



LACONICS;

OR, THE

SHORT WORDS

OF

THE BEST AUTHORS.

With the Authorities.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

First American Edition.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & CAREY—CHESNUT STREET.

**SOLD, IN NEW YORK, BY G. & C. & H. CARVILL,—
IN BOSTON, BY MUNROE & FRANCIS.**

1829.

EPICONS.

Huge volumes, like the ox roasted at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savory, and well concocted, than smaller pieces.

F. Osborn.

I.

WEIGH not so much what men say, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not investive to apparel her comeliness.—*Sidney.*

II.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius' razor, their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.—*Sir. T. Brown.*

III.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.

Pope.

IV.

There is something in the genius of poetry too libertine to be confined to many rules; and whoever goes about to subject it to such constraints, loses both its spirit and grace, which are ever native, and never learn. Even of the best masters, it is as if, to make excellent honey, you should cut off the wings of your bees, or confine them to their hive, or their stands, and lay flowers before them, such as you think the sweetest.

and likely to yield the finest extraction: you had good pull out their stings, and make arrant drones of them.—*Sir W. Temple.*

V.

Laws are commanded to hold their tongues among arms; and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.—*Burke.*

VI.

Fame, if not double fac'd, is double mou'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.

Sampson Agonistes.

VII.

Learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know that it is well to do well, and what is good, and what is evil, although not in the words of art, which philosophers bestow on us; for out of natural conceit (which is the very hand-writing of God,) the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to *do* that which we *know*; or to be moved with desire to know,—*hoc opus, hic labor est.*—*Sidney.*

VIII.

Wit is brush-wood, judgment timber, the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make the best fire.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

IX.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

X.

What thing is Love, which naught can countervail?
Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.

And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
 As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.
 Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
 And can be bought with nothing but with self.

Sir W. Raleigh.

XI.

Books may be helps to learning and knowledge, and make it more common and diffused; but I doubt whether they are necessary ones or no; or much advance any other science, beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time; and these, perhaps, might be as long preserved without them, by the care and exactness of tradition in the long succession of certain races of men with whom they were intrusted.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XII.

A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods.—*Burke.*

XIII.

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles, than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XIV.

We live with other men, and to other men; neither with nor to ourselves. We may sometimes be at home left to ourselves, when others are weary of us, and we are weary of being with them; but we do not dwell at home, we have no commerce, no conversation with ourselves, nay, we keep spies about us that we may not have; and if we feel a suggestion, or hear an importunate call from within, we divert it by company, or quiet it with sleep; and when we wake, no man runs faster from an enemy, than we do from ourselves, get with our friends, that we may not be with ourselves. This is not only an epidemical disease that spreads every where, but effected and purchased at a great a price, as most other of our diseases, with the expense of all our precious time.—*Clarendon.*

o XV.

If love be life, I long to die,
 Live they that list for me:
 And he that gains the most thereby,
 A fool at least shall be.
 But he that feels the sorest fits
 'Scapes with no less than loss of wits
 Unhappy life they gain,
 Which love do entertain.

Sir W. Raleigh.

XVI.

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious envieth him that is: besides, noble persons cannot go much higher: and he that standeth at a stay when others rise, can hardly avoid motions of envy.—*Lord Bacon.*

XVII.

I have long thought, that the different abilities of men, which we call wisdom or prudence for the conduct of public affairs or private life, grow directly out of that little grain of intellect or good sense which they bring with them into the world; and that the defect of it in men comes from some want in their conception or birth.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XVIII.

— Love is nature's second sun
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.
 And, as without the sun, the world's great eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
 Are giv'n in vain to men; so, without love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain,
 All virtues born in men lie buried;
 For love informs them as the sun doth colours.
 And as the sun reflecting his warm beams
 Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
 So love, fair shining in the inward man,
 Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
 Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,

Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

O! 'tis the paradise! the heaven of earth!

Chapman.

XX.

There is nothing more prejudicial to the grandeur of buildings, than to abound in angles; a fault obvious in many, and owing to an inordinate thirst for variety, which, whenever it prevails, is sure to leave very little true taste.—*Burke.*

XX.

A man's self gives haps or mishaps even as he ordereth his heart.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XXI.

Repentance is a magistrate that exacts the strictest duty and humility, because the reward it gives is inestimable and everlasting; and the pain and punishment it redeems men from, is of the same continuance, and yet intolerable.—*Clarendon.*

XXII.

Charters are kept when their purposes are maintained: they are violated when the privilege is supported against its end and its object.—*Burke.*

XXIII.

Silence in Love bewrays more wo
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A begger that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Sir W. Raleigh.

XXIV.

I cannot allow poetry to be more divine in its effects than in its causes, nor any operation produced by it to be more than purely natural, or to deserve any other sort of wonder, than those of music, or of natural magic, however any of them have appeared to minds little versed in the speculations of nature, of occult qualities, and the force of numbers or of sounds. Whoever talks of drawing down the moon from heaven, by force of verse or of charms, either believes not

himself, or too easily believes what others told him; or perhaps follows an opinion begun by the practice of some poet, upon the facility of some people; who knowing the time when an eclipse would happen, told them he would by his charms call down the moon at such an hour, and was by them thought to have performed it.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XXV.

Love's hory flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth:
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest.
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.

Southey.

XXVI.

What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XXVII.

Than in England, there is no where more true zeal in the many forms of devotion, and yet no where more knavery under the shows and pretences: there are no where so many disputers upon religion, so many reasoners upon government, so many refiners in politics, so many curious inquisitives, so many pretenders to business and state employments, greater porers upon books, nor plodders after wealth; and yet no where more abandoned libertines, more refined luxurists, extravagant debauchees, conceited gallants, more dabblers in poetry as well as politics, in philosophy, and in chemistry.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XXVIII.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father of virtue; for many strongly knit minds are rather good friends than good men; so, although they

do not like the evil their friend does, yet they like him who does the evil; and though no counsellors of the offence, they yet protect the offender.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XXIX.

Death is natural to man, but slavery unnatural; and the moment you strip a man of his liberty; you strip him of all his virtues; you convert his heart into a dark hole, into which all the vices conspire against you.—*Burke.*

XXX.

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
'These pleasures might my passion move,
'To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

*Sir W Raleigh—Answer to Marlowe's
"Come Live," &c.*

XXXI.

Thinking nurseth thinking.—*Sidney.*

XXXII.

Let Solomon pronounce what he will, the drunkard will never be terrified with the fear of beggary, whilst he sees rich and great men affected with the same pleasure with which he is delighted and reproached, and to whom it may be he stands more commended by his faculty in drinking than he would be by the practice of any particular virtue.—*Clarendon.*

XXXIII.

A wise riche man is like the backe or stocke of the chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to other's good.—*Sir T.*

XXXIV.

This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning; under what name soever, it be directed, the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high perfection as our degenerate souls (made worse by their clay lodgings) can be capable of. This, according to the inclinations of man, bred many-formed impressions: for some that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy: others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the causes of things, became natural and supernatural philosophers: some, an admirable delight drew to music: and some the certainty of demonstrations, to the mathematics: but all, one and other, having this scope TO KNOW, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying of its own divine essence. But when, by the balance, of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch, that the inquiring philosopher might be blind to himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a strait line with a crooked heart;—then, lo! did Proof, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences; which, as they are all directed to the highest aim of the mistress—knowledge; *knowledge of a man's self*, in the ethic and politic consideration, with the end of *well-doing*, and not of *well-knowing* only: so the ending of all earthly learning, being *virtuous action*, those skills that most serve to bring forth *that*, have a most just title to be princes over the rest.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XXXV.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
 So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come

They that are rich in words must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Sir W. Raleigh.

XXXVI.

Whatsoever the base man finds evil in his own soul
He can with ease lay upon another.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

XXXVII.

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

Young.

XXXVIII.

Humour is but a picture of particular life, as comedy is of general; and though it represents dispositions and customs less common, yet they are not less natural than those that are more frequent among men; for if humour itself be forced, it loses all the grace; which has been indeed the fault of some of our poets most celebrated in this kind.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XXXIX.

The mortal that drinks is the only brave fellow,
Though never so poor, he's a king when he's mellow;
Grows richer than Cræsus with whimsical thinking,
And never knows care whilst he follows his drinking.

E. Ward.

XL.

If our credit be so well built, so firm, that it is not easy to be shaken by calumny or insinuation, envy then commends us, and extols us, beyond reason, to those upon whom we depend, till they grow jealous, and so blow us up when they cannot throw us down.—*Clarendon.*

XLI.

Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle—Sir W. Raleigh.

XLII.

Delusion and weakness produce not one mischief the less, because they are universal.—*Burke.*

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode;
Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Waller.

XLV.

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion; and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.—*Burke.*

XLVI.

Let dainty wits cry on the sisters nine,
That, bravely mask'd, their fancies may be told;
Or, Pindar's apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enamelling with py'd flowers their thoughts of gold.

Or else, let them in statelier glory shine
Ennobling new-found hopes with problems old:
Or with strange similies enrich each line.
Of herbs, or beasts, which Ind or Africk hold.

For me, in sooth, no muse but one I know,
Phrases and problems from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too dear for my poor spirits.
How then? even thus, in Stella's face I read,
What love and beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her nature writes.

Astrophel and Stella.—Sir P. Sidney.

XLVII.

Go where you will, you may expect to find the world composed of two sorts of persons; the men of business, and the men of pleasure.—*St. Evremond.*

XLVIII.

A poor neighbour's house set on fire, is to be better guarded, or watched, than a great city afar off.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

XLIX.

Avarice is a most stupid and senseless passion, and the surest symptom of a sordid and sickly mind.—*Charron.*

L.

Noble hearted seamen are
Those that do no labour spare,
Nor no danger shun or fear,
To do their country pleasure.
In loyalty they do abound,
Nothing base in them is found;
But they calmly stand their ground
In calm and stormy weather.

Anon.

LI.

How excellently composed is that mind, which shows a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy, and eloquence, as sweet in the uttering, as slow to come to the uttering; and a behaviour so noble, as gives beauty to pomp, and majesty to adversity.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

LII.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice, than to drunkenness: for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the elder he groweth the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body as ivy doth

the old tree; or as the worm that ingendereth in the kernel of the nut.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

LIII.

Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly:
 Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
 Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,
 And make us (rather than be thought behind hand)
 Pay over-price.

Otway.

LIV.

When man has looked about him as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen; when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did nor ever can shoot better or beyond it; his own reason is the certain measure of truth; his own knowledge, of what is possible in nature; though his mind and his thoughts change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features: nay, though his opinions change every week or every day, yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived.—*Sir W. Temple.*

LV.

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

LVI.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
 Love owes its chiefest victories,
 And borrows those bright arms from you
 With which he does the world subdue;
 Yet you yourselves are not above
 The empire nor the griefs of love.
 Then wrack not lovers with disdain.

Lest love on you revenge their pain;
 You are not free, because you're fair,
 The boy did not his mother spare:
 Though beauty be a killing dart,
 It is no armour for the heart.

Etheridge.

LVII.

It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative, to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication, with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion high respect; their business unremitting attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But, his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure: no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.—*Burke—to the Electors of Bristol.*

LVIII.

To embarrass justice by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split; in one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed clothes, which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls, in order to show the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety.—*Goldsmith.*

LIX.

————— Where keeps peace of conscience,
 That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.

'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed,
 The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
 At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
 There brewing these together, suffers not
 One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
 Hence it is we have not an hour of life
 In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
 Our sours some sweetness. Love does taste of both;
 Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
 Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
 Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.
 Pleasure 's the hook of evil; ease of care,
 And so the general object of the court;
 Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is
 Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour that clasps
 All perfect justice in her arms, that craves
 No more respect than what she gives, that does
 Nothing but what she'll suffer. *Massinger.*

LX.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest manly principle will daily accumulate. We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives as long as action is irreproachable. It is enough (and for a worthy man perhaps too much) to deal out its in-famy to convicted guilt and declared apostacy.—*Burke.*

LXI.

Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen snare,
 Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thought;
 Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
 Thou web of ill, whose end is never wrought;
 Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,
 With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
 Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
 Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
Sir P. Sidney.

LXII.

Let the grievousness of our sore be the measure of our sorrow; let a deep wound have a deep and diligent cure;

and let no man's contrition be less than his crime.—
S. Cyprian.

LXIII.

It is manifest, that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge, best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

LXVI.

Wine wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.
'Tis the sun ripens the grape
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height.
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.
Boys, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines:
The higher he rises;
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

Tom Brown.

LXV.

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

LXVI.

As long as you are engaged in the world, you must comply with its maxims; because nothing is more unprofitable, than the wisdom of those persons who set up for reformers of the age. 'Tis a part a man cannot

act long, without offending his friends and rendering himself ridiculous.—*St. Evremond.*

LXVII.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest; all I have design'd is peace to my country, and may England enjoy that blessing when I shall have no more proportion in it than what my ashes make.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

LXVIII.

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite:
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.

Dryden.

LXIX.

If we do not weigh and consider to what end this life is given us, and thereupon order and dispose it right, pretend what we will to the arithmetic, we do not, we cannot so much as number our days in the narrowest and most limited signification — *Clarendon.*

LXX.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow,
From cold jealousy and fears,
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd
While our sportings are as free
As the muse's with the child.

* * * *

Now then, love me; Time may take
Thee before my time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make
And learn love before we may.
So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,

We that good shall expectate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Marvell.

LXXI.

If our wit and eloquence, our knowledge or inventions, would deserve to live longer than the ancient have done, yet our *languages* would not there is no hope of their lasting long, nor of any thing in them; they change every hundred years, so as to be hardly known for the same or a w^y thing of the former styles to be endured by the latter; so as they can no more last like the ancient, than excellent carvings in wood like those of marble or brass.—*Sir. W. Temple.*

LXXII.

O kiss! which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found Paradise:
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.

O kiss! which souls, ev'n souls, together ties
By links of Love, and only nature's art:

How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes.
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part

But she forbids, with blushing words, she says,
She builds her fame on higher seated praise:

But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.
Then since (dear life,) you fain would have me peace,

And I mad with delight want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth, with still, still kissing me.

Sir P. Sidney.

LXXIII.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein m' imaginations run like sands.
Filling up time; but then are turned, and turn'd
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act.

Ben. Johnson.

LXXIV.

Who can tell whether learning may not even weaken
invention. in a man that has great advantages from na-

ture, and birth; whether the weight and number of so many men's thoughts and notions may not suppress his own, or hinder the motion and agitation of them, from which all invention arises; as heaping on wood, or too many sticks, or too close together, suppresses, and sometimes quite extinguishes a little spark, that would otherwise have grown up to a noble flame — *Sir W. Temple*.

LXXV.

Inconstancy's the plague that first or last
 Paints the whole sex, the catching court disease.
 Man therefore was a lord-like creature made;
 Rough as the winds and as inconstant too:
 A lofty aspect given him for command;
 Easily soften'd, when we would betray:
 Like conquering tyrants, you our breasts invade,
 Where you are pleased to ravage for a while:
 But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
 The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.

Otway's Orphan.

LXXVI.

Politics resemble religion; attempting to divest either of ceremony is the most certain method of bringing either into contempt. The weak must have their inducements to admiration as well as the wise; and it is the business of a sensible government to impress all ranks with a sense of subordination, whether this be effected by a diamond buckle, or a virtuous edict, a sumptuary law, or a glass necklace.—*Goldsmith*.

LXXVII.

Ridicule is the itch of our age and climate; and has over-run both the court and the stage; enters a House of Lords and Commons as boldly as a coffee-house; debates of council as well as private conversation; and I have known, in my life-time more than one or two ministers of state, that would rather have said a witty thing than have done a wise one, and made the company laugh, rather than the kingdom rejoice.—*Sir W. Temple*.

LXXXVIII. §

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

Mayne.

LXXXIX.

It is a very poor, though common, pretence to merit, to make it appear by the faults of other men: a mean wit or beauty may pass in a room, where the rest of the company are allowed to have none: it is something to sparkle among diamonds; but to shine among pebbles is neither credit nor value worth the pretending.—*Sir W Temple.*

LXXX.

Those who live magnificently, for the most part, are the real poor: they endeavour to get money on all hands, with disquiet and trouble, to maintain the pleasures of others; and whilst they lavish their plenty, which strangers enjoy more than themselves, they are at home, sensible of their wants, with their wives and children, both by the importunity of unmerciful duns, and by the miserable state of their affairs, which they see going to rack.—*St. Evremoud.*

LXXXI.

Ambition, like love can abide no lingering, and even urges on his own successes, hating nothing but what may stop them.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

LXXXII.

I had a friend that lov'd me:
I was his soul: he liv'd not but in me:
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost.

We were one ~~mind~~ we could not give or take,
 But from the same: for He was I, I, He
 Return my better half, and give me all myself,
 For thou art all!
 If I have any joy when thou art absent,
 I grudge it to myself methinks I rob
 Thee of thy part. *Dryden*

LXXXIII.

Of all things, wisdom is the most terrified with epide-
 demical fanaticism, because of all enemies, it is that
 against which she is the least able to furnish any kind
 of resource — *Burke*

LXXXIV

Reason! how many eyes hast thou to see evils, and
 how dim, nay, blind, thou art in preventing them —
Sir P. Sidney

To die is so small a matter to the English, that they
 want images more ghastly than death itself to effect
 them. Hence it is that, upon very good ground, we
 object to them, that they allow too much to their senses
 upon the stage — *St. Evremond—on Tragedy*

LXXXV

Abus-ed mortals! did you know
 Where joy, heart ~~s-e~~ase, and comforts grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers
 Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake
 But blustering care could never tempest make
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us
Sir W. Raleigh—On a Country Life

LXXXVI

I never relished Acts of Grace, nor ever submitted to
 them but from despair of better. They are a dishonour-
 able invention by which, not from humanity not from
 policy, but merely because we have not room enough to
 hold these victims of the absurdity of our laws we turn
 loose upon the public three or four thousand naked

wretches, corrupted by the habits—debased by the ignominy of a prison. If the creditor had a right to those carcasses, as a natural claim for his property, I am sure we have no right to deprive him of that security. But if the few pounds of flesh were not necessary to his security, we had not a right to detain the unfortunate debtor, without any benefit to the person that confined him.—*Burke.*

LXXXVII.

In we, people judge, for the most part, by the success, whatever is the opinion of the wiser sort. Let a man show all the good conduct that is possible, if the event does not answer, ill fortune passes for a fault, and is justified but by a very few persons.—*St. Evremond.*

LXXXVIII.

A knight of the long robe is more honourable than a knight made in the field; for furs are dearer than spurs.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

LXXXIX.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
 In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travelled that of old.
 Our life, Fame pieceth longer at the end,
 And books it farther backward do extend.

Sir T. Overbury.

XC.

The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, and the fourth for madness.—*Anacharsis.*

XCI.

As for that part of chemistry, which is applied to the transmutation of metals, and the search of the philosopher's stone, which has enchanted, not to say turned, so many brains in the latter ages—though some men cannot comprehend how there should have been so much smoke, for so many ages in the world about it, without some fire—it is easy, I think, to conceive, that there has been a great deal of fire, without producing any

thing but stroke. If it be a science, it is certainly one of the liberal ones; for the professors or followers of it have spent more money upon it than those of all other sciences together; and more than they ever will recover, without the philosopher's stone.—*Sir W. Temple.*

XCII.

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

XCIII.

Frugality is founded on the principle, that all riches have limits.—*Burke.*

XCIV.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.—*Clarendon.*

XCV.

I envy not such graves as take up room,
Merely with jet and porphyry, since a tomb
Adds no desert, wisdom, thou thing divine,
Convert my humble soul into thy shrine
And then this body, though it want a stone,
Shall dignifie all places where 'tis thrown
F. Osborn—Epitaph on himself

XCVI.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—*Sir. P. Sidney*

XCVII.

It is no excuse for presumptuous ignorance, that it is directed by insolence or passion. The poorest being that crawls on earth, contending to save itself from notice and oppression, is an object respectable in the eyes of God and man; but I cannot conceive any exist-

once under heaven (which in the depth of its wisdom tolerates all sorts of things,) that is more odious and disgusting than an impotent helpless creature, without civil wisdom or military skill, without a consciousness of any other qualification for power, but his servility to it; bloated with pride and arrogance, calling for battles which he is not to fight, contending for a violent dominion, which he can never exercise, and satisfied to be himself mean and miserable, in order to render others contemptible and wretched.—*Burke—on the Ministry during the American war.*

XCVIII.

The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upwards, when it is most burthened.—*Sir. P. Sidney.*

XCIX.

As good and wise; so she be fit for me,
That is, to will, and not to will the same;
My wife is my adopted self, and she
As me, to what I love, to love must frame.
And when by marriage both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

Sir T. Overbury.

C.

Humanity cannot be degraded by humiliation. It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.—*Burke.*

CI.

To be ambitious of true honour, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue; but to be ambitious of titles, of place, of ceremonial respects and civil pageantry, is as vain and little as the things are which we court.

Sir P. Sidney.

CII.

Gaming finds man a knave, and leaves him a knave.—
Tom Brown.

CIII.

If the Divines do rightly infer from the sixth commandment, *Thou shalt not kill*—scandalizing one's neighbour with false and malicious reports, whereby I vex his spirit, and consequently impair his health, is a degree of murder.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CIV.

The critics are a race of scholars I am very little acquainted with; having always esteemed them but like brokers, who, having no stock of their own, set up a trade with that of other men; buying here, and selling there, and commonly abusing both sides, to make out a little paltry gain, either of money or of credit, for themselves, and care not at whose cost.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CV.

Consider that the trade of a vintner is a perfect mystery (for that is the term the law bestows on it;) now, as all mysteries in the world are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible terms, so you must take care to christen your wines by some hard names, the farther fetch'd so much the better; and this policy will serve to recommend the most execrable stumm in all your cellar. A plausible name to an indifferent wine, is what a gaudy title is to a fop, or fine clothes to a woman; it helps to conceal the defects it has, and bespeaks the world in its favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own nation, for the honour of old England be it spoken; and provided the imposition is not too bare-faced, will meet you half-way with all their hearts.—*Letter to a Vintner—Tom Brown.*

When it is not despicable to be poor, we want fewer things to live in poverty with satisfaction, than to live magnificently with riches.—*St. Evremond.*

CVI.

I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles:

But if her mind be like the sea,
I'd rather foot it twice a day.

N. Hooker.

CVII.

There is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time, when the hoary head of insatiate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.—*Burke.*

CVIII.

We naturally love to cheat; 'tis interwoven with our constitution: By the same token, we often boast that we have palm'd false dice upon others, when we ourselves are the bubbles.—*Tom Brown.*

CIX.

— Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.

Massinger.

CX.

Study has something cloudy and melancholy in it, which spoils that natural cheerfulness, and deprives a man of that readiness of wit, and freedom of fancy, which are required towards a polite conversation. Meditation has still worse effects in civil society; wherefore let me advise you to take care, that you lose not by it with your friends what you think to gain with yourself.—*St. Evmond's Letters.*

CXI.

When ministry rests upon public opinion, it is not indeed, built upon a rock of adamant; it has, however some stability. But when it stands upon private humour, its structure is of stubble, and its foundation is on quicksand.—*Burke.*

CXII.

The miser's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious state

Got by the sword the war;
 One man's worth more than with his brave mind,
 That studies to preserve mankind

Sir Wm Davenant

CXIII

pedant treads in a rule, while one hand scans verses,
 The other holds his sceptre. He dares not think,
 that the nominative case governs not the verb;
 never had meaning in his life, for he travelled
 towards His ambition is criticism, and his ex-
 ample Tully. He values phrases, and elects them by
 the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants.
 To be brief, he is a heteroclite, for he wants the plural
 number, having only the single quality of words — *Sir*
T. Overbury

CXIV

Some authors are so long a correcting and mending
 their works, that, like Paul's, they may be said to be
 old before they are finished

Tom Brown

CXV

Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give
 presents than to pay debts — *Sir P. Sidney*

CXVI

If a man be allowed to call a mistress ungrateful and
 cruel, whom he has courted without success; those who
 think themselves ill used by fortune, may, with more
 reason, claim the privilege to forsake her, and at a
 distance from her, to seek repose, that may balance the
 advantages she has denied them. What injury do we
 do her to pay her in the same coin, and return contempt
 for contempt? Therefore I won't think it strange, for
 a man of honour to despise the court, but I think it
 ridiculous in himself to pride in the despising it — *St*
Evremond.

CXVII

Alas! what are we kings?
 Why do you Gods place us above the rest,
 To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we

Believe we hold within our bosoms;
 And when we come to try the proof we have,
 There's not a leaf shakes at our great sings.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

CXVIII.

For a king to engage his people in war, to carry off every little ill humour of state, is like a physician ordering his patient a flux for every pimple.—*Clarendon.*

CXIX.

Without the sovereign influence of God's extraordinary and immediate grace, men do very rarely put off all the trappings of their pride, till they who are about them put on their winding-sheet.—*Clarendon.*

CXX.

A wise man's heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. Good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

CXXI.

—With short plummet heav'n's deep well we sound,
 That vast abyss where human wit is drown'd.
 In our small skiff we must not launch too far;
 We here but coasters, not discoverers, are.

Dryden.

CXXII.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil wars strike deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow-creatures in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity whilst we agreed, become new incentives to hatred and rage, when the communion of our country

is dissolved, we never consider ourselves that we may not fall into this misfortune. But we have no charter of exemption, that we know of, from the ordinary frailties of our nature.—*Burke.*

CXXIII.

The comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come from delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one be merry and two together.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CXXIV.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little to keep it quiet, till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CXXV.

Jesting, when not used upon improper matter, in an unfit manner, with excessive measure, at undue season, or to evil purpose, may be allowed. When jesting is so handsomely and innocently used, as not to defile or decompose the mind of the speaker, not to wrong or harm the hearer, not to derogate from any worthy subject of discourse, not to infringe decency, to disturb peace, to violate any of the grand duties incumbent on us (*viz.* piety, charity, justice and sobriety,) it cannot be condemned.—*Barrow.*

CXXVI.

Let none seek needless causes to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fall.

Milton.

CXXVII.

A man that knows how to mix pleasures with business, is never entirely possessed by them; he either quits or resumes them at his will; and in the use he makes of them, he rather finds a relaxation of mind.

then a dangerous charm that will corrupt him.—*Sir Foremond.*

CXLVIII.

Give tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CXLIX.

Probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give their domestics: but for my own part, I cannot avoid being pleased to see the tribute of those poor creatures, who in some measure pay tribute to mine. The Athenians, the politest and most civilized people upon earth, were the kindest to their slaves: and if a person may judge, who has seen the world, our English servants are the best treated, because the generality of our English gentlemen are the politest under the sun.—*Goldsmith.*

CXXX.

I courted fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds; and who despises fame,
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

Mallett.

CXXXI.

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

CXXXII.

The disposition and humour of friends should be dispensed withal: but when they impose upon us it is a very hard case, and an unreasonable condition of friendship. Those friends are weak and worthless, that will not use the privilege of friendship, in admonishing their friends with freedom and confidence, as well as their errors as of their danger.—*Bacon.*

CXXXIII.

I hate this Fame, false avarice of fancy,
The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness!
The lying lure of pride that Europe cheats by!

Hill.

CXXXIV.

Controlled depravity is not innocence; and it is not the labour of voluntariness in chains that will correct abuses. Never did a serious plan of amending any old tyrannical establishment propose the authors and abettors of the abuses as the reformers of them.—*Burke.*

CXXXV.

The man who pauses on his honesty,
Wants little of the villain.

Martyn.

CXXXVI.

Honest people usually are so fantastically pleased with themselves, that if they do not kill at first sight (as the phrase is,) a second interview disarms them of all their power.—*Steele.*

CXXXVII.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself, which whosoever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.—*St. Augustine.*

CXXXVIII.

The passion of love is no more to be understood by some tempers, than a problem in a science by an ignorant man.—*Tatler.*

CXXXIX.

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

CXL.

So when they die, die all: their mould'ring clay,
Leaves an emblem of their memories:

The space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd.

That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,

Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,

And give it whole to late posterity.

My name is written in mighty characters.

Triumphant columns and eternal domes,
 Whose splendour heights on Egyptian day,
 Whose strength shall laugh at death on their great basis
 Old earth itself shall fail. In after age,
 Who war or build, shall build or war from me,
 Grow great in each, as my example fires;
 'Tis I of art the future wonders raise,
 I fight the future battles of the world.

Young's Annals.

CXLI.

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly his worst enemy.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CXLII.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave;
 The quaint smooth rogue, that sins 'gainst his reason,
 Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal:
 And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.

Otway.

CXLIII

If the trade of war, glittering a figure as it makes,
 merited only our regard, I don't see one of the ancients
 who can reasonably be preferred to Hannibal: but it
 does not follow that he who knows it best is necessarily
 the greatest man. Justice, magnanimity, greatness of
 soul, a disinterested integrity, and a universal capacity,
 make up the better part of those great men.—*St. Evrem.*

CXLIV.

The just, though they hate evil, yet give men a pa-
 tient hearing; hoping that they will show proofs that
 they are not evil.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CXLV.

We all take too much after the wife of Zebedee,
 every one would have some thing, such perhaps as we
 are ashamed to utter. The proud man would have a
 certain thing, honour; the covetous man would have a
 certain thing too, wealth and abundance; the malicious

would have a certain thing, revenge on his enemies; the ambitious would have pleasure and long life; the barren, the wanton, beauty; each would be humour'd in his own desire, though in opposition both to God's will, and his own good.—*Bishop Hall.*

CXLVI.

When I first devoted myself to the public service, I considered how I should render myself fit for it; and did so by endeavouring to discover what it was that gave the country the rank it holds in the world. I found that our prosperity and dignity arose principally, if not solely, from two sources:—our constitution and commerce. Both these I have spared no study to understand, and no endeavour to support.—*Burke—to the Electors of Bristol.*

CXLVII.

'Tis a mortification to a prince to see an old minister torn from him; but self-preservation is the first law of nature; and any man, in his senses, would sooner submit to part with his crutch, than his leg.—*T. Brown.*

CXLVIII.

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

CXLIX.

Time's minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Sensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Mayne.

CL.

The powers of music are felt or known by all men, and are allowed to work strangely upon the mind and the body, the passions and the blood: to raise joy and

grief; to give pleasure and pain; to cure diseases, and the mortal sting of the tarantula; to give motions to the feet as well as the heart; to compose disturbed thoughts; to assist and heighten devotion itself.—*Sir P. Temple.*

CLI.

—Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.

Denham.

CLII.

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

CLIII.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be
'Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
'Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.

Shirley.

CLIV.

A trick of law hath no less power than the wheel of fortune, to lift men up or cast them down.—*Sir T. More.*

CLV.

Mr. Sage.—I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir Mark.—Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill language and brutal manners reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's

throat who had reflected upon it; but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.—*Tatler*.

CLVI.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor upon the occasion's calm;
But when it rages, and the wind blows, high
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

CLVII.

Poetry is the art of substantiating shadows, and of leading existence to nothing.—*Burke*.

CLVIII.

Gold can gilt a rotten stick, and dirt sully an ingot.—
Sir P. Sidney.

CLIX.

The wisdom of nature is better than of books: prudence being a wise election of those things which never remain after one and the self same manner.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CLX.

Custom's the world's great idol we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first conceive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe,
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early age instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.

Pomfret.

CLXI.

I will be content to be declared infamous, if I do not, to the last hour of my life, at all times, in all places, and upon all occasions, exert every power with which I either am or ever shall be legally invested, in order to obtain and maintain, for the Continent of America, that *satisfaction* which I have been authorized to promise this day by the

confidential servants of our gracious Sovereign, who, to my certain knowledge, rates his honour so high, that he would rather part with his crown, than preserve it by deceit.—*Burke—on American Taxation, 1774.*

CLXII.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Disowning every crime for which he dies,
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.
Nature has wove into the human mind
This anxious care of names we leave behind,
To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earnest of a life to come;
For, if when dead, we are but dust or clay,
Why think of what posterity shall say?
Her praise of censure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

Soame Jennyns.

CLXIII.

What is birth to a man, if it shall be a stain to his
dead ancestors, to have left such an offspring?—*Sir P.
Sidney.*

CLXIV.

I make a distinction between knowledge and learning; taking knowledge to be properly meant of things that are generally agreed to be true, by consent of those that first found them out, or have since been instructed in them: but learning is the knowledge of the different and contested opinions of men in former ages, and about which they have perhaps never agreed in any and this makes so much of one and so little of the other, in the world.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CLXV.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms:
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles glitter in the air;
Loose in the winds, small ribbon streamers flow,

Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,
 And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
 Glimmers o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

Tickell's Kensington Gardens.

CLXVI.

Men well governed should seek after no other liberty, for there can be no greater liberty than, a good government: the truth is, the easiness of the government has made some so wanton as to kick against it; our own historians write, that most of our kings have been unthankfully used.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CLXVII.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that 'one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives.' The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.—*Goldsmith.*

CLXVIII.

Anger, in hasty words, or blows,
 Itself discharges on our foes;
 And sorrow too find some relief
 In tears, which wait upon our grief:
 So every passion but fond love
 Unto its own redress does move.
 But that alone the wretch inclines
 To what prevents his own designs;
 Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
 Disorder'd tremble, fawn, and creep;
 Postures which render him despis'd,
 When he endeavours to be priz'd.

Waller.

CLXIX.

Truth, will be uppermost, one time or other, like
 cork, though kept down in the water.—*Sir W. Temple*

CLXX.

A man must first govern himself, ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CLXXI.

In storms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind stars the pilot guide.
Show me at sea the boldest there,
That does not wish for quiet here.
For quiet, friend! the soldier fights,
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.

Otway—Her.

CLXXII.

Friendship is so rare, as it is doubted, whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CLXXIII.

If the first corruption be not sucked in from the domestic manners, a little providence might secure men in their first entrance into the world; at least, if parents took as much care to provide for their children's conversation, as they do for their clothes, and to procure a good friend for them as a good tailor.—*Clarendon.*

CLXXIV.

The censure of those that are opposite to us, is the nicest commendation than can be given us.—*St. Evremond.*

CLXXV.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Roscommon.

CLXXVI.

I cannot but observe, to the honour of our country that the good qualities amongst us seem to be natural and the ill ones more accidental, and such as would be easily changed by the examples of princes, and by the precepts of laws; such I mean, as should be designe

to form manners, to restrain excesses, to encourage industry, to prevent men's expenses beyond their fortunes, to countenance virtue, and to raise that esteem due to plain sense and common honesty.—

Sir W. Temple.

CLXXVII.

Scandal is a never failing vehicle for dullness. The true born Englishman had died silently among the makers and trunk-makers, if the libeller had not help'd on the poet.—*Tom Brown.*

CLXXVIII.

The journey of high honour lies not in smooth ways.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CLXXIX.

No heart is empty of the humour of curiosity, the beggar being as attentive in his station, to an improvement of knowledge, as the prince.—*Osborn.*

CLXXX.

Pride, as it is compounded of the vanity and ill-nature that disposes men to admire themselves, and contemn other men (which is its genuine composition,) retains its vigour longer than any other vice, and rarely expires but with life itself.—*Clarendon.*

CLXXXI.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.

Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs.

It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.

Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,

And the deceiver love supplies its place.

Rowe.

CLXXXII.

The beauty of the eye consists, first, in its clearness; what coloured eye shall please most, depends a good deal on particular fancies; but none are pleased with an eye whose water (to use that term) is dull and muddy. We are pleased with the eye in this view, on

the principle upon which we like diamonds, clear water, glass, and such like transparent substances. Secondly, the motion of the eye contributes to its beauty, by continually shifting its direction; but a slow and languid motion is more beautiful than a brisk one; the latter is enlivening, the former lovely. Thirdly, with regard to the union of the eye with the neighbouring parts, it is to hold the same rule that is given of other beautiful ones; it is not to make a strong deviation from the line of the neighbouring parts; nor to verge into any exact geometrical figure.—*Burke.*

CLXXXIII.

With hunger, the necessity of eating is a sort of evil which causes another after the meal is over, by making us eat more than we should.—*St. Eremond.*

CLXXXIV.

A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil doer.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CLXXXV.

There is a sort of variety amongst us which arises from our climate, and the dispositions it naturally produces. We are not only more unlike one another than any nation I know, but we are more unlike ourselves too, at several times, and owe to our very air, some ill qualities as well as good.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CLXXXVI.

I know not how it comes to pass, but notorious it is, that men of depraved principles and practice are much more active and solicitous to make proselytes, and to corrupt others, than pious and wise men are to reduce and convert; as if the devil's talent were more operative and productive, than that which God entrusts in the hands of his children, which seems to be wrapped up in a napkin without being employed.—*Clarendon.*

CLXXXVII.

Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing.

And nothing may we use in vain:
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.

Marvell.

CLXXXVIII.

To be mentioned with esteem by a fine writer, is a patent for esteem in all future ages, and an exemption from contempt and oblivion. This has been the good fortune of Mæcenas, and of such other great men, who had taste enough, or art enough, to encourage genius and learning. The dexterity of their conduct in this respect has even hid or disguised the folly or deformity of their management in other instances; and it has been remembered that they were generous patrons, when it was forgot that they were dishonest or dangerous politicians.—

Life of St. Evremond.

CLXXXIX.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat and
strength,
Secure against ill-fortune and the world.

Rowe.

CXC.

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

CXCI.

Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears.

Butler.

CXCII.

He that finds truth, without loving her, is like a bat;
which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a
sun, yet hath so evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the
sun.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CXCIII.

Despair is like froward children, who, when you take

away one of their play things, throw the rest into the fire for madness. It grows angry with itself, turns its own executioner, and revenges its misfortunes on its own head. It refuses to live under disappointments and crosses, and chooses rather not to be at all, than to be without the thing which it hath once imagined necessary to its happiness.—*Charron.*

CXCIV.

A sovereign's great example forms a people;
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it.

Mallet.

CXC.V.

The grave is the common treasury to which we must all be taxed.—*Burke.*

CXC.VI.

Avarice is of all passions the most sordid, the most clogged and covered with dirt and with dross, so that it cannot raise its wings beyond the smell of the earth: it is the pay of common soldiers, as honour is of commanders: and yet among those themselves, none ever went so far upon the hopes of prey or of spoils, as those that have been spirited by honour or religion. It is no wonder then, that learning has been so little advanced since it grew to be mercenary, and the progress of it has been fettered by the cares of the world, and disturbed by the desires of being rich, and the fears of being poor; from all which, the ancient philosophers, the Brachmans of India, the Chaldean Magi, the Egyptian priests, were disentangled.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CXC.VIII.

Prudence, thou vainly in our youth art sought,
And with age purchas'd, art too dearly bought:
We're past the use of wit for which we toil:
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.

Dryden.

CXCIX.

A drunkard is a good philosopher; for he thinks aright; the world goes round.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

CC.

The law is the standard and guardian of our liberty; it circumscribes and defends it; but to imagine liberty without a law, is to imagine every man with his sword in his hand to destroy him who is weaker than himself; and that would be no pleasant prospect to those who cry out most for liberty.—*Clarendon.*

CCI.

There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow into effect, into another nature: in making things either better than nature brings forth, or quite anew, he forms such as never were in nature, as the Heroes, Demi-gods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as diverse poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely: her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that nature, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond, and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he showed so much as in poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infect-

ed will keepeth us from reaching unto it.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy.*

CCII.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—*Bolingbroke.*

CCIII.

Exceed not in the humour of rags and bravery, for these will soon wear out of fashion; but money in thy purse, will ever be in fashion; and no man is esteemed for gay garments but by fools.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCIV.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind:
Coop'd up he seem'd, in earth and seas confin'd:
And struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out:
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the straight dimensions wide.
Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.

Dryden.

CCV.

I know, and have long felt, the difficulty of reconciling the unwieldy haughtiness of a great ruling nation, habituated to command, pampered by enormous wealth, and confident from a long course of prosperity and victory, to the high spirit of free dependencies, animated with the first glow and activity of juvenile heat, and assuming to themselves as their birth-right, some part of that very pride which oppresses them.—*Burke—on the American War.*

CCVI.

One man will not, for any respect of fortune, lose his liberty so much, as to be obliged to step over a kennel every morning; and yet to please a mistress, save a beloved child, serve his country or friend, will sacrifice all the ease of his life, nay his blood and life too, upon occasion.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCVII.

When things go wrong, each fool presumes t' advise,
 And if more happy, thinks himself more wise:
 All wretchedly deplore the present state;
 And that advice seems best which comes to late.

Sedley.

CCVIII.

The distinguished part of our constitution is its liberty. To preserve that liberty inviolate, seems the particular duty and proper trust of a member of the House of Commons. But the liberty, the only liberty we mean, is a liberty connected with order; that not only exists along with order and virtue; but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government, as in its substance and vital principle.—*Burke.*

CCIX.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious *flat'ry*, thy malignant seeds
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
 Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year,

Prior.

CCX.

There is nothing more becoming any wise man, than to make choice of friends, for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art: let them therefore be wise and virtuous, and none of those that follow thee for gain; but make election rather of thy betters, than thy inferiours, shunning always such as are poor and needy; for if thou givest twenty gifts, and refuse to do the like but once, all that thou hast done will be lost, and such men will become thy mortal enemies.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCXI.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
 O how much do I like your solitariness!
 Here our treason is hid, veiled in innocence,
 Nor envy's snaky eye, finds any harbour here.

Nor flatterer's venomous insinuations,
 Nor coming humourist's puddled opinions,
 Nor courteous ruin of proffer'd usury,
 Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,
 Nor 'causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
 Nor trifling titles of vanity dazzleth us,
 Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise.
 Here wrong's name is unheard; slander a monster is,
 Keep thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt,
 What man grafts in a tree dissimulation.

Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia

CCXII.

There is a great number of noblemen among you, that are themselves as idle as drones; that subsist on other men's labour, on the labour of their tenants, whom, to raise their revenues, they pare to the quick. This, indeed, is the only instance of their frugality, for in all other things they are prodigal, even to beggaring of themselves. But besides this, they carry about with them a great number of idle fellows, who never learned any art by which they may gain their living, and these, as soon as either their lord dies, or they themselves fall sick, are turned out of doors; for your lords are readier to feed idle people, than to take care of the sick; and often the heir is not able to keep together so great a family as his predecessor did.—*Sir T. More's Utopia*.

CCXIII.

It is a notable example of virtue, where the conqueror seeks for friendship of the conquered.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

CCXIV.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power

The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of Justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *Shakespeare.*

CCXV.

Eloquence, that leads mankind by the ears, gives a nobler superiority than power that every dunce may use, or fraud that every knave may employ, to lead them by the nose. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year.—*Bolingbroke.*

CCXVI.

'Tis the curse of mighty minds oppress'd,
 To think what their state is, and what it should be:
 Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,
 And call the laws of providence unequal.

Rowe.

CCXVII.

The hero passeth through the multitude, as a man that neither disdains a people, nor yet is any thing tickled with their vanity.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCXVIII.

Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant.
 And of all tame, a flatterer. *Johnson.*

CCXIX.

You cannot pump the ocean dry; and as long as it continues in its present bed, so long all the causes which weaken authority by distance will continue. "Ye Gods,

annihilate but space and time, and make two lovers happy!" was a pious and passionate prayer;—but just as reasonable as many of the serious wishes of very grave and solemn politicians.—*Burke on the American War.*

CCXX.

Few swords, in a just defence, are able to resist many unjust assaulters.—*Sidney.*

CCXXI.

I doubt, many men in these ill times have found themselves unhappily engaged in a partnership of mischief, before they apprehended they were out of the right way, by seriously believing what this man said (whose learning and knowledge was confessedly eminent) to be law, and implicitly concluding what another did (whose reputation for honesty and wisdom was as general) to be just and prudent; and I pray God, the faults of those misled men may not be imputed to the other, who have weight enough of their own, and their very knowledge and honesty increase their damnation.—*Clarendon.*

CCXXII.

Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity: many, from the ignorance of these maxims and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth: a man may be in as just possession of truth, as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace, than to hazard her on a battle.—*Sir T. Brown.*

CCXXIII.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives.—*Goldsmith.*

CCXXIV.

Although I persuade thee to associate thyself with thy betters, or at least with thy peers, yet remember always that thou venture not thy estate with any of those great ones that shall attempt unlawful things; for such men labour for themselves and not for thee; thou shalt be sure to part with them in the danger, but not in the honour; and to venture a sure estate in present, in hope of a better in future, is mere madness; and great men forget such as have done them service, when they have obtained what they would, and will rather hate thee for saying thou hast been a means of their advancement, than acknowledge it.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCXXV.

The fire, to see my wrongs, for anger burneth;
 The air in rain for my affliction weepeth;
 The sea, to ebb, for grief his flowing turneth;
 The earth, with pity, dull the centre keepeth;
 Fame is with wonder blazed;
 Time runs away for sorrow;
 Place standeth still amazed
 To see my night of evils, which hath no morrow.
 Alas! a lovely she no pity taketh,
 To know my miseries; but, chaste and cruel,
 My fall her glory maketh,
 Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuel.
 Fire! burn me quite, till sense of burning leave me;
 Air! let me draw no more my breath in anguish;
 Sea! drowned in thee, of tedious life bereave me;
 Earth! take this earth, wherein my spirits languish.
 Fame, say I was not born;
 Time, haste my dying hour;
 Place, see my grave uptorn;
 Fire, air, sea, earth, fame, time, place, show your power
 Alas! from all their help I am exiled;
 For her's am I, and death fears her displeasure.
 Fie, death! thou art beguiled,
 Tho' I be her's, she makes of me no treasure.

Sir P. Sidney.

CCXXVI.

The disesteem and contempt of others is inseparable from pride. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves, but by undervaluing our neighbours; and we commonly most undervalue those who are by other men thought to be wiser than we are; and it is a kind of jealousy in ourselves that they are so, which provokes our pride.—
Marendon.

CCXXVII.

How easy 'tis when destiny proves kind,
With full spread sails to run before the wind;
But they who 'gainst stiff gales lavecering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

Dryden.

CCXXVIII.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

A secret many yeeres vnsene,
In play at chesse, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerie Pawne I will descrie,
The nature with the qualitie.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,
And when he seeth how they fare
He steps among them now and then,
Whom, when his foe presumes to checke.
His seruants stand to giue the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is queint, and quicke conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To work hir treason, ere she wist:
Hir force is such against hir foes
That whom she meets she overthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
 Against his prince's enemies,
 He neuer makes his walke outright,
 But leaps and skips, in willie wise,
 To take by sleight a traitrous foe,
 Might sillie seeke their ouerthrowe.

The Bishop.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
 That chooseth crossest pathes to pace,
 And euermore he pries with paine,
 To see who seekes him most disgrace:
 Such straglers when he findes astraie
 He takes them vp, and throwes awaie

The Rookes.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
 Which keepe the corner houses still,
 And warily stand to watch their tides,
 By secret art to worke their will,
 To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
 Might mischief meane to King or Queene.

The Pawnes.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
 Which he desires to keepe at home,
 Practise, the Queene's which doth not cease
 Amid the world abroad to roame,
 To finde, and fall upon each foe,
 Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

Before the Knight, is perill plast,
 Which he, by skipping ouergoes,
 And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
 To ouerthrow his greatest foes;
 The Bishop's prudence, prieng still
 Which way to worke his master's will.

The Rooke's poore Pawnes, are sillie swaines,
 Which seldome serue, except by hap,

And yet those Pawnes, can lay their traines,
 To catch a great man, in a trap:
 So that I see, sometime a groome
 May not be spared from his roome.

The Nature of the Chesse Men.

The King is stately, looking hie;
 The Queene doth beare like majestie:
 The Knight is hardie, valiant, wise:
 The Bishop prudent and precise.
 The Rookes no raungers out of raie,
 The Pawnes the pages in the plaie.

Lenvoy.

Then rule with care and quicke conceit,
 And fight with knowledge, as with force;
 So beare a braine, to dash deceit,
 And worke with reason and remorse.
 Forgive a fault when young men plaie,
 So giue a mate, and go your way.
 And when you plaie beware of checke,
 Know how to saue and giue a necke
 And with a checke beware of mate;
 But cheefe, ware had I wist too late:
 Loose not the Queene, for ten to one,
 If she be lost the game is gone.

N. Breton, 1638.

CCXXIX.

Age, though it too often consists only in length of days, in having been longer than other men, not in the experiments of life above those who are much younger, is naturally censorious, and expects reverence and submission to their white hairs, which they cannot challenge to any rudiments or example which they have given to virtue; and superciliously censure all who are younger than themselves, and the vices of the present time as new and unheard of, when in truth they are the very same they practised, and practised as long as they, were able: they talk much of their observation and ex-

perience, in order to be obeyed in things they understand not, and out of vanity and morosity contract a pride that never departs from them whilst they are alive, and they die in an opinion that they have left none wiser behind them, though they have left none behind them who ever had any esteem of their wisdom and judgment.
— *Clarendon.*

CCXXX.

As your painters, who deal in history pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connection, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations.— *Tatler.*

CCXXXI.

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath; honour to man alone:
Honour being then above life, dishonour must,
Be worse than death; for fate can strike but one;
Approach doth reach whole families.

Cartwright.

CCXXXII.

Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivation of the land. In their simplicity of life is found the simpleness of virtue—the integrity and courage of freedom. These true genuine souls of the earth are invincible; and they surround and hem in the mercantile bodies; even if these bodies, which supposition I totally disclaim, could be supposed disaffected to the cause of liberty.— *Lord Chatham.*

CCXXXIII.

Remember, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year! and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no prize at all; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.— *St W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

LACONICS.

CCXXXIV.

From hence the rudiments of art began;
 A coal or chalk first imitated man.
 Perhaps, the shadow, taken on a wall,
 Gave outlines to the rude original;
 Ere canvass yet was stain'd, before the grace
 Of blendid colours found their use and place,
 Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd,
 As man grew polish'd picture was inhanc'd:
 Greece added posture, shade, and perspective
 And then the mimic piece began to live.
 Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
 But all came forward in one common view:
 No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
 When light was there, it knew not to depart,
 But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
 Not languished, and insensibly decay'd

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
 And with old Greece unequally did strive:
 'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
 Did all the matchless monuments deface.
 Then all the muses in one ruin lie,
 And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
 Thus in a stupid military state,
 The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
 Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
 Such as in Bantain's embassy were seen,
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
 Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
 Long time the sister arts in iron sleep,
 A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep:
 At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
 Stretch out their limbs, and open all their eyes.
 Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line,
 One coloured best, and one did best design.
 Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
 But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Dryden to Kneller—on the origin of Painting

CCXXXV.

When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music; for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself.—*Tatler*.

CCXXXVI.

The true danger is, when liberty is nibbled away, for expedients, and by parts.—*Burke*.

CCXXXVII.

Who would not be covetous, and with reason, if health could be purchased with gold? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour? But alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet, the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them, and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common night-cap —*Sir H Temple*.

CCXXXVIII.

It is natural for us to exaggerate matters, and I believe I may without rashness assert, that those who have given us the most illustrious copies of friendship, do not yet behold the originals.—*St. Evremont*

CCXXXIX.

Poesy must not be drawn by the ears, it must gently led, or rather, it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the learned antient affirm, it was a divine, and no human skill, since all other knowledge is ready for any that have strength of wit. A poet

industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it: and therefore is an old proverb, *orator fit, voeta nascitur*.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy.*

CCXL.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent,
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton—on his Blindness.

CCXLI.

A constable is a vice-roy in the street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scare-crow to that ale-house, where he drinks not his morning draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the king's name. Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whip-stock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the bridewell-man, and the beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double jugs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never so much in his majesty as in his night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state, a shop-stall, and invironed with a guard of halberts, examines all passengers. He is a very careful man in his office, but if he stay up after midnight you shall take him napping.—*Bishop Earle,*

CCXLII.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakspeare.

CCXLIII.

Sharpness cuts slight things best; solid, nothing cuts through but weight and strength; the same, is the use of intellectuals.—*Sir. W. Temple.*

CCXLIV.

The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tender stomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher. Whereof *Æsop's* tales give us good proof, whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts, make many more beastly than beasts, begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy.*

CCXLV.

To speak and act as in common life, is not *playing*, nor is it what people come to people to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling sickness: that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it—*Goldsmith—on Actors.*

CCXLVI.

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate:
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill
 (For human good depends on human will)
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent

And from the first impression takes its bent;
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind,
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.

Dryden.

CCXLVII.

Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life; neither innocence nor laws are a guard of defence; no possessions are enjoyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it; a man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms: music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honour and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects.—*Str W. Temple.*

CCXLVIII.

Time is the feather'd thing,
 And whilst I praise
 The sparklings of thy locks, and call them rays,
 Takes wing—
 Leaving behind him, as he flies,
 An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

Mayne.

CXXLIX.

Covetous ambition thinking all too little which at present it hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not. Wherefore, if two bordering princes have their meeting in an open campaign, the more mighty will continually seek occasion to extend the limits to the further border thereof. If they be divided by mountains, they will fight for the mastery of the passage of the tops, and finally for the towns that stand upon the roots. If rivers run between them, they contend for the bridges; and think themselves not well assured until they have fortified the further bank. Yea, the sea itself must be very broad, barren of fish, and void of little islands interjacent; else it will yield plentiful arguments of quarrel to the kingdoms which it severeth. all this proceeds from desire of having, and such desire from fear of want.—*Sir W. Raleigh—on War.*

CCL.

An vnworthie counseller is the hurt of a king, and the danger of a state, when the weaknes of judgement may commit an error, or the lacke of care may give way to unhappinesse; he is a wicked charme in the king's eare, a sword of terror in the aduice of tyranny: his power is perillous in the partiality of will, and his heart full of hollownesse in the protestation of loue: hypocrisie in the couer of his counterfaite religion, and traitorous inuention is the agent of his ambition: he is the cloud of darknesse, that threatneth soule weather, and if it growe to a storme, it is fearful where it falls: hee is an enemy to God in the hate of grace, and worthis of death in disloyalty to his soueraigne. In summe, he is an vnfit person for the place of a counseller, and an vnworthy subject to looke a king in the face—*N. Breton—1616.*

CCLI.

The gods are just
But how can finite measure infinite?
Whatever is, is in its causes just,
Since all things are by fate; but purblind man

Sees but a part o'th' chain, the nearest link,
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poises all above.

Dryden.

CCLII.

When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other wit's respect; and in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, they are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences. For less occasions, they form no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared — *Tatler.*

CCLIII.

Envy is a weed that grows in all soils and climates, and is no less luxuriant in the country than in the court, is not confined to any rank of men or extent of fortune, but rages in the breasts of all degrees. Alexander was not prouder than Diogenes; and it may be if we would endeavour to surprisè it in its most gaudy dress and attire, and in the exercise of its full empire and tyranny, we should find it in schoolmasters and scholars, or in some country lady, or the knight her husband, all which ranks of people more despise their neighbours, than all the degrees of honour in which courts abound and rages as much in a sordid affected dress, as in all the silks and embroideries which the excess of the age and the folly of youth delight to be adorned with. Since then it keeps all sorts of company, and wriggles itself into the liking of the most contrary natures and dispositions, and yet carries so much poison and venom with it, that it alienates the affections from heaven, and raises rebellion against God himself, it is worth our utmost care to watch it in all its disguises and approaches, that we may discover it in its first entrance, and dislodge it before it procures a shelter or retiring place to lodge and conceal itself — *Clarendon*

CCLIV.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
Shakspeare.

CCLV.

Jest not openly at those that are simple, but remember how much thou art bound to God, who hath made thee wiser. Defame not any woman publicly, though thou know her to be evil; for those that are faulty, cannot endure to be taxed, but will seek to be avenged of thee; and those that are guilty, cannot endure unjust reproach. As there is nothing more shameful and dishonest, than to do wrong, so truth itself cutteth his throat that carrieth her publicly in every place. Remember the divine saying, *he that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.*—*Sir W. Raleigh to his son.*

CCLVI.

Give your children such names as are proper and significant, at least not ridiculous. Choose none for sureties that are wicked or young, or have not received the Lord's supper; for such as are scarce christians themselves, are not fit to undertake for the religious education of a child. God's public ordinances can never be well performed in private houses; but it was either pride or prophaneness, or schism, that first taught the people to despise the church of God.—*Creech.*

CCLVII.

Who could depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to day beheld,
(That, which if all the Gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) Sejanus fall?
He, that this morn, rose proudly, as the sun,
And breaking through a mist of clients' breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he.

When superstitious Moors salute his light!
 That had our servile nobles waiting him
 As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
 No less than human life on destiny!
 That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;
 And sacrifices more than Rome had altars:
 And this man fall! fall! ay, without a look,
 That durst appear his friend, or lend so much
 Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as pity!
 They that before like gnats play'd in his beams,
 And throng'd to circumscribe him, now not seen,
 Nor deign to hold a common seat with him!
 Others that waited him unto the senate,
 Now, inhumanly, ravish him to prison!
 Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord,
 Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive!
 Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops;
 Blind shame for honours, and black taunts for titles!

B. Janson's Sejanus.

CCLVIII.

Conscience implies goodness and piety, as much as if you call it good and pious. The luxuriant wit of the school-men and the confident fancy of ignorant preachers has so disguised it, that all the extravagancies of a light or a sick brain, and the results of the most corrupt heart, are called the effects of conscience: and to make it the better understood, the conscience shall be called erroneous, or corrupt, or tender, as they have a mind to support or condemn those effects. So that, in truth, they have made conscience a disease fit to be entrusted to the care of the physician every spring and fall and he is most like to reform and regulate the operation of it. And if the madness and folly of men be not in a short time reformed, it will be fitter to be confined as a term in physic and in law, than to be used or applied to religion or salvation. Let apothecaries be guided by it in their bills, and merchants in their bargains, and lawyers in managing their causes; in all which cases it may be waited upon by the epithets they think fit to annex to it: it is in great danger to be

robbed of the integrity in which it was created, and will not have purity enough to carry men to heaven, or to choose the way thither — *Clarendon*

CCLIX

Children play

With fiery flames, and covet what is bright,
But feeling the effects, abhor the light

Burth of Merlin—by Rowley and Shakspeare

CCLX

A prisoner is an impatient patient, lingering vnder the rough hands of a cruell phisitian. *h*s creditor hauing cast his water, knowes his disease, and hath power to cure him, but takes more pleasure to kill him. He is like Taantalus, who hath freedome running by his doore, yet cannot enjoy the least benefit thereof. His greatest grieffe is that his credit was so good and now no better. His land is drawne within the compasse of a sheepe's skin, and his owne hand the fortification that barres him of entrance: hee is fortunes tossing-bal, an object that would make mirth melancholy to his friends an abiect, and a subject of nine dayes' wonder in euery barber's shop, and a mouthfull of pittie (that he had no better fortune) to midwives and talkatiue gossips, and all the content that this transitory life can giue him seems but to flout him, in respect the restraint of liberty bares the true vse. To his familiars hee is like a plague, whom they dare scarce come nigh for feare of infection; he is a monument ruined by those which raysed him, he spends the day with a *heri mihi' ve muserum'* and the night with a *nullis est medicabilis herbis.*—*Essays and Characters, 1638*

CCLXI

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions'

Shakspeare

CCLXII.

There cannot lve a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others
—*Sir W. Temple*

CCLXIII.

On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears
 Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark

Our fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee?

And how can we avoid it if it be?

If by free-will in our own paths we move,

How are we bounded by decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,

If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of heav'n. *Dryden.*

CCLXIV.

Those colours which seem most appropriated to beauty, are the milder of every sort; light greens, soft blues, weak whites, pink reds, and violets. If the colours be strong and vivid, they are always diversified, and the object is never of one strong colour; there are almost always such a number of them (as in variegated flowers,) that the strength and glare of each is considerably abated. In a fine complexion, there is not only some variety in the colouring, but the colours; neither the red nor the white are strong and glaring: besides, they are mixed in such a manner, and with such gradations, that it is impossible to fix the bounds. On the same principle it is, that the dubious colour in the necks and tails of peacocks, and about the heads of drakes, is so very agreeable. In reality, the beauty both of shape and colouring are as nearly related, as we can well suppose it possible for things of such different natures to be.—*Burke.*

CCLXV.

Sincerity's my chief delight,

The darling pleasure of my mind;

O that I could to her invite,

All the whole race of human kind;

Take her, mortals, she's worth more,

Than all your glory, all your fame,

Than all your glitt'ring boasted store,

Than all the things that you can name.

, LAOONIC S.

She'll with her bring a joy divine,
All that's good, and all that's fine.

Lady Chudleigh.

CCLXVI

Men have been described as madmen, who, in the
of abundance banish every pleasure, and make,
imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very
few, correspond to this exaggerated picture, and per-
haps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances
are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and
the industrious branded by the vain and the idle, with
this odious appellation. Men who, by frugality and
labour, raise themselves above their equals, and con-
tribute their share of industry to the common stock —
Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were
it for society had we more of this character amongst us.
In general, these close men are found at last the true
benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we sel-
dom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our com-
merce with prodigality — *Goldsmith*

CCLXVII

—What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed a beast, no more
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused

Shakspeare

CCLXVIII

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness
of the guests, which makes the feast, it was only
at the feast of the Centaurs, where they ate with one
hand, and had their drawn swords in the other, where
there is no peace, there can be no feast. — *Clarendon*

CCLXIX

The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands

For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
 And polish'd sticks the waving engines spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy,
 Their pains shall here in wildest fancies flow;
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show.
 So shall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove
 Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
 And silver figures gild their loose array,
 This boasts her little feet, and winking eyes,
 That times the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies
 Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
 This shall in temples the shy maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil
 Gay France shall make the fan her artists' care
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair,
 As learned orators, that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue,
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen

Gay.

§ CLXX

Thou mayst be sure that he that will in private tell
 thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy
 dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred, for there are few
 men that can endure it, every man for the most part
 delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most uni-
 versal follies that bewitcheth mankind — *Sir W Raleigh*

CCLXXI

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be es-
 teemed, and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and
 such thy life as thy deeds — *Socrates*

LACONICS.

CCLXXII.

I desire a man to bring his wit, rather than his will, to investigation: for fore-deemings and foresettled opinions do bring into bondage the reason of them that have the best wit; whereas, it belongeth not to the will to rate the wit, but to the wit to guide the will —
P. Sidney.

CCLXXIII.

Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false hyena makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all;
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's hearts,
And all that pity you are made your prey.

Otway.

CCLXXIV.

In every garden, four things are necessary to be provided for—flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and who ever lays out a garden without all these, must not pretend it in any perfection: it ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use, so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it,) should be a parterre for flowers, or grass plots, bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues, otherwise, if large, they have an effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walk. If this take up one half of the garden, the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle: if it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf-trees, and the last standard fruit or else, the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sort of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year.—I will not enter upon any account of flowers having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is mo

LACONICS.

the ladies' part than the men's but the success is wholly in the gardener — *Sir W. Temple.*

CCLXXV.

What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

The gallows maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants

I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well but how does it well? It does well to those that loil, now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee To't again; come

Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter

Ay tell me that, and unyoke.

Marry now I can tell.

To't

Mass, I cannot tell

Cudgel thy brains no more about it? for your dillness will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker, the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. — *Shakespeare*

CCLXXVI

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the sapience or linence of a parental guardian and legislator, who know us better than we know ourselves, and he love us better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. — *Burke*

CCLXXVII

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know
Or who could suffer being here below!
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day

'LACONIES.

Had he thy reason, would he skip and play .
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh! blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
Which may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
To see us, with equal eye, as God of all,
Perish, or a sparrow fall.

Pope.

CCLXXVIII.

We too frequently see those who seem men at twenty years of age, when the gaiety of their youth decays, and themselves grow weary of those exercises and vanities which then became them, become boys at thirty, having no supply of parts for business, or grave and sober conversation, they then grow out of love with themselves, and too soon lament these defects and impotency in themselves, which nothing but some degree of learning and acquaintance with books could have prevented. And to say that they can fall to it afterwards, and recover the time they have lost when they will, is no more reasonable though there have been some very rare examples of such industry) than to imagine that a man, after he is forty years of age, may learn to dance as well as if he had begun it sooner. He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them — *Clarendon.*

CCLXXIX.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words, is a niggard in deed — *Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCLXXX.

Let the players be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live. — *Shakspeare.*

CCLXXXI.

Whatever difference there may appear to be in men's

LACONICS.

fortunes, there is still a certain compensation of good and ill in all, that makes 'em equal. — *Charron.*

CCLXXXII.

Each man is born a king; his passions be
 'The practice of his sovereignty:
 Who, though they still their sovereign's good regard;
 Conspire his ruin for their private end,
 'The love of skin thick beauty draws his eye
 To yield to love his reason's majesty.
 His fear throws bugbears in his way; his state
 Is still infested by revengeful hate.
 This idle grief for what he might prevent,
 Or might not, doth usurp his government.
 Thus he whom God ordains a king to be,
 Obeys his subjects and is never free.

Str P. Sidney's Arcadia.

CCLXXXIII.

I remember an ingenious physician, who told me in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, that he was forced to play the divine with them, before he could begin the physician, whose greatest skill, perhaps, often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind, before they enter upon the other operations of their art and this ought to be the first endeavour of the patient too, without, which, all other medicines may lose their virtue — *Str W. Temple*

CCLXXXIV

The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance, but much more
 That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
 'The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
 What's near it, with it; it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortised and adjoined; which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the point'rous ruin. Never alone
 The king, sighs, but with a general groan.

Shakspeare.

CCLXXXV.

Friendship is compounded of all those soft ingredients which can insinuate themselves and slide insensibly into the nature and temper of men of the most different constitutions, as well as of those strong and active spirits which can make their way into perverse and obstinate dispositions; and because discretion is always predominant in it, it works and prevails least upon fools. Wicked men are often reformed by it, weak men seldom — *Clarendon.*

CCXXXVII.

Drive me, O drive me from that traitor, man!
 So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell
 In lion's haunts, or in some tyger's den,
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
 That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean.
 Bury me in the hollow of its womb
 Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,
 I may from far, with giddy apprehension,
 See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;
 Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,
 Can there be found so terrible a ruin
 As man' fake man' smiling destructive man!

Nat Lee.

CCXXXVIII

A man would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as, if there was a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at — *Tattle.*

CCLXXXIX.

He that cannot refrain from much speaking, is like a city without walls, and less pains in the world a man cannot take, than to hold his tongue: therefore if thou observe this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err: restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.—*St. W. Raleigh—to his son.*

CCXC.

Beware o' flattery 'tis a flowry weed
Which off'fends the very idol vice,
Whose shrine it would perfume. *Fenton.*

CCXCI.

Sincerity is an openness of heart; 'tis found in a very few people, and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation, to gain the confidence of others — *Charron.*

CCXCII.

The city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, through several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the others ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.

Cooper's Hill—Denham.

CCXCIII.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations: it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all me

tal, and even stone, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwellings; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire: in a word it conquers all enemies, and will venture itself pay contribution.—*Clarendon.*

CCXCIV.

Each woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery, or to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.—*Goldsmith.*

CCXCV.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay my heart of heart.

Shakspeare.

CCXCVI.

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon love, in their writings, are very instructive. Love is a beautiful blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence.—*Tattle.*

CCXCVII

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Collin.

CCXCVIII.

The invention of printing has not, perhaps, multiplied books, but only the copies of them; and if we believe there were six hundred thousand in the library of Ptolemy, we shall hardly pretend to equal it by any of ours; not, perhaps, by all put together; I mean so many originals, that have lived any time, and thereby given testimony of their having been thought worth preserving: for, the scribblers are infinite, that, like mushrooms or flies, are born and die in a small circle of time; whereas, books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCXCIX.

It is a common error, and the greater and more mischievous for being so common, to believe that repentance best becomes and most concerns dying men. Indeed, what is necessary every hour of our life is necessary in the hour of death too, and as long as he lives he will have need of repentance, and therefore it is necessary in the hour of death too; but he who hath constantly exercised himself in it in his health and vigour, will do it with less pain in his sickness and weakness; and he who hath practised it all his life, will do it with more ease and less perplexity in the hour of his death: as he who hath diligently cast up every page of a large account, will better be able to state the whole sum upon a little warning in the last leaf, than he can do who must look over every one of them.—*Clarendon.*

CCC.

The greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writings, which is called *verse*. Indeed, but apparelled *verse*, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy.*

CCCI.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCII.

Beasts should do

Homage to man, but man shall wait on you:
 You are of comelier sight, of daintier touch,
 A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such
 As Parians see in marble; skin more fair,
 More glorious head, and far more glorious hair;
 Eyes full of grace and quickness; puffer roses
 Blush in your cheeks, a milder white composes
 Your stately fronts; your breath, more sweet than his.
 Breathes spice, and nectar drops at every kiss.

—Perfect creatures, if distraction rise
 Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,
 Your hair, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
 So subtle and so strong an argument,
 Will teach the stoic his affections too,
 And call the cynic from his tub to woo.

The Praise of Women—Randolph

CCCIII.

Though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrive at any great perfection or growth, it is certain that no composition requires so many several ingredients. or of more different sorts, than this: not that to excel in any qualities, there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art: for there must be a universal genius, of great compass, as well as great elevation; there must be a sprightly imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner.

and, by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCIV.

What story is not full of woman's falsehood?
 The sex is all a sea of wide destruction:
 We are vent'rous barks, that leave our home
 For those sure dangers which their smiles conceal:
 At first they draw us in with flattering looks
 Of summer calms and a soft gale of sighs:
 Sometimes, like Syrens, charm us with their songs,
 Dance on the waves, and show their golden locks;
 But when the tempest comes, then, then they leave us,
 Or rather help the new calamity!
 And the whole storm is one injurious woman!
 The lightning, followed with a thunderbolt,
 Is marble-hearted woman. All the shelves,
 The faithless winds, blind rocks, and sinking sands,
 Are woman all! the wreck of wretched men. *Lec.*

CCCV.

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

CCCVI.

A sergeant, or catch-pole, is one of God's judgments; and which our roarsers do only conceive terrible. He is the properest shape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at most but an arrester, and hell a dungeon. He is the creditor's hawk, wherewith they seize upon flying birds, and fetch them again in his talons. He is the period of young gentlemen, or their full stop, for when he meets with them they can go no farther. His ambush is a shop-stall, or close lane, and his assault is cowardly at your back. He respites you in no place but a tavern, where he sells his minutes dearer than a clock-maker. The common way to run from

him is through him, which is often attempted and achieved, [and no man is more beaten out of charity.] He is one makes the street more dangerous than the highways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey. He is the first hanel of the young rapiers of the templers; and they are as proud of his repulse as a Hungarian of killing a Turk. He is a moveable prison, and his hands two manacles, hard to be filed off. He is an occasioner of disloyal thoughts in the commonwealth, for he makes men hate the king's name worse than the devil's.—*Bishop Earle.*

CCCVII. . .

The same pride that erects a colossus, or a pyramid, instals a god or a hero: but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable, therefore, of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCVIII.

The certain way to be cheated, is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—*Charren.*

CCCIX.

A flatterer is compared to an ape, who because she cannot defend the house like a dog, labour as an ox, or bear burdens as a horse, doth therefore yet play tricks, and provoke laughter.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCX.

Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him; a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? No: one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my

lady's chamber, und tell her, let hev paint an inch thick;
to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.

Shakspeare.

CCCXI.

— All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth; or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

Sir William Davenant.

CCCXII.

A vein which has entered, and helped to corrupt our
modern poesy, is that of ridicule; as if nothing pleased
but what made one laugh, which yet comes from two
very different affections of the mind; for, as men have
no disposition to laugh at things they are most pleased
with, so they are very little pleased with many things
they laugh at.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCXIII.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves, and little fairy queen,
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green:
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at first she play'd,
Not longer than she shed her horns she stay'd;
From thence with airy flight to distant parts convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the
year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late, may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train.
In vain the dairy now with mint is drest,

The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
 She sighs, for ah! she shakes her shoes in vain;
 No silver penny to reward her pain.

Dryden.

CCCXIV.

When I was young, and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be, if they were sure to be granted: some were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace, and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old; they are all of a strain; for health in the body is like peace in the state, and serenity in the air: the sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving, that a fair day is a kind of sensual pleasure, and of all others the most innocent.—
Sir W. Temple.

CCCXV.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world:
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it:—Yet, I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
 My soul, the father: and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world
 In humours, like the people of this world:
 For no thought is contented.

* * * * *

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame.

That many have, and others must sit there:
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented: sometimes am I king;
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
 And so I am: then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king:
 Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by,
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
 With being nothing.—*Shakspeare—Richard II.*

CCCXVI.

There are two capital faults in our law with relation to civil debts. One is, that every man is presumed solvent; a presumption in innumerable cases, directly against truth. Therefore the debtor, is ordered, on a supposition of ability and fraud, to be coerced his liberty until he makes payment. By this means, in all cases of civil insolvency, without a pardon from his creditor, he is to be imprisoned for life:—and thus, a miserable mistaken invention of artificial science, operates to change a civil into a criminal judgment, and to scourge misfortune or indiscretion with a punishment which the law does not inflict on the greatest crimes.

The next fault is, that the inflicting of that punishment is not on the opinion of an equal and public judge, but is referred to the arbitrary discretion of a private, nay interested and irritated individual. He, who formally is, and substantially ought to be, the judge, is in reality no more than ministerial, a mere executive instrument of a private man, who is at once judge and party. Every idea of judicial order is subverted by this procedure. If the insolvency be no crime, why is it punished with arbitrary imprisonment? If it be a crime, why is it delivered into private hands, to pardon

without discretion, or to punish without mercy and without measure.—*Burke*.

CCCXVII.

There is something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.—*Goldsmith*.

CCCXVIII.

Life is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leave no epilogue but death!—*H. King*.

CCCXIX.

Let thy love be to the best, so long as they do well, but take heed that thou love God, thy country, thy prince, and thine own estate, before all others; for the fancies of men change, and he that loves to day, hateth to-morrow: but let reason be thy school-mistress, which shall ever guide thee aright.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son*.

CCCXX.

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

CCCXXI.

A promise may be broke;
 Nay, start not at it—'tis an hourly practice:
 The trader breaks it, yet is counted honest;
 The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;
 Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
 Yet follow sep'rate pleasures, and are—virtuous.
 The churchmen promise too, but wisely they
 To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
 And draw upon futurity: a promise!
 'Tis the wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint;
 It is the ship in which the knave embarks,
 Who rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,
 And sails with ev'ry wind.

Havard's King Charles I.

CCCXXII.

As Gardening has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has been the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCXXIII.

There is need of a sprightly and vigilant soul to discern and to lay hold on favourable junctures; a man must look before him, descry opportunities at a distance, keep his eye constantly upon them, observe all the motions they make towards him, make himself ready for their approach, and when he sees his time, lay fast hold, and not let go again, till he has done his business.—*Charron.*

CCCXXIV.

A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—*Shakspeare.*

CCCXXV.

Each state must have its policies:
 Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters.
 Ev'n the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
 Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
 For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
 Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
 But laws were made to draw that union closer.

Old Play.

CCCXXVI.

Know that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors;
 for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage
 thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow
 and paint all thy vices and follies as thou shalt never,
 by their will, discern good from evil, or vice from vir-
 tue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves,
 to entertain the additions of other men's praises is
 most perilous.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCCXXVII.

The two greatest mistakes among mankind are, to
 measure truth by every man's single reason, and not
 only to wish every body like one's self, but to believe
 them so too, and that they are only disguised in what
 they differ from us: both the effect of natural self-
 love.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCXXVIII.

When an emperor dies in China the whole expense
 of the solemnities is defrayed from the royal coffers.
 When the great die here, mandarines are ready enough
 to order mourning; but I do not see that they are so
 ready to pay for it. What, order me to wear mourning
 before they know whether I can buy it or no! Fum,
 thou son of Fo, what sort of a people am I got amongst,
 where being out of black is a certain symptom of po-
 verty; where those who have miserable faces cannot
 have mourning, and those who have mourning cannot,
 will not, wear a miserable face!—*Citizen of the World*
 —*Goldsmith.*

CCCXXIX.

His Being was in her alone,
 And he not being, she was none.
 They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd,
 One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
 The hand was one, one was the sword
 That did his death, her death afford.
 As all the rest, so now the stone
 That toms the two is justly one.

• *Epitaph on Argalus and Parthenia—in
 Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia.*

CCCXXX.

The grammarians have too much reason to derive
bellum, a belluie; all war hath much of the beast in it;
immane quiddam et belluarum simile; very much of the
 man must be put off, that there may be enough of the
 beast.—*Clarendon.*

CCCXXXI.

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair:
 If she love me, this believe—
 I will die ere she shall grieve:
 If she slight me when I woo
 I can scorn and let her go:
 If she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

G. Wither.

CCCXXXII.

There is never wanting some good-natured person to
 send a man an account of what he has no mind to
 hear.—*Tatler.*

CCCXXXIII.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its prac-
 tice, and dull in every other.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCXXXIV.

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou
 mayst be sure of two things: the first, that they will be

more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast: the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCCXXXV.

Never expecting to find perfection in men, and not looking for divine attributes in created beings, in my commerce with my contemporaries I have found much human virtue. I have seen not a little public spirit; a real subordination of interest to duty; and a decent and regulated sensibility to honest fame and reputation. The age unquestionably produces (whether in a greater or less number than in former times, I know not,) daring profligates, and insidious hypocrites. What then? Am I not to avail myself of whatever good is to be found in the world, because of the mixture of evil that will always be in it? The smallness of the quantity in currency only heightens the value. They who raise suspicions on the good, on account of the behaviour of ill men, are of the party of the latter.—*Burke.*

CCCXXXVI.

The mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm; but is so to both, when a little agitated by gentle gales; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions and affections. I know very well, that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men: but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question: it may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution; since some of the fathers went so far, as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination: as a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCXXXVII.

To day, in snow array'd, stern winter rolls
 The ravag'd plain—anon the teeming earth
 Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year;
 And shall not we—while fate, like winter frowns,
 Expect revolving bliss? *Smollett.*

CCCXXXVIII.

There is a kind of reparation and restitution that is a child of repentance; a fruit that repentance cannot choose but bear; which is repairing a man's reputation, restoring his good name, which he hath taken or endeavoured to take from him by calumnies and slanders; which is a greater robbery than plundering a man's house, or robbing him of his goods. If the tongue be sharp enough to give wounds, it must be at the charge of balsam to put into them; not only such as will heal the wound, but such as will wipe out the scar, and leave no mark behind it. Nor will private acknowledgment to the person injured, be any manifestation or evidence of repentance. Fear may produce that, out of apprehension of chastisement, or good husbandry may dispose a man to it, to avoid the payment of great damages by the direction of justice and the law: but true repentance issues out of a higher court, and is not satisfied with submitting to the censures of public authority; but inflicts greater penalties than a common judge can do, because it hath a clearer view and prospect into the nature of the offence, discerns the malice of the heart, and every circumstance in the committing, and applies a plaster proportionable to the wound and to the scar.
 — *Clarendon.*

CCCXXXIX.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Shakespeare.

CCCXL.

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced, that con-

science, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others.—*Tatler*.

CCCXLI.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—*Burke*.

CCCXLII.

Oh! rid me of this torture quickly there,
My madam with the everlasting voice;
The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made
Like noise, as were in that perpetual motion!

All my house

But now steam'd like a bath with her thick breath;
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor scarce
Another woman; such a hail of words
She has let fall.

Ben. Jonson's Silent Woman.

CCCXLIII.

True repentance is a very severe magistrate, and will strip off all that shelter and covering which would make the stripes to be less sensibly felt, and reckons shame an essential part of the punishment. It is a rough physician, that draws out the blood that inflames, and purges out the humours which corrupt or annoy the vitals; leaves no phlegm to cherish envy, nor no choler and melancholy to engender pride; and will rather reduce the body to a skeleton, than suffer those pernicious humours to have a source, from whence they may abound again to infest the body or the mind.—*Clarendon*.

CCCXLIV.

—Of all

Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, foul Jealousy, her favourite:—
And if it be not so, why took she care
That ~~any~~ ^{every} thing should give the monster nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with?

Suckling.

LAGONICS.

CCCXLV.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end: but behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it therefore as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCCXLVI.

We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life, short at the longest, and unquiet at the best; all the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways how to revive it with pleasures, or relieve it with diversions; how to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To some of these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work about nothing else, but only that our poor mortal lives should pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCXLVII.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak our weakness past compare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Katherine, in Taming of the Shrew—Shakspeare.

CCXLVIII.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.—*Tatler.*

CCCXLIX.

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light; and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
 Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.
 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart,
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve;
 And fools! adore in temple of our heart
 Till that, good God! make church and churchmen starve.
 True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade
 Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
 True, that on earth, we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soul up to our country move;
 True! and yet true that I must Stella love.

Astrophel and Stella—Sir P. Sidney.

CCCL.

The advice of our friends must be attended to with a judicious reserve; we must not give ourselves up to it, and blindly follow their determination, right or wrong.
 —*Charron.*

CCCL.

Give me flattery!

Flattery the food of courts, that I may rock him,
And lull him in the down of his desires.

Beaumont.

CCCLII.

Were I to buy a hat, I would not have it from a stocking-maker; but a hatter; were I to buy shoes, I should not go to the tailor for that purpose. It is just so with regard to wit: did I, for my life desire to be well served, I would apply only to those who made it their trade, and lived by it. You smile at the oddity of my opinion; but be assured, my friend, that wit is in some measure mechanical; and that a man long habituated to catch at even its resemblance, will at last be happy enough to possess the substance; by a long habit of writing he acquires a justness of thinking, and a mastery of manner, which holiday writers, even with ten times his genius, may vainly attempt to equal.—
Goldsmith.

CCCLIII.

Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That e'er heav'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee;
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
'Though our wise-ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy madd'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them!

George Wither.

CCCLIV.

There is I, think. no sort of talent so despicable, as

that of such common critics, who can at best pretend but to value themselves by discovering the defaults of other men, rather than any worth or merit of their own: a sort of levellers, that will needs equal the best or richest of the country, not by improving their own estates, but reducing those of their neighbours, and making them appear as mean and wretched, as themselves. The truth is, there has been so much written of this kind of stuff, that the world is surfeited with the same things over and over, or old common notions new dressed, and, perhaps, embroidered.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCLV. *

Rightly to be great,

Is, not to stir without great argument;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When honour 's at the stake.

Shakspeare.

CCCLVI.

The heroicall virtue is friendship, pretended to by all, but understood or practised by very few, which needs no other manifestation, than that the choleric person thinks it an obligation upon his friend to assist him in a murder; the unthrifty and licentious person expects that friendship should oblige him who pretends to love him to waste all his estate in riots and excesses, by becoming bound for him, and so liable to pay those debts which his pride and vanity contract. In a word, there is nothing that the most unreasonable faction, or the most unlawful combination and conspiracy, can be applied to compass, which is not thought by those who should govern the world to be the proper and necessary office of friendship; and that the laws of friendship are extremely violated and broken, if it doth not engage in the performance of all those offices how unjust and unworthy soever.—*Clarendon.*

CCCLIX.

My mortal injuries have turn'd my mind,

And I could hate myself for being kind.

If there be any majesty above,
 That has revenge in store for perjur'd loves;
 Send, heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head,
 Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead,
 Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong;
 In height of pomp, when he is warm'd and young,
 Bolted with thunder, let him rush along:
 And when the last pangs of life he lies,
 Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes;
 Nay, after death,
 Pursue his spotted soul, and shoot him as he flies.

Lee's Alexander.

• CCCLVII.

For my own part who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem; I can say very impartially, that I have not observed, among any, so much true genius as among the English; no where more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy, more penetration of thought, or depth of reflection among the better sort; no where more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people; nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen. But, with all this, our country must be confessed to be, what a great foreign physician called it, the region of spleen; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year: and how much these effect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCLIX.

The writer who never deviates, who never hazards a new thought, or a new expression, though his friends may compliment him upon his sagacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in his praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfection. The way to acquire

latter, and is not by the former, of a writer's faults but the praise of his beauties, and less noble works are generally more replete with both. — *Goldsmith*.

CCCLX

Why should the poor be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick aboard pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Hence my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's fingers
To sound what stop they please.

Hamlet to Horatio—Shakspeare

CCCLXI.

Despots govern by terror. They know, that he who fears God fears nothing else; and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire, their Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage — *Burke—on the French Revolution.*

CCCLXII

Who painted justice blind, did not declare
What magistrates should be, but what they are:
Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
In their just scales alike; but because they
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,
They 'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right

Heath's Clarastella

CCCLXIII.

The last main given to learning, has been by the scorn of pedantry, which the shallow, the superficial and the sufficient among scholars first drew upon them

self, and very justly, by pretending to more than they had, or to more wisdom than what they could deserve; by broaching it in all places, at all times, upon all occasions, and by living so much among themselves, or in their closets and cells, as to make them unfit for all other business, and ridiculous in all other conversations.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCLXIV.

Unto nobody, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be
Than to myself, tho' Jove grew a suitor of hers:
These be her words, but a woman's words to a love that
is eager,

In wind or water's streams do require to be writ.

Sir P. Sidney—from the Latin of Catullus.

CCCLXV.

'Tis plain there is not in nature a point of stability to be found, every thing either ascends or declines: when wars are ended abroad, sedition begins at home; and when men are freed from fighting for necessity, they quarrel through ambition.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCLXVI.

(*Folly.*) On a sofa of goose-feathers made,
Lo' half-supine, luxurious Folly laid:
Pow'rtul to lull the most enliven'd sense,
This sofa was the gift of indolence:
Her little left eye twinkles to the light,
But open'd wide and goggling is her right
Down from her collar to her bosom bare,
Her bells hung pendant like a solitaire:
High o'er her ear, light-waving to the gale,
She wore the plumage of a peacock's tail,
Which nodding o'er her round unmeaning face,
Gave to her front the French, fantastic grace.
Full fat and fair she waddles in her gait,
And lisps so pretty that she loves to prate:
Her ears she pricks up to herself to list,
And sputters all her meaning in a mist.

Wise in her wit she seems, for all the while,
 Her face is smil'd with a foolish smile,
 A painted fan her fickleness declares,
 Which waving gives the ideal goddess airs;
 She flirts it to a sceptre of command,
 And grasps an English Plautus in her hand.—
 As round their queen the drones at evening creep,
 And with mixt murmur fill the hive to sleep:
 So these the dame environ round and round,
 And every booby sends a hollow sound
 So strong the savoury scent of supper draws,
 They clamour universally applause.
 And lo! ten waiters drest like modern beaux
 In Folly's liv'ry parti-colour'd clothes,
 Prompt at her whistle, a large table spread,
 Produce vast voiders, and a load of bread;
 Three buts of beer which Parsons had supply'd,
 They brought in well-tann'd jacks of good cow-hide.
 Then smok'd the solid supper on the board,
 Such as Van Hogen Mogan might afford,
 Beneath a cover first came store of fish,
 A jowl of cold, chubbs, gudgeons in a dish;
 With stamping puddings, tripe in butter fry'd,
 Fat chitterling and goose on every side
 Stern at the bottom gann'd, still breathing dread,
 The bristly horrors of a huge hog's head.

Fawkes.

CCCLXVII.

Some falls are the means the happier to rise.

Shakspeare.

CCCLXVIII.

When we speak of the commerce with our colonies,
 fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and ima-
 gination cold and barren.—*Burke.*

CCCLXIX.

That men should kill one another for want of some-
 what else to do (which is the case of all volunteers in
 war,) seems to be so horrible to humanity, that there
 needs no divinity to control it.—*Clarendon*

CCCLXX.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United cast too fierce a light;
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Rains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
 Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

Earl of Dorset.

CCCLXXI.

A university dunce is a gentleman's follower cheaply purchased, for his own money has hired him. He is an inferior creditor, of some ten shillings, downwards—contracted for horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in suit, and he arrests your modesty. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman-usurer. He is a sore beleaguer of chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks; yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of scholars' loitering, for he is sure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he; and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world. Some choose their rooms on purpose to avoid his surprisals, and think the best commodity in them his prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough, and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him is the buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your name, and he is one much wrought with good beer and rhetoric. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no gallant walks the streets to less purpose.—*Bishop*
Case

EPICONICS.

CCCLXXII.

A *satyr* is said to be a beast of the *mountain*.
But it is hard to know them from *foxes*. They are so
obscure, and full of *protections*: as a wolf re-
sembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.—*Sir W.*
Raleigh.

CCCLXXIII.

In truth, O *Lova*, what a *rough* kind
Thou dost proceed in thy most *serious* way,
That when the heaven to thee his *best* displays,
Yet of that *best*, thou leav'st the *best* behind:
For, like a child, that some fair *book* doth find
With gilded leaves, or colour'd vellum plays,
Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind.
So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfold set,
And in her breast, be-peep, or couching, lies,
Playing and shining in each outyard part
But *seek'st* not to get in her heart.

Astrophel and Stella—Sir P. Sidney.

CCCLXXIV.

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they
have, as for those they affect to have.—*Charron.*

CCCLXXV.

What needs my *Shakspeare* for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
The easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Runs from the leaves of thy invaluable
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;

Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Milton.

CCCLXXVI.

One of the ancients seeing a young man give away all his subsistence to pretended distress, "It is possible, said he, that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you who relieve him are such. You see, then, by your generosity, you only rob a man, who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue. And while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."—*Goldsmith.*

CCCLXXVII.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play.
 But I have that within, which passeth show;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of wo.

Shakspeare.

CCCLXXVIII.

In conversation, humour is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge; few desire to learn, or to think they need it; all desire to be pleased, or, if not, to be easy.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCLXXIX.

The truly valiant dare every thing, but doing any other body an injury.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCLXXX.

Although the uncertainty of the tenure by which all worldly things are held ministers very unpleasant ma-

dition, yet it is most certain, that within twelve hundred years last past, or the most part of the Kingdoms to us known, have truly felt the calamities of transplantations by war; being either overwhelmed by new colonies that fell upon them, or driven as one wave is driven by another to seek new seats, having lost their own.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCLXXXI.

How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!
 How vast are your corruptions and abuse
 Of the king's ear! At which you hang a pendant,
 Not to adorn, but ulcerate: while the honest
 Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
 Serve only for court ornaments: If they speak,
 'Tis when you set their tongues; which you wind up
 Like clocks, to strike at the just hour you please.

Shirley.

CCCLXXXII.

Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unso-
 ciable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves
 all storm and tempests; but quiet and easy natures are
 like fair weather, welcome to all, and acceptable to all
 men; they gather together what the other disperses,
 and reconcile all whom the other incenses: as they
 have the good will and the good wishes of all other
 men, so they have the full possession of themselves,
 have all their own thoughts at peace, and enjoy quiet
 and ease in their own fortunes, how strait soever;
 whereas the other neither love, nor are beloved, and
 make war the more faintly upon others, because they
 have no peace within themselves; and though they are
 very ill company to every body else, they are worst of
 all to themselves, which is a punishment that nature
 hath provided for them who delight in being vexatious
 and uneasy to others.—*Clarendon.*

CCCLXXXIII.

I have bow'd, I have bended
 And all in hope
 One day to be befriended;

I have preach'd, I have printed,
 Whate'er I hinted,
 To please our English Pope;
 I worshipp'd towards the East,
 But the sun doth now forsake me;
 I find that I am falling,
 The northern winds do shake me;
 Would I had been upright,
 For bowing now will break me.

R. Wilde.

CCCLXXXIV.

Such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart.—

Tatler.

CCCLXXXV.

To be honest as this world goes,
 Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Shakspeare.

The world becomes very little the better or the wiser, for knowing what is the peculiar food of an insect, that is itself the food of another, which, in its turn, is eaten by a third; but there are men who have studied themselves into a habit of investigating and admiring such minutæ. To those such subjects are pleasing, as there are some who contentedly spend whole days in endeavouring to solve enigmas, or disentangle the puzzling sticks of children.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCLXXXVII.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, why any man should be delighted with beauty? that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it.—*Clarendon.*

CCCLXXXVIII.

They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things

supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.—*Shakspeare.*

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them; but passing thro' the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From ev'ry channel: and still bears a relish
Of flattery, or private ends. *Denham.*

CCCXC.

If you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to become a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass' ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, not to be rhymed to death, as it is said to be done in Ireland, yet thus much curse I must lend you in the behalf of all poets, that while you live you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy*

CCCXCI.

* What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you
The others makes you proud. He that trusts you
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him.
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that

Which would increase his evil. Ho that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. *Shakspeare.*

CCCXCII.

O, the cursed madness of many that seem to be religious! They thrust themselves into a multitude of employments, till they are loaded with labours, and clogged with cares, and their souls are as unfit to converse with God, as a man to walk with a mountain on his back; and as unapt to soar in meditation, as their bodies to leap above the sun! And when they have lost that heaven upon earth, which they might have had, they take up with a few rotten arguments to prove it lawful; though indeed they cannot.—*Baxter.*

CCCXCIII.

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train!
 Does nature give it or can guilt sustain?
 Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high;
 Or takes the vital stream a richer dye?
 What! tho' a long patrician line ye claim,
 Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?
 Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
 Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.
 Vice levels all, however high or low;
 And all the difference, but consists in show.
 Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
 Alike is beggar, tho' in rags or lace:
 Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
 Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse:
 Tyh gamblers, bridewell. and St. James's bites,
 The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.
 Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
 Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
 Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint.
 We worship oft the idol for the saint.

Courted by all, by few the fair is won,
 Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun:
 Naked she flies to merit in distress,
 And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.
 The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;
 In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
 The courtier views her with admiring eyes,
 Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise;
 By various ways all woo the modest maid;
 Yet lose the substance grasping at the shade.
 Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife
 Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life?
 To the same end, still different means employs,
 This builds a church, a temple that destroys;
 Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
 Yet erring, both mistake report for fame.
 Report, tho' vulture-like the name it bear,
 Drags but the carrion carcass thro' the air;
 While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
 And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.

Paul Whitehead.

CCCXCIV.

Kings are naturally lovers of low company. They are so elevated above the rest of mankind, that they must look upon all their subjects as on a level. They are rather apt to hate than love their nobility, on account of the occasional resistance to their will, which will be made by their virtue, their petulance, or their pride. It must, indeed, be admitted, that many of the nobility are as perfectly willing to act the part of flatterers, tale-bearers, parasites, pimps, and buffoons, as any of the lowest and vilest of mankind can possibly be. But they are not properly qualified for this object of their ambition. The want of a regular education and early habits, and some lurking remains of their dignity, will never permit them to become a watch for an Italian eunuch, a mountebank, a fiddler, a player, or any regular practitioner of that tribe. The Roman emperors, almost from the beginning; threw themselves into such hands, and the mischief increased every day till its de-

cline and its final ruin. It is therefore of very great importance (providing the thing is not over done) to contrive such an establishment as must, almost whether a prince will or not, bring into daily and hourly offices about his person, a great number of his first nobility; and it is rather a useful prejudice that gives them pride in such a servitude. Though they are not much the better for a court, a court will be much the better for them.—*Burke.*

CCCXCV.

Wit, like tierce claret, when 't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all;
But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.

Rocheſter.

CCCXCVI.

What have you got by being so long a customer to the world, but false ware, suitable to the shop of such a merchant, whose traffic is toil, whose wealth is trash, and whose gain is misery?—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Father.*

CCCXCVII.

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

CCCXCVIII.

Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscape of the spring?
In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? *Akenside.*

CCCXCIX.

What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have past for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years (which is the date of our modern pretenders,) I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with

notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as, the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it: the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lamb from which it is to be derived; a universal language, which may serve all men's turn, when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; doubled-bottomed ships, whereof none can be ever cast away, besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will be sold and very cheap, in the apothecaries, shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon, to be made as frequently as between York and London; which such poor mortals as I am, think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit, or so much instruction; for there these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in phials, with those of Orlando.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCC.

There is probably no country so barbarous that would not disclose all it knew, if it received from the traveller equivalent information: and I am apt to think that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCL.

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

CCCCII.

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

CCCCIII.

We may rest assured, that when the maxims of any government establish among its resources extraordinary means, and those exerted with a strong hand, that strong hand will provide those extraordinary means for itself.—*Burke.*

CCCCIV.

Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—*Sir T. Brown.*

CCCCV.

A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men; nor so good. The soul once fled
Lives freer now, then when she was cloist' red
In walls of flesh; and though she organs want
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now separate,
Than if the same conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force;
Uncapable of death or of divorce:
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
And at one time, feels two captivities:
A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
But narrower body which herself enfolds.

Bishop King.

CCCCVI.

Archbishop Laud was a man of great parts, and very exemplary virtues, and sure never any man was better supply'd with innocency of heart, and integrity of manners; he was a man of great courage and resolution, pious and just in all his actions, and entire to the king, the church, and his country; but he had a hasty sharp way of expressing himself, and courted persons too

little, nor cared to make his designs and purposes appear as candid as they were, by showing them in any other dress than in their own natural beauty, though perhaps in too rough a manner. He apply'd the discipline of the church to great and splendid transgressors, as well as to mean offenders; if the faults and vices were fit to be looked into, and discovered, let the persons be who they would, that were guilty of them, they were sure to find no connivance of avour from him.

The sharpness of his language and expression was so natural to him, that he could not debate any thing without some commotion, when the argument was not of any moment: nor bear any contradiction in debate, even in the council where all men are equally free, with that patience and temper that was necessary; of which, they who wished him not well, took many advantages, and would therefore contradict him, that he might be transported with some incident passion, which, upon a short reflection, he was always sorry for, and most readily and willingly would make acknowledgment.—*Clarendon.*

CCCCVII.

Power and liberty are like heat and moisture: where they are well mixt, every thing prospers; where they are single, they are destructive.—*Saville.*

CCCCVIII.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Shakespeare.*

CCCCIX.

Individuals pass like shadows; but the commonwealth is fixed and stable. The difference therefore of to-day and to-morrow, which to private people is immense, to the state is nothing.—*Burke.*

CCCCX.

Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move;

Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.

Rochester.

CCCCXI.

It must be confessed by the most strict inquisition, that there was not one clergyman in any degree or favor with King Charles I. of a scandalous insufficiency in learning, or of a more scandalous condition of life: but on the contrary, most of them of confessed eminent parts in knowledge and of virtuous and unblemished lives. It was once said (by a man not suspected of flattering the clergy) that if the sermons preached in court were collected together, and published, the world would receive the best bulk of orthodox divinity, profound learning, convincing reason, natural powerful eloquence, and admirable devotion, that hath been communicated in any age since the Apostles' time.—
Clarendon.

CCCCXII.

Even such is time, that takes on trust

Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust;

Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days!

But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up I trust?

Sir W. Raleigh—written the night before his death

CCCCXIII.

The reason why commonly, I soon grow weary at operas is, that I never yet saw any which appear not to me despicable, both as to the contrivance of the subject, and the poetry. Now it is in vain to charm the ears, or gratify the eyes, if the mind be not satisfied; for my soul being in better intelligence with my mind than with my senses, struggles against the impressions which it may receive, or at least does not give an agreeable consent to them, without which, even the most delightful objects can never afford me any great

pleasure; an extravagance set off with music, dances, machines, and fine scenes, is a pompous piece of folly, but 'tis still a folly, though the embroidering is rich; yet the ground it is wrought upon is such wretched stuff, that it offends the sight — *St. Evremont.*

CCCXIV.

Men counsel, and give comfort to that grief,
Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give instructful medicine unto rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words;
Thus it is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

Beaumont.

CCCCXV.

In doing good, we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute. — *Burke.*

CCCCXVI.

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

CCCCXVII.

He who believes the world not worthy of him, may in truth be thought not worthy of the world. If men are not willing to be deprived of their fortunes and preferments and liberty, which are but the ordinary perquisites of life, they may very justifiably be unwilling to be deprived of life itself, upon which those conveniences depend — *Ch.*

CCCCXVIII.

(*Gentlewoman.*) Noble she is by birth, made good
by virtue,

Exceeding fair and her behaviour to it,
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine
Is to the soul, that puts it in act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty; idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose those parts,
Sits on her brow, and holds a silver sceptre,
With which she keeps time to the several musics,
Placed in the sacred concert of her beauties:
Love's complete armoury is manag'd in her,
To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attain't might disproportion her,
Or makes her graces less than circular;
Yet even her carriage is as far from coyness
As from immodesty; in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,
In use of places, hours, and companies
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the centre to observe them;
Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,
In all her courses ever at the full.

Chapman.

CCCCXIX.

Women famed for their valour, their skill in politics,
or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex, in
order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more
pardon a fair one for endeavouring to wield the club of
Hercules, than I could him for attempting to twirl her
distaff.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCXX.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of the world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. *Shakspeare.*

CCCCXXI.

Who frowns at others' feasts, had better bide away.—
Sir P. Sidney.

CCCCXXII.

Many an honest man before as harmless as a tame
rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has
become more dangerous than a charged culverin.—
Goldsmith.

CCCCXXIII.

Friendship is power and riches all to me;
Friendship's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general use,
To the support and comfort of the world,
Than friendship to the being of my joy;
I would do every thing to serve a friend.

Southern.

CCCCXXIV.

Corrupt influence is itself the perennial spring of all
prodigality, and of all disorder; which loads us, more
than millions of debt; which takes away vigour from
our arms, wisdom from our councils, and every sha-
dow of authority and credit from the most venerable
parts of our constitution.—*Burke.*

CCCCXXV.

Man's life's a tragedy; his mother's womb,
From which he enters, is the tiring room;
This spacious earth the theatre, and the stage
That country which he lives in: Passions, Rage,
Folly, and Vice are actors: the first cry
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.
The former act consisteth in dumb shows;
The second he to more perfection grows;
I'th third he is a man, and doth begin
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin:
I'th th' fourth declines: i'th' fifth diseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his Epilogue.

Sir W. Raleigh

CCCCXXVI.

There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects, and terrible; the latter on small ones, and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us: in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.—*Burke*.

CCCCXXVII.

O think, what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
Oh 'tis a dreadful interval of time;
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.

Addison.

CCCCXXVIII.

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCXXIX.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love: it is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige with all your soul, that friend who has made you a present of his own.—*Socrates.*

CCCCXXX.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,
Great men are never found after it;
It leaves some ach or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

Middleton.

CCCCXXXI.

Men in a party have liberty only for their motto: in

reality they are greater slaves than any body else would care to make them.—*Saville.*

CCCCXXXII.

Of all sciences, I speak of human, and according to the human conceit, is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margins with interpretations; and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music, and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue: even as the child is most often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste.—*Sir P. Sidney's Defence of Poesy.*

CCCCXXXIII.

Frenzy does not become a slighter distemper on account of the number of those who may be infected with it.—*Burke.*

CCCCXXXIV.

I do not understand those for poor, which are vagabonds and beggars, but those that labour to live, such as are old and cannot travel, such poor widows and fatherless children as are ordered to be relieved, and the poor tenants that travail to pay their rents and are driven to poverty by mischance, and not by riot or careless expenses; on such have thou compassion, and God will bless thee for it.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCCCXXXV.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
Acts little of his will. *Shakspeare.*

CCCCXXXVI.

As long as the world lasts, and honour and virtue and industry have reputation in the world, there will be ambition and emulation and appetite in the best and most accomplished men who live in it; if there should not be, more barbarity and vice and wickedness would cover every nation of the world, than it yet suffers under.—*Clarendon.*

CCCCXXXVII.

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

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

Flatman.

CCCCXXXVIII.

A man who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCXXXIX.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCCXL.

After Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, I know none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic

poetry worth recording. The wits of the age soon left off such bold adventures, and turned to other veins; as if, not worthy to sit down at the feast, they contented themselves with the scraps; with songs and sonnets, with odes and elegies, with satires and panegyrics, and what we call copies of verses upon any subjects or occasions—wanting either genius or application, for nobler or more labourious productions; as painters, that cannot succeed in great pieces, turn to miniature.

But the modern poets, to value this small coin, and make it pass, though of so much a baser metal than the old, gave it a new mixture from two veins which were little known, or little esteemed among the ancients. There were, indeed, certain fairies in the old regions of poetry, called epigrams, which seldom, reached above the stature of two, or four, or six lines, and which, being so short, were all turned upon conceit, or some sharp hits of fancy or wit.—*Sir W. Temple*

CCCCXLI.

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquests,
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man.

Johnson

CCCCXLII.

Sir Philip Sidney had an equal temperament of Mars and Mercury, valour and learning, to as high a pitch as nature and art could frame, and fortune improve him: so dexterous, that he seemed born for every thing he went about. His representations of virtue and vice, were not more lively in his books than in his life; his fancy was not above his virtue; his humours, councils, and actions, were renowned in the romancer, and heroic in the statesman; his soul was as large as his parents, the modesty of the mother allaying the activity of the father: a man so sweetly grave; so familiarly stayed, so prettily serious, he was above his years; wisdom gained by travel, experience gained from observations, solid and useful learning drawn from knowing Languet, his three years' companions, and choicest books, accomplished him

for the love of all, and the reverence of most; his infant discourses teach men, Oh what had his riper years done!
—*Lloid.*

CCCCXLIII.

All must be rapine, wars and desolation,
When trust and gratitude no longer bind. *Dryden.*

CCCCXLIV.

Except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat, and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCCXLV.

They take very unprofitable pains who endeavour to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here: God hath not taken all that pains in forming and framing and furnishing and adorning this world, that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately, to prefer it before him who

CCCCXLVI.

It many times falls out, that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.
—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCCXLVII.

The joys of marriage are the heav'n on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earth by immortality,
Eternity of pleasures. *Ford*

CCCCXLVIII.

True generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present be-

nefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.
—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCXLIX.

Without the forces of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the succours of judgment, it is wild and extravagant. The true wit of poesy is, that such contraries must meet to compose it—a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and force; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable: there must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be, upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file; there must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts; and, to go the lowest that can be, there are required genius, judgment, and application; for, without this last, all the rest will not serve to turn.—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCCCL.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
 May pure contents
 For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
 mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains'
 Which we may every year
 Find when we come a fishing here!
 Sir W. Raleigh—on a Country Life

CCCCCLI.

It is no wonder that when we are prodigal of nothing else, when we are over-thrifty of many things which we may well spare, we are very prodigal of our time, which is the only precious jewel of which we cannot be too thrifty, because we look upon it as nothing worth, and that makes us not care how we spend it. The labouring

man and the artificer knows what every hour of his time is worth, what it will yield him, and parts not with it, but for the full value: they are only noblemen and gentlemen, who should know best how to use it, that think it only fit to be cast away; and their not knowing how to set a true value upon this, is the true cause of the wrong estimate they make of all other things.—*Clarendon.*

CCCCLII.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.

Roscommon.

CCCCLIII.

Taxing is an easy business. Any projector can contrive new impositions; any bungler can add to the old. But is it altogether wise to have no other bounds to your impositions, than the patience of those who are to bear them?—*Burke.*

CCCCLIV.

How happy they, beneath the humble roof,
Who live by nature, and by nature love!
Their's the calm, the peaceful state of bliss;
While venal grandeur, whose accurst abode
The pleasing god-head still abhorred flies,
Tastes no true joy, and only seems to love,
Dissembling, faithless, full of secret woes.

CCCCLV.

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

CCCCLVI.

Since it is and may be made evident enough, that the greatest infirmities and deformities of the mind may be reformed and rectified by industry and reasonable applications, there can be but one reason why there is so little used in those cases, since all men desire to be wise, or to be reputed wise; and that is, that there is no need of it: nature's store and provisions is sufficient; conversation with witty men, and an ordinary observation of the current and conduct of business, will make men as wise as they need to be; and the affectation of books doth but introduce pedantry into the manners of men, and make them impertinent and troublesome; that men of great learning in books are frequently found to be the most incompetent judges or advisers in the most important transactions of the affairs of the world, and of the interest of states. And by this unreasonable jolly discourse, and contempt of the learned languages, there seems to be a combination entered into against learning, and against any such education as may dispose them to it; as if the excellent endowments of nature would be eclipsed by reading books, and would hinder them from learning more in the company they might keep than they can obtain from other, and that the other method makes them men much sooner; and upon this ground, which hath gotten too much countenance in the world, the universities and inns of court, which have been the seminaries out of which our ancestors have grown to be able to serve their country with great reputation and success, are now declined as places which keep hopeful youth too long boys, and infect

them with formalities and impertinent knowledge, of which they shall have little use, and send them out late and less prepared for and inclined to those generous qualifications, which are most like to raise their fortunes and their reputations.—*Clarendon.*

CCCCLVII.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones: and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Ben Jonson.

CCCCLVIII.

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

CCCCLIX.

No government ought to own that it exists for the purpose of checking the prosperity of its people, or that there is such a principle involved in its policy.—*Burke.*

CCCCLX.

A prince who falleth out with laws, breaketh with his best friends.—*Saville.*

CCCCLXI.

Imperfect enjoyment is attended with regret; a surfeit of pleasure with disgust. There is a certain nick of time, a certain medium to be observed, with which few people are acquainted.—*St. Evremond.*

CCCCLXII.

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.

Rochester.

CCCCLXIII.

If ordinary beggars are whipped, the daily beggars in fine clothes (out of a proportionable respect to their quality) ought to be hanged.—*Saville.*

CCCCLXIV.

Dazzled with the height of place,
 While our hopes our wits beguile,
 No man marks the narrow space
 Between a prison and a smile.
 Then since fortune's favours fade,
 You that in her arms do sleep,
 Learn to swim and not to wade,
 For the hearts of kings are deep.
 But if greatness be so blind,
 As to trust in tow'rs of air,
 Let it be with goodness joyn'd,
 That at least the fall be fair.^t

Lord Bacon.

CCCCLXV.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCLXVI.

'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their like,
 For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd. *Settle.*

CCCCLXVII.

There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—*Socrates.*

CCCCLXVIII.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival ev'ry day'

If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be.

No; she must be perfect snow,
 In affect as well as show;
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too;
 But when she by change hath got
 To her heart a second lot,
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be.

Sir W. Raleigh.

• CCCCLXIX.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.—*Falstaff—Shakspeare.*

CCCCLXX.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us,
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will. *Shakspeare.*

CCCCLXXI.

Men, instead of applying the salutary medicines of philosophy and religion to abate the rage, and recover the temper of their vitiated imaginations, cherish the disease in their bosoms, until their increasing appetites, like the hounds of Actæon, tear into pieces the soul they were intended to enliven and protect.—*Burton.*

CCCCLXXII.

A great object is always answered, whenever any property is transferred from hands that are not fit for that property, to those that are.—*Burke on Œconomical Reform.*

CCCCLXXIII.

Honour, thou spongy idol of man's mind,
 Thou soak'et content away, thou hast confin'd

Ambitious man and not his destiny,
 Within the bounds of form of ceremony.
 Oh! happy life of shepherds, whose content
 Rests in a soul that's free and innocent;
 They stay their lodging, and remove their roof,
 Not for their own, but for their flocks' behoof.
 While some (to fill the blanks of their mean story)
 Do travel in their cares, to gain vain glory,
 They never leave the plains unless sometime,
 To look about them, they the mountains climb;
 But dwell not there, for e'en this change doth show,
 What choicer sweets they do enjoy below:
 Here the rough winds do buzz about their ears,
 Their rocky steepness adds unto their fears:
 Here they are ready to be torn assunder,
 By magic's hateful blasts and envy's thunder;
 From hence they may descend; but, greatness, stay,
 If you come down, it must be t'other way;
 For 'tis a bliss, in which your honour shares,
 That though you would, you cannot leave your cares.

Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia.

CCCCLXXIV.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
 My bottle of salvation;
 My gown of glory (hope's true gage,)
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
 Blood must be my body's only balmer,
 Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
 No other balm will there be given.
 Over the silver mountains,
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss.
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be adry before,
 But after, it will thirst no more.

I'll take them first,
 To quench my thirst,
 And taste of nectar's suckets,
 At those clear wells,
 Where sweetness dwells,
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
 Then by that happy blissful day,
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparell'd fresh like me;
 And when our bodies, and all we
 Are fill'd with immortality,
 Then the blessed parts we'll travel
 Stor'd with rubies thick as gravel;
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
 From thence to heavens bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl,
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forg'd accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferr'd, no vain-spent journey.
 For there Christ is the king's attorney;
 Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath angels, but no tees.
 And when the twelve grand nullion jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker (taintiess pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder;)
 Thou wouldst salvation even for alms,
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And thine is mine eternal plea
 To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That since my flesh must die so soon.
 And want a head to dine next noon:
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head.
 Then am I ready, like a Palmer fit,
 To tread those bless'd paths, which before I writ!

O death and judgment, heaven and hell!
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

Sir W. Raleigh.

CCCCLXXV.

Fellowship in treason is a bad ground of confidence.—
Burke.

CCCCLXXVI.

I am persuaded, if many of us, who have lived to good years, did faithfully compute in what particular meditations and actions we have spent our time, we should not be able, amongst the years we have spent in pursuing our pleasures, our profits, our ambition, the days and nights we have dedicated to our lusts, our excesses, and importunities and solicitations we have used to mend our fortunes; we should not be able to set down one hour for every year of our life, I fear not one hour for our whole life, which we have solemnly spent to mend our Christianity; in which we have devoutly considered the majesty and providence and goodness of God, the reason and the end of our own creation; that there is such a place as Heaven for the reward of those who do well, or hell for the punishment of the wicked: for if we had spent but one hour in the contemplating those particulars, which are the first and most general notions of Christianity, it were not possible but we should be startled out of our lethargic laziness, and should make some progress in the practice of Christianity, as well as in those paths and roads that lead to our pleasure or profit. What is this inadvertency and incogitancy, but to believe that, as we received this badge of Christianity in our infancy, when we knew not of it, so it will grow and increase upon us in our sleep and times of leisure, without taking notice of it? that the little water that was thrown upon our face in baptism, was enough to preserve the beauty of God's image in us, without any addition of moisture from ourselves, either by tears in our repentance, or so much as by sweat in our industry and labour? and to declare to all the world, that we hold the life of a Christian to be nothing else, but spending so many days as nature allows us, in a climate where

the gospel of Christ is suffered to be preached, how little soever desired to practised?—*Clarendon.*

CCCCLXXVII.

Justice is itself the greatest standing policy of civil society; and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstance, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.—*Burke.*

CCCCLXXVIII.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam:
 The world has nothing to bestow;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Cotton's Fire-Side.

CCCCLXXIX.

The humour of avarice, and greediness of wealth, have been ever, and in all countries where silver and gold have been in price and of current use: but if it be true in particular men, that, as riches increase, the desire of them do so too, may it not be true of the general vein and humour of ages?—*Sir W. Temple.*

CCCCLXXX.

A king that would not feel his crown too heavy for him must wear it every day; but if he think it too light, he knoweth not of what metal it is made.—*Lord Bacon.*

CCCCLXXXI.

What art thou, Happiness, so sought by all,
 So greatly envied, yet so seldom found?
 Of what strange nature is thy composition,
 When gold and grandeur sue to thee in vain?
 The prince who leads embattled thousands forth,
 And with a nod commands the universe,
 Knows not the language to make thee obey;
 Tho' he with armies strews the hostile plain,
 And hews out avenues of death, he still
 Loses his way to thee, because content

Appears not on the road, to light them to thee.—
 Content and happiness are then the same;
 And they are seldom found, but in the bed
 Where unmolested innocence resides.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

CCCCLXXXII.

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

CCCCLXXXIII.

The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find, that all humane virtues encrease and strengthen themselves, by the practice and experience of them.—*Socrates.*

CCCCLXXXIV.

There is a subordinate wit, as much inferior to a wit of business, as a fiddler at a wake is to the lofty sound of an organ.—*Saville.*

Tempting gold alone

In this our age more marriages completes
 Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.
 'Tis not th' external sweetness of the face,
 The inward excellence of a virtuous mind,
 The just behaviour and the graceful mien,
 With all th' endowments nature can bestow,
 Can please the wretch whose riches are his god;
 Who'd rather ransack Indian mines for gold,
 Than revel in some matchless beauty's arms;
 For which may he never taste the joy it yields;
 But, as a Midas wallowing in his store,
 Let him cursed be amidst his heaps of wealth.

CCCCLXXXVI.

To the disgrace of men it is seen, that there are woman both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCCLXXXVII.

In the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do him good.
Shakspeare.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

Have ever more care that thou be beloved of thy wife, rather than thyself besotted on her; and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive she have a care of thy ~~estate~~, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation, without thy instruction; for love needs no teaching, nor precept.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

CCCCLXXXIX.

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,
Is never to be out of action; we should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces,
Of mathematical motion, to stand still,
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of that profession; all of which
Arise and spring up honour. *Webster.*

CCCCXC.

I have seen enough of presuming ignorance, never to venerate wisdom but where it actually appears. I have received literary titles and distinctions myself, and, by the quantity of my own wisdom, know how very little wisdom they can confer.—*Goldsmith.*

CCCCXCI.

Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man.

As the spur is for the jade,
 As the scabbard for the blade,
 As for liquor is the can,
 So man's for woman made,
 And woman made for man,

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
 As to night the serenade,
 As for pudding is the pan,
 As to cool us is the fan,
 So man's for woman made,
 And woman made for man—
 Be she widow, wife, or maid,
 Be she wanton, be she staid,
 Be she well or ill array'd,
 So man's for woman made,
 And woman made for man. *Motteaur.*

CCCCXCII.

Club and coffee-house gentlemen, petty merchants of small conceits, who have an empty habit of prating without meaning, always aim at wit, and generally make false fire.—*Saville.*

CCCCXCIII.

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
 But where religion doth with virtue join,
 It makes a hero like an angel shine. *Waller*

CCCCXCIV.

Those things that are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.—*Burke.*

CCCCXCV. •

Greatness has its cankers, worms, and moths,
Bred out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers into themselves.

Ben Jonson.

CCCCXCVI.

Youth will never live to age, without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits: and oft' it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

CCCCXCVII.

O if good Heaven would be so much my friend!
To let my fate upon my choice depend,
All my remains of life with you I'd spend,
And think my stars had given a happy end.

Oldham.

CCCCXCVIII.

He that hath pity on another man's sorrow, shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in, and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself.—*Sir W. Raleigh.*

CCCCXCIX.

It were to be wished that all men did believe (which they have all great reason to do,) that the consumption and spending of our time will be the great inquisition of the last and terrible day: when there shall be a more strict inquiry how the most dissolute person, the most debauched bankrupt, spent his time, than how he spent his estate; no doubt it will then manifestly appear, that our precious time was not lent us to do nothing with, or to be spent upon that which is worse than nothing; and we shall not be more confounded with any thing, than to find that there is a perfect register kept of all that we did in that time; and that when we have scarce remembered the morrow what we did yesterday, there is a diary in which nothing we did is left out, and as much

notice taken when we did nothing at all. This will be a sad animadversion when it is too late, and when probably it may appear that the very idle man, he who hath never employed himself, may be in a very little better condition than he who hath been worst employed; when idleness shall be declared to be a species of wickedness, and doing nothing to be the activity of a beast.—*Clarendon.*

D.

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve, if thou observe these three things: first, that thou know what thou hast; what every thing is worth that thou hast; and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend any thing before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is the surety for another; for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and above all things, be not an ass to carry the burdens of other men. If any desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself, than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an evasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man he needs not: therefore from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this—that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt become a beggar.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

DI.

The common ingredients of health and long life are
Great temp'rance, open air,
Easy labour, little care.

Sir P. Sidney.

DII.

A people may let a king fall, yet still remain a people; but if a king let his people slip from him, he is no longer a king.—*Saville.*

DIII.

Philosophers that are poor praise poverty because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.—*Goldsmith.*

DIV.

'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Oft softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy,
The weighty bullion of one sterling line
Drawn in French wire, wou'd thro' whole pages shine.
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and I hope without offence;
For I'll recant, when France can show me wit,
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

Roscommon on the French.

DV.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—*Shakspeare.*

DVI.

An extreme rigour is sure to arm every thing against
and at length to relax into a supine neglect.—*Burke.*

DVII.

Without mounting by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things; and the breaking of the ladder still casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

DVIII.

Too curious man, why dost thou seek to know
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are wo;
Th' All-seeing Power that made thee mortal, gave
Thee every thing a mortal state shoul^d have.
Fore-knowledge only is enjoy'd by heaven,
And, for his peace of mind, to men forbidden.
Wretched were life, if he foreknew his doom;
Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,
And griefs assur'd are felt before they come.

Dryden.

DIX.

A tavern chair is the throne of human felicity. As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know, and ready to supply my wants: wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love: I dogmatise, and am contradicted: and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.—*Johnson.*

DX.

Happy the man, who void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling: he nor hears with pain,
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
Where mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wished her health, and joy and equal love.

Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

Phillips.

All is but lip-wisdom which wants experience.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

DXII.

Wit and irony, rallery and humour, are often deviations from the strict rules of veracity: but they are allowed by common consent; and, under proper restrictions, they contribute to enliven conversation, and to improve our manners. But jocularly is certainly culpable, and may be deemed a species of lying, when it is intended to deceive without any good end in view; and especially with the ungenerous one of diverting ourselves at the painful expense of another. This practice also may lead to more criminal falsehoods; and it is related with honour of Aristides, that he held truth to be so sacred, *ut ne jaco quidem mentiretur.*—*Percival.*

DXIII.

To affirm that old age is incapable of business, is the same as to maintain that a pilot is of no use in navigation; because, whilst some mount the shrouds; others run on the deck, or work at the pump, he sits quietly at the helm. An old man indeed cannot perform such actions as requires youth; but he does what is much greater, as well as better. It is neither by strength, swiftness, or agility of body, that affairs of great importance are transacted; but by prudence, authority, and good advice; which, far from being lost, are even much improved, for the most part, by age. Unless, perhaps, you think that I, who have acted the part of a soldier, a tribune, a lieutenant-general, and a consul, am now become wholly useless, because I can no longer bear a part in all manner of warlike expeditions as formerly. But then I inform the senate, what is fit to be done, and after what manner. Would you but consult the accounts left us of foreign transactions, you will find

that the greatest states have been ruined by young men, but supported and restored by the old.—*Cicero*.

DXIV.

At *shearing-time*, along the lively vales,
 Rural festivities are often heard:
 Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
 And lusty merriment: while on the grass
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
 We think the golden age again return'd,
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance:
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
 To the shrill pipe, and deep re-thurm'ring cords
 Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.
 While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
 With every murmur of the sliding wave,
 And every warble of the feather'd choir;
 Music of Paradise! which still is heard,
 When the heart listens; still the views appear
 Of the first happy garden, when content
 To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight.
 Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
 Then idly for the lost delight repine:
 As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
 Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
 Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,
 And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Dyer's Fleece.

DXV.

Changing hands without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors, and not his diet.—*Maxims of state—Saville.*

DXVI.

The more we see of this world, the more are we convinced that it is filled with contradictions and absurdities. Let us begin with the grand Turk, who causes all heads to be cut off that displease him, and can seldom preserve his own.—*Voltaire.*

DXVII.

A shoemaker is the fittest man in the parish to make a constable: for he (*virtute officii*) may put a man into the stocks, and ease him at last.—*Sir T. Overbury*.

DXVIII.

Swimming may save a man, in case of necessity; though it loseth many when practised in wantonness, by increasing their confidence; therefore, for pleasure exceed not your depth; and in seeking to save another, beware of drowning yourself —*F. Osborn—to his Son*.

DXIX.

Every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them; but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences from having never learned them.—*Swift*.

DXX.

Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires,
Refines our genius, and our verse inspires;
From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
Virgil by him was taught the moving art,
That charm'd each ear, and soften'd ev'ry heart.

Littleton.

DXXI.

The ungrateful are sparing of thanks, for fear that thankfulness may be an introduction to reward.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

DXXII.

As full ears load and lay corn, so does too much fortune bend and break the mind. It deserves to be considered, too, as another disadvantage, that affliction moves pity, and reconciles our very enemies; but prosperity provokes envy, and loses us our very friends. Again, adversity is a desolate and abandoned state: the generality of the people are like those infamous animals that live only upon plenty and repine; and as rats and

mice forsake a tottering house, so do these the falling man.—*Charron*.

DXXIII.

Women have more strength in their looks, than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears, than we have by our arguments.—*Saville*.

DXXIV.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine;
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his wo the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words,
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
Therein do men from children nothing differ.
I pray thee peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Much ado about Nothing—Shakspeare.

DXXV.

He that lends money upon public faith is security for his own money, and can blame none more than himself, if never paid; common debts, like common lands, lying ever most neglected.—*F. Osborn.*

DXXVI.

The miser true,
Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear
Of wasting what he heaps. *Harvard.*

DXXVII.

(*Miser.*)—Good morning to the day; and next, my gold;
Open the shrine that I may see my saint:
Hail the world's soul and mine! more than glad is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep thro' the horns of the celestial ram,
Am I to view thy splendour, dark'ning his;
That lying here amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day,
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol!
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss
With adoration thee, and every relict
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
Well did wise poets by thy glorious name
Title that age, which they would have the best;
That being the best of things, and far transcending
All still, of joy in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dreams on earth.
Thy looks, when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given twenty thousand cupids;
Such are thy beauties, and our loves, dear saint,
Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues.

That canst do naught, yet mak'st men do all things;
 The price of souls! ev'n hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth heav'n! thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else; who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.

Ben Johnson.

DXXVIII.

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

DXXIX.

When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat:
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
 To-morrow's falser than the former day;
 Lies more, and while it says we shall be bless'd
 With some new joys; cuts off what we possess'd:
 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.
 I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Dryden.

DXXX.

Two rival actresses are capable of dividing a town
 Men have a secret propensity for factions: if we can
 not cabal, pursue, and do one another a prejudice for
 crowns, tiaras, and mitres: we fall together by the ears
 for a dancer or musician.—*Voltaire.*

DXXXI.

I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much
 another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours
 to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow fol-
 lies in others, become the argument of his own scorn,
 by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have
 known, when there was no music with him but the drum
 and fife: and now had he rather hear the tabor and the

pipe; I have known when he would have walk'd ten miles a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster: but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well; another is wise; yet I am well: another is virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.—*Benedict—Much Ado about Nothing.—Shakspeare.*

DXXXII.

Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach,
 What the times of old did preach:
 Rosamond was in a bower
 Kept, as Danae in a tower;
 But yet love, who subtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this:
 Be ye lock'd up like to these:
 Or the rich Hesperides:
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nurseries;
 Notwithstanding love will win,
 Or else force a passage in:
 And as coy be as you can,
 Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Herrick

DXXXIII.

The best time for marriage will be towards thirty, for the younger times are unfit, either to chose or to go.

vern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, who, being left to strangers, are in effect lost: and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred; for thereby thy posterity shall either perish, or remain a shame to thy name and family.
—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

DXXXIV.

See what money can do: that can change,
Men's manners; alter their conditions!
How tempestuous the slaves are without it.
O, thou powerful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key of all men's
Mouths: with thee a man may lock up the jaws
Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer. *Broome.*

DXXXV.

All sects are different, because they come from men,
morality is every where the same, because it comes from
God.—*Voltaire.*

DXXXVI.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul
'Tis then the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Grongar Hill.—Dyce

DXXXVII.

It is a strange thing, to see the care and solicitude that is used to strengthen and cherish the body; the study, and industry and skill to form and shape every member and limb to beauty and comeliness; to teach the hands and feet and eyes the order and gracefulness of motion; to cure any defects of nature or accident, with any hazard and pain, insomuch as we oftentimes see

even those of the weaker sex, and less inclined to suffering, willingly endure the breaking of a bone that cannot otherwise be made straight; and all this ado but to make a handsome and beautiful person, which at best is but the picture of a man or woman, without a wise soul: when to the information and improvement of that jewel, which is the essence of man; and which unconsidered, even that which we so labour for and are proud of, our beauty and handsomeness, is by many degrees inferior to that of a thousand beasts and other creatures; to the cultivating and shaping and directing of the mind, we give scarce a thought, not an hour of our life; never suppress a passion, never reform an affection; insomuch as (though never age had fewer wise men to show to the world) we may justly wonder we are not all fools and idiots, when we consider how little we have contributed to make ourselves other: and doubtless, if nature (whom we are ready to accuse of all our weakness and perverseness, had not out of her store bountifully supplied us, our own art and industry would never have kept up our faculties to that little vile height they are at.—*Clarendon*.

DXXXVIII.

When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,
 But dares the fury of the wind and tides;
 But losing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
 It drives at will, to every wave or scorn. *Dryden*.

• DXXXIX.

Age is a powerful distemper, which naturally and imperceptibly steals in upon us, and theretore a vast provision of study and great precaution are absolutely necessary to avoid the imperfections it loads us with, or at least to weaken their progress. Notwithstanding all my retrenchments and redoubts, I find age gaining upon me inch by inch; I make as stout a defence as I can, but I am entirely ignorant whither it will drive me at last. At all hazards I am satisfied, that when I fall, the world may know from whence I fell.—*Montaigne*.

DXL.

Obligation is thralldom, and thralldom is hateful.—
Hobbes.

DXLI.

In company 'tis a very great fault to be more forward in setting one's self off, and talking to show one's parts than to learn the worth, and to be truly acquainted with the abilities of other men. He that makes it his business not to know, but to be known, is like a foolish tradesmen, who makes all the haste he can to sell off his old stock, but takes no thought of laying in any new—
Charron.

DXLII.

The small reckoning I have known (especially in their life-time) of excellent wits, bids me advise you, that if you find any delight in writing, to go on; but in hope to please or satisfy others, I would not black the end of a quill; for long experience has taught me, that builders always, and writers for the most part, spend their money and time in the purchase of reproof and censure from envious contemporaries, or self-conceited posterity.—*F. Osborn—to his Son.*

DXLIII.

What a deform'd thief fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? Sometime, fashioning them like Pharoah's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry.—*Shakspeare.*

DXLIV.

Run not into debt, either for wares sold, or money borrowed; be content to want things that are not of absolute necessity, rather than to run up the score: such a man pays at the latter end a third part more than the principal comes to, and is in perpetual servitude to his creditors; lives uncomfortably; is necessitated to increase his debts, to stop his creditors mouths; and many times falls into desperate courses.—*Sir M. Hale.*

DXLV. "

As Nature and Garrick were talking one day,
 It chanced they had words and fell out;
 Dame reason would fain have prevented a fray,
 But could not, for both were so stout.
 Says Garrick, I honour you, madam, 'tis true,
 And with pride to your laws I submit;
 But Shakspeare paints stronger and better than you,
 All critics of taste will admit.
 How! Shakspeare paint better and stronger than me,
 Cries Nature (quite touch'd to the soul;)
 Not a word in his volumes I ever could see
 But what from my records he stole.
 And thou, wicked thief, nay the story I'll tell,
 Whenever I paint or I draw,
 My pencils you filch, and my colours you steal,
 For which thou shalt suffer the law.
 And when on the stage in full lustre you shine,
 To me all the praise shall be given:
 The toil shall be yours, and the honour be mine,
 So Nature and Garrack are even. *Davies.*

DXLVI.

The spring, that bringeth out flies and fools, maketh
 some ladies inhabitants in Hyde Park; and in the winter
 they are an incumbrance to the play-house, and the bal-
 last of the drawing-room.—*Saville, 1751.*

DXLVII.

(*Players.*) * They abuse our scene,
 And say we live by vice; indeed, 'tis true;
 As physicians by diseases do;
 Only to cure them: they do live we see
 Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality;
 Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,
 We set an answerer to tell this age
 How ugly looks his soul; a prodigal,
 Is taught by us how far from liberal
 His folly bears him; boldly I dare say,
 'There has been more by us in some one play

Laugh'd into wit, and virtue, than hath been
 By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
 And foppish humours; hence the cause doth rise
 Men are not worn by the ears, as by the eyes.

Rand. Muses' Looking-Glass.

DXLVIII.

Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.—*Lord Burleigh.*

It is but a chill and insipid pleasure to have always to do with such supple and well-bred fools, as consent, and flatter, and applaud all you say, be it true or false, right or wrong, indifferently.—*Charron.*

DXLIX.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice, than the best that was ever preached upon that subject.—*Saville.*

DL.

Love, fair maid, is an extreme desire,
 That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd:
 To ask the reason why thou art in love;
 Or, what might be the noblest end in love;
 Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
 That many times slides gently o'er the heart:
 'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts
 would be

Like a thrice married widow, full of ends,
 And void of all compassion; and to fright thee
 From such inquiries: whereas thou art now
 Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
 And but sixteen: the knowing what love is
 Would make thee six and forty.

Beaumont.

DLI.

The base measure all men's marches by their own
 pace.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

DLII.

What do you think of marriage?
 I take't, as those that deny purgatory.

It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in it.

Walter.

DLIII.

In the country, a man's mind is free and easy, discharged, and at his own disposal: but in the city, the persons of friends and acquaintance, one's own and other people's business, foolish quarrels, ceremonies, visits, impertinent discourses, and a thousand other fopperies and diversions steal away the greatest part of our time, and leave no leisure for better and more necessary employment. Great towns are but a larger sort of prison to the soul, like cages to birds, or pounds to beasts.—*Charron.*

DLIV.

Give ever to thy poor or unfortunate friend as thou art able, gold silver, wine, oil, corn, cloth, house-room, counsel, and comfort; but keep to thyself thy sweet liberty, and never let that go from thee to any other! 'To give assurance for another at a distant time, if thou cannot give him freedom, is superfluous; if not, it is jolly: for the day of payment in this life is not long after the day of promise; and events to thyself are not to be measured for hereafter, while the wheel of fortune continually turneth.—*Petrarch.*

DLV.

To err is human, human to be vain:
'Tis vanity and mock desire of fame
That prompts the rustic on the steeple top
Sublime to mark the outlines of his shoes;
And in the area to engrave his name:
With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys
High o'er the belfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His story wrote in capitals, 'Twas I
That bought the font, and I repaired the pews.

Smart.

DLVI.

From nobody to somebody is such a violent stride,
That nature, which hath the negative voice, will not give

its royal assent to it, so that where insufficient men aim at being in business, the worst of their enemies might, out of malice to them, pray for their preferment.—*Berville—on choice of Parliament.*

DLVII.

Gallop not through a town, for fear of hurting yourself or others: besides the indecency of it, which may give cause to such as see you, to think your horse or brains none of your own.—*F. Osborne—~~to~~ his Son.*

DLVIII.

A jealous man sleeps dog sleepe.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

DLIX.

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There, then; how, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. *Shakespeare.*

DLX.

If thou have a fair wife, and a poor one, if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want; for she is the companion of plenty and honour. This Bathsheba taught her son Solomon—
Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vanity: she saith

further, that a wise woman overseeth the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.—*Sir W. Raleigh—to his Son.*

(*Lawyers.*) I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
 Mea of your large profession, that could speak
 To every cause, and things meer contraries,
 'Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
 That with not quick agility could turn,
 And return, make knots and undo them,
 Give fork'd council, take provoking gold
 On either hand, and put it up. These men
 He knew would thrive with their humility,
 And (for his part) he thought he should be blest
 To have his heir of such a suffering spirit;
 So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 And loud withal, that could not wag, nor scarce
 Lie still without a fee. *Volpone—Ben Jonson.*

DLXII.

There is a sort of men that have tinsel wit, which makes them shine among those who cannot judge.—*Saville.*

DLXIII.

Covetousness, like a candle ill made, smothers the splendour of a happy fortune in its own grease.—*P. Osborne.*

DLXIV.

The best pleasure is to have no object of pleasure, and uniformity is a better prospect than variety. Putting to sea is a change of life, but not of condition; where risings and falls, calms and cross gales are yours, in order and turn; fore winds but by chance. It is the worst wind, to have no wind; and your smooth-faced courtier dealing your course by a calm gives greater impediment than an open enemy's cross gale. Levity is a virtue for many are held up by it. It is nothing so intricate and infinite to rigge a ship as a woman; and the more either is fraught, the apter to leak. To pump

the one, and shrieve the other, is like noysom
 Small faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes
 unfound, and to punish and not prevent, is to labour in
 the pump, and leave the leake open It is best striking
 and before a storm, and necessarlest in it A little time
 in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our haven is the
 longest voyage — *News from the Sea—Sir T. Over-*
berry.

DLXV.

(*Fortune*)—On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds
 resort,

The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court
 Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
 Gives, and resumes, and smiles, and frowns by fits
 In this still labyrinth around her lie
 Spells, philtres, globes, and schemes of palmistry,
 A sigil in this hand the gypsey bears
 In t'other a prophetic sieve and shears

Garth's Dispensary

DLXVI.

There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves
 but it were much better to make such good provisions,
 by which every man might be put in a method how to
 live, and to be preserved from the fatal necessity of
 stealing and of dying for it — *Sir T. More's Utopia*

DLXVII

Oh give me liberty
 For were ev'n paradise itself a prison,
 Still I should long to leap the crystal walls

Dryden

DLXVIII

Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when
 our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are
 commonly at the best — *Charron*

DLXIX

There is a sort of men whose gold runs in streams im-
 perceptibly under ground others expose it in plates and

branches, so that to the one a farthing is worth a crown, and to others the contrary; the world esteeming its use and value according to the show. All curious solicitude about riches smells of avarice: even the very disposing of it with too punctual and artificial liberality, is not worth a painful solicitude. He that will order his expense to just so much, makes it too pinched and narrow. The keeping or spending are of themselves indifferent things, and receive no colour of good or ill, but according to the application of the will.—*Montaigne*.

DLXX.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Addison.

DLXXI.

A college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—*Benedict—Much Ado—Shakspeare*.

DLXXII.

Death's a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calm, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas. *Parnell.*

DLXXIII.

Never did two men make the same judgment of the same thing; and 'tis impossible to find two opinions exactly alike, not only in several men, but in the same men, at different hours. I often find matter of doubt in things which the commentary disdains to take notice of. I am most apt to stumble in an even country, like some

DLXXVI

Love is that madness which all lovers have
 But yet it's sweet and pleasing so to rave
 'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound
 But paradise is in th' enchanted ground
 A place void of envy, cares, and strife
 Where gentle hours include so much of life
 To take those charms away, and set me free
 Is but to send me into misery
 And prudence, of whose care you so much boast
 Restores the pains which that sweet folly lost

Beaumont

DLXXVII

Religion is a cheerful thing, so far from being ill
 ways at cuffs with good humour, that it is inseparably
 united to it. Nothing unpleasant belongs to it, though
 the spiritual cooks have done their unskilful part to
 give an ill relish to it. A wise epicure would be religious
 for the sake of pleasure, good sense is the foundation of
 both, and he is a bungler who smeth at true luxury
 where they are joined — *Saville*

DLXXXIX.

Prepare yourselves for the great world, as the athlete used to do for their exercises; oil (if I may use the expression) your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility: strength alone will not do, as young people are too apt to think.—*Chesterfield.*

• DLXXX.

Good unexpected, evils unforeseen
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some praised aloft, come tumbling down a main;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Dryden's Virgil.

DLXXXI

Nobility granted by the particular patent and partial favour of a prince, without any merit to give a title to it, and neither personal accomplishment, nor an ancient family to support and set it off, is rather a blemish and mark of shame than of honour. It is a poor, pitiful, parchment nobility, bought to supply a needy king, or to feed a hungry courtier; the price of silver and gold, or the effect or countenance and access; not the purchase of blood and sweat, as such honour ought to be.—*Charron.*

DLXXXII.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*F. Osborne—to his Son.*

DLXXXIII.

Love's an heroic passion, which can find
No room in any base degenerate mind:
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his desire.

Dryden

DLXXXIV.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will

not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world: use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your head, it shall not be able to keep you there. If the thoughts of death and the grave, and rottenness be not pleasant to you, hearken to every temptation, to sin, as you would hearken to a temptation to self-murder, and as you would do if the devil brought you, a knife, and tempted you to cut your throat with it: so do when he offereth you the bait of sin. You love not death; love not the cause of death.—*Baxter.*

DLXXXV.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill:
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor;
 In vain you search, she is not there;
 In vain you search the domes of care:
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murm'ring rill,
 Hear the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

Dyer.

DLXXXVI.

Those who have nothing else to recommend them to the respect of others, but only their nobility of flesh and blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and vapour, and you are sure to hear of their families and great relations every third word. And, indeed, they do wisely and as becomes them; for this is making the best of their last and only stake. And by this mark they commonly distinguish themselves; for you may depend upon it there is no good bottom, nothing of true

worth of their own when they insist so much, and set their credit upon that of others men.—*Charron.*

DLXXXVII.

(*Fairies.*) *Puck.* How now, spirit, whither wander you?

Fair. Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander ev'ry where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some few drops here,
And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll begone,
Our queen and all her fairy elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
Now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fair. Or I mistake your shape or making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That fright the maids of the villageree,
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewives chern
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mistlead night wand'ers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:

I jest to Oberon and make him smile,
 When I a fat and beefy horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, 'gainst her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neezle and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there

Shakspeare—Midsummer Night's Dream.

DLXXXVIII.

A knowledge of the laws of our country, is a highly useful, and I had almost said essential, part of liberal and polite education. All gentlemen of fortune are, in consequence of their property, liable to be called upon to establish the rights, to estimate the injuries, to weigh the accusations, and sometimes to dispose of the lives of their fellow-subjects, by serving upon juries. In this situation, they have frequently a right to decide, and that upon their oaths, questions of nice importance, in the solution of which some legal skill is requisite, especially where the law and the fact (as it often happens,) are intimately blended together. And the general incapacity, even of our best juries, to do this with any tolerable propriety, has greatly debased their authority, and has unavoidably thrown more power into the hands of the judges, to direct, control, and even reverse their verdicts, than perhaps the constitution intended. But it is not as a juror only, that the English gentleman is called upon to determine questions of right, and distribute justice to his fellow-subjects, it is principally with this order of men that the commission of the peace is filled: and here a very ample field is opened for a gentleman to exert his talents, by maintaining good order

in his neighbourhood; by punishing the dissolute and idle; by protecting the peaceable and industrious; and above all, by healing petty disputes, and preventing vexatious prosecutions. But, in order to attain these desirable ends, it is necessary that the magistrate should understand his business, and have not only the will, but the power also (under which must be included the knowledge) of administering legal and effectual justice. Else, when he has mistaken his authority, through passion, through ignorance, or absurdity, he will be the object of contempt from his inferiors, and of censure from those to whom he is accountable for his conduct. Yet farther, most gentlemen of considerable property, at some period or other in their lives, are ambitious of representing their country in parliament; and those who are ambitious of receiving so high a trust, would also do well to remember its nature and importance. They are not thus honourably distinguished from the rest of their fellow-subjects, merely that they may privilege their persons, their estates, or their domestics; that they may list under party banners; may grant or withhold supplies; may vote with or against a popular or unpopular administration; but upon considerations far more interesting and important. They are the guardians of the English constitution; the makers, repealers, and interpreters of the English laws; delegated to watch, to check, and to avert every dangerous innovation; to propose, to adopt, and to cherish, any solid and well-weighed improvement; bound by every tie of nature, of honour, and of religion, to transmit that constitution and those laws to their posterity, amended if possible, at least without any derogation. And how unbecoming must it appear in a member of the legislature, to vote for a new law, who is utterly ignorant of the old! What kind of interpretation can he be enabled to give, who is a stranger to the text upon which he comments? Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical; a long course of reading and study must form the divine, and the physician, and the practical professor of the laws;

but every man of superior fortune thinks himself born a legislator. Cicero was of a different opinion—'It is necessary' says he, 'for a senator to be thoroughly acquainted with the constitution; and this is a knowledge of the most extensive nature; a matter of science, of diligence, of reflection, without which no senator can possibly be fit for his office.—Blackstone.

DLXXXIX.

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
 At every little breath misfortune blows;
 'Till left quite naked of their happiness,
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
 This is the common lot.

Young.

DXC.

A serving man is one of the makings-up of a gentleman as well as his clothes, and somewhat in the same nature; for he is cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloak are, and he is but *in quercu* without him. His properness qualifies him, and of that a good leg; for his head he has little use but to keep it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him to comprehend common sense and a trencher; for any greater store of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and seldom thrives with him. He follows his master's steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drunk, he comes him in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him. He is indeed wholly his master's; of his faction,—of his cut,—of his pleasures:—he is handsome for his credit, and drunk for his credit, and if he have power in the cellar, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best company, and is none of it; for he knows all the gentlemen his master knows; and picks from thence such hawking and horse-race terms, which he swaggers with in the house, where he is only called master—Bishop Earle

DXCI.

It is harder, in that, to dance a courant well than a jig: so in conversation, even, easy, and agreeable, more than points of wit; which, unless very naturally they fall in of themselves, and not too often, are disliked in good company; because they pretend to more than the rest, and turn conversation from good sense to wit, from pleasant to ridicule, which are the meaner parts.—*Sir W. Temple.*

DXCII.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue:—Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the woman. I charge you, O woman, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please them: and so I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not, and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.—*Epilogue to As You Like It—Shakespeare.*

DXCIII.

Trust that we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing—whether he has a conscience or no

If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account;—he must be privy to his own thoughts and desires,—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives, which, in general, have governed the actions of his life.

In other matters we may be deceived by fair appearances; and, as the wise man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself;—is conscious of the web she has wove;—knows its texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her

Now, as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives: 'tis plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition,—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self accused,—that he must necessarily be a guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not;—that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates, but a matter of *certainty* and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.—*Sterne.*

DXCIV.

Of all the flowers methinks a rose is best.
It is the emblem of a maid:
For when the west winds court her gentle;
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes: when the north comes near
her

Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again
And leaves him to base briars

DXCV.

To make others' wit appear more than one's own, a good rule in conversation; a necessary one, to let others take notice of your wit, and never do it yourself.—*St. W. Temple,*

DXCVI.

Anger is an affected madness compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass: and without doubt, of all passions which naturally disturb the mind of man, it is most in our power to extinguish, at least to suppress and correct, our anger.—*Clarendon.*

DXCVII.

In all your lines let energy be found,
 And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound:
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.
 Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear,
 None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
 In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 Read Wycherly, consider Dryden well.
 In one what vig'rous turns of fancy shine!
 In th' other syrens warble in each line!
 If Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
 The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
 And little loves confess their am'rous fire.
 The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the woods the list'ning fawns the plains,
 And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 Or what Apollo dictates Prior sings;
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 And siller Siquana forgets to flow.

Garth.

DXCVIII.

All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak all, or conceal all. We have

already too much disclosed our secrets to a man, from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.—*Bruyere*.

DXCIX.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood,
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entom'd in autumn lies,
 The dew dries up, the star is shot;
 The flight is past, and man forgot.

H. King.

DC.

The profit of places should be measured as they are more or less conducting to the public service; and if business is more necessary than splendour, the instruments of it ought in proportion to be better paid; that the contrary method is as impertinent, as it would be to let the carving of a ship cost more than all the rest of it.—*Seville*.

DCL

— I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tit,
 Wretched repasts my meagre corps sustain,
 Then solitary walk, or dose at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent:
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
 Sprung from Cadwalladar and Arthur, kings

Full famous in romantic tale,) whea he
 O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrain cheese,
 High overshadowing rides; with a design
 To vend his wares, or at the Chronian mart,
 Or Maidunam, or th' antient town
 Yclep'd Brochinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Maffic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Splendid Shilling—Philips.

DCII.

A prince exalting his own authority above his laws, is like letting in his enemy to surprise his guards. The laws are the only guards he can be sure will never run away from him.—*Saville.*

DCIII.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him:
 'Tis but a peevish boy:—Yet he talks well:—
 But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear
 It is a pretty youth:—Not very pretty:—
 But, sure, he's proud: and yet his pride becomes him:
 He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
 His leg is but so so; and yet, 'tis well;
 There was a pretty redness in his lip;
 A little rip: and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt th' constant red and the mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

Phoebe—As you like it—Shakspeare.

LACONICS.

This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas—

DCIV.

That Fame & Wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That Wealth is Fame, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags;
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in Lombard Street,
From rescu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a sun,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardless miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own. *Young.*

DCV.

Though a soldier, in time of peace, is like a chimney
in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his
chimney because his almanack tells him 'tis the middle
of June:—*Tom Brown.*

DCVI.

Ametas.—Think'st thou that this love can stand.

Whilst thou still dost say me nay?

Love unpaid does soon disband:

Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

Thestus.—Think'st thou that this rope would twine,

It should turn one way?

Where both partys so combine,

Neither love will twist, nor hay.

Ametas.—Thus you vain excuses find
Which yourself and us delay:

And love tyes a woman's mind,
Looser than with ropes of hay.

Thestylis.—What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

Then let's both lay by our rope,
And go kiss within the hay.

Marvell.

DCVII.

A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those which find too much similitude in the character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him.—*Tatler.*

DCVIII.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam; though this ill hap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world, but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth; till time, the midwife rather than the mother of truth, have washed and salted the infant, declared her legitimate, and church'd the father of his young *Minerva*, from the needless causes of his purgation.—*Milton.*

DCIX.

Oh Marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state,
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn by rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
— my full heart o'erflows in the praise of thee

Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine:
 Passion and reason join in love of thee.
 Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
 We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceived;
 While, in each other's interest and happiness,
 We without art all faculties employ,
 And all our senses without guilt enjoy. *Haywood.*

DCX.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for, what's loud and senseless talking, huffing, and swearing, any other then a more fashionable way of braying?—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*

DCXI.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it.—*Charron.*

DCXII.

He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outset his pleasure! And then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit! until at length, after a long fatigue of eating, and drinking, and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteely, and so makes a shift to raise from table that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a dozen condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, which, what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it, dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself.—*South.*

DCXIII.

Loss of Sight, of thee I most complain!
 Among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepid age!

Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd.
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
 They creep, yet see; I dark in light, expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
 Without all hope of day!
 O first-created beam, and thou great word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all;
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
 The sun to me is dark,
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And bury'd: but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.

DCXIV.

To be proud of learning, is the greatest ignorance.—
Bishop Taylor.

DCXV.

Most hearts pine away in secret anguish, for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.—*Young.*

DCXVI.

Anthonia.—I have often heard that one wise woman is two fools.

Magdalia.—Some fools are of that opinion. The woman that is truly wise does not think herself so; but she that is not so, and yet thinks herself so, is twice a fool.—*Colloquies of Erasmus.*

DCXVII.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.—*Sir. W. Temple.*

DCXVIII.

In bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay; like a stale at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCXIX.

———Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Ther by to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest:

So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau;
 So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs into a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How lovely!
 Gives not the hawk: orn bush a sweeter sight
 To Shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the Shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Henry IV.—5

DCXX.

I will give *The Man of Pleasure's* character in a manner less perplexed, and which your sister may probably censure as too plain; and may wish a clue were wanting to find the meaning.

He is one, who, desirous of being more happy than any man *can* be, is less happy than most men *are*.

One, who seeks happiness every where, but where it is to be found.

One, who out-toils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it.

He is an immortal being, that has but two marks of a man about him, upright stature, and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not.

He is an immortal being, that triumphs in this single

as a monkey when they are both dead; though he despairs of being so, while yet alive.

He is an immortal being, that would lose none of its most darling delights, if he were a brute in the mire; but would lose them all entirely, if he were an angel in heaven.

It is certain, therefore, that he desires not to be there. And if he ~~no longer~~ ~~as~~ ~~desires~~ it now, how can he ever hope it, when his day of dissipation is over? And if no hope—what is our Man of Pleasure? A man of distraction and despair to-morrow.—*Letter on pleasure.*
—Young.

DCXXI.

The bold encroaches on the deep
Gain by degrees large tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one gen'ral sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas;
Which breaking Bankers and the Banks,
Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state
Like peers have levees ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!

Bills turn the lenders into debtors:

The wish of Nero now is theirs;

That they had never known their letters.

Conceive the works of midnight haags,

Tormenting fools behind their backs;

Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags

Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;

The witches left in open air,

With pow'r no more than other folk,

Expos'd with all their magic ware.

So pow'rful are a banker's bills,

Where creditors demand their due;

They break up counters, doors and tills,

And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light

Upon the god of gold and hell,

Unable to endure the sight;

He hides within his darkest cell.

Written in 1720—Swift.

DCXXII.

Whoso upon himself will take the skill

True Justice unto people to divide,

Had need have mighty hands, for to fulfil

That which he doth with righteous doom decide,

And for to maister wrong and puissant pride.

For vain it is to deem of things aright,

And makes wrong-doers justice to deride,

Unless it be performed with dreadless might;

For power is the right hand of justice truly hight.

Spenser.

DCXXIII.

We live in an age wherein vice is not taught so perfunctorily, as to be in danger to be dislodged after it is once entered and received; the devil is too good a husband to venture a beloved sin upon a constitution capable of being ashamed of his guests: he secures

himself in that point, by choosing such proselytes as will first brag of having committed some notorious sins, before he admits them to the pleasure and guilt of them, that so the shame of being discovered to be liars may harden their faces against all other shame; the fame of being eminently wicked hath mastered and suppressed the infamy of it, and many would rather be without the pleasure of such sins they most delight in, than without the pleasure or publishing and bragging of them after the commitment; as if there would be too much innocence left, if there should not be an equal proportion of impudence planted in its place.—*Clarendon.*

DCXXIV.

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again. *Denham.*

DCXXV.

Leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business, which are signs of being weary of themselves.—*Sir W. Temple.*

DCXXVI.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.—*Saville.*

DCXXVII.

It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakespeare.*

DCXXVIII.

Old men love novelties; the last arriv'd
Still pleases best, the youngest steals their smiles.
Young.

DCXXIX.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of
by intemperance, and an irregular life, do as usual

festly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock*.

DCXXX.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than to boast;
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's out.

DCXXXI.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die, than virtue itself.—*Erasmus*.

DCXXXII.

The profession of a story-teller sits but awkwardly upon young people, and is downright weakness in old men. When our wit is not arriv'd to its due vigour, or when it begins to decline, we then take a pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great expense of thought.—*Tom Brown*.

DCXXXIII.

(*House of Pride*.) A goodly building bravely garnished,
 The house of mighty prince it seem'd to be:
 And towards it a broad highway that led,
 All bare through people's feet, which thither travelled.

A stately palace built of squared brick,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
 And golden foil all over them display'd;
 That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:
 High lifted up were many lotty towers,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of fair windows and delightful bowers;
 And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
 And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
 And full great pity that so fair a mould

Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
 For on a sandy hill that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full high,
 That every breath of heaven shook it;
 And all the hinder parts that few could spy,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Spenser.

DCXXXIV.

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home.—*Milton.*

DCXXXV.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
 No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
 There light or shade succeed no more by turns,
 There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,
 There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
 And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

Watts.

DCXXXVI.

There is no contending with necessity, and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. 'Tis one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*

DCXXXVII.

Nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of free thinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all.—*Swift.*

DCXXXVIII.

—~~Translators~~ ~~are~~ ~~authors~~ ~~grown,~~
 For ill ~~translators~~ make the book their own
 Others do ~~strive~~ with words and forced
 To add such lustre, and so many rays,
 That but to make the vessel shining, they
 Much of the precious metal rub away.

He is translation's thief that addeth more;
 As much as he that taketh from the store
 Of the first author. Here he maketh blots,
 That mends; and added beauties are but spots.

Marvell.

DCXXXIX.

There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles: but no cost could prevent seditious meetings of preachers. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere wit and elbow grease, do more harm than a hundred schismatical divines with their sweaty preaching.—*Marvell.*

DCXL

What may silence Wisdom will but provoke Wit, whose ambition it is to say most where least is to be said. You may as well attempt to silence an echo by the strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They both are but the louder for it: they both will have the last word. How often hear we men with great ingenuity supporting folly! that is, by wit destroying wisdom; as the same sort of men, by pleasure destroy happiness; prone to draw evil out of good, and set things at variance, which, by nature are allies. Happiness, and pleasure, as wisdom and wit, are each other's friends, or foes; and if foes, of foes the worst. Well-chosen pleasure is a branch of happiness; well-judging wit is a flower of wisdom: but when these petty subalterns set up for themselves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a grosser fool, than could exist without them: Pleasure then calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt. Of how many might the names have slept in safety, had not their unlucky parts awakened a just clamour against them?—*Letters on Pleasure—Young.*

DCXLI.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his neighbours shame.

On eagle's wings immortal Scandals fly;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Harvey.

DCXLII.

When a prince's example ceaseth to have the force of a law, it is a sure sign that his power is wasting, and that there is but little distance between men's neglecting to imitate, and their refusing to obey.—*Saville.*

DCXLIII.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of Novelty rules most the mind;
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam;
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home;
From Libya's desarts hostile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France;
From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
As once the Lilliputians—Gulliver.
Not only objects that effect the sight,
In foreign arts and artists we delight:
Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
In humble prose the name is Charring Cross,
Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
A dirty dismal entry opens wide;
There with hoarse voice, check'd start and callous hand,
Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
Surveys his passenger with curious eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy prize:
Here's China porcelain, that Chelsea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spitalfields,
With Turkey carpets, that from Wilton came,
And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.

Footc.

DCXLVI.

Truth came once into the world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him

were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dwelt with the good Osiris, took the virgin truth; hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal featue of loveliness and perfection.—*Milton.*

DCXLV.

It is usually seen, that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.—*Gibson.*

DCXLVI.

Verse is with some a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst without art or force.
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.

Churchill.

DCXLVII.

As many as are the difficulties which Virtue has to encounter in this world, her force is yet superior.—

DCXLVIII.

That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking;
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last.
Charmed with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul. *Ross*

DCXLIX.

A woman may learn one useful doctrine from the game of Backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she's sure of binding him.—*Tom Brown.*

DCL.

I will not call Vanity and Affectation twins, because, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter; vanity is the sin, and affectation is the punishment; the first may be called the root of self-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth, till it spreadeth into affectation; and then it is complete. *Saville.*

DCLI.

Flecknoe, thy characters are so full of wit
And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it.
Each line's a volume, and who reads would swear
Whole libraries were in each character.
Nor arrows in a quiver stuck, nor yet
Lights in the starry skies are thicker set,
Nor quills upon the armed porcupine,
Than wit and fancy in this work of thine.

W. Newcastle—on his

DCLII.

One wants ready pocket-money much oftener than one wants great sums; I love every-day senses, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holy-days, is good for very little.—*Chesterfield.*

DCLIII.

Naught is there under Heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
Through Envy's snares, or Fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and vast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all woman-kind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die. *Spenser.*

DCLIV.

It is much, that a lie, with a slight oath and a jest
with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the
ache in his shoulders!—*Shakspeare.*

DCLV.

In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen by degrees.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCLVI.

A wealthy doctor who can help a poor man, and will not without fee, has less a sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous, to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week —
Tatler.

DCLVII

A Prison! Heav'ns, I loath the hated name,
Famine's Metropolis, the sink of shame,
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb;
By ev'ry plague and ev'ry ill possess'd,
Ev'n purgatory itself to thee's a jest;
Emblem of hell, nursery of vice,
Thou crawling university of lice:
Where wretches numberless to ease their pains,
With smoke and ale delude their pensive chains.
How shall I thee avoid? Or, with what spell
Dissolve th' enchantment of thy magic cell?
Ev'n *Nox* himself can't boast so many martyrs,
As yearly fall within thy wretched quarters.
Money I've none, and debts I cannot pay,
Unless my vermin will those debts defray.
Not scolding wife, nor *Inquisition's* worse:
Thou'rt ev'ry mischief cram'd into one curse.

May we at last the senate's mercy find,
 And breathe (what Heav'n bestows on all mankind;
 What needy clowns as well as monarchs share)
 The common benefit of wholesome air:
 Then to your clemency we'll alters raise,
 And with united voice our benefactors praise.

Tom Brown.

DCLVIII.

He that will not fear, shall feel the wrath of heaven.
 He that lives in the kingdom of sense, shall die into
 the kingdom of sorrow.

He shall never enjoy truly his present hour, who never
 thinks on his last.

Let your sister, dear Sir, tell her grey pretty fellows,
 that, if they can advance three maxims of greater
 truth; or three expedients of greater efficacy to happi-
 ness, than those above-mentioned: I exchange my Bi-
 ble for Bolingbroke; and prepare for the Ball: For N. B.
 I am but fourscore.

With best wishes to you, and those you love, that
 is, all mankind; I am, &c.—*Letter on Pleasure—Young.*

DCLIX.

A Player knows the right use of the world, wherein
 he comes to play a part and so away. His life is not
 idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary
 in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him.
 His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for
 none is more disliked, and yet none more applauded;
 and he has the misfortune of some scholar, too much
 wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentle-
 women, seldom in his own face, seldomer in his
 cloaths; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits,
 except only when he is disguised with straw for gold
 lace. He does not only personate on the stage, but
 sometimes in the street, for he is masked still in the
 habit of a gentleman. His parts find him oaths and
 good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse,
 and makes show with them of a fashionable companion.
 He is tragical on the stage, but rampant in the tiring-

house, and swears oaths there which he never could. The waiting women spectators are over-ears in love with him; and ladies send for him to act in their chambers. Your inns-of-court men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon's-men. The poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charge. * * * Lent is more damage to him than the butcher. He was never so much discredited as in one act, and that was of parliament, which gives hostlers privilege before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnished actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and, if he have a good body, for six; and for resolution he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practice to die bravely.—*Bishop Earle.*

DCLX.

Favour'd of heaven, who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth.
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd. *Milton*

DCLXI.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without the proper faculties, is wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances.

g... by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers.—*Tatler*,

DCLXII.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
It naught avails thee, where, but what, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
When, through death's streights, earth's subtle serpents
creep.

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortunes fucus strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too: nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy; Great or Mean.
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of real Greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Young.

DCLXIII.

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he
would hold up his head with confidence and honour;
he would shame the world, and not the world him.—
South.

DCLXIV.

Enough; and leave the rest to fame;
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which, living, she declin'd,
When dead to offer were unkind

Where never any could speak ill,
 Who would officious praises spill?
 Nor can the truest wit, or friend,
 Without detracting, her commend;
 To say, she liv'd a virgin chaste,
 In this age loose, and all unlaced;
 Nor was, when vice is so allow'd,
 Of virtue, or asham'd or proud;
 That her soul was on heaven so bent,
 No minute but it came and went;
 That, ready her last debt to pay,
 She summ'd her life up ev'ry day;
 Modest as morn; as mid-day bright;
 Gentle as ev'ning, cool as night;
 'Tis true; but all too weakly said:
 'Twas more significant, she's dead.

Epitaph upon a Lady.—Marvell

DCIXV.

If it were seriously asked, (and it would be no untimely question,) Who of all teachers and masters, that have ever taught, hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and in manners? it might be not untruly answered, Custom. Though virtue be commended for the most persuasive in her theory, and conscience in the plain demonstration of the spirit finds most evincing; yet so it happens for the most part, that custom still is silently received for the best instructor; filling each estate of life and profession, with abject and servile principles, depressing the high and heaven-born spirit of man, far beneath the condition wherein either God created him, or sin hath sunk him. To pursue the allegory, custom being but a mere face, as echo is a mere voice, rests not in her unaccomplishment, until by secret inclination she accorporate herself with error, who being a blind and serpentine body without a head, willingly accepts what he wants, and supplies what her incompleteness went seeking. Hence it is, that error supports custom, custom countenances error: and these two between them would persecute

and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to repress the incroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom; who with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humour and innovation; as if the womb of teeming truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sort, not with their unchewed notions and suppositions.—*Milton.*

DCLXVI.

Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth, and to do it: therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCLXVII.

Something like home that is not home, like alone that is not alone, is to be wished, and only found in a Friend, or in his house.—*Sir W. Temple.*

DCLXVIII.

What man so wise, that earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in vizard fair,
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,
To seem like truth, whose shape she can well feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain.

Spenser.

DCLXIX.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of his present breath may buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And makes us heirs of all eternity. *Shakspeare.*

DCLXX.

Quality alone should only serve to make a show in the embroidered part of the government; but ignorance, though never so well-born, should never be admitted to spoil the public business.—*Sarille.*

DCLXXI.

With eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres
To exhort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from wo,
Or rude misfortune shall deform
Our life with one continual storm:
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery,
Is a desire, which more or less,
All men must feel, though few confess.

• *Churchill*

DCLXXII.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's own works, than that another man's words should praise him.—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*

DCLXXIII.

The Man of Pleasure, as the phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his ribband, plume and bells; his dress, and his music; but through a toilsome and beaten road; and every day nau-
sously repeats the same tract.—*Young.*

DCLXXIV.

The sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:

The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the honour of the deed.
 Though he for all his boast is forc'd to yield,
 Though she can always keep the field:
 He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame:
 How partial is the voice of Fame. *Prior.*

DCLXXV.

The miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof;—that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the *having* and *holding* it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.—*Sterne.*

DCLXXVI.

Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play
 Round our fond sense, and waste the day.
 Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul;
 Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,
 Beholds the busy slavery we endure;
 Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
 When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.
Watts.

DCLXXVII.

Though a man were never so much in love with virtue for the native beauty and comeliness of it; yet it would strangely cool his affection to it, to consider that he should be undone by the match, that when he had it, he must go a begging with it, and be in danger of death, for the sake of that which he had chosen for the felicity of his life. So that, how devout soever the woman might

be, yet I dare say she was not over-wise and ~~generous~~, who going about with a pitcher of water in one hand, and a pan of coals in the other, and being asked what she intended to do with them, answered: "That she intended with the one to burn up heaven, and with the other to quench hell, that men might love God and virtue for their own sakes, without hope of reward or fear of punishment."—*Tillotson*.

DCLXXVIII.

Sour Discontent that quarrels with our fate,
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit,
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

Sir R. Blackmore

DCLXXIX.

Whilst we laugh at, or detest, the uncertain subject of a Satire, we often find something in the error a parallel to ourselves; and being insensibly drawn to the comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and shame produces that which advice has been too weak for.—*Tatler*.

DCLXXX.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Where speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross:
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.

Milton.

DCLXXXI.

Some seem to think that the world was made in jest; that there is nothing of moment, or serious in it. There is nothing else. There is not a fly, but has had infinite wisdom concerned, not only in its structure, but in its destination. And was man made only to flutter, sing, and expire? A mere expletive in the mighty work, the mat-

well's operations of the almighty? Is joy their point? He that to the best of his power has secured the final stake, has a *fons perennis* of joy within him. He is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without. Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short.—From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair, and sweet for a season, it must soon wither, and become offensive. Joy from within, is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair; it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.—*Young*.

• DCLXXXII.

Ay me! how many perils do unfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast truth acquit him out of all. *Spenser*.

DCLXXXIII.

There are those members of Parliament, who have such a thick shell upon their brains, that their ignorance is impenetrable, and maketh such a stout resistance against common sense, that it will never be subdued by it: true heart-of-oak ignorance, that will never yield, let reason beat never so hard upon it; and though their kind neighbours have at several elections sent them up to school again, they have still returned the same incurable dunces.—*Saville*.

DCLXXXIV.

(*Cyder*.) Ye honest men, beware, nor trust its smoothness,
The third circling glass suffices virtue,
But many hypocrites (hateful as hell,)
That sily speak one thing, and think another,
Pleas'd with the relish, weak, unwarn'd, drink on,
Till by enchanting cups infatuate,
They unawares, their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemp'rance grow a while sincere.

Philips.

• DCLXXXV.

Most men take least notice of what is plain, as if that

were of no use; but puzzle their thoughts, and lose themselves in those vast depths and abysses, which no human understanding can fathom.—*Sherlock*.

DCLXXXVI.

Men gain little by philosophy, but the means to speak probably of every thing, and to make themselves be admired by the less knowing.—*Descartes*.

DCLXXXVI.

Here lies old Hobson; death hath broke his girt,
 And here alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had many time this ten years full
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely, death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain,
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 'Hobson has supt, and 's newly gone to bed'

On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.—Milton.

DCLXXXVIII.

The greatest part of the ladies lose themselves very advantageously under their dress. How many indifferent faces pass well enough with jewels and diamonds, and conquer hearts by candle-light, that would make a very sorry figure without them. The richest necklace in the world would have an ill effect upon you. It would make some alteration in your person, and every altera-

tion that happens to a perfect beauty, would certainly be for the worse.—*Tom Brown.*

DCLXXXIX.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H——y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.

* * * * *

Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name.
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men forge the patents, that create them sots.

Young.

DCXC.

The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it) is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCXCI.

Obadiah Greenhat says, "he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed. There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintances, and neighbours, but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, 'The kingdom is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, 'He will dispute that with him.' A Norman tells them both, 'He will assert his liberty;' and a Welchman cries; 'They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday,' and beats them out of the room.

Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousins-german. For which reason, I say, study your race; or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or esquires, or run up into wits or madmen.—*Tatler*.

DCXCII.

How curious to contemplate two State Rooks,
 Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
 With all the necromantics of their art,
 Playing the game of faces on each other,
 Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
 In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
 And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
 Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
 Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
 For who can thank the man he cannot see?

Young.

DCXCIII.

There seems to be something so hazardous in the changing a single state of life into that of Marriage, that, it may happen, all the precautions imaginable are not sufficient to defend a virgin from ruin by her choice. It seems a wonderful inconsistency in the distribution of public justice, that a man who robs a woman of an earring, or a jewel, should be punished with death; but one who, by false arts, and insinuations, should take from her, her very self, is only to suffer disgrace.—*Steele*.

DCXCIV.

Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a Style.—*Swift*.

DCXCV.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Roscommon.

DCXCVI.

Common Fame is the only liar that deserveth to have some respect still reserved to it; though she telleth many an untruth, she often hits right, and most especially when she speaketh ill of men.—*Saville*.

DCXCVII.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aëst by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

Lycidas—Milton.

DCXCVIII.

When upon a trial, a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say, that they never heard nor do not know any ill of him, it intimates at best, a neutral and insignificant, though innocent character.—*Chesterfield*.

DCXCIX.

O trustless state of miserable men,
 That build your bliss on Hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering,
 Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing;
 And when the courting masker louteth low,
 Him true in heart, and trusty to you trow!
 All is but feigned, and with oaker dide,
 That every shower will wash and wipe away;
 All things do change that under heaven abide.

DCC

Poverty eclipses the brightest virtues, and is the very sepulchre of brave designs, depriving a man of the means to accomplish what nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest thoughts in their embryo. Many illustrious souls may be said to have been dead among the living or buried alive in the obscurity of their condition whose perfections have rendered them the darlings of Providence, and companions of angels — *Turkish Spy*

DCCI

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love, and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought, but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of wo
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground
Or, in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below.
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge rises

DCCII.

He who wisely would restrain the reasonable soul of man within due bounds, must first himself know perfectly, how far the territory and dominion extends of just and honest liberty. The ignorance and mistake of this high point hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam.—*Milton.*

DCCIII.

How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to gospel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in News:
How do I laugh, when creatures form'd like these,
Whom reason scorns, and I would blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem Verse a crime,
And hold not truth, as truth, if told in rhyme.

Churchill.

DCCIV.

True Eloquence, is good sense, delivered in a natural and unaffected way, without the artificial ornament of tropes and figures. Our common eloquence is usually a cheat upon the understanding; it deceives us with appearances, instead of things, and makes us think we see reason, whilst it is only tickling our sense.—*Baker.*

DCCV.

Obscurity in writing is commonly an argument of darkness in the mind: the greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.—*Bishop Wilkins.*

DCCVI.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,

That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,

That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain at thy request,
I am here. *Sabrina, in Comus.—Milton.*

DCCVII.

A prince should watch that his reason may not be so subdued by his nature, as not to be so much a man of peace, as to be a jest in an army; nor so much a man of war, as to be out of his element in his council.—*Sarville.*

DCCVIII.

The best rules to form a young man, are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—*Sir W. Temple.*

DCCIX.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of three-score.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Young.

DCCX.

A high spirited man is one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth's sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which title is but the pomp. He does

homage, for no man for his great stile's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatner. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits an injury sooner than words; only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence; you shall hear him talk still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelt-ing businesses of life. He would sooner accept the gal-lows than a mean trade, or any thing that might dispa-rage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will do nothing upon command, though he will do it otherwise; and if he ever do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth puts a lustre in all preferment; but if otherwise he be too much crossed, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.—*Bishop Earle.*

DCCXI.

What in this Life, that soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun?
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And over-take us under sail;
 'Twill dodg the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the doe, out-fly the wind;
 If then thy soul rejoice to day;
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away;
 In laughter let them all be drown'd;
 No perfect good is to be found!

Olway.

DCCXII.

Hate is of all things the mightiest divider, nay is division itself. To couple Hatred therefore, though wedlock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fetters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand, which was a task they say that posed the devil: and that sluggish fiend in hell, Ocnus, whom the poems tell of, brought his idle cordage to as good effect, which never served to bind with, but to feed the ass that stood at his elbow.—*Milton—on Divorce.*

DCCXIII.

Of plain sound Sense life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Young.

DCCXIV.

Climb at court, for me, that will,
Tottering favour's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lye still.
Settled in some secret nest,
In calm leisure let me rest;
And far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.
Thus, when, without noise unknown,
I have liv'd out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who, expos'd to other's eyes,
Into his own heart never prys,
Death to him 's a strange surprise.

From Seneca's Tragedy of Thyestes,—by Marvell

DCCXV.

In the common enjoyments of life, we cannot very liberally indulge the present hour, but by anticipating part of the pleasure which might have relieved the tediousness of another day; and any uncommon exertion of strength, or perseverance in labour, is succeeded by a long interval of languor and weariness. Whatever advantage we snatch beyond the certain portion allotted

us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted. Fame, like all other things which are supposed to give or to increase happiness, is dispensed with the same equality of distribution. He that is loudly praised will be clamorously censured; he that rises hastily into fame will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.—*Johnson*.

DCCXVI.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blinded boy, Venus's baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey:
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He took wing and away did fly.

Spenser.

DCCXVII.

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.—*Gratian*.

DCCXVIII.

He that writes an insipid panegyric upon another, libels himself.—*Votue*.

DCCXIX.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—*Sprat*.

DCCXX.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise—
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fixt, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice:

" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
 " What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
 His work is folded, and his bosom by his
 His patron he will patronize no more;
 But rushes like a tempest out of door.
 Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
 Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
 For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
 And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
 He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff;
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
 But when once publish'd, they are heard no more
 Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
 The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Young.

DCCXXI.

Let none fondly persuade themselves that men can
 live without the necessaries of life. He who will not
 apply himself to business, evidently discovers that he
 means to get his bread by cheating, stealing, or begging,
 or else is wholly void of reason.—*Ischomachus.*

DCCXXII.

O heaven! that one might read the book of Fate.
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent
 (Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
 Into the sea! And, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
 What perils past,—what crosses to ensue,—
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

Shakspeare.

DCCXXIII.

Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of
 the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of

business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCCXXIV.

———O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropped from above;
Not bred 'mongst clods, and clod-polls here on earth.
I muse the mystery was not made a science,
It is so lib'rally profest; almost
All the wise world is little else in nature
But parasites, or sub-parasites, and yet,
I mean not those that have your bare town art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense, or get
Kitchen invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly * * * * nor those
With their court dog tricks, that can fawn and f leer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces;
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
And stoop almost together; like an arrow,
Shoot through air as nimbly as a star:
Turn short, as doth a swallow, and be here
And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a vizor, swifter than a thought:
Thus is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature; and such sparks
Are the true Parasites, others but their zanies,

Ben Jonson.

DCCXXV.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The tra-

veller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for matrimony at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.—*Johnson.*

DCCXXVI.

Go little book; thyself present
As child whose parent is unkent,
'To him that is the president
Of nobleness and chivalrie: *
And if that Envy bark at thee,
And sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying flock he fed:
And when his honour hath thee read,
Crave pardon for thy hardy head
But if that any ask thy name,
Say, thou wert base begot with blame.
For thy whereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardy,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

Prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar—Spenser.

DCCXXVII.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

DCCXXVIII.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's dance;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!

Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
 That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
 Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
 Fools grin on fools, and stoic-like support,
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
 Courts can give nothing, to the wise and good,
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
 High stations tumult, but not bliss create:
 None think the great unhappy, but the great:
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

Young.

DCCXXIX.

Universal applause is seldom less than a scandal.—
Sir R. L' Estrange.

DCCXXX.

Delights, those beautiful illusions, play
 Around us, and when grasp'd they glide away:
 They show themselves, but will not with us dwell,
 But like hot gleams th' approaching storm foretell.
 Pure unmix'd pleasures never on us flow'd,
 But stream like watry sun-beams through a cloud.

Sir R. Blackmore.

DCCXXXI.

It must be remembered that all law is for some good, that may be frequently attained without the admixture of a worse inconvenience; and therefore many gross faults, as ingratitude and the like, which are too far within the soul to be cured by constraint of law, are left only to be wrought on by conscience and persuasion.—
Milton.

DCCXXXII.

Tho' Tyrants make laws, which they strictly proclaim,
 To conceal their own faults and to cover their shame;
 Yet the beasts in the field, and the stones in the wall,
 Will publish their faults and prophesy their fall;
 When they take from the people the freedom of words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their swords.

Let the city drink coffee and quietly groan,
 (They who conquered the father wont be slaves to the
 son;)

For wine and strong drink make tumults increase,
 Chocolate, tea, and coffee, are liquors of peace:
 No quarrels, or oaths are among those who drink 'em,
 'Tis Bacchus and the brewer, swear damn 'em and sink
 'em.

Then Charles thy edict against coffee recall,
 There's ten times more treason in brandy and ale.

Marvell.

‘DCCXXXIII.

There is no lasting pleasure, but Contemplation; all
 others grow flat and insipid upon frequent use; and
 when a man hath run through a set of vanities, in the
 declension of his age, he knows not what to do with
 himself, if he cannot think: he saunters about from one
 dull business to another, to wear out time; and hath no
 reason to value life but because he is afraid of death.—
Burnet.

DCCXXXIV.

I have no taste

Of Popular Applause: the noisy praise
 Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds:
 Still vehement, and still without a cause:
 Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
 Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
 It leaves the channel dry. *Dryden.*

DCCXXXV.

Young men are as apt to think themselves wise
 enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober
 enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better
 thing than experience; which they call coldness. They
 are but half mistaken; for though spirit without expe-
 rience is dangerous, experience without spirit is languid
 and ineffective.—*Chesterfield.*

DCCXXXVI.

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling!

Thou art not fit to hear thyself conyinc'd.
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my wrapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Lady to Comus.—Milton.

DCCXXXVII.

A man, who cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's.—*Saville's State Maxim.*

DCCXXXVIII.

Men make resolves, and pass into decrees,
 The motions of the mind! with how much ease
 In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
 And bring to nothing, what was rais'd to law.

Churchill.

DCCXXXIX.

Good breeding is as necessary a quality in conversation, to accomplish all the rest, as grace in motion and dancing.—*Sir W. Temple.*

DCCXL.

Luxurious man; to bring his vice in use,
 Did after him the world seduce;
 And from the fields the flowers and plants allure,
 Where nature was most plain and pure.
 He first enclos'd within the gardens square
 A dead and standing pool of air;
 And a more luscious earth from them did knead,
 Which stupify'd them while it fed.
 The pink grew then as double as his mind;
 The nutriment did change the kind.
 With strange perfumes he did the roses taint;
 And flowers themselves were taught to paint

The tulip white did for complexion seek;
 And learn'd to interline its cheek;
 Its onion root they then so high did hold,
 That one was for a meadow sold:
 Another world was search'd through oceans new,
 To find the marble of Peru
 And yet these rarities might be allow'd,
 To man, that sov'reign thing and proud;
 Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
 Forbidden mixtures there to see.
 No plant now knew the stock from which it came;
 He grafts updn the wild the tame:
 That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
 Might put the palate in dispute.
 His green seraglio has its eunuchs too;
 Lest any tyrant him out-do.
 And in the cherry he does nature vex,
 To procreate without a sex.
 'Tis all enforc'd the Fountain, and the Grot;
 While the sweet fields do lye forgot:
 Where willing nature does to all dispense
 A wild and fragrant innocence:
 And Fauns and Fairies do the meadows till,
 More by their presence than their skill.
 Their statues, polish'd by some ancient hand,
 May to adorn the Garden stand:
 But howsoe'er the figures do excel,
 The gods themselves within do dwell.

The Mower against Gardens—Marvell.

DCCXLI.

A down-right scholar is one that has much learning
 in the ore, unwrought and untried, which time and ex-
 perience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the
 inside, though rough and unscoured without, and there-
 fore hated of the courtier; that is quite contrary. The
 time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men
 laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity but
 is put upon his profession, and done like a scholar. But
 his fault is only this, that his mind is somewhat too

much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's [*Imprimis and all the Item.*] He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of complement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logic of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word college too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist clunched with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censured by the inns-of-court men, for that heinous vice being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark cloths, and his eyes dazzle at a satin suit. The hermitage of his study, has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the university. But practise him a little in men, and brush him over with good company, and he shall out-balance those glisteners, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace → *Bishop Earle.*

LACONICS.

DCCXLII.

There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom, and it may be said, that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom; so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life, is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain — *Saville.*

DCCXLIII.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst,
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure Rivals are the worst,

By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our wo

How great so'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope,
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope

Walsh

DCCXLIV.

A virtuous and well-disposed person, like a good metal, the more he is fired, the more he is fined, the more he is opposed, the more he is approved. wrongs may well try him, and touch him, but cannot imprint in him any false stamp — *C. Richelieu*

DCCXLV.

What men want of reason for their opinions, they usually supply and make up in rage — *Tillotson.*

DCCXLVI.

After you have spent your whole age in the service of the Muses, you must not expect to have your arrears paid so much as in Malt Tickets or Exchequer Notes. They'll put you off to one *Mrs. Tattle*, alias *Fame*, the veryest coquet that ever was; and that prating gossip

LACONICS.

will sham you with an immortality ticket, for which which is not to become due to you till you are laid to sleep in a church-yard; and neither you nor your heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine sisters above mentioned will not only disappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engross all your favours, and suffer no rivals to interfere with them.

—Tom Brown.

DCCXLVII.

(*Eve's Dream.*)—His whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye

On Adam, whom embracing thus she spoke,
 O, sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face and morn return'd; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night: methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine; it said,
 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song, now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things, in vain,
 If none regard; heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?
 In whose sight all things joy with raviishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heaven

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
 And 'O! fair plant,' said he 'with fruit surcharg'd,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man? is knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else sit here?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he, thus overjog'd, 'O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
 And why not gods of men; since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 Here happy creature, fair angelic Eve'
 Partake thou also, happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou,
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 E'en to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savory smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad:
 Best image of myself and dearer half,

The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear;
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief; among these fancy next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
 Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so un approv'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

Paradise Lost.—Milton.

DCCXLVIII.

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself.—*Tatler.*

LACONICS.

DCCXLIX

What is not proud? The pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty then they went.
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear,
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one
Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book
In pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Want to betray dull sots to wretched wine
Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A wagon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd
Some, for renown, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote
To patch work learn'd quotations are dily'd,
Both strive to make our poverty our pride
On glass how warty a noble peer
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign
Of folly, vice, disease men proud we see,
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames, as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean. *Young*

DCCL

To do our work well, or to be careless in doing it,
are as much different, as working hard is from being
idle.—*Ischomachus*

DCCLI

To be still searching what we know not, by what we
know, still cloaking up truth as we find it (for all her
body is homogeneal and proportional) this is the golden
rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up

LACONICS.

the best harmony in a church: not the forced and outward union of cold, and neutral, and inwardly divided minds — *Milton*.

DCCLII

There is a rabble amongst the gentry, as well as the commonalty, a sort of plebian beads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel as these men—in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies — *Sir T. Brown*.

• DCCLIII •

Great Venus, queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place,
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, th' e the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heaven laughs, and all the world shows joyous cheer.

* * * * *

—All the world by thee at first was made,
And duly yet thou dost the same repair
No ought on earth that merry is and glad,
No ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great God of men and women, queen of th' air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not miss.
Fairy Queen.—Spenser.

DCCLIV

All assemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ball-room by those who dance, attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of

measure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness, for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there, another because he never misses. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly will be frequented by those, who desire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues its reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it.—*Johnson.*

DCCLV.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress. *Young*

DCCLVI.

A dull man is so near a dead man, that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living; and as he is not to be buried whilst he is half alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half dead.—*Saville.*

DCCLVII.

(*Comus.*) O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And all to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth'd-hair'd silk.
To seek her sons; and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world

Should in a pct of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a peurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite smother'd with her own weight,
 And strangle'd with her waste fertility,
 'Tis earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
 plums,

The birds would ever-multiply their joys,
 The sea or craught would swell, and th' unsought dia-
 monds

Would so emb'aze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow mur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows
 Last, Lady! be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current —

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features, to keep home,
 They had their name the net, coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool;
 What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

Milton.

DC' LVIII

You must not think that a satyric style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
 The better sort abhor scurrility. *Ro-common.*

DCCLIX

In this world men thrive by villany; and lying and deceiving is accounted just, and to be rich is to be wise, and tyranny is honourable; and though little thefts and petty mischiefs are interrupted by the laws, yet if a mischief become public and great, acted by princes, and effected by armies, and robberies be done by whole fleets, it is virtue, and it is glory — *Bishop Taylor.*

DCCIX.

True be it said, whatever man it said,
That Love with gall and honey doth abound
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound

Spenser

DCC LXI

Among those whom I never could persuade to rank themselves with *Idlers*, and who speak with indignation of my morning sleeps and nocturnal rambles, one passes the day in catching spiders, that he may count their eyes with a microscope; another erects his head, and exhibits the dust of a marigold separated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of *Leuwenhoeck* himself. Some turn the wheel of electricity: some suspend rings to a load-stone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable — There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourless liquors may produce a colour by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled, they mingle them; and produce the effect expected, say it is strange, and mangle them again. *The Idler—Johnson*

DCC L XII.

Would not eating, drinking, sleeping,
Education of children, be half neglected,
Were it not for pleasure? Would understanding
Embrace the truth, if it took not pleasure

In it? What kind of men are those that oppugn
 Pleasure? Doth not the courtier take pleasure
 In honour, the citizen in wealth, the
 Countryman in delights of health, the
 Academic in the mysteries of
 Learning? Is there not, ev'n in angels, a
 Certain incomprehensible pleasure

Love's Loadstone.

DCCLXIII.

Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion;
 but with this difference; more people read the former
 than buy them, and more buy the latter, than read
 them — *Tom Brown*

DCCLXIV

How music charms'
 How metre warms'
 Parent of actions, good and brave'
 How vice it tames'
 And worth inflames'
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave'
 Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,
 But lent him wings to fly his doom.
 Wit scorns the grave;
 To wit he gave
 The life of gods' immortal bloom
 Since years will fly,
 And pleasures die,
 Day after day, as years advance,
 Since while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts
 From frowning fate, and fickle chance;
 Nor life is long;
 But soon we throng,
 Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
 We make, at least,
 Of bad the best,
 If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

Young

LACONICS.

DCCLXV

Despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original 'Tis the offspring of fear, of laziness, and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty too I would not despair, unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity — *Collier.*

DC CLAVI

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of Kings, and Kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with Down,
With outside show, and vain appearance caught,
They look no further, and by folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor can suspect that crown is lined with thorns
O might reflection folly's place supply,
Should we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what we from grandeur spring
And learn to pity, not to envy Kings *Churchill*

DCCLXVII

Prudence protects and guides us; Wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways,
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense,
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame *Young*

DCCLXVIII

He that contemns a Shrew to the degree of not de-
sisting to word it with her, does worse than beat her
R. L' Estrange

DCCLXIX.

are most commonly; though strong in legions, are
not weak at arguments: as they who ever have accus-

toned from the cradle to use their will only as their right hand, their reason always as their left.—*Milton.*

DCCLXX.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry justice shows her awful face;
Where little villians must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome,* majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill;
This pile was by the pious patron's aim
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design,
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, their search pursued.

Garth.

DCCLXXI.

Some books like the city of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.—*Tom Brown.*

DCCLXXII.

He only will please long, who, by tempering the acidity of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the fridigity of humble chat, can make the true punch of Conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water; so that companion will be oftenest welcome, whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness, and unenvied insipidity.—*Johnson.*

DCCLXXIII.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.

* The old College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane.

Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool, because they're men of sense
 What instances bleed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their genius brought!
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely through want of wit to be undone!
 Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
 That Wit 's a jewel which we need not wear

Young

DCCLXXIV

O Printing! how thou hast disturbed the peace of mankind! that lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters! There was a mistake sure in the story of Cadmus, and the serpent's teeth which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon necks, wherewith of old they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders. But a bulky Dutchman diverted it quite from its original institution, and contriving those innumerable syntagmes of alphabets, hath pestered the world ever since with the gross bodies of their German divinity. One would have thought in reason that a Dutchman at least might have contented himself only with the wine-press.—*Marvell*

DCCLXXV

He that boasteth of his ancestors, confesseth he hath no virtue of his own. No other person hath lived for our honour, nor ought that to be reputed ours, which was long before we had a being. For what advantage can it be to a blind man, that his parents had good eyes? does he see one whit the better.—*Charron*

DCCLXXVI

Some Ladies speak loud and make a noise to be the more minded, which looketh as if they beat their drums for volunteers, and if by misfortune none come in to them, they may, not without reason, be a good deal out of countenance.

DCCLXXVII.

Many are the Sayings of the Wise,
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All changes incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength
 And fainting spirits uphold

Milton

DCCLXXVIII.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to caution people against what it is their interest to avoid.—*Tatler*

DCCLXXIX.

There is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, and by the light of the sun.—*Addison*

DCCLXXX.

When Satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
 Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
 But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
 Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives

Churchill.

DCCLXXXI

We may observe some of our noble countrymen, who come with high advantage, and a worthy character into the public. But ere they have long engaged in it, their worth, unhappily becomes venal Equipages, titles, precedences staff-boards and other such glittering

ware, are taken in exchange for inward merit and true honour. They may be induced to change their honest measures, and sacrifice their cause and friends to an imaginary private interest, and after this, act farces as they think fit, and bear qualities and virtues assigned to them, under titles of graces, excellencies, and the rest, of this mock praise and universal appellation. They may even with serious looks be told of honour, and worth, their principle, and their country, but must be sensible that the world knows better, and that their few friends and admirers have either a very shallow wit or a very profound hypocrisy — *Shaftesbury*

DCCLXXXII

He hath riches sufficient, who hath enough to be charitable — *St T Brown*

DCCLXXXIII

Great God of Love, that with thy cruel darts
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setteth thy kingdom in the captive hearts
Of kings and Cæsars to thy service bound,
What glory or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou launcedst long ago
By heaping storms of trouble on them daily more

Spenser

DCCLXXXIV

The compilation of News papers is often committed to narrow and mercenary minds, not qualified for the task of delighting or instructing, who are content to fill their paper with whatever matter, without industry to gather, or discernment to select. Thus journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told again in the evening and the narratives of the evening are bought again in the morning. These repetitions, indeed, waste time but they do not shorten it. The most eager peruser of news is tired before he has completed his labour. a

many a man who enters the coffee-house in his night-gown and slippers, is called away to his shop or his dinner, before he has well considered the state of *Europe*. It is discovered by *Reaumur*, that spiders might make silk, if they could be persuaded to live in peace together. The writers of news, if they could be confederated, might give more pleasure to the public. The morning and evening authors might divide an even between them; a single action, and that not of much importance, might be gradually discovered, so as to vary a whole week with joy, anxiety, and conjecture —
Johnson

DCCLXXXV.

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils, as our beaux do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament and show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a cloud — *Tom Brown*

DCCLXXXVI

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The graces, and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
'Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar's alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show'

And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true,
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet entranc'd.
 After her wandering labours long,
 Fill free content the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done
 I can fly, or I can run,
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love virtue; she alone is free:
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the spherie chime,
 Or if virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her

Epilogue, by the Spirit in Comus—Milton.

DCCLXXXVII

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly
 be below his place.—*Saville's State Maxims*

DCCLXXXVIII

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song:
 Thee well a Land of Liberty we name
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease

And be mankind's contempt, when'er they please;
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
 This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires;
 Our age they puzzle and corrupt our prime,
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

Young.

DCCLXXXIX.

Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches, their burthen would be too heavy for us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honour, and conscience, to obtain them: it is to pay so dear for them, that the bargain is a loss.—*Bruyerc.*

DCCXC.

A prison is a graue to bury men aliue, and a place wherein a man for halfe a yeares experience may learne more law than he can at Westminster for an hundred pound —*Myushul*, 1618.

DCCXCI.

An Attorney's ancient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a lawyer: whence, though but pen-feathered, he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great author, yet he writes very much and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his libels. He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly; and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is, contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord, and be they never such churles, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and dispatch; he is never without his hands full of business, that is—of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as

his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted seven years in the inns of court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office-window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience; and when the time, or term of his life is going out, for dooms-day he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment—*Bishop Earle*

DCCXCII.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus arc
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Milton

DCCXCIII

There are few, very few, Authors, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downyight nonsense — *Tatler*

DCCXIV.

(*Fame*) A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
 Proof of perpetual motion hung,
 Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
 Like her own trumpet made of brass;
 Who, with a hundred pair of eyes,
 The vain attacks of sleep

- Who with a hundred pair of wings
 • News from the farthest quarters brings;
 Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
 All that she knows, and ten times more.

Churchill.

DCCXCV.

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

DCCXCVI.

See Tityrus, with merriment possess,
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest:
 What need he stay^d for when the joke is o'er,
 His teeth will be no whiter than before. *Young.*

DCCXCVII.

The Public Pleasures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit. Very few carry their philosophy to places of diversion, or are very careful to analyse their enjoyments. The general condition of life is so full of misery, that we are glad to catch delight without inquiring whence it comes, or by what power it is bestowed.—*Johnson.*

DCCXCVIII.

(*Adam and Eve.*) Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 Godlike erect, with native honour clad
 In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
 (Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd;)
 Whence true authority in men; though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
 For contemplation he and valour form'd;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 He for God only, she for God in him;
 His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:

She as a veil down to the slender waist
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of Nature's works; honour dishonourable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life, his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill;
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the lovliest pair
 That ever since in love's embraces met,
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour then sufficed
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, welcome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers,
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw

Dandled the kid; bears, tigers; ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun
 Declin'd was hastening now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose.

Milton.

DCCXCIX.

A Divine ought to calculate his sermon, as an astrologer does his almanack to the meridian of the place and people where he lives.—*Tom Brown.*

DCCC.

A close behaviour is the fittest to receive virtue for its constant guest, because there, and there only, it can be secure. Proper reserves are the outworks, and must never be deserted by those who intend to keep the place; they keep off the possibilities not only of being taken, but of being attempted; and if a woman seeth danger, though at never so remote a distance, she is for that time to shorten her line of liberty. She, who will allow herself to go to the utmost extent of every thing that is lawful, is so very near going further, that those who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.—*Advice to a Daughter—Saville.*

DCCCI.

First was the world as one great cymbal made,
 'There jarring winds to infant nature play'd.
 All Music was a solitary sound,
 To hollow rocks and murm'ring fountains bound.
 Jubal first made the wilder notes agree;
 And Jubal tuned music's jubilee;
 He call'd the echoes from their sullen cell

And built the organ's city, where they dwell.
 Each sought a comfort in that lovely place;
 And virgin trebles wed the manly base;
 From whence the progeny of numbers new
 Into harmonious colonies withdrew.
 Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
 And others chose the cornet eloquent.
 These practising the wind, and those the wire,
 To sing Man's triumphs, or in Heaven's choir.
 Then Music, the mosaic of the air,
 Did of all these a solemn noise prepare
 With which she gain'd the empire of the ear,
 Including all between the earth and sphere.

Marvell.

DCCCII.

I knew a person who, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed—*Addison.*

DCCCIII.

It is as false to play with fire as to dally with galantry. Love is a passion that hath friends in the garison, and for that reason must by a woman be kept at such a distance, that she may not be within the danger of doing the most usual thing in the world, which is conspiring against herself: else the humble gallant, who is only admitted as a trophy, very often becometh the conqueror; he putteth on the stile of victory, and from

an admirer groweth into a master, for so he may be called from the moment he is in possession.—*Saville*.

DCCOIV.

Philosophy is turned to philology, and that through the fault of both masters and scholars: they teach to dispute, not to live; and these come to them to mend their wits, not their manners.—*Seneca*.

DCCCV.

The end of Learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton*.

DCCCVI.

Of all Injustice, that is the greatest, which goes under the name of Law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity, is the most insupportable.—*Sir R. L'Estrange*.

DCCCVII.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on wall-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale. *Young*.

DCCCVIII.

Though our life be short and uncertain, yet it is a great deal that we may do by way of preparation for
VOL. III.

another world, if we begin and set out betimes, and be goods husbands of the present opportunities. It is a great way that we may go in a short time, if we be always moving and pressing forwards. But the mischief is, many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all this while forgot, viz. the main business, for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity. This, which is forgotten and deferred to the last, ought to have been first thought of, and to have been made the great business of their whole lives.—*Tillotson*.

DCCCIX.

The greatest men may sometimes over-shoot themselves; but then their very mistakes are so many lessons of instruction.—*Tom Brown*.

DCCCX.

From a common custom of Swearing, men easily slide into perjury; therefore if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use to swear.—*Hierocles*.

DCCCXI.

The time is near, when the great and the rich must leave his land and his well-built house; and of all the trees of his orchards and woods, nothing shall attend him to his grave, but oak for his coffin, and cypress for his funeral.—*Bishop Taylor*.

DCCCXII.

It is the part of a Poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction. He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive

production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, wood-bines, and jessamines, may flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets and amarantus. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities by endeavouring to excel.—*Addison*.

DCCCXIII.

Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
 How terrible it were to common sense,
 To write a satire, which gave none offence!
 And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure me?
 'The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
 And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
 The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
 Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

Love of fame — Young

DCCCXIV.

While lazy prelates lean'd their mitred heads
 On downy pillows, lull'd with wealth and pride,
 Pretending prophecy, yet naught foresee,
 MARVELL, this island's watchful centinel,
 Stood in the gap, and bravely kept his post;
 When courtiers too in wine and riot slept.
 'Twas he th' approach of Rome did first explore,
 And the grim monster Arbitrary Power,
 The ugliest giant ever trod the earth,
 That, like Goliath, march'd before the host.
 Truth, wit, and eloquence, his constant friends,
 With swift despatch, he to the main guard sends;
 Th' alarum strait their courage did excite,
 Which check'd the haughty foe's bold enterprize.
 And left them halting between hope and fear.
 He, like the sacred Hebrew leader, stood,
 The people's surest guide, and prophet too.
 Athens may boast her virtuous Socrates,
 The chief among the Greeks for moral good;
 And Rome her orator, whose fam'd harangues
 Foil'd the debauched Anthony's designs;
 We him; and with deep sorrows wail his loss:
 But whether fate or art untwin'd his thread,
 Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting register
 Shall leave his name inroll'd as great as those
 Who in Philippi, for their country, fell.

To the Memory of A. Marvell, 1678

DCCCXV.

I am not for pasting up whole pages of Morality round the rooms, nor filling every naked panel with little gothic emblems and ornaments, with pious rhymes or lectures of religion. But methinks we run to a wide extreme, when we absolutely exclude every such lesson of virtue from all the places of our residence. And since the present mode has condemned all these inscriptions of truth and goodness, I know not what is come in the room of them, unless it be the filthy abuse of letters, and a few or a profane couplet graven with a diamond on

pane of glass. Our walls in ages past wore the signatures of honour and virtue: now there are too many windows, that as soon as they admit the light, discover our shame. I wonder how any man that pretends to politeness and elegancy, should scribble such lines as female modesty ought never to see, and which the rudest tongue of his own sex ought never to pronounce.

At other times you shall find some vile reproach on particular persons left standing on the glass to be read by future comers; and thus the scandal is conveyed to multitudes in a long succession; and every reader, by learning the unjust reproach; may in some sense be said to increase the writer's guilt.

If they must write the names of their mistresses on the windows, and describe their beauties there, let them do it in such language as may not offend the tongue of modesty to repeat, nor raise a blush on the cheek of virtue.

If the muse lavish her immortal wit
 To paint a fading face,
 And the firm diamond the frail honours write
 Upon the brittle glass,
 Let no foul word pollute that heavenly ray
 Which makes the lines appear:
 Lewdness would taint the sunbeams in their way.
 Lewdness should ne'er be read but when keen light-
 nings play
 To blast the writer's hand, and shake his soul with fear

If they will write the name of a friend or a stranger there, let it be a name of worth and honour, let it be some example of virtue, and attended with a due commendation.

Albinus.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,
 And lasting diamond writes his name.

Or if a diamond must be used for a pen, and a pane of glass must be the tablet on which we write, I should rather choose that those pellucid mediums which transmit the light of heaven to our eyes, should convey some

beam of sacred knowledge, or some useful memento to the mind: as

Words of eternal truth proclaim,
 All mortal joys are vain:
 A diamond pen engraves the theme
 Upon a brittle pane. *Watts.*

*
 DCCCXVI.

Of the decline of Reputation many causes may be assigned. It is commonly lost because it never was deserved; and was conferred at first, not by the suffrage of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, or servility of flattery. The great and popular are very freely applauded; but all soon grow weary of echoing to each other a name which has no other claim to notice, but that many mouths are pronouncing it at once.—*Johnson.*

DCCCXVII.

(*Woman.*) Well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her th' inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel;
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discount'nanced, and like folly shows.
 Authority and Reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Built in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her as a guard angelic placed. *Milton*

DCCCXVIII.

Let any one even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes. Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woolen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations. I know a person at this time of vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and overreaches by instinct.—*Tatler*.

DCCCXIX.

(*The Thames*.) O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream

My great example, as it is my theme;
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
 No crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good;
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name;
 And free from conscience, is a slave to fame.

Denham.

DCCCXX.

'Tis the most nonsensical thing in the world, for a man to be proud, since 'tis in the meanest wretch's power to mortify him. How uneasy have I seen my Lord All-Pride in the park, when the company turned their eyes from him and his gaudy equipage!—*Tom Brown*

DCCCXXI.

An author! 'Tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!

Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Young.

DCCCXXII.

Shepherds of people had need know the calendars of tempests in states, which are commonly greatest when things grow to equality; as natural tempests are greatest about the equinoctial; and as there are certain hollow blasts of wind, and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCCCXXIII.

Whether Religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle, and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.—*Illotson.*

DCCCXXIV.

Care that in cloisters only seals her eyes,
 Which youth thinks folly, age and wisdom owns
 Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wise,
 She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones.

Sir W. Davenant

DCCCXXV.

Good and Evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Pysche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world.—*Milton.*

DCCCXXVI.

(*Thomalin.*) It was upon a holy day,
 When shepherds' grooms have leave to play

I cast to go a shooting:
 Long wand'ring up and down the land
 With bow and bolts in either hand,
 For birds and bushes tooting:
 At length within the ivy tod,
 (There shrouded was the little god)
 I heard a busy bustling.
 I bent my bolt against the bush,
 List'ning if any thing did rush,
 But then heard no more rustling.
 Though peeping close into the thick
 Might see the moving of some quick
 Whose shape appeared not;
 But were it Fairy, Fiend, or Snake,
 My courage earn'd it to awake
 And manfully thereat shot.
 With that sprang forth a naked Swain,
 With spotted wings like peacocks train.
 And laughing lope to a tree;
 His gilden quiver at his back,
 And silver bow which was but slack,
 Which lightly he bent at me.
 That seeing, I level'd again,
 And shot at him with might and main,
 As thick, as it had hailed.
 So long I shot that all was spent,
 Though puny stones I hastily bent,
 And threw; but naught availed.
 He was so nimble and so wight,
 From bough to bough he leaped light.
 And oft the pumies latched.
 Therewith afraid, I ran away;
 But he, that earst seem'd but to play
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running, in the heel;
 But then I little smart did feel,
 But soon it sore increased.
 And now it rankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festereth sore.
 He wote I how to cease it.

(*Willy.*) *Thomalin*, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou didest fight

I knew him by a token.

For once I heard my father say

How he him caught upon a day

(Whereof he will be wroken,)

Entangled in a fowling net,

Which he for carrion crows had set

That in our pear-tree haunted:

Though said, he was a winged lad,

But bow and shafts as then none had;

Else had he sore been daunted,

Shepherd's Calendar—Spenser.

DCCCXXVII.

The Reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.—*South.*

DCCCXXVIII.

There is but one way to Heaven, for the learned and the unlearned.—*Bishop Taylor.*

DCCCXXIX.

Some are born

With base impediments to rise,

And some are born with none.

But Virtue can itself advance

To what the favourite fools of chance

By fortune seem'd design'd,

Virtue can gain the odds of fate,

And from itself shake off the weight

Upon th' unworthy mind.

Parnell

DCCCXXX.

Not inspiration can obtain

That Fame, which poets languish for in vain

How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp, what no man can possess alive!
 Fame's a reversion in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease
 This truth sagacious Lintot* knows so well,
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

Young.

DCCCXXXI.

Diversions are the most properly applied, to ease and relieve those who are oppressed, by being too much employed. Those that are idle have no need of them, and yet they, above all others, give themselves up to them. To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary; but to turn our whole life into a holy-day, is not only ridiculous, but destroyeth pleasure instead of promoting it.—
Saville.

DCCCXXXII.

With the year

Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her power
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse.

Milton.

DCCCXXXIII.

A widow and a government are ready upon all occasions, to tax the new husband and the new prince with the merits of their predecessors, unless the former hus-

* The Bookseller.

band was hang'd and the former king sent to grass; and then they bid them take fair warning by their destiny.—
Tom Brown.

DCCCXXXIV.

Within the brain's most secret cells,
A certain Lord chief justice dwells
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice we Reason call.

Churchill.

DCCCXXXV.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant Love to find?
No art can fickle man retin,
Or fix a roving mind.
Yet fondly we ourselves deceive
And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

Shadwell.

DCCCXXXVI.

It might well seem strange, if any man should write a book, to prove, that an egg is not an elephant, and that a musket-bullet is not a pike: it is every whit as hard a case, to be put to maintain, by a long discourse, that what we see, and handle, and taste to be bread, is bread, and not the body of a man; and what we see and taste to be wine, is wine, and not blood: and if this evidence may not pass for sufficient, without any farther proof. I do not see why any man, that hath confidence enough to do so, may not deny any thing to be what all the world sees it is; or affirm any thing to be what all the world sees it is not: and this without all possibility of being farther confuted. So that the business of Transubstantiation is not a controversy of scripture against scripture, or of reason against reason, but of downright impudence against the plain meaning of scripture, and all the sense and reason of mankind.—T

DCCCXXXVII

Spirit alone is too powerful for use It will produce

wadness rather than merriment; and instead of quenching thirst will inflame the blood. Thus Wit, too copiously poured out, agitates the hearer with emotions rather violent than pleasing: every one shrinks from the force of its oppression: the company sits entranced and overpowered; all are astonished, but nobody is pleased. *Johnson.*

DCCCXXXVIII.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at light;
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
 All eye, all ear, the disembod' d power
 Death has tugg'd evils, nature shall not feel;
 Fate, th's substantial, wisdom cannot shun
 I of the mighty mind, that son of heaven!
 By tyrant life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
 By death enlarg'd ennobled, deify'd?
 Death but intombs the body; life the soul. *Young.*

DCCCXXXIX.

Can't just and mighty Death! What none have dared,
 thou hast done, and whom all the world have flattered,
 thou alone hast cast out of the world, and despised,
 thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all
 the vanity and ambition of man, and covered it all over
 with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*—*Sir W. Raleigh—on the Monuments of Princes*

DCCCXL.

(*Adam's Eve*) Sole partner, and sole part of all these
 joys.

Dearer thyself than all: needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite;
 That rais'd us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep.

This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the tree of Life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing, no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants; and tend these flowers,
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

Milton.

DCCCXLI.

There is a kind of sympathy in souls, that fits them for
 each other; and we may be assured when we see two
 persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection,
 that there are certain qualities in both their minds
 which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and
 constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not
 too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest
 blessing that can befall the person beloved, and if over-
 looked in one, may perhaps never be found in another.—
Steele.

DCCCXLII.

A *Rich Man*, what is he? Has he a frame
 Distinct from others? Or a better name?
 Has he more legs, more arms, more eyes, more brains?
 Has he less care, less crosses, or less pains?
 Can riches keep the mortal wretch from death?
 Or can new treasures purchase a new breath?

Or does heaven send its love and mercy more
 • To Mammon's pamper'd sons than to the poor
 If not, why should the fool take so much state
 Exalt himself and others under-rate?
 'Tis senseless ignorance, that soothes his pride,
 And makes him laugh at all the world beside.
 But when excesses bring on gout or stone,
 All his vain mirth and gait are gone.
 Then to make any truce with his disease,
 And purchase the least interval of ease,
 He'd all his ill-got magazines resign,
 And at health's altar sacrifice his coin;
 And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
 He'll make as vile a skeleton as I. *Tom Brown.*

DCCCXLIII.

Every man is the maker of his own Fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpeter of his own fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts whereby they govern themselves.—*Tatler.*

DCCCXLIV.

How wisely nature did decree,
 With the same Eyes to weep and see'
 That, having view'd the object vain,
 They might be ready to complain.
 And, since the self-deluding sight
 In a false angle takes each height,
 These tears, which better measure all,
 Like wat'ry lines and plumets fall
 Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh'
 Within the scales of either eye,
 And then paid out in equal poise,
 Are the true price of all my joys.
 What in the world most fair appears,
 Yea, even laughter, turns to tears;
 And all the jewels which we prize,
 Melt in these pendants of the eyes. *Marrick.*

DCCCXLV

Some people are all Quality, you would think they were made up of nothing but title and genealogy: the stamp of dignity defaces in them the very character of humanity, and transports them to such a degree of haughtiness, that they reckon it below them either to exercise good-nature or good manners — *Sir R. L'Estrange*

DCCCXLVI

History tells of illustrious villains, but there never was an illustrious miser in nature — *St. Hermond*

DCCCXLVII

What ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the Critic's name
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach
One judges as the weather dictates right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well
Another judges by the writer's look
Another judges, for he bought the book,
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise
Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die
Yours

DCCCXLVIII

Take away God and religion and you have nothing

pose, without proposing any worthy and considerable end of life to themselves.—*Tillotson*.

DCCCXLIX.

It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great Shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty foot. If it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.—*Steele*.

DCCCL.

The hour

Of Night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids; other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With fresh approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

Adam to Eve—Milton.

DCCCLI.

If Money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him.—*Charron.*

DCCCLII.

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

DCCCLIII.

When men will not be reasoned out of a Vanity, they must be ridiculed out of it.—*Sir R. L'Estrange*

DCCCLIV.

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A Knave's a Fool;
And virtue is the child of sense
The virtuous mind,
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall.

YOUNG'S NEW BASIS OF D I C

Young

DCCCLV.

The most difficult province in Friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent — *Budgell.*

DCCCLVI

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

it like our broad-cloth and our wool-packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges?—*Milton—on unlicensed Printing.*

•
DCCCLVII

Not all on books their Criticism waste:
The genius of a dish some justly ta te,
And eat their way to fame; with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.

* * * * *

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare,
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed
It may be feeding were commences great,
Not that the worm, to whom that man is meat
Young.

DCCCLVIII.

For a woman to think to secure her lover, when her beauty, that made him so, is gone, is to expect as great a miracle as transubstantiation wrought in her where the accidents are said to remain, when the substance, that supported them, is vanished. But this is no age for miracles.—*Tom Brown.*

DCCCLIX

Had we but world enough, and time,
This Coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find. I by the tulle

Of Humber would complain I wou'd
 Love you ten years before the flood.
 And you should, if you please, refuse
 Till the conversion of the Jews.
 My vegetable love should grow
 Vaster than empires and more slow
 A hundred years should go to praise
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze
 Two hundred to adore each breast:
 But thirty thousand to the rest
 Avenge at least to every part,
 And the last age should show your heart
 For, lady, you deserve this state;
 Nor would I love at lower rate
 But at my back I always hear
 Time's wing'd chariot hurrying near
 And wonder all before us lie
 Demarts of vast eternity
 Thy beauty shall no more be found,
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
 My echoing song then worms shall try
 That long preserv'd virginity
 And your quaint honour turn to dust,
 And into ashes all my lust
 The grave's a fine and private place,
 But none, I think, do there embrace
 Now therefore, while the youthful hue
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
 And while thy willing soul transpires
 At every pore with instant fires,
 Now let us sport us while we may,
 And now, like am'rous buds of prey,
 Rather at once our time devour,
 Than languish'd in his slow chap'd power
 Let us roll all our strength, and all
 Our sweetness, up into one ball
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
 Thorough the iron gates of life
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run

DCCCLX

O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook

Sa nson Agonistes—Milton

DCCCLXI

What can the Epicure say of any of the pleasures that he so much dotes upon? Do they not expire while they satisfy, and, after a few minutes' refreshment, determine in loathing and inquietness? How short is the interval between a pleasure and a burden! How discernible the transition from one to the other! Pleasure dwells no longer upon the appetite than the necessities of nature, which are quickly and easily provided for, and then all that follows is a load and an oppression. Every morsel to a satisfied hunger is only a new labour to a tired digestion. Every draught to him that has quenched his thirst, is but a further quenching of nature, and a provision for rheum and diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the spirits — *South*

DCCCLXII

(*To Alim*) God is thy law, thou mine to know
 no more

Is Woman's happiest knowledge and her praise
 With thee conversing I forget all time
 All seasons and then change, all please alike
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glist'ning with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
 Atr soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With her soft stars, the moon, and this fair moon
 A little tincture of heaven, her twinkling

But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With choir of earliest birds, nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight without thee is sweet.

Milton

DCCCLXIII

The Atheistical fellows who appeared in the last age did not serve the devil for naught, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles, while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. Free-thinkers who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When writers who have no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, Mohocks and cut throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure — *Quand tu*

DCCCLXIV

Of all our infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us: man will starve his other vices to keep that alive — *Le*
bon

DCCCLXV

The Square is proud to see his courses straggle,
 Or well bred heagles sweep along the purlieu;
 Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christian tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back,
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the pound
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that thy praise — let Ringwood's fame alone,
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
 Nor envies, when a gypsey you commit,
 And shake the clumsy bench with cunnivert,

When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Love of Fame—Young.

DCCCLXVI.

Punsters very much contribute towards the Sardonic laugh, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs, I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectical constitutions to associate with the most facetious Punsters of the age — *Steele.*

DCCCLXVII.

No man ever offended his own Conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it — *South.*

DCCCLXVIII

A Tyrant is but like a king upon a stage, a man in a corner, and acting the part of a king in a play, he is not really a king — *Milton*

DCCCLXIX

Alas! how pleasant are their days,
With whom the Infant Love yet plays!
Sorted by pairs, they still are seen,
By fountains cool, and shadows green.
But soon these flames do lose their light,
Like meteors of a summer's night:
Nor can they to that region climb,
To make impression upon Time.

Marnell.

DCCCLXX.

If a man die in his infancy, he hath left us at dinner: if he die at his bed-time with a man at threc-score and ten, and he that lives to a hundred years hath walked a mile after supper. This life is but one day of three meals, or one meal of three courses; childhood, youth, and old age: to sleep well is to live well, and that's the way to sleep well.

no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead
—*Sir T. Quesbury.*

DCCCLXXI.

To be prudent, honest, and good are infinitely higher accomplishments, than the being nice, floud, learned, or all that which the world calls great Scholars and fine Gentlemen.—*Charron.*

DCCCLXXII.

Hail, Wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.

* * * * *
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; * * * * *

* * * * * Not in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade; which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain

Milton

DCCCLXXIII.

Shame is a great restraint upon sinners at first, but that soon falls off: and when men have once lost their innocence, their modesty is not like to be long troublesome to them. For impudence comes on with vice, and grows up with it. Lesser vices do not banish all shame and modesty, but great and abominable crimes harden men's foreheads, and make them shameless. When men have the heart to do a very bad thing, they seldom want the face to bear it out.—*Tillotson.*

DCCCLXXIV.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
 Without she freezes, and within she glows:
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
 She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
 In—*Cleopatra*, or the last new play.
 Thus gloomy *Zara*, with a solemn grace,
 Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
 Nor far beneath her in renown, is she,
 Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
 Whose manners will not let her *Ætna* cease,
 Who thinks you are unhappy, when at peace;
 To find you news, who racks her subtle head,
 And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.
 A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:
 In that the skill of conversation lies;
 That shows, or makes, you both polite and wise.

DCCCLXXV.

A Death-bed Flattery is the worst of treacheries. Ceremonies of mode and compliment are mightily out of season, when life and salvation come to be at stake.—
Sir R. L'Estrange.

DCCCLXXVI.

Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best Books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate.—*Milton on unlicensed Printing.*

DCCCLXXVII.

Half, Independence—by true reason taught.
 How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
 Some give thee up for riot, some, like boys,
 Resign thee, in their childish moods for toys,

Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
 And in both cases Independence bleeds;
 Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
 Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
 Some, though about their paths, their beds about,
 Have never had the sense to find thee out;
 Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
 Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
 Nor have the resolution to produce
 In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.

Churchill.

DCCCLXXVIII.

We have one peculiar elegance in our Language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term 'Fellow.' This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, and alters the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though 'a modest man' is the most unfortunate of all men, yet 'a modest fellow' is as superlatively happy. 'A modest fellow' is a ready creature, who, with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted that of a postillion.—*Tatler*.

DCCCLXXIX.

(*The Fair Singer*.) To make a final conquest of all nie
 Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
 In whom both beauties to my death agree,
 Joining themselves in fatal harmony;
 That while she with her Eyes my heart does bind,
 She with her Voice might captivate my mind.
 I could have fled from one but singly far;
 My disentangled soul itself might save,

Breaking the curled trammels of her hair;
 But how should I avoid to be her slave,
 Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
 My fetters of the very air I breathe?
 It had been easy fighting in some plain,
 Where victory might hang in equal choice;
 But all resistance against her is vain,
 Who has th' advantage both of Eyes and Voice,
 And all my forces needs must be undone,
 She having gained both the wind and sun.

Marvell.

DCCCLXXX^o

(Death) 'Tis not the staid lessons got by rote,
 The pomp of words and pedant dissertations,
 That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
 Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
 But when the trial comes they stand against it.
 Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
 How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Rowe.

DCCCLXXXI

What unaccountable creatures are Women! They
 treat their humble servants like slaves, when they see
 them; they rail at them, they despise them, they'll hard-
 ly vouchsafe them a look, yet are uneasy in their ab-
 sence — *Tom Brown.*

DCCCLXXXII

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten Peer,
 Or living pendant, dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or thump it, for his better ease;
 Or a vile butt, for noon, or night, bespoke,
 'When the peer rashly swears he'll club his yoke?

Who'd shake with laughter, though he cou'd not find
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry chimney sweep, or drive a plough?
 With terms like these, how mean the tribe that close
 Scarcè meaner they, who terms like these impose
 But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or antient Authors lie;
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard protest.

Young.

DCCCLXXXIII.

I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French, than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author — 'The shepherds,' says he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers but with a voice so full of shakes and quivers that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music' — *Steele.*

DCCCLXXXIV.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good. — *Barrow.*

DCCCLXXXV.

Beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,
 And recit sting of amorous remorse

Milton.

DCCCLXXXVI.

That man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.—*Locke.*

DCCCLXXXVII.

Man's rich with little, were his Judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroy
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where naught but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

DCCCLXXXVIII.

Sense, mere, dull, formal Sense, in this gay town,
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
Deal lectures out to every one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Churchill.

DCCCLXXXIX.

In our pursuit of the things of this world, we usually prevent enjoyment, by expectation; we anticipate our own happiness, and eat out the heart and sweetness of worldly pleasures, by delightful forethoughts of them, so that when we come to possess them, they do not

answer the expectation, nor satisfy the desires which were raised about them, and they vanish into nothing.—

Tillotson.

DCCCKC

My love is of a birth as rare

As 'tis, for object, strange and high;

It was begotten by despair,

Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone,

Could show me so divine a thing,

Which feeble hope could ne'er have flown,

But vainly flapp'd its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive

Where my extended soul is fix'd;

But fate does iron wedges drive,

And always crowds itself betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye does see

Two perfect loves; nor lets them close

Their union would her ruin be,

And her tyrannic pow'r depose,

And therefore her decrees of steel,

Us as the distant poles have plac'd,

(Though love's whole world on us doth wheel)

Not by themselves to be embrac'd

Unless the giddy heaven fall,

And earth some new convulsion tear,

And, us to join, the world should all

Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique may well

Themselves in every angle greet:

But ours so truly parallel,

Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,

But fate so enviously debars,

Is the conjunction of the mind,

And opposition of the stars

Marvell.

DCCXCII

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assentator*, implies no more than a person that barely consents, and indeed

such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter, at the same time, is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities, as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them.

Steele

DCCCXCII.

All is best, though we oft doubt
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.

Milton

DCCCXCIII

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is thus done that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that affords me pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastic pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business chose to live near the court — *Berkley*

DCCCXCIV.

Can a king give thee more than is his own?
 Know, a king's dignity is public wealth,

On that subsists the nation's fate and power.

Spall falling Sycophants, to plume themselves,

Set up their master, and dethrone his glory?

What are such wretches? What, but vapours foul,

From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,

That radiance intercepting, which should cheer

The land at large? Hence subjects' hearts grow cool,

And frozen loyalty forgets to flow:

But, then 'tis slipp'ry standing for the minion;

Stains on his ermine, to their royal master

Such miscreants are; not jewels in his crown

Young.

DCCXCIV.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered Virtue unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure.—*Milton.*

DCCXCVI.

Consider, that the invisible thing called a *good name*, is made up of the breath of numbers that speak well of you, so that if by a disobliging word you silence the meanest, the gale will be less strong which is to bear up your esteem. And though nothing is so vain as the eager pursuit of empty applause, yet to be well thought of, and to be kindly used by the world, is like a glory about a woman's head, it is a perfume she carries about with her, and leaveth wherever she goeth, it is a charm against its will. Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dart will not stick, the jests will not take, without the consent of the world, a scandal cloth not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it.—*Saville.*

DCCCXCVII.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.—*Tom Brown.*

DCCCXCVIII.

Dorinda. When death shall snatch us from these lids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, *Thyrsis*, prythee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

Thyrsis To the Elizium.

Dor. Oh, where is't?

Thyr. A chaste soul can never miss't.

Dor. I know no way, but one, our home
Is our Elizium

Thyr. Cast thine eye to yonder sky,
There the milky way doth lie;
'Tis a sure but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

Dor. There birds may nest, but how can I,
That have no wings, and cannot fly?

Thyr. Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole;
Heaven's the centre of the soul.

Dor. But in Elizium how do they
Pass eternity away?

Thyr. O! there's neither hope nor fear,
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear;
No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our lightfoot we may give away;
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear
Feast with music of the sphere.

Dor. How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate:
I prythee let us spend our time, come,
In talking of Elizium.

Thyr. Then I'll go on: there sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wool;
There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,

Cool winds do whisper, springs do
 There always is a rising sun,
 And day is ever but begun.
 Shepherds there bear equal sway,
 And every nymph's a queen of May

Dor. Ah me! ah me!

Thyr. Dorinda, why do'st cry?

Dor. I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would die,

Thyr. Convince me now, that this is true;
 By bidding, with me, all adieu.

Dor. I cannot live, without thee, I
 Will for thee, much more with thee, die.

Thyr. Then let us give Corellia charge o' th' sheep,
 And thou and I pick poppies, and then steep
 In wine, and drink of it e'en till we weep,
 So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep. *Marvell.*

DCCCXCIX.

The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of
 Debtor and Creditor; and there needs no great progress
 in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous
 side. He who can say to another, "Pray, master," or
 "Pray, my lord, give me my own," can as justly tell
 him, "It is a fantastical distinction you take upon you
 to pretend to pass upon the world for my master or
 lord, when, at the same time that I wear your livery
 you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you
 are ashamed to see me until you have paid my bill"—
Steele.

DCCCC.

Truth, like a single point escapes the sight,
 And claims attention to perceive it right;
 But what resembles Truth is soon descri'd,
 Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide.
 The first man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious search of long inquiring minds;
 But yet, what's worse, we know not what we err.
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear

How do we know what we know is true?
How shall we fall and fly, and Truth pursue?

Pouffret.

DCCCCI.

Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own, that English is their mother tongue.

Young.

DCCCCII.

Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find;
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade:
So soon as on them blow the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them naught but grief of mind,
And mocking such as think they long will stay.

I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshy slime, and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, because to naught it flies;
I hate the air, because sighs of it be;
I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darkness, and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in me,
I hate all times, because all times do fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying,
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taste, for food withholds my dying;

I hate to see, might eyes traile down with tears;
My heart is full, and swart, as if I were
To see to feel, my flesh is numb, and tears
Do stop my senses from me as bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind:
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I do not find
My love with them, that wont to be their star.
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

So all the World, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But still unsteadfast, round about doth go,
Like a mill-wheel, in midst of misery,
Drown'd with streams of wretchedness and wo,
That dying lives, and living still does die.

So do I live, so do I daly die
And pine away in self-consuming pain:
And she that did my vital pow'rs supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
Is fetch'd from me, why seek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and disdain?
Weep, shepherd, weep, to make my under-song

Daphnada—an Elegy—Spenser

DCCCCIII.

Second-hand Vice, sure, of all is the most nauseous.
There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less
to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day,)
than that grave and honest natures give into this way,
and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit
to use it; but the fatality (under which most men labour)
of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out
of a method in which they might be received with ap-
plause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein
they will all their life have the air of strangers to what
they aim at—*Steele.*

DCCCCIV.

—What is ~~the~~ without a double share
Of Wisdom? Vain, unwisely, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; strength 's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.

Milton.

DCCCCV.

Etymology has, no doubt, some use in historical researches; but it is a medium of proof so very fallacious, that were it elucidates one fact, it obscures a thousand; and more frequently borders on the ridiculous, than leads to any solid conclusion.—*Sir W. Jones.*

DCCCCVI.

My conscience would give me the lie, if I should say I absolutely hate or detest any essence but the devil, or so at least abhor any thing but that we might come to composition. If there be any among the common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reason, virtue, and religion, the Multitude—that numerous piece of monstrosity; which taketh asunder, seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra: it is no breach of charity to call these fools.—*Sir T. Brown.*

DCCCCVII.

Truth! why shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak Truth against his betters!
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let ragged wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb,
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces, which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation;

The rich and great are understood^d
To be of course both wise and good. *Churchill*

DCCCCVIII

A dog loves to turn round often, yet after certain
revolutions, he lies down to rest, but heads under the
minion of the moon are for perpetual changes, and p
petual revolutions — *Swift*

DCCCCIX

Honour better lowness bears,
Than that unwonted greatness wears
Height with a certain grace does bend,
But low things clownishly ascend *Marvell*

DCCCCX.

Though it is no more than what nature will allow
that each man should look after himself in the f
place, and furnish himself with the necessaries of life
fore he takes care to provide for other people, yet
same nature will by no means permit, that any one sho
rise by his thrusting down another, and increase his c
fortune by the spoils of his neighbours — *Cicero*

DCCCCXI

As the grave hides the faults of physic, no less t
mistakes, opinion and contrary applications are kno
to have enriched the art withal, so many Old Books
like advantages rather than desert, have crawled u
an esteem above new, it being the business of be
heads than perhaps ever their writers owned, to p
glorious and significant gloss upon the meanest con
or improbable opinion of antiquity whereas modern
thors are brought by critics to a strict account for
smallest semblance of a mistake — *Osborn*

DCCCCXII

How hard for real Worth to gain its price?
A man shall make his fortune in a trice

If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
 A supple knee, smooth tongue an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face;
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;
 Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To merit, is but to provide a pain
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

Young.

DCCCCXIII.

All Arts acknowledge, that then only we know certainly, when we can define; for definition is that which refines the pure essence of things from the circumstance.
 —*Milton.*

DCCCCXIV.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
 Those powerful Eyes which lighten my dark spright.
 Yet find I naught on earth to which I dare
 Resemble th' image of their godly light.
 Not to the sun; for they do shine by night:
 Nor to the moon; for they are changed never:
 Nor to the stars; for they have purer sight:
 Nor to the fire; for they consume not ever.
 Nor to the lightning; for they still persevere:
 Nor to the diamond; for they are more tender:
 Nor unto chrystal; for naught may them sever:
 Nor unto glass; such baseness might offend her.
 Then to the Maker's self they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

Spenser.

DCCCCXV.

Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death,

to thank my God that we can die but once.—*Sir T Brown.*

DCCCCXVI.

Consider a Kingdom as a great family, whereof the prince is father, and it will appear plainly, that mercenary troops are only servants armed either to awe the children at home, or else to defend from invaders the family, who are otherwise employed, and choose to contribute out of their stock for paying their defenders, rather than leave their affairs to be neglected in their absence — *Swift.*

DCCCCXVII.

A good man and an angel! these between,
How thin the barrier? What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still.
A moment, or eternity's forgot. *Young*

DCCCCXVIII.

A Prince that goes to the top of his power, is like him that shall go to the bottom of his treasure.—*Marvell*

DCCCCXIX.

Be not liquorish after Fame, found by experience to carry a trumpet, that doth for the most part congregate more enemies than friends — *Osborn.*

DCCCCXX.

One would think it should be no easy matter to bring any man of sense to love an Alehouse, indeed of so much sense as seeing and smelling amounts to, there being such strong encounters of both, as would quickly send him packing, did not the love of good fellowship reconcile him to these nuisances, and the deity he adores compound for the homeliness of its shrine — *South*

DCCCCXXI

What more inane, what more devoid of wit
Of truth and honour than a scurril Cit

To get at news he ranges o'er the town,
 Knows every purpose of the guild or crown;
 Of all the present thought, the future knows,
 Nay; what shall never be, his knowledge shows;
 Not only that but what has never past,
 He all things knows, yet nothing knows at last.

Plautus.

DCCCCXXII.

The woman whose honour is not appeached is less injured by a silent dismissal, being otherwise not illiberally dealt with, than to endure a clamouring debate of utterless things, in a business of that civil secrecy and difficult discerning, as not to be overmuch questioned by nearest friends.—*Milton—on Divorce.*

DCCCCXXIII.

Honour, a word of nice import,
 A pretty trinket in a court,
 Which my lord quite in rapture feels
 Dangling, and rattling with his seals—
 Honour—a word, which all the Nine
 Would be much puzzled to define—
 Honour—a word which torture mocks
 And might confound a thousand Lockes—
 Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
 Who fields of death prefer to beds
 Of down, to find out, if they can
 What Honour is, on their wild plan)
 Is not, to take it in their way,
 And thus we sure may dare to say
 Without incurring an offence;
 Courage, Law, Honesty or Sense.

Churchill.

DCCCCXXIV.

To hear some worthy reasoners talking of Credit, that she is so nice, so squeamish, so capricious, you would think they were describing a lady troubled with vapours, or the cholick, to be removed only by a course of steel, or swallowing a bullet. By the narrowness of their

thoughts, one would imagine, they conceived the world to be no wider than Exchange-alley.—*Swift*.

DCCCCXXV.

If Botany may be described by metaphors drawn from the science itself, we may justly pronounce a minute acquaintance with plants, their classes, orders, kinds, and species, to be its flowers; which can only produce fruit by an application of that knowledge to the purposes of life, particularly to diet, by which disease may be avoided; and to medicine, by which they may be remedied — *Sir W Jones*.

DCCCCXXVI.

True Friends appear less moved and counterfeit.
The man whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpitied, grows a public jest.

Roscommon

DCCCCXXVII

Pamphlets are the weekly almanacks, showing what weather is in the state, which, like the doves of Aleppo, carry news to every part of the kingdom. They are the silent traitors that affront majesty, and abuse all authority, under the colour of an Imprimatur. Ubiquitary flies, that have of late so blisted the eares of all men, that they cannot endure any solid truth. The echoes whereby what is done in part of the kingdom, is heard all over. They are like the mushrooms, sprung up in a night, and dead in a day, and such is the greedinesse of men's natures (in these Athenian dayes) of news, that they will rather feigne than want it — *T Ford* — 1617

DCCCCXXVIII

We should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in Books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at

the æthereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself;
slays an immortality rather than a life.—*Milton.*

DCCCCXXIX.

He whose days in wilful wo are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless niggardise
Spenser

DCCCCXXX.

To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The cowards and the fool, condemn'd to lose
A useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
'Till interposing death destroys the prospect.
Strange! that this genial fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march
Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Johnson

DCCCCXXXI

Poets of the greatest genius, Pindar, Æschylus, Dante,
Petrarch, Shakspeare, Spenser, have most abounded in
images not far from the brink of absurdity, but if their
luxuriant fancies were pruned away the hazard of
their strength and majesty, we should lose many plea-
sures by the amputation.—*Sir W Jones*

DCCCCXXXII.

Ye tradeful merchants, that with weary toil,
Do seek most precious things to make your gain:
And both the Indias of their treasures spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my Love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches, that may far be found,
If sapphys, lo! her eyes be sapphys, plain,
If rubies lo! her lips be rubies sound

If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round,
 If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind adorn'd with virtues manifold.

Spenser.

DCCCCXXXIII.

Though men are by nature sociable creatures, yet it was the design of preserving what they had, that first put them upon building of cities for a refuge.—*Cicero.*

DCCCCXXXIV.

—If kind fortune, who we sometimes know
 Can take a hero from a puppet-show,
 In mood propitious should her fav'rite call,
 On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
 Forgetful of himself, he rears the head,
 And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred
 Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
 With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
 He swears beneath the terror-nodding plume,
 Taught by mock honours real pride t' assume.
 On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
 Was half so haughty as a monarch Play'r

Churchill.

DCCCCXXXV.

It is to be noted, that a woman's Flatterer is generally elder than herself; her years serving at once to recommend her patroness' age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars — *Steele.*

DCCCCXXXVI.

(*Morning.*) Now hardly here and there a hackney coach

Appearing showed the ruddy moin's approach
 The shipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had pai'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous air,
 Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs

The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney sweep;
 Duns at his lordship's gate begin to meet;
 And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

Swift.

DCCCCXXXVII.

When a man is once possessed with a certain Fanatic spirit, he imagines, if a shoulder do but itch, that the world has galled it with leaning on it so long; and therefore, he wisely springs to remove the globe to the other. If he chance but to sneeze, he salutes himself, and courteously prays that the foundations of the earth be not shaken.—*Marvell.*

DCCCCXXXVIII.

As the Fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still the more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object, so it is capable of receiving new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continual sound as the music of birds, or a fall of waters, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lies before him. Thus, if there arises a fragrant of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasure of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than where they enter the mind separately, as the different colours of a picture, where they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of the situation.—*Addison.*

DCCCCXXXIX.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,

(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills; when sons of Dulness write.

Young.

DCCCCXL.

There goes a good deal of providence to produce a man's life unto three-score; there is more required than an able temper for those years: though the radical humour contain in it sufficient oil for seventy, yet I perceive in some it gives no light past thirty.—*Sir T. Brown.*

DCCCCXLI.

— He that is of Reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,
So is the man that wants intendment.

Spenser.

DCCCCXLII.

If sound Argument and Reason be put off, either by an undervaluing silence, or the masterly cesure of a railing word or two in the pulpit, or by rejecting the force of truth, as the mere cunning of eloquence and sophistry; what can be the end of this, but that all good learning and knowledge will suddenly decay? Ignorance, and illiterate presumption, which is yet but our disease, will turn at length into our very constitution, and prove the hectic evil of this age; worse to be feared, if it get once to reign over us, than any fifth monarchy.—*Milton.*

DCCCCXLIII.

If a man had the art of second-sight for seeing Lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies, which buzz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer; or those legions hovering every afternoon in Exchange-alley, enough to darken the air; or over a club of discontented

grandeers, and thence sent down in cargoes, to be scattered at elections.—*Swift*.

DCCCCXLIV.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

Young.

DCCCCXLV.*

I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours: it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and cañtif in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice.—*Sir T. Brown.*

DCCCCXLVI.

Drawn by Conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing, himself.

Churchill.

DCCCCXLVII.

Never buy but with ready-money; and be drawn rather to fix where you find things cheap and good, than for friendship or acquaintance, who are apt to take it unkindly if you will not be cheated.—*Osborn.*

DCCCCXLVIII.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with pow'rs extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to west,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet

Or raging fire of love to woman-kind,
 Or zeal of friends combin'd with virtues meet,
 But of them all the band of virtuous mind
 Me seems the gentle heart should most assured bind.
Spenser.

DCCCXLIX.

Whosoever he be that comes in print, whereas he might have sat at home in quiet, does either make a treat, or send a challenge to all readers; in which cases, the first, it concerns him to have no scarcity of provisions; and in the other to be completely armed; for if any thing be amiss, on either part, men are subject to scorn the weakness of the attack, or laugh at the meanness of the entertainment.—*Marvell.*

DCCCCL.

Many Truths now of reverend esteem and credit, had their birth and beginning once from singular and private thoughts, while the most of men were otherwise possessed; and had the fate at first to be generally exploded and exclaimed on by many violent opposers: yet truth in some age or other will find her witness, and shall be justified at last by her own children.—*Milton.*

DCCCCLI.

True Majesty's the very soul of kings;
 And Rectitude's the soul of majesty:
 If mining minions sap the rectitude,
 The king may live, but majesty expires:
 And he that lessens majesty, impairs
 That just obedience public good requires;
 Doubly a traitor, to the crown, and state.

Young

DCCCCLII.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and efface even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent — *Tatler.*

DCCCCLIII.

Political Lying can conquer kingdoms without fighting and sometimes with the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employments; can suit a mountain to a molehill, and raise a molehill to a mountain; hath presided for many years at committees and elections; can wash a black-a-moor white; can make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a profligate; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence; and raise or let fall the credit of the nation.—*Swift*.

DCCCCLIV.

It often falls
That mortal foes do turn to faithful friends;
And friends profess'd, are chang'd to foe-men fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both, likewise of both their ends.
For enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, with a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dies like ill-grounded seeds.
Spenser.

DCCCCLV.

Nothing so cements and holds together in union all the parts of a society, as Faith or Credit; which can never be kept up, unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.—*Cicero*.

DCCCCLVI.

Though Folly, rob'd in purple, shines,
Though Vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale
When Satire wields her mighty flail.

Churchill.

DCCCCLVII.

It is a less breach of wedlock to part with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to foil and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and perpetual distemper.—*Milton—on Divorce*.

DCCCCLVIII.

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
 'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurel'd shade.
 What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn—
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
 That boast of naught more excellent than Wit:
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Wo to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought.
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn the charm of ages to the flame;
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think that early we must think at last.

Love of Fame—Young

DCCCCLIX.

I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with half-pence. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.—
Tatler.

DCCCCLX.

—Sooth it is said, and try'd in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out, most cruel foe-men be
Spenser.

DCCCCLXI.

A man's Credit is dearer than life itself; and if beside the laws of murder, men have thought fit, out of respect to human nature, that whatsoever else moves to the death of man, should be forfeited to pious uses; why

should there not as well be doedands for reputation.—
Marvell.

DCCCCLXII.

Although the devil be the father of Lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.—*Swift.*

DCCCCLXIII.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
I might, perhaps, have yet been thine.

Anonymous.

DCCCCLXIV.

Vain-glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.—*Lord Bacon.*

DCCCCLXV.

Though a Linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.—*Milton.*

DCCCCLXVI

Honour is like the glassy bubble,
Which cost Philosophers such trouble;
Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why. *Butler.*

DCCCCLXVII.

Though I think no man can live well once out he that
could live twice, yet for my own part, I would not live
over my hours past, or begin again the thread of my
days: not unto Cicero's ground because I have lived
them well, but for fear I should live them worse.—*St
T. Brown.*

DCCCCLXVIII.

(*Care.*) Not far away, not meet for any guest,
They spy'd a little cottage like some poor man's nest

Under a steep hill's side it placed was,
There where the moulder'd earth had cav'd the bank
And fast beside a little brook did pass
Of muddy water, that like puddle stank;
By which few crooked shallows grew in dank;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many iron hammers beating rank,
And answering their weary turns around,
'That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
ground.

There entering in, they found the goodman self,
Full busily unto his work ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched wearish elf,
With hollow eyes, and rawbone cheeks forspent,
As if he had in prison long been pent;
Full black and grisly did his face appear,
Besmeared with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent.
With rugged beard, and hoary shagged hair,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
No better had he or for better car'd;
With blister'd hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,

Right fit to rend the food on which he far'd.
 His name was *Care*, a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working spar'd,
 But to small purpose iron wedges made;
 Those he unquiet thoughts, that careful minds invade.

In which his work he had six servants press'd,
 About the anvil standing evermore,
 With huge great hammers that did never rest,
 From heaping strokes, which thereon soused sore:
 All six strong grooms, but one than other more;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed;
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
 Like bells in greatness orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last, the first did far exceed.

Fairy Queen—Spenser

DCCCCLXIX.

No man should be so much taken up in the search of truth, as thereby to neglect the more necessary duties of active life; for after all is done, it is action only that gives a true value and commendation to virtue.—*Cicero*

DCCCCLXX.

Let your Wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself, by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with never so facetious a reproach, remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharper weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing—
Osborn

DCCCCLXXI.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
 They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
 No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of men.

Young.

DCCCCLXXII.

It is with the Bathos, or sinking in poetry, as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being by rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.—
Swift

Than other words? Whether we will or no,
 Through reason's court, doth it unquestion'd go,
 Ev' on the mention, and of course transmit
 Notions of something excellent, of wit
 Pleasing, though keen, of humour free, though chaste,
 Of sterling judgment with sound judgment grac'd.
 Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
 And honour, which not malice can impeach,
 Believe it not—'twas nature's first intent,
 Before their rank became their punishment,
 They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
 The blessings she bestow'd—she gave them eyes,
 And they could see—she gave them ears—they heard—
 The instruments of stirring—and they stirr'd—
 Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
 To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think.
 Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
 Of singularity, disclaim'd that make,
 Till they, disdain'g nature's vulgar mode,
 Flew off, and struck into another road.
 More fitting quality, and to our view
 Came forth a species altogether new,
 Something we had not known, and could not know
 Like nothing of God's making here below,
 Nature exclaim'd with wonder—Lords are things,
 Which, never made by me, were made by kings.

Churchill

DCCCLXXX.

It will be of much more consequence to a youth, in
 his apprenticeship, to know by what rules and arts such
 a one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see
 the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in
 each hand. The world, indeed, is enchanted with ro-
 mantic and improbable achievements, when the plain
 path to respective greatness and success, in the way of
 life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that
 a young man at present could pass his time better than
 in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what
 secret springs they have such sudden ascents and falls in
 the same day? Could he be better conducted in

to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from 'Change-alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult; and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell.—*Steele*.

DCCCCLXXXI.

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,
 Until ye have their guileful trains well tride;
 For they are like but unto golden hooks,
 That from the foolish fish their baits do hide:
 So she with flattering smiles weak hearts doth guide
 Unto her love, and tempt to their decay;
 Whom being caught, she kills with cruel pride,
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey;
 Yet even whilst their bloody hands them slay,
 Her eyes look lovely, and upon them smile;
 That they take pleasure in their cruel play,
 And dying, do themselves of pain beguile.
 O mighty charm, which makes men love their bane,
 And think they die with pleasure, live with pain.

Spenser.

DCCCCLXXXII.

Love and esteem are the first principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.—*Budgell*.

DCCCCLXXXIII.

Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind.—*Addison*.

DCCCCLXXXIV.

Advice and Reprehension require, the utmost delicacy; and painful truths should be delivered in the softest terms, and expressed no farther, than is necessary, to produce their due effect. A courteous man will mix what is conciliating, with what is offensive; praise with censure; deference with respect, with the authority of admonition, so far as these can be done in consistence

with probity and honour. For the mind revolts against all censorian power, which displays pride or pleasure in finding fault; and is wounded by the bare suspicion of such disgraceful tyranny. But advice, divested of the harshness, and yet retaining the honest warmth of truth, "is like honey put round the brim of a vessel full of worm-wood." Even this vehicle, however, is sometimes insufficient to conceal the draught of bitterness.—*Pericaval*.

DCCCLXXXV.

God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real Great.
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar,
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongued flattery, that curst court-disease.
Supple to every wayward mood strike sail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale
To nature dead he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And conscience ne'er must speak unless it dreams.

Churchill

DCCCLXXXVI.

If any man should do wrong, merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch, because they can do no other — *Lord Bacon*

DCCCLXXXVII

There is not any privilege so dear, but it may be extorted from subjects by good usage, and by keeping them always in their good humour — *Marvell*.

DCCCLXXXVIII.

Honesty!

A name scarce echo to a sound—honesty!
Attend the stately chambers of the great—
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world—
Speaks it in councils? No the sophist knows
To laugh it thence

DCCCLXXXIX.

As Sins proceed, they ever multiply, and like figures
in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went
before it.—*Sir T. Brown.*

DCCCCXC.

Oh Liberty! thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight:
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought.
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine,
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile.

Addison.

DCCCCXCI.

I have been considering the little and frivolous things
which give men accesses to one another, and power
with each other, not only in the common and indifferent
accidents of life, but also in matters of greater import-
ance. You see, in elections for members to sit in par-
liament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking
with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part
of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest,
their diversions, will carry a candidate.—*Steel*

DCCCCXCII.

——— Though sweet Love to conquer, glorious be,
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee.

Spenser.

DCCCCXCIII.

Education of youth is not a bow for every man to shoot in, that counts himself a teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses.—*Milton.*

DCCCCXCIV.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the love of fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been
A hecatomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altars' dally sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugar melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

Young.

DCCCCXCV.

The sublime of nature is the sky, sun, moon, stars &c. The profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common, as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain that any thing of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why Common Sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.—*Swift.*

DCCCCXCVI.

Unrighteous Lord of Love! what law is this?

That me thou makest thus tormented be:

The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss

Of her free will, scorning both these and me.

See how the huge tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make;
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them may'st mighty vengeance take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake;
 And that high look, with which she doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol:
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and make my pain her sport.

Spenser.

DCCCCXCVII.

Excess is not the only thing by which Sin mauls and breaks men in their health, and the comfortable enjoyment of themselves thereby, but many are also brought to a very ill and languishing habit of body, by mere idleness; and idleness is itself both a great sin, and the cause of many more. The husbandman returns from the field and manuring his ground, strong and healthy, because innocent and laborious; you find no diet-drinks, no boxes of pills, nor gallipots amongst his provisions; no, he neither speaks nor lives French, he is not so much a gentleman, forsooth. His meals are coarse and short, his employment warrantable, his sleep certain and refreshing, neither interrupted with the lashes of a guilty mind, nor aches of a crazy body. And when old age comes upon him, it comes alone, bringing no other evil with it but itself: but when it comes to wait upon a great and worshipful sinner (who for many years has had the reputation of eating well and doing ill) it comes (as it ought to do to a person of such quality) attended by a long train and retinue of rheums, coughs, catarrhs, and dropsies, together with many girds and convulsions, which are at least called the gout. How does such a one go about, or is carried rather, with his body bending inward, his head shaking, and his eyes always watering (instead of weeping) for the sins of his ill-spent youth.—*South.*

DCCCCXCVIII.

A monarch's Crown,
 Golden in show, is but a crown of thorns.

Brings danger, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem;
 When on his shoulder each man's burthen lies:
 For therein lies the office of a king;
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all its weight he bears. *Johnson.*

DCCCCXCIX.

Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke*

M.

Prayer is the only dormitive I take to bedward, and I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection—*Sir T. Broteu.*

MI.

What's Female Beauty, but an air divine,
 Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
 The body charms, because the soul is seen.
 Hence men are often captives of a face,
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
 Some, none resist though not exceeding fair *Young.*

MII.

Whereas those that treat of innocent and benign argument, are represented by the Muses, they that make it their business to set out others ill-favouredly, do pass for Satyrs; and themselves are sure to be persouated with prick'd ears, wrinkled horns, and cloven feet.—*Marsell.*

MIII.

I see, those who are lifted highest on
 The hill of Honour, are nearest to the

Blasts of envious fortune; whilst the low
 And humble valley fortunes are far more secure,
 Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
 Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and
 The rough anger of the clouds. *Ford.*

MIV.

Honesty treats with the world upon such vast disadvantage, that a pen is often as useful to defend you as a sword, by making writing the witness of your contracts; for where profit appears, it doth commonly cancel the bands of friendship, religion, and the memory of any thing that can produce no other register than what is verbal.—*Osborn.*

MV.

Such ones ill judge of Love, that cannot love
 Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame;
 For-ty they ought not thing unknown reprove,
 Ne natural affection faultless blame.
 For fault of few that have abus'd the same.
 For it of honour and all virtue is
 The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame.
 That crown true lovers with immortal bliss;
 The need of them that love, and do not love amiss.
Spenser

MVI.

A man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.—
Lord Bacon.

MVII.

If we should do nothing,
 Of that necessary must come ill: I'll
 Prove it too. Of doing nothing comes idleness,
 Of idleness comes no goodness; of no
 Goodness necessary comes ill: therefore
 If we do nothing, of necessity
 We must do ill. *Brome.*

MVIII.

It is pleasant to hear pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other. She is the laziest creature in the world, but, I must confess, strictly virtuous; the peevishest hussy breathing; but as to her virtue, she is without blemish. She has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow her rigidly virtuous. As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour, who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous.—*Steele*.

MIX.

What is 't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel
His grace who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the Poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these will earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

Churchill.

MX.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading Controversies, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic they teach, that contraries laid together more evidently appear: it follows then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true: which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of unimplicit truth.—*Milton*

MXI.

Pride, in some particular disguise or other, (often a secret to the proud man himself) is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for: then of all things admit that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court.—*Steele*.

MXII.

Oh Jealousy,
Love's eclipse! thou art in thy disease,
A wild mad patient wondrous hard to please.
Davenport.

MXIII.

It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy.—*Swift*.

MXIV.

Instructive Satire! true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen Scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
To chase our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?

Young.

MXV.

A gentleman who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to man-

kind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shown so little sense of a good office.—*Fletcher*

MXVI.

Unfit for Greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Churchill.

MXVII.

It is better that evil men should be left in undisturbed possession of their repute, how unjustly soever they may have acquired it, than that the exchange and credit of mankind should be universally shaken, wherein the best too will suffer and be involved.—*Marvell.*

MXVIII.

Where be the sweet delights of Learning's treasure
That went with Comick sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listner's eyes and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as queen
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid a-bed, and no where now to see;
And in her room unseemly sorrow sits,
With hollow brows, and griesly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

————— All that the Comick stage
With season'd wit, and goodly pleasure grac'd;
By which man's life, in his likest image;
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd:
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man whom Nature's self hath made
 To mock herself, and Truth to imitate;
 With kindly counter under mimick shade,
 Our pleasant *Wilky*, ah! is dead of late:
 With whom all joy and jolly merriment
 Is also deaded, and in tloolour drent.

Tears of the Muses—Thalia—Spenser.

•
 MXIX.

Examples make a greater impression upon us than precepts. The sight of Sir Edward B——h, running after a coach for sixpence, will sooner reclaim a prodigal, than a sermon.—*Tom Brown.*

MXX.

Much reading, like a too great repletion, stops up, through a course of diverse, sometimes contrary, opinions, the access of a nearer, newer, and quicker invention of your own.—*Osborn.*

MXXI.

How empty Learning, and how vain is Art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
 To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent!

Young.

MX XII.

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second-hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments which are in the possession of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his other self.—*Budgell*

MXXIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,
 Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—
 Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
 Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing;
 As if to court the aim.—Experience watches;
 And has her on the wheel.

The Antiquary

MXXIV.

It is written, that the coat of our Saviour was without seams; whence some would infer, that there should be no division in the church of Christ. It should be so indeed; yet seams in the same cloth neither hurt the garment, nor misbecome it; and not only seams, but schisms will be while men are fallible.—*Milton.*

MXXV.

So pitiful a thing is Suitor's state!
 Most miserable man, whome wicked fate
 Hath brought to court, to sue for had-ywist,
 That few hath found, and many one hath mist,
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
 To lose good days that might be better spent,
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers,
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to rounne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
 Unhappy wight! born to disastrous end,
 That doth this life in so long tendance spend.

Spenser.

MXXVI.

In things that a man would be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as

to say, "The world says," or, "There is a speech abroad."—*Lord Bacon.*

MXXVII.

It is one thing to do that which is justifiable; but another that which is commendable.—*Marvell.*

MXXVIII.

All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us) Statesman all at once.
Churchill.

MXXIX.

'Can Gold calm passion, or make reason shine;
'Can we dig Peace, or Wisdom, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer: for 'tis much less
To make our fortune, than our happiness.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store:
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery?
They languish! oh support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold. *Young.*

MXXX.

Hypocrisy at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious department.—*Addison*.

• MXXXI.

Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
 Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.
 Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
 Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red;
 Her snowy brows like bridged bellamowres;
 Her lovely eyes, like pinks but newly spread.
 Her goodly bosom, like a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, like to a bunch of cullambines;
 Her breast, like lilies ere their leaves be shed:
 Her nipples, like young blossom'd jessamines:
 Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odorous smell,
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

Spenser

MXXXII.

I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less.—*Sir T. Brown*.

MXXXIII.

The world is still deceiv'd with Ornament:
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 And cover'd with fair specious subtilties,
 Obscures the show of reason? In religion,
 What damn'd error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
 There is no vice so artless, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on its outward parts,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.
 How many cowards, with livers white as milk,
 Have backs of brawn, and wear upon their chins
 The beard of Hercules, and of frowning Mars?
 Look even on beauty: What are those crisped locks,
 That make such wanton gambols with the wind?
 What but the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre?
 Thus ornament is a beauteous scarf,
 Veiling deformity. *Shakspeare.*

MXXXIV.

It is not impossible, that a man by evil arts may have crept into the church, through the belfry, or at the windows; and 'tis not improbable, that having so got in, he should foul the pulpit, and afterwards the press, with opinions destructive to human society, and the Christian religion.—*Marvell.*

MXXXV.

What a poor value do men set of Heav'n?
 Heav'n, the perfection of all that can
 Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
 Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
 The waste of time; but in their height eternal;
 Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,
 Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure;
 As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
 Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

Shirley.

MXXXVI.

England, a happy land we know,
 Where follies naturally grow,
 Where without culture they arise;
 And tow'r above the common size;
 England, a fortune-telling host,
 As num'rous as the stars, could boast,
 Matrons, who toss the cup, and see
 The grounds of fate in grounds of tea;

Gypaies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
 Except the ill of being poor,
 Who charms 'gainst Love and Agues sell,
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,
 To catch all feet except their own,
 Who as to fortune can unlock it,
 As easily as pick a pocket. *Churchill.*

MXXXVII.

(*Paradise.*) Talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place
 Chosen by the Sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was in woven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odornus bushy shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Bear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted.

MXXXVIII.

The sumptuous side-board, to an ingenuous eye, has
 often more the air of an altar than a table. Another st-
 urd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the
 bottle is plied without being called for, where humour
 takes place of an appetite, and the good company are too
 dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their

MXXXIX.

Success and miscarriage have the same effects in all conditions. The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and despised. No sooner is a book published, than the writer may judge of the opinion of the world. If his acquaintance press round him in public places, or salute him from the other side of the street; if invitations to dinner come thick upon him, and those with whom he dines keep him to supper; if the ladies turn to him when his coat is plain, and the footmen serve him with attention and alacrity; he may be sure that his work has been praised by some leader of literary fashions.

Of declining reputation the symptoms are not less easily observed. If the author enters a coffee-house, he has a box to himself; if he calls at a bookseller's, the boy turns his back; and, what is the most fatal of all prognostics, authors will visit him in a morning, and talk to him hour after hour of the malevolence of critics, the neglect of merit, the bad taste of the age, and the candour of posterity.—*Johnson.*

MXL.

Of this world's theatre, in which we stay,

My Love, like the spectator, idle sits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play,

Disguising diversely my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion sits,

And mask in mirth, like to a comedy:

Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,

I wail and make my woes a tragedy.

Yet she beholding me with constant eye,

Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart;

But when I laugh, she mocks, and when I cry,

She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart.

What then can move her? if not mirth, nor mone,

She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

Spenser.

When I consider this great city in its several quarters
and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various

nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their ways of thinking and conversing together—*Addison*.

4 **MXLII.**

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose;

Hail! bounteous *May* that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long. *Milton.*

MXLIII.

A prison is the grave of the living, where they are shut up from the world and their friends; and the worms that gnaw upon them their own thoughts and the jailor. A house of meagre looks and ill smells; for lice, drink, and tobacco are the compound. Pluto's court was expressed from this fancy: and the persons are much about the same parity that is there. You may ask, as Menippus in Lucian, which is Nireus, which Thersites, which the beggar, which the knight;—for they are all suited in the same form of a kind of nasty poverty. Only to be out at elbows is in fashion here, and a great indecorum not to be thread-bare. Every man shows here like so many wracks upon the sea; here the ribs of a thousand pound, here the relics of so many manors, a doublet without buttons; and 'tis a spectacle of more pity than executioners are. The company one with the other is but a vy

ing of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their creditors, most bitter against the lawyers, as men that have had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartedness, yet they fain it sometimes to slip melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the place where new comers are most welcomed, and, next them, ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to insult:—and they breathe their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than abroad. Men see here much sin and much calamity; and where the last does not mortify, the other hardens; as those that are worse here, are desperately worse, and those from whom the horror of sin is taken off and the punishment familiar: and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school; which though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better be a fool than come here to learn it.—*Bishop Earle.*

MXLIV.

Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.

Young.

MXLV.

The Stage—a subject fair and free,
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye

Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
 Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
 This is a gen'ral tax that all must pay,
 From those that scribble down to those who play.
Churchill.

MXLVI

We term Sleep a death, and yet 'tis waking that kills
 us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life.
 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death: for
 every man truly lives as long as he acts his nature, or
 some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles,
 therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a
 merciful executioner, 'tis a kind of punishment the nat'
 uralness of no laws hath invented — *Sir T. Brown*

MXLVII

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
 O'erblown Misfortune still shall prove the last
 Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
 Fear buries tear and ill on ill attend,
 'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

Young

MXLVIII

Men are not altered by their circumstances. But as they
 give them opportunities of exerting what they are,
 themselves, and a poor old clown is a tyrant to the
 greatest of us. — *Pope's Essay on Criticism*

MXLIX

I am too conscious of mine own imperfections, to rake
 my scandal upon the failings of other men, and though
 I carry always some ill nature about me, yet it is, I hope,
 no more than is in this world necessary for a preserva-
 tive — *Merrill*

ML

You talk to me in parables,
 You may have known that I'm no wordy man
 But speeches are the instruments of knives

Or fools, that use them, when they want good sense;
 But honesty
 Needs no disguise nor ornament; be plain. *Otway.*

MLI.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth; to have a vigilant eye how Books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigourously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life — *Milton's Speech on unlicensed Printing*

MLII

It most behoves the honourable race
 Of mighty Peers, true Wisdom to sustain,
 And with their noble countenance to grace,
 The learned foreheads, without gift or gain.
 Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be,
 That is the ground of Nobility
 But they do only strive themselves to raise
 Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity,
 In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
 And only boast of arms and ancestry
 But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
 To their grandsires, they care not to achieve

Spenser

MLIII

A **Peevish Fellow** is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pushes and pshawes, or other well bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mix'd in all the food of which these fellows eat in good company — *Steele*

MLIV

Great are his perils in this stormy time
 Who rashly ventures on a sea of Rhyme
 Around vast surges rolls winds envious blow
 And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below
 Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends
 He hurts the most who lavishly count on him

MLV

If men within themselves would be governed by reason, and not generally give up their understanding to a double tyranny, of Custom from without, and blind affections, within, they would discern better what it is to favour and uphold the tyrant of a nation. But being slaves within doors, no wonder that they strive so much to have the public state conformably governed to the inward vitious rule, by which they govern themselves — *Milton*

MLVI

Most miserable creature under sky,
 Man without Understanding doth appear,
 For all this world's affliction he thereby,
 And fortune's freaks is wisely taught to bear.
 Of wretched life the only joy she is,
 And th' only comfort in calamities

Spenser

MLLVII

Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended, that he should live by his learning? By this rule what is commonly said be true, that money answers all things, says a certain honest foreigner

just, and charitable, since he hath no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance.—*Essay on Modern Education—Swift*

MLVIII

No man needs letters of mart against one that is an open pirate of other men's credit.—*Marvell*

MLIX

Pride brake the angels in heaven, and spoils all heads we find cracked here: for such as observe those in Bedlam, shall perceive their fancies to beat most upon mistakes in honour or love.—*Osborn*

MLX

As when the trumpet sounds, th' eternal stat,
Discharges all her poor and profligate
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field,
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.—*Young.*

MLXI.

To buy Public Offices is infamous and abominable; the most sordid, the most villainous way of trading in the world: for it is plain, he that buys in the piece, must make himself whole by selling out again in parcels: which was a good reason for the Emperor Severus, when he was declaring against a fault of this nature, to say, That it was very hard to condemn a man for making money of that which he had given money for before.—*Charron.*

MLXII.

A man may be a heretic in the truth: and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reasons, though because his belief be true; yet the very truth he hold becomes his heresy.—*Milton.*

MLXIII.

— All Man's age me seems a tragedy,
 Full of sad Sights, and sore Catastrophies;
 First coming to the World with weeping Eye,
 Where all his Days, like dolorous Trophies,
 Are heap'd with spoils of Fortune and of Tear,
 And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

Tears of the Muses—Spenser.

MLXIV.

There is surely a Physiognomy which master Mendicants observe; whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy; for there are mystically in our faces certain characters, which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that can read A B C may read our natures.—*Sir T. Brown.*

MLXV.

A Critic was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;
 Beauties as well as faults be brought to view:
 His judgment great, and great his candour too.
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
 Secure he walked for Nature was his guide.
 But now, oh strange reverse! our Critics bawl
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall,
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light;
 They lurk enshrowded in the veil of night:
 Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

Churchill.

MLXVI.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression. The jest which is expected is already destroyed.—*Johnson.*

MLXVII.

In an active life is sown the seed of wisdom; but he, who reflects not, never reaps; has no harvest from it; but carries the burden of age: without the wages of ex-

perience; nor knows himself old, but from his infirmities, the parish-register, and the contempt of mankind. And what has age, if it has not esteem?—It has nothing.—*Young.*

MLXVIII.

Our Greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse
We can create, and in what place soe'er.
Thrive under evils, and work ease out of pain,
Through labour'd endurance. *Milton.*

MLXIX.

Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broomflow'r, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill,
So every sweet with sour is temper'd still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.

Spenser.

MLXX.

As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; so there are men born for acquiring possessions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houses of their ancestors, and have it not in their very composition to be proprietors of any thing. These men are moved only by the mere effects of impulse: their good-will and disesteem are to be regarded equally; for neither is the effect of their judgment. This loose temper is that which makes a man, what Salust so well remarks to happen frequently in the same person, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuse of what is his own. This sort of men is usually amiable to ordinary eyes: but in the sight of reason, nothing is

laudeable but what is guided by reason. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worst man in society. If he would but take time to look into himself, he would find his soul all over gashed with broken vows and promises; and his retrospect on his actions would not consist of reflections upon those good resolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reasonable creature, but the nauseous memory of imperfect pleasures, idle dreams, and occasional amusements.—*Steele*.

MLXXI.

How charming ^{is} divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Milton

MLXXII.

What can an Actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,
And of roast beef they only know the tune.
But what they have they give.

The Rosciad—Churchill.

MLXXIII.

The fear of being thought pedants hath been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This hath wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies in the university; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houses. This they usually call polite conversation, knowing the world, and reading men instead of books. These accomplishments, when applied in the pulpit, appear by a quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences, commonly without

either propriety or meaning. I have listened with my utmost attention, for half an hour, to an orator of this species, without being able to understand, much less to carry away one single sentence of a whole sermon.—

Letter to a young Clergyman—Swift.

MLXXIV.

He that has printed an ill book, has thereby condensed his words, on purpose that they should be carried away by the wind; he has diffused his poison so publicly, in design that it might be beyond his own recollection; and put himself deliberately past the reach of any private admonition.—*Marvell.*

MLXXV.

Hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
 May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;
 The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
 Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
 The breach scarce heard; but view the beaten current
 And you shall see a thousand angry rings
 Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
 So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breeding dangers,
 And dangers death, the greatest extreme shallow;
 Till nothing bound them but the shore their graves.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

MLXXVI.

There is nothing of which men are more liberal than their good Advice, be their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry in it an intimation of our own influence, importance, or worth.—*Young.*

MLXXVII.

—*Ate*; Mother of Debate,
 And all dissention, which doth daily grow
 Amongst frail men, that many a public state,
 And many a private oft doth overthrow.

* * * * *

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is.

There whereas all the plagues and harms abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walk ~~unwise~~:
 It is a darksome delve far underground,
 With thorns and barren brakes environ'd round,
 That none the same may easily out-win;
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth, when one is in:
 For Discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
 With ragged monuments of times forepast;
 All which, the sad effects of Discord sung:
 There were rent robes, and broken sceptres plac'd,
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac'd,
 Dishiver'd spears, and shields y' torn in twain,
 Great cities ransack'd, and strong castles raz'd,
 Nations captived, and huge armies slain:
 Of all which ruins there some relics did remain.

Her face most foul and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrary ways intended,
 And loathy mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
 That naught but gall and venom comprehended.
 And wicked words, that God and man offended.
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended,
 And as her tongue, so was her heart divided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was
 guided.

As as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless ears deformed and distort,
 Fill'd with false rumours and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report.
 And as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac'd; that when th' one forward gode
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her hands twain;
 That one did reach, the other push'd away.

That one did make, the other marr'd again,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;
 Whereby great riches gather'd many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to naught,
 And their possessors often did dismay.
 For all her study was, and all her thought,
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord
 wrought. *Spenser.*

MLXXVIII.

Such is the destiny of great men, that their superior genius always exposes them to be the butt of the envenomed darts of calumny and envy.—*Voltaire.*

MLXXIX.

Done the tales, to bed we creep,
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
 With Mask and antique Pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal Verse;
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.

MLXXX.

Sharpness of style does for the most part naturally flow from the humour of the writer; and therefore, 'tis observable, that few are guilty of it, but either those that write too young (when it resembles the acidity of juices strained from the fruits before they be matured,) or else those that write too old (and then 'tis like the sourness of liquors, which being near corrupting, turn eager;) and both these are generally disrelished; or if men do admit them for sauce, yet he must be very thirsty that will take a draught of them; whereas the generousest wine drops from the grape naturally, without pressing, and though piquant, has its sweetness -

Marvell.

MLXXXI.

If Satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
 'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
 Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Young

MLXXXII.

China is sometimes purchased for little less than its weight in gold, only because it is old, though neither less brittle, nor better painted than the modern; and brown china is caught up with ecstasy, though no one

son can be imagined for which it should be preferred to common vessels of common clay.—*Johnson.*

MLXXXIII.

When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is understood,
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull, that he must know it,
In order to remain incog.
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and free from awe,
We spy and censure ev'ry flaw.
But well preserv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth fresh and new,
Fierce as the sun in all his pride,
It shines, and not a spot's descried

Churchill.

MLXXXIV.

The greater part of those whom the kindness of fortune has left to their own direction, and whom want does not keep chained to the counter or the plough, play throughout life with the shadows of business, and know not at last what they have been doing.—*Johnson.*

MLXXXV.

Would I had trod the humble path: the shrub
Securely grows, the tallest tree stands most
In the wind: and thus we distinguish the
Noble from the base: the noble find their
Lives and deaths still troublesome;
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding.

Sir W. Davenant.

MLXXXVI.

All governments and societies of men do in process of long time gather an irregularity; and wear away much of their primitive institution. And therefore the true wisdom of all ages hath been to review at fit periods those errors, defects, or excesses, that have insensibly crept into the public administration; to brush the dust off the wheels, and oil them again, or, if it be found advisable, to choose a set of new ones. And this reformation is most easily, and with least disturbance, to be effected by the society itself, no single men being forbidden by any magistrate to amend their own manners, and much more, all societies having the liberty to bring themselves within compass.—*Marvell.*

MLXXXVII.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, the chorus of conversation.—*Steele.*

MLXXXVIII.

Is it not a discouraging reflection to find one's self "servile," as Shakespeare expresses it, "to every skyeey influence, and the sport of every paltry atom;" to owe the ease of one's mind, not only to the disposition of one's own body, but almost to that of every other which surrounds us?—*Fitzosborne's Letters.*

MLXXXIX.

You cannot give an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not to have tedious hours.—*Johnson.*

MXC.

If you light upon an impertinent talker, that sticks to

you like a bur, to the disappointment of your important occasions, deal freely with him, break off the discourse, and pursue your business. These repulses, whereby our resolution and assurance are exercised in matters of less moment, will accustom us to it by degrees on greater occasions.—*Plutarch*.

MXCI.

As gold that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And having stood the greatest test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of fate,
'Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

Butler.

MXCII.

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

MXCIII.

It is reason and good sense which ranks and estimates every art, and every part of that art, according to its importance, from the painter of animated, down to inanimate, nature. We will not allow a man, who shall prefer the inferior style, to say it is his taste; taste here has nothing, or at least, ought to have nothing to do with the question. He wants no taste, but sense or soundness of judgment.—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

MXCIV.

It is observed too often that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some enclitics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man may have use for, are wholly overlooked.—*Addison*.

MXCV.

To raise desert and virtue by my fortune
 Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
 Than to mix greatness with a prince that owns
 No worth but the name only.

Massinger.

MXCVI.

We should not so often hear complaints of the inconstancy and falshness of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they usually are in forming connections of this kind. Were I to make trial of any person's qualifications for a union of so much delicacy, there is no part of his conduct I would sooner single out, than to observe him in his resentments. And this not upon the maxim frequently advanced, "that the best friends make the bitterest enemies;" but on the contrary, because I am persuaded that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy, can never possess the necessary virtues that constitute a true friend.—*Fitzosborn's Letters.*

MXCVII.

To make one's fortune is so fine a phrase, and of such a charming import, that it is universally used; it has passed from the court to the city, made its way into the mortified cloisters, scaled the walls of the abbeys of both sexes, where one would think every heart was shut against it; there is no place sacred which it has not profaned; it takes with Greeks and Barbarians; it is adopted into all languages, and the very children are taught to hiss it.—*Bruyere.*

MXCVIII.

Authority is a disease and cure,
 Which men can neither want nor will endure.

Butler.

MXCIX.

By your rule, said I, Theocles, there should be no such thing as happiness or good in life, since every enjoyment wears out so soon, and growing painful, is diverted by some other thing, and that again by some other and so on. I am sure if solitude serves as a remedy or diversion

to any thing in the world, there is nothing which may not serve as diversion to solitude, which wants it more than any thing besides. And thus there can be no good which is regular or constant. Happiness is a thing out of the way, and only to be found in wandering.—*The Moralists a Rhapsody*.—*Shaftesbury*.

MC.

When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.—*Addison*.

MCI.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—*Pope*.

MCII.

Tooth-drawers are practical philosophers, that go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but to take away the part affected.—*Steele*.

MCIII.

Food improperly taken, not only produces original diseases, but affords those that are already engendered both matter and sustenance; so that, let the father of disease be what it may, intemperance is certainly its mother.—*Burton*.

MCIV.

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a good man's wit seconded, with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—*Swift*.

A woman's, nay a little child's soft hand,
 With gentle stroking easier doth command,
 And make the bristling boar to crouch and fall,
 Than any boisterous wrestler of them all.

Plutarch.

MCVI.

If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with the comment of the various deaths of men, and it could not but be useful, for who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live.—*Montaigne.*

MCVII.

The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise; luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness.—*Goldsmith.*

MCVIII.

The general principles of urbanity, politeness, or civility, have been the same in all nations; but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of showing respect is by making yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of our dress, or taking away the lower,* is a matter of custom.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

MCIX.

Cato was wont to say of young persons, that he had a greater opinion of such as were subject to colour, than those that looked pale; teaching us thereby to look with greater apprehensions on the heinousness of an action, than the reprimand which might happily follow; and to be more afraid of the suspicion of doing an ill thing, than the danger of it.—*Plutarch.*

MCX.

Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime

* Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—*Isaiah, c. m. v. 5.*

speculations; for never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.—*Burke.*

MCXI.

Gold, though the most solid and heavy of metals, yet may be beaten out so thin, as to be lightest and slightest of all things. Thus nobility, though in itself most honourable, may be so attenuated through the smallness of means, as thereby to grow neglected; which makes our nobleman to practise Solomon's precept—"Be diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thine herds; for the crown doth not endure to every generation." If not the crown, much less the coronet; and good husbandry may as well stand with great honour, as breadth may consist with height.—*Fuller.*

MCXII.

A pretender to learning is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot please him better than to reprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry as interrupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation: and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek testament or Hebrew bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for

company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads any thing in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the meer scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgment, and listens with a sower attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot conster, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.—*Bishop Earle.*

MCXIII.

When you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease, and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better; for an author, like a limb will yield the better for having a rag about him: besides that I have observed a gardener cut the outward rine of a tree, (which is the surtout of it,) to make it bear well: and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument, why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or philosopher; because the richest minerals are

ever found under the most ragged and withered surfaces of the earth.—*Swift's Advice to a young Poet.*

MCXIV.

Justice painted blind,
Infers his ministers are obliged to hear
The cause, and truth; the judge, determine of it;
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,
By a false gloss, or corrected comment alter
The true intent and letter of the law.

Messenger.

MCXV.

Story-telling is not an art, but what we call a "knack;" it doth not so much subsist upon wit, as upon humour; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surpris'd in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical gesticulations. I will yet go further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features of him who relates it.—*Swift.*

MCXVI.

When a man wants or comes short of an entire and accomplished virtue, our defects may be supplied by forgiveness, since the forgiving of evil deeds in others amounteth to no less than virtue in us; and therefore, it may be not unaptly called the paying our debts with another man's money.—*Lord Herbert.*

MCXVII.

Nothing is so pregnant as cruelty; so multifarious, so rapid, so ever-teeming a mother, is unknown to the animal kingdom; each of her experiments provokes another and refines upon the last: though always progressive, yet always remote from the end.—*Lavater.*

MCXVIII.

Too much of, too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'ad none.

Butler.

MCXIX.

The first minister of state has not so much business in public, as a wise man has in private: if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one is ignorant of the business of one nation, the other all the business of God and nature under his consideration.—*Cowley.*

MCXX.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters, are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compasses of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.—*Steele*

MCXXI.

(*Gold.*) ————— Here's musick
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drank opium,
Or eaten mandrakes. Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches; give but fire
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance,
When they (let them do what they can) with all
Their mines, their culierius, and basilicos,
Shall cool their feet without; this being the picklock
That never fails. *Massinger.*

LACONICS.

MCXXII.

It is unusual to see a young serving man an old beggar, as to see a light horse first from the great saddle of a nobleman come to the hackney coach, and at last die in raving a carre. But the good master is not like the ruel hunter in the fable, who beat his old dogge, because his toothlesse mouth let go the game, he rather imitates the noble nature of our Prince Henry, who took order for the keeping of an old English mastiff, which had made a lion run away.—*Fuller.*

MCXXIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shakspeare—to Mr. W. H.

MCXXIV.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.—*Budgell.*

MCXXV.

An alderman is a peer of the city, and a member of their upper house; who, as soon as he arrives to many thousand pounds, is bound by the charter to serve the public with so much understanding, what shifts or ever he make to raise it, and wear a chain about his neck like a rein-deer, or in default to commute, and make satisfaction in ready money, the best reason of the place; for which he has the name of a titular prince, and is an alderman-extraordinary. But if his wife can prevail with him to stand, he wears one of the city supporters; and like the unicorn in the king's arms, wears a chain about his neck very right and proper.

* * * * *

When he sits as a judge in his court, he is absolute, and uses arbitrary power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an account why he gives judgment on one side rather than another; but his will is sufficient to stand for his reason, to all intents and purposes. He does no public business without eating and drinking; and when he comes to be lord-mayor he does not keep a great house, but a very great house-warming for a whole year; for though he invites all the companies in the city, he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the reckoning beforehand. His fur gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the feathers of an owl, and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a rabbit, had his skin pulled off — *Butler*.

MCXXVI

He that first started the doctrine, that bravery was the best defence against a knave, was but an ill teacher, advising us to commit wickedness to secure ourselves from such as presume upon our modesty, to keep themselves with their own weapons, and not gratify their unreasonable impudence with an easy compliance, it is but just and good, and the duty of every honest man. Neither is it a hard matter to put off some mean and ordinary people, who will be apt to prove troublesome to you.

that nature. Some shift the burden off, with a jest or smart repartee: as Theocritus being asked in the bagnio to lend his napkins, by two persons, whereof one was a stranger to him, and t'other a notorious felon; he made answer: You, sir, know not well enough, and you I know too well.—*Plutarch.*

MCXXVII.

———— The prince that nature gives
The first affront offer'd to make, ———
Invites a second, rendering the power,
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, ———
To be strangled in the birth; not to be cherished.

Massinger.

MCXXVIII.

Security diminishes the passions; the mind, when left to itself, immediately languishes; and, in order to preserve its ardour, must be every moment supported by a new flow of passion. For the same reason despair, though contrary to security, has a like influence.—*Hume.*

MCXXIX.

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.—*Johnson.*

- Conversator** 378, 591, 595, 695,
772, 776, 837, 1000
Corruption, 176, 221, 424, 457,
882, 1091
Counsellor, unworthy, 250
Counsel, 345, 947
Country Life, 85, 211, 232, 450,
553, 555
Courtesy, 41
Court and Courts, 1041
Credit, 94, 150, 150
Critics, 101, 354,
1092
Cruelty, 1117
Cunning, 202, 308, 311
Curiosity, 17, 508,
509
Custom, 110, 412, 607
Cyder, stanzas on, 684
- Daughter**, advice to, 800
Death, 195, 412, 572, 648, 839,
880
Debt, 316, 544
Debtor and Creditor, 890
Deceit, 668, 742
Definiton, 913
Delay, 930
Delusion, 42, 446
Desire, 61
Despair, 193, 216, 225, 765
Difficulty, 276
Discount, 878
Discretion, 127, 323, 494, 500, 518,
605
Dissemination, 666
Divines, 785, 790, 1071
Divorce, 712, 922, 957
Dress, 688
Drinking, 39
Drunkenness, 32, 52, 90, 137, 549
Duelling, 155
Dulness, 756, 939
Duns, 371
- Echo**, 792
Education, 173, 886, 965, 993,
1057
Elections, 42
Elegy, Love, 902
Eloquence, 215, 704
English Character, 27, 338, 601
Enjoyment, 361, 893
- Ennui**, 1080
Epicurism, 861
Epiques to "As You Like It"
492
Equality, 281
Equanimity, 295
Evils, 40, 253, 321, 847
Evil upon a Lady, 1074
Evil upon a Man, 1087
Evils, 636
Evils, 905
Evil's Dominion, 747
Evil's Day Accomplishments,
952
Evil's, 118, 333
Evil's, 75, 194, 642, 1019
Experience, 438
Eye, 122, 884
- Faction**, 117, 690
Factions, 587, 706
Faith, 126
Faith, 6, 130, 133, 140, 462, 555,
604, 691, 693, 696, 697, 715, 728,
791, 807, 816, 830, 865, 919, 958
Faith's Reason, 269
Fanaticism, 83, 283, 433, 937
Fashion, 203, 543, 546
Fate, 277, 337, 723
Fear, 388
Fellow, the term, 878
Flattery, 209, 290, 309, 326, 351,
360, 372, 875, 891, 935
Fleeknot, the wit, 651
Folly, 191, 366
Fools, 548
Fortune, 116, 246, 565, 843, 1023,
1097
French, character of, 983
French language, 504
French women, 294
Free thinkers, 637, 863
Friendship, 28, 37, 82, 111, 112,
189, 238, 264, 270, 285, 311,
397, 398, 423, 429, 667, 668,
926, 954, 959, 982, 1022, 1046
Frugality, 93
- Gaming**, 102
Gardening, 274, 322, 740
Garriek, 545
Generosity, 115, 448

- Genus, 17
 Gentleman, 548, 1120
 Gentleman, 1095, 1105
 Gentleman, 418
 Gentleman, 44, 788
 Gentleman, 21
 Gentleman, 739
 Gentleman, 415, 580, 795, 82
 Gentleman, 170, 403, 409
 Gentleman, 429, 400, 000, 070, 700, 21, 787
 Gentleman, 822, 873, 17, 916, 018, 997
 Gentleman, 86
 Gentleman, 11
 Gentleman, 275
 Gentleman, 98, 355, 495, 662, 1068,
 1078

 Happiness, 43, 481, 1000, 1124
 Hat, 1075
 Heart-dart, 384
 Health, 237, 314, 501, 17
 Health, 153, 829, 1035
 Heiress, 217
 High-spirited man, 710
 Home, 479
 Honesty, 67, 96, 135, 156, 240, 385,
 75, 988, 1004
 Honour, 178, 473, 570, 909, 923
 Hop, 69, 69
 Horse-riding, 557
 Human Life, 1106
 Human Nature, 65, 241, 282, 335,
 336
 Humility, 100, 242, 454, 1003, 1085
 Humour, 38
 Hunger, 183
 Hypocrisy, 302, 493, 1030, 1110

 Illness, 267, 761, 1007
 Illness, 705, 727, 1056
 Illness, 986
 Illness, pleasure of, 802,
 8
 Immodesty, 175
 Impartiality, 437
 Impudence, 978
 Inconstancy, 74, 106, 273, 365,
 335, 908, 981
 Independence, 877
 Incretion, 470
 Lustre, 293, 408, 721
 Experience, 250, 511, 654, 735
 Influence, 991, 1046
 Ingratitude, 521, 615, 731, 1015,
 1127
 Injustice, 806
 Injustice, 1001
 Injustice, 266
 Injustice, 629, 1090, 1103
 Injustice, 974

 Injustice, 311, 344, 558, 1012
 Injustice, 125
 Injustice, 887, 1094
 Injustice, 362, 477, 622, 1114

 Kensington Gardens, 165
 Kiss, the, 72
 Kindness, 410
 Knave, 1126
 Knighthood, 88
 Knowledge, 74, 164, 190

 Language, 71
 Land, Archbishop, 406
 Laughter, 123, 1087
 Law, 58, 154, 200, 325, 416, 588,
 910
 Lawyer, 511
 Learning, 399, 573
 Legacy, 582
 Liberty, 27, 29, 206, 407, 554, 567,
 702, 709, 711, 808, 811, 838, 870,
 915, 940, 967, 977, 990, 999
 Life, 9, 69, 78, 124, 140, 263, 315,
 318, 346, 349, 425, 451, 529, 599,
 676, 680
 Literature, 230, 703, 729, 971,
 1058
 Living, art of, 566
 London, 292
 Loquacity, 270, 610
 Love, 10, 15, 18, 23, 25, 30, 35, 46,
 56, 70, 138, 231, 296, 329, 331,
 339, 364, 370, 373, 401, 430, 468,
 497, 520, 531, 532, 550, 571, 576,
 581, 603, 606, 631, 674, 716, 736,
 753, 770, 783, 803, 841, 859, 869,
 890, 898, 914, 932, 948, 963, 992,
 996, 1005, 1031, 1040
 Luxury, 212, 612, 975, 1038, 1107
 Lustre, 301, 943, 953, 962

- Magnanimity, 320
 Man, 717
 Marriage, 233, 252, 297, 347, 455, 491, 533, 552, 590, 668, 693, 872
 Marvel, 814
 May, 1043
 Medical men, 656
 Melancholy, 983
 Mercy, 214
 Merit, 913
 Mind, culture of, 1
 Ministry, 111, 147, 112
 Mirth, 976, 1066, 1067
 Miser, the, 675, 846
 Mob characterized, 1104
 Modesty, 748
 Money, 534
 Money-lending, 525
 Morning, 936
 Mourning, court, 328, 377
 Muses' tears, 1018, 1063
 Music, 150, 764, 801
- Nature, wisdom of, 159
 Necessity, 636
 News, vs, 332
 Newspapers, 784
 Night, 850
 Nobility, 393, 406, 581, 586, 1052, 1111
 Novelty, 643
- Obligation, 540
 Olden time, 313
 Omniscience, 187
 Operas, 413
 Ornament, 1033
 Ostentation, 1112
- Painting, 234
 Pamphlets, 927
 Paradise, 1037
 Parasite, 724, 985
 Parliament, 57, 146, 208, 556, 575, 683, 737
 Party, 431, 530, 535
 Passions, 1128
- Pedant, 113, 288, 363
 Peevishness, 1053
 Philanthropy, 112
 Philosopher's stone, 91
 Philosophy, 6, 199, 6
 Physicians' College, 77
 Pythagoras, 817, 1011
 Pilgrimage, Sir W. Raleigh, 474
 Pyrrhus, 659
 Assurance, 564, 620, 601, 673, 681, 730, 762, 888, 944
 Poetry, 4, 24, 157, 201, 235, 230, 244, 300, 304, 312, 363, 390, 432, 440, 449, 597, 746, 812, 931, 1054, 1104, 1113
 Policy, 45, 48, 241
 Politeness, 465, 1108
 Politics, 76, 236, 1028
 Popularity, 257
 Poverty, 434, 503, 700
 Praise, 174, 188, 718
 Prayer, 1000
 Pride, 53, 119, 180, 226, 559, 626, 630, 633, 749, 820, 1011, 1059
 Printing, 774, 856, 876, 928, 946, 1051
 Prison, 405, 637, 790, 1043
 Prisoner, 260
 Providence, 892
 Prudence, 198
 Punning, 866
- Quality, 845
- Rabble, 752
 Reading, 63
 Reason, 84, 319, 827, 834, 844
 Reform, 134, 472, 719, 1011
 Religion, 877, 823, 848
 Repentance, 21, 62, 209, 211
 Resolves, 738
 Retirement, 714
 Retribution, 338,
 Rich and Poor, 80, 251, 317, 842, 1029
 Ridicule, 77, 607
 Rivals, 743
 Rose, the, 594
 Royalty, 117, 284, 389, 391, 480, 502, 602, 619, 706, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

-andal, 103, 177, 641, 896, 994
 -asm, 639
 -ness, 2, 741
 -ness, 1, 1060
 -ness, 50
 -ness, 20
 -examination, 14
 - knowledge, 20, 34, 92, 625
 - love, 145
 - preservation, 376
 - wise, good, 348, 713, 995
 Sergeant, 306
 Service, 129
 Serving-man, 590
 Severity, 406
 Shakspeare, sorn t to, 375
 Shame, 130, 873
 Shapsherg, 514
 Shepherd's love, 876
 Shiloh, the splend, 510, 601
 Shoemaker, 517
 Shovel, 738
 Sincerity, Su P 412 726
 Sin, 581, 62, 873, 997
 Sincerity, 291
 Singing, 870
 Sings, 404, 1046
 Sorrow, 261
 Stage, the, 1045
 State secrets, 973
 State books, 692
 Story-telling, 632, 1115
 Study, 31, 110, 685, 751
 Style, 694, 1080
 Success, 755, 819, 980, 1039
 Suits, 381, 4, 464, 1025
 Superiority, 11
 Superstition, 634, 1036, 1100
 Swearing, 810
 Sympathy, 498

 -ness, 1093
 - in comforts, 509
 - in reason, 453
 - in temper, 1070
 Temperance, 444, 445, 467, 4
 800
 Thanes, the, 819

Theatres, 578
 Time, 248, 476, 499, 725
 Title, 781, 979
 Tooth-drawers, 1102
 - assistance, 638
 - substantiation, 836
 - title, 324, 400
 - title, 287, 321, 357, 443
 - title, 475
 - title, 169, 192, 222, 327, 402,
 - title, 18, 644, 682, 900, 950, 1062
 - title, 218, 361, 732, 868

 Virtue, 278, 307, 456, 614, 650,
 736, 53, 964, 964, 1101
 Virtue, 19
 Virtue, 854, 903, 999
 Virtue, 105
 Virtue, 60, 139, 194, 213, 379, 528,
 617, 663, 677, 744, 805, 829, 871,
 884, 905, 917, 1027, 1045, 1109,
 1116
 Virtuous, 386, 1082

 War, 5, 87, 118, 122, 143, 249, 230,
 369, 380
 Wars, 1088
 Wealth, 428
 Weakness, 131
 Wife, 99
 Windows, writing on, 815
 Wine, 64
 Wisdom, 95, 120, 129, 141, 490,
 645, 904, 1119
 Wit, 8, 121, 243, 272, 352, 395, 460,
 484, 491, 562, 640, 767, 773, 970,
 1118
 Woman, 302, 304, 342, 419, 486,
 487, 527, 616, 817, 874, 881, 1008
 World, the, 47, 66, 167, 396, 417,
 420, 516, 579, 952, 1122

 York's skin, 310
 Young men, 707
 Youth, 1123.

