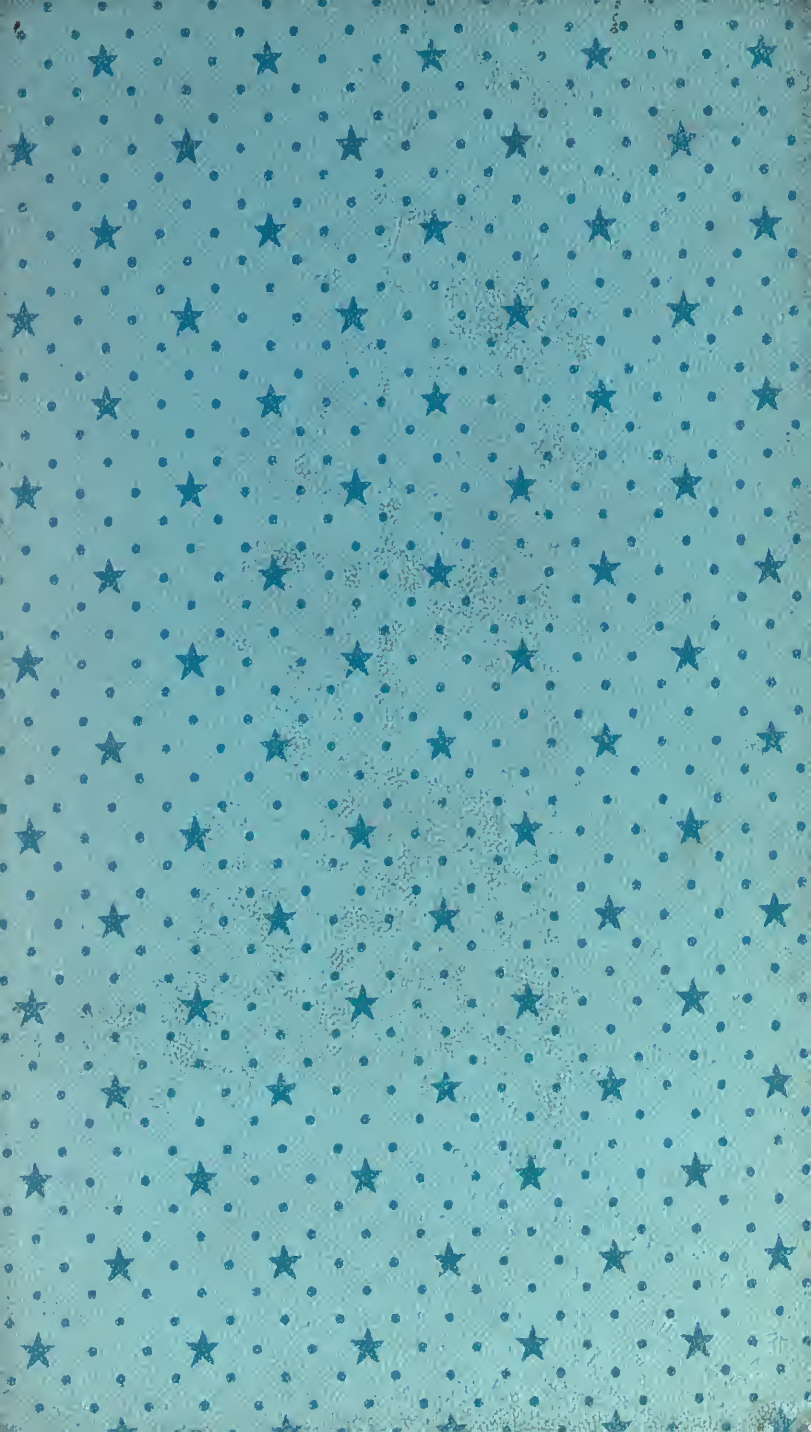
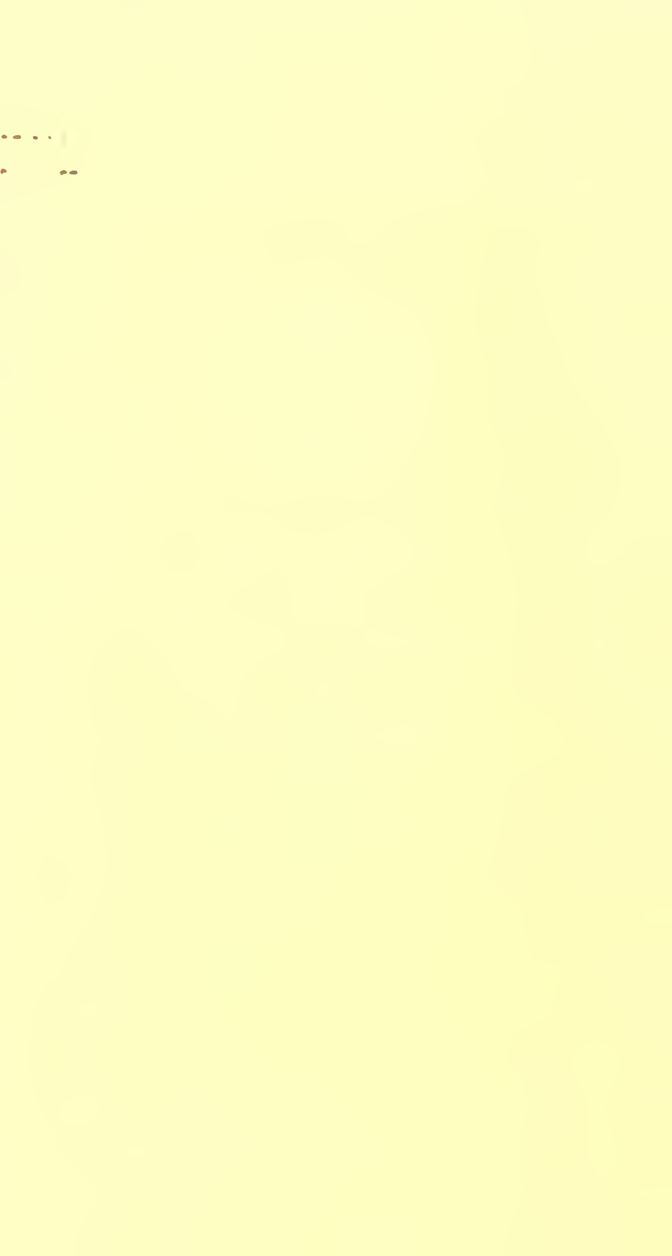


THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/amusementsinreti00buckiala



AMUSEMENTS

IN

RETIREMENT;

OR,

THE INFLUENCE

OF

SCIENCE, LITERATURE,

AND THE LIBERAL ARTS,

ON THE

Manners and Happiness of Private Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,
PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.

1816.

735A

177

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

LC
31
B855a

TO HIM*,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP EMBELLISHED SOME OF THE HAPPIEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE;

AND

TO HER,

WHOSE MILD AND UNSOPHISTICATED MANNERS RELIEVED DIFFICULTY OF ITS FORMIDABLE FEATURES,

THESE PAGES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

---

* Senhor Hypolito Da Rosa, now resident at Lisbon.

2206888

The following pages were written by the Author of "The Philosophy of Nature; or the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart."—This observation is made, for the purpose of inducing the reader to compare the one work with the other: the former having been written during a period of high mental enjoyment; while the present operated, as a refuge and a sanctuary, during a period of great and complicated difficulty.

Most works take a tincture from the circumstances, under which they are composed; and as it is not often, that the reader, or the critic, has an opportunity of comparing a writer so immediately

with himself, under circumstances involving a contrast of so marked a character, the Editor hesitates not to express a hope, that, if any merit belong to either, the two works may constantly be found in the society of each other.

THE EDITOR.

London.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

HAPPINESS IN GENERAL.

Page

The human mind naturally gravitates to happiness ... 2
Adversity, the touch-stone of friendship 3
Causes and effects of adversity 4
Boethius, in the prison of Pavia............................ 7
Argument of Boethius' Consolation of Philosophy 8
Horace, one of the best of all mental physicians 10
The apprehension of evil far worse than evil itself...... 12
Misfortune, supported with dignity, exhibits virtue in its best dress.. 12
Grief effects its own cure, and becomes its own antidote 14
Importance of the enquiry into the causes of private happiness 15
Variety of opinions in respect to happiness..... 15
The opinions of the Ionic sect on the subject of happiness 15
Of the Cyrenaic sect, of the Peripatetics, of Diogenes, of Rousseau, of the Japanese, of the Bramins 16
Of the Stoics.. 17
Of Thales, of Anaxagoras, of Democritus, of Epicurus 18
Other opinions on the subject................................ 19
Inscription on a temple of Hope... 21
Distinction between happiness and pleasure 23
Remarks on pleasure and its effects 24
Proclus' allegory 28
The natural consequences of humility 29

Page
Character of Harmodius........ 30
Lord C........ 33
The delights of temperance........ 34
Prosperity, little more than a spectacle 34
The enemies of Harmodius 35
Honourable poverty 36
Wise saying of Menedemus........ 37
Cause of the admiration, which Seneca entertained for Demetrius of Corinth 37
Opinion of Socrates as to who is the happiest man........ 37
To whom the splendid impostures of wealth are susceptible of detection........ 38
Value of content 38
Happiness, far from being alien to lowness of condition 38
Man, the only animal capable of perceiving beauty in material objects 38
Cosmo de Medicis........ 39
Bishop Berkeley considered himself as having a natural property in every thing he saw 40
The wish of Cowley........ 40
Pope's opinion as to wealth........ 41
A remark of Seneca........ 41
Influence of wealth in regard to happiness 41
Milton calls wealth "the toil of fools"........ 42
Principal ingredients of happiness........ 44
Opinions of Epictetus, Sir Thomas More Tacitus, Seneca, Horace, and Milton, in respect to wealth 45
A saying of Madame du Deffand........ 45
Influence of fame in respect to happiness........ 46
Opinions of Theophrastus and Pliny contrasted 46
Tasso and Rousseau 48
The consequences of greatness of condition, in regard to happiness 49
Abdulrahman 49
Pyrrhus 50
Various fortunes of kings........ 51
Untimely deaths of Sovereigns 52
In Scripture........ 52
In Persia and Greece 52
Rome 52
France 54
Germany 55
Poland........ 56

Page
Sweden 56
Denmark 56
Holland 56
England 57
Emoluments of ambition 58
Military ambition 59
The miseries of ambition 61
Fenelon and Louis XIV. contrasted 61
Observations on the study of History 62
Historians characterized 62
Herodotus, Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus .. 62
Voltaire, Gibbon 63
The period a happy one, when history shall cease to be an amusing study 64
History compared to a rivulet in the heart of tropical climates 64
The head of Cyrus 66
The duke of Alva's letter to the king of Portugal 66
Napoleon's letter to Barras, Freron, and Robespierre 66
Characters of conquerors 67
Happiness of the statesman 71
Opinion of the Chancellor De l'Hospital 71
Reflection of Sir John Mason 71
A saying of Dr. Jortin, in respect to titles and dignities 72
Miseries of those who have no ties of friendship or affection 73
Mode in which a patriot may consummate all his hopes 74
The beauty of virtue 75
Nothing more beautiful to the imagination than virtuous feelings, and noble actions 76
Actions more agreeable than objects 76
Illustrated in the instance of birds and other animals 76
Every one entitled to our gratitude, in a degree proportionate to the degree of affection he excites .. 77
Virtue, the true poetry of the heart 78
Character of Agrippa 79
The four beatitudes 81
Rewards and comforts of virtue, and its influence on happiness 81
The mean and ignorant part of mankind 82
Pride, and the disgust it excites 84
Emotions and sensations divided into three orders, of pleasure, harmony, and happiness 85
Taste defined 86

	Page
A passage from Akenside	86
The pleasures of Taste	86
Results of society and solitude	87
A beautiful passage from Barthelemy	89
Inscription	92
Retirement of a city	92
Des Cartes—Kosciusco	92
Retirement, the only theatre for literary men	94
Remarks on what is called "seeing the world"	94
Difference between a man of the world, and a man who has seen the world	95
Happiness, exemplified in the instance of Mons. and Madame St. Agnes	96
Their cottage in Switzerland; inscriptions; their society, amusements, and family	97
True happiness	101

THE LIBERAL ARTS.

Preliminary observations	104

ARCHITECTURE.

Building of cities, a royal amusement	105
Builders of cities	105
Lovers of architecture	106
Pyrrhus, Antiochus, Cesar, Augustus, Julian, Themistocles, Pericles	108
Architecture marks the progress of manners	109
Instanced among the Ionians, Dorians, and Corinthians	109
Trajan, Hadrian, Herodes, Atticus, lovers of architecture	111
Architecture, adapted to private life	112
Socrates, Ariosto	112
Æmilius Porsina	113
Roman villas, their splendour	113
Beautiful remark of Sallust	114
Poetical architecture	114
Illustrations from architecture	115
Analogy between St. Paul's cathedral and the Christian church	117

Page
Illustrative characters of the orders 117
Of painters of architecture 118
Rousseau, Bloemen of Antwerp, Castiglione, Bourdon, Poussin, Vanoost, Dirk von Delen, Claude le Lorraine, Paul Veronese 119
Architecture has the power of exciting to noble actions 119
Arches 120
Influence of architecture in producing religious emotions 121
Stonehenge, Colosseum, Temple of Solomon, Temple of Diana, Gates of the Baptistry of Florence, St. Peter's 122-3
Effect of Grecian edifices 125
Effect of Gothic edifices 125

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

Sculpture and painting like the different dialects of the same language............................... 126
Painting, the first essay towards writing............ 127
Painting, considered in its connection with poetry.... 127
Portrait painting 128
Portraits of ancient characters preserved on medals .. 128
Use and importance of medals 129
Historic painting.................................. 130
Expression 131
Expression of ancient artists...................... 132
Pliny defended 132
Instances recorded by Pliny 132
Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Aristides, Timomachus, Euphranor 133
Relative merits of ancient painters................. 134
Analogy between paining andpoetry.................. 134
Poets associated with painters 135
Pictorial illustrations 135
Biographers compared to portrait-painters 137
Statues compared to languages 137
Asinius Pollio 138
Questions relative to the pleasure received from painting and sculpture 139
Taste 139
Paul Veronese, Raphael, Parmegiano, Carravagio,

Page
Guido, Poussin, Rembrandt 140
Various schools characterized 140
The Tuscan, the Venetian, the Lombard, the French, the Flemish, the English schools 140
The effect of Grecian painters, traced to the love which they entertained for their art 140
Hector and Andromache, Dædalus, Æneas at Carthage 142
The Venus, Hercules, Laocoon, Apollo 142
No professorships for sculpture and painting at Cambridge and Oxford 142
Power of those arts, to the excitement of noble deeds.. 142
Their profession esteemed highly honourable in Greece and at Vicenza 143
On the morality of the fine arts 143
Virtues for which statues were erected at Rome 144
Statues, one of the highest species of honour at Rome 144
The statue of Pompey 145
The statue of Xerxes 145
Cleomenes, Polycletus............................ 146
Corregio; anecdote of Annibale Caracci 147
Anecdote of Propertia de Rossi 147
Use and influence of painting and sculpture, in regard to religion 148
The Jupiter of Scopas, of Polycletus, and Phidias 149
Sapor and the Apollo at Daphne 150
Jews great enemies to sculpture 150
Image worship 151

MUSIC.

Opinions respecting the use and pleasure of music 151
Modes of ancient music characterized 152-9
Gracchus, Politian, Pope Gregory, Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More............................ 152
Man, a musician by nature......................... 153
Poets, natural lovers of music 153
Pope an exception 153
Garrick, Linneus, Montaigne 153
Musical analogies................................ 154
Music teaches the best language of sensation 155
The Eolian harp 156
Musical associations 157
Scottish music characterized 157

Page
Pictures of the mind, in consequence of listening to national airs 157-8
Influence of music........ 159
Moral effects of music........ 160
Social effects of music........ 161
Musical anecdotes........ 162
Effects of music, in regard to political circumstances.. 162
Battle of Jemappe........ 163
Music and painting........ 163
Antiquity of the veneration for music and poetry.... 164
Music a great promoter of tranquillity of mind...... 164
Practice of the Pythagoreans........ 164
Religious associations awakened by music........ 165
National coincidences, in respect to music being acceptable to the Deity........ 165
Allegory of Yriarte........ 167
Pleasures of music........ 168
Composers characterized; Haydn, Corelli, Purcel, Mozart, Gluck, Handel........ 169

LITERATURE.

Introductory remarks........ 170
Pleasure to be derived from the art of writing........ 171
Effects of a love of literature........ 171
Dr. Beattie on the excellence of the mind........ 173
Men of genius........ 174
Man of judgment........ 174
Man of discernment........ 174
Man of penetration........ 174
Man of imagination........ 174
Man of judgment........ 175
Definition of taste........ 175
Fine taste........ 176
Genius........ 176
Talent........ 176
Talent and Genius contrasted........ 177
Genius and the lunatic........ 179
Men of genius........ 180
Men of genius neglected and irreverenced........ 181
Causes of their ill success in the world........ 181
Poverty of literary men........ 182
Envy which assails them........ 183

Page
Horace Walpole 185
Pedants 186
Critics 187
Character of an envious critic........ 187
Johnson's opinion of criticism 189
Liberal critics 191
No "courtesy" in the literary world 192
The Drama........ 192
The satirists 193
Satirists characterized 194
Difficulty of finding a truly learned man........ 194
Extract from Casaubon........ 194
Time employed by great writers in their works 195
The pleasure of reading Virgil, sufficient to atone for many minor inconveniences 196
Aristotle's criterion of a good book 198
The love of several great men for literature........ 199
Julian, Atticus, Boerhave, Clark, Camden, Pope Pius Cicero, Milton, Bartholin 200-1
The love of literature does not necessarily incapacitate for the more active pursuits of life........ 201
Instances 201
Learning and virtue, cause and effect........ 202
The honour of learning........ 203
Effects of do. on the mind 204
Men of literature long-lived 205
False philosophers........ 205
Uses of philosophy........ 206
The ends of philosophy 209
Its uses in misfortune 210
Lord Bolingbroke, Gravina, Libanus, Alphonso, Pliny........ 211
Milton, Brutus, Dante, Seneca, Horace 212-3
Consolation of literature in prison........ 214
Instances.—Sir Walter Raleigh, Prior, Cervantes, Pelisson, Duc de Orleans, Mary of Scotland, Boethius, Grotius, Puffendorff 214-5
De Witt........ 215
Julian........ 216
Ladbrog, Roucher........ 217
Care should be taken to separate learning from dogmatism, and philosophy from atheism 219
Jean Jaques Rousseau........ 220

Page
Longinus, curious argument of 221
Plutarch, argument of.......................... 222
Pleasure derived from visiting the tombs of illustrious men.................................. 223
Pliny's letter to Maximus 224
Instances of esteem with which literary men have been honoured 225

SCIENCE.

Preliminary remarks 230
Different tastes of men as to particular sciences...... 231
Practice of Orontes 234
Effects of science on the mind in general............ 235
Pericles and Anagoras 236
Archimedes, rapture of......................... 237
Democritus, Mercator, Kepler, Boethius, Aldrovandus.................................. 238
Rumphius, Galileo, Park, Boyle, Boerhave, Franklin.................................. 239
Linnæus, extract from his programma.......... 240
Botany, lovers of 241
Enjoyments of inventors of arts, and discoverers in science 242
Fornicelli, Boyle, Lavoissier, Bouquer, Trembley, Kunckel, Wren, Grimaldi 242-3
Science is wealth 245
The theatre of a man of science is the globe 245
Mineralogy and magnetism........................ 246
Margraff of Berlin, Klaproth, Vauquelin, Barlowe, Gilbert.................................. 246
Chemistry 247
Precious stones and metals 248
Reflections of a man of science................... 249
Pleasures arising from botany.................... 250
Dandilly, Barclay, Des Cartes, Cowley, Forskall, Linnæus, Vaillant, Helvetius, Alpinus..........250-1
Sexual properties of plants....................... 251
Illustrations from botany 252
Anecdote of Mr. Whiston, and Dr. Clarke 253
Painters of flower-pieces 253
Van Huysen, Marcel of Frankfort, Maria Sybilla Mariana, Pausias and Glycera.................252-3

	Page
Physic	255
Paracelsus, Hippocrates	256
Properties of plants	256
Uses of plants	257
All our conclusions hypothetical	259
Natural history	259
A knowledge of nature better than learning	261
Natural dissimilitudes	262
Insects	262
Fishes	263
Birds	264
Animals	265
Pleasures of natural history	266
The universe a magnificent temple	268
Natural philosophy	269
Natural philosophers, persecution of	269
Anaxagoras, Cornelius Agrippa, Roger Bacon, Galileo, Virgil, Bishop of Salisbury, Van Helmont	269
Effects of natural philosophy on the mind	272
Aerology	273
Æpinus, Cavendish	273
Electricity	273
Barlowe, Gilbert, Otto Guericke, Hawksbee, Van-Kleist, Cunæus, Franklin	274
The mathematics	274
Philolaus, Anaxander, Hipparchus, Eudoxus, Thales, Archimedes, Cassini, Fontana, Huygens, Galileo, Tycho Brahe	275
Lord Napier, Kepler, Gassendi, De la Hire, Halley, Horrox, Bradley, Hershell, Olbers, Piazzi	276
Locke and Newton	277
The Quietists	278
Men of science in peculiar favour with the Deity	278
Astronomy	279
Antiquity of	279
Effects of astronomy on the mind	280
Concise history of astronomy	280
Immortality of the soul	281
The visit of Euryalus to Helvetius	281
Astronomical adoration	282
Names of constellations	283
New planetary vocabulary	283
Astronomy an antidote to atheism	284

Page
Astronomy, the foundation of chronology, and the corner-stone of geography and navigation........ 284
Effects of astronomy in enlarging the mind.............. 285
Plurality of worlds.............................. 286
The most interesting of all sciences to mankind is the study of man 287
Man considered 288
Science and metaphysics contrasted 290
Metaphysics 290
Subjects of metaphysicians 291
Uselessness of metaphysics 291
Moral philosophy.................................. 292
Pleasures arising from the consideration of the subject of gradations............................ 293
Scale of the creation................................ 295
—— continued.................................... 296
Philosophical essay on gradations, a desideratum in literature 297
Doctrine of pre-existence............................ 298
Omniscience of the Deity, and the free will of man, reconciled 300
Origin of evil..................................... 300
The justification of Providence....................... 302
Atheism 303
On the character and capacity of an atheist.............. 304
Nature exhibits the best grounds for theological belief 305
Nature, a secondary power.......................... 305
Analogy between Nature and God, with the distinction between them... 305
On the being, power, nature, and attributes of the Great First Cause 306

Notes.. 309

INTRODUCTORY.

YE sons of sloth, vice, ignorance and pride,
To whom fair Nature has, with scorn, denied
Those raptures, which the humblest peasant knows *,
'Mid Lapland's vast, unfathomable snows:
—Ye, who amid the city's crowded throng,
With hurried step, urge fearlessly along:
—Ye, who in courts the trade of flattery ply,
And call the tear into a nation's eye,
And bend the knee, and frame the insidious plan,
To ruin nations in the mind of man:
—And you—vain, idle, ignominious race!
Who'd call shame's blush on virtue's honest face;
—For you I write not!—Hills, and rocks, and floods,
And mountain torrents, and deep, echoing woods,
And art, and science, and the sacred lore,
Which serves to dignify our nature more
Than fame or wealth, than circumstance or power,
Were form'd for men, more elegant than you!
—Go, where ye list!—For me—adieu! adieu!

* The peasants of Lapland hail the first appearance of spring with every indication of delight.

AMUSEMENTS

IN

RETIREMENT.

OF HAPPINESS IN GENERAL.

I.

THE grand object of Ethics being to render men good, great, and illustrious, ETHICS may, not inappropriately, be styled the SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS; their truth being, as Mr. Locke has truly insisted, as capable of demonstration as the doctrine of quantity and numbers.

Two ages are required for all of us: one to gain experience, and another to profit by it. For men too frequently lose the principal portion of their existence in vain pursuits and idle speculations, before they acquire the power of duly estimating the value of security, innocence, and content.

To be happy is the first and the last object of all we say, and all we do. For so naturally does the human mind gravitate, as it were, to happiness, that even in the midst of those evils, which poison all our enjoyments, some reflections will spontaneously arise, which operate as a manna to our thoughts, and turn them into luxury; while the negro dances and the boatman sings in slavery and in ruin.

"It is not in the end we propose," says an elegant writer, in the language of Aristotle*, "but in the choice of means, that we deceive ourselves. How often do honours, riches, power, and beauty, prove more fatal to us than useful! How often has experience taught us, that disease and poverty are not in themselves injurious! Thus, from the erroneous idea we form of good and evil, as much as from the inconstancy of our will, do we, for the most part, act without knowing precisely, what it is we ought to desire, or what we ought to fear." When Plato, therefore, asserts, that pleasure and pain are two copious streams, in which men bathe for misery or for happiness; and that their portion of either depends chiefly upon accident, he contradicts the main object of his previous argument,

* Barthelemy. Arist. Mag. Mor. lib. i. c. 12. 19. lib. iii. c. 9.

that happiness depends more on health, on virtue, and content, than on any other principles.

Not only on health, on virtue, and on content, but on a partial knowledge of difficulty and misfortune: for it is as much impossible to be permanently happy without a previous acquaintance with adversity, as it is to arrive at excellence in military science, without acquiring a practical knowledge of discipline and tactics.

In the same manner, as physical evil is not unfrequently the prevailing cause of bodily benefit, so are the evils, which have afflicted us, the best correctives of our presumption and pride. For in misfortune only can we form a just estimate of ourselves; or calculate with truth the force of those friendships, which every one imagines himself sufficiently worthy of deserving. He, who would be convinced of the truth of those friendships, therefore, must be content to try them through the medium of his misfortunes: for as the bee extracts honey even from flowers of a poisonous quality, so from adversity may man reap the best benefit of life—experience.

Truly has adversity been called "the touchstone of friendship." But we are ever confound-

ing qualities and confusing terms, and then we quarrel with mankind for mistakes, which have their origin in ourselves. While we are flourishing, the world appears to smile, and we are charmed with human nature! Adversity overtakes us, and the celebrated lines of Ovid appear to be exemplified in ourselves:—

> Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
> Tempora si fuerint nubila—solus eris.

Ah! my friend, *amicus* is as much a misnomer, as the word *wife* when we speak of a *mistress.* If we have the folly thus to be deceived in prosperity, we deserve to stem the torrent of misfortune, and to weep alone. In prosperity, smiles throw a splendid veil over hearts of envy:—what are they but refined hostilities? In adversity we lose a multitude of acquaintances, but not one of our friends.

"O adversité!" exclaims Helvetius, "que tes coups sont de sublimes leçons de vertu!" Assuredly adversity is the nurse of prudence and the mother of a thousand virtues. For were there no poverty, there would be no charity: without danger, where would be the merit of courage? And had life no trials—patience, fortitude, and

resignation, had never conspired to dignify our nature. Difficulty is but an exercise!

As the carbuncle retains its colour in the hottest fire; as the vine produces the best of fruits from the worst of wood; and as the cypress resists putrefaction through the medium of its bitterness, so every unmerited affliction contributes to our future happiness, with as natural an effect as that, which directs that every stroke, which the file endures, should contribute to its brightness.

Hence the Stoics considered the misfortunes of life, beneath the serious consideration of any wise and virtuous man. For, as Demetrius once justly observed, no one is less enviable than he, who has never known affliction; since, not having experienced misfortune, he resembles a child, who from long parental indulgence renders himself hateful to others by his caprices, and burthensome to himself by his ungovernable passions. Let this reflection cheer the heart, lull the stronger passions to repose, and, acting as a medicine for the miserable, operate as a consolation for evil!

As the Scythians, when they felt themselves at all enervated, struck the strings of their bows in order to give a more vigorous tone to their nerves, so, goaded by injuries, or oppressed with poverty

and neglect, it is only to recal to our memories the probable destination of our future existence, and we instantly recover the regular tone of our feelings.

For though what will cure the ague will never cure the palsy; and though the medicine, which administers to the safety of a man afflicted with the gout, has no effect on him, who is labouring under all the excruciating agonies of the stone; yet will a due regard to the divinity of his nature enable man, in privacy and neglect, to bear misfortune with all the firmness of resolution: and like the petrel, which skims the boldest wave, and stems the utmost fury of the storm, become a mirror of constancy and the personification of greatness: since in the midst of difficulty philosophy forces happiness*, even against the power of fortune.

He, therefore, is the most unfortunate, who is unable to bear his misfortunes; and he possesses the greatest mind, whom good fortune has no power to corrupt, nor bad fortune to subdue.

* Ille me consolatur, affirmat etiam esse hanc philosophiæ, et quidem pulcerrimum partem, agere negotium publicum, cognoscere, judicare, promere et exercere justitiam, quæque ipsi doceant in usu habere.—*Ep.* x. *lib.* i. *vid. Cic. Off.* ii. 1. 2.

But if you take from the honour, which belongs to the latter, you rob him of his crown, as Maximus Tyrius says on a similar occasion, and deprive him of his glory. A man, thus wronged, has almost a right to sit (like Niobe) on the tomb of his children, covered with a veil.

Deserving not the scorn of others in his difficulties; possessing that greatness of mind, which can reason while it suffers; and conscious of the energy, which a career of difficulty and danger imparts to the character, the man, whom nature has the power to charm, admits faith in the ultimate justice of heaven as his panacea: and while he reasons he hopes, and while he hopes, the pain which he suffered is, not unfrequently, converted into pleasure. Thus, while sitting on the rocks of Juan Fernandez, watching the last rays of the sun empurpling all the west, even Selkirk, rude and unlettered as he was, might often experience society in his solitude and pleasure in his desart.

Such, too, might have been the consolation derived in his prison of Pavia, by the celebrated Boethius. Immured by Theodoric, Boethius represents himself as being almost overpowered by his misfortunes. While he was indulging in all the violence of grief, Philosophy, whom he personi-

fies as a woman, possessing all the venerableness of age, combined with health and the beauty and strength of youth, appeared to him. Perceiving Boethius attended by the Muses, Philosophy desires them instantly to quit him; being companions highly improper for any one labouring under misfortunes: since, instead of invigorating the nerves, they served for no other purpose, than to enfeeble the mind. "They soothe sorrow," said she, "but while they indulge it, they restore no one to comfort." After expressing her concern for the situation, in which she finds him, Philosophy recals to his mind the numerous instances, in which the best and the wisest of men had been afflicted with innumerable misfortunes, and been constrained to struggle through innumerable difficulties. Boethius then recounts the many instances, in which he had served his country; and entering into the consideration of his own merits, finishes by insinuating, that all those services and virtues ought to have entitled him to a better reward. Having listened to these complaints with a serene countenance, Philosophy exhorts Boethius not to be grieved at the various losses, he had sustained; and insists upon the general nature of what the world calls "fortune." Then she assumes the

character of Fortune; and addresses Boethius on the unreasonableness of his expectations; on the vanity of his desires; and on his folly in presuming to be indignant, because he received not things which did not properly belong to him. Having expostulated to this end, by way of lenitive rather than cure, she proceeds to recapitulate the many blessings, which Boethius still enjoyed. Then, by the most incontestable arguments, she proves to him, by reason and example, that happiness does not consist in the favours of fortune; such as wealth, honour, power, and glory; in extended fame, nor in the pleasures of sense. Then she reverts to the opposite side, and proves to him in what manner adversity may be profitable; and after shewing how deluded those men are, who mistake false happiness for the true, she tells him the origin of true happiness, and in what it consists.

In the two last books she satisfies the question of Boethius, who had inquired why evil is permitted to the good, and good to the evil. She tells him, that he does not know what is good, and what is evil; and that no one ought to judge upon so limited a knowledge. The doctrine of rewards and punishments ought to serve the excellent as consolations; and that whatever occurs, good

or bad, is ultimately for the advantage of every one. She defines and marks the difference between GOD and FATE: and after giving a plausible solution to the objection, that the prescience of providence destroys human liberty, concludes with directing him to avoid vice, and to cultivate virtue; to consider God the only hope; and to live, as if he were conscious, that he was always living in the sight of heaven.

II.

SINCE prosperity best discovers vice, and adversity virtue, we are desired to bear the one and the other with equal magnanimity. Thus Horace in his beautiful ode to Licinius.

> Rebus angustis animosus atque
> Fortis appare;—sapienter idem
> Contrahes vento nimium secundo
> Turgida vela.
>
> Lib. II. Od. X. 21.

In sickness and in sorrow, Horace is one of the best of all mortal physicians!—There is scarcely a misfortune, which he does not embrace:—the loss of children, the loss of wives, the loss of friends, the loss of parents, and the frequent changes of fortune! He seems always to have been in the

humour to say, "as for me, I have received from fortune a small paternal estate, a genius of the Grecian mould, and an utter contempt for the ignorant part of mankind; why, therefore, should I be solicitous about the future? or why should I not temper the casual misfortunes of life, with a cheerful and innocent disposition of mind?"

To bear sorrow and prosperity with a calm and settled disposition, however, is limited to the powers and the fortunes of a few. The picture may captivate the fancy of the poet, and charm the wishes of philosophy; but to men of inferior powers, prosperity will have its elasticity, and sorrow its energy of distress. And though the assertion of Socrates, that, dead or living, the good man is never forsaken by the gods, is beyond all question true; nerves must be converted into sinews, and veins into arteries, before good and ill fortune can be alike indifferent to us. Hence even the excellent and the great have hours of sorrow, and moments of impatience: and hence Brutus may be pardoned for exclaiming—"Oh virtue! thou art an empty name;—I have worshipped thee as a goddess; but thou art the slave of fortune!" Men of the strongest and most elevated minds will occasionally relapse into momentary imbecility!

And yet—most of our sorrows are of our own creating. Thus when Petrarch assures us, that our afflictions, for the most part, have their origin in ourselves: and when Diæarchus asserted, in a work highly prized by Atticus, that men suffered more from their conduct towards each other, than from all their evils beside: when Pliny assures us, that the anticipation of evil is far worse, than the evil itself, for that misfortune has its limits, but the apprehension of it none; every one perceives the truth and propriety of their observations: for Addison's mountain of miseries has nothing to compare with the evil, with which we permit our idleness, our imagination and our pride, to goad and afflict us.

Misfortunes, however, which are inflicted upon us as trials, tend to the refinement of our nature by moderating our vanity and wishes; and by purifying our passions. When they are supported with dignity and with manly pride, therefore, they exhibit virtue in its best dress.

Yielding discreetly to what we are unable to prevent, and equally unable to conquer, we may justify even the hope, that as the accomplishment of our wishes is, not unfrequently, the prevailing cause of future misfortune, (as Juvenal and our

own experience have so often taught to us,) evil may yet produce an unexpected good. If heaven chastise us, therefore, let us be dumb: if men reproach us without cause, let us be deaf: and to the failings of the friends we love, let us be blind.

Preserving ourselves from that last of all mental mortifications, the receiving a benefit from a malicious or a slanderous man, (an evil pressing, like a fluid, in all directions,) let us guard against reposing an unlimited confidence in mankind, lest we reap the benefit of our ignorance in the lessons of experience.

Estimating all the lying vanities of life at their true and adequate value,—Hope—bounding the prospect of misfortune, enlarges the probability of future good, engenders patience and unshaken fortitude for the present, refers chastisement to justice, and converts afflictions into mercies. For the Power, which lays the burden on our shoulders, can give the strength to support them, with as much facility, as he can give fertility to Ethiopia or olives to Scythia, freeze the equator with snow, or burn with the intensity of the tropics the ice-islands of the poles.

A black veil, placed under a diamond, improves its beauty and lustre: the most noxious of

substances maybe rendered efficacious by chemical preparation; and the most odious of smells may be converted into fragrant odours. Some plants, too, contain within themselves the principle of a poison and a remedy: the sting of a scorpion is deadened by the touch of the aconite, and restored to vigour by the application of hellebore: and grief itself shall at length effect its own cure, and become its own antidote.—Bear up then

—————— ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all!

Thomson.

If it is necessary in our youth to learn particular axioms, in order to obtain respect among men; it is equally necessary to unlearn in retirement many maxims, which have assiduously been taught us in our intercourse with the world. And if, as Cicero says they are, cities are an honour to their founders, laws to the framers of them, and the arts to their inventors; with much greater truth may it be affirmed, that he, who first opened the road to true and legitimate happiness, has

a claim, the most undoubted, to be ranked among those, who have been esteemed benefactors to mankind at large.

Hence it was well observed by Middleton, in the Preface to his "Free Enquiry*," "that, as the life and faculties of man are but short and limited, they cannot be more rationally or laudably employed, than in the search of know ledge;—and especially of that sort which relates to our duty, and which conduces to our happi ness." Many, therefore, are the treatises, which have been written on that dignified and imposing subject.

III.

Lucian enumerates a great variety of opinions respecting happiness; and Varro counted a number, not less than two hundred and eighty-eight: there being not a greater variety in the colours and characters of marble, than in the mental qualities and dispositions of men.

The Ionic sect inculcated the belief, that happiness consisted in a sound body, a competent

* Page vii.

fortune, and a cultivated mind. Aristippus, of the Cyrenaic sect, that it was experienced in an agreeable agitation; in the exercise of some active pursuit; and in the progress from one desire to another.

Aristotle was accustomed to say, that happiness did not consist in the pleasure of the body, in rank, or in riches; in power, or in glory:—but, in the contemplation of truth, and in the exercise of the mind in virtue. His followers, the Peripatetics, placed it in virtue enjoyed with friends, with health, and prosperity.

Diogenes, who has been more misrepresented than any other philosopher of antiquity, if we except Epicurus, considered that condition of life the happiest, which approaches nearest to a state of nature; in which all are equal; and virtue the only ground of distinction. His theory has been amply illustrated by Rousseau.

The Japanese refer happiness to a virtuous life; and the Gymnosophists, to a contempt of fortune, and of sensual pleasures. The modern Bramins place it in solitude, abstinence, tranquillity, and a knowledge of the gods. These contemplative philosophers, who were decided enemies to all manner of idleness, accustomed

themselves to give at the close of every day a correct account not only of all the good they had done, but of all the good they had thought. An admirable practice!—since the very idea of having something to communicate, which would do honour to their mental or benevolent affections, directed their attention to objects and subjects of superior contemplation.

The Stoics considered happiness as being self-derived, and indeprivable; and that all good men were divinities to themselves: that to live according to nature* was to live according to virtue; of which riches, and beauty, and honour, were only instruments. It has been gravely asserted, that the Stoics maintained, that happiness was guaranteed by a total absence of all the passions. In this, as in many other instances, their opinions have been strangely and malignantly represented. They did not conceive happiness to centre in the *absence*, but in the *complete mastery of the will over the passions:* and this mastery not extending to those gentle impulses, which become a friend; nor the more vivid ones, which animate a son, a husband, or a father.

* Vid. Tully's Remarks, De offic. Lib. iii. c. 3.

Thales thought happiness consisted in health, a moderate fortune, an elegant mind, and a life of knowledge: while Anaxagoras placed it solely and essentially in a contemplation of nature. Some of the Grecian theorists taught, that it was to be found in the constancy of mental exercise and bodily comfort. Democritus declared, that they who enjoy what they have, without regretting what they have not, are the truly fortunate: and that the great distinction, between a wise man and a fool, is shewn by the one desiring every thing, and the other only what he is able to obtain.

Epicurus (for we must not confound Epicurus with the Epicureans, any more than we are to confound Loyola with the Jesuits), considered human happiness as consisting in a halcyon repose of the mind, and in a complete possession of all the mental and bodily faculties. His doctrines, which, as much as his memory, have been insulted by superficial moralists, are sufficiently distinguished by those celebrated axioms, which teach us, that "no one can live pleasurably, without living prudently, honourably, and justly: nor any one live prudently, honourably, and justly, without living pleasurably." Sir William Temple

has given an accurate idea of some of the pleasures, enjoyed by this illustrious character.—"He passed his life wholly in his garden. There he studied; there he exercised; there he taught his philosophy: and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of air, the pleasantness of smells, the verdure of plants, the cleanliness and lightness of food, the exercise of working, or walking; but, above all, the exemptions from care and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health; the enjoyment of sense and imagination; and thereby, the quiet and ease both of body and mind."

Anasius places happiness in works of private benefit; Merus in those of public utility;—Manilius in overcoming difficulties; Maximus in contending with fortune, and in deserving to conquer: Helvetius, in a just self-esteem; Priscus, in subduing the passions, and irregular appetites. Meliscus considered happiness as much an art, as music and painting; and therefore insisted, that it could be extracted even from difficulty,

as naturally as harmony might be elicited from discord.

Carus placed it in the pursuit of particular objects; Mezentio, in the accomplishment of them; Merio, in superfluity; Helvidius, in exemption from pain; while Rutland esteemed the possession of hereditary wealth and rank above all other benefits.

Some derive their principal enjoyments from mixed societies; others, from the silence of a cloister, or the solitude of a hermitage. Laertius identified it with purity of thought, tranquillity of mind, and an agreeable emotion at the prospect of death.

Some have maintained, that virtue is alone sufficient for happiness:—an argument, which amuses the fancy, but insults the judgment and offends the heart. Romanus regarded it as arising from the possession of wealth, inherited from a long line of ancestors, enjoyed with youth, with beauty, and with friendship: Livius, as springing from that life, which is spent in the memory of quiet, elegant, and innocent pleasures.

Moscius declared, that the best portion of his existence was that, which had been devoted to

the remembrance of the dangers and the miseries he had endured: that of Jovius, in forgetting the evil, and not analysing the good. Sir Anthony Digby (preceptor to Edward VI.) regarded contemplation as his soul, privacy his life, and conversation his element. Calesius placed it in the serene comfort of an holy life; and Pacuvius, in that state of perfect tranquillity, which Cicero has described so beautifully.

Some have placed the happiness of age in the agreeable remembrance of a well-spent life; that of youth, in the flattering anticipation of an honourable future. Hope is in fact, the paradise of all! Hence the following inscription might not inappropriately be placed on the portico of a temple, commanding a rich and variegated prospect:

INSCRIPTION.

I.

If, oh stranger, thou art wronged by fortune, or injured by men; bowed down with age, or rendered loathsome by disease; in this temple shalt thou find a refuge, and a sanctuary.

And yet, stranger, what can I do for thee?—

If thou art hungry, I can give thee no meat; if athirst, I can give thee no drink; if poor, no wealth have I to shower upon thee; and, if thou art sick or in age, I have no balsam or elixir to administer.

II.

Ah, stranger! what then can I do for thee?

III.

Freely enter into this my temple;—place a confidence in all that I shall whisper to thee: Then, though thou shalt eat nothing, drink nothing, see no honours heaped upon thee, or feel no riches showered upon thee; yet shouldst thou be blind, sick, and lame; indigent, miserable, and an outcast,—from the recesses of this sanctuary shalt thou not depart, without the energy of a new existence; For—

I am HOPE; *and this is my* TEMPLE.

Pythagoras esteemed those philosophers only, who studied nature; and those the happiest men.

"Life," said he, "may be compared to the Games of Olympia. In that assembly, some men came in search of glory, and others in search of wealth. But, a third description of men, far more dignified than either, came neither for fame, nor for riches; but for the superior gratification of witnessing the spectacle, unmoved by care or anxiety of any sort. Thus, in the same manner, men come into the world, as to a place of public resort: some toil in pursuit of glory, and others in pursuit of wealth. A few there are, however, who devote themselves to the study of nature. These last are philosophers; and their office and pleasure is to know and to contemplate. These are the men, only, whom we may style happy."

The distinction between happiness and pleasure is sufficiently wide. To confound the one with the other is as absurd, as to connect the destiny of man with the revolution of planets. Bearing almost as little relation to happiness, as music does to ridicule, the former is as inconsistent with the latter, as the phenomena of comets are inconsistent with the solidity of Ptolemy, and the plenitude of Des Cartes. Pleasure begins or

ends infallibly in sorrow. Its pains are many, and its enjoyments few. Like the fruit, fabled to grow on the borders of the lake Asphaltites, gaudy is it to the eye, but bitter to the palate.

The few enjoyments, that it promises, are derived from eating and drinking, and flattery; from balls, operas and routs; from games, public exhibitions, and illegitimate private amusements. The harvest of all this is loss of relish, laborious idleness, disease, want, bodily pain, and mental disquietude: a manhood of imbecility, and an age of premature decay.—Never yet has an oak been seen flourishing in a hot-bed!

Youth is the season, in which, like the morning of a beautiful day, we resign ourselves, with all the natural ardour of inexperienced hope, to the most lively and delicate impressions. At that auspicious period the imagination becomes the parent of hopes, emotions, and expectancies; and enjoyments are heightened by the most bewitching delusions. For, as if it would repair the time it has lost in previous vegetation, the imagination, beginning to feel the full value of its nature, pictures a thousand forms of beauty, and makes a thousand estimates of worth, which,

quickened by a natural impulse, stimulate the sensibility to an examination of men and of nature, with an ardent and inquisitive eye.

But as a female, veiled with a profusion of ornament, is vulnerable in a war with beauty; and as grace without virtue is as little worthy of admiration, as solidity without its use; the imagination, unless corrected by a manly judgment, soon becomes a wilderness; and the wayward fancies of a maniac at length succeed the conceptions of an elevated mind.

Delighted with existence, a thousand anticipations of happiness are indulged in the season of youthful manhood. The fancy wings with the boldest thoughts; and, clothed in plain or figurative language, proves the riches of the mind within. Beauty then is found to exist, not in the object observed, but in the mind observing:—and that ardent enthusiasm, which embraces not the analysis of passion, points to pleasures, leading to the virtues, which, unalloyed even by the most distant murmur of contending interests, paints the natural world without its discords, and the moral without its pomps, vices and vanities; its cares, its ignorance, and its crimes.

Too soon, however, the world corrects this golden dream of happiness, this hallowed symphony of thought. The veil is drawn!—and, as before the influence of intemperate heat, the emerald loses its green, the sapphire its blue, and the amethyst its purple; so does the mind lose, before the influence of a calculating spirit, most of its ideas of beauty, order, and perfection.

But minds there are, which never formed those pictures. Listening to the voluptuous whisper of the senses, they ensure a listless life, without a duty fulfilled, a trust reposed, or a single moment of legitimate happiness enjoyed. As useless as a monument without a motto, with organs irritated, and with minds debased, the slightest breath of temptation has the power to conquer even the strongest resolution of a man like this. Losing his fortune and his prospects, his "character is mortgaged to repair the loss." The worst of his enemies is himself; he crawls upon the earth to the day of his death; every accident is insupportable, and every pain a mystery. Even if nature had originally formed him a giant, he were a giant no longer. For—that pleasure incapacitates the

body equally with the mind, is as clear in physics, as the principle in mathematics, that all bodies, moving in a circle, have a new and a different direction every moment.

Promising much and performing little, pleasure, even when it justifies to the ear, does but falsify to the hope. The present moment bounds its theatre of perspective, and with a fugitive existence itself, it becomes the herald of an age of suffering. For pleasure is no more happiness than granite is porphyry, or than wax is alabaster. Bearing the same relation to happiness that tinsel bears to gold, and finery to magnificence, it inflicts pains, loathings, and penalties, as adequate rewards for immoderate fruition and illusive expectation. Corroding every mental energy, as the juice of fishes corrodes all animal substances, melting the sinews, and corrupting the heart, it breeds a weariness of life, a manhood of penury, and an age of disease.

Becoming the surest and most insidious enemy to repose, it leaves us without resource in the moment of misery, and without defence against the power of fortune. "Begot by fancy," as Lord Lansdown has observed of illegitimate love, "it is bred by ignorance, fed in expectation, and

dies in the moment of enjoyment." Its associates are its consequences;—misery and ruin.

Pleasure, as Proclus informs us, promised Hercules sumptuous feasts enlivened with music, grateful perfumes, fragrant bowers, cool fountains, and shady groves; to strew his couch with flowers, and bind his head with roses; to prevent every desire, and to invent a thousand new pleasures: to wish were to possess, to possess were to enjoy.

Virtue, on the other hand, frankly told him, that the way to happiness was by a rough and rugged road; and that if he meant to aspire to honour, to happiness, and to glory, it must be by qualifying himself to be the counsellor of his country in the cabinet, and the assertor of her rights in the field. That, if he wished to enjoy the pleasures of sense, he must be temperate; if he would sleep sound, that he must inure himself to toil; and, that if he wished to enjoy old age, he must improve every hour as it flies, and leave no day unemployed, or undistinguished. That if he had a desire to be celebrated, he must be great; and that if he wished to be happy, he must be good.

Living under the perpetual control of imme-

diate impulse, the life of a man of pleasure is rendered irksome, by his knowing so little how to use it. Evils are attributed to the malice of fortune, which have their origin in himself; and a ridiculous existence is not unfrequently crowned with one master-folly of extravagance.

The more beautiful in plumage, the less melodious is the bird in song; and pleasures, the most gaudy in their attractions, are the least lasting, and as a natural result, the least gratifying in their consequences. Like the syrens of antiquity, they charm into the gulf of destruction, solely for the satisfaction of adding to the number of their victims. Without labour of body or of mind, who shall merit success, and who shall gratify ambition?—For truly and beautifully has it been said, that the gods have set a price on every great and noble virtue.

IV.

One of the attendants of happiness is a mild and unaffected humility. He, who sows in humility, reaps in honour: humility being the companion of wisdom, as vanity and presumption are the companions of folly.

This dignified humility was cherished by the admirable Harmodius.

Of all men, that I have had the honour personally to know, Harmodius was possessed of the best heart, and of the most exalted genius. Living in an age, when wealth obtains more honour than wisdom, and when the basest servility is the surest way to fortune, he was a man, whom all the riches of Peru would never have rendered arrogant, nor all the honours of Asia have ever rendered vain:—a pure and strict integrity glowed in all his thoughts, his sentiments, and actions.

Knowing the world thoroughly, he had imbibed with that knowledge a gradual indifference for its general applause: and, knowing its antipathy to excellence, and that one of the greatest of crimes with the envious is to be eminent, he would have been satisfied with his own esteem, even had men of the world refused theirs.

Constant in affliction, he was invincible under circumstances, which in others would have induced despair; and, as the emerald retains its colour, even when opposed to the most vivid heat of a meridian sun, so in the height of the severest afflictions, that fate can lay on nature, he derived,

in the silent leisure of grief, the richest consolations from the works of Plato, Tully, and Antoninus: men, whose works having stood the test of different ages, nations, orders, and intellects, he pronounced to be the most fascinating to the imagination, and the most healing to the heart. Possessing a disdain for the idle glory of what the world calls "greatness," he pursued the path which leads to true glory; and reaped the benefit of his virtue in the praise of the good, and in the comforts, naturally arising from the excellence of his own nature.

With an understanding ripe of judgment, and an imagination impregnated with the richest images, ill fortune had chastened his manners, and beautified his morals. In fact, his whole conduct sheds a lustre over his friends, now that his ashes lie mouldering in the sepulchre.—To know him was, in itself, a distinction.—He was the Fuscus Salinator* of Pliny, and the Frontinus† of Tacitus.

* Fuscus Salinator studius, literatus, etiam disertus: puer simplicitate, comitate juvenis, senex gravitate.—*Plin. Lib.* vi. *Ep.* 26.

† Frontinus, says Tacitus in his Life of Agricola, was as great a man, as the times, in which he lived, permitted him to be.

Gifted with a piercing mental eye, he early perceived that Nature is, in herself, a sovereign artist in painting, music, architecture, and poetry; and, viewing with admiration the perfect adaptation of every object to its specific end, he derived the greatest of enjoyments from beholding beautiful and useful objects of every species; in conversing with men of talents, genius, and great acquirements; in reading of the illustrious actions of men; in witnessing strong proofs of affection in women; and in listening to instances of fortitude, self-denial, temperance, and simplicity; indifference to the opinions of the misjudging portion of the world, self-possession, and energy of mind.

In the age of Pericles the statue of Harmodius would have adorned the temples of Athens; in the age of Cincinnatus he would have enjoyed twenty acres of land; in that of Augustus he would have been invited to share the leisure of Agrippa; in that of ——— he was almost permitted to starve!—Not unknown!—for ignorance is, at all times, an apology for neglect:—but known, admired, caressed, beloved, and honoured by some of the best, the bravest, and most enlightened of his countrymen;—many of whom were sensible of his poverty!

Had Greece, ye gods, in all her laurell'd host,
Or 'mongst her sons immortal Rome to boast,
But half the heroes, statesmen, bards divine,
That bright in Albion's happier annals shine;
What wondrous works had grateful taste essay'd!
What monumental miracles display'd!
What trophied arches! temples taught to rise!
What sculptur'd columns proudly pierc'd the skies!
What art achiev'd! what rocks to statues sprung!
What climes had echoed, and what Pæans rung!

Shee.—Cant. vi. 207.

Possessing an energy of mind beyond the magnanimity of Cæsar, he had a disgust of insolence beyond "the fear of ruin." In the midst of his poverty, therefore, he was cheerful, contented, and happy: and often has he been heard to declare, that if any one had started the question, whether Lord C———, or himself, were the happier man, he should have considered that question an insult. "Do I envy him?" he would say, "No!—I do not! There have been times, indeed, when I have envied a husbandman, eating his dinner, which his wife and his children have brought to him, and which he has partaken with them under the shade of a copse; but I never envied Lord C———, nor such men as Lord C———, and I trust I never shall."—"To call sensuality luxury," he would continue,

" is as absurd, as to call wealth happiness, or glory content. Temperance is the only true luxury! Nature having decreed, that every species of excess shall produce its own nausea, and its own poison. If, therefore, you would aim at the enjoyment of luxury, be temperate. A rose-leaf, doubled under him, disturbed the rest of the Sybarite, but nothing disturbs the sleep of the temperate. Temperance, therefore, is as superior to sensuality, as is the peach to the hip or the haw, the rose to the sun-flower, or content to riches." "Prosperity," he would frequently observe, " is, for the most part, little more than a spectacle. Few are so happy, as they appear, and no one is so miserable, as he thinks himself. In the deepest of dungeons there is a consolation; beneath a bed of spices lurks an asp, or an hornet;—he is the happiest of men, who thinks himself so." Often, as I have seen him muse along the garden of Helvetius, has the following passage of Claudian occurred to my memory:

> Ipsa quidem virtus pretium sibi, solaque latè
> Fortunæ secura nitet: nec fascibus ullis
> Erigitur: plausuque petit clarescere vulgi
> Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis
> Divitiis animosa suis, immotaque cunctis
> Casibus, ex altâ mortalia despicit arce.

Blest with a temper, as mild and as benignant, as that of Rollin; an agreeableness of manner, which in him, as in a thousand others, was not a substitute, but an accompaniment to moral excellence, he was capable of eliciting order from chaos, and greatness from confusion. Bearing misfortune and prosperity with an equal placidity, not all the storms, or trials of life (and those had not been few), could, for any length of time, disturb the halcyon repose of his soul. Such was Harmodius.—His faults?—who would wish to record them?

Some men there were, who knew his person, but who were incapable of knowing his mind.—An ichneumon has no knowledge of geometry.—These men censured him on various occasions. Would you know the outlines of their characters? They were men, who knowing the vileness of their own natures, and putting the worst constructions upon the actions of others, resolved vice into constitution, and virtue into accident: Men,—whose only microscope being that of prejudice, were known too well to others, and too little to themselves: men, who being incapable of bearing any one's conceit, but their own, could neither give fame, nor take it away: men, who measured applause by loudness, and

merit by success; and, being able to feel but few other sensations, than those of warmth and cold, hunger and thirst, were occupied in guarding against the two former, and in gratifying the two latter. Leaden statues, rather than men! Uniting, like the penguin, the qualities of men, fowls and fishes, they were too low for the exercise of his hatred; unworthy of his anger; and too little dignified even for his contempt.

V.

If the sensualist is really the happier man, because he has the power of boasting with truth, that he has ate, slept, and drank, more than any other man of his age, in vain may the moralist, or the poet, woo the favours of their mistresses. They may woo; but the fair ones turn an unwilling ear to their blandishments.—Even a Cambrian poet has nothing to expect from them.

> "Despise me not for being poor;
> I am not very rich, 'tis true:
> But if thou canst my lot endure,
> I shall be rich enough in you."

A shame of poverty, and an unbounded admiration of wealth, bespeak a light, an arrogant,

or a frivolous mind: for much more honourable is it not to want, than to possess the superfluities of life; as Cato, the excellent Cato, laboured so earnestly to impress on the memory of his friends.

Equally wise was the saying of Menedemus, when a person, one day, said to him, that it was an admirable thing to have whatever we desire: "Ah!" replied he, "but a much greater happiness is it to desire nothing but what we have." It was this contempt of wealth, which induced Seneca so much to admire Demetrius of Corinth. "Much happier am I," said he, "when I am conversing with Demetrius, than when I am in the society of nobles, clad in the richest robes of the finest purple: and why do I admire him?—Because, even in the midst of poverty, I perceive that he wants nothing. Nature brought him into the world to shew mankind, that an exalted genius can live securely, without being corrupted by the vices of the surrounding world."

One of the friends of Socrates enquiring of him, one day, who was the happiest man, that illustrious philosopher replied,—"he who has the fewest wants." This were a slender argument, and a doubtful axiom, in an age, when gold and silver are the

only deities, and when he is esteemed the most pious, who is the most rich.*

And yet,—the splendid impostures of wealth are easily susceptible of detection to him, who thinks, that as the meanness of a man's fortune has no power to reach the soul, riches do but resemble corals, heaped upon mosaic pavements. For rightly appreciating the value of content,—that surest indication of a clear and energetic mind,—how do those colours fade, which have so long deluded our imaginations with visions belonging to fortune, to power, to wealth, to honour, and to glory! Qualities, which, in innumerable instances, have operated as poisons to the heart, and as antidotes to affection.

Far, therefore, is happiness from being an alien to lowness of condition. For as fossil shells are found in the deepest caves, as well as on the tops of elevated mountains, so may virtue, and therefore happiness, be as well discovered in the most humble, as in the most elevated scenes of life: and when there found, the men, in which they are enveloped, ought to

* In mea patria rusticatis vernacula, (says St. Jerome,) deus venter est, et in diem vivitur: et sanctior est ille, qui ditior est.

find a mansion and an asylum, in every nobler breast.

If love is the paradise of youth, ambition the master passion of manhood, and avarice the pleasing torment of old age, the love of nature, once imbibed, charms, when love no longer whispers to our hopes; when ungratified ambition leads to solitude; and when avarice listens to the measure of its folly. Of all animals, says one of the best writers of antiquity, man only is capable of perceiving grace, or beauty in material objects*; and yet, in the opinion of the far greater portion of mankind, that is the finest of prospects, which commands a sight of their own lands. "The simple, but expressive words *my own* (say they), have more harmony, than all the bravuras of Italy!"

Of this number was, to the disgrace of his own taste, the celebrated Cosmo de Medicis, the most prudent and most virtuous of citizens, the pride of Florence, and the restorer of the arts. His villa among the Appennines, was his fa-

* Itaque eorum ipsorum, quæ aspectu sentiuntur, nullum aliud animal (præter hominem), pulchritudinem, venustatem, convenientiam partium, sentit.

vourite residence: not because it was more beautiful, than any other he possessed, but that every inch of land, that could be seen from his windows, was his own.

Bishop Berkeley, on the other hand, considered himself as having a natural property in every thing he saw. "When I am in the country," said he, "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, where I walk. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By this means, I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, nor to the envy of others."

Ivory is esteemed in proportion to the goodness of its colour, the fineness of its polish, and the delicacy of its grain: but wealth is regarded in proportion to the meanness, ignorance, and the baseness of its possessor. Enough to ensure us comfort is all, that an honourable mind desires!—"I have never had any other wish," says Cowley, in a letter to Mr. Evelyn, "than that I might be master of a small house and large garden, with moderate conveniences joined to

them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life to the study of nature."

Pope,—the poet of the worldly!—was of opinion, that poverty was the worst of evils; and that to want money was to want every thing. But in order to be rich, as Seneca justly remarks, it is not so necessary to add to our stock, as to diminish our desires. Hence to form a happy state, it is not so necessary to enrich it with commerce, as to banish poverty:—an axiom, sanctioned by Plato in his model of a perfect Commonwealth.

To be poor is frequently the attendant of an honourable mind; to amass great riches is always a circumstance for the exercise of our suspicion: while to be content, is to be richer *in re,* than all the monarchs of the east. Borrowing little from the future, to be content is to rest on the firmest rock, that hope can build upon; for then, and then only, do we enjoy all that nature esteems necessary to our wants, and all that our imagination thinks necessary to our wishes.

Riches, like the garnet, is subject to many faults and many blemishes! since an inordinate love of them banishes truth and justice from the mind; holds the world a slave; and forms a

golden crucifix in every meaner breast. For at this ignoble and unhallowed shrine, flies every generous motive, and all that is dear to an honourable man.

> Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
> And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
>
> *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

The greatest of wealth consists in the contempt of riches; for though a poor man may want many things, yet as an avaricious one wants all things *, the former must, of necessity, be the richer of the two.

Confounding the understanding, and infatuating the imagination, an unlimited desire of wealth becomes "a calumny against nature;" for this is that mean amour, which even the laws of Lycurgus† had not sufficient energy and influence to subdue. This "toil of fools," as Milton calls it, bewitches the common intellect, and becoming the tyrant of the mind, is the only passion, which allows no slumber.

Drawing a film over the eyes of the weak, and

* Desunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.

Publius Syrius.

† Arist. de Rep. ii. c. 9.

the ignorant, riches appear to assume every charm, but that of charity; but its mean and its idle magnificence engenders a mental poverty, which, when once it becomes enamoured of its own deficiency, is " the life, the soul, and heaven" of its thoughts. Hence, to live in a country, where poverty is the greatest crime, and wealth the only object of distinction, palsies every nobler impulse, as much as to live in a state, where penury and obscurity are the only safeguards.

Nature, in all her changes, still preserves a modesty, which she never oversteps. The man of avarice, therefore, is a man divested of all natural character. To throw a bridge of silver over every rill, or raise " a golden calf, and then adore it," is to begin in ignorance, to continue in folly, and to finish in impiety. The error rises into vice; the vice magnifies into crime; and crime, as a natural impulse, takes refuge in atheism. Weary of the present, disgusted with the past, and only living in the flattering anticipation of the future; when that future does arrive, the golden dream vanishes, and leaves nothing to colour the perspective, but that gloomy truth, which whispers in the language of DERISION, that it is one of the worst of all impieties, and one of the most

offensive of all impertinences, to imagine, that heaven made happiness only for the rich.

Fortune depends entirely on external causes; but happiness depends almost entirely on ourselves. Its principal ingredients are a manly mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperance of imagination. The first has the power of disarming affliction; the second of doubling every enjoyment; while the last guards us from wild wishes, and inconsistent expectations.

These three primitives, united to a temperate fortune, will, at all times, ensure the love of the wise, the esteem of the good, and the envy of the base, the mean, and the malignant. This envy of the base, the mean, and the malignant, is almost necessary to happiness! Without discords there were little harmony even in the music of the spheres.

Epictetus would never permit himself to emerge from the condition of abject penury: and Sir Thomas More was so great a despiser of money, that he says the Utopians made those vessels, which were employed for the meanest purposes, of gold and silver. "When the Anatolian ambassadors arrived," says he, in a fine vein of satire, "the children, seeing them with pearls in

their hats, said to their mothers, 'See, mother! how they wear pearls and precious stones, as if they were children again!'—'Hush!' returned the mothers, 'those are not the ambassadors, but the ambassador's fools.'"

Tacitus esteemed the Germans, who had little or nothing, a much more happy people than the Romans, who had every thing: and Seneca, who was rich almost to a proverb, wrote with enthusiasm in the praise of an humble fortune: while Horace * declared, that, of all men, those who are solely actuated by a love of riches, are the most in need of hellebore.—Milton's idea of wealth may be justly estimated by his character of Mammon †.

If Voltaire esteemed the saying of Madame du Deffand, the *ne plus ultra* of philosophy, "that those things, which we are unable to comprehend, we are not required to believe;" much more so is the belief, that those things, which we do not possess, are unrequired for our happiness. Let those, therefore, my friend, who are in possession of a competence, consider themselves as fortunate. Who had not rather be happy, than rich?

* Lib. ii. Sat. iii. 82. † Par. Lost. b. i. l. 678.

Since health, virtue, and content, are as much superior to wealth, to rank, and to fame, as solidity is to extension, quality to quantity, vegetation to unconscious matter, and reason to instinct.

VI.

If happiness consists not in riches, or in greatness of condition, does she permit her statue to be erected in the temple of fame,—for men of florid views, or those of "imagination rich, and fancy exquisite?" Theophrastus, when on the bed of death, desired his friends to be more careful in enjoying life, as it flowed, than in attempting to acquire a posthumous reputation. "The life of man," said he, "loses many solid things for the love of glory, which, in perspective, promises much, but deceives us in possession. If we can despise the applause of men, which, seeing in what manner it is bestowed, is worth but little, we save ourselves an infinity of toil and trouble. For many things are there in life, which are useless; but few that are productive of general good." Pliny, on the contrary, seems to have conceived, that fame was one of the ultimate and most important objects of ambition and existence.

Estimation is, assuredly, a good most ardently

to be desired; since a love of it is subservient to many valuable purposes. But fame, as it frequently is conferred without thought, is frequently enjoyed without merit; and is, therefore, no more a legitimate subject for inordinate ambition, than mere acquisition of territory is a legitimate object of contention in a prince. He, therefore, who is virtuous for the sake of the fame, which virtue confers, is virtuous without the merit of virtue. But he, whose exalted spirit is more charmed with the service, he may render, than with the applause, which that service may command, is truly and essentially worthy of an elevated name.

Fame, like a diadem, however deservedly acquired, is far more a subject of envy to others, than of happiness to its possessor. For, engendering every intermediate degree of envy, from the coarse hatred of vulgarity, to the more polished smile of courtly visitation and refined hostility, it gratifies his vanity at the expense of his peace. His recompense consists in a bust crowned with laurels, and in a grave scattered with flowers.

Even Horace, who basked in a court,—gay, animated, and good-humoured as he was,—was envied by the great, and calumniated by the vul-

gar: while Tasso and Rousseau had cause to lament, even with tears of anguish, the fame they had acquired with so much industry and care. For poorly are the illustrious rewarded for the splendour of their deserts, by the envy,—the unconquerable envy,—which they are doomed to encounter from minds, immeasurably distant from their own.

Fame, which some have dignified with calling "the sweetest music to an honest ear," is at its best but an infirmity; and at its worst a meteor of an eager brain:—the breath of fools! When it is the result of merit, it becomes a reversion, which our ashes are only permitted to enjoy. Fame, too, as it is generally bestowed, is little more than a cheat; and when operating as a stimulus to military ambition, nothing but an ignominy! It promises in happiness, and pays in misery. The tyrant of the tyrant: whose hopes, wishes, and labours close as they originally begun;—in chimera!—Hence, Lycurgus esteemed an excessive love of glory a weakness, and an inordinate love of fame a crime. The practical benefits of both, he might have added, being, for the most part, as poetical as the nation of Amazons. As to posthumous fame! Oh! how shall it penetrate the tomb? and with what effect shall it encircle a funeral urn?

And yet, as eternity is man's most ardent wish, and as ambition to be distinguished in the annals of our country is an ambition, which the noble never fear to recognise, the love of fame, with adequate correction, seldom fails to operate as an impulse to the accomplishment of those great and splendid actions, which bloated idleness never dares aspire to. When undeservedly bestowed, it wounds the bosom of ingenuous minds; but when enjoyed commensurate with merit, the "*incorrupta vox bene judicantium et bonorum*" becomes a reward, equal to the toil of every difficulty and of every danger.

VII.

If humility is so great an auxiliary of happiness, and wealth and fame so problematical in their results, what can we hope from greatness of condition?—The dust of diamonds is incurable poison!—"I have now reigned nearly fifty years," said Abdulrahman, the description of whose riches and power, palaces and precious gems, dazzle even after the expiration of many centuries, "in victory and peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches

and honour, power and pleasure, have waited upon my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness, which have fallen to my lot. They amount to FOURTEEN *." "I made me great works," says the sacred writer, "I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I gathered me silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings; whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour I had laboured to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and no profit under the sun."

"When you have made an end of all your conquests," said Cineas to Pyrrhus, "what does your majesty intend by way of completing your felicity?" "To rest from my labours, and to enjoy the society of my friends," said Pyrrhus. "What would you do," said Helvetius, one day, to a poor chimney-sweeper, who was swinging, backward and forwards, upon a gate, with all the ardour of

* Gibbon.

boyhood, "what would you do, if you were rich?" "I would do nothing." "Nothing?" "Oh! yes," as if he suddenly recollected himself, "I would swing upon this gate all the day long, and when I was tired, sit down and eat apples with Tom." The ultimate desires of this poor boy, and those of Pyrrhus, were not at an immeasurable distance from each other. They were of the same species, but of a different order.

The fortune of kings!—Who so abject, that would exchange his condition, if but one look could be cast behind the curtain? Alexander—Tamerlane! They formed high hopes, and indulged high pride:—well:—they are dead.—What are now their hopes?—and whither is the dust of their ambition scattered? Napoleon!—on a bare rock, consoling his condition with measuring the stars of both hemispheres, he gazes wistfully on a world, "that is no longer his!"

Even in successful life a diadem forms but "a living monument of splendid misery;" looked up to with contempt, even by those who sate the wearer's ear with that music, which he loves the best, or thaw his pride with insidious looks of silent admiration.—The sceptre and the purple lead to ruin!—Sardanapalus burnt himself

in his palace with all his wives and treasures; Nebuchodonosor, in the derangement of his intellects, fancied himself a beast of the field; Sennacherib was assassinated by his sons; Asa was slain by the captain of his guards; and Ahab by the arrow of an enemy. Jehoiachim led a life of captivity for the space of seven and thirty years; Manasseh was taken among thorns, loaded with fetters, and carried captive to Babylon; Josiah was slain in battle; and while the head of Cyrus was thrown into a vessel of blood, Astyages was dethroned by his grandson; Xerxes was slain by Artabanes, and Darius murdered by the viceroy of Bactria. Philip of Macedon was killed by Pausanias, one of his guard, at the instigation of his own son; while that son died a martyr either to poison or to drunkenness.

Shall we turn our eyes to Rome? The fates of Caligula and Nero were too gentle for their merits. Galba, the first of the emperors who received the purple from his soldiers, died a martyr to their hatred. Otho committed suicide; Vitellius was seized in an obscure passage, his hands and his hair tied behind him, and a sword placed under his chin: pelted with every description of filth, dragged through the forum with a hook, he was

hurled, with every mark of ignominy, into the Tiber. Titus is believed to have been poisoned: Commodus, dying by poison, was strangled by some of his intimate friends: Pertinax, rising from a mean condition, and worthy of empire, was assassinated by some of his soldiers: while the head of Didius Julian was exhibited in the judicial court.

Geta was slain by his brother, who in turn was stabbed in the back by a centurion of his guards: Heliogabalus was first thrown into a sink, and because a privy was too small for his body, he was afterwards thrown into the Tiber.

Alexander Severus, in the prime of his life, offered his neck to the sword of a soldier, who in murdering him slew one of the best emperors that Rome had ever produced!

The younger Gordian was killed in battle; and his father, in grief for his loss, strangled himself with his girdle: while the Gordian, who succeeded Balbinus and Pupienus, (both of whom were slain, and their bodies left in the streets) was murdered by the order of Philip; after a youth spent in successful enterprizes, and in the exercise of many virtues.

The head of Philip was cleaved asunder, the

sword dividing the upper from the lower jaw. Decius, conquered in a battle with the Goths, rode into a lake in despair, and was swallowed by the mud. His body could never be found. Valerian, led into captivity by Sapor, king of the Persians, was treated as the meanest slave: he held the stirrup of his conqueror! Gallienus fell victim to a conspiracy; Quintillus, choosing to die emperor, rather than return to a private station, opened his veins; Aurelian died by the treachery of his secretary; Probus fell a martyr to the licentiousness of his soldiery; Diocletian died by poison or in a state of madness; while Julian fell in battle, in the flower of his age, and in the midst of a splendid career. Valens, overpowered by barbarians, fell in the field; Gratian by the hand of a traitor; Valentinian was strangled in his sleep; and Augustulus, losing his empire, was confined in a castle in Campania.

Theodoric died with horror and a disordered imagination; Mauritius and his sons by the hand of the executioner, and their heads thrown together near the forum of Constantinople, that they might putrify before they were removed. Phocas was pulled from his throne by Photinus, the imperial robe drawn over his face, and brought into

the presence of Heraclius, who ordered his hands, his arms, and his feet to be cut off; while the lifeless trunk being delivered to the soldiers, they burnt it in the public forum.

Constans the Second was assassinated in his bath; and Constantine Porphyrogenitus was murdered by order of his own mother. His eyes were dug from their sockets, and in the extasy of pain, caused by that cruel operation, he died.

Let us descend to later times.—Childeric lived eight years in exile; Charles the Sixth laboured under an alienation of mind; while Charles the Seventh starved himself for fear of being poisoned. Francis the First was led into captivity; Charles the Ninth died in despair; Henry the Fourth was assassinated; and his descendant, Louis the Sixteenth, died on the scaffold!

In Germany, Crassus was deposed; Otto the Second died of vexation; Otto the Third was poisoned by a pair of gloves; Henry the Fourth, victorious in sixty-two battles, was at length betrayed, and died in misery and distress. Frederic the First was drowned; Philip was murdered by the palatine Wittelbach; Adolph was assassinated by his nephew; Lewis, the Bavarian, was excommunicated; Wenceslaus was deposed; and Frederic of Brunswick murdered.

In Poland, Boleslaus, excommunicated by the Pope, murdered bimself; Boleslaus the Second died of grief at having lost a battle against the Russians through the cowardice of the Vayvod of Cracovia; while Premislaus was murdered by some emissaries of Brandenburg.

In Sweden, Swercher was killed by one of his servants; Erick, the holy, was slain near Upsal by Magnus, son of the king of Denmark; Swercher the Third fell in battle; Birger sought protection from a Danish king; Erick, resigning his throne, surrendered his person to his enemies; Sigismund was deposed, and declared incapable of reigning; Gustavus Adolphus died in battle against an army of Imperialists;—while Charles the Twelfth, at whose name

> The world grew pale,
> Now points a moral and adorns a tale.

Gustavus was shot at a masquerade; while his grandson plans and executes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem!

In Denmark, Swane the Third was assassinated; Christopher the First poisoned; while Christian died a prisoner in the castle of Callenburg.

In Holland, William was stabbed in his palace at Delft (A. D. 1584); Prince Maurice died in a

fit of melancholy; while the De Witts,—worthy to be ranked with princes,—were barbarously murdered by the people, and wantonly lacerated after their death.

In England, Ethelred died in battle; Edmund on the body of his murderer; Edward the Martyr was stabbed in the back by order of Elfrida; Edmund Ironside died by the treachery of two of his chamberlains; Harold lost his life and his kingdom on the plain of Hastings: while Henry the Second died of grief; he cursed the hour he was born; he uttered imprecations against his sons; and dying at the altar was forsaken by his domestics, who stript him, and left him naked in the church; Richard the First died by the hand of an archer: Edward the Second was deposed, and his son declared king in his room; he was confined at Kenelworth, and lastly in Berkeley castle, where he died in the most excruciating tortures. His son, Edward the Third, died after a life of activity and splendour, neglected and forsaken in his last moments by all his servants and favourites. Richard the Second resigned his crown; was imprisoned in Pontefract castle, and there assassinated:—Richard the Third died in the field of Bosworth with the crown on his head;—Charles the First

was beheaded, and James his son abdicated the throne.

What then are all those emoluments of ambition, that have perplexed the fancies and desires of kings, of heroes, and of statesmen, from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede?" Truly may it be said, that there are seasons, when the world mistakes even lunacy for wisdom; a jest and a riddle for fame; and cruelty and murder for honour and glory. Since the great, the august, and the magnificent, are titles, which have long become synonimous with rapine, extravagance, and murder;—their wearers neither scorning a public theft, nor blushing at a public perjury.

VIII.

Oppressed with a love of fame, but with no heart or soul to attain its real honours, he, who is goaded by military ambition, finds no punishment equal to the violence of his own passions.—He mounts a throne!—Too late he discovers, that a great fortune is a great servitude; and that it is as nearly allied to disgrace as meanness is to extravagance. Retreating into his own bosom, as a

spider retires to its web, after ransacking the globe for the gratification of his passions, he finds at length the proud eminence, he has acquired, is poorly bartered, and but ill exchanged, for the social feelings he has lost, by the dreadful passions he has gratified. Oh! for the disgust of him who, stepping behind a throne usurped, sees royalty, stript of all its tinsel, weltering on its bloody couch! Well is it for the ease and satisfaction of mankind, that there is no more a royal road to happiness than there is to geometry.

The life of military ambition is but a short, a miserable, and perplexing vision; and its best prospect but an empty monument. Shutting the door against every species of moderation, ambition, vapoured with an ignoble pride, and swelling with imaginary pomp, becomes a prey to ardent wishes, and a martyr to unbounded passions: for truly and admirably has it been said by Sallust, in his History of the Catiline Conspiracy, that it is the nature of ambition, "to make men liars and cheats; to hide the truth in their bosoms, and to shew, like jugglers, another thing in their mouths; to cut all friendships and enmities to the measure of their own interest, and to make a good countenance without the help of an amiable inclination."

Wantonly jocular in their cruelty, and cruel even in their hours of mercy, Sylla is spared and Nero is adopted, that the world may reap the benefit of Sylla's cruelty and a Nero's folly.—Yet the world, perhaps, deserves no less!—For never will men be reconciled to those, whose mental exercise is for their benefit, till the Alps sink into lakes, and the Andes dwindle into mole-hills. It was a knowledge of this afflicting truth, that induced Fontenelle with all the ardour of sincerity to declare, that if he had all the truths of the world in the palm of his hand, he would never consent to open it!

As the honour of a prince consists not in the splendour of his buildings, the number of his statues, nor the extent of his gardens, so does it not consist in the richness of his robes, nor in the flatteries of his courtiers. And as no character is more impenetrable than his, whose career has been attended by a continued series of prosperous fortune, so, unless his object has been directed to the happiness of the million, rather than to the pride and inflation of the few, treason will walk in his path; he will be a bankrupt in happiness; and an object of pity, and perhaps of contempt, even to his minions.

When we minutely examine into the state of an-

other's happiness, we pause in the midst of our miseries, and become, as it were, reconciled to the evils of our condition. The noble mourns the limited circle of his influence; he is consumed with ennui; or he grieves at the narrowness of his fortune. The rich sicken at the meanness of their origin; this bewails the largeness of his family; that with a corroded heart laments, that he has none. But all these wants and miseries are the blessings of a paradise, when compared to the wants and miseries of unbounded ambition.— Eneas Sylvius wrote a book entitled, "Miserie curialium*:" Adrian IV. declared to John of Salisbury, as Baronius informs us, that all the miseries of his former life were mere amusements, when placed in comparison with the popedom. And even Louis XIV, whom history ludicrously recognizes under the title of Louis the GREAT, condescended to envy the illustrious Fenelon. "Fenelon," says St. Pierre, "was the only man of whom Louis was jealous. And while he was sounding the war-whoop throughout Europe to excite admiration of himself; while he was stooping to be praised by poets, and remembered in

* Translated by Barclay under the title of "Eglogues on the myseryes of Courters and Courtes."

medals; celebrated in buildings, and idolized for his banquets;—the mild, the virtuous, and the wise Fenelon was commanding the admiration of the world by a single book."

Petrarch studied Cicero's two books on glory with the greatest eagerness: a book, which to have lost is no unworthy subject of regret; since it contained precepts, which, there is ample reason to suppose, would have corrected the folly of our notions in regard to the union of happiness and military glory.

The study of History, promoting the knowledge of human nature, records facts, illustrating maxims for future government. "The witness of time," says Tully, "it becomes the light of truth, the life of memory, the mistress of life, and the messenger of antiquity." When we are comparing the relative merits of historical writers, who shall we associate with Herodotus and Thucydides? where shall we meet with the perspicuous energy, and the intimate knowledge of the mind's anatomy, which distinguish Sallust; or with the dignified eloquence, the animated pictures, and the minute delineation of passion that characterizes Livy?—Taking philosophy for his guide, Tacitus, with an elevation of mind, an ardent love of free-

dom and an utter detestation of every species of oppression, enters with sarcastic severity into the actions and motives of men. No writer, justly observes Monsieur La Harpe, is so wounding to a bad king as Tacitus.

Voltaire, unworthy the name of historian, was as poetical in history. as he was mediocrè as an epic poet. Gibbon, possessing what the Abbe du Bos calls "*la poesie du style*," has the method of Quintilian with the depth and occasional sarcasm of Tacitus: but he wants that quality, solely belonging to picturesque narration, which serves to imprint every thought and every occurrence immediately on the mind, and keep it there. In reading the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, we wander, as it were, in a garden of flowers: but undetermined which to touch, we touch nothing. As we wander through, we are captivated with delicious odours; but those odours being neither tangible nor permanent, we remember that we have been charmed, but forget the name of every flower, and the quality of every odour that enchanted us.

But as history can never be read with reflection without producing horror at the turpitude, and astonishment at the folly of its principal

actors, happy,—preeminently happy,—will be the period, when history shall cease to be an useful or an amusing study. It will at once prove the virtue of the governors, and the happiness of the governed! Princes will be lovers of philosophy; magistrates will devote their time to the relative wants and duties of men; and both will be alive to the truth of that sacred axiom, which teaches, that the truly illustrious of every country are those, who have embellished it with noble sentiments, and adorned its annals with virtuous deeds.

But as history has too long been written, degrading human nature by recording the miseries, which the crimes and vices of the few have brought upon the many, it operates as a bagnio for the reception of the military; and exhibits the writers, as so many panders to the ambition of princes, and the profligacy of states. For the page of history resembles, and that but too faithfully, the following awful picture of hostility. "The neighbourhood of a great rivulet, in the heart of tropical continents," says an African traveller, "is generally the place, where all the hostile tribes of nature draw up for the engagement. On the banks of this little envied spot, thousands of animals, of various kinds, are seen venturing to quench their

thirst, preparing to seize their prey. The elephants are perceived in a long line, marching from the darker parts of the forest; the buffaloes are there depending on numbers for security; the gazelles relying solely on their swiftness; the lion and tyger waiting a proper opportunity to seize; but chiefly the larger serpents are upon guard there, and defend the accesses of the lake. Not an hour passes without some dreadful combat; but the serpent, defended by its scales, and naturally capable of bearing a multitude of wounds, is, of all others, the most formidable. It is the most watchful also; for the whole tribe sleep with their eyes open, and are consequently for ever on the watch: so that, till their rapacity is satisfied, few other animals venture to approach."

Ambition, inflamed with military lust, and growing delirious in proportion to its enjoyment, prompts the object which it inhabits, to deeds which justify us in stigmatizing warriors as being in the human system, what tygers are among animals, gluttons among birds, sharks among fishes, hornets among insects, and rattlesnakes among reptiles.

IX.

Be the name of Tomyris written in gold, or engraven on an obelisk of Parian marble!—This princess caused the head of Cyrus to be thrown into a vessel of blood:—"Glut thy thirst, monster," said she;—"since thou hast so long thirsted for blood, drink thy fill, and quench thy thirst*."—A punishment, like this, were too gentle for the Duke of Alva, and the modern Attila!—"I have always prayed to God," said the former to the king of Portugal, "that he would give me grace to destroy Saracens. I declare to your majesty, that I long to wade through rivers of their blood; and I will accompany you into Africa with pleasure."—"Citizens representatives!" said Napoleon, in a letter to Barras, Freron, and Robespierre, "Citizens representatives! upon the field of glory, my feet inundated with the blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a heart, beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France revenged. Neither sex nor age have been spared: those who escaped, or were only mutilated, by the discharge of our republican cannon, were dispatched by the swords

* Herod. i. 201.

of liberty, and the bayonets of equality.—Health and admiration!"—But in these days, Potemkin finds an apologist, Catherine a panegyrist, and Napoleon a thousand partisans. Truly has Juvenal remarked, that equal crimes have found unequal fates, and while one villain has been hanged, another has been crowned.—In these times, almost every new year has been signalised by the production of a new monster.

As barren of principle, as are the poles of vegetation; in continual mutiny with their own inordinate passions; pitiful only with intent to effect a wider and more certain ruin; and formed to stab a group of sleeping or of smiling infants;—to gain a robe of purple, and a meretricious title among men; some there are, who would crimson every valley of the earth, and derive an exquisite pleasure in striding, with rapture, over the ruins of the world. With countenances as ferocious, as those of Marius or Jugurtha, it were impossible to charm them into humanity:—they become anathemas;—and, deserving no other audience than serpents, tygers, and crocodiles, to listen to their melody, their amusements are

> To quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
> And find a music in the groans of nations.

These are men, who, if they were capable of writing, would select for the exercise of their pens subjects, relating to deserts, to blights, to gangrenes, and to poisons. Condemned to eternal sterility in all the fruits of affection; cursed with hands, labouring against every man, and rapacious of ruin;—even the few virtues they possess lose the character of virtues, as sapphires are said to lose the freshness of their beauty on the bosoms of the incontinent.—Fiercer and more untractable than the sons of Ishmael;—expecting every favour, which fortune can bestow, yet bearing evident signs of hate to all the human race;—viewing with rapture the burning of cities;—palsying every effort, with which freedom shakes the nightmare of her slavery;—every plan bespeaks a ruin;—every step creates a desert;—and while poisons operate in every fountain to cover their dishonourable diadems with a vain and worthless glory, dissatisfied in pursuit, and disgusted in enjoyment, they weep for greater worlds to conquer and to ruin!—The eye that weeps for Thammuz, is dry for Israel!—Then would they shut the faithful mouth of history;—proclaiming to the historian, that silence is a royal quality.—As well may they attempt to keep the sea from rolling, or the sun from shining:—for, as surely as the four car-

dinal points of the ecliptic mark the four seasons of the year, will they discover, when perhaps too late, that neither birth, nor wealth, nor honour, nor glory, can save their hearts from agony, nor their names from infamy.

When objects are viewed with a military eye, the finest of landscapes are degraded into ramparts, bastions, and circumvallations:—cannons speak the logic of kings; tyranny implies a glorious epitaph; while on the spot, where Attila's horse sets his foot, " the grass is doomed to wither." His tent is the box of Pandora; his march is the march of the furies; his word strikes fear and desperation into the bosom of nations; he palsies where he touches, and he withers where he breathes. And if some natural impulses of pity are at length excited, he gives to those, whom he has injured, a cloth, " dipped in the blood of" husbands and of children, wherewith to dry their tears!—Oh! mockery of ruin!

As seals delight in storms, torrents, and other conflicts of nature, so warriors riot in blood, and revel in the tears of the widow and the orphan. Every gradation of fortune, they imprint with the form and the colour of crime! And yet after all this toil and all this fury, the wonder and admiration,

excited by their exploits quickly waste from human recollection; and, like the waters of the Niger, lose themselves in a desert!—And what is the personal result?—All the flowers of Congo can never sweeten their memories; all the anodynes of the east can never lull them to repose: and, as in life, they derived " an exquisite pleasure from the grandeur of infamy," may they in death feel all the pangs, the tortures, and the horrors of unsuccessful tyrants!—

But all warriors are not Tamerlanes; nor are all statesmen of the class of Sejanus!—The observation is just.—But for one Alfred, and for one Colbert, the world has witnessed a thousand Alvas, and a thousand Alberonis. In the golden age of literature, the names of Machiavel, Tacitus, and Gibbon, will be unknown! Not for their own vices, but for the vices and crimes, they have recorded in others. The memories of Cæsar, Thamas, and Barbarossa, will be buried in oblivion, and eternal dishonour will pursue the memory of those, who in any age, and under any circumstances, have placed the crown of empire on the head of a tyrant. The human race is but little benefited, if, in loading Heliogabalus and Commodus with infamy, the memories of Charles of Sweden, and Frederic of

Prussia, are associated with glory.—Humanity draws a circle round their monuments; and hemlock and nightshade cover their epitaphs!—

X.

If the happiness of the monarch and the hero be dubious or chimerical, that of the statesman is not less problematical. "I was ignorant of the powerful charms and pleasures of a rural life," said the Chancellor de l'Hospital, who scorned a mean action, or a grovelling thought;—"I have stayed till my hair is turned grey, before I have learnt, in what condition true happiness is found. In vain would nature have bid me love tranquillity and repose, had not Heaven beheld me with a pitying eye, and disencumbered me from those shackles, which, without that friendly aid, I should perhaps never have been able to burst. If any one imagines, I thought myself happy at the period, when fortune appeared permanently attached to me, or that I deplore the loss of her splendid honours, he must be a total stranger to the feelings of my heart."

Sir John Mason was a man of great experience in public life, and no inattentive observer

of human nature in all classes of society, and in all stages of passion. Upon his death-bed he lamented the little real use, he had made of his time. "I have seen five princes," said he to his friends, "and have been privy counsellor to four. I have seen objects the most remarkable in foreign countries, and was present at most of the transactions of state for thirty years. After all this experience, I have learned, that contemplation is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate.—And were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, and my privy-counsellor's activity for a hermit's retirement."—Such were the opinions of a man, whose genius and experience were well qualified to ascertain with justice the value of those things, which we may reckon almost among the nothings.

"Habits, titles, and dignities," says Dr. Jortin, "are visible signs of invisible merits:"—and, in the first bloom of their enjoyment, whisper even to those, who wear them, the truth of that passage in Epictetus, wherein he compares fortune to a woman of quality, who prostitutes her person to the grasp of menials. Those, who richly merit those titles and dignities, starve for their

fame; and a meagre statue* is their only reward. But, as a recompense for their fate, posterity hang over their memories with a pleasure, equal to that calm and languid delight, with which we contemplate the images of rich and poetical minds.

Whatever be his rank, his wealth, or his ability, no one can be esteemed fortunate, who has no ties of friendship, of blood, or of humanity, to chain him to existence.—He creeps upon the earth as a worm!—The sun sets, the evening star rises, flowers expand, and the autumnal moon lulls all nature; but to him every joy is in perspective, his bosom is void, and his heart is cheerless:—for no one hails him as a friend, and no one regards him as as a brother, or benefactor.

Well and often has it been said, that the world is a wilderness to him, who is destitute of a friend. A wilderness too, not of flowers or of plants, of rocks and of mountains, wild, yet not remote from beauty or sublimity; but a wilderness of weeds, or a sterile, parched, and burning desert. In the deepest recess of nature, he, on the contrary, who feels the fine impulses of the heart, wanders not alone. In the midst of a court, the

* Imagine macra. *Juv.* Sat. vii.

statesman nauseates the smile and the whisper, which invade him, unless his heart acknowledges to his judgment, that his glory is not wanting in the applause of those, for whose interests and happiness it ought to be his pride, and his glory to labour.

I know, that our expectations are vain, and our hopes idle, when we presume to expect *common* men to concentrate their hopes, wishes, and interests, in the duties of a patriot! But I would whisper in the ear of a minister of state,—that if he would satisfy his hopes, his wishes, and his interests, completely and to the consummation of them all, he will divest himself of every thought, that has not a collateral, if not an immediate direction, for the interests of the country, whose minister he is.

If he perform this imperative duty, rewards of every kind are sure to follow:—rank, riches, and honour. Rank, conferred by his prince; riches, in the gratitude of his fellow-citizens; and honour, that will carry him through the heart of an enemy's country. Like the chryso-magnet of Strada, he will attract iron and gold, wherever he goes:—for as is the diamond among stones, roses among flowers, and the bird of Paradise among birds, so

is patriotism the best and most beautiful of all the virtues.

XI.

If the ancients gave strength to Hercules, beauty to Venus, and sublimity to Jupiter;—virtue combines the qualities of them all, and is to happiness, what the sculptor is to his marble, the painter to his canvass, and the musician to his instrument. It is the best of all escutcheons, as education is the best of all inheritances.—A quality, without which, the patent of a dukedom were but an imaginary distinction.—And as Newtonian mathematics open the widest road to mechanical science, its practice forms the vestibule to every honour, and confers more dignity, than all the stars, ribbands and crescents, which decorate the nobility of England, Germany, or Turkey. Like the harps of Milton, virtue is always in tune. She strikes the chords, and melody lulls us in private, and harmony in public. Like the flowers of Congo, at the rising and setting of the sun, she charms the senses with delightful odours:—she is an armour to the soul,

as health is an armour to the body: she engenders a beauty in those, who practise her precepts, and renders every object, which depreciates her, despicable and ugly.

Hence it arises, that nothing is more beautiful to our imagination and perception, than the virtuous feelings of women, and the noble actions of men. From this union proceeds that refinement of delight, which we experience, while dwelling on the memories of Alfred and Piastus, Hambden and Washington; and of such women as Madame Roland, Lady Jane Gray, and Madame Elizabeth. For though material objects have the power of administering to some of our best receivers of pleasure, yet, as they derive that power solely from their faculty of producing in the mind references to intellectual beings; it follows, of necessity, that the deeds and sentiments of correlative Beings themselves must have a more immediate and enlarged power of producing those emotions of delight, than objects, which possess only secondary relations. Birds delight more in the beauty, society, language and actions of birds, than in the contemplation of the leaves, copses, and thickets, in which they reside. Such

also are the relative pleasures of insects, fishes, and animals.—The affection indeed runs through the whole region of animated nature.—

Hence it ensues, that every one, even though his mother were an Ethiop or an Esquimaux, that excites our benevolence, our esteem, our friendship or our love, is, in proportion to the degree of affection that he excites, a literal benefactor. Since the pleasure, he awakens from the exercise of those affections, contributes essentially to our comfort and happiness.

He, therefore, who feels these natural obligations, glides on in adversity calmly and innocently;—in prosperity, in a dream of continual content. His virtue smiles;—his religion is the personification of gentleness;—his heart is peace: —and his errors and his foibles, leaning to weakness, rather than to vice, his misfortunes settle into repose; even as the Teverone, after falling from rock to rock, glides smoothly into the Tiber.

Attentive, through all the mazes of existence, to that fine moral doctrine of Marcus Aurelius, that the grand business of man is to direct his manners, to command his passions, and improve his mental energies;—when life lingers on old

age, with far greater propriety than Anacreon, may he exclaim with all the fervour of truth,—

> Though to my head the snows of age have hung,
> Yet my gay heart for ever makes me young.

XII.

As our sole capability of measuring time originates and consists in the observance of the heavenly bodies; so, in measuring happiness, the only criterion, by which comparative degrees can be formed, is the relative proportion of virtue and vice:—between the powers and effects of which two operators, there being as wide and as striking a contrast, as there is in the exhibition of a humming-bird near the extended wings of an eagle, or of a Lapland insect on the trunk of an elephant.

Viewed through the prism of virtue,—the true poetry of the heart!—all that men wish is reduced to its level; all that men obtain is measured by its worth: and when our passions rise in rebellion against us, this being the only guide to the city of refuge, she springs to our assistance with as much relievo, as the Venus of Philostratus sprang from

the canvass. In her is centred all, that dignifies man in the finest blush of manhood, and all that can render him just, and venerable in age.

Such is her aspect in the character of Agrippa; a man whose duties are synonymous with his pleasures; for his pleasures are studious in virtues:—both being, as it were, instinctive in his nature. A love of order, producing self-government, displayed in the silence of every passion, arms him with the peace and courage of innocence. Gifted with a great and vigorous mind, he has raised himself superior to those low and degrading cares, which operate on common minds, and bend them to the earth: while wisdom is the chief, the only sign of age, of which his frame is conscious. Synonymous with beauty, disarming adversity of its poison, and shining with all the divine effulgence of an Apollo, Virtue wears in him an aspect

> ———— Not terrible,
> But solemn and sublime.
>
> *Par. Lost.* xi. 326.

He is the mirror of mental excellence, as a young, a beautiful, and good woman is the Alpha and Omega of perfection.

Bearing a just relation between promise and performance, precept and practice; pouring a per-

petual sunshine over "a spotless mind;" and engendering some of the sweetest satisfactions of the heart, Virtue becomes the '*green*' of the soul; and attracts happiness as naturally, as beauty attracts love, and magnificence commands admiration.

Teaching a benevolence beyond the affections of man, she boasts an eloquence even beyond the powers of oratory. The word 'enjoyment' is written on her forehead; and her results, like the pine-tree of Madeira, are sweet to the smell, beautiful to the eye, and grateful to the palate. Awakening images, of which all the elegant and wise are enamoured, she charms our youth, fascinates our manhood, and "rocks the cradle of reposing age:" for being, like the order of Ionia, the harmonizing medium between the delicate and the strong, the simple and the magnificent, she is as beautiful as the Metang of China*, or Le Brun's Mountains of Alabaster†. —Touch but one string of her harp, and all the finer nerves vibrate in unison.

Acquiring for us friends, for whose vices and conduct we never have reason to blush; and every gift, which she bestows, being accompanied by a

* Called the king of flowers.

† Seen about 150 leagues west of Archangel.

flower, she becomes as much the foundation of happiness, as arithmetic and geometry are the foundations of mathematics. In private life, she bears the impress of beauty;—in public, the form and character of sublimity. Her rewards are eternal; and that her smiles denote the expression of some curious felicity is a canon as just, as the system of Polycletus was the system of accurate proportions.

The four beatitudes are science, courage, health, and virtue. The latter charms our imagination, as much as when we say of Hortensia, that she is the beautiful wife of an illustrious man. So necessary is she to all our practical notions of happiness, that a long series of vice is imperiously necessary to eradicate the love and admiration of her. Hence Collins makes her the daughter of truth and wisdom;—and hence it becomes the duty and the interest of mankind to exalt our capability of its attainment, as one grand medium of exalting the nature and character of man. Her rewards are not only certain, as we have before remarked, but eternal: whereas the enjoyments of vice, or of pleasure, are not only uncertain, but even when actually indulged, are but perishing.

Engendering ideas, which language has no

terms to express, and feelings, which the noble and the just alone are enabled to recognize, she sheds a lustre even over the turf of a peasant; and operating as the best consolation for the ingratitude of man, neither "death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things past, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature," shall be able to separate her image from glory, nor her glory from happiness.

XIII.

There is no man so good, but that he labours under a vice; nor any so criminal, who cannot boast of a virtue:—none are there so wise, who have not their prevailing follies; nor is there any one so weak, who is not capable of occasional energy. There is no garden destitute of weeds; nor is there a desert, which has not its useful, its medicinal, and beautiful productions.

Inflated with the pomp of their own shadow; bowed to the earth with the weight of their own ignorance; or lost in hopeless insignificance, some men there are, who become the butterflies of a frivolous circle, or the armadillos of a malicious one. Hurried through the journey of

life, without conceiving one thought, or performing one deed worthy of remembrance, they love the world, because it is an ample theatre for their wants and passions. Who would embark in the same vessel with men, so lost to every generous sentiment as these?—Ever discontented, inquisitive, and loud, they are vain in proportion to their ignorance, and impertinent in proportion to their presumption. Ignorance is the only Paradise they know. Admiring nothing; esteeming nothing; and loving no one;—they whisper to the *candid*, murmur to the ignorant, and babble to the envious. Ever at war with genius and with excellence, danger attends wherever they march. Envious without an object; malignant without previous injury; unworthy to live, and still more unprepared to die, they impose a tax on every good and elevated man. To do good, and to do evil, are equally liable to the censure of such persons as these;—for our friends will much sooner forgive us our faults, than these men will forgive us our virtues.

In the midst of this error of nature, however, one rich, superlative, consolation remains. If we do evil, we smart under the lash of the good:—an evil to be remedied by reformation. If we do

good, we move under the lash of the vicious, whose applause is at all times a disgrace, and whose censure is always an honour. Their praise is an apology for shunning them;—and their good fortune is one of the strongest and most effective arguments in favour of atheism.—And yet these men are so weak, so ignorant, so ridiculous and presuming, as to expect to be happy!—

Pride, which, as Cowley says, debauches the judgment, is "the never-failing vice of fools!"—Swelling the body in proportion to its emptiness, it is as naturally joined with folly, as repentance is married to intemperance. Operating, as duly combined lenses of a compound microscope, it overstrains distinctions, and sinks the soul in proportion to its impotence. True to their pride, and constant to their follies, profuse in little and in worthless ornaments, or dreaming in the vile repose of idleness, the men, whose minds are bloated with the dreams of imaginary consequence, think themselves as great, as the mountains which they climb.—But their bodies cast no shadow!

Occupying the space between animal and vegetable life, and starting with a curious horror at the very idea of abstinence, their folly, destined to a fugitive existence, is but the harbinger

of the dumb palsy. Unconscious, that pride and dignity are as distinct from each other, as a planet during its transit is from the body it eclipses, the shade of their consequence melts into air without even their own knowledge; for truly may we remark, that we may be objects of the most contemptuous ridicule all the days of our lives, and yet remain ignorant of our folly to the day of our death. The man of pride has a petulant infancy, an arrogant manhood, and a repenting age:—but " repentance comes too late, when the city of Basra lies in ashes." " We " rise in glory," says Dr. Young, with a fine antithesis, " as we sink in pride:"—If we would correct ourselves, therefore, of that mean, that despicable, and repulsive vice, we have only to study a flower, observe the economy of an insect, or watch the phases of Venus.

XIV.

Agreeable emotions and sensations may be divided into three orders: those of pleasure, which refer to the senses;—those of harmony, which refer to the mind;—and those of happiness, which are the natural result of an union between harmony and pleasure: the former being

exercised in virtue;—the latter in temperance. Harmony is principally enjoyed by those men, who possess, what has analogically been termed, taste;—which Mr. Melmoth defines "that universal sense of beauty, which every man in some degree possesses, rendered more exquisite by genius and more correct by cultivation." It is very remarkable, says Dr. Akenside, "that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to that of the imagination:—that those, who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral.—While those, who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue, and the sympathies of a domestic life." Exciting a love of true glory, and an admiration of every nobler virtue, taste exalts the affections, and purifies our passions;—clothes a private life in white, and a public one in purple.—Adding a new feature, as it were, to the pomp, the bloom, and the exuberance of nature, it enables the mind to illumine what is dark, and to colour what is faded:—giving a lighter yellow to the topaz, a more celestial blue to the sapphire, and a

deeper crimson to the ruby, it imparts a higher brilliance to the diamond, and a more transparent purple to the amethyst.

Bearing a price, which only the heart and the imagination can estimate, and being the mother of a thousand chaste desires, and a thousand secret hopes, taste strews flowers in the paths of literature and science; and breathing inexpressive sounds, and picturing celestial forms, qualifies the hour of sorrow, by inducing that secret sense of cheerfulness, which, in its operation,—

> Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
> And joining nature's general song,
> Through many a varying tone unfolds
> The harmony of human souls.

XV.

In respect to the superior enjoyments, which are to be derived from society and solitude, the particular results must necessarily be deduced from the tastes and the habits of particular minds. The world is a sphere for activity and ambition; —retirement for content, benevolence, and enjoyment.—Both have their uses and their inconveniences;—both have their pains and their pleasures.—To be able to mix and to contend with the world, on terms of equality, is an advantage,

involving uses of the first magnitude;—but it is a still more important attainment, as Charon has justly observed, and shews a well-composed mind, "when a man loves to keep company with himself:—and a virtue, as well as an advantage, to take satisfaction and content in that enjoyment." To men, who mix pleasantry with gravity, without degenerating into folly; and to those, who conceive, that they widen the sphere of their own happiness, by contributing to the innocent amusement of others;—to those, who inherit, with their estates, a taste for the elegant and the beautiful, solitude, which to others is a scene of idleness and ennui, becomes a sphere for continual mental activity, and the asylum of health, quiet, and innocence: while in its expression of felicity, it resembles a bee-hive, situated on the edge of a rivulet, shaded by trees, in the centre of a desert.

Meditating some noble work, the man of genius steals from the busy haunts of men;—and in the quiet of retirement cultivates some art or science, or completes the execution of some great design *.—Converting the silence of solitude into

* Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem, comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.—*Plin. Ep.*

Is mihi demum vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo

golden moments, he meditates on past labours, or matures designs for future excellence. From such objects, and from such amusements, some of those pure and exalted pleasures are enjoyed, which, arising from the union of a cultivated imagination, and an uncorrupted heart, form a full and perfect diapason. Far from the tumults of active life, the lover of nature and philosophy, though poor, perhaps, in worldly wealth, yet rich in mental endowments, may be compared to a traveller, who from the summit of the Andes sees the lightning flash over his head, and hears the thunder rolling at his feet. Untouched and uninjured, his hours glide, like the splendour of a summer's evening, when the sun, sinking behind the hill, the clouds are dipped in dyes of purple and vermilion.

"If we should be told," says Barthelemy, 'that two strangers, cast by chance on a desert island, had found in the society of each other a pleasure, which indemnified them for being se-

negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.—*Sallust. de Bel. Cat.*

Aptissima sunt in hoc nemora, sylvæque quòd illa cœli libertas, locorumque amœnitas sublimem animum, & beatiorem spiritum parent. *Cic.*

cluded from the rest of the world:—if we should be told, that there exists a family, entirely occupied in strengthening the ties of consanguinity by the bonds of friendship:—if we should be told, that there exists, in some corner of the earth, a people, who knew no other law, than that of loving each other, nor any other crime, than that of being wanting in mutual affection;—who would think of commiserating the lot of the two shipwrecked friends?—and who would not wish to belong to that happy family?"—The Essenes appear to have arrived nearer to this state of primitive simplicity and happiness, than any other order. Of all philosophers, ancient or modern, these appear to have been the most practically excellent. It is in vain, that we look for their prototypes, their equals, or their imitators.—Those excellent men reduced all moral and religious obligation to three general duties:—veneration to God;—an admiration of virtue;—and a love of mankind. They adopted other people's children, but never married themselves;—they despised wealth, and individually possessed none: —residing in solitude, they had a community of goods, and a common treasury. In all instances they were true to their word, without the form or

obligation of oaths. Living upon vegetables, herbs, and bread, they enjoyed life to an extended age, amusing themselves in the study of plants, and other branches of physiology. They were not only theoretical but practical philosophers, in their observance of duty and respect to the Deity, and in their strict integrity in the obligations of man to man.

Society engenders a love of retirement, solitude a partial appetite for society: the one is a corrective of the other, and the union of both operates, as an antidote to misanthropy.

> Oh! happy he!—whom, when his years decline,
> ——————————the peaceful groves
> Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
> Receive to rest—of all ungrateful cares
> Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd!
>
> *Art of Health*, B. iii. l. 114.

In the same manner as sleep restores the lubricating fluid, which strong exercise causes to evaporate, retirement corrects the weariness of labour, and restores those energies, which have been impaired by constant exertion:—retirement, not inactively enjoyed: for where idleness prevails, vice prevails; and where vice is long tolerated, crime

walks with gigantic stride over all the land. It was a knowledge of this, which actuated that great and good man, who, after a life of alternate ease and labour, caused the following inscription to be engraven upon his monument :—"*Here lies one, who was of some use in the world, though he was never known in it.*"

Retirement, which is equally, and even far more valuable to the insulted patriot, than to the private gentleman, may be enjoyed to as much effect in a large city, as in the most retired hamlet of the Friuli mountains. Hence Des Cartes assured Balzac, that he walked every day in Amsterdam with as much tranquillity, as he could do in the green alleys of his country-seat.

In the solitude of Paris lately resided the illustrious Kosciusko! In his youth he was enamoured of a young lady of exquisite beauty, who returned his passion. Her relatives forbade his addresses, and she was united to one of the Polish princes. Smarting under the agonies of disappointed love, Kosciusko sought to recover his tranquillity in active life. Animated with an ardent love of freedom, he embarked for America, and formed a distinguished friendship with Washington and Franklin. At the close of the American war, he returned to

Poland. On the theatre of his native soil, he fought the battles of his country with determined resolution: fate, however, had decreed the ruin of Poland!—and, after many reverses, in which he displayed all the energies of a great mind, the talents of a consummate warrior, and the enthusiasm of a patriot, he fell covered with wounds. Upon opening his eyes, after lying some time in a state of insensibility, finding himself in the power of his enemies, he requested them to terminate his existence; since life was become a burthen too heavy to be endured. The soldiers, however, pitied his misfortunes, and observed towards him a profound respect. He was conveyed to Petersburg! Sunk deep in crime—matchless in all the worst vices of a woman,—Catherine, irritated that any one should have presumed to oppose her despotism, cast him into a dungeon. There this martyr to all the best feelings of human nature lingered, in all the extremity of cold and want; till death—that unerring balancer of all distinctions!—arrested the progress of the empress. Upon the accession of Paul, he was liberated. But his country existing no longer, after many trials he resolved to hide his grief and his indignation in a city, which contained many of the most conspicuous men in Europe, to several of whom

he was personally known. In the heart of one of the largest cities in the world, he enjoyed, in the most profound solitude, as much peace, as the remembrance of what his country once was would allow him to enjoy. But when the sun of liberty has set, there is, as Addison finely observes, " no rank so dignified as a private station."

Retirement is the only theatre for literary men! There they are as beautiful, as swans in their natural element; and, for the most part, as awkward and inelegant out of it. In this theatre—" IF FATE BUT GRANT THEM A SUBSISTENCE!"—they exhibit the simplicity and proportion of the Doric order.

Though retirement is the only place, in which we can correctly judge of the actions and the motives of men, we must embellish that seclusion with a previous knowledge of the world, or our opinions will be founded on a wrong data.—Travelling over countries, without reflection, is not seeing the world!—We may journey from London to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to Prague, and in our return wander to Vienna, Brussels, Paris, and Madrid, and know nothing at last! Hence it was with propriety observed of Lord Anson, that though he had been round the world, yet had he never been in it! I remember hearing Cleanthes

boast, that he had seen a vast deal of the world, because he had voyaged to Ceylon, to India, and to China. A great mass of water he had seen, to be sure!—but sailing over water, and rattling over land, do not of themselves give a knowledge of the world!—No!—we must see, speak, and act with men;—hear their sentiments;—see how their passions operate; and observe how great minds exercise themselves over little ones;—we must not only see and hear, but we must reason upon what we hear and see:—above all, we must suffer!—a knowledge of the world is never bought in prosperity.

And here we may be permitted to remark, that a man "of the world," and a man "who has seen the world," are two different beings; though they are so frequently confounded with each other, by the vain and the illiterate. The one can smile and tolerate a villain;—the other knows the secrets of the heart, in all its wilds and recesses, smiles at the folly of men, avoids temptation, and preserves himself.

XVI.

The following picture exhibits the happiness of a man, who, having seen mankind in many coun-

tries and in many attitudes, retired at last into the bosom of philosophy with a woman, whom he had long loved, and who had given him many striking instances of elevated attachment. The happiness, he enjoyed is in the power of everyone, who, to a competence, has sufficient discrimination to select and to estimate a virtuous woman; experience enough to feel the value of a moderate fortune; and taste to prefer the simple enjoyments of life to those more costly and more fatal pleasures, which debase the mind, corrupt the heart, and enervate the body.

Never do I meditate on the happiness of this elegant and accomplished pair, but I recal to mind that beautiful passage in Langhorne, where he compares connubial love to a stream flowing through a vale, with flowers blushing on its banks, overhung with boughs, " pure in its source, and temperate in its sway;" flowing continually, yet never emptying its urn!

Among the mountains, that separate the canton of Underwalden from that of Lucerne, Nature appears to have fixed the abode of eternal tranquillity. Retired in the bosom of a woody valley stands a cottage, like the nest of a nightingale among branches of myrtles. In this beautiful spot

which seems as if it formed the entrance into Paradise, resided Mons. and Madame St. Agnes—

> Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
> Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
> In blissful solitude.
>
> *Par. Lost.* b. iii. l. 67.

Were we to alter the sex, no lines could be found more applicable, when applied to Madame St. Agnes, than the following:—they belong to Ariosto. Speaking of Zerbino, he says—

> Non è un si bello, &c. &c.
>
> *Orl. Furios.* c. x. st. 84.

> No form so graceful can your eyes behold;
> For nature form'd him, and destroy'd the mould.
>
> HOOLE.

While travelling through Switzerland in the year 1793, our friend, La Fontaine, honoured them with a visit. The following is the account he gave of this happy, elegant, and respectable pair. They have two children; one son, and one daughter. The cottage, in which they reside, is screened from the north by high rocks and mountains:—on the east are observed several groups of stately sycamores: in the front is a small garden, through which glides a current of water, which imparts a de-

lightful coolness even in the middle of summer. Towards the west is an orchard, planted with the choicest fruits of the country; while from the south to the south-west stretches one of the most beautifully wooded valleys, it is possible to imagine. On the portal of the cottage is inscribed—

——————— HORIS
DUCERE SOLLICITÆ JUCUNDA OBLIVIA VITÆ.

Over the chimney-piece is carved in Roman characters,

INNOCUAS AMO DELICIAS DOCTAMQ. QUIETEM.

In an alcove, at the west end of the garden,

HIC SECURA QUIES.
DIVES OPUM VARIARUM.
NESCIA FALLERE VITA.
MOLLES SUB ARBORE SOMNI.

In this humble, yet elegant retreat, Monsieur and Madame St. Agnes have resided several years; enjoying every real blessing that fortune can bestow :—health—cultivated minds—beautiful chil-

dren—competence—respectful neighbours—and a small circle of acquaintances, equal in station, and respectability.

If you would behold paintings by the first masters, rich furniture, sumptuous tables, and expensive dresses;—you must not visit the cottage of Madame St. Agnes. But, if you would stoop to be delighted with neatness, order, and economy, in no place will you witness them to such decided perfection. The amusements of this excellent lady bespeak the purity of her taste, and the innocence of her heart. She rises with the first blush of morning, and enters the bed-rooms of her children, while they are yet sleeping. Having assisted her servant to wash and to dress them, she leads them into her dressing-room, where she devotes a short time to the exercise of religious duties. In the mean time, breakfast has been prepared; and Monsieur, upon returning from his morning walk, has the felicity of meeting his wife and his children, glowing with all the charms of happiness and health. The active portion of the day succeeds. Madame, ever attentive to cleanliness and order, is never idle. Her children, her books, her birds and her flowers, command alternate attention. Monsieur, on the other hand, engages himself in his

garden, his farm, or his orchard. Sometimes he devotes the principal portion of the day to fishing, hunting, or shooting: and when the weather prevents more active pursuits, his pen and his library are constant sources of benefit and amusement. Dinner is always served with comfort and economy. From this time till six, he employs himself in playing with his children; in improving them in social precept; in exercising their memories; in hearing them repeat detached pieces of poetry; or in reading select portions of history. When the weather permits, the whole family take tea under the shade of an old beech-tree, at the foot of the garden. It is impossible to witness a more agreeable sight, than that of Monsieur and Madame St. Agnes, sitting on the edge of a rock, which juts over a small meadow, in which several of their sheep and cows are grazing, employed in watching the sun, sinking into the lake, and seeming to enjoy every moment as it flows along. When they return to the cottage, Monsieur devotes the remainder of the evening to reading, writing, or meditating. Madame, on the other hand, listens to her children's innocent conversation, and never quits them till they sink to slumber. The happy pair then partake of a slight

supper, and, after a day of cheerfulness and comfort, retire to rest within each other's arms.—In possession of so many sources of happiness, he, who would not be content, would not be happy in the Elysian fields!

XVII.

To be happy, after the true manner of happiness, what is required farther, than a moderate competence, gentle affections, and a cultivated mind?—Let us then ridicule, with all the point and severity of sarcasm, that ambitious, or that sordid soul, who would presume to be happy without contentment, and without the affections. To be happy, and yet to be insensible of esteem, of love, or of affection?—monstrous prodigality of ignorance! As well may we expect that pearls will grow upon hemlock, moss out of ebony, or laurels out of alabaster!—Take the affections away, and what, in the name of heaven, remains to us?—What? why heat, and cold, and hunger, and thirst, and envy, and ingratitude, and ambition of the vilest sort!—admirable inheritances!

Possessing happiness—if we would increase it, we must endeavour to add to the happiness of

others: for, in proportion that we communicate, we receive: in the same manner as the magnet, by imparting its qualities, increases the quantity of its own magnetism.

Friendship and love we owe to all good persons in general; but if we would enjoy those elevated affections to the highest measure of perfection, we must, in the common intercourse of life, confine the former to one man, and the latter to one woman. In possession of these, our grand and most fortunate aim must invariably be directed to their ease, comfort, and pleasure: for the wish to dispense happiness renders the mind not unworthy of being associated with angels; and as every act of beneficence multiplies the ties, which connect us more intimately with humanity, the more we live for others, as Plato so often and so forcibly inculcates, the more do we live for ourselves.

On this one principle, the whole science of human happiness depends. There are collateral causes, however, which, contributing in a greater or a less degree, according to the taste and feeling of each particular person, operate, with no slight influence, in rendering that happiness of a more refined and perfect order.

These we may refer to those peculiar pleasures, which certain minds derive from a cultivation of the liberal arts, a love of learning, and from a deep, or even limited, research into the secrets of nature, under the general name of science. To these subjects, my dear Lelius, I presume to invite your willing attention:—taking care, at the same time, to premise, that it is no part of my province to give an analysis of each art or science; but merely to shew in what manner they may collectively administer to some of our best receivers of pleasure.

THE LIBERAL ARTS.

"A DEAD, inactive piece of matter—a flower, that withers—a river, that glides away—a palace, that hastens to its ruin—a picture, made up of fading colours—and a mass of shining ore—strike our imagination, and make us sensible of their existence: we regard them as objects capable of giving us pleasure, but we consider not that God conveys, through them, all the pleasures which we imagine they give us."

Such observations are worthy the pen of that writer, who could plan and execute Telemachus, and who could charm our judgment, and elevate our imagination, in that most beautiful essay, demonstrating the existence, wisdom, and omnipotence of God! For too apt are we to reason, as men have reasoned before us, and, claiming credit for delegated powers, to overlook the Creator in our admiration of his agent.

But, having referred all primary praise to our great Original, we are permitted to pay a secondary homage to the genius of man—a source to

which, in the pride and ignorance of our practice, we too often and too willingly attribute the rise, the progress, and perfection of Architecture and Painting, of Sculpture, and of Music —The influence of these liberal arts upon his mind, his manners, and affections, constitutes the subject of the following Part.

OF ARCHITECTURE.

I.

The building of cities may be truly styled a royal amusement. Solomon founded Tadmor; Omri, Samaria; Hiel, Jericho; and Jeroboam, Sechem in Mount Ephraim. Alesius, the friend of Agamemnon, built Alsium; Adrian, Adrianople; Seleucus, Seleucia; Antenor founded Padua; and Dido, Carthage. The building of this city is admirably described by Virgil *.

Alexander built one city in honour of his horse, and another in honour of his dog. But his motive for rebuilding Platæa was honourable to his character, since he raised that city from its ruins, be-

* Eneid i. 425.

cause its former inhabitants had made a present of their territory to the Greeks, in order that they might fight the cause of liberty on their own lands *.

Cæsar rebuilt Corinth, and recolonized Carthage, because he was grieved at their fallen condition: while Pyrrhus founded a city in Epirus, as an acknowledgment of favours received of Ptolemy and Berenice. When Hannibal was at the court of Antiochus, he pointed out to that prince a happy spot for a city, and advised him to take advantage of so eligible a situation. Charmed with the idea, Antiochus requesting Hannibal to undertake its superintendence, a fine city reared itself in a short time from its foundations, was called Artaxata, and made the capital of Armenia.

Diodorus Siculus informs us, that many successive kings were ambitious of increasing the city of Thebes, and of embellishing it with gold and silver, with ivory, and a vast number of colossal statues. Julian decorated Paris, and raised it to the rank of a capital; and Augustus adorned the city of Rome with such taste and magnificence, that it was his frequent boast that he had found it of wood, but that he should leave it of marble. He

* Plut. in Vit. Alexand.

had once an idea of rebuilding Troy; to dissuade him from which, Horace is supposed to have written an ode, in which he introduces Juno declaring, in the council of the gods, that if any one, in the excess of his zeal, should presume to repair the walls of Ilion, the walls should be destroyed as often as they were repaired.

Themistocles enjoyed great pleasure in rebuilding Athens, after its destruction by the Persians:—he erected several temples, and formed the Pyreus into a harbour. At a subsequent period Pericles was made surveyor of the public works; and, during his administration, edifices were erected, each of which, as Plutarch observes, would seem to have required the labour of an age. Nothing provoked the malice of his enemies more than these monuments of public munificence, and there was scarcely a crime, of which they did not, in the officiousness of their malice, openly or covertly accuse him.

In answer to all these slanders, Pericles was accustomed to reply, that "as the state was provided for all the necessaries of war, its superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which, during their execution, would

diffuse an universal plenty. For as so many kinds of labour, and such a variety of instruments and materials, were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and at the same time be adorned and supported by itself *."

Cesar took merit to himself for building the Forum of Rome †, which, as a splendid monument of the arts, did more honour to his memory than all his victories. This city at length, by the munificence of the state, became so magnificent, that Caractacus, king of the Britons, was absolutely lost in astonishment when he saw its palaces and temples, and could not forbear expressing his amazement that the Romans, who possessed so many splendid palaces of their own, should envy the wretched huts and cabins of the Britons.

* Plut. in Vit. Pericles.

† Plin. 37.—Suet. in Vit. Ces. c. 28.

II.

ARCHITECTURE—

> ——Where most magnificent appears
> The little builder—MAN——

is one of those arts by which a nation indicates its progress in refinement. "The history of architecture," says a modern writer*, "like that of the other arts, marks out the progression of manners. Among the DORIANS it carried with it the austerity of their national character, which displayed itself in their language and music. The IONIANS added to its original simplicity an elegance which has excited the universal admiration of posterity. The CORINTHIANS, a rich and luxurious people, not contented with former improvements, extended the art to the very verge of vicious refinement; and thus (so connected in their origin are the arts, so similar in their progress and revolutions) the same genius produced those three characters of style in architecture which Dionysius of Halicarnassus, one of the most judicious critics of Greece, remarked in its language. The DORIANS exhibited an order of building like the style of their Pindar—like Eschylus—like Thucydides. The

* Burgess on the Study of Antiquities.

CORINTHIANS gave their architecture that appearance of delicacy and effeminate refinement which characterizes the language of Isocrates. But the IONIANS struck out that happy line of beauty which, partaking of the one without its harshness, and the elegance of the other without its luxuriance, exhibited that perfection of style which is adjudged to Homer and his best imitators."

This art gives employment to the poor, and elegant amusement to the rich. These effects were observable in many parts of Pontus and Bithynia, when Pliny went thither as proconsul: since many of the principal personages, in those provinces, were emulating each other in decorating their native cities, in a manner to invite the attention and applause of the accomplished stranger. A forum and an aqueduct were building at Nicomedia; a gymnasium and a theatre at Nice; an immense aqueduct at Sinope; and public and private baths were erecting at Claudiopolis and Prusa.

This was one of the few passions, in which the Emperor Trajan delighted to indulge. Trajan!—whose private letters display more of his virtues, than all the writings of historians, or the panegyric of Pliny! This accomplished prince invited all the artists of his immense empire to contribute

to the decoration of his buildings; of which the forum at Rome, the arch of Ancona, and his bridge over the Danube, were splendid monuments of his taste, his genius, and his public virtue.

Hadrian distinguished himself in the same manner, and hence was called "*the wall-flower.*" Herodes, who acquired the appellation of Atticus, expended the whole of his immense fortune in architectural pursuits. He erected a theatre at Corinth; a temple in honour of Neptune in the Isthmus; and baths and aqueducts at Thermopylæ: while the people of Canusium, Epirus, Thessaly, and Bœotia, were equally grateful to the elegant and accomplished Herod, for numerous instances of architectural magnificence.

From such architects as Trajan, Hadrian, and Herod, Vitruvius anticipated his receipt for the constitution of a good architect. In the present day in vain would be required the study of law, of history, medicine, music, and astronomy, though an architect were a mason, unless he possesses a competent knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, philosophy, and optics.

Sancho I. of Portugal acquired the title of "The Restorer of Cities," for his zeal in rebuilding and repairing those cities, which had been destroyed during the wars, in which Portugal had been in-

volved. But of all builders, the greatest were Seleucus and Probus. The former founded no less than thirty-four cities, and enlarged several more; while the latter rebuilt seventy cities in the short space of seven years.

III.

From elevated, let us descend to humbler life: from men, who indulge their passion for their pride, to those, who can exercise it only for their use. For though it requires the patronage of states for its perfection, architecture is not degraded, when it is employed for the purposes of convenience; which, being the cause of its origin, implies an union of fitness and beauty.

When Socrates built himself a small house, he was reproached for it! "Small as it is," said he, "I wish I were capable of filling it with friends." And when Ariosto erected a house in the city of Ferrara, which was remarkable, neither for size nor for splendour, one of his friends enquired, with some degree of astonishment, how he, who had described so many palaces, rich in all the splendour of decoration, could stoop to live in one so humble and undignified; he replied, "a small lodging is enough for me;" and taking his friend

by the hand, and leading him to the portico, he desired him to read the following inscription:—

> Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
> Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus.

The Romans, from living simply, and in humble residences, became, of a sudden, remarkable for the costliness of their houses. This passion was for some time resisted by the elder portion of the senate; and they did not hesitate to levy a fine upon Æmilius Porsina, for erecting a house at Alsium, which they considered far too magnificent for a private person.

Their villas, however, became so costly at last, that the riches of entire cities were not unfrequently wasted upon them: and their poets, taking ideas from real objects before them, described others, which were esteemed even worthy the residence of deities themselves*. Horace reproves the luxury of his age in building palaces, which he thought himself justified in calling "*regiæ moles*," and which more resembled cities, than private residences. He closes the ode with contrasting the architectural luxury of his own times, with the

* ———— Si verbo audacia detur,
Non metuam magni dixisse palatia cœli.

chastity and frugality of former ages*. Cicero has some beautiful remarks on the propriety of suiting the building to the fortune of the proprietor, and on the rules of general hospitality†:—while Sallust, in his epistle to Cæsar, observes most admirably, that "*to set up a fine house or a villa, and to adorn it with buildings and statues, and to have every thing excellent, except the master, is not to have riches an honour to him, but to be himself a disgrace to them.*"

The poets, to whom every thing producing elegant, bold, and striking ideas, is an object for the exercise of their imagination, succeed only in description of the *external* structure: for minute intricacies of internal arrangement distract their powers, and are unworthy of their genius. Homer has given an instance of his skill, in the description of Priam's palace; and Pope exercises his genius in erecting a temple for the residence of Fame:—than the stupendous bridge of Milton over the waste of Chaos, nothing in the conception of the finest genius is more admirable; if we except the elevation of his own Pandemonium.

Architecture affords many opportunities for

* Lib. ii. Od. xv. † De Off. i. c. xxxix.

analogy and comparison. The Egyptians esteemed a pyramid as the symbol of human life: hence it was frequently erected over sepulchres. Boyle calls the world "a temple." Horace styles Augustus, "the standing column of the empire*:" and Tully distinguishes concord, by calling it the principal column of a government. Homer compares a general embodying his men, to an architect cementing a wall: St. Paul styles Christ "the corner stone of the church †:" Lorenzo de Medici was called "the arch, which had long supported the political fabric, of which he was the centre:"—and Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son on the subject of manners and the conduct of life, says, "I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation." Pliny uses the expression of "*Condere Poema*," and Milton says of Lycidas, that he could "sing and *build* the lofty rhyme‡." What fine passages, too, are those, where the same immortal poet compares Satan to a *tower*: and where he describes him, as springing up like "a *pyramid* of fire."

* Lib. i. Od. xxxv. † Ep. Ephes. ch. ii. v. 20.

‡ Strada also alludes to the analogy between poets and architects. Lib. i. Prol. iii. 10.

Not the poets only, but critics and other eminent writers, refer to this art for many of their similitudes and illustrations. Thus the present governments of Europe have been compared to "*Gothic edifices*," improved by genius and taste. Thus too we say, "the model of the laws." Sir Richard Baker wrote a soliloquy of the soul, and called it "a *pillar* of thoughts:" astrology is said to have a good *foundation*, but a false *superstructure*:—a corrupted nobility are esteemed the *architects* of national misery:—and Beattie observes, that "sentiment and description may be regarded, as the *pilastres* of the poetical fabric:—but human actions are the *columns*, that give it stability and elevation*."

In comparing a pedant with a man of learning, an elegant writer concludes with the reflection, "that it is more grateful to the mind to contemplate the *structures* of learning, as they stand finished and adorned, than to discuss the low *materials* of their foundations." This, however, is rather too much in the school of Shaftesbury.

Howel compares a firm mind to a stone bridge over a rapid river, beneath which the waters are

* Poet. and Mus. part i. ch. ii.

perpetually roaring; yet the bridge remains in security*:—Berkeley notices a curious analogy between St. Paul's Cathedral and the Christian Church; and Steele beautifully observes in the Tatler†, that he considered the soul of man, "as the ruin of a glorious pile of buildings; where amidst the great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars, and obelisks, and magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing the disorderly heaps, recovering the noble species, that lie buried under them, and adjusting them according to their ancient symmetry and beauty." We are informed by Vitruvius, that the Ionic order was formed on the model of woman, and the Doric on that of man: hence Scammozi calls the Doric, the Herculean; the Tuscan, the gigantic; the Composite, the heroic; the Ionic, the matronal; and the Corinthian, the virginal.

IV.

SOME of the most eminent PAINTERS have indicated a marked predilection for architecture.

* Book iv. Let. xxii. † No. 87.

Rousseau seldom painted a piece, in which some architectural object was not included; Bloemen of Antwerp delighted in ruins; Castiglione in abbeys and castles; Bourdon in Gothic monuments; and Poussin in Grecian pillars and temples. Van Oost of Bruges embellished the back-grounds of his landscapes and historical designs with arches and obelisks; while Dirk von Delen, painting temples, saloons, and colonnades, was a perfect master of architectural embellishment.

What objects can be more beautiful, than the temples of ancient Rome, with which Claude le Lorraine has embellished his landscapes? Sometimes seated on a rock, covered with shrubs;—now on the side of a mountain, shaded by trees;—here festooned with ivy, and there falling into ruins. Sometimes a triumphal arch is exhibited; now a rustic temple; and, at intervals, are depicted fallen columns and porticoes, overgrown with moss, or mantled with lychens.—"Perhaps," says Dr. Blair, "the most complete assemblage of beautiful objects, that can any where be found, is presented by a rich, natural landscape, where there is a sufficient variety of objects:—fields in verdure, scattered trees and flowers, running water, and animals grazing.—If to these be joined some of

the productions of art, which suit such a scene; —as a bridge with arches over a river; smoke rising from cottages in the midst of trees, and the distant view of a fine building, seen by the rising sun;—we then enjoy, in the highest perfection, that gay, cheerful, and placid sensation, which characterises beauty *." Such scenes as these were frequently exhibited by Paul Veronese, who peculiarly excelled in painting of architecture:—his natural taste being improved and perfected by a constant attention to the buildings, erected by Palladio. Hence he was called "*Il pittor felice.*"

Architecture, by the use to which it may be applied, has the undoubted power of exciting to the noblest actions:—since the monuments, pillars, and obelisks, erected to the memory of illustrious men, have in all ages acted as important stimuli to the virtues of the living. Laban and Jacob reared a pillar on their reconciliation;—while the Ethiopians, Arabs, and Celts, erected pillars to signalize their devotion. The Greeks and the Romans consecrated temples to Bacchus, Theseus, and Perseus. Augustus dedicated a theatre to the me-

* Blair, lect. v. vol. i. 99.

mory of Marcellus; and the first column, erected to the honour of a Roman, was reared in admiration of Valerius Maximus. Trajan consecrated an arch to the Emperor Titus;—Constantine erected another in gratitude for having conquered Maxentius:—and a column was raised in honour of Theodosius, in order to commemorate his victories over the Scythians.—In Rome, bridges having a sacred character attached to them, the care of their reparation was intrusted to the Pontifex; and when generals triumphed, they invariably marched over the bridge of St. Angelo, from the days of Romulus to the accession of Probus.

It is curious to remark, that no arch is to be found among the ruins of Egypt:—it was invented by the Greeks, who first used it for bridges and aqueducts. Its construction was one of the secrets of the Ionian Dionysiacs; and was well understood in the middle ages by the Saracenic and Gothic architects:—some of whose arches have a rich, a striking, and imposing effect. If the professed architect derive an elegant enjoyment, while beholding the arch of the Rialto at Venice, the Ponte Trinita over the Arno, and the Pont-y-Pridd over the Taffe, there is scarcely an

arch, which does not administer to the pleasure, even of the most unpractised eye: concave erections always affecting us more than convex ones; —because in the former we see the whole; while in the latter, seeing a part only, the imagination recognizes its power of exercise.

V.

The influence, which architecture possesses in exciting religious emotions, is sufficiently proved by the circumstance of almost every nation having appropriated their most magnificent buildings to the service of religion. In the rudest, as well as in the most civilized ages of mankind, this custom has almost universally prevailed. Impossible is it to approach Stone-Henge—that astonishing monument of the religion of our forefathers!—without emotions of awe and astonishment:—while the gigantic ruins of Elephanta are even more wonderful than the Egyptian pyramids.

The effect of the Colosseum on the unenlightened Goths, who visited Rome, is well described by cotemporary historians; and when Dupaty entered its precincts, he was lost in awful wonder and admiration *.

* Lett. lxxiii.

The eastern style of architecture was the most remarkable for greatness of bulk, the western for greatness of manner.—The temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and the church of St. Peter's at Rome, were the principal erections for the exercise of ancient and modern criticism. The former took seven years in building; was roofed with cedar; and as every part of it was previously prepared, there was neither a hammer, an axe, nor any tool of iron, heard during the whole period of its erection. This temple being destroyed was rebuilt, and continued to excite the admiration of Western Asia, till its final destruction in the days of the emperor Vespasian. It is amply described in the pages of Josephus *.

If the Jews held their temple in religious veneration, the Ephesians were nearly as proud of their temple to Diana—an erection, which cost the labour of two hundred and twenty years, and so magnificent, that Pliny, the naturalist, styles it "*Magnificentiæ vera admiratio*;" as Tacitus had designated that of Jerusalem—"*Immensæ templum opulentiæ.*"

When Michael Angelo saw the gates, belonging to the Baptistry at Florence, he was so enrap-

* Joseph. de Bell. Jud. lib. x. c. 5.—Euseb. lib. vi. c. 13.

tured, that, in the height of his enthusiasm, he declared they were worthy of being placed at the entrance of heaven. Equally enthusiastic is the devout Catholic, when he enters the doors of St. Peter's. This astonishing monument of genius and perseverance, "delighting the ignorant as well as the learned," was projected by Julius II., begun by Leo X., and, after several centuries, finished by Sextus V.

Much as there has been said in regard to the public erections of the ancients, those of the middle ages are no less worthy of an attentive admiration, piety seeming, in all ages, to have constituted the principal stimulant for the cultivation of the more magnificent style of architecture:—and if we except the Pantheon, and a few other erections, we are justified in challenging ancient architects to present more splendid examples of piety, than the cathedrals of Strasburgh, Milan, and Notre-Dame; of Rheims, Lincoln, Westminster, and York.—"Entering the church of St. Peter," says an accomplished French traveller, "all the time I was in it, I thought only of God, and on eternity. In inspiring such conceptions consists its true grandeur. What a theatre for the eloquence of religion! I could wish that

one day, amidst all the splendour of religious pomp, in the depth of this profound silence, the voice of Bossuet might thunder on a sudden, rolling from tomb to tomb, re-echoed by all these vaulted roofs, and denouncing to an audience of kings, demanding an account, from the awakened consciences of those pale and trembling monarchs, for all the blood, and all the tears, flowing at their nod over the surface of the earth."

Of a fine, clear night, when the moon is rising over the cloudy outskirts of an extensive city—when all the idle and the busy, the rich and the poor, rest in the oblivion of slumber—how is the soul mellowed and awed, while the eye rests on the towers of a Gothic structure!—and while wandering along its aisles, how solemn is the nature of our thoughts, and how sacred is the character of our feelings!

When to these emotions are superinduced those, arising from the spectacle of a noble edifice in ruins, the mind, chastened and dignified, becoming poetical, acknowledges to the heart some of its best and finest impressions.

These feelings are more excited by Gothic than by Grecian edifices:—for though the latter satisfy

the judgment most, the former better excite the powers of the imagination.

The GRECIAN orders have the two grand divisions of beauty, mentioned by Perrault—the positive and the arbitrary;—the one arising from richness of materials and magnificence of structure, the other from natural and classical associations:—while combining that union of fitness, elegance, and symmetry in manner, which Vitruvius calls *Eurithmy*, every single ornament, adding a grace and a beauty, contributes to the creation of a perfect whole.

GOTHIC structures, striking our imagination by their height, their division of parts, and ample space, have also a magnificence worthy of their design. Their boldness of execution, their magical perspective, and the richness of their subordinate parts, amply compensate for occasional defects, and have frequently excited the imagination of our best poets: while, creating the finest associations, they excite a reverential awe, even in minds of the most elevated cast; and, shrouding them with all the pomp of mystery, leave them resting in wonder and admiration of the SOVEREIGN ARCHITECT!

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

I.

The antiquity of sculpture is proved by the circumstance of Rachel's stealing her father's images*, and of Aaron's having erected a golden calf in the absence of Moses†. But to trace the history and progress of this noble art from the rude column of the Paphian Venus‡, and the joined feet of the Trojan Palladium, to those more perfect figures in wax, in copper, and in brass—electrum, stucco, freestone, and plaister§, and thence to those of porphyry and marble—is no part of our design. Volumes have been written on the subject; and it would require volumes to compare and elucidate what has already been written.

Sculpture being adapted more to the repose of the passions, than to any strong delineation of feeling, makes in consequence a smaller impression on the mind than painting. They are, how-

* Gen. ch. xxxi. v. 19. † Exod. ch. xxxii. v. 4.
‡ Pausan. lib. ix. § Plin. xxxv. c. 3.

ever, like the different dialects of the same language.

While the sculptor pauses over Nature, the painter improves her arrangements;—and casting his eye over the whole of the visible sphere, glances into the intellectual world, and forms, as it were, a supplement to Nature herself: and while the pictures of the poet are alone estimated by those, who have a poetical inclination, those of the painter are conceived by a glance, embodied to the mind, and adapted to the capacity of every intellect.

Requiring no reflection to make itself understood, of all the fine arts, painting is the one, which strikes, in the most direct manner, to the senses of the dull, and to the imagination of the vivid. Hence it has been called "the first essay towards writing."

Considered in its connexion with poetry, and in reference to the plainness of its language, painting has evidently the advantage. In the one, the mind requiring to be active, the reader must catch some portion of genius from the poet, in order to comprehend his ideas, to form his figures, and dispose his groups: the other, adapted to every understanding, delights the eye, when the mind is

passive;—while impressions, strong or soft, beautiful or grand, insensibly glide into creation without art, and without effort.

What can be more agreeable than the effects, arising from the art of portrait-painting?—by the medium of which, though at an immense distance, we trace with certainty the lineaments of those we love, esteem, and admire. This pleasure is described in the epistle of Hypolite to Balthasor, Count Castiglione, in the happiest manner:—

> Sola tuos vultus Raphaelis imago
> Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas:
> Huic ego delicias facio, arrisuque jocoque
> Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat
> Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur
> Discere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.
> Agnoscit balboque patrem, puer ore salutat.
> Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

The only correct delineations of ancient portraits have been preserved by medals. It would be wise, therefore, to refrain from ridiculing an antiquary, when we surprise him in the act of reading a history of antique gems and monuments;—in tracing the infancy of his art in the coins of Macedon;—or in contemplating with satisfaction a brass coin of Otho, a medallion of Philistes, or a hemidrachm of Perdiccas.

Medals are of essential use to the painter, the sculptor, and the architect; since they delineate with fidelity, and preserve with constancy, the portraits of ancient characters—give the surest and most perfect representations of instruments, costumes, and symbols—throw a clearer light upon the ancient manners of an accomplished people—fix with certainty the dates of important occurrences—contribute to elucidate difficult passages in regard to ceremonies—and bring before our eyes the miniatures of obelisks and baths, fountains and amphitheatres, which are not to be contemplated even in their ruins.

The Romans, who adopted the formation of coins, medals, and seals, from the Greeks, were accustomed to immortalize their victories, an expedition, a good deed, the erection of a temple, the forming of a port, and other useful and splendid undertakings, by medals. These, not being confined to cabinets, times, places, or families, were in the hands of every one; and the fame of a great or a good deed extended to all countries, and to all ages. The superiority of a coin over architecture or sculpture, as a medium of immortality, is well alluded to by Pope:—

Ambition sighed:—she found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;—
Huge moles, whose shadows stretched from shore to shore,
Their ruins perished, and their place no more.
Convinced—she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs shrink into a COIN.

Such are the uses and benefits of medals.

II.

HISTORIC painting calls up characters long since numbered with the dead, and exhibits them in the most graceful attitudes, and in the most interesting and celebrated periods of their lives.—The principal imperfection in modern historians is their total failure in representing to the imagination. Bringing nothing before the eye, they rather resemble pleaders and annalists than historians. The want of this nothing can compensate. Picturesque narration, on the other hand, was one of the greatest excellencies of the Roman historians, who in this particular excelled even their models, Xenophon and Thucydides. Perfect masters of the fine arts, they resembled those great painters, who, after producing a prominent figure, dispose all the subordinate personages around him with such decided features, that, were

not the attention previously engaged, every individual would appear to be the principal character of the piece.

Such is the distinguishing characteristic of ancient historians. Historic painters, in the same manner, bring every object before the eye. It is not a half-formed vision that is presented, nor a fine fleeting conception, which delights the mind for a moment, and then is lost to the memory;—it is substance, which we appear able to touch; and as we glance from figure to figure, and from group to group, we feel their separate and contending passions;—we become actors, as it were, in the drama; and since we appear to participate in the dangers of the battle, we feel ourselves entitled by prescription to participate in the honours of victory.

Ever on the watch to observe men in striking situations;—in anger, and in sorrow;—in despair, in joy, and in fear;—in revenge, in jealousy, and remorse;—it is the province of the painter to aim at a strongly marked, and decided expression. Without expression there can be no sedate majesty; no warmth; no tenderness; no sublimity. This was the quality, which, in so eminent a manner, distinguished the school of Florence from

that of Venice. Nothing, on the other hand, prevented Guido from being a perfect master of beauty, but a deficiency of that expression, which nature gives to passion in all its native simplicity.

Many remarkable instances are recorded, by ancient writers, of the force which their artists were capable of throwing into their subjects. Some writers, however, (idly and superficially enough) have presumed to question the superior skill of former artists; and appear almost disposed to ridicule Pliny for his admiration of them. As if the critic, who took his rules from the Apollo and the Hercules, could be widely in error in the judgment of a painting! For though painting may flourish where sculpture is unknown; sculpture never flourishes where the art of painting is not in equal, if not in superior excellence. Besides, many of the instances are, in themselves, by no means improbable.

When the birds pecked at the grapes of Xeuxis; when a lark was formed so naturally, that other larks flew round it, and thought it one of their own species*; and when horses, dogs, and cows†, were deceived by the excellence of Grecian sculp-

* Plin. lib. xxxv. c. 10. † Val. Max. viii. c. 2.

ture, the circumstances are far from being miraculous. For neither birds nor animals are nice discriminators of forms, nor decided judges of animation. When Parrhasius painted the pictures of two heroes, one of whom, rushing to battle, seemed to perspire; and the other, tired and divested of his armour, seemed to pant, surely there was nothing supernatural in those pictures! In the succeeding instance, however, a contrariety of feeling is said to have been delineated, which some critics may conceive to have been almost impossible. Pliny informs us, that Aristides, who excelled in the delineation of passion, and who seemed even capable of painting the soul itself, exhibited a town taken by storm. In one part of the picture was a woman expiring with her child clinging to her breast:—the mother, says Pliny, appeared, as if she were apprehensive, that her infant should suck the blood, dripping down her bosom, instead of her milk*.

Much has also been said of the mingled emotion, expressed in the Medea of Timomachus, particularly by Ausonius; and Pliny assuredly permits his imagination to master his judgment, when he says, that the statue of Paris by Euphranor had

* Plin xxxv. c. 10. Vid. Junius de Pict. Vet.

so much variety, yet unity of expression, that the spectator might instantly recognise "the judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and the assassin of Achilles."

III.

QUINTILIAN estimates the relative merits of ancient painters in the following manner. Protogenes, says he, excelled in exactness; Antiphilus in ease; Theon of Samos in fertility of invention; Pamphilus and Melanthus in disposition; and Apelles in grace of manner, and ingenuity of conception.

The analogy between painting and poetry has been, in all ages, observed:—hence the Persians distinguished their poets by calling them painters or sculptors. Painters, like poets, must throw their whole soul into the piece, if they wish at once to shew the colour of their mind, their taste, their capacity, and their judgment. Homer, as an elegant writer has observed, was not more inspired, when he drew his Achilles, than Euphranor, when he painted the battle of Mantinea.

Poetry is a picture, adapted to the mental eye of the elegant. Painting, a poetry, which, producing an instantaneous effect, is adapted to the

measure of every capacity*. Dr. Warton styles Lucretius a sculptor poet; and Lucian and Algarotti call Homer the prince of painters. Milton sketched for a Michael Angelo;—Virgil for a Raphael, and Lucretius for an Annibal Caracci.

The poets frequently borrow from the expressive arts of painting and sculpture, to illustrate their subjects and pictures. Thus Homer compares the horses of Achilles, at the death of their master, to a courser on a monument:—

> ——— or fix'd as stands
> A marble monument by the sculptor's hands
> Plac'd on a hero's grave.
>
> Il. xvii. 495.

In Rowe's Fair Penitent, Altamont describes the indifference of Calista, by saying—

> ——— I found her cold,
> As a dead lover's statue on his tomb.

In Shakspeare—

> ——She sat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at Grief.

Thus Thomson in his description of Amelia:—

> But who can paint the lover as he stood,
> Pierc'd with severe amazement, hating life,

* ——— Poema
Et pictura loquens, mutum pictura poema.

Speechless and fixt in all the death of woe!—
So—faint resemblance!—on the marble tomb
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent and for ever sad.

In another part of his poem he illustrates his subject, by comparing Musidora to the Venus de Medicis. Seeing the writing on the bank—

——— With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood.
So stands the statue which enchants the world,
So bending tries to hide the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Illustrations of this sort are, also, in frequent use among the more eminent prose writers; for Philosophy deigns to borrow from every art to decorate its page. Possidonius compared the book on Duties, written by Panætius, to the statue of Venus, painted by Apelles. "As no painter," says Tully*, "had been so bold as to finish the piece of Venus, which Apelles left imperfect at the island of Cos, making all men despair of ever painting a body, that should be answerable to it, so the excellence of Panætius' book made others afraid of attempting to add what he had omitted."

* De Off. b. iii. c. 3.

Plutarch compares the delineating of characters by biographers to that of portrait painting: Plato assimilates the seat of perception and memory to a picture, which, on being contemplated, impresses objects on the mind: Addison says, that sculpture is to a block of marble, what education is to the human soul: while Pope compares the shortness of fame, in his day, to the fading colours of a picture.

Rivers are not unfrequently styled "images of eternity;" and misfortunes "the lights and shades of life." Mr. Sheridan compares languages to statues.—"The German," says he, "by abounding too much in harsh consonants and gutturals, has great size and strength, like the statue of Hercules Farnese; but no grace. The Roman, like the bust of Antinous, is beautiful, but not manly. The Italian has beauty, grace, and symmetry, like the Venus de Medicis; the English alone resembles the Greek, in uniting the three orders of strength, beauty, and grace, like the Apollo Belvidere."

Speaking of Homer and Virgil, Sir William Temple says, "in the works of Homer there is the most spirit, force, and life:—in those of Virgil the best design, the truest proportions, and the

greatest grace. The colouring in both seems equal, and indeed is in both admirable." Comparing Milton with Chapelain, Akenside has a beautiful passage:—"Milton executed in such a manner, that an Athenian of Menander's age would have turned his eyes from the Minerva of Phidias, or the Venus of Apelles, to obtain more perfect conceptions of beauty from the English poet."

The father of Socrates was a sculptor; and we are told, that the fine forms and beautiful marble faces, which that philosopher was accustomed to see in his father's workshop, first inspired him with an idea of perfection. It was Asinius Pollio, that first introduced the custom of suspending the portraits of great men in the libraries of the opulent and the studious*: which custom was eagerly adopted by the more accomplished nobles; and Cicero speaks with rapture of the pleasure, he enjoyed, while sitting under the picture of Aristotle in the library of Atticus†. Petrarch, too, expresses his satisfaction at having such celebrated characters for his guests.

* Plin. lib. xxxv. c. 2. † Epist. ad Attic. iv. 10.

IV.

It has been a question, frequently agitated since the days of Quintilian, whether the connoisseur, or the mere spectator, derives the greater portion of pleasure from the contemplation of a painting or a statue. It has also been enquired, whether the learned, who understand the reason of the production or those who only receive delight from it without enquiry, are the more capable of judging of the relative merits of particular pieces. Questions of this sort resolve themselves, beyond all argument, in favour of that connoisseur, who has a true and unvitiated taste for the simplicity of nature: since, being the best judge of imitation, he has, in consequence, the most enlarged faculty of receiving delight from justice of character, propriety of selection, and a correct standard of beautiful forms.

True taste scorns to imitate the vanity of the pedant, or to employ the viler methods of malignity. Much more gratified, therefore, is a man of unsophisticated character in remarking, that Paul Veronese excelled in grouping, and in the disposition of his figures; that Raphael had symmetry and dignity, and Parmegiano elegance;

that Carravaggio was a perfect master of light and shade; and that Guido was eminent for beauty, for lines, melting with gradual variation into each other, and for pictures, impressing a heavenly languor on the soul; than that Poussin was defective in harmony of colouring, and that Rembrandt had little of beauty and less of grace.

It was the peculiar aim of the Tuscan school to excite admiration; and that of the Roman to blend dignity with grace: the Venetian depicted nature with correctness: the Lombard displayed grace and elegance, harmonized with a chaste mellowness of pencil, and a lovely admixture of colours: the French, whose excellence consisted chiefly in the agreeable melting of different styles, were successful in a ready imitation of Italian schools: and while the Flemish were perfect masters in all the magic of chiaro-scuro, and in a nervous air of nobility in design and execution; the English excel in grace, in harmony, and in beauty.

V.

THE effect, which Grecian paintings and sculptures had upon their beholders, we may trace to the love, which the ancient masters entertained for

their art. Hence their true perception of beauty; and hence the reward they enjoyed, in the admiration of a whole people. The effect of the parting of Hector and Andromache on the nerves of Portia, the wife of Brutus, is faithfully described by Plutarch, in the life of that extraordinary man: and how beautifully natural is that passage, in Virgil, where, having described the various pieces of sculpture, with which Dædalus adorned the temple of Apollo, and where, alluding to the misfortune of the son of the artist, and anxious to paint the grief of the father in the most affecting and expressive manner, he bursts into a fine and admirable apostrophe:—

> ————In quoque magnam
> Partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
> Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro;
> Bis patriæ cecidêre manus!
>
> *Æn.* vi. 30.

How affecting, too, are the tears which Eneas sheds, upon beholding the history of the misfortunes of his native city, painted on the walls of Carthage! Exciting in his mind the tenderest associations, he derives, in the midst of his tears, a decided consolation, in beholding the effects of sympathy exercised in favour of his country in a

foreign city, so differing in manners, interests, and customs.

Who could behold the Venus of Praxiteles without love;—the Hercules without astonishment;—the Laocoon without pity;—or the Apollo without sentiments of profound admiration? Indeed, the effects of painting and sculpture on the heart are such, that it excites our wonder, and something of our indignation, that at Oxford and at Cambridge, no professorships should have been founded for those branches of the liberal arts, as well as for music, poetry, and language. For, penetrating almost as deeply as oratory, painting polishes the imagination, and tends to the promotion of all those delicate courtesies of life, which render conversation more fascinating, and society more amiable. While surveying a picture or a statue, all base and grovelling ideas are excluded, the fancy is enriched, and the passions modulated to repose.

The power of the fine arts to excite to noble actions might be confirmed by innumerable examples: hence their profession was esteemed so honourable in Greece, that the Sicyonians decreed painting to be an essential part of a liberal education; and a law prevailed at Athens, forbid-

ding any one to practise it, who had not the advantage of being descended from a good family; while at Vicenza a law prevails, even in the present day, in favour of artists, similar to that which prevails in this country in regard to benefit of clergy.

An essay on the morality of the liberal arts, were worthy the pen of Leonardo da Vinci— that perfect model of an accomplished gentleman! In such a treatise, the family of Este would exhibit itself in bold relief. For truly has it been said by a recent biographer of Tasso, that in the history of those patronizers of the arts, we find "none of those rapes, murders, and oppressions, none of those conspiracies, seditions, and rebellions among their subjects, which present themselves, at almost every page of the annals of the contemporary princes of Italy."

The Athenians, in order to signalize their gratitude and admiration of the conduct of Miltiades, caused a picture to be painted, in which the Battle of Marathon was delineated. This picture continued for several ages to animate that elegant people to patriotic deeds. Greece, the mother of the arts, the nurse of eloquence, the witness of many a virtuous and heroic action;— a country, once profusely adorned with Doric,

Ionic, and Corinthian monuments, erected the first statue of gold to Georgias of Leontium, in honour of his extensive learning. The first raised in Italy was erected by a youth, in the temple of piety, as a monument of filial affection.

The Romans erected statues even to their enemies. Thus they raised one of Porsenna, for having exercised towards them an act of generosity. —Virtue, as well as valour, was rewarded in the same manner. Thus, when they placed a statue of Cato, the censor, in the temple of health, they embellished it with an inscription, intimating, that the statue was not raised for the victories he had gained, but for having restored good discipline and wise institutions, at a time, when the commonwealth had degenerated into selfishness and licentiousness.

No persons at Rome were allowed to have any busts, statues, or portraits of their families, unless they had filled some office of public utility. He, therefore, who had statues of his ancestors, was styled "*Vir multarum imaginum;*" and was, in consequence, considered noble. At his death, the pictures of his ancestors preceded his corpse.

The statues of heroes were anciently esteemed places of refuge and asylum. Cicero tells us, that statues were decreed to deceased persons much

more frequently than sepulchres*: hence Scipio Africanus caused the effigies of Ennius to be placed among the Cornelian family, because he considered him an honour to his family:—that Ennius, whom Lucretius has so eloquently eulogized, and whom Quintilian compares to a grove of venerable oaks!

Cæsar, who, in spite of his public murders, indicated at intervals a nobility of mind, which, in some degree, atoned for his gigantic ambition, indicated considerable magnanimity in reinstating the statues of Pompey on their pedestals, after they had been thrown down in the violence of party contention. It was on this occasion, that Cicero, who bore him a decided enmity, said, that by "rearing Pompey's statues, Cæsar had erected one to himself." Alexander was equally correct in forbearing to raise the statue of Xerxes: —a monarch, who was the scorn of his enemies, and the contempt of his friends! Being at Persepolis, Alexander saw the statue of Xerxes lying incumbent, the crowd having pushed it down. Upon seeing it, the conqueror stopt. "Shall we leave you in this dishonourable condition?" said

* Majores quidem nostri statuas multis decreverunt: sepulchra paucis.

he to the statue, "in revenge for the war, you once made upon Greece; or shall we rear you again, in honour of the few virtues, you might chance to possess?"—Having thus accosted the statue, as if it were animated, he paused; but at length passed on: thinking it unworthy of being replaced on its pedestal*. In the early ages both of Greece and Rome, statues were decreed to no one, who had not merited them by some public service, or some eminent virtue. In the age of the emperors, however, every worthless noble, and every ignorant and contemptible monarch, had the vanity and the power of erecting his own!

VI.

CLEOMENES painted women so exquisitely, that a Roman knight is said to have pined to death for the love of one of his pictures!—and Polycletus, an artist excelling in grace, having drawn a Juno, in a manner peculiarly fascinating, Martial, in the happiest style of compliment, addressed him with an epigram, in which he declares,

* Plut. in Vit. Alex.

that if "Jupiter did not love his own Juno, he must of necessity love his."

> **Junonem, Polyclete, suam nisi frater amaret,**
> **Junonem poterat frater amare tuam.**
>
> *Mart.* **Lib. x. Ep. 89.**

It was said of Corregio, that every figure, which he introduced into his pictures, was, or had been in love. Looking on the pieces of this painter of grace, Annibale Carrachi declared, in a letter to one of his friends, that every thing he saw astonished him. The adults were personifications of Love: "the children," said he, "live;—they breathe—they smile with so much grace, and so much reality, that it is impossible to refrain from smiling and partaking of their enjoyment."

The effects of painting upon a mind, labouring under the impulse of unlawful passion, is exemplified in the instance of the celebrated Propertia de Rossi. Falling in love with an object, who refused to return her affection, since she was married to another, she fell a martyr to her passion. Sinking into despair, she pined from day to day. Restless, listless, and miserable, the only consolation she experienced was, in forming a bass-relief,

representing the history of Potiphar's wife; and having finished it, she died! (A. D. 1530.)

The first public use, to which forms were embodied, and sculpture applied, was, most assuredly, religious. Thus "the Creator is forgotten in the worship of his creatures:" for, as Mons. Voltaire observes, man has had in all ages, which have been unenlightened, a natural inclination to create God after the image of man. Barbarous nations, therefore, have had barbarous images; and the association has been so difficult to conquer, that even liberal and polished nations have not been able entirely to overcome it. The Phœnicians first erected statues in honour of their gods. Images were then used for sensible objects, and considered symbols of the various operations of the mind. The Indians regard a statue of eight arms an emblem of Omnipotence: while the figure of Fo, the great god of the Chinese, is a large image, twenty feet in height, with twelve hands, twelve arms, immense eyes, and a hideous face*. The Egyptians, who never formed notions of ideal beauty, enacted a law, as we learn from

* For an account of their idols, vide Sale's Prelim. Disc. 17. Hottinger. Hist. Orient. 228.

Eustathius, that their priests, kings, and gods, should, at all times, be modelled after one style. The ancient Arabs admitted image-worship *; but those of the ages, after Mahomet, esteemed all representations of men and animals abhorrent to nature. That extravagant and sanguinary impostor destroyed three hundred and sixty idols † in and around Mecca.

Excelling in the selection of imposing subjects, the ancient artists threw more passion into their expression, than any of the moderns: and this expression was a natural consequence of a greater elevation of mind. In the conception of their deities, therefore, they more than equalled the imagination of their poets. The Jupiter of Scopas was in marble; that of Polycletus in bronze; that of Phidias in gold and ivory. The statue of the latter sat upon a throne, inlaid with ivory and ebony, studded with jewels: the robe was embossed with flowers, and various kinds of animals. The exquisite character of this statue, says Quintilian, increased the ardour of Grecian devotion, and added lustre to the religion of the country.

A curious instance is related of the effect of a

* Bell's Journey from St. Petersburgh to Pekin.

† Abulfeda. 107.

statue, in causing even tyranny to be awed from an act of desolation. Sapor, one of the Persian kings, having prepared to burn the temple of Apollo at Daphne, situated on the river Orontes, was so struck with the figure of the god, that he prostrated himself at the foot of the altar, and involuntarily adored the deity before him. The temple, in consequence, was spared.

The Turks are said to believe, that angels have no power to enter a house, which contains the portrait of a man; hence their total neglect and prejudice against painting in general, and of portrait-painting in particular. The priests of Tibet, on the contrary, esteem statues as being so holy, that they cause themselves to be buried in hollow images of metal. None were, however, as we learn from Diogenes Laertius, allowed in the Persian worship; and this was the real cause of the Magi's requesting Xerxes to burn all the statues of Greece.

The Jews were great enemies to every description of sculpture. In ancient times they were enjoined not even to look upon an image; and, in the present, they admit no statues into their houses as ornaments, much less into their tabernacles.

Tertullian, Justin Martyr, Eusebius, Origen,

Cyprian, and all the primitive Christians, totally abstained from image worship: and its absurdity is admirably exposed by the author of the book of Wisdom. It crept at length into the church, however, and lamentable are the effects even to the present day. Since the edict * of Leo, the Isaurian, interdicting the adoration of images, produced not a more sanguinary war in Asia, spreading into Italy, than the Christian wars since. A work, written for the purpose of reconciling the practice of image adoration with the decalogue, were worthy the sophistry of Baronius, and the subtlety of Aquinas.

MUSIC.

I.

Of all amusements, says Montesquieu, music is the most innocent, and therefore the best †. Pericles must necessarily have been of the same opinion, since he erected an odeum for the use of of the public ‡. Epaminondas excelled on the flute §; Socrates learned music in his old age ‖.

* A. D. 726. † Spirit of Laws, iv. c. 8.
‡ Plut. in Vit. Pericl. § Cornel. Nep. in Vit. Epam.
‖ Val. Max. viii. c. 7.—Quint. Lib. i. c. 10.

In fact, it was an essential part of Grecian education *; and numerous are the instances recorded of the effects, arising from the simplicity of the Æolic; the gaiety of the Ionic; the solemnity of the Phrygian; the plaintiveness of the Lydian; and the martial character of the Doric mood.

Caius Gracchus regulated his voice by music †; and the writer of the Ecclesiasticus regarded musicians so highly, that he even ranked them in the number of illustrious men ‡. In those times, poetry gave meaning to music, and music imparted a natural grace to poetry: the one without the other being compared by Plato to a beautiful face, no longer young. Politian amused his leisure hours in playing on his lute; and Pope Gregory was scarcely more vain of the Tiara, than in possessing the skill to reduce the number of musical notes §. Henry VIII. was so ardent a lover of music, that he contributed several masses, which were sung in his chapel; and ordered trumpets to be sounded over his grave: while his chancellor, Sir Thomas More, was such a passionate admirer of this elegant art, that he caused

* Ælian. Var. Hist. vii. 15.
† Plut. in Vit. Gracch.
‡ Eccl. ch. xxxiv. 1—5.
§ From 15 to 7.

his first wife to be instructed in all its kinds; and his second was taught in the same manner, in order that it might assist in withdrawing her thoughts and imagination from an intercourse with the world.

Virgil, Ovid, Propertius, Horace, and most of the more eminent ancient poets had a natural taste for music. It has indeed been said, that man is both a poet and a musician by nature; harmony being the voice and language of nature. It is not, however, unworthy of remark, that Pope, who had as delicate a sensibility for all the harmonies of language and versification, as the best Italian poet or musician; and that Garrick, whose voice was melody itself, had neither of them an ear or an inclination for music*. Linnæus, too, possessed a taste neither for music, nor any of the liberal arts. The father of Montaigne, on the contrary, had so high a relish for music of every description, that he caused his son to be always awakened out of his sleep by it. The rapture, arising from a circumstance of this sort, partakes of the character of enchantment:

> Then let some strange, mysterious dream
> Wave with its wings, in airy stream

* Mirror.

> Of lively portraiture display'd,
> Softly on my eye-lids laid:—
> And as I wake, sweet music breathe
> Above, about, or underneath.
>
> *Il Penseroso.*

II.

SPEAKING a captivating language to the heart, music has its analogies, as well as the relative arts of architecture and painting. We apply to each the relative term of harmony; and the Greeks, perceiving these analogies and affinities, applied the term eqnally to poetry, to astronomy, and to general science. Hence their symbols were considered allegorical of the harmony of nature: the sistra of Egypt was esteemed an emblem of the three elements of matter:—and Pythagoras called measure *man*, and tone *woman*.

Plutarch presents several musical analogies and illustrations: thus he says, that the harmony of the universe is composed of contraries, like a harp, the music of which consists of high and of low notes*. In his apology for writing the lives of bad, as well as of good characters, he illustrates his subject by referring to the practice of Ismenias,

* Isis and Osiris—369.

the musician, who taught his scholars to observe bad performers on the flute, as well as good ones. In his life of Phocion, he observes, that Homer frequently expresses things which are pleasant by the word *menoithes*, signifying that, which is symphonious to the mind; what soothes its weakness, and bears not hard upon its inclinations. When comparing Numa and Lycurgus, he observes, that they governed their respective cities, as musicians govern their lyres: Lycurgus screwed up the strings of Sparta to a higher and stronger tone, since they had been relaxed by luxury:—Numa, on the other hand, reduced the bold and harsher notes of Rome to a milder and more gentle key.

Music, which affords an interesting subject for mechanical research, teaches us the best "language of sensation," by not only delighting us, while we are in the act of hearing, but in the exercise of our memories also. For an air, invented by genius, and composed with taste, delights the imagination, even when the music ceases to be heard. Its tones refine the taste; and, disposing us to enjoy every collateral offspring of the fancy, give a dignified character to the faculty of thought, during the seductive operation. Hence a noble and he-

roic action appears still more exalted, when it is remembered during a concert; and a patriot is more elevated in our imagination, when his virtues are celebrated on the harp or the lute. A calm evening becomes more seducing when it is ushered in by music;—and when relishing the beauties of a favourite writer, in a retired pavilion, how does the bosom swell with tender and pathetic emotion, if an Eolian harp murmur its bewitching music!

THE EOLIAN HARP.

Music of Nature!—Emblem of each sphere!
  How sweetly tranquil does my listening soul,
At dewy eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,
  When, sooth'd to tenderness, thy measures roll!
Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still,
  Sometimes more distant, and again more near;
Waking soft echoes, and, with magic skill,
  Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear!
Delightful flutterings! Hovering tow'rds the sky,
  Ten thousand sylphs, on lightest pinions borne,
To realms etherial, on your murmurs fly,
  And waked to melancholy feelings, mourn.—
    Nature's best music! Since its simple strain
    Lulls to repose each transitory pain.

When we listen to soft and gentle vibrations, they accord with our sentiments of love and

friendship; they awaken ideas of tranquillity, and recal to our imagination scenes, which have delighted us in a lovely and romantic country. Do we hear rural music?—Instantly are we transported to those scenes, where the shepherd is seen reclining under a hawthorn!—Do we listen to a wilder strain?—The river rushes down the valley, lingers along the vale, or washes the wall of a solitary ruin.—Who, that has reposed on the banks of the Arno, or the Brenta, hears an air of Italy, without wafting himself to the vales of Tuscany, the ruins of Bassano, or the four convents of Venice?—Who, that is charmed with the melodies of Scotland, permits not his mental eye to rest upon the lake of Loch-Leven, the glens of the Grampians, or the summit of Ben Lomond? The national airs of Ireland waft the native of that fruitful soil to the waters of the Shannon; those of Wales to the romantic recesses of Snowdon, to the vale of Festiniog, or the banks of the Towy.

Speaking of Scottish airs and melodies, Dr. Beattie thus beautifully expresses himself—"What though they be inferior to the Italian?—What though they be irregular and rude?—It is not their merit, but the charming impressions they would recal to his mind, that so much interests the native of Scotland: ideas of innocence,

simplicity, and leisure, of romantic enterprize, and enthusiastic attachment; and of scenes, which on recollection we are inclined to think that a brighter sun illumined, a fresher verdure crowned, and purer skies and happier climes conspired to beautify, than are now to be seen in the dreary paths of care and disappointment; into which men, yielding to the passions, peculiar to more advanced years, are tempted to wander*."

Who, that has visited Gascony or Languedoc, is not charmed, when he hears the beautiful melodies of the province of Auvergne?—He sees the vales, the cottages, and the rivulets; the grapes hanging in festoons from vine to vine; the peasants dancing on the village-green by the light of the moon:—He sees—he feels—he partakes of their innocent enthusiasm, and joins in their oblivion of every species of sorrow!

These pictures are not drawn in our imagination, by those airs of difficult expression, in which the musical pedant delights; but by those simple melodies, which nature recognizes, and which glide insensibly into the heart,

> Untwisting all the charms, that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony.

* Essay on Poetry and Music, part i. sect. ii. 162.

These effects may, for the most part, be referred to their character of simplicity;—the style of nature being so effective in exciting our admiration and sympathy, whether observed in a painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, in poetry, or in music.

III.

As music was always associated with poetry, in ancient times, it is beyond the art of present musicians to create the emotions, which were engendered by the sweetness and pathos of the ancient chromatic; by the grandeur and majesty of the Doric; by the affecting tones of the Lydian; or by the sacred awe, which was awakened by the Phrygian. Its influence in the hour of sorrow and chagrin have, however, been acknowledged with universal accredence. So soothing to the heart, and such placidity does it give to the mind, that it excites no surprise, that many of those, who have, to any high degree, cultivated this fascinating art, should have attained the measure of extended life.

Exciting sensibility, which is the parent of taste, music accords itself to every passion, that has no painful tendency; and, except from illegitimate association, conveys no unhallowed image to the

mind. Exciting noble conceptions, it fills the soul with a love of glory, and operates as a powerful auxiliary to human happiness. Awakening tenderness, it fans the fire of the poet, and lulls every wild and guilty passion into peace.

Under the guidance of philosophy, says Barthelemy from Aristotle, "Music is one of the noblest gifts of heaven, and one of the noblest inventions of man *.—Calling us to pleasure, as philosophy calls us to virtue; by their union nature invites us to happiness †." It is an art, says Quintilian, (expatiating on its use, its comfort, and its assistance to science), worthy the cultivation of the best of men; and of such high importance was it regarded by Aristotle, that he considered it, as being capable of producing a permanent effect in forming national dispositions: while Plato esteemed a change in national music, as a certain sign of a change in national character ‡. Hence he admitted no music, but the Doric, into his republic; and he would even have excluded that, had he not conceived, that it was conducive to propriety of manners, and to energy of mind.

Polybius ascribed the humanity which distin-

* Trav. Anac. vol. iii. 93.

† Trav. Anac. vol. iii. 109. Arist. De Repub. viii. c. 7.

‡ Plat. De Rep. lib. iv.

guished the Arcadians, to music; and attributes the utter contempt, in which it was held, as the effective cause, why the Cynethians were more unpolished and barbarous, than any other nation in Greece*.

Music is one of the six essential points of knowledge in China; even the Birmans esteem it for its use and comfort†; and that it has proved medicinal, we have the united attestations of Aulus Gellius‡, Atheneus§, and a host of respectable authorities. That it can administer to the mind's disease, and become the medicine of grief, no one, skilled in the anatomy of the heart, will venture to deny. Gifted with the power of soothing the passions, well may it be styled "*Regum decus atque voluptas;*"—and with equal propriety might Rousseau call it "*La consolatione des miseries de ma vie.*"

The Lacedemonians, as Suidas relates, were sometimes governed at the will of Terpander's lyre;—they were lovers only of that music, which inspired virtue‖. Pythagoras is said to have prevented a band of intoxicated youths from burning

* Polyb. Lib. iv. † Col. Syme's Journey, vol. iii. p. 93.
‡ Lib. iv. 13. § Lib. xiv. 5.
‖ Arist. de Repub. Lib. viii. c. 5.

a house by the power of musical persuasion; and Empedocles, by the same rhetoric, checked the madness of a youth, who threatened his adversary with instant death*. It is related too, that as a musician, named Claudian, was one day performing in the Phrygian mood, before Henry III. of France, at the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse, one of the courtiers was so much excited by the ardour of the music, that he seized his arms with a desperate intention, though in the presence of his sovereign: but he was instantly calmed by the musician's changing the mood. The truth of this story may, however, justly be doubted; for music, as an elegant writer justly remarks, " may inspire devotion, fortitude, compassion, benevolence, tranquillity: it may infuse a gentle sorrow, that softens without wounding the heart, or a sublime horror, that expands and elevates, while it astonishes the imagination: but it has no expression for impiety, cowardice, cruelty, hatred, or discontent."

That music has the power of animating whole nations to the most extraordinary results, the effects of the Ça Ira, and the Marseillois Hymn,

* Jamblich, in Vit. Pythag. viii.

heard during the revolution of France, amply testify. The former impelled the French troops to such a height of enthusiasm, that no mode of recruiting was so successful as playing it: while the latter engendered the ardour, which won the battle of Jemappe.

So assured were the Greeks of musical power, that the Spartans marched to battle by the sound of the lyre *; and when Theon was desired to paint a young warrior, eager for battle, he ordered trumpets and other martial instruments to be sounded, in order to excite an ardent expectation and impulse in the soldiers; thus catching the fire and animation, depicted in their countenances †. "Solemn and dreadful was the sight," says Plutarch, "to see the Spartans measuring their steps to the sound of music, and without the least disorder in their ranks, or tumult in their spirits, moving forward cheerfully and composedly, like harmony, to battle."

IV.

TACITUS remarks, and with truth, that the farther we trace the history of mankind, the greater

* Pausan. Lib. iii. c. 18.
† Ælian Var. Hist. Lib. ii. c. 44.

appears to have been the veneration for poetry and music. Luther, the rough and boisterous Luther, distrusted the man, who had no ear for music; and Theophrastus, who wrote a treatise on this fascinating art, the loss of which we may ascribe to the conflagration of Alexandria, was accustomed to say, that it was the offspring of sorrow, of pleasure and enthusiasm. Pythagoras, who sung the poems of Hesiod, Homer, and Thales, in order to promote tranquillity of mind, considered music as the chief means, by which the soul could be raised above passion, and disposed to contemplation. His students composed their minds to rest by music in the evening; and in the morning played light airs, to animate them to a willing discharge of the duties of the day. They rose early; and, previous to the sun's rising, struck their harps, and sung sacred hymns. As it rose above the horizon, they dropt their instruments, and prostrated themselves in awful adoration*.

St. Dunstan introduced the organ into the cathedrals and monasteries of England, because he esteemed music one of the best preservatives against bad thoughts of every kind. Engendering

* Jamblich. in Vit. Pyth. c. 25.

the finest and most elevated associations, who, that listens to the anthems of Palestina, the masses of Pergolesé, the pastorale of Corelli, and, above all, to the Messiah and the Redemption of Handel, recals not to his enthusiastic fancy the Angels of Albani, or the Empyrean of Milton?

Most nations have coincided with the idea, that music in religious ceremonies is acceptable to the deity. The Egyptians delighted their god Osiris with the Sistra. The Magi of the Persians played upon harps in honour of the sun; the Brahmins of India were accustomed to hail the first appearance of morning in the same manner; the Hindoos believe, that the deities, presiding over the seasons, are attended by music; and a select choir was annually sent to sing the honours of Apollo, at Delos, by the chief cities of Greece. Music proclaimed the birth of Christ; and Milton makes it to have a salutary effect even upon the fallen angels *. Forming one of the principal ceremonies, in the Catholic worship, most cathedrals have bands, well appointed, and organs of great power.

Homer and Hesiod represent the muses, as delighting the ears of their deities by the sound of their harmonies; and the rabbis of the Hebrews,

* Par. Lost, b. i. v. 549—562.

a people once peculiarly devoted to sacred music, believe, that angels stand before the throne of heaven, sounding harps and dulcimers to the praise of the Eternal. To this idea, how beautiful is that fine allusion in Milton, where Eve, enquiring the cause why those stars, which adorn our hemisphere, should shine only by night, a season in which all the visible creation is accustomed to repose, Adam replies—

————————Think not, though man were none,
That Heaven would want spectators: God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive to each other's note,
Hymning their great Creator?—oft' in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift their thoughts to Heav'n!

Par. Lost. iv.

How delightfully, too, has he described the matchless harmony, which prevailed before the throne, in those extatic regions:

————————Their golden harps
The angels took, that glittering by their side

> Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
> Of charming symphony they introduce
> The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
> No one exempt, no voice but well could join
> Melodious part. Such concord is in Heav'n!

Akenside, in a passage of his Hymn to the Naiads, imitated from Pindar and Gray, represents Apollo and his "tuneful throng," disarming Mars of his fury by their melody: the eagle lying incumbent over the sceptre of Jupiter, who remits his terrors. In that "great moment of divine delight," the Naiads listen in sacred silence, and every celestial bosom is ravished into ecstasy. The idea of Yriarte, too, was beautifully imagined, where, towards the close of his didactic poem, he introduces in an allegory, Taste appearing in the academy of the arts, when the prizes were about to be publicly distributed, and in which honours were about to be conferred on painting, sculpture, and architecture, poetry, and eloquence. He represents Music as complaining, that, while those sister arts lived in splendour, she was forced to reside in obscurity, and to lead a life of sorrow and of pain: and while academies had often been instituted for their benefit, no honourable attention had been paid to her. In consequence of this complaint,

Taste recommends the establishment of an academy of music. The proposal meets with general approbation. Every Art agrees to contribute to the honour of Music. Architecture promises to raise an academy; Painting offers to adorn the roof and the walls with emblematical subjects; Sculpture, to form, for the entrances and niches, busts, statues, and relievos of all those men, who have signalized themselves in the art. Eloquence promises to impart her best powers to him, who, in the best style of clearness and elegance, shall invent superior theories, and lay down better rules than those, which are followed in the schools. Poetry, warm in the cause, and glowing with a divine energy, promises to polish language, to improve the drama, to celebrate the praises of Music, to consider herself closely allied in affection; and that Music and herself will live in harmonious rivalship with each other.

V.

Of all our sensual gratifications, music is that, which most resembles the pleasure of the mind: forming, as it were, the connecting link between the body and the soul. Being one of the most de-

licate of all our enjoyments, and touching the soul, and refining its nature, music lulls the pressure of necessity, charms the hour of misery, and appeals most powerfully from every grosser passion. With ideas of use, amusement, and elevation, equal to these, sacred are the moments, which we devote to music!—moments, in which, anticipating enjoyments of a still more sacred character, we listen, while all our best and noblest sympathies are awakened by the ease, the grace, and modulation of a Hayden; the perfect union of parts, which characterizes the pieces of Corelli,—that musician of nature!—the exquisite modulation of Purcell,—echoing to the most agreeable sentiments;—the deep feeling, the correct taste, the unbounded imagination of Mozart;—the sweetness of the fascinating Gluck, who is said to have touched the lyre, that once belonged to Orpheus, and to have restored the music of the golden age:—above all, the profound science, the deep chord, the swelling harmony, and the vigorous richness and compass of the inimitable Handel,—the Homer, the Tasso, and the Milton of music!

LITERATURE.

THE influence of architecture, painting, sculpture, and music, however decided in its nature, must of necessity be partial;—since, to the knowledge and enjoyment of those liberal arts requisites are necessary, which do not lie in the power of every one to supply.

Those requisites are wealth, opportunity, and taste.—Wealth to supply leisure;—opportunity to select just models; and taste to elicit enjoyment from their harmonies and perfections.—The influence of LITERATURE is more extended in its operations, more chaste, and more certain.

I.

OF all the useful or the liberal arts, none is more essentially profitable, or delightful, than that of conveying, by specific signs, the various impressions of the mind:—that sacred art, which, like the sympathetic needles of Strada, enables us to converse with those, we love and esteem, even at an immeasurable distance:—that art, by which

our sentiments are modelled, and our thoughts eternized;—by the silence of which we converse with the noblest and the best of men:—bring all ages into one;—and enable us to trace the origin of states, the progress of mind, and the influence of its operations in all ages, and in all nations:—That noble art, by which we take long journeys, climb high mountains, and cross immeasurable seas;—by which we hear, we see, we feel!

To read just thoughts, conveyed in elevated language, is, assuredly, one of the highest order of enjoyments!—It imparts to the mind a soundness of health, as exercise imparts new vigour to the body. Correcting the harsher feelings,—securing the heart against the mean, the envious, and the worthless,—it instils that first and noblest of all properties,—a temperate self-esteem; and, widening our views, and elevating our sentiments, it embellishes human nature, adds grace to rank, importance to wealth, and dignity to honour.

When a love of literature adorns the statesman, it inspires a love of immortality:—and, carrying him far above the little world of little minds, enables him to detect his own deficiencies;—and, giving facility to the just arrangement of all the materials of thought, produces mines of intellec-

tual wealth;—and, aggrandizing his views, elicits them on proper occasions, and directs them to proper ends.

In youth it acts, as a stimulus, to every great and noble action;—in manhood it is a refuge, and in age a sanctuary. Operating in all seasons, as an asylum from envy, and from the society and collision of degenerate minds, it cheers the bosoms of the good, and administers a recompense to the great. Above all—it affords an inexhaustible fund of inspiration for an ardent admiration of Liberty. Alive to all the tendencies of ancient learning, and, in consequence, of ancient example, Napoleon,—the mean, the pusillanimous, and the cruel, —on whose perjured forehead rests a greater burthen of infamy, than has in modern times dishonoured and disgraced the annals of enlightened nations,—Napoleon decreed, that ancient literature should no longer be regarded, as an essential part of a liberal education!—Mahomet, in the same manner, discouraged, and at length prohibited, the study of philosophy, as one precautionary method of establishing his imposture.

On the excellence of the mind Dr. Beattie has some beautiful remarks.—" When we look at a landscape, we can fancy a thousand additional

embellishments.—Mountains loftier, and more picturesque, rivers more copious, more limpid, and more beautifully winding;—smoother and wider lawns; valleys more richly diversified;—caverns and rocks more gloomy, and more stupendous:—ruins more majestic; buildings more magnificent; oceans more varied with islands, more splendid with shipping, or more agitated by storm, than any we have ever seen, it is easy for human imagination to conceive.—Many things in art and nature exceed expectation;—but nothing sensible transcends, or equals, the capacity of thought,—a striking evidence of the dignity of the human soul."

If such is the grandeur of thought,—of all the occupations of man, that, which has for its contemplation the good, the beautiful, and the sublime, must, of necessity, be the most noble and the most dignified. This we feel to be founded in nature;—since those men have, in all ages, been regarded with peculiar veneration, whose powers have been directed to melt the heart with pathetic descriptions, to impress the imagination with beautiful images, and, preserving a native dignity of language, to sublime it with elevated and magnificent conceptions:—thus expanding

the views and intellects of their readers, and lifting their contemplations far beyond this mean, this narrow, and debasing sphere!

II.

CONCEIVING with a poet's eye, and embodying with a sculptor's chisel, the MAN OF GENIUS scorns the mechanical order, in which dulness wraps its ignorance:—and blending one beauty with another in many a varied shade and tint;—and throwing promiscuously his multitudinous thoughts over all the page, he amazes and bewilders the intellects of those, who, in all the pomp of pedantic pride, and with as little taste as a Caffre or a Malay, would dignify the technichy of science, by adoring Aristotle, and sanctifying Aquinas. The MAN OF JUDGMENT, comparing, with accuracy, one thing with another, refuses to be captivated by any thing, of which he perceives not the origin, bearing, and extent.—And as DISCERNMENT exercises its powers of distinguishing, the MAN OF PENETRATION enters into the secret motives of actions, and the most hidden thoughts of man:—and while the IMAGINATION of some would grasp beyond its capacity of action,

JUDGMENT,—which alone is equivalent to all the other mental qualities,—brings all things under its control, and determines, with precision, in what manner one contrives, another executes, a third conceives, a fourth comprehends, and a fifth creates.

One order of intellect delights the man of wit, of talent and ingenuity;—a second, formed of stronger texture, pleases the sagacious and the subtle:—a third, more richly favoured, and animated with all the finer impulses, charms and instructs the exalted sons of genius:—while a fourth, to whose desires and capacities of mind the best and greatest favours of fortune are unequal, receives as high an enjoyment from the subjects of infinity, indivisibility, and eternity, as the man of taste derives from a view of extended vales, stupendous rocks, antique forests, and thundering cataracts.

Dr. Blair defines TASTE to be the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art.—"It is no less essential to man," says he, "to have some discernment of beauty, than it is to possess the attributes of reason and speech *." Taste, to which the gay, the grave, the ignorant,

* Lect. ii. vol. i. p. 20.

and the learned, are equally unanimous in their endeavour to aspire, is, therefore, more or less, inherent in the child, as well as in the man; in the savage, as well as in the native of Italy or Athens. FINE TASTE, which is a natural one improved by art, is the result of a nice distinction of beauty and sublimity, and operates as a corrector of the occasional eccentricities of genius.—GENIUS, however, involves taste; and implies the faculty of invention, combined with the power of execution. But, different as they are in quality, their interests and their objects are the same—viz. virtue,—nature,—art and science. True TASTE,

> ——————When delicately fine,
> Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine;
> The full perfection of each mental pow'r;
> 'Tis Sense, 'tis Nature, and 'tis something more.
> Twin-born with Genius, of one common bed,
> One parent bore them, and one master bred.
> It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
> With purer blushes bids fair Beauty glow;
> From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
> And warms, Corregio! every touch of thine.
>
> CAWTHORN.

TALENT displays itself in imitation;—while GENIUS, having an instinctive faculty of invention, and delighting in new relations and in new

influences, impregnates nature with a new impression. Genius always possesses talent;—while talent frequently is destitute of genius: for a musician, excelling in the difficulties and intricacies of execution, and capable of giving the fullest effect to every pause and intonation of Handel, may yet be utterly incapable of composing the simplest original melody.

HARMONY denotes talent; MELODY genius. If talent would thrive, it must be cherished by the world:—Genius, however, being for the most part neglected, forms, as a natural consequence, a world for itself. Talent is a faculty for one direction;—but genius is confined to no admeasurement.—Scorning the rules of art, it shews itself by a quick perception of apparently contrasted qualities, fascinates by its coruscations, and displays a lively sense of beauty, and a strong feeling for the sublime:—which, glancing from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth, enables him to point out an analogy between a man and an insect, a grain of sand and a planet.

Talent is frequently created by education;—genius, on the other hand, is invariably quickened in the cradle. Talent produces for contemporaries;—genius weaves its own laurel, and produces

for posterity. Neither deceived by the speciousness of authority, nor governed by the tyranny of high names;—at one time all nerve;—at other times all sinew;—with his lamp continually burning;—possessing a true sensibility to the beauty of virtue, and the ugliness of vice,—the man of genius, grasping the whole of the material world, and delighting in excursions in the intellectual, lives in a circle of his own forming. His sensations are events;—a desire of immortality is his infirmity;—esteeming his body only as a fabric of temporary use, he conceives the MIND to be the only true essence of the Divinity, and the proper ornament of man. Go where he will, "he leaves a pearl behind."

Men of genius,—as much superior to those of talent, as the ruby of Ceylon is to the ruby of Pegu,—reflect those impressions, which they receive, as it were, from instinct, with fidelity and force. How are they regarded?—When we hear of a man of genius, we seem, as if we were inclined to hail him as a god!—we see him,—and, finding him a mere man, we become reconciled to our own deficiencies. We are disappointed, unless we find honey on his lips, the globe in his hand, and his eye rolling in the finest frenzy of inspiration.

Why have we the folly to expect these things? —A man of genius,—however gigantic his genius may be,—feels it not only convenient, but indispensably necessary, to glide from his eminence, when he mixes with men;—and, if he would understand, or be understood, to reduce himself to the measure and standard of his audience. Should he not do so, instantly is he reduced to the rank of a pedant!—If, therefore, we would guard him from an humiliation, so utterly injurious to his pretensions, let us permit him to mix with the world on terms of equality:—and if his mind will occasionally take a flight beyond the stars, permit him to avail himself of his own opportunities;—that he may soar, when he can soar, without giving offence. When the eagle would gaze upon the sun with pride, he takes his flight to the summit of a mountain.

The finger of the Eternal touches the lips of the poet, as he reposes in his cradle!—The hallowed infant is unconscious of the touch!—The finger of God passes over the nerves of the excellent in sickness or in sorrow; and, having acquired the use of their judgment, and the exercise of their imagination, they recognise the touch!—

Magnetized with the extasy of the knowledge, that they are destined for future happiness, the touch unnerves them. Like the coast of Calabria, they become monuments of all that is beautiful, magnificent, and ruinous!

Such is the distinction between being touched in the cradle, or in the season of youth and manhood! —The former produces a Milton;—the latter reduces a Tillotson into a Brothers. The one let us treat with pity and with reverence; the other with respect, admiration, and honour:—since he belongs to that order of men, who, in every age, have been supposed to derive an inspiration immediately from heaven.—Those persons, whom the Platonists esteemed inferior to God, but superior to men!—Those exalted characters, who enjoy the most enviable immortality upon earth!—whom we never mention, when dead, without reverence or delight;—whose precepts we get by heart;—whose memories are sacred with us;—whose characters are dear to us;—and whose birth-places and monuments are the Meccas of enthusiasts.

Are men, so highly prized when dead, irreverently valued when living?

Yes.—By whom?—By men, who are unlearned, unskilled, ungifted, and unanointed.—Men, who mistake science for heresy, and knowledge for witchcraft;—who celebrate the praises of barbarism, and dignify the impertinence of folly: —vain, worldly, and ignorant!—Men, that creep and crawl upon the earth; and, in comparison with whom, genius soars—and soars beyond the sun!

Placing prejudice between knowledge and themselves, they are totally insensible of their own eclipse; and wage war, in all the folly of misconception, with learning, talents, and genius, because, having no power to distinguish between light and darkness, ignorance and truth, they are unable to elicit sparks of wealth from the electricity of genius. Perceiving no riches indented on his forehead, nor rank inwoven in his coat, they value a mind highly gifted, in the same manner, and in the same degree, that oysters value pearls, and insects value marble.

One of the principal causes why genius, in this cold and calculating world, succeeds so ill, may be traced to that indifference, with which men, whose lives are occupied in a contemplation of the beautiful and the sublime, regard all temporary advantages. Knowing but little of the baseness

of men, till experience teaches it in misfortune; easily cheated by others, and too easily deluded by their imaginations and the excellence of their natures, they feel at length the value of wealth, by becoming dupes to the cunning, and martyrs to the mean and contemptible villany of others.

Such is the principal cause, that contributes to make such men indigent, and to keep them so. Erasmus lived with difficulty, and died in poverty. —Cervantes perished in the streets of Madrid.— Camöens, to the eternal disgrace of his age and country, died in an hospital in misery and ruin.— Chatterton, the finest youthful genius, that ever adorned a country, was left to suicide.—Artedi was buried at the cost of another;—and Castell, who devoted a large fortune, and seventeen years of unremitted application to his Lexicon Heptaglotton, and who assisted in the formation of the Walton Polyglott Bible, was rewarded neither in proportion to his learning, his abilities, or labour. Butler received no profit for his Hudibras from the profligate and worthless Charles: he lived in want, and received interment at the cost of a friend.—Linnæus never received more than a ducat a sheet for any of his writings, though he wrote forty different works. "I have tried," said

that illustrious character, "whether diligence and unremitted labour can create respect.—In this attempt I have enfeebled my frame; and what is worse than all, I am killing myself without the satisfaction of leaving a provision for my children." In this distressing condition he remained for several years. Here let us stop:—it is a subject too painful to be dwelt upon!—A judge is permitted to enjoy his perquisites;—a bishop his rents;—a rector his tenths;—a general his pay;—and the statesman his salary:—but the poet—Oh, spirit of the immortal Spenser!—the poet is doomed to drink the bitter cup of poverty and sorrow. Such is the fate of the poet! Let no one, therefore, of inferior qualifications, complain, if he receive no compensation for his merits, and no reward for his industry.

III.

But indigence is not the only evil, that literary merit has to dread. The envy, which assails it, is far beyond the calculation of a good man; and equally beneath the attention of a wise one:—yet it operates on the happiness of both! Parmenides, whose code of laws was an honour to Elea,

screened himself from the envy of the multitude in the retirement of philosophy. Pythagoras was the victim of a party at Crotona, and died in wandering from town to town. Thucydides was banished from Athens for a period of thirty years; and Libanius was driven from city to city by the envy and jealousy of rivals. Few men were more pestered with the malice of their cotemporaries than Cicero;—while Galen was so envied by his brother physicians, that he became at length apprehensive of his life.

Galileo was imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition;—Copernicus was screened from persecution only by his death;—Ramus, whose writings contributed so much to banish Aristotle* from the schools, was twice obliged to quit Paris, to avoid the vengeance of bigotry, and perished at last in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Dr. Harvey, who taught the circulation of the blood in animals;—and Dr. Hales, who proved the circulation of the sap in trees, both encountered the opposition and envy of their cotemporaries. Linnæus struggled long against the prejudice of his opponents; while his writings were

* Institutiones dialectæ et Aristotelicæ animadversiones.

suppressed at Rome, and condemned to be burnt*! The clergy of the Parliamentary army heightened the death of the excellent Chillingworth by their meanness and barbarity:—Campanella encountered a host of enemies at Rome, Naples, and Bologna;—was imprisoned;—tried as a criminal; and put seven times to the rack. The reputation of the Cid armed all the wits of Paris against Corneille; and Domenichino was so envied by the painters at Naples, that he became utterly weary and disgusted with life.—It is enough to bring the moon from heaven!

These instances, worthy of occupying a page in Valerianus' treatise on the Infelicity of the Learned, are sufficient arguments, with the weak and the worldly, to reconcile their vanity to the measure of their ignorance. With opportunities to know, and to feel, the force of all this, who can peruse, without indignation, the following sentiments of Horace Walpole?—"A poet and a painter," said that right honourable personage, "may want an equipage and a villa by wanting protection; but they can always afford to buy pen, ink, and paper, colours and pencil."—Pen, ink, and paper, colours and pencil!—And pray,

* A. D. 1758.

my lord, where is the satisfaction of having pen, ink and paper, colours and pencil, if a man has a large family, and little to eat and little to drink? —Could vanity ever have so measured its folly, as, for one moment, to let you suppose, that you were equal to Homer, to Camöens, to Tasso, to Cervantes, to Erasmus, and to Butler?—And yet, I tell you, my lord of Orford, that every one of those illustrious men not only lived, but died, and were buried in want!—One work of genius ought to make one man's fortune.—You, my lord, had meat, and drink, and fine clothes, and fine houses, —ah, and you had also talents!—Yes, my lord, you had talents, but you had no genius:—neither were you a lover of genius. May heaven defend the sacred republic of letters from such a proud, conceited, superficial, coxcomb as this!—A man, who, because want never reached him, seems to have supposed, that want could never reach the good!

Two arguments against the cultivation of letters may, with infinitely more justice, be drawn from the absurdity of pedants, and the malevolence of critics.—Beings, which though of different natures, habits, and tempers, operate equally as weeds to choke the garden of learning and science. The

former, teeming with something that is past, yet totally unskilled in all that is passing;—of great reading, but of little knowledge;—adepts in language, and yet mere infants in their acquaintance with men or with science. Vain with imaginary importance, or wrapt in impenetrable dulness, they raise a smile at every line, or pour an antidote over every page. Deriving the little, they possess, from the illumination of others, as the shadow of the earth derives its light from the refraction of the atmosphere, a stupid admiration do they gather from the vulgar; while they solicit the praise of the ignorant by their frivolous energy and laborious imbecility. Proud of pedantic research, they read notes, commentaries, glossaries, and title pages, till, ceasing to be capable of reading mankind, we might almost be justified in saying, that in after life they will form some of the particles of that dusky ring, which rolls around the orb of Saturn.—To these men nature is silent.

The modern critic!—wholesale dealer in libel and paradox*! The argument derived from the malevolence, with which men, occupied in tracing

* When the following remarks were shewn in confidence to a friend, he advised me, by all means, to suppress them. "And why?" enquired I. "Why?—because if you print

the same road, have attacked each other by the way, is a serious and a powerful one; and can

them, you will sign your proscription."—"Indeed?"—"As certainly as the sun shines."—"Sign my proscription?"—"Yes! sign your proscription!"—"With whom?"—"With the critics."—"What order of critics?"—"What order of critics!"—"Ah! what order?"—"Why—with—"—"with the mean, envious, ignorant, and malicious critics."—"Well! and are not those the very men, whom policy would advise you to conciliate?—Have they ever wounded you?"—"Never!"—"Why then, let them alone.—Let them alone, in the name of heaven!—Let them hiss, and snarl, and bark as much as they will, as long as they neither hiss, nor snarl, nor bark at you."—"But my subject demands it."—"Then leave your subject incomplete."—"Oh! that were cowardice indeed!"—"Cowardice!—more of prudence, I believe."—"But after all, what have I to fear?—If I lose with the bad critic, I may possibly gain by the good one.—No honourable man likes to have his profession disgraced; and it is possible, that if I create one enemy in this quarter, I may create five friends in another."—"Five friends!—no, not one!—and even if you should, I thought you had known enough of the world to be conscious; that one enemy may do you more harm, than twenty friends can do you good."—"But my subject requires it, my dear sir; what can I do?"—"I don't know what you can do, but I know what you will do;—and that is—repent."—"From the age of twenty-three, I have feared neither the arm of man, nor the tongue of woman; even from the Duke and his Duchess to the peasant and his wife. As to paper-bullets!"—"Paper-bullets!—Good morning!—you may be a man of very good abilities, and of very good

only be encountered by allowing the fact, and by shewing, that sensible as we are of the gigantic disgrace, which the malevolent critic has brought upon literature, it is, in some degree, compensated by the honour, which Aristotle, Quintilian and Longinus, Lowth, Beattie, and Johnson, have conferred upon an art, which, in no age so successfully as the present, is powerful in the hands of a coward, a calumniator, or an assassin. "Criticism," says one of the above-mentioned writers, "is a study, by which men grow important at very little expense;—for he, whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic. Criticism," he continues, "is a god of easy access, and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous. The want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recompenses with malignity*."

Laying a tax and a penalty upon learning, and alike destitute of learning, imagination, and sensibility, they shun the roses and fuschias of litera-

courage, as far as I know, but you have not yet learnt the danger and the folly of putting your fingers into a wasp's nest.—I have:—and therefore wish you truly and heartily out of the scrape."

* Idler, No. 60.

ture, to gratify a worthless appetite for nettles, thistles and wormwood.—And as the albatross, which is the tyrant of the seas, loves to associate with the penguin, one of the most stupid of birds, these literary wasps, joining the crew of common feeling and of common thinking, after endeavouring at one time to instruct Hannibal in the art of war, and at another to varnish with a deeper tinge a spot, discoverable in Milton, will finish their evening with a pander or a libertine:—affording curious examples of the union, which invariably subsists, between critical profligacy and moral depravity.

Overlooking their ignorance and feebleness, their shallowness and impertinence, we may stigmatise them, as the Neros and Domitians of a literary age. Possessing all the materials of malignity, which suggested the plan, and executed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, they seldom fail to be witty when they can, and malevolent when they dare. Shooting their arrows in the dark, and poisoning the points, before they discharge them, they are the very *Scioppii* of the republic: while living on the cream of bad writers, and on the excrement of good ones, they cultivate in their gardens nothing but hellebore and hemlock. Delighting in assafœtida, they live to wound

the hearts of the living, and to strike the monuments of the dead.

These observations apply to mean, envious, and malignant critics only:—men, who delight in culling weeds from flowers; chaff from wheat; and dross from gold.—Not to render those flowers more beautiful, the wheat more heavy, or the gold more pure; but for the mean and ludicrous satisfaction of holding up the bad, as exemplars of the good.—They revel like the maggot in the ordure of putrefaction!—Banished from all good society, and living in dishonourable exile from their own virtues, their friendships are confederacies against the peace and the happiness of others. Bad poets and worse philosophers, they supply their want of ability by sucking, like the vampire, the veins and the arteries of genius in its sleep.—Presiding in the court of malice, they permit innocence to have no privilege of proof, and virtue no benefit of clergy:—while monopolizing injustice, they constitute at once the judge and the jury, the evidence and executioner.

But if the literary world has suffered from malignant critics, it has gained no less from the canons and instructions of liberal and enlightened ones. If we refer history to memory, poetry to imagination, and philosophy to judgment, it does

not of necessity follow, that every one, who presumes to write history, is an historian; every one who writes verses, a poet; nor every one who has the exercise of judgment, in the regular routine of vulgar life, a philosopher. Neither is every ragged pretender to criticism, a critic!—Men may be called divines, physicians, and lawyers, if they only practise in the professions of law, of physic, and divinity; but we must never style men orators, poets, critics, or mathematicians, unless they are really, and eminently so. In the daily intercourse of life, we observe the laws of courtesy, it is true, in styling those lords, who are so only by prescription: but in the world of letters, there is no such courtesy. In that world there is neither absolute government, monarchy, nor aristocracy: it is a republic;—in which rank is proportionate to brilliancy of imagination, depth of enquiry, soundness of judgment, and elevation of mind.

IV.

In this republic, the most useful members for the correction of morals are the satirists and dramatists. The drama, deviating from objects purely natural, directs its best and most serious attention to the passions of men. From this department

of poetry, he derives instruction, who never imbibed a lesson from a tutor, a maxim from a parent, or a rule from society. Being one of the best vehicles for the inculcation of important rules, and reflections for the conduct of life, it engenders hatred for crime, ridicule for vice, and contempt for folly. And while it excites pity for misery, whether of body or mind, it promotes social affection, inspires generous sentiments, and tends, in no slight degree, to polish the manners; while it forms of itself a complete map, or planetarium of the passions.

The pen of the Satirist has contributed more to the welfare of public morals, than all the ethics of Antoninus, or the sermons of Tillotson, Sherlocke, and Hoadley. Encountering general vices, the legitimate satirist never degenerates into libel. Attacking the highest, he stands in no fear of the strongest. But, by weakening the operation of example in the more elevated stations of life, he confers one of the richest of benefits on society at large. Delineating manners and characters, he promotes the best interests of virtue, by awakening the conscience of crime, and by exhibiting vice to the gaze of contempt. Hence Archilochus, Horace, and Juvenal, Boileau, Dryden, and Pope, have

been universally esteemed the most valuable poets in their respective countries.

In satire, the Romans were alone original.—Horace lashes with ease, with delicacy, and good nature; Persius, boldly and undauntedly; while Juvenal *, with all the indignancy of offended virtue, scourges the vices and follies of his age. With vigour, equal to the vigour of an angry giant, this unequalled satirist, animated with a warm and decided hatred to all the worst passions of the heart, pours forth in language, at once dignified and sublime, a golden tissue of the loftiest sentiments.

V.

If in forming a complete model of a cathedral, the portal and western front of that at Rheims, the choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, and the towers of Chartres, are esteemed requisite; so, in forming a model of a truly-learned man,—but, who has the united genius of Homer, the talent of Cicero, the judgment of Jones, and the sagacity of Bacon?

* Cum autem trium Romanæ satiræ poetarum, Horatii, Persii, et Juvenalis (says the elder Casaubon), idem sit propositum, idem scopus, quem antè diximus; magna tamen inter ipsos differentia; omnes esse eximios, omnes lectu dignissimos, et qui diversis virtutibus tandem propè parem sint consecuti.

And yet, so learned do we now esteem ourselves, that some of our largest books, (I do not say our best), are written in fewer months, than, in former times, they were in years! Statius was twelve years in writing his Thebaid;—Dion Cassius ten in composing his memoirs, and twelve his history;—Parmenides was eighteen years in writing his logical disquisitions;—Virgil employed seven upon his Eclogues, and eleven upon his Eneid;—Livy devoted twenty years to his history;—Du Fresnoy as many to his Art of Painting;—Diodorus was thirty, and Paul Jovius thirty-seven, in writing their histories;—Des Cartes was twenty-five in forming his Principles of Philosophy;—and Paulus Æmilius, whose history is so much commended by Lipsius, was thirty years in compiling his History of the Kings of France.—Boileau and Pope wrote with the greatest care and circumspection; and Dante and Petrarch corrected with diligence and solicitude. In the writings of the best ancients almost every line has a native dignity, and almost every page is studded with brilliants. No labour, as a celebrated scientific compiler justly remarks, "no assiduity or exactness was thought enough to fit a work for the public view. Every sentiment and expression were to be maturely

weighed, and turned on all sides; and not suffered to pass, unless every word were a pearl, and every page beset with gems."—Their works, in consequence, wear laurels of eternal verdure. A single leaf from the volume of the Sybil were more to be esteemed, than all the annals of Volusius.

VI.

THE mere pleasure of reading Virgil were sufficient to atone for many minor inconveniences. Strada, in one of his prolusions*, represents the Latin epic poets on Parnassus:—After describing the stations which were occupied by Ovid, Statius, Claudian, Lucan, and Lucretius, he says, that Virgil appeared, sitting by the side of Calliope, among a grove of myrtles and laurels, which grew in so umbrageous a manner, as almost entirely to conceal him. "He would have been scarcely seen," says Strada, "but that it were impossible to see Calliope, without beholding Virgil also †."—This is the Virgil, that was so abhorred by Cali-

* Prol. Lib. ii. vi.

† Quo in recessu fefellisset oculos ille multorum, nisi quod in Calliopem intendere oblatum nemo poterat, qui simul assidentem inibi pöetam non videret.

gula, that he lamented, almost with tears, that he flourished not in his reign, that he might have the superlative delight of putting him to death!—a wish, forming in itself a glorious epitaph! Euler, the mathematician, by repeating every line of the Eneid, from beginning to the end, betrayed, in comparison, a poverty of compliment.

By the lover of Greek literature, Virgil must assuredly be allowed a very inferior station in the temple of fame:—Theocritus in pastoral;—Hesiod and Aratus in the Georgics;—Homer and Apollonius in the Eneid, being his prototypes. Tracing his fable and his thoughts to their respective sources, Virgil gives delight only to the Grecian, through the medium of beautiful sentiments, and an exquisite style.

To those, however, who are unacquainted, or who do not choose to recollect his obligations, Virgil is, beyond all question, the finest poet (Homer excepted), of all antiquity. If he satisfy not the taste of a Grecian, he touches the hearts of all the world beside. With the sublimity of Pindar, he unites the beauty of Xenophon, and the pathos of Simonides.

If Cicero teach us to write with elegance,—Antoninus to subdue our passions,—Aristotle to

exercise our reason, and Plato our imagination;—Virgil snatches the laurel from the philosopher, the wreath from the poet, the lyre from the musician, the chisel from the sculptor, and the palettè from the painter. One reads Virgil for the dignity of his numbers, and the beauty of his sentiments;—a second to acquire a knowledge of the passions;—a third for his philosophy;—while a fourth, catching impressions, as he glides along, soars with the poet even to the height of elevation.—He listens! and he fancies he hears the lyre of Timotheus:—he conceives his images,—and almost questions, whether he hears the numbers of a poet, or sees the chisel of Praxiteles.

If the sublime in writing consist in the union of noble thoughts, a grandeur of expression, and an harmonious phrase, as Boileau declares it does, who so sublime as Virgil?—If grace consist in delicacy and elegance, who so graceful as Virgil? —More invention belongs to Ariosto, it is true; but Virgil is as much superior to Ariosto, as the sublime is to the elegant, or the magnificent to the wild.

Aristotle says, that the criterion of a good book is, when the writer has said "every thing he ought, nothing but what he ought, and as he ought."—

When we have acquired a knowledge of such books as these, we retain, in spite of nature herself, a tincture of their merits, and enjoy, as it were, at every accession, the pleasures of an ancient friendship. These pleasures, which are unregarded by the vulgar, because they are unknown, are capable of indulgence, when no other pleasure is capable of possession. Hence arose the respect of Cato* and the Emperor Julian; and hence our divine Milton celebrated philosophy, as being musical as Apollo's lute—

> ——— And a perpetual feast
> Of nectar'd sweets.
>
> *Comus.*

The Greeks had their anagrostes, and the Romans their lectores;—and Atticus and Pliny seldom supped without having persons to read to their guests; a practice in which they were imitated by Charlemagne, and the clergy of the middle ages. From his habit of reading, Boerhaave declared, that he retained a perfect equality of spirits at the age of sixty-eight: and Dr. Clark, considering gravity as allied to folly, maintained, that one

* Cic. de divin. iii. 2.

of the principal virtues of literature was to render us cheerful, contented, and happy.

Camden esteemed learning his only pleasure, and learned men the only comfort of his life. Pope Pius the Second said, that as an avaricious man was never satisfied with money, a learned one should not be so with knowledge: for that men in general should regard it as silver, noblemen as gold, and princes as diamonds.

VII.

CICERO calls philosophy *ars vitæ;* and, considering it to have had the honour of first civilizing mankind*, he recognized books as the comfort and support of his existence†. "Here," says he, in a letter to a friend, written from his house at Asturia, "here I live without the speech of man—every morning early I hide myself in the thickest of the wood, and never come out till the evening. Next to yourself, nothing is so dear to me as this solitude: and my whole conversation is with my books‡."

* Tuscul. Quæst. Lib. v. † Ep. Famil. ix. 2.
‡ Ep. ad Attic. xii. 15.

Milton, speaking of the agreeableness of learning, has a beautiful and harmonious passage. It is in his Tractate on Education. "We shall conduct you," says he, "to a hill side, laborious indeed in the ascent; but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus were not more charming." Without books, says Bartholin, God is silent, justice dormant, physic at a stand, philosophers lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in cimmerian darkness. In fact, the uses of books are so obvious and important, that it requires no one to read Bartholin, nor Bury, nor Baillet, nor Morhoff, to teach us their value.

That the love of literature does not necessarily incapacitate, for the more active pursuits of life, is amply instanced by the examples of Xenophon, Thucydides, Aratus, and Lucullus; Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, and the Emperor Julian; Lorenzo de Medici, Leo 10th, and William, Earl of Chatham. Its use in public stations has been illustrated in innumerable instances of characters having proved themselves better soldiers, and abler statesmen, in proportion to the degree, in which

their minds and their manners have been cultivated and improved.

"Wisdom and knowledge," says the author of one of our best descriptive catalogues, "are the very loadstones and attractives of all honour. These are they, which aggrandize a man's acceptance to the most wise, with great affection and courtesy. His worth is perpetuated with the remembrance of honour, when his dust is offensive. The beauty and lustre, that learning and knowledge set upon him, that enjoys them, are his natural escutcheons. He, that is thus qualified, is the honour of his country." Literature teaches experience by prescription; supplies frequently the want of ability; gives premature age to the mind, and converts its bullion into coin: a coin, for which, if it were capable of purchase, there is not a coxcomb, who would not barter his folly; nor is there a duke, who would not be a scholar.

Taste and learning gravitate to virtue, by a natural impulse; hence learning and virtue have been, for the most part, considered as cause and effect. Incumbent, therefore, is it on our tutors to render useful knowledge alluring, and permanently delightful. Offering the best and sweetest

hope to the heart, by creating an honest independence in the mind, and introducing us to frugal pleasures; inspiring fine sentiments, and enriching the imagination—

> ——————— The harmonious Muse
> And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
> Their fairest laurels o'er the bleak ascent,
> And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
>
> *Akenside, P. I.* ii. l. 58.

Vice draws men into atheism, and ignorance keeps them there: learning may, therefore, not inappropriately be called "the physic of the soul:" and the first and noblest of empires is that which is acquired by elevated minds over the manners and dispositions of enlightened men. Men of this distinguished order possess those remarkable powers of the magnet, which are styled polarity and attraction. The former is indicated by the power, which they acquire of directing mankind; the latter is shewn by the esteem and honour, which their acquirements, by a natural impulse, draw from the world in general,—much against its will! Stamping a majesty on every thing it touches, learning enables us to be the contemporaries of all ages; and, participating in the sciences of all countries, every period of time is reduced into one sphere, and the

whole circuit of the globe is encompassed with a glance.

As he may be styled the best tutor to a prince, who instils into his mind those axioms, which awaken an ardent desire of administering to the happiness of a whole people, that reasoner is the best in private life, who would teach us to derive our enjoyments from the exercise of our affections, and a cultivation of our minds. Refining human nature by exciting a disrelish for sensual gratifications, learning takes all glitter from folly, and all splendour from illegitimate ambition, by filling the mind with those golden maxims, which would teach, in strong and most persuasive language, that content is the true wealth of nature; and that since it is the essence of all wisdom, it is, as Pliny has so well observed, the best security against the contagion of a bad example, and the best substitute for a friend.

VIII.

This is one of the pursuits, to which Valerius Maximus probably alluded when he said, that there exists a majesty in illustrious men, which, without the paraphernalia of attendance, is powerful in ob-

taining respect. For as the Mediterranean, which receives all the principal rivers of classical antiquity, rolls with more temperance than any other sea; so, if we are permitted to reason by a forced analogy, the truly elegant and enlightened, who imbibe their principal benefits from the literature of the highly-favoured countries, where those rivers flow, glide through existence, if fortune grants them a subsistence, more peaceably and honourably than any other men. Men of literature, also, frequently attain the blessing of the patriarchs—long life.

If philosophy, the objects of which are man, nature, and the Deity, became, as we are taught to believe, " impious under Diagoras; impudent under Diogenes; selfish under Demochares; abusive under Lycon; voluptuous under Metrodorus; fantastic under Crates; and libertine under Pyrrho,"—we are under no obligation of receiving every deserter into the camp, nor every hypocrite into the temple. If Commodus insisted upon being considered a philosopher by his minions, history insists upon ranking him among the gladiators. We will, therefore, no more allow of his admission, than we will allow the claim of Nero to be ranked as a poet.

Without philosophy, domestic life loses half of its charms, for—

> Richer than Peruvian mines,
> And sweeter than the sweet, ambrosial hive,
> What is she, but the means of happiness?
>
> *Young.*

Philosophy, says Horace, in one of his epistles, will teach us the value of a life of content. She will instruct you to moderate your desires, and to know, whether virtue is attainable by art, or whether it is only to be acquired from nature. Philosophy it is, who will reconcile you to yourself, in case of affliction, and correctly assure you, which is the truest happiness, the possession of riches, the acquirement of honour, or the sweet and secret harmony of that life, which glides insensibly away*.

Quickening our perceptions, and perfecting our judgments, learning enables us to prefer mind to sense, by correcting the feelings of the one, by the operations of the other. Giving a steadiness to the mental eye, chastity to the ear, and temperance to the palate, it adds a grace to strength, and an elegance to vigour. Supplying reason with prin-

* Ep. xviii.

ciples, and reducing those principles to harmony and order, it becomes the best sign of nature: suiting life to philosophy, and adapting philosophy to the best purposes of life, it supplies the place of a happy constitution, and becomes our most essential guide, whether in the choice of conduct*, or in the direction of science.

While some devote their time, their peace, their health, and their reputation, to the vilest of pursuits, and to the most sordid of passions, labouring for others, rather than for himself, the philosopher, alive to all the best feelings of the heart, and gifted with all the sublimer qualities of the mind, exalts himself above every mean desire, and sheds a lustre over a narrow fortune. For the purposes of philosophy, as Socrates and Pythagoras rightly regarded, are not to make an ostentatious display of learning, and to consume time in useless, though ingenious conjectures and speculations, but to operate on the conduct of life, by teaching the necessity of correcting all the vices, and by inspiring a love of virtue, by the exercise of which we may arrive at true felicity.

* Dux vitæ, virtutis indagatrix. Vid. also, De Orat. Lib. i. c. 36, 37. Tusc. Quest. Lib. v.

Awakening sentiments, honourable to our nature, and tending to the perfection of every mental power, taste, learning, and science become the best relatives of excellence. Disencumbering the mind from those vile and degrading circumstances of common life, which sink the heart, and disgrace the soul, the tyranny of the passions is subdued, and an empire established over the mind. For, being the best preservatives of an innocent heart, the wishes and the hopes are purified, the imagination creates a world in conformity to its desires, and we are led to emulate without envy, to excel without vanity, and to triumph without arrogance.

Superior to those little interests, which so much occupy and divide the affections of men, philosophy, modest and mild, ever willing to be taught, and never refusing to listen, inculcates ideas, which, in their operations, tend to exalt the affections, and to dignify the human character. And as the diamond derives its peculiar brilliance from its powers of reflecting all the rays of light, at one and the same moment, so does philosophy reflect every virtue, and elicit the sweetest, purest, and most innocent enjoyments, that life is master of. For it is its aim, and ultimate end, to melt the heart with benevolent

affections; to impress the imagination with beautiful images; and to sublime the soul with magnificent conceptions.

IX.

Every legitimate exercise of the mind operates, as a spring, for the production of a thousand future efforts; and as nothing transcends the capacity of thought, so nothing transcends the pleasure it produces. And when the angel of death, lifting the scene, and unwinding the labyrinth of life, purges the fancy of all its idle distinctions,—philosophy, having produced in life a strong mind, and a pure, unsophisticated heart, now when the curtain is about to drop on all our speculations, indulging the hope of an easy and a happy transition, becomes an opiate for the soul, and awakens anticipations beyond the happiness of dreams. For, elevating us above the dominion of the passions, its object is more intimately to qualify us, by a series of good deeds, and sublime speculations and contemplations, to an assimilation with the divine nature. These are the lofty ends of its designs; and which induced Persius so strongly to recommend its cultivation to the youth of Rome

and Italy, as the best guide to virtue and to happiness; since it facilitates the acquirement of both, as naturally and as certainly, as the invention of logarithms facilitates the solution of mathematical questions.

X.

When the world has neglected us;—when friends dwindle into acquaintances;—when every morning and every evening bring accumulations of sorrow;—when objects, which have pleased us long, delight no longer;—when youth loses its elasticity, and manhood its vigour;—when hope ends in disappointment, and sorrow in despair;—when, in fact, life, pregnant with every species of difficulty and danger, becomes a burthen, which calls for all our fortitude to bear, how often does a recurrence to books soothe our agonies, dissipate our fears, and reconcile us to life!

Lord Bolingbroke, who delighted in difficulty,—whose conversation was the mirror of elegance,—who was an object of wonder, during the whole of his life; who is said to have had a head to conceive, yet a heart that would allow him to execute nothing; formed to command admiration,

though not to excite love; prompted to be a philosopher by ambition; aiming at sublimity of mind, yet giving way to the lowest impulse of feeling; amid all his hours of eccentricity, of luxury, and of intemperance, in wine, in women and ambition, felt a strong inclination to study. In his exile, this inclination was his principal consolation; his Patriot King, and his Reflections upon Exile, being written to charm away the hours of listlessness and solitude. Gravina read ten hours every day, to the last week of his life: and when his friends remonstrated with him against such unnecessary application, he replied, that nothing on earth could afford him so exquisite a pleasure. Libanus declared, that the five years he received the friendly lessons of Aristænetus were the *spring* of his whole life; and that if it were possible to conceive any thing more delightful than spring, it was that: while Alphonso, King of Arragon, recovered from a dangerous state of health from the pleasure he derived in the perusal of Livy.

"In literature," says Pliny, "I receive the greatest pleasure and consolation. Nothing so melancholy, but this soothes it; nothing so agreeable, but this excels it; and this it is, which

gives me support under every inconvenience, and misfortune of life *."—Milton, when blind, derived his chief enjoyment from the works of Homer and Euripides, Spenser and Shakspeare. In obscurity and disgrace, in comparative poverty and declining age, he wrote his Paradise Lost. Brutus, in the midst of his difficulties, could charm away the moments, in forming an epitome of Polybius: and Dante, while in exile, passed the best of his hours in writing his Inferno; a work, which has immortalised a life, that all his political ability could never have rescued from the herd of heraldric names, with which it is enveloped.

What was the opinion of Seneca in regard to the writings of Quintus Sextius?—"In the writings of this eminent man," says he, "you will find a greater share of vigour, than in those of any other philosopher. Other moralists argue and cavil perpetually;—feeling no ardour themselves, they inspire their readers with none. But in reading Sextius, he is so animated and energetic, that he

* Est gaudium mihi et solatium in literis, nihilque tam lætum, quod his lætius; nihil tam triste, quod his lætius; nihil tam triste, quod non per hos sit minus triste.

Plin. viii. *Ep.* 19.

appears to rise even above humanity. Whatever may be the state of my disposition, he dismisses me full of confidence; and so much is my mind strengthened, that I feel disposed to invite calamity, and to desire fortune, that she would give me some great occasion, for the display of my virtue, and for the exercise of my fortitude. In the writings of Sextius one virtue is predominant. He sets before you the value of a happy life, and teaches you in what manner to gain it. Virtue presents herself to you in her own person, at once to animate your hopes, and to excite your admiration*." When Horace heard that a philosopher of his acquaintance had renounced the study of science for the cultivation of the art of war, he wrote him an ode †. Towards the close of it he enquires, whether in future any one can deny, that rivers might ascend high mountains, and the Tiber revert to its own fountain; since a circumstance so unusual, so extraordinary, and so improbable had occurred as that.

Smoothing the asperities of life,—furnishing an innocent amusement to age, and a necessary re-

* Sen. Epis. 6. Ep. 75—108. De Ira, iii. c. 36.

† Hor. Od. 29.

laxation to manhood,—it is the highest of all duties to instil a love of science and literature into the minds of the rich and the great. Since as a work of genius is the most noble of all escutcheons, the love of the works of genius is one of the best of all inheritances.

XI.

In the horrors of a prison how many are the eminent men, who have derived their only consolation from the exercise of their imagination in the prosecution of their studies! Sir Walter Raleigh amused his hours of confinement in writing a history of the world. Prior wrote his Alma in prison: Cervantes, when a slave in Barbary, wrote the principal portion of his incomparable romance: Pelisson, during the five years of his imprisonment, finished several works on theology and philosophy: Louis the XIIth, when Duc de Orleans, derived all his consolation from study, when, after the battle of St. Aubin, he was confined at Bourges. Mary of Scotland cultivated the art of poetry, when immured in Fotheringay Castle: in her prison at Woodstock, Elizabeth translated Boëthius:—and Boëthius himself derived from his

Consolatio Philosophiæ his only satisfaction, during the whole of his imprisonment in the tower of Pavia. In the fortress of Louvestein, Grotius wrote his version of Stobæus, and his Treatise on the Truth of the Christian Religion: Puffendorff, in a similar solitude, without books, and without a friend to soothe him, formed the plan of his celebrated work, " The Elements of Jurisprudence:" and so well persuaded were even the Welch nobles of the comforts of literature, that when they were in captivity, in the Tower of London, they requested, that the contents of their libraries might be sent to them from Wales, in order to amuse them in their solitary confinement.

Who, that has read the fate of the illustrious De Witt, has not shed a tear of pity in honour of his memory? This celebrated statesman was accused of attempting to bribe a man of the lowest order to poison the Prince of Orange! a charge, improbable in the highest degree, and supported by no evidence. He was taken before the tribunal of a corrupt and timid magistracy; and, to the vicious joy of the populace, condemned to perpetual banishment. The pensionary resolved to share the fate of his illustrious brother. " He came," says the historian, " to his brother's

prison, determined to accompany him to the place of his exile. The signal was given to the populace: they rose in arms; they broke open the doors of the prison; they pulled out the two brothers: and a thousand hands vied, who should first be embrued in their blood. Even their death did not satiate the rage of the multitude: they exercised, on the dead bodies of their virtuous citizens, indignities, too shocking to be recited; and till tired with their own fury, they permitted not the friends of the deceased to approach, or to bestow upon them the honours of a funeral, silent and unattended*." In the moments of severest agony, and while the populace were inflicting their brutal vengeance, Cornelius De Witt recalled to mind an ode of Horace, applicable to his unfortunate condition. In the midst of his torments he repeated it—

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium, &c. &c.
>
> Lib. iii. Od. 3. 1.

The uses of learning and philosophy in the hour of death were finely exemplified by the closing scene of Julian: and the advantages of poetry are

* Hume. vii. 362.

equally displayed in the example of Ladbrog, one of the Scythian kings, who being stung by a serpent and conscious of approaching death, composed the Runic Epicedium, which has been so highly celebrated, between the time of receiving the wound and the poison seizing on his vitals.

You, my friend, had the happiness to know the excellent Roucher.—Soon after you left Paris, he was condemned under the regime of Robespierre; and, though guiltless of a crime, condemned to die!—Solely occupied with his affection for his children, this most amiable poet lost all concern for himself.—For them only he lamented the harshness of his destiny.—The day previous to the one, on which he was doomed to suffer, he sate for the portrait, which he afterwards sent to his family, with the following lines, translated from the French by Helen Maria Williams.

Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmans et doux,
Si quelqu'air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage;
Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinait cette image,
On dressait l'echefaud, et je pensais à vous.

TRANSLATION.

Lov'd objects! cease to wonder, when ye trace
The melancholy air, that clouds my face:—

> Ah! while the painter's skill this image drew,
> They rear'd the scaffold, and I thought of you.

While immured in his dungeon, the principal consolation of Roucher rested in his hope of immortality, in his books, and in remembering and describing to his fellow-prisoners the many beautiful landscapes, he had beheld in the provinces of Languedoc and Gascoigny, on the banks of the Rhone, and among the rocks and vallies of the Loire.

Thus the imagination infuses an unwonted energy into the mind; which becomes more strong, in proportion to its exercise. Hence from the loss of friends, the loss of fortune, and from other anxieties and calamities of life, we may date the origin of many of our best and most celebrated works.—

> ——They drink, and soon
> Flies pain;—flies inauspicious care; and soon
> The social haunt, or unfrequented shade
> Hears Io,—Io Pæan.————
>
> *Hymn to the Naiads.*

XII.

But if these benefits attend the cultivation of literature and philosophy, we must be careful to separate the better part of learning from dogmatism;—to preserve it from false principles;—and to guard, that our love degenerates not into enthusiasm, nor our reason into atheism.—And lest learning should become the priest-craft of philosophy, to entertain no proposition, which is not derived from some sound principle, nor to advance one argument, willingly, which has not the benefit of a legitimate source.

Men, there are, who write of love, and yet excite no feeling of tenderness:—others descant in favour of liberty, without animating their listeners with a love of freedom:—and philosophers there are, also, whose philosophy would ruin mankind. —With no fixed or honest respect for truth, they wage war in direct opposition to their own theories; and imposing silence on their adversaries, before they have convinced them, presume to offence, unless they exercise the prerogative of forcing their readers to believe their sophisms, or to admire their nonsense.—If we are to expect

justice, and patriotism, and reason, founded on virtue, these are not the men, from whom they are to be elicited; since, poisoning the fountains of truth, they pour discredit upon science, and envelope truth in darkness and doubt.

He who is inordinately proud of his knowledge, as some one has admirably said, would do well to consider how much knowledge he wants:—but the man, who is proud of his ignorance, is not unworthy the pen of a Butler, or the palette of an Hogarth.—If a censure is to be passed on men of these immediately opposite characters, how shall those be distinguished, who, endeavouring to raise a civil war in the republic of letters, have turned the weapons of literature against its own bosom:—and, entering into the bastions of the citadel, have entered with a design insidiously to betray it?

Such was the practice of Jean Jacques Rousseau!—a decided enemy to science, like Cornelius Agrippa, he speaks "an infinite deal of nothing, as much as any man in all Venice."—And yet his feelings, his descriptions, and even his errors, never fail to amuse, and not unfrequently even to captivate. This celebrated writer was of that peculiar order of men, whom we may call mag-

netical by induction; and had so many dark and white spots about him, that we may compare him to a pillar of Augustan marble.

When Rousseau asserted, that science and ignorance made the grand distinction between countries and ages, in favour of the latter, an antagonist answered, "No! It is want of opportunity; default of object; the bad administration of government; bad laws, and bad application of laws, that make the difference in the morals of countries and ages." Longinus asserts, that it is impossible for any one, who has been reared in servile pursuits, to produce any thing worthy of admiration! Of all the passages in Longinus this is, assuredly, the most curious; and we may not hesitate in pronouncing it, as being utterly and totally unworthy of so eminent a critic. It is an opinion as absurd, as that entertained by those, who have carried their conception of poetry to such a point of extravagance, as to assert, that every eminent poet must necessarily be descended from a noble family. As well may we imagine that beauty belongs to one order, ability to one science, and virtue to one sect. To the argument of Longinus, —Esop, Plautus and Terence, Hesiod, Burns and

Bloomfield, give convincing and decided negatives.

There is an argument, too, in Plutarch, equally erroneous, and equally offensive. It is that extraordinary passage, where he says, that no youth of noble birth and liberal sentiments would desire to be a Phidias, from having seen his statue of Jupiter, or Polycletus, from beholding his Juno, at Argos, or Philemon, from reading his poems, however delighted they may be with either. Is it possible, that the pen of Plutarch could record a sentiment, so undignified as this?—That Plutarch, whom Sardianus calls the beauty and harmony of philosophers?—That Plutarch, who has enlightened posterity with so many admirable precepts; and who has held up to our admiration so many noble and illustrious characters? Does no one, born of a noble family, form a wish to be a Phidias, a Raphael, a Virgil, a Tasso, or a Milton? —Is there, on the contrary, a mind so mean, so abject, and so utterly unconscious of the mind's divinity, that would not be proud, even beyond the pride of aristocracy, in the possession of talents so brilliant, and genius so exalted and sublime?

From this principle originate many of those delightful impressions, so beautifully alluded to by Pope, in his Epistle to Jervas :—

> With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
> Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :
> With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
> Or seek some ruin's venerable shade.

When we visit the tombs of the truly great, we connect ourselves with their glory : hence to be born in a town, which has produced a celebrated character, is always a circumstance of pleasure and pride.—" Names, which we have often read with delight in the writings of poets," says Barthelemy, " and heard with ecstasy upon the stage, make the stronger impression on the mind, as the heroes themselves seem again to live in the festivals and monuments, consecrated to their memories. The view of the places, which were the scenes of their illustrious deeds, carries us back to the times, in which they lived, realizes fiction, and gives animation to the most insensible objects! At Argos, amid the ruins of a subterraneous palace, in which it is said that King Agrisius confined his daughter Danae, I seemed

to hear the complaints of that unhappy princess. —On the road from Hermione to Træzen, I imagined I beheld Theseus, raising the enormous rock, beneath which were deposited the sword and other tokens, by which he was to be recognized by his father.—These illusions are homages, which we render to celebrity, and give new force to the imagination, which has more frequently need of such supports than reason."

Associations of this nature, extended to literary characters, were forcibly felt and frequently alluded to by the younger Pliny;—his love for literature extending even to the towns, cities and countries, whence it originally proceeded.—A natural, just, and noble admiration! There cannot be a finer instance of this veneration, than that which is exhibited in his epistle to Maximus, who had recently been appointed to the government of Achaia. Of this letter the following is rather a paraphrase, than a literal translation.—" I feel an obligation to advise you to exert all your ability. Reflect, that it is Achaia you are going to govern.—That Achaia, whence all elegance of manners, learning, and agriculture, derived their origin.—That you are going to regulate the affairs

of cities which are free, and men who have every claim to be free.—Men, who have secured the exercise of freedom by their virtue, by their noble deeds, and by the friendship which they entertain for us.—Revere their Gods, therefore;—the founders of their states, and their heroes. Let their origin, their real, and even their fabulous, traditions receive from you every degree of attention and respect. Keep ever in your mind, that it is the place, whence we derived some of our best laws;—that it is Athens and Lacedemon that you are to govern;—and that to deprive them even of a shadow of their liberty, would be a cruelty, which ought to belong to barbarians alone*."

XIII.

In a former page we have adverted to the distresses and misfortunes of literary men:—in the present we may be permitted the far more grateful duty of alluding to the honours, which in various countries have been paid to them. The whole city of Athens went into mourning for Euripides: —on his monument was placed the following epi-

* Plin. viii. Ep. 24. Cicero had previously written to Quintius in the same manner.

taph:—“ The glory of Euripides has all Greece for a monument.”—Eschylus was loaded with honours and benefactions by Hiero;—and the Sicilians performed theatrical pieces at his tomb every year.—Pindar and Bacchylides divided the favour of the Sicilian king;—the figure of Sappho was imprinted on the coins of Mytilene;—the Ephesians desired to place Heraclitus at the head of their republic;—the Agrigentines offered Empedocles a throne;—Theocritus was valued in the court of Ptolemy;—and three hundred and fifty statues were erected at Athens in honour of Demetrius Phalereus.

The Eleans extended their bounty to the descendants of Phidias;—Alexander spared the house of Pindar;—Archelaus, king of Macedon, erected a magnificent tomb over Euripides on the banks of a river;—the waters of which were so cool, so limpid and delightful, that they invited every traveller to drink and quench his thirst. Lucius Accius was so much esteemed as a poet at Rome, that a comedian was fined for ridiculing him on the stage:—Marcellus paid every honour to the body of Archimedes, though an enemy:—and few men were more honoured, when living, than Livy.—Pliny and Tacitus were the friends of

Trajan;—Arrian was the preceptor and friend of Marcus Aurelius:—Carthage, and several other cities, erected statues in honour of Apuleius;—while Ausonius was made questor by Valentinian; consul by Gratian; and highly esteemed by the emperor Theodosius.—Cassiodorus was made governor of Sicily, created sole consul, and promoted to be private secretary to Theodoric.—Arcadius and Honorius erected a statue in honour of Claudian; and Agropolita (one of the Byzantine historians) was sent ambassador to the Pope, and to John, prince of Bulgaria.—Alcuin was admitted to the friendship of Charlemagne;—Alexander was highly esteemed by Urban VIII.;—Alamanni was the confidential friend of Francis I.; in whose arms died Leonardo de Vinci.—Arnaud was beloved by Henry IV. of France; and Paulus Æmilius enjoyed the favour of Lewis XII.—Abulfaragius was made bishop of Lacabena and Aleppo: The tomb of the Persian Anacreon is the theatre of annual rural amusements: and Lope de Vega, the idol of his age, was buried with a pomp and a magnificence, never before witnessed in Spain to a private person.

Petrarch, honoured with the friendship of many illustrious men, was crowned as a poet in the ca-

pital of Italy:—The daughters of Donatus were portioned at Florence at the public expense:—Æneas Sylvius was crowned with laurel by the emperor Frederic's own hand;—Vida was created bishop of Alba in reward for his genius; and Ariosto was employed as an ambassador from the duke of Ferrara to pope Julius II.: he was made governor of Graffignana, and crowned with laurel by Charles V.—Albani was honoured with the correspondence of several princes:—Rubens became an ambassador:—Newton arrived at wealth and honour;—Prior and Grotius were ambassadors at Paris:—Boileau enjoyed the benefits of princely munificence at Auteuil:—Addison became secretary of state:—the family of Fontaine were exempt from all taxes:—Christina softened the misfortunes of Borelli;—while Heinsius was honoured by his country, and flattered by the approbation of several foreign monarchs.

Such are the honours and distinctions, which have been consecrated to some, who have possessed talents and genius. For though, for the most part, men, possessing either the one or the other, are, when mingling with mankind, cheated by the worldly, envied by groups of many orders, and calumniated by the base and ignorant, some minds,

rich in their own excellence, have never, even in the iron age, been wanting, who have scattered roses in the paths of virtue;—and who have secured from indigence and despair those labourers in science, and those cultivators of the arts and of philosophy, who, but for the fortunate assistance of some nobler mind, might from disease, sensibility, or unrewarded industry, have sunk beneath the burden of a ruined fortune.

SCIENCE.

The first part of our work treated of happiness in general;—the second of the influence of the liberal arts on the mind and manners;—the third of the more extended effects of literature;—the fourth and last division of our subject naturally resolves itself into science. The fine arts are more captivating in their colours, it is true;—and general literature more attractive than science: But science, embracing the whole circle of nature, is more important, more various, and more dignified.

I.

Next to the pleasure of seeing nature at large, and every object in its proper sphere, country, and soil, is the gratification, which even the most illiterate derive while inspecting museums of natural objects:—where, observing specimens of minerals, insects, fishes, birds, and animals, collected from every quarter and country of the globe, nature seems to be assembled before him, and every

class and description of uninformed, as well as of animated matter, appears as if it had sent a representative, for his use and amusement. The amusement is general, but the use, which is made of the separate portions, is guided by the tastes and opportunities of particular men.

Some are only devoted to the *theory* of science; while others, applying it to some practical purpose, and turning it into an art, deride all natural philosophy, as a medium of truth, unless it is built on the foundation of actual experiment. One by the art of chemistry effects changes in sensible bodies, and discovers the nature of their powers, their uses, and their virtues. Another applies the steam-engine for the purpose of raising of water, the turning of mills, the formation of coins, and the clearing of mines.

One, with Archimedes, Le Seur, Herman, Euler, and Wallis, considers the laws of moveable bodies*; another, the laws and mensuration of air; a third, those of fluids, or bodies moving in fluids. Some compass the earth; some measure the heavens; some compute time; and others discourse on reflected and refracted light, with as much

* Mechanics;—hydrostatics;—hydraulics;—geography;—astronomy;—chronology;—optics.

satisfaction as Hardouin, Vaillant, Morel and Barthelemy discoursed on the honours and uses of medals.

Pythagoras, in his admiration of figures, declared, that the knowledge of numbers was the knowledge of the Deity: and others, observing that in ancient times, it was necessary to embrace the whole circle of knowledge, to be entitled to eminence, throwing their whole soul into their love of nature in all her kingdoms, and into that of art in all its intricacies, become concordances to every art, and every science.

> Hence just as nature points the kindred fire,
> One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
> This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
> Calls the wild needle back upon the pole;
> Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
> In every ocean of the arctic sky:
> While he, whose vast capacious mind explores
> All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
> Skill'd in each drug, the varying world provides,
> All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides.
>
> *Cawthorn.*

Some discourse with as much pleasure on the media and velocity of sounds, and their dependance on air; as another on the uses in natural and experimental philosophy of air itself, its weight,

pressure, and compression; its resistance and elasticity. Agrippa improves the uses and accuracy of geography by illustrations from meteorology and astronomy: while Cornelius, from the evidence drawn from the character and structure of primitive mountains, delights in proving the globe to be of an age, previous to its present order and disposition of bodies.

This devotes his mind to the origin and formation of metals; the colours they assume on their dissolution and corrosion, with their medicinal uses: that traces the features of nature by the operation of water and fire: a third discourses with pleasure on the fructification and flowering, the food, the propagation, and the diseases of plants: a fourth on simple, compound, and adventitious fossils: a fifth on the manners and habits of animals, their connection with vegetables, and their mutual dependance for their relative nutrition.

Others, observing that nature has cast beauty in various moulds, delight to detect it in the eyes of insects; which from their number of lenses, operate as good subjects for the microscope. Some, doubting with Swammerdam the transformations of insects, derive pleasure in attempting to prove, that their changes are no more than the

gradual and natural growth and evolution of their parts: bearing an analogy to the buds, the leaves, and flowers of plants.

A gust of wind; a bird, that flies; a fish, that swims, induce reflections on the laws of motion: while the casual use of mechanical instruments, causes our minds to revert to the wheel, the pulley, and the screw; the plane, the wedge, and the lever. Thus is it with Orontes:—he investigates the relative degrees of heat and cold by his thermometer;—the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere by his hydrometer;—the expansion of metals by his pyrometer: and, examining into the principles of hydraulics, he descants with satisfaction on the specific gravities of bodies, and the pressure and motion of fluids. Then, he discourses on the minutiæ of the microscope, or the wonders of the telescope. The latter displaying more stars in a single constellation, than the naked eye discovers in all the heavens: the former, displaying the nerves and arteries of animalculæ, present myriads of animals in a drop of water. From these two instruments he appears to derive a new and highly sensitive organ. The infusion of metals,—the subtlety of liquids,—the minuteness of odour, and the exquisite particles of light, operate upon

him as proofs of the infinite divisibility of matter. A globule of mercury mingles with another, a pine falls to the earth,—and he is led into all the wonders of cohesion and gravitation. Two dissimilar poles of a needle repel,—and he instantly reverts to the laws of elasticity and repulsion. The smallest circumstance of design being sufficient to direct his mental organ up to the first principles of each art and science.

II.

As it is universally acknowledged, that the highest gifts, which nature has bestowed upon us, are the faculties of improving our mental energies, the happiness of life must, assuredly, be in proportion to the measure and application of their exercise. Elevating the soul far above the ambition of little minds, the understanding is strengthened, the heart is ennobled, and a foundation is laid for future feeling not only beyond our present compass of sensation, but the present power of our imagination.

Shedding a perennial dignity over the soul, impossible is it to treat of the sublimer scenes and objects of nature, without a consciousness of grandeur in ourselves, which, advancing the intel-

lectual far above the material world, leads to the hope, that by ardent enquiry and patient investigation, we may at length arrive at that great, good, and illustrious end, which, in the poesy of our imagination, we may recognise as the informing spirit of all, that is all-knowing,—all-seeing,—and all-sufficient.

> Speak ye, the pure delight, whose favoured steps
> The lamp of science through the jealous maze
> Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
> Her secret honours:—whether in the sky,
> The beauteous laws of light, the central powers,
> That wheel the pensile planets through the year;
> Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
> Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
> Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense,
> Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.
>
> *Pleasures of Imagination*, ii. 126.

The chief men of ancient Greece long devoted their hours to these retired pursuits; investigating, with all the ardour so essentially requisite for ensuring the favour of future ages, the general plan of nature, and illustrating their opinions from the pages of their poets. Thus the mind of Pericles is said to have been raised to a greater elevation by the conversation of Anaxagoras, who taught him the causes of natural phenomena. The mind of Cicero was rendered so rich by similar conversa-

tions and pursuits, that his writings remain, even to the present day, the finest monuments of a cultivated mind. Hence his enthusiasm, when, among bushes and brambles, he discovered the tomb of the illustrious Archimedes*: and so enraptured was Archimedes himself, at having discovered the relative weight of metals in Hiero's crown, that he jumped out of the bath, in which he had been bathing, and ran, as if he were frantic, through the whole city of Syracuse. At this juncture, he established the position in hydrostatics, that "every body, heavier than its bulk of water, loses so much of its weight by being suspended in water, as is equal to the weight of a quantity of water equal to its bulk."

Democritus declared, that he would rather be the discoverer of one cause in nature, than be king of Persia. It were, indeed, a felicity of the first order!—Maignan was so enraptured with geometry, that he perfected problems even in his dreams: Mercator, in his love for the mathematics, neglected even his food: Kepler was so charmed with his discoveries, that he declared he would not exchange their glory to be made elector of

* Tusc. Quæst. Lib. v.

Saxony. And such a transcendent idea had the Marquis de l'Hospital of the genius of Newton, that his imagination represented him as a celestial being, wholly disengaged from matter.

Boëthius,—who blended the tenets of Plato, Aristotle and Zeno, with the utmost learning and taste, and who, from the works and ideas of those celebrated men, in common with those of Euclid, and other philosophical writers, formed himself into one of the most accomplished statesmen of his age,—when fallen into misfortune, derived his only consolation from a recollection of the precepts he had imbibed in his youth, and in reducing them to a system for the consolation of others. What could the writer of such a passage, as the following, have to fear from all the assaults of envy, bigotry, and despotism?

> O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,
> Terrarum cœlique Sator!
> Disjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
> Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum,
> Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere, finis,
> Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus idem!

Aldrovandus was so great a lover of research into the economy of plants, minerals, and birds, that he devoted a considerable fortune to an ac-

quirement of the knowledge of their habits, manners, properties and instincts. Rumphius sweetened the hours of affliction in the island of Amboyna by a study of natural history: and in a small village of Tuscany, to which he was confined by the inquisition, Galileo, with unremitted ardour, pursued his astronomical studies, and completed several of his philosophical discoveries: while a moss of peculiar beauty in fructification whispered consolation to Mungo Park in the midst of a burning wilderness!

Boyle,—to whom Le Grand applies what Averrhoes had said of Aristotle, viz. that nature had formed him as an exemplar of the highest perfection,—loved his pursuits in science next to the precepts and practice of virtue. Boërhaave was so captivated with chemistry, that he devoted whole nights to its various processes. Kepler, whose whole life was devoted to the interests of science, confessed, that he never saw any operation in nature, that he did not feel an irresistible desire to search into its course. This was the aliment, which reconciled him to his poverty; as it atoned to Galileo for the severity of his persecutions. And when Franklin, by means of a kite, identified lightning with the electric fluid, he confessed, that

the moment in which he did so, was of all others, the most exquisite he had ever experienced.

> Led by the phosphor light, with daring tread
> Immortal Franklin sought the fiery bed;
> Where, nursed in night, incumbent tempest shrouds
> The seeds of thunder in circumfluent clouds,
> Besieged with iron points his airy cell,
> And pierc'd the monster slumbering in his shell.
>
> *Darwin.*

Linnæus gives an highly agreeable account of his pleasure at finding a new plant* on the top of the Wallevari, with a view of the sun at midnight. The pleasure, as well as the essential profit, which he derived from a knowledge of nature in general, and of botany in particular, the advantages of which no one was so eminently qualified to feel and to describe as himself, is beautifully alluded to in a passage of his programma.—" *Deo optimo gratiam habeo,*" says he, " *qui sit fata mea dispensavit, ut hoc tempore vivam, idque ita, ut rege persarum beatior vivam. Verum narro, dum me beatum censeo. Nostis, patres civesque quod in Horto Academico totus sim; quod hic mea Rhodus sit, aut potius hic meum Elysium.*"

* Andromeda Tetragona.

The passion of botany, as Grainger informs us, rendered Lister incomparably more happy under a hedge in Languedoc, than when he saw the beauties of Versailles in all their novelty. Animated with a similar love of botanical science, Clusius travelled over the greater part of Europe; Kalm traversed America; Hasselquist visited Cyprus, Rhodes, Chio, Smyrna, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Forskskahl searched Arabia; Osbeck, China, Java, and several of the Indian islands; Löffling voyaged to Portugal and Spain, and various parts of Spanish America. Kapler journeyed into Italy; and Sparrman to the southern coast of Africa. Rolander went to Surinam and the island of Eustathius; Montin into Lapland; Hagströom into Jemtland; Alströmer, the southern parts of Europe; Martin into Norway; Falk into Russia, and several parts of Tartary; Bergius to Gothland; Tournfort travelled into Savoy, among the Pyrenees, to Spain, to Portugal, Holland, and England; the isles of the Archipelago, Bithynia, Pontus, Georgia, Cappadocia, and Armenia; Galatia, Mysia, Lydia, and Ionia. Sonnerat searched New Guinea, and the East Indies; Aublet, the Isle of France; Thun-

berg, Ceylon, Java, and Japan; while Haller traversed the Glaciers; and Pallas visited the Crimea, and various portions of the Russian empire.

Inventors of art, and discoverers in science, have assuredly enjoyments, peculiar to themselves. Who, therefore, whose time is totally occupied in mixing with men, shall presume to distinguish the gradations of satisfaction, which animated Fornicelli, while demonstrating the gravity; and Boyle, during his series of experiments, concerning the properties of the atmosphere:—of Lavoissier, when devoting his attention to the nature of atmospherical air; the properties of heat; the dissolution of metals, and the general principles of vegetation:—or of Bouquer, when, after a long stay among the Cordilleras, he observed the laws of the density of the air, and made important remarks on the contraction and expansion of metals?

And when Trembley ascertained, that the polype could be propagated by cuttings, in the same manner as plants; when Black discovered the theory of fixt air; when Kunckel invented the process of procuring phosphorus; and when Sir Christopher Wren amused his leisure in practising the art of infusion of blood; simplified the method

of making astronomical observations, and invented the instrument, which is now used for the calculation of the rain, which falls in any particular spot;—what man of mere animal sensation, I presume to enquire, can form an adequate idea of the quality of their happiness? since it was a happiness, derived from the cultivation of those sciences, which afford the greatest evidence of the powers of man, and of the grandeur and beneficence of his Creator. No one is capable of doing so, but those, who can conceive the delight of Pythagoras, when he discovered the proportion of harmonic sounds; of Grimaldi, when he perceived, that colours arose from refraction; and of Claude Lorrain, when he drew the first outline of his picture, representing the landing of Eneas in Italy.

III.

The general view of science, as Aristotle said of astronomy, produces the same impression on the mind of the philosopher, which the sight of a beloved object does upon the affections of a lover. Both would quit the world with pleasure

for the indulgence of their mutual passion. For, the men,

> Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
> Hold converse: grow familiar, day by day,
> With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
> And form to his the relish of their souls.

Relieving the great from the pains of monotony, and the penalties of idleness, the mind, attentive to science, lives in a state of perpetual engagement. Satiety is never known; views of nature and of human life are enlarged; and the richest and most successful of all monarchs could never feel himself disposed to pay a courtier for making him laugh*; nor would he be reduced to the disgraceful necessity of offering a reward for a new pleasure. For as literature, the sciences, and the arts, improve, the mind improves;—as the mind is exercised, good morals are exercised; and as good morals obtain, happiness advances in like proportion, not only in quantity, but in quality.

Forming the best ground for the exultation of man, these are the pursuits, which, in the midst of a war, carry perpetual flags of truce. Enabling us to stem the vicissitudes of life, they command

* Recorded of Edward II. Hume ii. 259.

respect even from those, who neither understand genius, nor exercise virtue;—cast a dignity upon manhood, enliven the drooping moments of sickness, and beautify even the last season of age.

To science, which is the essence of wisdom, as scholastic pedantry is the essence of folly, and ignorance the nurse of envy and malignity, belong all the advantages, which are derived from general literature, and some, which are peculiar to itself.

Science is wealth!—and the best of all wealth: since it is in the power of no one to take it away. The destroyer of superstition,—it first opened the golden gates to true piety,—to freedom,—and to all the excellencies, by which the present age is more particularly distinguished: and having a necessary connection with the nobler virtues, it forms one of the true springs, whence issue the just, the beautiful, and the sublime.

Investigating causes, calculating effects, studying the proper adaptation of methods to their end, and proportioning his ambition to his talents and his means, the MAN OF SCIENCE labours not for a family, a village, a town, a district, or a country. His theatre is the globe!—His efforts are useful to eternal ages; and, as some one has said of Plato and Euclid, he enjoys a sort of immortality upon earth, and reads perpetual lectures to mankind.

IV.

Those, instructed in the rudiments of mineralogy, are gratified in the description and arrangement of minerals; and by the application of chemistry, in acquiring a practical knowledge of the various ingredients, of which those minerals are composed: in observing their external characters, and the artificial and natural classifications, by which their names are ascertained, and the uses to which they are able respectively to be applied. Thence proceeding to analysis:—where, separating a variety of substances from one apparent body, he ascertains the quantities and properties of each. This interesting process was begun by Margraff of Berlin; in which he was followed by Klaproth, and Vauquelin, who reduced the art of analysis to an accuracy the most rigid and precise.

Almost equally curious and important is the investigation of the magnet. Following Barlowe and Gilbert, through all its known properties and phenomena, as they are distinguished into the divisions of force and polarity, he investigates its attractive and repelling qualities; the duration of

its attraction; the manner in which its properties may be injured or destroyed; the method by which magnetic qualities may be given, and their attractive and directive powers communicated. Thence he proceeds to the consideration of the causes of the variations of magnetic directions;—the phenomena of the magnetic curve;—and the probability of a magnetic fluid.

The ardour, with which chemistry has lately been cultivated, is unprecedented in the history of science: and, as a natural consequence of this ardour, chemistry from an art has assumed one of the highest niches in the temple of science. Considered merely as an art, the prosperity of our country is in a great measure indebted to it, for its use in agriculture, and many of our principal manufactures. From searching the deepest mines for sulphur and bitumen, carbon and coal, and along the sea-shore for amber, the chemist proceeds to the search of metallic ores. In imagination, he traverses the banks of the rivers of Asia, America, and Africa, in search of gold; flies to the mines of Potosi for silver; and on the shores of the Pinto, picks the ore of platinum. For mercury he travels to Spain, to Hungary, and Peru: while for copper and iron, lead and zinc, he

wanders among the caves and rocks of primitive mountains.

In search of simple stones, he flies to Pegu for sapphire;—to Ceylon for the ruby;—to the granite rocks of Siberia for the topaz;—to Iceland for chalcedony;—to Switzerland for the moon-stone; and into Tartary for the beryl. For salines and aggregates, he traverses the widest plains, and derives enjoyment from the common soil of the earth: for sand and clay, and chalk and loam, are as grateful to the eye of a chemist, as the richest forest or the greenest meadow. Connected with all the principal phenomena of nature, chemistry illustrates every department of the material world, and awakens the most enlarged conceptions of the skill, with which the simplest methods are employed to produce a great, a comprehensive and decisive end.

V.

When the mind becomes animated with a love of nature, nothing is seen that does not become an object for speculative enquiry.—"He can converse with a picture," as an elegant writer has remarked, "and find an agreeable companion in a

statue.—He meets with a secret refreshment in a description; and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession.—It gives him indeed a kind of property in every thing he sees; and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures;—so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind." A river is traced to its fountain;—a flower to its seed;—an animal to its embryo;—and an oak to its acorn. If a marine fossil lies on the side of a mountain, the mind is employed in the endeavour to ascertain the cause of its position.—If a tree is buried in the depths of a morass, the history of the world is traced to the deluge;—and he who grafts, inoculates, and prunes, as well as he who plants and transplants, will derive an innocent pleasure in noting the habits of trees and their modes of culture;—the soils in which they delight;—the shapes into which they mould themselves;—and will enjoy as great a satisfaction from the symmetry of an oak, as from the symmetry of an animal. —Every tree that bends, and every flower that blushes,—even a leafless copse, a barren plain,

the cloudy firmament, and the rocky mountain, are objects for his attentive meditation.

VI.

THERE is no art or science that creates a more innocent pleasure than the science of botany.—It is a moral and an elegant delight!—Who shall presume to fix the degree of satisfaction with which D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, planted and pruned his orchard?—or with which Barclay and Des Cartes cultivated flowers? The Chinese physicians dedicate the principal portion of their time and education to the knowledge of plants; and Cowley was so enamoured of botany, that he retired into the country with an express desire of observing them with the greater facility. There it was he wrote his Latin poems on the beauty of flowers, and on the qualities of herbs.

Impossible is it to describe the satisfaction, which Forskall experienced, when he discovered in Arabia, among the genera of plants, that which Linnæus afterwards honoured with his name. Nor can any one, solely devoted to the mere business of this vapouring world, form an adequate idea of the enjoyment, which Vaillant received even from a

single lily in Africa;—nor that which Helvetius derives from observing the change and sleep of plants, so ably written upon by Acosta, Prosper Alpinus, Brewer, and Linnæus;—the general analogy between plants and animals;—from the amber (a vegetable substance, mineralized by some secret operation of nature,) to the thirty thousand seeds enclosed within the capsule of a poppy;—from quantities beyond the fluxions of a botanist to qualities;—graduating at every step, till, resting on the delicate conformation and singular properties of the oriental sensitive, he diverges to the investigation of the principle, whence the moving plant derives its impetus;—an impetus flowing from an internal, as that of the sensitive is from an external impulsion.

Authority has been adduced to invalidate the doctrine of the sexual properties of plants. But science admits of no reference to authority, unless supported by nature:—for science, like a question in arithmetic, proves its own points by the illustration of facts.—It admits nothing as certain, which is not the result of experience;—when, therefore, a system is once discovered to accord with nature, not all the theories, even of Newton himself, have power to overturn it; and if an hy-

pothesis in regard to nature involves intricacy, we may at once presume it to be false.

The poets, ever on the watch for new images, are never more successful than in those illustrations, which they borrow from the vegetable productions of nature. "Why did I not pass in secret," says Ossian, "like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves in the grass?" In a scene of Otway's Orphan, Chamont, taking Monimia by the hand, addresses Acasto in a manner, which (though not altogether in strict conformity to dramatic passion) is highly poetic.—

> You took her up a little tender flower,
> Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
> Had nipp'd;—and with a careful, loving hand
> Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
> Where the sun always shines:—There long she flourish'd,
> Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
> Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
> Cropped this fair rose, and rifled all its sweets,
> Then cast it like a loathsome weed away!
>
> *Orphan*, Act iv. sc. 1.

In the whole range of scriptural poetry, a more beautiful application than the following is scarcely to be found. It has been imitated by Thomson

" Consider," said the Messiah, " the lilies how they grow; they toil not, and they spin not; and yet, I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which to-day is in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the fire, how much more will he clothe you*."

Divines illustrate from this science as successfully as the poets. When Dr. Clarke presented his sermons to Mr. Whiston, in which were some nice distinctions and refinements, Mr. Whiston, who was walking in the garden of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, asked him, how he dared to venture into such subtleties ?—And shewing him a nettle, that grew in the garden, told him, that that weed, small and despised as it was, contained far better arguments for the being and attributes of a God, than all his metaphysics.

If the poets have a natural bias for flowers and plants, the painters derive nearly an equal satisfaction in delineating them on canvass.

In painting flower-pieces Van Huysen†, Marcel

* Luke xii. 27, 28.

† Two flower-pieces by this master in the Houghton collection were valued to the empress of Russia at £1200.

of Frankfort, and Maria Sybilla Mariana of Nuremberg, were much celebrated: and to such excellence did the Greeks arrive in that elegant art, that Philostratus, while examining a picture, exclaimed, "I admire so much the dewiness of those roses, that I could almost say their very scent was painted."

The most distinguished painter of flower-pieces among the Romans was Pausias, who became a proficient in his art in a singular manner. He was enamoured of a nosegay girl of great beauty, named Glycera. This girl had a most elegant method of dressing her chaplets, in order to attract the attention of her customers. Pausias, to ingratiate himself with the fair chaplet-weaver, exercised himself in painting the various garlands, that she made. It was, however, Glycera's caprice to vary her chaplets every day. This was to exercise the patience of her lover. It afforded much amusement, says Pliny, to remark the skill of the painter, and the natural chaplets of Glycera striving for superiority. At length Pausias became such a proficient in this department of painting, that he composed a picture of his mistress weaving a chaplet, which was of such excel-

lence, that Lucullus gave Dionysius of Athens two talents for a copy of it*. This tale is happily introduced into the Hortorum of Rapin†.

The Chinese physicians, as we have already observed, cultivate botany with peculiar solicitude; while those of Europe have added other branches of natural philosophy to the general course of their scientific pursuits. Though a just idea of the capacities of the mind cannot be much assisted, even by the most minute inspection of the body, and though there is too much reason for the assertion, that persons are longer lived in countries, where the art of physic is unknown;—and though we may say, with Petronius, that medicine, as generally applied, is more a hope for the mind, than of essential use to the body, physic is not only a liberal and a noble science, but one of the most profitable departments of philosophy.

Searching into the mysteries of nature is a barren study, unless it is applied to some practical purpose; and physic, theology, and philosophy

* Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxv. c. 10. xxi. 2.

† Sic quondam factus Glyceræ de munere pictor
Pausiades:—cum, per discrimina mille colorum,
Pingebat flores, quos ad se nympha ferebat.
Inde suos etiam, Serum de stamine textus,
Illusit variis texentum cura figuris.

are of little use, if, like Paracelsus, the professor affects a mystery in them all, and darkens with still greater darkness those principles, which it is his duty to strengthen and elucidate. As a science of use, it belongs to the professed practitioner to treat; but as one of amusement, as well as that which treats of the human frame, and the principles of its functions, we may observe with Hippocrates, that they are essential "hymns of adoration to the Eternal Being."

But however agreeable the observance of plants and flowers, their colours, forms, and varieties may be, it is not sufficient merely to know by what names they are distinguished, under what classes they are arranged, into how many species they are divided, and their respective periods of germination:—their properties must be analysed, their uses calculated, and all of them traced to the apparent end, for which they were endowed. In this captivating enquiry we shall observe them to enjoy a species of sensation peculiar to themselves, and from which they are relieved by the operation of sleep;—their properties to vary at the caprice of soil, and according to the different changes of existence;—and to be capable of producing diametrically opposite effects, according

to the time, and the measure of application.—And so subservient are all these qualities, and changes of qualities, to the purpose of administering to the tastes, the wants, and the disorders of men and of animals, that, in conjunction with a few powerful minerals, they constitute the principal alteratives, evacuants, and restoratives, in the whole materia medica.

Some operate as sudorifics, stomachics, carminatives, antiseptics, aperients, and emollients; others are useful in melancholy, and in warming and stimulating the solids;—in opening obstructions, and in strengthening the tone of the bowels; —in disorders of the breast;—in softening acrimonious humours;—in correcting diseases of the eye;—in purifying the blood, and in bracing the nerves. Some are of essential service in the palsy, in flatulencies, in rheumatic, hysteric, and spasmodic affections;—in dysenteries, and hæmorrhages;—in restoring emaciated and debilitated habits;—in scorbutic, cutaneous, and asthmatic diseases, in dropsies and in epilepsy. Some are preservatives from epidemic disorders;—others are effective in correcting diseases arising from the want of exercise, and in the abatement of hypochondriacal spasms, and intermittent fevers.

Some possess the power of producing sleep; and others, having the cordial qualities of an anodyne, in the opinion of many oriental physicians, contribute even to the prolongation of natural life. Thus whatever remedies may be applied by physicians in their endless changes of systems and hypotheses, those of nature will be still the same a thousand years to come, as those which operated five thousand years ago.

Such are a few of the properties, and apparently final uses of vegetables. But if we would dive more deeply into this most interesting branch of physiology, we may venture to promise, that a satisfaction will be experienced equally agreeable and solid as that, which a dissector enjoys when in theory he contemplates the anatomy of the ear and the eye; and obtain as wide and as deep an insight into the causes and effects of apparently unconscious bodies, as the metaphysician acquires of the knowledge of spirit, by analysing the principles of the human mind.

But every effect being the natural result of a cause, every observable cause must be the natural result of a previous cause; which, like the endless evolutions of a circle having no visible diameter, centres in a being invisible and spiritual, omniscient,

omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal. Hence—and let Locke and Newton answer to the truth! all our proofs are relatives, all our conclusions hypothetical, and all our logic little more than splendid oratory. We think little, presume much, and know nothing: for with all our pride, and all our arrogance, we have not yet been able to bring the simplest art to perfection; nor is there a science, that is not in its infancy.

VII.

Natural History, being divided into two branches, one of them teaches us to ascertain the name, the species, and the class of every object; the other, its habits and its history. If the latter is the more amusing and instructive, the former is not the less necessary and useful. Indeed the first is to the second, what the scale is to harmonic sounds, and grammar to language.

> Happy the man, whom these amusive walks,
> These waking dreams delight!—no cares molest
> His vacant bosom: solitude itself
> But opens to his keener view new worlds,
> Worlds of his own: from every genuine scene
> Of nature's varying hand his active mind

Takes fire at once, and his full soul o'erflows
With Heav'n's own bounteous joy: He too creates,
And with new beings peoples earth and air,
And ocean's deep domain.

Whitehead.

Natural history comprises a knowledge of animals, birds, fishes, insects, plants, fossils and shells, with the general and particular formation of the earth. Among the ancients, those who most delighted in this science were Aristotle and Theophrastus, Pliny, Ælian, and Solinus. Among the moderns, Aldrovandus and Gessner, Ray, Willoughby, and Lister, Linnæus, Buffon, Swammerdam, Agricola, and Mercutus.

Sounding the depths of oceans, and ascertaining the elevation and conformation of mountains, are not more agreeable to the navigator and geologist, than for the naturalist to observe the instincts of animals, the habits of insects, the temperament of birds, and the formation of plants. With Buffon, Kircher, Valetta, and Le Luc, to enquire into the causes of earthquakes and volcanoes; with Tournefort, to dive into the deepest mines, descend the darkest caverns, and to search the most magnificent subterranean grottoes. To investigate the causes of the burning mountains of Java, Ice-

land, Sumatra, and Japan; to account for the appearances of new islands, and the swallowing up of old ones; the motion of the tides; the causes and effects of currents; with the various changes, which the motion of the sea produces on the earth: to behold animalculæ even in stones and marbles; in the humours of animals; on the down of a peach; and on the back of a beetle:—and thence, acquiring a consciousness, that every bird, fish, and flower, are all so many bodies, giving life, sustenance, and shelter to innumerable animals. Not a single species of which is there existing, that does not, as Biberg so well has remarked, deserve a separate historian.

To possess learning without a knowledge of nature is far less useful, than to possess a knowledge of nature, with a partial proportion of learning*. For, however we may be led, as we advance in life, to swerve from nature and to mix with men, till we derive pleasure only from a contemplation of art, seldom do we fail to revolve; and, perceiving the error of our excursion, to recur, and to remain fixt to nature at last. Hence

* Etiam illud adjungo, sæpius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrina, quam sine natura voluisse doctrinam. *Cic.*

arises the distinction of poets: for never was there a great poet, who was not, at the same time, a great naturalist. For it is nature, that gives life to every page and every line of poetry. Homer was minutely acquainted with all the natural productions of Greece;—Virgil and Lucretius, with those of the whole ancient world; and Milton, with those of the age, in which he had the misfortune to live.

Nature, governing a vast empire, is ever in action, and exhibits a perpetual theatre of life and animation, from one system producing a thousand, and from one effect a thousand causes for as many results.

The lower we descend into her productions the greater is the display of variety:—for nature solicitously increases her productions, in proportion to the demand. Few are the dissimilitudes of men;—in quadrupeds, the number increases; in birds and in fishes, it is greater still: while the number of insectile species is so exceedingly multitudinous, as to be almost innumerable. No one can observe them without wonder; few without pleasure: and though some superficial writers have stigmatised the study of insects, by calling it a species of green sickness, we may truly remark; that the telescope opens not to the eye of

the astronomer greater wonders, than the microscope opens to the eye of a naturalist.

Hence it arises, that some derive as much entertainment from an insect, as another from enquiring into the uses of deserts and solitudes; the cause of the earth's flattening at the poles; and why at the equator it should increase in circumference.

Since, then, all learning and pleasure are relative, who will presume to censure a naturalist for deriving satisfaction from the sight of an insect?—For being pleased with the division of sexes; the beauty of the papilio; the ingenuity of the wasp; the sagacity of the bee; and the wonderful results from the efforts of the corallina! Let us, therefore, occasionally discourse on the sexes and classification of insects; of their transformations from the egg to the maggot; from the maggot to the chrysalis; from the chrysalis to the fly. Nor let us forget, that some marine substances, which are taken for vegetables, are actually of insect formation; and that some insects give root to plants, from the leaves of which insects of a higher rank in the general scale derive their subsistence!

Though the habits and history of FISHES are but little known, the small proportion of information, which naturalists have been able to procure, is

more than sufficient to repay the trouble of attaining it. Among fishes are observed several peculiarities, which form remarkable contrasts to the whole animated world. Except the cetaceous and cartilaginous kinds, they betray a total disregard for their own young! while their lives form a continual scene of hostility from one end of the ocean to the other. Though inferior to terrestrial animals in mental sensation, their speed is prodigious; and though in possession of no auricular organs, their sense of touch is the most exquisite of all animals. Though voracious, they are capable of long abstinence; and though exceedingly vivacious, truly astonishing is their measure of increase: some cods having, in one roe, no less than nine millions of eggs!

Occupying the scale between beasts and fishes; with an eye as large as their brain; with a curious simplicity in their anatomy;—BIRDS possess an astonishing quickness of sight, and a peculiar delicacy in their auricular organ. And while some possess an olfactory acuteness, others appear to have a total insensibility to all the scents "either of the field, or of the grove." Highly amusing is it to watch their respective habits;—to mark their antipathies, and to observe their solitary or

domestic pleasures;—their various tempers;—their separate styles of architecture;—times of incubation,—and their anxious solicitude for their own offspring;—the fixed character of some;—the migratory disposition of others;—the varied length of their ages;—the docility and timidity of one class;—the rapacity and utter contempt of all law and right that distinguish another.—In fact, no species in nature presents a more agreeable variety in temper, in habit, and in character, than the six orders of the feathered kingdom.

Few are there, so utterly insensible to the finer operations of the mind, who could not derive pleasure from the art of comparing the capacities of animals with the inferior orders of animated beings; their superiority over vegetables in procuring their subsistence; and in their powers of sensation, perception and memory. Observing their contrasts, unions, and harmonies;—calculating where instinct retires, and reason begins,—who would not be proud, after proving the fallacy of that doctrine which would teach, that all animals under the rank of man are mere automata, to finish with a persuasion, that even beasts, birds, and other animated beings, have an internal system

of morality and conscience, by which they are secretly and intuitively governed.

VIII.

But though pleasure is derived from attending to minute objects of nature, Man derives more enjoyment from the larger creations;—since they best accord with the grandeur of his mind, and the capacities of his nature. Every department furnishes a vast field for observation and enquiry;—not only as to external and internal structure, but in the degree of intellect, with which the meanest object is endowed. Tracing the progress of instinct and reason;—the warmth of affection, and the strength of passion;—turning all nature into an amphitheatre of curiosity and magnificence, and investigating her laws from the largest to the minutest particle of matter, he must be of all men the most dull, who shall presume to call the study of natural history dull!—Only so is it to dry and to blunted imaginations. There is, on the contrary, scarcely a science more instructive, more profitable, or more beautiful. The arts of painting, of sculpture, and of music, are but hand-

maids in the temple of happiness, when placed in the scale of competition and comparison; since it enlarges the mind to an immeasurable extent, and reduces the senses to act as subordinate agents in the promotion of happiness.

To a lover of natural philosophy, who investigates with precision the affections and the properties of material substances, with their causes; and tracing the origin, the government, and the final destination of bodies, there is not an animal, nor even a mineral, that does not afford an agreeable amusement and an essential profit. " Wherever he travels," says an elegant writer, " like a man in a country, where he has many friends, he meets with nothing but acquaintances and allurements in all the stages of his way. The mere uninformed spectator passes on in gloomy solitude; but the naturalist in every plant, in every insect, and in every pebble, finds something to entertain his curiosity and excite his speculation." In the dullest retirement of the Hebrides he would discover something, on which his heart might repose, and would find some object, on which to exercise his benevolence. He sees a new creation in every bud that expands;—hears music in every bird that warbles;—the fairy landscapes of a dewy morning

give him more satisfaction, than all the decorations of mosaic, or all the splendours of a palace;—while the casual uses of a finger will lead him by gradation into all the mysteries of anatomy. In fact, this universe, as Boyle beautifully says, from Cicero *, is " a magnificent temple of its great author; and man is ordained by his powers and qualifications the high-priest of nature, to celebrate divine service in this temple of the universe."

> Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
> Of luxury—the syren!—not the bribes
> Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
> Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
> Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
> Of Nature fair Imagination culls
> To charm the enlivened soul.
> For him the Spring
> Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
> Its lucid leaves unfolds;—for him the hand
> Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
> With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn:
> Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
> And still new beauties meet his lonely walk.
>
> *Akenside.*

But however we may admire the boundless profusion of nature, unless in our relative progress

* Thus Tully, speaking of the gods, " quorum hic mundus omnis esset Templum et Domus."—*Cic.* 2. *Leg.* 26.

we trace each cause and consequence to their author, it becomes a fruitless, and comparatively a useless study. And yet NATURAL PHILOSOPHY has frequently been discountenanced by men, whose interest it was to continue and confirm the reign of ignorance, and the tyranny of superstition. Anaxagoras was first imprisoned, and then under the necessity of secretly retiring from Athens, for having ventured to teach the unity of the godhead, and that the world was not the effect of chance or necessity. Aristarchus was summoned before the Areopagus, for teaching the diurnal rotation of the earth.—Cornelius Agrippa was expelled his country for making philosophical experiments.—Roger Bacon, the first of European chemists,—he who taught the rarefaction of air,—who prepared phosphorus,—who was the modern inventor of telescopes,—who understood the whole science of optics,—and who was the inventor of gunpowder,—even Bacon was persecuted for his experiments and researches into nature. Galileo, stemming the torrent of a barbarous age, was imprisoned for teaching the Copernican system of astronomy. Virgil, bishop of Salisbury, was proclaimed and burnt as a heretic, for maintaining the doctrine of the antipodes. Van Helmont was

thrown into the dark dungeons of the Inquisition, for his skill in natural causes; and nothing prevented Copernicus, (who was obliged to suppress his book "De revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," for six and thirty years,) from the vengeance of priestly faction, but his death.

IX.

Such are the persecutions, which men of superior contemplations have undergone, as rewards for their discoveries in natural philosophy. Discoveries, which, more than any other pursuits of men, have recommended their authors to the Creator of all;—since they gave to mankind proofs, the most comprehensive and convincing, of his greatness, wisdom and power.

Checked by superstition, which seldom fails to construe the plainest of language into perpetual allegory, natural science has ever been discountenanced, in proportion to the ignorance of national character:—for bigotry, in the blindness and fury of its zeal, has frequently denied the demonstrations of geometry itself.

Long was science a tissue of error and contradiction; imparting little more benefit, than what

Aristotle derived from resolving all things into matter, privation, and form. Beginning in paradox, professors wandered in error; and with as confused an idea of substances as of causes, they adopted a manner of definition, which, like the pedantic jargon of the schools, confounded instead of enlightening, and engendered an empiricism of language, and a subtlety of sophism ; till, loaded with technical phrases, science became the property only of men, who, with the natural solicitude of dulness to conceal its ignorance, banished all elegance of thought and illustration, separated science and the liberal arts, and waged war with the plain, the simple, and the elegant, because they were not as dull, as technical, and as mechanical as themselves.

Scaliger shewed an evident disregard for science; and Madame Dacier had a thorough contempt for experimental philosophy. Others, too, have presumed to slight even geometry itself, because they imagined it to possess no immediate tendency for the improvement of manners. Those, who argue in a manner so unphilosophical, take but a limited view of their subject. All present learning forms but the rudiments of future knowledge.—Genius sometimes conquers, where labour fails;

and labour overcomes, where genius is unrewarded. Genius and labour, therefore, have alternately fortunate results.

It follows not, then, that because some men, even of eminence, have had no power to trace an evident use, that such use has no real existence. Man, it is true, possesses no decisive power of tracing nature to her elements, but in attempting to elucidate her manner he becomes, in some degree, a partaker in her secrets;—and powers, of which he had himself been long unconscious, emanate like the effluence of perfume from the bud of a rose: for nature has characters, which every one can read, and themes which all can understand. In reading those obvious impresses, the mind becomes awfully struck with that sublimity of principle, which proclaims a providence and an original Creator.

Such are the impressions we receive in the transition, which leads us to a consideration of the density and pressure of the atmosphere;—its powers of counteracting the heat of the sun, and its general and particular effects on animal substances. After investigating the cause of the formation of clouds,—the degree to which some of them are electrified,—with their relative height,

shapes and colours, the speculation may be extended to the observance of the general uses for which they are designed in the grand economy of nature. And since animal and vegetable life depends on that invisible fluid, which we denominate air, no useless pleasure is derived from the subject of aerology; by a knowledge of which chemical processes have been so materially facilitated. Observing with precision its uses in the practice of medicine, and in the art of general health;—enquiring into the effects of the gravity of air on animals and vegetables;—ascertaining its capability of dilation and compression, and the effects of its elasticity on bodies in general, with Æpinus, Cavendish, and Franklin, we may traverse the whole circle of the causes and consequences of electrical phenomena.

Beginning with the observance of the magnetic qualities of amber by Thales, and that of the tourmalin by Theophrastus, we may, after a slumber of nineteen hundred years, trace electricity to the period when Barlowe and Gilbert wrote on the phenomena of magnetical directions, the attraction of dissimilar, and the repulsion of similar poles, with their general increase of magnetical

quality, in proportion to their communicating their properties to other substances.

Otto Guericke discovered electrical repulsion; Hawksbee the difference between positive and negative electricity;—Van Kleist the electric shock;—Cunæus the method of communicating that shock;—and Franklin immeasurably advanced the science, by identifying lightning with the electric fluid. Investigating its use in the production of snow, hail, ice, clouds, rain, and tempests, and in the regulation of the winds and climates; —and observing its powers in the fructification of vegetables, on the health and spirit of animals, we may speculate on its pervading the whole circle of space;—flowing among the fixed stars, and giving life and motion to every satellite, to every planet, and to every system.

X.

THE mathematics create a habit of patient investigation, and, inducing perspicuity in arrangement, subject the imagination to the dictates of the judgment. Teaching the science of quantity, whether subject to number or to measure, and proving that demonstration is the highest species

of evidence, they give a superlatively enlarged idea of the mechanical operations of nature.—Who then shall presume to doubt the satisfaction of Philolaus, when he discovered that the earth revolves upon its own axis;—of Anaxamander, when he perceived the obliquity of the zodiac;—of Hipparchus, when, struck with surprise and astonishment, he witnessed the appearance of a new star;—of Eudoxus, when he first applied geometry to mechanical purposes;—of Thales, when he proved that the angles in a semicircle are all right angles;—or of Archimedes, when he determined the relative distance of the moon from the earth, the planets from each other, and the fixed stars from the orbit of Saturn?

Neither can we estimate the satisfaction with which Cassini beheld the satellite of Venus;—discovered Mars to revolve upon its own axis;—and determined the velocity of Jupiter and Venus.—And when Fontana discovered the belts of Jupiter, and Huygens the ring of Saturn;—when Galileo (justly styled the father of modern philosophy) observed the phases of Venus to vary;—invented the cycloid in geometry;—proved the galaxy to be a profusion of stars;—the sun to revolve;—Jupiter to have satellites;—and discover-

ed the general laws of motion:—when Tycho Brahe determined the effects of refraction, discovered a new star in Cassiopeia equal in splendour to Venus, then observed it to change its colour and to disappear;—and when Lord Napier invented the logarithms;—the satisfaction and delight of those illustrious men must, assuredly, have partaken of a character, far removed from the common sensations of ordinary men. Sensations experienced equally by Kepler, when he perceived, that planets describe equal areas in equal times; and that the squares of their periodical times are as the cubes of their distances;—by Gassendi, when he first observed Mercury to pass over the disc of the sun;—by De la Hire, when he discovered mountains in Venus higher than those of the moon;—and by Halley, when he found sufficient data on which to calculate the return of a comet.

When Horrox announced the transit of Venus over the sun's disc;—when Bradley ascertained the progressive motion of light;—and when Herschell, Olbers, and Piazzi discovered the new planets;—what mind of a common order will presume to imagine, that it has, at any time, experienced emotions equally sublime?—Emotions to be exceeded only by those of the transcendant New-

ton, (whose tomb elicits a ray, "that illumines all the universe,") when he demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets;—the causes of the tides, and the refrangibility of the rays of light;—when to his theory of sounds, he added the theory of colours;—matured the laws of gravitation and projection, and invented the doctrine of fluxions; —beyond which the human mind is probably destined never to pass!—It were a rapture which his heart could feel, but which no language could express.

As we ought not to calculate the powers and intellects of one man by those of another of inferior order, so ought we not to estimate the happiness of those, whose views of life and things are bounded by a narrow capacity, with that of those, who possess the rare and highly-qualified power of pursuing nature to her secret recesses. Adding all the genius of antiquity to all the science of the moderns, such men as Galileo, Kepler, Locke, and Newton,—men who took in at one view more than are contained in volumes,—were not only formed for a superior order of happiness in themselves, but as rich assays to others; teaching them to what a height the powers and intellects of mere men are able to be sublimed.

Truly may it be said, that as these men, whose eye, making the voyage of the universe, and to whom the Eternal has unfolded

> The world's harmonious volume, there to read
> A transcript of himself,—

received the faculty of discovering systems so abstruse, and yet so beautiful, they imbibed a greater portion of divine reward. For so great and so transcendant a feeling is experienced from meditations so elevated as these, that we feel, in some degree, disposed to coincide with the opinions of the Quietists, that the soul of man, when in a state of perfection, will rest in perfect tranquillity, and be solely occupied in the contemplation of nature.

For it must necessarily follow, as Aristotle has finely remarked, that the Deity must, out of regard to his own qualities, regard with his peculiar favour those, who, in the deepest recesses of retirement, devote their contemplations to the study of eternal truths. Living, they receive a reward in the elevation of their own minds;—dead, they will doubtless be permitted to explore those regions, which their imagination had compassed in a state of sublunary existence.

XI.

Even the most unenlightened receive pleasure from observing with the naked eye the motion of the sun;—its rising and its setting; and when it mounts its meridian in all its splendour and glory: the different phases of the moon;—its increase and diminution;—its progressive march through the heavens, and its gradual approach, and distancing from the sun. To their untutored minds all is wonder, astonishment, and delight. Thus the Nubians never see the moon without rapture. Every night it shines, as we are told by Mr. Bruce, they come out of their huts, say a few words about her brightness, and testify their joy at her first appearance by motions of their hands and feet.

In ancient times the study of astronomy was principally cultivated by shepherds. Hence it formed one of the most agreeable subjects in pastoral writing. Virgil, feeling that every natural object properly belonged to this department of poetry, and recalling to mind the history of Hesiod and Orion, makes his shepherds discourse of astronomy, as well as of husbandry:

——— Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis, &c.
Ecl. vi. 33.

Correcting a narrow spirit, the idea of order in the universe increases upon us, as we acquire a wider knowledge of nature's laws: while the first grand view of the planetary system is the most beautiful, that can possibly be imagined. The range from the summits of mountains has nothing to compare with it. In contemplating this magnificent system, all inordinate passions subside; while the heart, feeling impressions from infinite power and infinite wisdom, acknowledges the perpetual hymn, which it modulates to the eternal mind.

Tracing the history of this exalted science from the Indians and Chaldees, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans and Arabians; its revival in Europe after a long and apparently eternal slumber of many ages;—and pursuing it, step by step, from the time in which attraction was surmised by Copernicus, adopted by Kepler and Gilbert, Bacon, Robertval and Galileo, to that era, when it was more fully comprehended and explained by Newton; the man, whom these pursuits have power to charm, finds no pleasure more suited to

the grandeur of his mind, than that of discoursing on death with Porteus;—on the immortality of the soul with Plato, Brown, and Sherlocke;—with Boyse, Smart, and Newton, to treat of the immensity, the omniscience, the goodness and omnipotence; the unity, spirituality, and omnipresence; immutability, wisdom, rectitude, and glory, of the Giver of all intellect, and the Dispenser of all happiness.—Subjects, which make the soul glow with a divine energy, and in which, lost and bewildered in the enthusiasm of our admiration, that silent symphony of the heart is awakened, which, vibrating in its finest and most exquisite chords, constitutes of itself the noblest offering of an elevated mind.

XII.

A SHORT time since Euryalus accepted an invitation from Helvetius, to spend a few weeks with him on the coast of Merionethshire. Soon after his arrival, the day beginning to close, they walked out to enjoy the pleasure of seeing the sun sink in the west. Bending their course towards the sea, they sat down upon one of the rocks; and, without

either of them feeling an inclination to interrupt the silence that prevailed, amused themselves, for some time, in watching the curling of the distant waves. At length, the evening star began to exhibit itself in all its splendour. "It has never surprised me," said Helvetius, "that the sun and the moon should have been the first objects of adoration in the infancy of nations. The Arabians and Sabei worshipped the stars; the Chaldees the moon and the planets; and the Egyptians, under the names of Isis, Sothis, and Osiris, deified the dog-star, the moon, and the sun. Neither," continued he, "is it singular, that many of the most enlightened men of antiquity should have considered the planets, as so many globular substances, animated with portions of divine intelligence. Astronomy seems to have been a science, which occupied the attention of men long before those of botany, medicine, or mechanics. Its origin, therefore, may be referred to that era, when mankind occupied the milder arts of life, and when the principal riches consisted in flocks and in herds. The Assyrians were great astronomers, as the Ionians were great naturalists. The Egyptians of Heliopolis first computed the year; and from them Herodotus, Plato, Thales, and Pythagoras,

introduced the sublime science of astronomy into the schools of Greece and Italy. Now for my argument!—The Greeks gave names to the several constellations, and to most of the principal unformed stars. I have always considered those names highly absurd, and impertinent ones.—Lions, serpents, and bears!—who, I say, that considers one moment, is not disgusted, that lions and bears should occupy stations, which ought to be filled with the names of great astronomers, excellent monarchs, wise legislators, and eminent poets?—Let us return, and amuse our leisure in planning new planatary vocabulary."

Upon this, Helvetius rose from his seat, and, taking the arm of Euryalus, returned home. After much consideration, and not a little argument, as to the fitness of persons to particular stations, the two friends formed a new scale of planetary honour. When they had finished, Helvetius, in a strain of ardour, not altogether natural to him, exclaimed, "Lions, serpents, and bears!—Let them quit their stations in the skies, and return respectively to their own countries. Lions to Asia, serpents to Africa, and bears to Greenland."—And so most assuredly they would, had our friend Helvetius as much

influence in the world of astronomy, as Olbers, Herschel, or Piazzi.

The next evening the two friends repaired to the same spot, and Helvetius renewed his enthusiasm. "This is the science," said he, "which, in many an age, has subjected its votaries to the vengeance of the priesthood!—may the punishment of these bigots be the envy, arising from the glory that encircles their victims!—This is the science, which not only acts as an antidote to atheism, but as a sure and conclusive argument for the perpetual duration of the soul: for human nature, as Æschines, the Socratic, has justly remarked, never could have arrived at such a height, as to be capable of building cities, of founding commonwealths, of viewing and contemplating the heavens, the revolutions of planets, the rising and setting of the sun, their eclipses and equinoxes, unless the soul was possessed of a divine spirit, which conveyed to it a knowledge so extensive and sublime. That spirit, therefore, must be immortal*. "Astronomy is the foundation of just chronology; and being the corner stone of geography, and na-

* Æschines Philosoph. Dial. iii. De Morte, p. 166.

vigation, its wide application, and its practical importance for all the purposes of foreign commerce, become, in consequence, evident to the most superficial observer. But these effects, highly important as they are, are not the only measures of its use. Compassing the whole arch of vision, and shooting through the sphere of nature into the immeasurable width of innumerable systems, the mind, struck with the grandeur and magnificence of the spectacle, and the order and the symmetry, observed throughout the whole, impels the soul, with organs of inspiration, to a reference to an eternal cause; which, elevating the mind, fixes every movement of the soul, and engenders that dignified humility of thought, which, giving a practical negative to all the visions of Spinoza, operates with all the clearness, certainty, and evidence of a mathematical truth, and with all the awful authority of an actual revelation.

"But, however comprehensive the genius of Pythagoras, Copernicus, Newton, and subsequent astronomers may be, even their speculations embraced but a partial measure even of one system. For beautiful and magnificent as are the various globes of our sphere, and animated, as they must be, with beings, whose forms, natures, qualities,

and capacities, are adapted to the climates of their relative orbs, but whose natures we have no judgment to recognize, nor imagination to picture, form but one system among millions of systems, glowing with life and light and motion; and at a distance, so immense, as to possess no sensible parallax.

"To these systems, (which collectively form the universe), our system is connected by bodies, which, by reason of their eccentric courses, are supposed at one time to be vitrified with heat, and at another to be petrified with cold.—All these systems, most probably, vary in effect. For it is not absurd to suppose, that as gravitation is the connecting principle of one system, even centrifugal repulsion itself may operate, as the connecting principle of another. Such wonderful objects for meditation," continued Helvetius, "stampt in characters, coeval and eternal, bearing the colour of simplicity, and filling the vast circle of the universe, appear to be worthy the contemplation of angels; since only a favoured few are ever permitted to enjoy them.

"They are evidences conclusive of the greatness and magnificence, which, in a future state, will be

the elevated portion of the good. A greatness, and a magnificence, such as no ear has heard, and no eye has seen: and which can never be imagined, till the principle of a perpetual motion is laid open to mathematical science. All the work of one great and efficient power, to which all existing knowledge does but point: which in light and in life, in power and in intelligence, graduate to infinite progression; and in the scale of which our sun and our system are, but what a moment of time is to eternity;—what a ray of light is to infinity; —and what the knowledge of an insect is to the science of an incomparable mind!

"We see—we hear—we wonder,—and adore."

XIII.

But not among globes only does nature address herself to all the more elevated chords of the heart. In hamlets and in villages, in towns and in cities, she presents the most interesting of all her creations to the attention of the moralist, the divine, the philosopher, and the statesman. This argument is MAN:—of all the creation the most perfect; of all phenomena the most wonderful.

——————— The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south,
Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting, or so fair,
As man to man.

Akenside, P. I. iii. l. 7.

Finely has man been called a hieroglyphic, denoting astonishment! Closing the scene of gradations to our limited perception, he appears, by the vastness of his mental powers, worthy of being associated even with angels:—and yet, beautiful as is his frame—ardent as are his passions—extensive as are his capacities—and wonderful as is his genius,—it is a subject of unspeakable regret, that, in taking a wide, or even a limited view of society, we perceive how few of those passions and capacities are exerted in a direction, which can produce, as an ultimate end of their exercise, a pure and legitimate happiness.

On whatever theatre he acts, we see him a prey to his own passions;—a dupe to his own delusions;—or a martyr to all the agonies of fear and anger, of jealousy and remorse. Occupied in important trifles, his youth is spent in preparation, and his manhood in forming schemes for age:—

and when that age does arrive,—melancholy are our reflections, when we observe it to be wasted in lamenting opportunities gone by, virtues unexercised, and time unenjoyed.

Under these impressions, he cannot be uselessly employed, who, even with feeble powers, would endeavour to open the channel for an increase of enjoyment to those, who are already content;—and, by striving to dissolve the spells of melancholy, to open the portico of hope to those, whose afflictions appear too powerful to admit even of an anodyne. He would, therefore, be well and honourably employed, who would devote a few years of attention to the consideration of the influence, which science and the liberal arts may be supposed to possess over the morals and the happiness of mankind:—to shew in what manner and to what degree, each art or science enlightens our minds;—qualifies our passions;—elevates our conceptions;—and dignifies our best and warmest affections:—and, by giving a higher and more exalted idea of our own nature, enables us to form a more enlarged conception of the sovereign Giver of intellect and sensation.—Teaching us, in fact, to be wiser to-day than we were yesterday;

and furnishing a hope, that we may still be wiser and better on the morrow.

XIV.

SCIENCE is in immediate contrast to METAPHYSICS. Science is a knowledge of what is presumed to be absolutely certain: metaphysics embrace speculations on what is doubtful and unknown. The one charms us into admiration: in the other, we go wooing to continual disappointment. For with all their labour, subtlety and obscurity, metaphysicians do little more, than erect monuments to perpetuate the memory of their ignorance. Hence the ancients represented the god of metaphysics in an almost constant state of intoxication.

Subjects of this uncertain nature, encumbering the mind, fly from our research, as fast as we pursue. The land of promise is ever at a distance,—and has deluded and disappointed a long list of abler, better, and wiser beings than ourselves. Let us, therefore, discourse humbly and cautiously of the origin and nature of ideas; of sensation and the instruments;—of perception, retention, apprehension and conception. Thence diverging

from abstract and general to the association of ideas;—to consciousness, evidence, and demonstration.

Then, changing the chord, we may enter with caution into some of the phenomena of matter and form;—the essences of bodies, and the existence of matter;—of space, of motion, and number;—of time, infinity, and eternity;—of the properties of mind in general;—its substance, identity, and probable immortality: and, after taking a wide and comprehensive view of man and his capacities, close our speculations with discoursing with humility on the being, powers, and attributes of God.

These and others are the subjects of metaphysicians, as they follow in their essays and treatises. But as some of these subjects are those, in which the information of man appears to be the most limited, and his mind the most imperfect, it were wise not to enter too deeply into enquiries, which only elude our research;—and in which we are led from hypothesis to hypothesis, till, lost in a maze of doubt and uncertainty, we close our airy speculations with the acknowledgment, that after long and patient investigation, after an unremitted desire of reducing all things to their ori-

ginal standard of perfection and truth, we are bewildered with our own reflections, and obliged reluctantly to confess, that we know nothing at last:—the first principles of intellectual sensation being beyond the delegated faculties of man!

From those subjects not unwise were the transition, that would transport us into the garden of MORAL PHILOSOPHY:—a science, which in all ages has charmed the wise, and delighted the good;—and which, forming the grand ethical link of society, traces man from his origin, and pursues him through all his relative connections of infancy, youth, manhood, and age;—his passions, affections, tendencies, and duties. Above all, to the contemplation of that Eternal Being, in whom every thing centres, and from whom all beings, thoughts, and feelings, immediately proceed. A species of intuitive knowledge, which, to the full benefit of an evident demonstration, adds all the richness and beauty of form and colour.

For the noblest study, which can engage the research of man, is that, which, while it avoids those airy speculations, which lead to nothing, centres in a knowledge of what is best to be known;—which makes us wiser and happier, by directing our influence to the benefit of society;—and which

has for its object the institution, by degrees, of a paradise on earth.

This was the ultimate ambition of Socrates, when he presumed to direct the attention of Greece from the study of natural philosophy to that of ethics;—from researches, which ended in obscurity, to those grand principles of reason and science, which engender happiness for the present, and which point it for our enjoyment in connection with the future.

XV.

Few studies are more productive of an elevated delight than those, which direct us to the general plan of the universe, and to the acquirement of a knowledge of those minute and almost imperceptible links, by which we mark the progress and existence of sensation, from the lowest order of microscopia, to that of animalculæ, and the insect;—thence to the animal, and lastly to man. Forming one vast and beautiful system of gradual connection. Endeavouring to discover where vegetable life finishes, and where animal life begins;—where instinct closes, and where reason opens: Separating reason from mechanism, to trace not

only the gradations of instincts, but to acquire a knowledge of whether animals have the power of improving those instincts, of enlarging their ideas, and of qualifying their passions.

Admiring the vast and regular harmony, preserved throughout the whole of nature,—here, presenting an awful spectacle of terror and magnificence, and there, a boundless profusion of the most fascinating beauty, objects are contemplated, at one time as minute and as exquisite as the veins, the nerves, and arteries of insects:—at another, works extending into immeasurable systems. If we soar, we become lost in immensity!—if we descend, we are equally lost in an exquisite minuteness;—both equally remote, not only from our knowledge, but even from our imagination. All and every thing denoting the universal presence of an infinite mind; and a power, capable of eliciting harmony from discord, and of effecting one great and decisive end by a thousand different ways. And discovering, that the rose and the nightshade, the tiger and the elephant, the bee and the hornet, the shark and the minnow, are equally useful in their separate spheres, the mind becomes poetical, and finds a pleasing difficulty, in chasing away those fairy visions, which float

upon the fancy, and which would soar to that point of knowledge, in which, discovering the principles on which nature acts, we seem, as if we were almost capable of conceiving the manner, in which life is imparted to the oak, instinct to animals, and reason to man.

The mind, ever attempting to soar, takes a far more sensible gratification in beginning with matter, rising into vegetation and instinct, and finishing with mind, than in beginning with mind, and finishing with matter. Delightful, therefore, is it to trace from that point of littleness, which is first enabled to be called matter, because it can be seen and felt, to that infinite spirit, which can neither be seen, nor conceived. From the smallest of pulverized matter, to the grain of sand, thence to vales, to mountains, and to globes. From satellites to planets;—from planets to comets;—from comets to suns;—from suns to a system of stars;—from one system to thousands;—from thousands to millions, and almost to infinity*. A universe so immeasurable, that were even the

* The term *infinite* may apply to space, to time, to power, and intelligence, but not to bodies: since, where there is space, such space allows the possibility of new creations;

sun, and the whole system of which it forms the apparent centre, to be annihilated, it would no more be missed, than a leaf from a tree, a drop from the ocean, or a globule from a vapour. —The imagination, weary of its vigorous wing, becomes bewildered in the mazes of its own wanderings!

XVI.

From matter, rising into life, enlarging our conceptions and contemplations by degrees;—calculating proportions;—comparing the qualities of mind with the properties of bodies;—and, having ascertained their mutual connections, delightful were it to investigate progressions through all the gradations of motions, sounds, qualities, feelings, and ideas; from reason rising to judgment, and from judgment soaring to the utmost limit of imagination. Forming, by all the laws of order, symmetry, and attraction, one vast and admirable system of gradation, and subordination, which, at

Globes, therefore, cannot strictly be said to be infinite, though they are moving in infinity.

the end of every link, proclaims an excellent part of an admirable whole!—a whole, pre-eminently worthy the conception of a mind, which, existing from the beginning, will never cease to be!

As attraction is the connecting principle of the natural world, order is the foundation of the moral. Hence arises the golden chain, which unites reason to affection, and religion to morals; and which, awakening in the mind a steady love of virtue, and an ardent admiration of genius, exalts the soul to that fine standard of perfection in seeing, and excellence in feeling, which associates the one sense, that we are permitted to enjoy, more intimately with all, that is worthy in an angel's meditation.

At man we stop!

But though we are incapable of ascertaining beyond ourselves, the mind takes wing, the imagination soars beyond the visible sphere, and we feel ourselves capable of conceiving, (though in an indefinite manner) Beings, as far beyond ourselves, as we are beyond the smallest of animate, and perhaps, even the smallest of inanimate matter...

A philosophical essay on gradations would be one of the most interesting in the whole range of

natural philosophy.—Worthy the pen of Tully, it would require the united intellects of the elder Pliny and Aristotle, of Newton and Buffon. This were a subject which would soften our asperities,—correct our pride,—elevate our imaginations, and call forth sentiments worthy of a future age. Embellishing the mind, and imparting a taste for symmetry, beauty, and grandeur, and leaving the supposititious problems and imaginary figures and quantities of the mathematician at an immeasurable distance, it would embrace all the resemblances, contrasts, and transformations in the wide range of nature; and forming the best system of theology, by operating as a decisive antidote against atheism, it would awaken a homage, the most affecting and the most profound.

XVII.

Speculations of this nature might lead the mind to a more perfect knowledge of ourselves, and at length to the cause of the origin of evil. The doctrine of pre-existence originated in the east, whence it passed into Egypt;—where, being taught to Pythagoras, that wisest of all ancient

philosophers introduced it into Greece and Italy. Virgil alludes to it in his sixth Eneid.

This doctrine was taught by most of the Christian Platonists of the middle ages. It seems to have originated in a wish to solve the difficulties, in regard to the origin of evil. To account for which it was imagined, that the miseries which afflict us here are the natural results of crimes, committed in a pre-existent state.

Several writers of considerable talents have attempted to prove the truth of this doctrine from nature, reason, and revelation. Their arguments, however, like those of the ancient and Christian Platonists, afford nothing conclusive :—for if they solve the difficulty of present evil, they leave the past in a state of objection equally inexplicable. It was a difficulty of this kind, which induced Sextus Empiricus to assert, that there was no such thing as truth.

The fable of the battle of the giants against heaven was, probably, an allegory, expressive of certain sophists, who presumed to scan the measures of providence, and to dictate a better and a nobler system *. There was a time when Helve-

* Quid enim est aliud (says Tully), gigantum more bellare cum düs, nisi naturæ repugnare?

tius found some difficulty in reconciling the goodness, omnipotence, and omniscience of the Deity, with the free-will of his creatures:—and he felt an inclination almost to believe, that there existed an agent, who, as Minutius Felix would say, knowing the constitution of our frame, determined the present fortune, and future fate of us all. This presumption of youth has been corrected by a subsequent investigation, excited by an argument, employed by Montesquieu.—"The Deity," says that acute philosopher, "may sometimes divest himself of his prescience, and leave mankind at liberty to act according to their discretion.—This he can do:—and since he does it willingly, and of his own power, his omniscience is not implicated. In the same manner as a king, after giving general instructions to an ambassador, may empower him to act as a plenipotentiary. By granting this liberty, the king, however, is not the less the head, because he grants this discretionary power." This argument Helvetius regarded as being unobjectionable, unanswerable, and conclusive.

Why evil has been admitted into the general system has been plausibly treated of by the author of the *Principia Religionis Naturalis.* Gro-

tius* and Dr. Clarke†, too, have some equally pertinent remarks: the passage in Boethius‡, bearing immediately upon the same subject, is not unworthy the attention of a modern divine; while Simplicius, in his Commentaries on Epictetus, argues with great force of reasoning on this difficult and mysterious subject.

The melancholy fact, however, is, that we are as ignorant of the cause, why the Creator seems to be less successful in the government of the moral, than in that of the natural world, as a moth is of algebra. A little time, and a little patience, will, however, remove our doubts and ignorance at last. Happy will that hour be deemed, when our mental and our visual nerves are touched with "euphrasy and rue!" Then may we listen, with the rapture of a seraph, to the history of our own creation! For then the plan of providence will be justified.

Then shall we repeat our orisons and praises to that great original, who permits the grass to wither, and the excellent to linger in all the agonies of sorrow, and all the miseries of neglect and want.

* De Ver. Rel. Christ. i. s. viii.

† Prop. x. p. 104. ‡ Consol. Phil. Lib. iv.

Then shall we see, that the moral world is equally susceptible of being resolved into harmony as the natural. For then, having acquired a knowledge of nature, and of final causes, we shall see the wisdom, that has ordained on earth's "melancholy map" the overflowing of rivers, the sterility of the poles, and the deserts of continents. Why plants of a poisonous quality are permitted to grow;—why vegetation is checked and life destroyed;—why serpents and other noxious reptiles press the earth, and pestilate the air;—why man should build up mansions in old age; and travel from country to country to heap up wealth, that he is never permitted to enjoy;—why good deeds are misinterpreted; and why the modesty of virtue crouches before the glare of impudence:—why vice rides triumphant, and why innocence is appalled:—above all, why, forgetting the laws of nature, and conquering all his best and noblest sympathies, man wages war on excellence, and carries fire and slaughter into unoffending countries!—Cruelties, which, as they appear to be unnecessary, would almost justify the conclusion, that we brought into the world an original depravity, the result of vices and crimes, indulged and perpetrated in a pre-existent state. At pre-

sent they appear infirmities of nature:—but having acquired a knowledge of natural causes, and of the mighty mystery of the passions, we shall perceive at once the truth of that fine axiom, which teaches, that discord is a harmony imperfectly understood:

> "From seeming evil still educing good,
> "And better thence again, and better still,
> "In infinite progression."

XVIII.

FROM the difficulty in regard to the origin and uses of evil, a subject on which wisdom itself is taught to pause, though not to doubt, has arisen that most degrading of all mental errors, ATHEISM.

The word atheist is a term used for the purpose of distinguishing that order of men, whose ignorance is rendered contemptible by the folly of their vanity, and by the arrogance of their pride, presumption and pretensions. Little knowledge have they of science, and still less of nature's primitive forms and qualities.

Involving a vicious imagination, a credulous conception, and a warped judgment, an atheist is as much a *lusus naturæ*, as any object, that in any age has disgusted the eye of a naturalist. For,

presuming to decide, where he ought to doubt; —and hesitating, when effects allow exact precision; ignorant, that chances are the results of secret causes;—that it requires the same gigantic power to annihilate, as it did to create;—that to govern requires no greater exertion, than to form;—and that even should necessity have a power of existence, it possesses no power of effecting changes;—with a mean idea of man, a superficial knowledge of nature, and a total ignorance of primitive causes, an atheist gives eternal life to magnets, yet refuses it to man!—His is the hated creed, which makes the day of death the day of ruin!

Beginning in presumption, he continues in doubt;—and, meeting with difficulties far beyond the measure of his feeble intellect, his faculties confused—his judgment lost, and his imagination afflicted with the plague,—he loathes to die!—His food, as it were, is poison, and his drink are bitters. Believing not in a God, he is the artificer of his own misery, and an object of mental disgust, wherever he goes. For a nest of serpents is not more horrible to the fancy, than a faction of atheists. Oh! for that sacred and exalted time, when we may be permitted to see a new

satellite, a new planet, a new sun, perhaps a new system, rising from "the void and formless infinite!"

To enter into what Marcus Antoninus calls an honourable familiarity with nature, by ranging through the visible sphere with an eye of poetry, and the judgment of philosophy, is to form one of the best grounds for theological belief. Since every object which we see, becomes a monument, attesting the existence of an original cause; to whose benevolence every object bears witness; and of whose beauty, harmony and grandeur, the whole universe, in detail as in combination, is a temple, through which we are led, step by step, to the sanctuary of the ETERNAL.

The Chinese confounded Nature with God:—but Nature, without a superior power, is as inexplicable as motion: The harmony and magnificence of its mysteries being no more arguments against its being a secondary power, than the mysteries of a primitive one are against its existence and truth. There is, however, an evident analogy between them. This analogy, mistaken for an absolute union, has caused an idea of identity, which has led, not unfrequently, to a life of infidelity. For men, going no farther than nature, have occasionally sunk into atheism; when had

they proceeded even one step farther, the mystery had been explained, and the world had been the richer in the acquirement of one more Christian, or "Deist at least."

Considered as a *secondary* cause, Nature is pre-eminently worthy of the profoundest admiration: since to seek her in her mysterious recesses creates in us a higher and nobler conception of ourselves: for the more we investigate her powers, the more do we admire, and are grateful for our own;—which then, and then chiefly, associate our alliance to that wonderful and gigantic mind, which "forms, enlightens, and directs the whole."

XIX.

LOOK where, and in what manner we will, into nature, she proves, that, as something has existed from eternity, that something must be an immutable and independent Being:—a Being, who could call into existence from vacuity materials, wherewith he could build systems, which are almost infinite;—who from total darkness could elicit light; and who to nonentity could give matter; and to unconscious existence could impart life and intelligence.

In contemplating a Being so wonderful, the soul, pregnant with awful astonishment, trembles and adores in silent admiration:—for a Being self-existent must, in consequence, be omniscient, and omnipresent. Not an agent of necessity, but a Being of choice and liberty, of infinite wisdom, justice and truth. A Being of an infinite centre, which, being an habitation for omnipresence, becomes an organ for omniscience. For were the soul to separate from the body, as some one has finely remarked, and "with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of creation, and should for millions of years continue in its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead."

This Being, then, being the consequence of his own will, is a cause without a cause; the existence of which is sufficiently proved by final principles and incessant creations. Acting by innumerable laws, directed to one decisive end;—creating at the moment, in which he appears to destroy;—of an omnipresence so exquisite, as to cause no resistance to moveable bodies; he is the origin of forms and of their open powers and secret qualities.—

Parent of nature, with whom darkness and light are equally visible, his are the ideas, which, being exemplars of all things, comprise an intelligence, capable of measuring the universe, of directing all its movements, and of conceiving all its passions at a glance.

Converting matter into life, and death into eternity,—no power and no time effect a change in him! Grasping all the past, the present, and the future,—he is the Father of all causes; sole origin of beauty, order, and sublimity;—immutable and ineffable.—His moral perfections relieve us from the grandeur of his power;—and, having no beginning, and incapable of self-annihilation, his existence is in infinity;—his duration is a past and future present;—his power implies omnipotence,—and his knowledge omniscience:—and his essence being invisible, and his nature inconceivable, his character involves a great, a good, an infinite UNKNOWN, whose transitions are from light to light, from glory to glory, from perfection to perfection!

NOTES.

Page 3, line 23.

One benefit arises from difficulty, (provided that difficulty is not the result of our own folly,) which constitutes in itself a felicity: viz.—that it so qualifies our expectations, and dissipates our delusions, that the mind becomes susceptible of future happiness, in exact proportion to the number of difficulties we feel ourselves able to conquer. In misfortune, it is true, we are frequently disgusted with the meanness, lowness, and the baseness of one portion of mankind: but all this is more than counterbalanced by the respect, fidelity, and considerate attention of the other. The meanness of men is nothing to our feelings, as long as we have the power of exercising our privilege of despising them:—and here science springs to the aid of a literary man with cheerfulness and promptitude.—"What advantage arises from all this boasted love of learning, and study of nature?" said Cleon to Aristippus, as they were walking one day under the portico of Minerva's temple at Athens: "Will they furnish us with splendid

equipages?—Will they fill our porticos with attendants?—or will they enable us to give rich banquets to our friends?"—" Not one of all these," replied Aristippus.—" Will they protect us from legal outrage?—Will they lull the poisoned tongue of calumny?—or will they render us so sacred, that misfortune cannot reach us?"—" Far from it."—" What then will they do for us?" enquired Cleon, with some degree of exultation.—" If there were no one advantage arising from them than this," returned Aristippus, " it were sufficient. They enable us to chastise the mean by our contempt, the envious by our smiles, the malicious by our silence, and the sordid by our scorn!"—" Enough! enough!" exclaimed Cleon in an ecstasy, " lead me into the temple."

Page 18, line 14.

It would appear sufficiently presumptuous to accuse Cicero of ignorance, and we are therefore compelled merely to remark, that, like other writers on party questions, he has not sufficiently discriminated between the founders and the followers of particular sects. Mr. Pitt was, there is little doubt, heartily ashamed of the intemperate and fulsome loyalty of some of his admirers; and Mr. Fox was doubtless equally so of some of his: and that the Messiah will equally disclaim the insidious zeal

of some of those, who presume to call themselves Christians, it were impious not to believe. Seneca, though a stoic, speaks well of Epicurus, and makes the necessary distinction, alluded to *. This evidence may be opposed to that of Cicero; while the vindication of Gassendi † may operate as an antidote to Boerhaave's academic oration, and to Mosheim's intemperate censure.

Page 20, line 16.

Lactantius justly says, that virtue is not the *summum bonum,* but the *effectrix et mater summi boni.* lib. iii.—On this subject consult Grotius *de Verit. Christ.* Lib. ii. sect. ix. *in notis.* Virtue is the scaffolding, not the temple: It is neither derived from learning, says Seneca, nor from nature, but from the divine power:—we are born for virtue, but not with it.—*Senec. Ep.* 90.

Page 58, line 14.

Through an error in the disposition of the MS, a passage has been omitted in the text, which it is expedient to supply by a note.

Speaking of the fortune of kings, it would appear as if the author were insensible to the rich and superlative delight, which arises from a successful

* Ep. 79. De Vit. Beatâ. c. vi.
† De Vitâ et Moribus Epicuri.

desire of administering to the happiness of a whole people. Far otherwise! A good king is not only the happiest of beings, but the noblest product of the great Creator. Hitherto kings, (I say it with sorrow, and record it with regret) appear, with some illustrious exceptions, indeed, to have mistaken their duty, and to have sacrificed the interests and happiness of their people, at the vulgar shrine of personal ease, or military ambition. A new era has, however, at length arrived! Sovereigns have met, and contracted a friendship for each other. I presume not to enquire what may have been the cause of their friendship, nor to foretel what may be the issue of their councils, but I esteem it a duty, as I am sure I feel it to be a pleasure of no common order, to remark, that at no time, ancient or modern, has there been a prospect so healing to the heart of all Europe as the present. George Regent! Alexander! Frederic! Francis!—May the golden hopes of peace and happiness, which I, (a temperate friend to liberty, and therefore to a limited and well-regulated monarchy,) indulge in the contemplation of your friendship and your councils, be so realized, that history may rank you with Alfred, with Trajan, with Piastus, and with Stanislaus!

Page 62, line 5.

Osorius of Lisbon is said to have written a Latin

dissertation on glory in so pure a style, and in a manner so much after that of an ancient Roman, that some have not scrupled to assert, that this very treatise is the lost work of Cicero.

Page 159, line 20.

AGES OF MUSICIANS.

Thus Hasse and the Elder Bach died at the age of 80; Matheson at 82; Pepusch at 85; Telemon at 86; Tellis and Rosengrave at 87; Child at 90; Corelli and Corvetto at 96, and Creighton at the age of 97.

Painters, too, are remarkable for the age to which they respectively arrive.

AGES OF PAINTERS.

70.
Berkheyden.
Bernaert.
Paul Brill.
Houthorst.
Van Mol.
Swaneveldt.
Wynants.

71.
Charles Le Brun.
Colombel.
N. Poussin.
Van Eyck.
Lairesse.
Van Oost.
Quellyn.
Burrini.

72.
Murillo.
Campagna.
Ph. Van Dyck.

73.
Cortoni.
Panini.
Jerburg.
Verkolie.

Jouvenet.

74.

Vernet.
David de Heem.
Poelenburg.
Vanderneldt.
Bolognese.

75.

Vander Heyden.
Ostade.
Jean Weenix.

76.

Guerchin.
Lelio Orsi.
Saft Leven.
C. de la Fosse.
Jean Restout.

77.

Van Aelts.
Antoine Pesne.
Claude Vignon.

78.

Simon Chardin.
Backhuysen.
Snyders.
Creti.
Garopolo.

79.

Moel Coypel.
Quintin Metyos.

80.

Bloemart.
Glauter.
Cognacci.
Prismatice.

81.

Peter Neeffs.

82.

Claude Lorrain.
Francis Hals.
Albani.
Creshi.
Desportes.

83.

Cavedoni.

84.

Hyacinth Rigaud.
Jordaens.
Teniers.
Bolognese.

85.

François de Troy.
Van Metys.
De Witte.

87.

Gaspar de Crayen.

90.

N. Largilliere.

91.

Cignani.

Tiarini.

95.

Michael de Crayer.

99.

Titian.

If musicians and painters have been found to arrive at ages, beyond the general current of mankind, poets, historians, and philosophers are still more remarkable in that particular:—Thus—

AGES OF AUTHORS.

65.

Buxtorf.
Bentivoglio.
Bacon.
Boyle.
Mallet.

66.

Montfaucon.
Alamanni.
Montesquieu.

67.

Huygens.
A. Lyttleton.
Amand.
Masson.
Malpighi.

68.

Passerat.
Mantuanus.
Drayton.
Pinelli.
Baronius.
Madden.
Butler.
Rochfoucault.
Bochart.
Campbell.

69.

Eschylus.
Marcilius.
Cellarius.
Bovet.

Berkeley.
Madame Dacier.
Bentham.

70.

Pittacus.
Ennius.
Livy.
Libanius.
Galen.
Cleobulus.
Dion Cassius.
Libanius.
Egnatius.
Tremellius.
Byovius.
Copernicus.
Basnage.
Boerhaave.
Howel.
Bapt. Rousseau.
Arnaud.
Chardin.
Peter Nicole.
Petit.
Selden.
Leibnitz.

71.

Fracastorius.
Cesar Cassini.
Lubienietski.
Bocconi.
Barthius.
Bardæus.
Atterbury.
Dacier.
Campanelli.
Beveridge.

72.

Anaxagoras.
Aristarchus.
Epicurus.
Sannazarius.
Reuchlin.
Father Paul.
Casaubon, jun.
Borelli.
Bourdalone.
Ayloffe.
Cheyne.
Sir W. Temple.
Cambden.
Pennant.
Richardson.

73.

Ricciolus.
Amelot.

Duppa.
Annesley, E. of Anglesea.
Locke.
Flamstead.
Bonnet.
Count de Caylis.
Cary.
Budæus.
Claude Capperonier.
Bates, William.
Baxter, William.

74.

Fontaine.
Julius Scaliger.
Lydiat.
Claud Nicole.
Renaudot.
Briggs.
Penn.

75.

Silius Italicus.
Camerarius.
Maignon.
Languet.
Marivaux.
Usher.
Leusden.
Boileau.
Watts.
Barlowe.
Spon.

76.

Felibien.
Richard Baxter.
J. Collier.
Buchanan.
Hevelius.
Mercurialis.
Anselm.
Ray.
Bourdelot.
Boscovich.
Ashmole.
Vaillant.
C. Perrault.
Wolf.
Sloane.
Browne.
M. Hoffman.
Saunderson.

77.

Bossuet.
Scottus.
Elder Cassini.
Launoi.
Borlase.

Malebranche.

78.

Galileo.
Muratori.
Lope de Vega.
Morel.
De la Hire.
Croze.
J. Nicole.
Nicause.
A. Philips.

79.

Bellarmin.
Kircher.
P. Virgil.
Menage.
P. Bracciolini.
Cassini.
Le Clerk.
Corneille.
Beausolve.
Sprat.
Castell.

80.

Solon.
Pitiscus.
Quintilian.
Juvenal.
John Sturmius.
Capellus.
Stow.
Bacon.
Buffon.
Rollin.
Baluze.
Morin.
Bentley.
Duncombe.
Chalcondyles.
Dandini.
Ludolph.
Edwards.
Mambrun.
Nunes.
Sheldon.
Newton.
William Wykeham.
Longuerue.
F. Hoffman.

81.

Plato.
Crusius.
Servasson.
Dugdale.
Spanheim.
Warburton.

Viviani.
Magliabechi.

82.

Polybius.
Spelman.
Regnier.
Charpentier.
De la Rue.

83.

Folard.
Markland.

84.

Xenocrates.
Cato Censor.
Diophantus.
Bathurst.
Whiston.

85.

Lycurgus.
Gaspard.
Suicer.
Sherburne.
Longomontanus.
Crousaz.
Calmet.
Voltaire.
Bishop Barlowe.

86.

Maffæus.
Barberini.
Chiabrera.
Sir R. Baker.
Sir E. Colne.
Beza.
Evelyn.

87.

Albertus Magnus.
Voetius.
Mariana.
Maracci.
Montfaucon.
Pococke.

88.

Francis Junius.
Alamos of Medina del Campo.
Fortescue.
Chevreau.
Crebillon.
Whitby.

90.

Diogenes.
Simonides.
Carneades.

Pythagoras.
Sophocles.
Trapezund.
Claude Boyer.
St. Evremont.
Walton.
Huet.

91.

Jerome.
Lord Bathurst.
Sir C. Wren.

92.

Thales.
Las Casas.
Sirmond.

93.

Claude Joly.
Bishop Hough.

94.

Madame Scudery.

95.

Anagrimus Jonas.

96.

Vida.

97.

Myson.

98.

Zeno.

99.

Cleanthes.

100.

Cassiodorus.
Cornaro.
Cantacuzenus.
Hesiod.

104.

Hippocrates.

105.

Xenophilus.

109.

Democritus.

154.

Epimenides.

Page 193, line 13.

The passage beginning with, "The pen of the satirist," &c., ought to have been printed in the following manner;—[The pen of the satirist is so pow-

erful in the correction of morals, that some writers have not hesitated even to assert, that it has contributed more to the welfare of public morals, than all the ethics of Antoninus, or the sermons of Tillotson, Sherlock, and Hoadley.]

Page 246, line 22.

Barlowe wrote twenty years before Gilbert. His book was entitled, "Divers pertinent observations and experiments concerning the nature and properties of the Loadstone," 1616. This work has been strangely overlooked by late writers on the magnet.

Page 247, line 9.

A bishop, (and an English one, too, still occasionally sitting on the bench,) is said to have quitted the science of chemistry, because he conceived that it might derogate from the episcopal dignity. Ludicrous even to the bathos of absurdity! As if searching into nature's secrets were beneath the dignity even of an arch-angel. This vanity, my Lord of ———, is rather too offensive! A man, drest in all the foppery of the beau monde, is not more a subject for ridicule; even though he were standing in the midst of the Royal Society!

Page 250, line 5.

Cassimir, in one of his poems, hails the opening

of a flower, as he would hail the arrival of an affectionate friend; and with as much delight, as the children of Greece hailed the coming of the swallow.

> Siderum sacros imitata vultus,
> Quid lates dudum, Rosa!—delicatum
> Effer e terris caput, o tepentis
> Filia cœli.
> Jam tibi nubes fugiunt æquosæ
> Quas fugant albis Zephyri quadrigis;
> Jam tibi mulcet Boream jocantis
> Aura Favoni.
>
> *Cassimir.*

Page 273, line 20.

The fable of Prometheus and his rod would seem to sanction the idea, that the ancients were not altogether ignorant of electricity: while Tullus Hostilius is said, by Livy, to have lost his life in drawing fire from heaven.—*(Liv. i.* 20.*)* Several instances are cited by Bertholon, vid. Seneca *Nat. Quæst. lib. i. c.* 1. Procopius *de Bell. Vandal. lib. ii. c.* 2. Livy *lib.* 43. Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. ii. Cesar *de Bell. Afric. c.* 42. The instances of Bertholon, however, extend not to the proof, that they knew the cause of the effects described. The fable of Prometheus and the catastrophe of Tullus Hostilius seem to extend farther.

Page 280, line 3.

Frederic of Prussia presumed to assert, that he cared not one atom about the height of all the mountains in the moon, since he was unable to make a rampart of any one of them. That is, he cared not an atom for one globe, since he could not employ it as an instrument in destroying another. This monster of lust and ambition purchased his title of GREAT, at the expense of 240,000 men!—Oh! look not up to Lazarus!

Page 283, line 18.

The constellations might be grouped and named much after the following manner. The two succeeding examples are selected for the prominence of their appearance, and for the better opportunity of defining their limits, since all constellations should begin and finish with stars of the first magnitude.

$\odot^7$ $\odot^6$ $\odot^5$ $\odot^4$ $\odot^1$

$\odot^3$ $\odot^2$

This constellation (URSA MAJOR,) might be called

GREECE; and the stars of which it is composed, named after

[1] Cadmus.
[2] Pythagoras.
[3] Aristotle.
[4] Plato.
[5] Thales.
[6] Euclid.
[7] Phocion.

ORION to change its name for that of ENGLAND.

[1] Newton.
[2] Alfred.
[3] Bacon.
[4] Milton.
[5] Shakespeare.
[6] Chatham.
[7] Boyle.
[8] Jones, (Sir W.)

INDEX

To the Names of Philosophers, Authors, Sculptors, Painters, and Musicians, mentioned in the preceding Work.

ABULFARAGIUS, 227.
Acosta, 251.
Accius, 226.
Addison, 137, 228.
Ælian, 163, 260.
Æmilius, 195, 227.
Æpinus, 273.
Æschines, 284.
Agricola, 260.
Agrippa, 220, 269.
Agropolita, 227.
Akenside, 86, 138, 167, 203, 236, 262, 288.
Alanni, 227.
Alcuinus, 227.
Alpinus, 251.
Albani, 165, 228.
Aldrovandus, 283, 260.
Alstromer, 241.
Anaxamander, 275.
Anacreon, 78, 227.
Antoninus, 77, 193, 197, 321.
Angelo, 122, 135.
Antiphilus, 134.
Apuleius, 227.
Apelles, 134, 136.
Appollonius, 197.
Aquinas, 151.
Aristotle, 2, 16, 160, 197, 198, 239, 243, 260, 271, 278.
Ariosto, 97, 112, 198, 228.
Aristides, 133.
Aratus, 197, 201.
Artedi, 182.
Archilochus, 193.
Archimedes, 226, 237, 275.
Arnaud, 227.
Armstrong, 91.
Arrian, 227.
Athenæus, 161.
Aublet, 241.
Ausonius, 133, 227.

Bacchylides, 226.
Bacon, 269, 280.
Baillet, 201.
Baronius, 61, 151.
Barclay, 61.
Barthelemy, 89, 160, 231.
Balzac, 92.
Baker, 116.
Barlowe, 246, 273, 321.
Bartholin, 201.
Berkeley, 40, 117.

Beattie, 116, 157, 172.
Bergius, 241.
Biberg, 261.
Black, 242.
Blair, 118, 175.
Bloemen, 118.
Bloomfield, 221.
Boerhaave, 199, 239.
Boileau, 193, 194, 198, 228.
Bolingbroke, 210.
Boethius, 7, 214, 238.
Borelli, 228.
Bouquer, 242.
Bourdon, 118.
Bos, du, 63.
Boyle, 239, 242, 262.
Boyse, 281.
Brahe, Tycho, 276.
Brewer, 251.
Brown, 281.
Brun, Le, 80.
Bruce, 279.
Buffon, 260.
Burgess, 109.
Burns, 221.
Bury, 201.
Butler, 182, 186, 220.

Cartes, des, 23, 92, 105, 145, 250.
Cassini, 275.
Castiglione, 118.
Caracci, 135, 147.
Castell, 182.
Camoens, 182, 186.
Campanella, 185.
Casaubon, 194.
Camden, 200.
Cassimir, 321.
Cassiodorus, 227.
Cassius, Dio, 195.
Cavendish, 273.
Cawthorn, 176, 231.
Carravagio, 140.
Cervantes, 182, 214.
Charon, 88.
Chesterfield, 115.
Chapelain, 138.
Chatterton, 182.
Chillingworth, 185.
Cicero, 6, 14, 21, 62, 89, 114, 115, 136, 138, 144, 184, 194, 197, 200, 236, 261, 262, 310, 311, 313.
Claude, 118, 243.
Claudian, 34, 227.
Cleomenes, 146.
Clark, 199, 253.
Clusius, 241.
Collins, 81.
Corelli, 165, 169.
Corregio, 147.
Copernicus, 184, 270, 280, 285.
Cowley, 40, 84, 250.
Corneille, 185.
Cuneus, 274.
Cyprian, 151.

Dacier, 271.
Dandilly, 250.
Dante, 195, 212.
Darwin, 240.
Demetrius, 5.
Demetrius Phal. 226.
De la Hire, 276.
Diæarchus, 12.
Digby, 21.
Diodorus Siculus, 106, 195.
Dionysius Hal. 109.
Diogenes Laertius, 150.
Dirk von Delen, 118.
Domenichino, 185.
Donatus, 228.
Dryden, 193.
Dupaty, 121.

Elizabeth, 214.

Ennius, 145.
Eschylus, 109, 226.
Euphranor, 133, 134.
Eudoxus, 275.
Euripides, 212, 226.
Euclid, 238.
Euler, 231.
Euphranor, 133, 134.

Falk, 241.
Fenelon, 62, 104.
Fontana, 275.
Fontaine, 228.
Fontenelle, 60.
Forkskall, 241, 250.
Fornicelli, 242.
Franklin, 239, 273, 274.
Fresnoy, Du, 195.

Galen, 184.
Galileo, 184, 239, 269, 275, 277, 279, 280.
Gassendi, 260.
Gellius, Aulus, 161.
Gessner, 260.
Gibbon, 50, 63, 70.
Gilbert, 246, 273, 280, 321.
Gluck, 169.
Grainger, 241.
Gravina, 211.
Gray, 167.
Grimaldi, 243.
Grotius, 215, 228, 311.
Guido, 132, 140.
Guericke, 274.

Hagstroom, 241.
Handel, 165, 169.
Hardouin, 231.
Harp, La. 63.
Haydn, 169.
Hervey, 184.
Hales, 184.
Halley, 276.
Hasselquist, 241.
Hermen, 231.
Heinsius, 228.
Helvetius, 4.
Herschell, 276, 281.
Hesiod, 165, 221, 279.
Helmont, 269.
Herodotus, 62, 66, 282.
Hippocrates, 256.
Hipparchus, 275.
Hoadley, 321.
Hogarth, 220.
Hoole, 97.
Horace, 10, 45, 47, 107, 113, 115, 153, 193, 194, 206, 213, 216.
Horrox, 276.
Hoadley, 193.
Homer, 114, 115, 134, 135, 137, 155, 165, 186, 262.
Hospital, 71.
Howel, 116.
Huygens, 275.

Jerome, St. 38.
Johnson, 189.
Jones, 194.
Jortin, 72.
Josephus, 122.
Jovius, 195.
Julian, 201, 216.
Justin Martyr, 150.
Juvenal, 12, 73, 194.

Kalm, 241.
Kapler, 241.
Kepler, 237, 239, 276, 277, 280.
Kircher, 260.
Klaproth, 246.
Kleist, 274.
Kunckel, 242.

Lactantius, 311.

Lansdown, 27.
Lavoisier, 242.
Langhorn, 96.
Libanius, 184, 211.
Linneus, 153, 182, 184, 240, 250, 260.
Lister, 241, 260.
Livy, 62, 195, 226.
Lipsius, 195.
Locke, 1, 259, 277.
Loffling, 241.
Longinus, 189, 221.
Lowth, 189.
Lucian, 13.
Luc, Le, 260.
Lucretius, 135, 145, 262.

Machiavel, 70.
Maigran, 237.
Marcell, 254.
Margraff, 246.
Martin, 241.
Mason, 71.
Martial, 147.
Mercator, 237.
Melmoth, 86.
Medici, Lorenzo, 201.
Mercutus, 260.
Middleton, 15.
Milton, 42, 45, 75, 79, 97, 114, 135, 138, 165, 166, 180, 190, 199, 201, 212, 262.
Montaigne, 153.
Montin, 241.
Montesquieu, 151.
More, 44, 152.
Morel, 231.
Morhoff, 201.
Mozart, 169.

Napier, 276.
Newton, 228, 238, 251, 259, 276, 277, 280, 281, 285.

Olbers, 276, 284.
Origen, 150.
Osbeck, 241.
Osorius, 312.
Ossian, 252.
Otway, 252.
Ovid, 4, 153.

Paul, St. 115.
Paul Veronese, 119, 139.
Palladio, 119.
Parrhasius, 133.
Pamphilus, 134.
Parmegiano, 139.
Palestina, 165.
Pallas, 242.
Panætius, 136.
Parmenides, 194.
Paracelsus, 256.
Petrarch, 12, 62, 138, 227.
Perrault, 125.
Persius, 194, 209.
Pelisson, 214.
Petronius, 255.
Phidias, 149, 222.
Philostratus, 254.
Philolaus, 275.
Pierre, St. 61.
Pindar, 167, 197, 226.
Piazzi, 276, 284.
Plato, 2, 41, 102, 137, 152, 160, 281, 282.
Plautus, 221.
Pliny, 12, 31, 46, 88, 110, 122, 132, 133, 195, 199, 204, 211, 212, 224, 225, 226, 254.
Plutarch, 106, 107, 137, 141, 154, 163, 222.

Pope, 41, 114, 129, 137, 153, 193, 223.
Porteus, 281.
Poussin, 118, 140.
Polycletus, 146, 149, 222.
Politian, 152.
Polybius, 160, 212.
Praxiteles, 198.
Prior, 214, 228.
Proclus, 28.
Protogenes, 134.
Propertius, 153.
Ptolemy, 23.
Puffendorf, 215.
Purcell, 169.
Pythagoras, 282, 285.

Quintilian, 63, 130, 134, 149, 160.

Ramus, 184.
Rapin, 255.
Raphael, 135, 139.
Raleigh, 214.
Rembrandt, 140.
Rolander, 241.
Rollin, 35.
Robertval, 280.
Rousseau, 16, 48, 161, 220, 221.
Rossi, 147.
Roucher, 217.
Rubens, 228.
Rumphius, 239.

Sardianus, 222.
Sallust, 39, 62, 89, 114.
Sappho, 226.
Scopias, 149.
Seneca, 37, 41, 45, 212.
Sextius, 213.
Seur, Le, 231.
Shakespeare, 135, 212.
Shee, 69.
Sheridan, 137.
Sherlocke, 193, 281, 321.
Simonides, 197.
Smart, 281.
Sonnerat, 241.
Sparrman, 241.
Spenser, 183, 212.
Spinoza, 285.
Statius, 195.
Strada, 74, 115, 170, 196.
Suidas, 161.
Swammerdam, 233, 260.
Sylvius, Æneas, 61, 228.
Syrius, Publius, 42.

Tacitus, 31, 62, 63, 70, 226.
Tasso, 48, 186, 222.
Temple, 18, 137.
Terence, 221.
Tertullian, 150.
Thales, 273, 275, 282.
Theocritus, 197, 226.
Theophrastus, 46, 164, 273.
Theon, 134.
Thomson, 14, 135.
Thunberg, 242.
Thucydides, 63, 109, 130, 184, 201.
Tillotson, 180, 193.
Timotheus, 198.
Tournefort, 260.
Trembley, 242.
Tyrius, Max. 7.

Vaillant, 231, 250.
Valerianus, 185.
Valetta, 260.
Valerius, Max. 204.
Vaukelin, 246.
Vanhuysen, 253.
Varro, 15.
Vega, Lope de, 227.
Vinci, Leonardo, 227.
Vida, 228.

Virgil, 105, 137, 141, 194, 196, 262, 279.
Virgil, Bp. of Salisbury, 269.
Vitruvius, 111, 117, 125.
Voltaire, 45, 63, 148.
Volusius, 196.

Walpole, 185.
Warton, 135.
Wallis, 221.
Whitehead, 260.
Whiston, 253.
Wren, 242.

Xeuxis, 132.

Young, 85, 206.

Zenophon, 130, 197, 201.

THE END.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

LD URL JUL 2 1 '76

Aug 4 76

Aug 18 76

Sep 1 1976

LD URL SEP 27 1976

LD URL OCT 11 '76

RENEWAL LD URL NOV 22 1976

REC'D LD-URL NOV 22 1976

REC'D LD-URL JUN 25 1984

JUN 8 1984

Form L9–Series 4939

3 1158 00939 2951

LC
31
B855a

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 024 149 7