are followed and obeyed, children abound, and the love of them is predominant.

Want of, and Substitutes.

By the poodle she pressed in her arms,
By the cats which surmounted her knee,
I knew, though great the domestic charms,
Not a child in the house I should see.

Oh, Cœlebs! that a creature like her
Should the chief bliss of wedlock forego;
Should enjoy but a bark or a purr,
And never sweet prattle should know.

If children she must ever have none,
(Forgive me if dogs I condemn,)
I will freely present her with one,
But not to be reared up with them.

Ah! then for new pleasures she'll live,
The delightful endearments of brats;
And the sweet, charming music they'll give,
Will exterminate birds, poodles, and cats.

Precocity.

If children are wicked, they may amend; if slothful, they may become industrious; if dull, they may improve; but there is scarcely any hope for a precocious child.

Old Children.

Ye old children, who are in the ablative case of time, but the nominative of childhood—thoughtless, and puerile, and toying with your age,

“As if the coral and the pap were yet,”

still in the hornbook of knowledge—charmed with simple pastime, with childish prank and prattle, and with infantile shows and toys! With you the hammer has no force, the pen no virtue, the plough no increase, and the sword no power.

“The silent heavens have goings-on,
The stars have tasks; but these have none;”

ever in the state of old-boyism, full of devices, quirks, and gibes. What a wide play-ground is the world! What extensive Zanyism is in life! Sweet are the cakes and fruits of early prime! O St. Apollonia, deliver thy playful, jocular, and care-ignorant children from the pangs and twitches of the tooth-ache!

Advances of Time.

Children are the pride and ornament of the family circle. They create sport and merriment, and dissipate all sense of loneliness from a household. When intelligent and well trained, they afford a spectacle which even indifferent persons contemplate with satisfaction and delight. Still these pleasurable emotions are not unalloyed with solicitude. It is an agreeable but changeable picture of human happiness. Time is advancing on; it impels us forward, and ere long these sportive and merry-hearted little beings will exclaim, like the older and more sad and serious ones around them, “The remembrance of youth is a sigh.” For, in the natural course of things, and in accordance with scriptural truth, “*The shepherd shall be smitten, and the sheep shall be scattered abroad.*”

“Our children,” says Madame de Staël, “who are tenderly reared by us, are soon destined for others than ourselves. They stride rapidly forward in the career of life, while we fall slowly back; and they soon begin to regard their parents in the light of memory, and to look upon others with the light of hope.

“What parents are wise enough to consider the passions of youth in the same point of view as the sports of childhood, and who are willing to renounce all participation equally in the one as in the other?”

“And when with envy, time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You’ll in your girls again be courted,
And I’ll go wooing in my boys.”

Mortality of Children—Inferences from it.

The mortality of children—(as it is computed that more than one-half that are born succumb, within the first year, to the dangers of infantile disorders)—this great mortality proves two important things. First (the previous good health of the parents being looked to), that children at the tenderest age require the nicest care and the most judicious management; and, secondly, that we have been fortunate enough to escape the perils of that precarious period. Through all these dangers have we passed with impunity, and have safely arrived at the years of maturity. If time hath gifts, and life blessings, we have had opportunities of enjoying them. We have lived to see the childish things pass away. The sports and pleasures which we once enjoyed exist only in our memories now, and we are daily and hourly leaving them farther and farther behind in the pathway of receding years. We have entered upon the great pilgrimage; we are girdled with cares, and it is not now the lively notes of merriment, with thrilling accents and exuberant glee, which salute our ears; but it is the serious voice of duty, with solemn and impressive tones, which echoes around us and hurries us on.

The air is not ours, nor the sun, nor the earth, nor the breath of life, but we enjoy them all. The hand that hath made us, hath made them also, and for us. Oh gratitude, unfelt and unacknowledged, must thou be sung only by the lips of angels, and never be breathed from the heart of man, who receives so much but returns so little!

Parental Tenderness and Love.

Nature affords striking proofs of foresight and wisdom in making the bonds of parental sympathy so invincibly strong and lasting. Our offspring owe their origin to our affections, and oft grow up surrounded by repeated demonstrations of tenderness and care. During childhood and youth, and even afterwards, when these charming epochs of life have passed away, the ties of constancy and attachment continue to prevail. Were not the cords of love thus strengthened, they would frequently be snapped asunder, for the severest trials which the world knows are those which assail the parental heart and pierce it with the deepest sorrows. Amidst mis-

fortunes and reverses, in persecution, anguish, and reproach, we still cling to the children of our hearts, and love them the more in proportion as the world contemns and frowns, and no other eyes save God's and our own look with compassion and forgiveness upon their weaknesses, their errors, and their adversities. The world esteems only the proud and the prosperous. It offers its incense upon the shrines of greatness, and bends a servile knee to strength and power. By the same rules it turns away from the humble, the unfortunate, and the wretched. What refuge would there then be left for many of this class, and especially the youthful and inexperienced, if nature had not provided some reliable sources of consolation, encouragement, and peace? It is not the greetings of the heartless world, of gay companions, or of perfidious friends, in whom we have trusted only to be deceived; no, it is a father's or a mother's voice—the same which first sounded in our ears in the days of innocent, unblemished, and unsuspecting childhood—which early spoke to us of love, of duty, and of heaven—which now reaches us, and would reach us, although we were cast in bondage, fettered in dungeons, or plunged in the deepest shame.

It may, perhaps, be mingled with tears, and come bursting from a breaking heart, but still it soothes us in the time of desolation—it welcomes us again to life—and cheers and sustains us with the glad tidings of joy, of forgiveness, and of hope.

ERRORS, EVILS, FAULTS.

Origin of Evil.

Si non sit Deus, unde bona? Si sit Deus, unde mala?
There is no moral evil in the world separate from the condition and will of man; and as he is a free agent, he must be the cause and author of it all, either directly or indirectly.

It cannot proceed from God, for he is the Creator, and according to St. Augustine, although evil *exists*, it is not *created*. The Devil, moreover, has no creative power, he is only a tempter.

“ Thus, the cause
Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,
But ill-conducting, that hath turned the world
To evil.”

Plato maintained that there is in matter a necessary, but blind and refractory force, which is the cause of imperfection, and the origin of evil. But this is obscure and unsatisfactory, and less clear than the Manichean doctrine, which declares at once an evil principle to be the origin of evil. More perspicuous and rational were the views of Euclid. He asserted, after the teachings of Parmenides, that all things which exist are good by their participation of the first and great original good, and consequently, that there is, in the nature of things, no real evil. Proclus furthermore very wisely ascribes the existence of evil to a limitation of powers.

The Hindoo theology dismisses the consideration of this perplexing question, by referring every thing in the shape of imperfection to a pre-existent state.

Evils Irradicable.

To eradicate every evil from the world is an impossibility. If those that are real and important can be exterminated, we must be content to let the imaginary and unimportant remain.

The hope of removing these entirely, would be as rational as the attempt to have fire without smoke and cinders, or air and water without motes and animalcules.

Imputed Faults.

As if we had not faults enough and to spare, we have frequently attributed to us many which we do not possess, and thus are we made responsible for real, as well as imputed defects.

Faults and Excuses.

Excuses abound equally as much as faults ; and the more faults we commit, the better practised do we become in framing ingenious apologies for them.

“ When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness,

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

Errors of the Mind.

The mind is easily seduced. It is readily carried away by the wind of strange doctrine, and so-called novel truths. But it possesses, nevertheless, this admirable quality, that after having been swayed off, it soon comes back again to its right balance and proper equilibrium. If it wrongs itself, it rights itself, until finally it acquires a well equiposed firmness and stability; just to itself and to others; and if not infallible, at least far less prone to error.

Virtue of Candor.

Errors are not easily amended by making plausible excuses for them, which blind our judgments and strengthen our delusions. The candor that admits a fault, is a part of that magnanimity which is allied to virtue.

"He who errs and then amends,
To heaven above himself commends."

Great and Little Errors.

Trifling and inconsiderable errors pass by unheeded and are soon forgotten, not so those which seriously affect our character, our interests, and the vital relations of life. They may blind us at first, but when our eyes are opened, we ask ourselves with astonishment and surprise, "Is it possible, that we have precipitated ourselves into a gulf like this?" There are, it has been remarked, "Capital errors which we may commit, after which it is impossible to do any thing wisely."²* They prostrate and overwhelm us, and by crippling our resources, and crushing our hopes, seal our fates, perhaps, for ever, unless there are strong resolutions and sound principles at heart to elevate and sustain, and to restore what has been lost.

Being Blind to our Faults.

If nature is at all chargeable with blame, firstly, in constituting us with faults, and secondly, in rendering us blind to

* De Retz.

them, or silent in regard to them, she has sought an effectual remedy for these evils, in rendering all other eyes observable of our defects, and all other tongues disposed to speak of them, although they discover not and speak not of their own.

“Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow.”

Fault-finders.

No character is more truly despicable than your habitual fault-finder, ever ready with his “counter-check quarrelsome.”

It is an absolute littleness and extinction of soul. There is no grace—no generosity—no expansion—no elevation nor nobility in it. The eyes become insect-like, and the faculties microscopic.

Hereules perambulated the world with lion’s skin and club to destroy its monsters; but these pigmies are armed only with goads and talons, and are themselves much greater evils than those which they would eradicate.

Their redemption lies in a portion of Pope’s prayer,

“Teach me to feel another’s woe,
To hide the faults I see;”

and their retribution in the concluding part,

“That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

Remedies for the Ills of Life.

Antidotes for poisons and remedies for sickness have not been more abundantly provided in the physical world, than recompenses and consolations for sufferings and calamities, in the moral world.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE UNITED.

No large house or establishment exists that has not a great many smaller ones, and of humbler uses, attached to it. It is difficult to separate entirely the great from the little. The latter even prevails over the former,

“And ’tis a common ordinance of fate,
That things obscure and small outlive the great.”

In the world about us, though, they are blended together, and we must neither see all, nor know all, if we would rest satisfied with the exhibitions of human greatness or magnificence.—*Minus amant qui acute vident.** But to be afflicted with *micromania*, argues some inherent and incurable defect. For it has been well remarked that “he never can be great who honors what is little.”

VIRTUE.

Types or Emblems.

All the virtues are represented by females, as being more pleasing, pure, and attractive, by their perfection and grace; and, like women, the virtues are the guardian angels of the world. But not only the virtues, but the graces and the muses, philosophy and religion, are all typified under the lovely forms of women.

Quality of Virtue.

If virtue is capable of being represented under the signification of any abstract terms, we might properly adopt those which are employed in the stoical maxim, “Abstine, Sustine;” for our virtue can possess no real strength, unless it has been tested by temptation, and unless, also, we have learned to bear and to forbear, to renounce and to surrender, and know when to resist, and when to submit,—in short, to endure and sustain some things,—to reject and abstain from other things. “*Car le prix de la vertu, est principalement dans l'action.*”

Improving in Virtue.

The best and most effectual way to improve in virtue is, to correct those faults, which are inimicable to virtue, but friendly to vice; in the same manner, we create beauties by removing deformities.

* Cardan.

Sincerity.

To be sincerely true, says Pindar, is the beginning of a great virtue.

Beginning and End.

The beginning of all virtue, says Demosthenes, is consultation and deliberation, and the end and perfection of it, fidelity and constancy.

Virtue and Glory.

It is the quality of true greatness, to be simple and unostentatious. The gentleness and simplicity of the child are ingrafted upon the strength and vigor of the man; and honor delighteth most in those whose modesty leaves the largest space in the heart for her to dwell in. "The higher the sun is, the lesser shadow doth it make. The greater the virtue is, the less glory doth it seek."

Virtue among the Ancients.

Among the ancients, the only access to the Temple of Honor was by the road of virtue:

"As the ancients heretofore,
To Honor's Temple had no door,
But that which thorough Virtue's lay."

And happy is the country where honor is sought after by virtuous means; where to be poor, or to be suspected of poverty, is no reproach; and to be rich, is not the only nor the highest title of respect.

Rare Things.

Beauty without vanity, wealth without pride, strength without violence, learning without affectation, gentleness without weakness, and power without abuse.

Temptation—Fortitude—Hope.

There are few things which are plausible, that do not, some time or other, deceive; or, tempting, that do not occa-

sionally lead astray. Fortitude is a rough plant, but it bears a fair flower; and hope sometimes makes a good journey, though it arrives not safely at last:

“For I have seen
The thorn frown rudely all the winter long,
And after, bear the rose upon its top;”
“And bark, that all her way across the sea
Ran straight and speedy,—perish at the last,
E'en in the haven's mouth.”

Machiavellism.

It was a saying of Machiavelli, that *many men perish because they are only wicked by halves*. Let this unprincipled maxim be read backwards, and the reverse of it would be exactly true. *Many, a vast many men perish because they are only good by halves*. The Machiavellian philosophy has in it all the duplicity and double-dealing contained in the following Hindoo aphorism:—“Be upright to the upright; be kind to the kind; use deception to the deceitful; thus, in every circumstance, do like for like.”

Ignorance and Virtue.

Virtue is ill-assorted with ignorance. It may still be virtue, but it lacks life, spirit, and power. It is weak, vapid, insipid, unprofitable and virtueless. What was said by one who knew well the human heart? To virtue add knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. One virtue springs out of another, when knowledge of the right kind exists, but nothing can be hoped for from blank ignorance. With *that*, things go on the descending, not the advancing scale. To ignorance, we add folly; to folly, sloth; to sloth, weakness; to weakness, delusion and error; and to these last, absurdity, and all kinds of worthlessness.

Trials of Virtue.

It is not without cause that virtue is subjected to such severe trials—such painful ordeals. It is the fairest and the

sweetest plant, growing in the rockiest and most barren soil of difficulty, danger, misfortune and privation.* It must endure, it must renounce, it must contend, and it must finally overcome, otherwise it is not genuine and true, and not of high origin. If it doth not, it was merely a mock sun—a false glory—a feeble spark—and not an ever bright, ever burning, and beautiful star.

Providence, for wise purposes, by which it works out its ways, and governs the world, is ever raising up those who are brave enough for truth, and magnanimous enough for virtuous deeds, who pass through every strait, surmount every obstacle, and vanquish all opposing foes, to show us the strength, the valor, the pride and greatness of virtue.

“ Though in my paths the rugged thorn be seen,
And the dry turf disclose a fainter scene ;
Though no gay rose, or flowery product shine,
The barren surface still conceals the mine.”

Profiting by the Defects of Others.

The incompetency of others becomes sometimes a stimulus to our own proficiency. We profit by their mistakes, gain by their oversights, and their defects serve to exhibit our virtues in a more conspicuous and available light.

Self-Denial.

He who has learned to practice self-denial, has overcome one of the most formidable difficulties in the way of accomplishing great objects. If he undertakes them without having learned this lesson, his efforts will bring him to it. It is the deep river that must be forded—the rough road that must be traveled—the strong citadel that must be stormed—for self-denial is the life and soul of things elevated, noble, and arduous, and none but the brave and stout-hearted are equal to it.

The old Virtues and the new Religions.

Are there any new virtues? No. The world, or the rightly thinking part of it, are contented with the old. Truth,

* Virtue may be compared to the Ketokee flower of the East, which is the most fragrant of all flowers ; yet, as it is surrounded by thorns, and grows in the most inaccessible places, it is difficult to pluck it.

temperance, honor, honesty, justice and good faith, and all that are like them, have a fixed, determinate position, and settled value in the estimation of all men. They are plain, simple, and unostentatious, and equally alike in the hearts and actions of every human being. If there are those who pretend to embellish them, to lay claim to them falsely—who possess the show and shadow of them, without their reality and substance—mankind denominate them always and every where as Pharisees and hypocrites. So is it also with respect to religion, the pure child of Heaven, descended from the skies upon earth. It is not the different kind of robes which men may choose to array her in, nor the various titles imposed upon her, that make her what she is; but it is her inestimable qualities, her adorable perfections, and her infinite consolations. She is all purity and simplicity, benignity and love. Her faith and doctrines are to-day what they were yesterday, and what they will be for ever. She lays claim to no new lights and new systems. They who ascribe them to her, misconceive and dishonor her; they are enemies of religion, and are false prophets, fanatics, and impostors, who are self-deluded, and for their own purposes endeavor to delude others; and mankind, after repeated demonstrations, see plainly enough, that none of these new systems and modern lights are as good as the old, or that they ever produce such happy results.

Virtue of Mohammedanism.

Schlegel denominates Mohammedanism as being “a faith without mysteries, a prophet without miracles, and a religion without morality.” As to the question of morality, observe what is said in the 66th chapter of the Koran, entitled, “Prohibition.” “O prophet, why holdest thou that to be prohibited which God hath allowed thee, seeking to please thy wives, since God is inclined to forgive and be merciful?”

“God hath allowed you *the dissolution of your oaths*; and God is your master; and he is knowing and wise.”

“When the prophet intrusted as a secret unto one of his wives a certain *accident*; and when she disclosed the same, and God made it known unto him; he acquainted her with a part of what she had done, and forbore to upbraid her with the other part thereof,” &c.

This *accident* refers to the prophet's libertinism in tam-

pering with one of his maid-servants to the neglect of his lawful wives. Like all others who have been guilty of the like *accidents* in modern times, and whose vice is "*not accidental, but a trade,*" he wished the matter hushed up, and had the effrontery to shield his iniquity by a pretended revelation from heaven.

Notwithstanding the flattering encomiums passed upon the Koran, as being a fine specimen of literary composition, it is diffuse and turgid in style ; and as to the subject matter, there is more novelty in the titles of the chapters than in their contents. The repetitions are endless, the topics iterated again and again, being faith in the apostle of God ; judgment and paradise ; the unity of God, and puerile stories and legends concerning Aaron, Moses, Pharaoh, &c., which are calculated to engage the attention of an imaginative and credulous mind.

In short, it is just such a production as might be expected of an ignorant person, an enthusiast, and an impostor.

Power of Endurance.

The constitution of man is endowed with greater relative strength than that of any other physical organization. It has been measured by the power of draught-horses, and tested by mathematical and philosophical experiments. In all this corporeal capacity, however, resides not *the real power of endurance*. That rests within, sustained by its own strength, or poised upon the invisible key-arch of the soul. For the soul of man possesses some quality analogous to the property both of the arch and the loadstone, which become stronger the greater the weight which they support.

Oh, there is great endurance of agony in life. Dragon trees, and things of monstrous shape and growth, shoot up out of the agitated and distempered soil of the heart. There is a torture, which tortured minds, writhing under the intense severity of distress—under the fiery trials of acute suffering—alone can fathom to its fullest depths ; and Virtue, in her nobleness of fortitude—in her invincible majesty of resolution—endures all this extremity of anguish in patience and tears!

VICE.

Vice and Self-Reproach.

Law is provided for crime, but precept only for ordinary deviations from the path of rectitude. What security would there be for the welfare and happiness of individuals and society, if there were not implanted by Nature in the breast of man a self-accusing and condemning spirit, to admonish, convict, and punish us, when it cannot be done by the formal and dubious processes of law, but is nevertheless surely accomplished by the direct and positive sanctions of virtue, under those circumstances which require restraint and control, but which admit of so much freedom and impunity? Every one finds constituted within himself a tribunal of justice, before which all his thoughts and deeds are summoned to appear; where there is no subterfuge, no evasion, and no escape, and he constantly experiences the supreme and gratifying delight of good acts, and the wretched and self-torturing sense of bad ones!

Yes, in all cases, where law is weak, conscience is strong. We need no Tarpeian rock, no bolt of the dungeon, no sword of the executioner, as long as we are inwardly impelled by conscientious remorse to anticipate them all, and to incur a retributive punishment which is more condign, and far more terrible than them all. For there is no agony so acute—no condemnation so sure—no punishment so severe—no destruction so swift and appalling, as that which is sometimes, nay, not unfrequently, self-inflicted, in consequence of flagrant and deplorable departures from the paths of integrity and virtue!

Concealed or Protracted Vices.

As in medicine those diseases are most dangerous and most difficult to treat where the symptoms are obscure and concealed, so in regard to vices, those are often the most fatal which are guarded by suppression and concealment. But hidden diseases are not alone to be dreaded, but those also of a protracted character, which have become firmly seated, and refuse to yield to the force of remedies, like those

secondary evil habits which are engrafted upon nature, and which become insensible to shame, and too hardened for correctional influences.

Roses and Onions.

There is about as much affinity between roses and onions, as there is between virtues of a sweet-smelling savor, and vices of a bad odor. It is said that when Satan first touched the earth, after his expulsion from Paradise, garlic sprung up under one foot and onions under the other.

“The last sigh of the virtuous,” saith an Eastern poet, “is more fragrant than the perfume of roses.”

Systematic Vice.

Vice has its sinks and shallows, as well as its rivulets and mighty streams. Sometimes it insinuates itself gently, like fine rain, into our very feelings and principles; and then again, it sweeps every thing before it like a surging and overwhelming tide! Few persons are unacquainted with occasional vices; but to see those vices reduced into a system—framed into a regular code of practice, and constituted into a rule and method of daily life—to be the means, and the only means, of furnishing sustenance and apparel—of procuring a livelihood, or of opening the way to luxury and affluence—when vice is thus systematized and rendered doubly powerful, no spectacle can be more atrocious, degrading, and abominable. Honest poverty and humble toil may well be proud of their integrity and uprightness; but that prosperity which is purchased by baseness and corruption, which is imbued with shame, and steeped in iniquity,—oh, how vile and loathsome a thing it is!—how shocking and repulsive to the sight of man, how revolting and offensive to the eye of God!

“Thou hast lost by thy faith, more than that faith can bestow,
As the God who permits thee to prosper, doth know.”

Deplorable is the state of that society where vices are so diffused and concurrent, that wretches and outcasts can construct from them openly and with impunity those well devised operations which redound to their profit and advantage; and which impart that kind of strength which finds its greatest security in the weakness of public virtue, and in the defectiveness of public principle.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Sources of our Errors and Vices.

Our errors arise from imperfections, our vices from corrupt principles. The most exemplary people are subject to errors; the depraved only are addicted to vices, and revel in that fatal pleasure which Rousseau calls the delight of the heart, but the poison of the soul :

“ Charm du cœur, et poison de l'esprit.”

Vices and Enmities.

We outlive most of our pleasures, and very often most of our friendships. But it would be fortunate for us, if we could outlive our vices and enmities, which too often remain, or do not abandon us so readily and so abruptly as more precious things, which we would prefer to retain.

Weapons used against each.

One class of mankind is persecuted for their vices, and another for their virtues; and while reason, truth, and persuasion are justly employed against the former, envy, falsehood, and detraction are unjustly enlisted against the latter.

One of each.

If there is room only but for one virtue, or for one vice, the virtue should be strong and the vice weak.

The Hypocrites.

Some, indeed there are many, who endeavor to keep on good terms with both virtue and vice. They wear their common suits at home, and their borrowed attire abroad. They are like the knight who appeared at a tournament with half a suit of armor on one side, and a plain dress on the other—“ half gold, half frieze ;” or having a dark and a bright side. Such characters, moreover, resemble the revolving

lights in a light-house, which turn round and round—and are now dark, and then bright; the dark side being reserved for themselves, and the bright for us.

The two Roads.

When we cast our eyes along most roads, we generally see something to admire; some pleasing object or other to arrest the eye, or to inform the mind. But when we stretch our view down the dismal road of vice, what do we observe? No beauties of nature are there, for nature has been denaturalized and turned out of doors. There are no flowers and green trees, no sportive birds and harmless animals; no rational sources of amusement and enjoyment, for a depraved taste could not profit by them. But instead of these, we discover the evil plots and devices, and the angry passions and designs of wicked, abandoned, and desperate spirits; and we perceive poor-houses and hospitals, whipping-posts and prisons, chains and bars, and finally, the gibbet and gallows to close the perspective. Should a tree be visible, it is one which has been blasted by lightning, and never a beast is seen except the hyena and wolf, and no birds save the night-hawk and screech-owl. The individuals who frequent that wretched road are the most rascally-looking fellows in the world—full of rags and vermin, and are horribly poor and miserable, and universally despised.

Turn we now to look, not down, but up, through the attractive and beautiful road of virtue. The symbols of chastity and purity meet and welcome us at every step. We behold the temples of God and the dwellings of men, the smiles of prosperity, the rewards of industry, and the blessings of peace. Nature is arrayed in sweet loveliness, and man walks forth in majesty and honor. In the place of prowling and fiendish passions, and fearful apprehensions and forebodings, there are quiet contentment and the most tranquil composure and serenity of mind and heart. The dwellers there live to enjoy life, to be wise, to be happy, and to make others so also.

No doubt but this is the best road, and the ragamuffins in the other know that it is; and, putting on decent apparel and comely disguises, they frequently leave their own road and get into this. But they are quickly detected by their dubious looks and actions, and as soon as they are caught, they are well whipped and beaten, and sent back again.

THE PLOUGH AND THE PULPIT.

The plough and the pulpit are instruments of great good in the world, and there cannot be too many of either in constant use. Some of the most distinguished benefactors of the human race have held on to the one, and held forth from the other, acting most wisely by promulgating the truths of religion, and by encouraging the labors of the husbandman.

VANITY.

The Vanity of Vanity.

The vanity of vanity is apparent in this, that true and undisguised love for another is extremely rare, but sincere and profound admiration of any one for any body else, is the rarest thing in the world. And if we felt disposed to indulge such unqualified generosity of sentiment, we should be sure not to select the vain as the objects of it. The reward of vanity is outward deference and pinchbeck respect, but no inward esteem and genuine love.

The most useful Kind.

That vanity which has been buffeted by many blows and tempered by many defeats, is the most useful kind, because, if often pommelled and vanquished, it is evident that it is not invulnerable and insuperable, and there is hope that it may at last be effectually subdued and annihilated.

The least Pardonable.

The least excusable vanity is that which is shown in serious matters:

“ ——— ’tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul.”
Task

In Well-Doing.

It is proper to have the consciousness of having done well ; but it is the height of vanity to wish to be informed of it, and thus to place self-love before self-denial, and good opinion above good deeds. Praise is like paint, a little embellishes ; too much disfigures.

The Meek and the Vain.

The vain abhor the vain ; but the gentle and unassuming love one another. It is the effect of sympathy with the latter, the want of it with the former.

Vanity Ridiculous.

An overweening display of vanity reminds one of those hand-mirrors which are sometimes seen in the shops of barbers or in show-rooms, which magnify on one side and diminish on the other. While we are beholding ourselves, and admiring our dilated and gigantic proportions on one side, some eye may perhaps see us through another mirror reflected on the other side, where we appear exceedingly dwarfish and diminutive.

Vanity in Excess.

The greatest mistakes which we commit in life, the most irretrievable oversights or blindnesses we are guilty of, arise from superfluous vanity. Time, which brings so many hidden mysteries to light, reveals these mortifying secrets at last, and shows us how we have let slip the golden opportunities of fortune, and have consequently involved ourselves in obscurity and neglect, vexation and disappointment, all through excess of vanity, and from expecting for ourselves exclusively, what few are entitled to receive, or ever obtain.

On a Vain and Pompous Man.

Blow ! blow ! ye winds ! Here's one can find,
The amplest space for sacks of wind ;
Those *airs* which make him swell and scoff
Do most completely blow me off.

Retrench this baggy, tumid state—
 Unload the wind, and load with weight.

Self-Conceit—A Fable of the Toad and the Snake.

An unsightly toad was sitting complacently on the border of a pool, occasionally dipping his head in the water, and admiring the beautiful expression of his eyes. A serpent approaching stealthily from behind, and perceiving a frog that had washed himself clean, made a spring upon him and devoured him at once.

Vanity and Pride.

Vanity is self-esteem. Pride is self-respect. Disdain proceeds from arrogance. Modesty is born of humility. These four—namely, pride, vanity, arrogance, and humility—are great ingredients of human character. But there is a species of hardened and overbearing vanity—a kind of brazen effrontery, or presumption, conspicuous for strength, where every thing else is weak, and which is the most odious and revolting in the world.

Boldness and Modesty.

The arrogant, by wounding our delicacy, fail in gaining our esteem. The humble forfeit regard by not enforcing respect. Mankind, by universal consent, are justly opposed to extravagant pretensions. Modesty has been called the “weakest of the virtues,” and certainly arrogance is the least of all pretended excellences.

Anecdote Illustrative of Vanity.

Oromazes, a great braggart and dealer in unintelligible jargon, boasted that he had an egg in his possession, which contained in it all the most desirable and felicitous things in the world; but when it was broken open to discover the treasure, which the impostor said he had inclosed in it, there was nothing found but wind. (*Camera Opera Subscis.*)

Fallen Vanity.

His vanity elevated him to the skies in his own estimation ; but Truth, like a bold and experienced marksman, took his aim, and the unsuspecting bird came toppling down lifeless to the ground.

Defeated Vanity.

Vanity is as weak as it is vulnerable, and nothing is more common than to see it humbled and exposed. The assumption, however, which usually accompanies it, is preferable to the cunning with which it may be allied, and which renders it more treacherous and insidious, but less positive and tangible, whether it be from defective sympathy, from want of judgment and circumspection, or from insincerity and excessive self-love, the vain constantly miss the objects they have in view. Yet vanity, practically speaking, is said to be better than despondency, but it is by no means comparable to the higher and more truthful traits of character.

Mortified Vanity.

Nothing, in the experience of life, is harder to endure than the agony of stifled ambition and mortified vanity. They force upon us those palpable conclusions which we endeavor carefully to screen from others and even from ourselves.

All the extraneous plumage of rank and grandeur is stripped off. All the inflations of self-importance subside away, and the stately fullness of factitious pomp and power shrinks into "the lean and slippered pantaloons" of actual debasement and humility. From this deep mortification and contempt spring a fatal disgust of life and hatred of the world.

We writhe under the severe and unsparing tortures of compunction and shame, and it is through such experiences we pass, in settling down to juster and wiser perceptions of things, extracting the salutary essences of sobriety and moderation from the rank productions of absurdity and folly.

VICTORY.

Victory and War.

Never was a victory obtained which did not require previous efforts of preparation to accomplish it.

A battle is won; but the steps necessary to gain it, were all taken beforehand. The weapons were forged—the plans were devised—the soldiers were trained—and the general who commanded had previously become disciplined in tactics and fortified by experience. Or, if these things were not done, there was displayed in the moment of conflict that undaunted and invincible resolution, that greatness and intrepidity of soul, which bear down all opposition, and put to flight and dismay the feebler impulses in the breasts of cowards; for “intrepid courage,” says Plutarch, “is the commencement of victory.” But even this kind of manly bravery and heroic spirit exacted some initiation, and a strict adherence to those high principles of action which distinguish the noble and valiant from the mean and base, the honorable and high-minded from the corrupt and degraded.

Triumphs—momentary and lasting.

Some victories are momentary, others lasting. The effect of little triumphs soon perishes, but the consequences of great ones may last forever.

Insignificant is that life in which there has been no concussion of forces—no trials and measurement of strength—no difficulties surmounted—and no crowning victories achieved.

Victory over Ourselves.

As there is scarcely a nation that has not been conquered, so there is no individual who has not been vanquished in some form or other. No one can pursue forever an uninterrupted career of victory and power, nor enjoy a continued triumph over all the obstacles of life.

Our pride, our hate, our glory, our disdain, our aspirations, must all be conquered at last. The enthusiasm which spurned restraint must die away. The free words and actions

of the free and unchecked spirit, must give place, finally, to measured expressions, to well considered deeds, and to prudent self-control.

Fruitless Victories.

Fruitless and unavailing has always been the general course of conquest. All the victories of Alexander and Cæsar, Genghis Khan, Attila and Napoleon, ended in nothing. The spoils of camps, the wealth of cities, the possession of territories, were all productive of no permanent good, and it would have been far better if the great generals at the head of their mighty armies had gone on missions of peace instead of war; or if they had devoted the same time and means in cultivating the earth that they did in ravaging it.

Defenders, not conquerors, are the men of true renown.

England has been conquered four times, (her early history presents scenes of constant tumult and transition,) but not the fusion of different races, the conflicts of various minds, nor the fire of the Saxon blood, could ever have made her a great nation without her liberal institutions, her moral elevation, her industrial pursuits, and her commercial enterprise.

SLEEP.

Natural and Artificial.

Natural sleep is repose after labor and fatigue, when we take that refreshing rest, that restorative slumber, which is appointed for us. Had the kindness of nature stopped here, our lives would have been exposed to infinite misery and torment. But when disease and pain, and mental agony, care and anxiety, expel this angel of comfort and consolation from our couches and pillows, then the appliances of art are invoked, the aid of medical skill is in request, and repose is obtained by intermediate and artificial means. This is the sleep which is produced through the agency of anodynes; and we have them always at command, to be used when emergencies require, for the alleviation of pain and the preservation of life.

Dreaming and Sleeping.

There is a deeper philosophy in dreams than in sleep, as the phenomena of the mind are more wonderful than those of matter, and as activity of any kind affords more speculation than quiescence.

The desponding indulge in melancholy dreams, but the dreams of a vain person are worth having. "A continued dream," said Pascal, "would be equal to reality."

Effect of Dreams.

The tendency of dreaming is rather to call up the past, than to reveal the future; and this divests it of all mystery and divination. We sometimes in sleep awake the charming visions of by-gone days. Happy moments are once more recalled, though it be only in shadows. We join hands with old and early friends, and rove at will through the flower-enameled paths of fairy-land. These visions often beguile and protract our slumbering hours, to which indulgent nature occasionally imparts a greater charm than our waking ones ever know; and life is frequently more happy, the more it is analogous in free and sportive fancies and lively pleasures to the subtle imaginations of a dream.

Dreaming. A curious Dream.

One of the most interesting and remarkable dreams on record, is related by Cicero. A certain individual dreamed that there was an egg hid under his bed, and consulted one who was skilled in interpretations to know the meaning of it.

He was informed, that on examining he would discover a treasure in the place where he saw the egg. Upon making search, he found that it was really so. Having examined the spot he discovered a parcel of silver, and in the middle of it a heap of gold. Out of gratitude to the diviner, he made him a present of some of the silver; but he replied that he ought to be dealt fairly with, and that he thought himself entitled not only to a portion of the white, but to a little of the yolk of the egg also.

A Roman Consul who never slept.

In the time of Cicero, a consul was elected in the morning ; but before night, he was displaced from office. " What a vigilant public officer," exclaimed Cicero ; " he never closed his eyes during the whole of his administration !"

Books that produce Sleep.

Some authors possess admirable soporific qualities, like Pope's Ralph,

" Sleepless himself, to make all others sleep."

" ——— Whilst Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous ! answer him, ye owls !"

All trite, pointless, and vapid productions—pastoral, sentimental, terminological, and imitation poetry ; as well as dry, prolix, and metaphysical discussions feebly sustained and poorly conducted—produce composing effects upon the brain, and lull us, like the authors themselves, into oblivion. Hartley's *Essay on Man*, is a first-rate hypnotic, as good as mandragore itself. Lord Byron lulled himself to sleep, when very wakeful, by perusing some of Southey's epics, a small number of cantos being sufficient for that purpose. Coleridge recommended a few pages of any of the works on political economy ; the Scotch writers, however, he considered the best.

Habit in Sleep.

Sleep has its good and bad habits, like the active life of which it is the counterpart and repose. Does remorse then cease to sting, or a guilty conscience to agonize the soul ? No, they attack us with redoubled vigor, and wrest from us the last consolation which wretchedness desires to enjoy. The same qualities of innocence and integrity, which obtain for us peace and respect in the day, by the wise intentions of Providence, contribute also their influences in procuring us refreshing and tranquillizing slumber at night ; and it is so ordered, that forgetfulness should not even temporarily throw a mantle of oblivion over the recollections of sin and crime ; that the bodies which are feasted and pampered, and surrendered to luxury and licentiousness during the wakeful

hours, should find but little rest in those devoted to sleep. True, the evils of life are so great and multiform, that many who are virtuous and exemplary, are occasionally harassed and perplexed, and rendered sleepless by unavoidable cares. But if they meet them with energy and endure them with resignation, they will not be strangers to peace of mind, or to the grateful sweets of natural slumber. As life, therefore, exacts of us the measure of its toils, and death calls for the conclusion of them, and as the day is to be devoted to temperance and persevering industry, so the night is to be consecrated to quiet rest and innocent sleep.

Polarity.

The most recent revelation as to the nature of sleep, is of a metaphysical or mesmeric kind, and Germany, the land of Dreams, is entitled to the credit of it, and to the benefit of the important consequences which are likely to ensue from it. Like all other great discoveries, it was the result of accident.

Some hysterical somnists in the "*fader land*," ascertained that it was impossible for them to sleep, when their beds were placed east and west, or when they reclined contrary to the earth's polarity, and the direct current of the magnetic fluid. But they slept soundly enough when they lay due north and south. The reverse of this, the south and north posture, completely upset their equanimity, and destroyed their repose.

Fidelity and Self-Denial.

It was a saying of Philip, father of Alexander the Great, "I have slept soundly, for Antipater has been awake."

When there are no great and pressing claims upon us in the ordinary pursuits of life, when men are impelled by high motives of ambition and with the hopes of some prospective reward, how much is accomplished, not only by overcoming sloth, but by resisting or curtailing sleep! Charidemus said of the valiant soldiers in the Macedonian army, "The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night."

Sleep of the Blind.

We might suppose that, as the blind are deprived of the stimulus of light, they would not experience the regular recurring wants of sleep as we do. Were they withdrawn from the influences of our habits and examples, perhaps some striking deviations from the usual order of things might be noticeable, with those who are doomed to pass their days in perpetual darkness. In the long nights at the North Pole, Captain Parry found it necessary still to preserve the division of time that his men had been accustomed to, and to conform to the ordinary hours of rest and sleep. As the earth daily revolves, so must we nightly recline; as it turns on its axis, so must we turn to our couches and pillows, where our limbs may cease awhile to move, our weary heads forget to ache, and all may be quiet, except the ever throbbing heart, the sleepless sentinel in the citadel of life.

Freedom from Anxiety and Care.

It was the boast of Oxenstiern, the great Swedish statesman, that on retiring to rest at night, he threw off his cares like his clothes.

He is said, during a long and useful life, spent in the service of the state, to have lost only two nights' rest. One of these was when Gustavus fell at the battle of Lutzen, and the other after the news arrived of the disastrous defeat of the Swedes at Nordlingen.

A similar anecdote is recorded of Burleigh, the devoted minister of Queen Elizabeth, who was remarkable for the steadiness of his temper, and the regularity of his habits. On retiring to rest at night, when he doffed his cloak, it was his custom to say, "Lie there, lord treasurer, while I go to sleep."

Heyne and Giordano.

The learned Heyne, one of the most distinguished classical scholars of Germany, when a young man, and struggling with poverty during the time that he was acquiring his education, allowed himself only every other night to sleep; and a wealthy patron, who volunteered to assist him in his difficulties, always addressed his letters to him thus:—"To the lazy Mr. Heyne."

“Curtailed thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge,” saith an Arabic proverb. “He who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it may cost him.”

The celebrated Giordano gave early indications of his talent as a painter. He was instructed in the art by his father, who spared no efforts to encourage the son, to excite his ambition, and to create in him assiduous habits of application. He scarcely allowed the child time either to eat or to sleep; and if he ever relaxed in the slightest degree, cried out to him, “Fa presto, Giordano,”—“Dispatch, Giordano.” His exertions were ultimately crowned with fame and fortune.

Night Debaucheries.

Mind and body are so associated together, that every one knows by his own experience their intimate relationship, and how we over-devote ourselves to the one at the expense of the other. Men who have much improved and enlarged their minds, have almost universally been temperate and abstemious, and those sensual men of genius who have appeared in the world, have done but little good. What they have gained by momentary admiration, they have lost by want of permanent respect. The exhibition of their talents has been commanding, but the use of them deplorable; so that the benefit is neutralized, and we would scarcely be willing to make the sacrifice, to receive the endowments, and take the consequences.

They who have been anxious to preserve their bodily health, and in doing so, have been willing to conform to the laws of nature, have always adopted simple modes of living, and have studiously avoided excess.

Plato, by the example of frugality, won Timotheus from a dissolute life. The latter, having supped with the philosopher, perceived the difference between frugal living and superfluous abundance, and remarked to his friends, “That he who supped with Plato, might sleep well at night, and be attentive to his affairs next day.”

Late Hours or Shadows.

I.

The shadows on my chamber fall,
 They frown upon me from the wall;
 I am a shade, and I am weak,
 But I would hearken could they speak.

II.

Upspake the shadow of the Lamp—
“Thy lips are pale, thy brow is damp :
The oil of life—how swift it goes !
Green summer’s in staid autumn’s close.”

III.

Then piped the reflex of the Post—
“Labor and love are often lost ;
And where thy words would most incline,
They strike on ears as deaf as mine.”

IV.

I watched the thin shape of the quill,
His voice was drawling, cracked, and shrill ;
He would harangue beyond belief :
I begged, I prayed he would be brief.

V.

“Oh ! many hearts and minds are dumb ;
They have no utterance till I come :
I wound, I heal, I bind, unloose —— ”
“Be still,” said I, “you gabbling goose.”

VI.

For whom reserved the cap and bells,
Who most in froth and flash excels ?
“Here is his throne, the choicest fool”—
Announced the Daguerre of the stool.

VII.

Once more I paused—again I heard
A sound at which my bosom stirred ;
Whose office is to guide, command,
It was the shadow of my hand.

VIII.

“Slight is thy grasp, thy hold is such,
The gain is nought, the craving much ;
Vain hand ! adroit to seize—to pull—
Yet emptiest most when seeming full.”

IX.

Truth ever comes at painful cost ;
 My thoughts slid back to former years,
 To loves and friendships won and lost,
 As I could witness by my tears.

X.

Forth from my feet, whereby he lay,
 The spectre of my dog did bay—
 “Though all are false, unkind, untrue,
 Here is the amplest love for you.”

XI.

Up sprang the shapes of many things,
 With rustlings of their mottled wings ;
 Voices awoke—flew round—aspired—
 Out went the lights, and I retired.

DEATH.

Death and Sorrow.

Death, which terminates the sorrows of those who fall, is often only the beginning of sorrows to those that survive. For the yoke is taken from one neck only to be placed upon another. Oh, heavy grief, when all things die with the dead, and with them are entombed !

Propinquity.

There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next.

“Swift is the flight, and short the road.”

“Death,” says Lokman, “is nearer to us than the eyelid to the eye.”

Life and Death (relatively).

Mankind have placed the ordinary relations of death in close apposition with the actual realities of life. The busy

streets in which we walk convey also the quiet dead to their last earthly homes. The cemetery is not far removed from the city, and the family vault must be constructed as well as the family mansion.

We provide for our living bodies, and no less, also, for our mouldering bones. As we would not live herded indiscriminately with others, so we disdain still more, if possible, the idea of being entombed with a promiscuous crowd; and our gayeties keep up for a while the enticing delusions of life, but they prepare the way, and often a speedier one, for the solemnities of death.

Dividing the Spoils.

He who was the best and greatest of all that have ever appeared in the world died poor, and had no earthly possessions to leave behind him.

Having no treasures of silver or gold, or other kind of goods, his enemies, after his death, seized upon his garments, and parted them between them. But his friends are satisfied with the rich inheritance of his wisdom and love, taking a portion for themselves, and giving to all others freely.

The Ruling Passion.

When life has been under the influence of some strong and predominating principle of action, some great aim, or all-engrossing prepossession, this desire, this love of the soul, is the last faculty that is surrendered with life. It has become as strong as the living principle itself, a part and portion of it, and expires only with the last expiring breath. Has this passion been elevated by the animating zeal of a holy faith, or chastened by a pure and ardent love of nature, discerning in her works the manifestations of infinite wisdom and power, and the benign emanations of beauty, harmony, and goodness; then this ruling and dominant sentiment appears like the voice of inspiration and truth; it possesses a holy and sanctifying character, which hallows the cherished and abiding memory of the dead, blending what was human and evanescent with all that is divine and eternal. When Jean Paul Richter was on his dying bed, a bouquet of flowers was sent to him by a lady. It revived in his palpitating heart that love of beauty, innocence, and simplicity, which had so mightily swayed its

impulses in the moments of vigorous energy and health ; and with his last breath he called for his flowers, his beautiful flowers ! Sweet Death ! that commingles with the breath of flowers, and is wafted away in fragrance ; or, like Mozart's requiem, blends with the holy chant of angels, or is intoned with the sacred music of the spheres !

The Hand of Death.

When this hand of mine shall be pulseless, and cold, and motionless as the grave wherein it must lie—when the damp, dewy vapors shall replace “this sensible, warm motion,” and Death shall spread my couch and weave my shroud—when the winding-sheet shall be my sole vesture, and the close-sealed sepulchre my only home, and I shall have no familiar companion and no rejoicing friend but the worm—O, thou cold hand of Death, unlock for me then the portals of Eternal Life, that whilst my body rests in its bed of earth, my soul may recline in the bosom of God !

Death and Repose.

O weary days, and tedious nights ! O earth, the last and best home ; kind, maternal friend ; secure and sheltered retreat ! give us the welcome of that home—the embrace of that devoted friend—the calmness of that endeared repose—for life is a restless and uneasy thing, like a fretful child, that is never quiet except in the arms of its mother.

Life and Death.

“He liveth ill,” saith Seneca, “who knows not how to die well. He was not born in vain, that doth die well, neither hath he lived unprofitably, that departeth happily. To die, is the study and learning of all our life, and its chief object and duty. To be brief ; the science of dying is the science of liberty. The way to fear nothing is to live well, contentedly, and peaceably. Without this knowledge, there is no more pleasure in life than there is in the fruition of that thing which a man feareth always to lose.”

“We die here, and live hence by faith.”

Antisthenes being asked what was most desirable in life, he answered, "To die happily."

The worst lives make the worst deaths. If we lived as we should, we would die as we desire.

Sudden and Unexpected.

Like the electric bolt, which springs instantaneously from the cloud and rives the green tree which stands before us, so comes the sudden and unexpected demise of one who rejoiced in his strength, who appeared most fit to live, and who would be late to die. We are stupefied by the violence of the blow, which communicates the force of its shock to us, and we exclaim, "How dreadful is death! How frail and unsubstantial a thing is life, and how slight and perishable the foundation upon which the gorgeous and stately fabric of human hopes and trust is reared!"

The associations, however, connected with death, are of such a kind, that natural causes are overlooked, or merged into the higher and more important influences of moral effects. As the concealed spark consumes the dwelling—as the unseen leakage sinks the ship—or as the touch of decay, when lurking at the core, corrodes and prostrates the glory and pride of the forest—so do the insidious ravages of disease weaken and undermine the stoutest constitution; and could we be witnesses of what is transpiring within, our surprise would be, not that the destruction came so soon, but that it was postponed so late!

The moral considerations, however, seize upon the mind, and act upon the heart; and so it is designed to be, in order that whatsoever is corporeal and natural may be brought under dominion to that which is ethereal and spiritual, and that, in a world abounding with reverses and contingencies, life, the most precious jewel of all, might come in for its appropriate share of fortuity; and that when lost, we might weep for it, and mourn over it, and be desolate and heart-broken, only to be strengthened and made steadfast in the sure hope of its final consolations.

"O sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket."

Weeping unavailing.

When Solon wept for the death of his son, it was said to him by one, "Weeping will not help thee." "Alas!" replied Solon, "therefore do I weep, because weeping cannot help me." "I will restore thy son to life," said a sage to an eastern prince, "if thou wilt inscribe upon his tomb the names of three persons who have never mourned."

The Dead tell no Tales.

Oh, if they did, how would they be listened to! What mighty secrets and mysteries would be revealed of the last eventful hours in this world, and of the first momentous ones in the next! They who have departed in peace, surrounded by kindred and friends, embraced by the tender and endearing arms of affection, and mourned over with the mingled tears of sympathy and sorrow, and who whispered their last sad farewells encircled with the fondest demonstrations of regret and love; they who, lonely, forsaken, and destitute, have welcomed death as the last and only friend that they have looked for on earth, and who had "no eye to weep and no heart to grieve" for them; they who were swallowed up in the yawning jaws of the quaking earth; or they who, having "wrestled with the storm," sank in the dark, dreadful abyss of waters, amidst howling winds and tempestuous waves in the far vast deep, or were rudely dashed upon a rocky and destructive shore; they who were taken by the pestilence or by the sword, by the slow march of lingering disease, or by one sudden and remorseless blow fell quickly into the appalling chasm of death; they who died with blasphemous curses on their lips, and the righteous who breathed out their last breath in the sweet and holy accents of prayer; they who were hastily called from the banqueting hall to the hall of judgment; or the wretched who perished "by self-slaughter and an erring mind," as well as they whose blood was poured forth by the relentless knife of the assassin;—all these would have their tales to tell, and all would speak of the unavailing misery of man and of the unlimited mercy of God, and would balance the painful evils of a transient life against the blissful realities of an endless immortality beyond the grave.

No! the dead tell no tales. The dark and impenetrable

secrets of the tomb are never disclosed. The mountains and the valleys, the rivers and the sea, the air and the sky, all have their voices and echoes, their glad, their cheerful, and their warning sounds for this life of motion, and trial, and change, and for living and breathing man; but all is "darkness how deep, and silence how profound," throughout the still, vast empire of the dead!

" Whilst we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish."

The Last Closing Hours.

There is an interval of painful and awful suspense accompanying the closing moments of life, when all around is silence and solemnity, when some sit and others stand about the bedside of a departing relative or friend, watching, with mute agony and baffled hope, the feeble, flickering, and expiring rays of life.

We feel that the dread presence of death is with us in the chamber. We are powerless, but he is all-powerful; and we see that he is surely and unresistingly removing the props and snapping asunder the brittle ties of our earthly love. Life and the grave, time and eternity, seem to touch and join together. We have sighed deeply and often, but have not yet bitterly wept. We would not disturb with loud grief the hallowed sanctity of that consecrated hour and place. It is not until death has accomplished his merciless mission—until the last expiring struggle of nature gives the signal of sorrow, when hope hovers o'er the couch no more, and when the appalling words strike upon our ears and hearts with stunning effect, that the dear object of our devotion and attachment has fallen—fallen—and is no more! then is the voice of lamentation lifted up, and tears flow, and wailing is heard for the holy and blessed dead! then do we see the broken hearts, the grieved and agonized souls, and witness those scenes on earth upon which angelic spirits in heaven look down with pity and commiseration for the sufferings and afflictions of man! O, man, these are the woes and penalties of thy life! These are the dark and foreboding avenues which must be passed in order to unlock the gates of Paradise and gain the quenchless light which is above us.

Death and Pastime.

(A Scene on the Hudson.)

ADVANCING.

Fresh was the morn and bright the sky,
And brightly swept the Hudson by,
When, gazing where the empire queen
Enthroned amidst her isles is seen—
I saw a vapory bark advance,
With peals of music, songs, and dance.
Oh, jocund, lively, joyous crew,
What pleasant sport is now in view !
Whilst all those hearts are free from care,
As yonder light smoke whirled in air !
As sped the buoyant palace past,
Gay pennons streamed from prow and mast.

RETURNING.

The sun behind the palisades,
Had on the Hudson thrown its shades ;
A mournful dirge, a plaintive wail,
Came muffled on the evening gale ;
Disabled, crippled, silent, slow,
A shattered hulk moved on in tow.
The morning's music all was o'er—
They who were gay, were gay no more—
No festive banners met my view,
Of mingled tints, red, white, and blue ;
But, in the solemn twilight air,
The black death-flag was waving there !

THE END.

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