THE

See Vol. 9. p. 227

IFE OF JOHNSON:

WITH

Maxims and Observations,

RAL, CRITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS,

ACCURATELY SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

And arranged in Alphabetical Order.

FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.
Enlarged and Corrected.

BOSTON:
RSH, CAPEN & LYON, AND B. H. GREENE.
1833.

1656.

TABLE OF THE SUBJECTS.

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PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST LONDON EDITION.

THE works of DR. JOHNSON have been occasionally so much the object of my reading, for the fancy, judgment, and above all, the interesting and moral observations which they contain upon life and manners, that in order to impress those observations the better on my mind, I availed myself of some leisure months last summer, to select them under proper heads, and arrange them in alphabetical order. As I proceeded in this work, I found myself bringing out, into one view, a body of *maxims* and *observations*, which I imagined would be *more than useful to myself;* hence I thought it a duty incumbent on me to publish them. I reflected that if the *maxims of the Duke de la Rochefaucault* have been considered by the whole class of French writers, as instrumental in forming the taste of

lection from them may not be altogether so necessary. But such are to be informed, that very few are in the possession of the *whole* of his works; many of them being published in the early parts of his fame, and at such distant periods of time, as render them now very difficult to be found; and it was owing to the indulgence of a literary friend, who is too critical a collector to omit adding to his library any production of this writer, that I was favoured with a perusal of *all his pieces;* so that the generality of the public are here presented with some novelty in the *matter* as well as in the *manner*. In respect to the use of *selection*, (particularly as I have here applied it) Dr Johnson makes the best apology for me to the public in his Idler, vol. ii. p. 185, and which, I hope, he will accept himself, as an additional motive for this undertaking.

"Writers of extensive comprehension, (says he) have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known, because they are not promised in the title. *He that collects those under proper heads, is very laudably employed*, for though he exerts no great abilities in the

the age the author lived in; maxims, which, however modified, contain but this single position, "*That self-love is the spring of all our actions*," what must the *maxims* and *observations* of a JOHNSON produce? An author, who, though *unsupported by the patronage of the great*, and *who has been obliged to spend much of his life in making provision for the day that was passing over him*,* yet has ever scorned to accommodate himself to the licentiousness and levity of the present age, but uniting the greatest learning with the greatest talents, has uniformly supported the cause of morality, "by giving an ardour to virtue, and a confidence to truth."

Such is the origin of the present publication, a publication, that, as I feel it has *benefited* myself in the *compiling*, so I trust it will others in the *perusal*, and happy shall I be, if, by any economy of mine in the works of such a writer, I can contribute to make them more generally *known*, or *remembered*, as by it I am sure I shall perform an essential service to mankind.

It may be objected, that as most people are in the possession of Dr. Johnson's works, a se-

* See Dr. Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary.

work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment, which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous or adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts, and original designs."

How far this selection is made with judgment, I must, however, trust to the decision of the public, well knowing that if it is negligently, or ignorantly performed, any thing I can say, will not excuse me; if on the contrary, I have done justice to my design, my telling them so will not accelerate their approbation. One thing I can assure them of, that I have made my extracts as accurataly and judiciously as I could —and that whatever may be the fate of the book, I have been already repaid for my labours by the satisfaction they have afforded me.

THE EDITOR.

November 24th, 1781.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

THE editor, feeling himself under many obligations to the public for their very great encouragement of this work, has in return for such favours endeavoured to make this edition as complete as possible, by adding a *Selection from Dr. Johnson's Notes upon Shakspeare*, as well as *from his poetical Works;* together with *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Author.*—These are the *last* improvements the editor can possibly make on the "The BEAUTIES of JOHNSON."

April 16*th*, 1782.

PREFACE

TO THE

AMERICAN EDITION.

The works of Dr. Johnson have already been presented to the public in various forms, by different compilers: We do not profess, therefore, to present any new views of his character,—but it is hoped that the most prominent incidents of his life are here accurately recorded, and so simplified as to be adapted to the capacity of the youthful mind. The fame of Johnson is beyond the reach of calumny, and our admiration will only be enhanced by the arrangement of some of his matured ideas upon almost every subject, which is presented in this little work. It is not

a book which when once read may be thrown aside as valueless ; but rather a treasury of useful thoughts, to which we may always turn and derive some benefit. Not having been before presented to the American public in this form, it is hoped it will prove acceptable.

EDITOR.

MEMOIR

OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The character and writings of Dr. Johnson have been already published to the world by more than one skilful delineator. The merit of the latter is too well established to need farther encomiums; it was thought expedient therefore, to republish these *choice morsels*, which were gleaned by another hand, with the addition of his life prefixed, in a small volume; it will, we trust, be read with pleasure by all lovers of pure taste, and correct sentiments.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield, Sept. 7th, 1709, O.S. His father, Michael Johnson, was a bookseller in that city; a man of large body, and violent passions; wrongheaded, positive, and at times afflicted with a degree of melancholy little short of madness. His mother was sister to Dr. Ford, a practising physician, and father of Cornelius Ford, generally known by the name of Parson Ford, the same who is

represented near the punchbowl, in Hogarth's Midnight Modern Conversation. Thus much for his parentage. He had several brothers, none of which, however, were distinguished for any remarkable powers. Nothing of a very interesting nature can be said of his family.—Indeed it has been remarked, that he took no pleasure in talking of his relations. "There is little pleasure," he said to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

Johnson was severely tried with the distemper called the king's evil. The Jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch; and accordingly Mrs. Johnson presented her son, when two years old, before Queen Anne, who for the first time, performed that office, and communicated to her young patient all the healing virtue in her power. He was afterwards cut for that scrofulous humor, and the under part of his face was seamed and disfigured by the operation. It is supposed that this disease deprived him of the sight of his left eye, and also impaired his hearing.

It may seem a ridiculous attempt to trace the dawn of his poetical faculty so far back as to his very infancy: but the following incident I am compelled to mention, as it is well attested, and therefore makes part of his history. When he was about three years old, his mother had a

brood of ducklings, which she permitted him to call his own. It happened that in playing about, he trod on and killed one of them, upon which, running to his mother, he in great emotion bid her write. Write, child? said she, what must I write? Why write, answered he, so;

Here lies good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on,
If 't had lived, 'twould have been good luck,
For then there'd been an odd one.

and she wrote accordingly.

At eight years old, he was placed at the free school in Lichfield, where he was not remarkable for diligence or regular application. His memory however was very retentive. Whatever he read was remembered. In the fields with his schoolfellows, he talked more to himself, than with them. In 1725, when he was about sixteen years old, he went on a visit to his cousin Cornelius Ford, who detained him for some months, and in the mean time assisted him in the classics. The general directions which he then received, he made known to Mrs. Piozzi. "Obtain," says Ford, "some general principles of every science; he who can talk only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and perhaps never wished for; while the man of general knowledge can often benefit, and always please." This advice Johnson seems

to have pursued with a good inclination. His reading was always desultory, seldom resting on any particular author, but rambling from one book to another, and by hasty snatches hoarding up a variety of knowledge.

Another rule laid down by Ford, for Johnson's future conduct, was, "You will make your way more easily in the world, as you are contented to dispute no man's claim to conversational excellence; they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." "But," Mrs. Piozzi remarks, "the features of peculiarity, which mark a character to all succeeding generations, are slow in coming to their growth"

On Johnson's return from Cornelius Ford, Mr. Hunter, then master of the free school at Lichfield, refused to receive him again on that foundation. What his reasons were for this refusal, it is vain to enquire; but it was hard indeed, that so gifted and promising a lad should have been denied. It did not however stop the progress of his mind. He was placed at another school, and having gone through the rudiments of classic literature, he returned to his father's house, and was probably intended for the trade of a bookseller. He has said that he could bind a book. At the end of two years, being then about nineteen, he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman of the name of Corbett, to

the university of Oxford; and on the 31st of Oct. 1728, both were entered at Pembroke College; Corbett as a *gentleman* commoner, and Johnson as a commoner. The college tutor, Mr. Jordan, was a man of no genius; and Johnson it seems showed an early contempt of mean abilities, in one or two instances behaving with insolence to that gentleman. Of his general conduct at the University, there are no particulars that merit attention, except the translation of Pope's Messiah, which was a college exercise imposed upon him as a task by Mr. Jordan. Corbett left the University in about two years, and Johnson's salary ceased. He was by consequence straitened in his circumstances, but he still remained at college. Johnson grew more regular in his attendance after this; Ethics, theology, and classic literature, were his favorite studies. He discovered, notwithstanding, early symptoms of that wandering disposition of mind which adhered to him to the end of his life. His reading was by fits and starts, undirected to any particular science. He received at this time an early impression of piety, and a taste for the best authors, ancient and modern. It may however be questioned whether, except his Bible, he ever read a book entirely through. Late in life, if one praised a book in his presence, it is said he would always inquire

"Did you read it through?" And if an affirmative answer was given, he seemed to question it.

He continued at the University till the want of funds obliged him to quit the place. A friend, however, voluntarily gave him aid, so that he was able to complete a residence of three years.

From the University Johnson returned to Lichfield. His father died soon after, in December, 1731; and the whole receipt of his effects, as appeared by a memorandum of his son's handwriting, was no more than twenty pounds. In this exigence, determined that poverty should never depress his spirit, nor warp his integrity, he became under-master of a Grammar-school, at Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire. That resource, however, did not last long. Disgusted by the pride of Sir Wolston Dixie, the patron of that little seminary, he left the place, and ever after spoke of it with abhorrence.

In 1733, he went on a visit to Mr. Hector, who had been his schoolfellow, and was then a surgeon at Birmingham, lodging at the house of a bookseller. At that place, Johnson translated a Voyage to Abyssinia, written by a Portuguese Missionary. This was his first literary labor. It was undertaken at the desire of the bookseller, and was printed at Birmingham—

and afterwards at Paternoster Row. It contains a narrative of a party of Missionaries, attempting to convert the people of Abyssinia to the church of Rome. In this work he has related every thing in his own words,—and having finished it, he returned in February, 1734, to his native city, and in the month of August following, published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian, with the History of Latin Poetry, from the era of Petrarch to the time of Politian ; and also the Life of Politian, to be added by the editor, Samuel Johnson. The book was to be printed in thirty octavo sheets, price five shillings. It is to be regretted that this project failed for want of encouragement. The history which Johnson proposed to himself would doubtless have been a valuable addition to the history of letters,—but his scheme was doomed to fail.

His next expedient was to offer himself as an assistant to Cave, the original projector of the Gentleman's Magazine. For this purpose he sent his proposals in a letter, offering, on reasonable terms, to fill some pages with poems and inscriptions, not before published, with fugitive pieces that deserve to be revived, and critical remarks on authors ancient and modern. Cave agreed to retain him as a contributor. What the conditions were, cannot now be known;

but they were not so lucrative, as to prevent Johnson from seeking other business. He next made overtures to the Rev. Mr. Budworth, master of a Grammar school, to become his assistant. But owing to disease his nerves had an involuntary motion, and the teacher thought they would expose Johnson to the ridicule of his scholars.

Another mode of obtaining a little capital now presented itself in a Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mercer, in Birmingham, who admired his talents. It is said she had about eight hundred pounds; and that sum, to a person in Johnson's circumstances, was an affluent fortune. A marriage took place between them, and he wishing to turn his newly acquired fortune to the best advantage, opened an academy for education. He was aided by some friends in this scheme; and the celebrated Garrick was placed in the new seminary. Garrick was then about eighteen years old. An accession of seven or eight pupils, was the most that could be obtained, though a public advertisement announced that "at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by Samuel Johnson."

This scheme too, proved fruitless. Johnson, as well he might, became disheartened, and

abandoned all hopes of ever doing any thing in his own country, and with his young pupil Garrick, who had formed the same resolution, he resolved to become an adventurer in the world at large. Two such candidates for fame, perhaps never set out together. Their stock of money was soon exhausted. In his attempt at instructing, Johnson had wasted more than half his wife's substance; and Garrick's father had not enough to give his son for his expenses. Yet they sat forth, with nothing but their genius and extraordinary powers of mind, determined to make themselves. Their friend, Mr. Walmsley, by a letter to the Rev. Mr. Colson, who, it seems was a great mathematician, exerted his good offices in their favour. He gave notice of their intended journey. "Davy Garrick," said he, "will be with you next week; and Johnson, to try his fate with a tragedy, and to get himself employed in some translation either from the Latin or French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should be in your way, I doubt not but you will recommend and assist your countrymen." But a mathematician could not find a sphere of action for two men who were to be the architects of their own fortunes. In three or four years, however, Garrick came forth with talents which

astonished the public. But Johnson was condemned to toil in the humble walks of literature. A tragedy was all his capital. This, most probably, was *Irene*, which was rejected when offered.

Poor Johnson was again obliged to look for employment. Having corresponded with Cave, under a feigned name, he now thought it time to divulge himself to a man whom he considered as the patron of literature. Cave had announced, by public advertisement, a prize of fifty pounds, for the best poem on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; and this circumstance diffused the idea of his liberality. Johnson became connected with him in business, and in a close and intimate acquaintance.

To be engaged in the translation of some important book was still the object which Johnson had in view. For this purpose he proposed to give a history of the Council of Trent, with copious notes, then lately added to a French edition. Twelve sheets of this work were printed, for which Johnson received forty-nine pounds; but the translation was never completed. He became acquainted about this time with the well known Richard Savage, whose life he afterwards wrote, with great elegance, and moral reflection. Johnson and Savage were in the closest intimacy.—He used to say,

that Savage and himself often walked till four in the morning,—in the course of their conversation, reforming the world, dethroning princes, giving laws, &c., till fatigued with their legislative office, they began to want refreshment, but could not muster more than four pence half penny. Savage had many vices, but Johnson's mind was too deeply seasoned with early piety to become the prey to it.

His first prayer was composed in 1738. He had not at that time renounced the use of wine; and no doubt occasionally enjoyed his friend and bottle. The love of late hours was contracted through his intimacy with Savage. But their connexion was short. Savage was reduced to the last distress. He retired to Wales, with an allowance of fifty pounds a year; and it was with the idea of this retreat that Johnson wrote his celebrated poem, called London.

Johnson at that time lodged at Greenwich. He there fixes the scene, and takes leave of his friend; who, he says in his life, parted from him with tears in his eyes. The late Mr. Dodsley was the purchaser of the poem at the price of ten guineas. It was published in 1738; and Pope, we are told, said, "the author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed." The prediction was not fulfilled, and we find but little

benefit which accrued to Johnson, notwithstanding it was written with great elegance.

Johnson, in August, 1738, went, with all the fame of his poetry, to offer himself as a candidate for the mastership of the school in Appleby, in Leicestershire. The statutes of the place required that the person chosen should be a master of arts. To remove this objection, the late Lord Gower was induced to write to a friend, in order to obtain for Johnson a master's degree in the University of Dublin, by the recommendation of Dr. Swift. The letter was printed in one of the Magazines, and was as follows;

"Sir,—Mr. Samuel Johnson, author of London, a Satire, and some other poetical pieces, is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity school, now vacant; the certain salary of which is sixty pounds *per* year, of which they are desirous to make him master; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a master of arts, which, by the statutes of the school, the master of it must be.

"Now, these gentlemen do me the honor to think, that I have interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diplo-

ma to me, constituting this poor man master of arts in their university. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the university will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean. They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; and yet he will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past.

"I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good natured gentlemen apprehend, especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light that it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing; but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favor asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you, that I am, with great truth, sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"Gower

"*Trentham, Aug. 1st.*"

But this scheme failed him, as all his other projects had before it. He was again obliged to return to Cave, as his only patron, since he had no profession, relations, friends, nor money. Here he was again engaged in translation,—but not finding employment adequate to his wants, he was forced to exert himself, so that his mind was constantly fruitful in devising some new scheme; though every one proved abortive.

At the age of thirty, he was still mortified and pinched by want, and scarcely able to provide for the day that was passing over him. A sad evidence indeed, that the greater part of mankind know not how to appreciate genius. About this time, Johnson succeeded Guthrie in composing parliamentary speeches for the Magazine; these were written with great elegance, and universally admired. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's administration being mentioned, Dr. Francis observed, "that Mr. Pitt's speech on that occasion was the best he had ever read." Many remembered the debate; and all applauded it. As soon as the praise subsided, Johnson uttered these words; "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." The company were astonished. After staring at each other in amazement, Dr. Francis asked, "how that speech could be written by him?" "Sir," said Johnson, "I wrote it in Exe-

ter-street. I never had been in the gallery of the house of commons but once in my life. Cave had interest with the door-keepers. He, and the persons employed under him, gained admittance; they brought away the subjects of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the arguments advanced in the course of debate. The whole was afterwards communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form which they now have of parliamentary debates." "Then sir," replied Dr. Francis, "you have exceeded Demosthenes himself; for to say that you have exceeded Francis's Demosthenes, would be to say nothing."

In 1743-4, Osborne the bookseller purchased the Earl of Oxford's library, at the price of thirteen thousand pounds. He projected a catalogue in five octavo volumes, at five shillings each. Johnson was employed in that painful drudgery. He was likewise to collect all such small tracts as were in any degree worth preserving, in order to reprint and publish the whole in a collection, called "the Harleian Miscellany." The catalogue was completed; and the Miscellany, in 1749, was published in eight quarto volumes. In this business, Johnson was a day-laborer for immediate subsistence. What Wilcox, an eminent book-

seller, said to Johnson on his first arrival in town was nearly verified. He lent our author five guineas, and then said to him, "How do you mean to earn your livelihood in this town?" "By my literary labours," was the answer. Wilcox stared at him, and shook his head; "by your literary labours! You had better buy a porter's knot." Johnson used to tell this anecdote in more prosperous days; but he said, "Wilcox was one of my best friends, and he meant well." It is related of him, that he paused occasionally to peruse the book that came to his hand. Osborne thought such conduct only tended to delay, and he objected to it, as he paid him daily wages. In the dispute, Johnson got quite enraged; and all the roughness of his character developed itself, by seizing a folio and knocking the bookseller down. If an apology be necessary, when we take into consideration the severe tests with which he had been tried, it must be found in the violence of his temper, which had been so often irritated by seeing his real merit ever under-rated. Soon after this, we find a new Dictionary contemplated upon an enlarged plan. Johnson made an arrangement with his booksellers, and went about the slow tedious process. He had hitherto lodged only in obscure places with his wife; but to be nearer his printer and a friend, he ventured to take a house. He understood that

the Earl of Chesterfield was a friend to his undertaking. He accordingly published, in 1747, *The Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language, addressed to the right Honorable Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.* After this, he received an invitation to call on Lord Chesterfield. The contrast between the two characters was very striking. One had all the graces of a polite education, the other was a stranger to polite manners, and extremely awkward. Chesterfield was not much pleased with his guest; and he described him in very ludicrous terms. His tragedy of Irene was now got up by Garrick; and during the representation of this piece, Johnson attended every night behind the scenes, decorated with a handsome waistcoat, and a gold laced hat. But, said Johnson with great gravity, "I was soon obliged to lay aside my gold laced hat, lest it should make me proud." His benefit was very trifling.

About this time, he projected the Rambler. He could not endure dependence, and to get above it he resolved to write still longer. He communicated his plan to no earthly being, but invoked the aid of his Heavenly Father in a solemn prayer for a blessing upon his undertaking.

This great work being commenced, he issued

the numbers regularly for two years, every Tuesday and Saturday. The whole number of Essays amounted to two hundred and eight. He received little help from others, and it is wonderful how he could accomplish so much. We will take his own words to describe his situation: "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or in the ardor of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication will not suffer judgment to examine or reduce."

Of this excellent production, the number sold on each day did not amount to five hundred. Johnson received four guineas a week for editing it. Of course, the bookseller did not make much; but his perseverance must be commended; and when the collection appeared in volumes, was amply rewarded. Johnson lived to see his labors flourish in a tenth edition.

In March, 1752, his wife died. Probably the approaching dissolution of his beloved partner put an end to those admirable periodical essays. He placed a Latin inscription on her

tomb, celebrating her beauty. In his memorandum, he says, "Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty, with my eyes full." This shows the sensitiveness of his nature, and the strength of his love.

During the two years that the Rambler was carried on, the Dictionary proceeded by slow degrees. It was completed in 1754, but poor Cave did not live to see the triumph of his friend's labors. It was published in May, 1755. Johnson was desirous that it should come from one who had obtained academical honors; and for that purpose his friend, Mr. Thomas Warton, obtained for him the February preceding, a diploma for a master's degree from the university of Oxford.

In the course of the winter preceding this grand publication, the Earl of Chesterfield gave two essays in the periodical paper, called "The World," dated Nov. 28, and Dec. 5th, 1754, to prepare the public for so important a work. The original plan, addressed to his lordship in the year 1747, is there mentioned in terms of the highest praise, and this was understood at the time, to be a courtly way of soliciting a Dedication of the Dictionary to himself. Johnson treated this civility with disdain. He said to some friends, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the Eng-

lish language ; and does he now send me two cock-boats to tow me into harbor?" Such a man, as he himself said, "who had not worked in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow, and without the patronage of the great," was not to be caught by a flattering bait from the Earl. He had in vain sought the patronage of that nobleman; at last with feelings of pride and disappointment, he addressed to him the following letter, dated Feb. 1755.

"*To the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield.*

"My Lord,—I have been lately informed, by the proprietors of The World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de le terre ;* that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found

my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it

is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord, your lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

It is said, upon good authority, that Johnson once received from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds. It were to be wished that the secret had never transpired. It was mean to receive it, and meaner to give it. It may be imagined, that for Johnson's ferocity, as it has been called, there was some foundation in his finances; and, as his Dictionary was brought to a conclusion, that money was now to flow in upon him. The reverse was the case. For his subsistence, during the progress of the work, he had received at different times the amount of his contract; and when his receipts were pro-

duced to him at a tavern dinner, given by the booksellers, it appeared, that he had been paid a hundred pounds and upwards more than his due.

"Mr. Murphy being engaged in a periodical paper, the Gray's Inn Journal, was at a friend's house in the country, and, not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, wished to content his bookseller by some unstudied essay. He therefore took up a French *Journal Literaire*, and translating something he liked, sent it away to town. Time, however, discovered that he translated from the French a Rambler, which had been taken from the English without acknowledgment. Upon this discovery, Mr. Murphy thought it right to make his excuses to Dr. Johnson. He went next day, and found him covered with soot, like a chimney sweeper, in a little room, as if he had been acting Lungs in the Alchemist, making ether. This being told by Mr. Murphy in company, "Come, come," said Dr. Johnson, "the story is black enough; but it was a happy day that brought you first to my house." After this first visit, the author of this narrative by degrees grew intimate with Dr. Johnson. The first striking sentence, that he heard from him, was a few days after the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. Mr. Garrick asked him

"If he had seen them?" "Yes, I have seen them." "What do you think of them?" "Think of them!" He made a long pause, and then replied; "Think of them! A scoundrel, and a coward! A scoundrel, who spent his life in charging a gun against Christianity; and a coward, who was afraid of hearing the report of his own gun; but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." His mind, at this time, strained and overlabored by constant exertion, called for an interval of repose and indolence. But indolence was the time of danger; it was then that his spirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hostility against himself. His reflections on his own life and conduct were always severe; and, wishing to be immaculate, he destroyed his own peace by unnecessary scruples. He tells us, that when he surveyed his past life, he discovered nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body, and disturbances of mind, very near to madness. His life, he says, from his earliest years, was wasted in a morning bed; and his reigning sin was a general sluggishness, to which he was always inclined, and in part of his life, almost compelled, by morbid melancholy, and weariness of mind. This was his constitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was, at times,

overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity. When to this it is added, that Johnson, about the age of twenty, drew up a description of his infirmities, for Dr. Swinfen, at that time an eminent physician in Staffordshire; and received an answer to his letter, importing, that the symptoms indicated a future privation of reason; who can wonder that he was troubled with melancholy and dejection of spirit? An apprehension of the worst calamity that can befal human nature, hung over him all the rest of his life, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his guest. In his sixtieth year he had a mind to write the history of his melancholy; but he desisted, not knowing whether it would not too much disturb him. In a Latin poem, however, to which he has prefixed, as a title, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, he has left a picture of himself, drawn with as much truth, and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

About this time Johnson contributed several papers to a periodical Miscellany, called the Visitor, from motives which are highly honorable to him,—a compassionate regard for the late Mr. Christopher Smart. The Criticism on Pope's Epitaphs appeared in that work. In a short time after, he became a reviewer in the Literary Magazine, under the auspices of the

late Mr. Newbery, a man of a projecting head, good taste, and great industry. This employment engrossed but little of Johnson's time. He resigned himself to indolence, took no exercise, rose about two, and then received the visits of his friends. Authors, long since forgotten, waited upon him as their oracle, and he gave responses in the chair of criticism. He listened to the complaints, the schemes, and the hopes and fears, of a crowd of inferior writers, "who," he said, in the words of Roger Ascham, "lived, men knew not how, and died obscure, men marked not when." He believed, that he could give a better history of Grub Street than any man living. His house was filled with a succession of visitors till four or five in the evening. During the whole time he presided at his tea table. Tea was his favorite beverage; and, when the late Jonas Hanway pronounced his anathema against the use of tea, Johnson rose in defence of his habitual practice, declaring himself "in that article a hardened sinner, who had for years diluted his meals with the infusion of that fascinating plant; whose tea kettle had no time to cool; who with tea solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning."

The proposal for a new edition of Shakspeare, which had formerly miscarried, was resumed in

the year 1756. The booksellers readily agreed to his terms; and subscription tickets were issued out. For undertaking this work, money, he confessed, was the inciting motive. His friends exerted themselves to promote his interest; and, in the mean time, he engaged in a new periodical production called THE IDLER. The first number appeared on Saturday, April 15, 1758; and the last, April 5, 1760. The profits of this work, and the subscriptions for the new edition of Shakspeare, were the means by which he supported himself for four or five years. In 1759 was published Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. His translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia seems to have pointed out that country for the scene of action; and Rassila Christos, the general of Sultan Segued, mentioned in that work, most probably suggested the name of the prince. The author wanted to set out on a journey to Lichfield, in order to pay the last offices of filial piety to his mother, who at the age of ninety, was then near her dissolution; but money was necessary. Mr. Johnson, a bookseller, who had long since left off business, gave one hundred pounds for the copy. With this supply Johnson set out for Lichfield; but did not arrive in time to close the eyes of a parent whom he loved. He attended the fune-

ral, which, as appears among his memorandums, was on the 23d of January, 1759.

Johnson now found it necessary to retrench his expenses. He gave up his house in Gough Square. Mrs. Williams went into lodgings. He retired to Gray's Inn, and soon removed to chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature. *Magni stat nominis umbra.* Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helens, then Minister at Madrid, a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city; but, to his great surprise, he found an author by profession without pen, ink, or paper. The present bishop of Salisbury was also among those who endeavored, by constant attention, to sooth the cares of a mind which he knew to be afflicted with gloomy apprehensions. At one of the parties made at his house, Boscovich, the Jesuit, who had than lately introduced the Newtonian philosophy at Rome, and, after publishing an elegant Latin poem on the subject, was made a fellow of the Royal Society, was one of the company invited to meet Dr. Johnson. The conversation at first was mostly in French. Johnson, though thoroughly versed in that lan-

guage, and a professed admirer of Boileau and La Bruyere, did not understand its pronunciation, nor could he speak it himself with propriety. For the rest of the evening the talk was in Latin. Boscovich had a ready current flow of that flimsy phraseology with which a priest may travel through Italy, Spain and Germany. Johnson scorned what he called colloquial barbarisms. It was his pride to speak his best. He went on, after a little practice, with as much facility as if it was his native tongue. One sentence this writer well remembers. Observing that Fontinelle at first opposed the Newtonian philosophy, and embraced it afterwards, his words were; *Fontinellus, ni fallor, in extrema senectute, fuit transfuga ad castra Newtoniana.*

We have now travelled through that part of Dr. Johnson's life which was a perpetual struggle with difficulties. Halcyon days are now to open upon him. In the month of May, 1762, his Majesty, to reward literary merit, signified his pleasure to grant Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute was minister. Lord Loughborough, who perhaps was originally a mover in the business, had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnson; but, having heard much of his independent spirit, and of the downfal of Osborne the bookseller, he did not know but his

benevolence might be rewarded with a folio on his head. He desired the author of these memoirs (Mr. Murphy) to undertake the task. This writer thought the opportunity of doing so much good the most happy incident in his life. He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple Lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchedness. By slow and studied approaches the message was disclosed. Johnson made a long pause; he asked if it was seriously intended? He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a pensioner occurred to him. He was told, "That he, at least, did not come within the definition." He desired to meet next day and dine at the Mitre Tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his scruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute. The conversation that passed was in the evening related to this writer by Dr. Johnson. He expressed his sense of his majesty's bounty, and thought himself the more highly honored, as the favor was not bestowed on him for having dipped his pen in faction. "No, Sir," said Lord Bute, "it is not offered to you for having dipped your pen in faction, nor with a design that you ever should." Sir John Hawkins will have it, that after this interview, Johnson was often pressed to wait on Lord Bute, but with a sullen spirit refused to

comply. However that be, Johnson was never heard to utter a disrespectful word of that nobleman. The writer of this memoir remembers a circumstance which may throw some light on this subject. The late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, whom Johnson loved and respected, contended for the pre-eminence of the Scotch writers; and Ferguson's book on Civil Society, then on the eve of publication, he said, would give the laurel to North Britain. "Alas! what can he do upon that subject?" said Johnson. "Aristotle, Polybius, Grotius, Puffendorf, and Burlemaqui, have reaped in that field before him." "He will treat it," said Dr. Rose, "in a new manner." "A new manner! Buckinger had no hands, and he wrote his name with his toes at Charing Cross, for half a crown apiece; that was a new manner of writing!" Dr. Rose replied, "If that will not satisfy you, I will name a writer, whom you must allow to be the best in the kingdom." "Who is that?" "The Earl of Bute, when he wrote an order for your pension." "There, sir," said Johnson, "you have me in the toil; to Lord Bute I must allow whatever praise you claim for him." Ingratitude was no part of Johnson's character.

Being now in the possession of a regular income, Johnson left his chambers in the Temple, and once more became master of a house in

Johnson's Court, Fleet street. Dr. Levet, his friend, and physician in ordinary, paid his daily visits with assiduity; made tea all the morning, talked what he had to say, and did not expect an answer. Mrs. Williams had her apartment in the house, and entertained her benefactor with more enlarged conversation. Chemistry was part of Johnson's amusement. For this love of experimental philosophy, Sir John Hawkins thinks an apology necessary. He tells us, with great gravity, that curiosity was the only object in view; not an intention to grow suddenly rich by the philosopher's stone, or the transmutation of metals. To enlarge his circle, Johnson once more had recourse to a literary club. This was at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, on every Tuesday evening through the year. The members were, besides himself, the right honorable Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, the late Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and some others. Johnson's affection for Sir Joshua was founded on a long acquaintance, and a thorough knowledge of the virtues and amiable qualities of that excellent artist. He delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burke. He met him for the first time at Mr. Garrick's, several years ago. On the next day he said, "I suppose, Murphy,

you are proud of your countryman. CUM TALIS SIT UTINAM NOSTER ESSET!" From that time his constant observation was, "That a man of sense could not meet Mr. Burke by accident, under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Johnson felt not only kindness, but zeal and ardor for his friends. He did every thing in his power to advance the reputation of Dr. Goldsmith. He loved him, though he knew his failings, and particularly the leaven of envy, which corroded the mind of that elegant writer, and made him impatient, without disguise, of the praises bestowed on any person whatever. Of this infirmity, which marked Goldsmith's character, Johnson gave a remarkable instance. It happened that he went with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goldsmith to see the Fantoccini, which were exhibited some years ago in or near the Haymarket. They admired the curious mechanism by which the puppets were made to walk the stage, draw a chair to the table, sit down, write a letter, and perform a variety of other actions, with such dexterity, that *though nature's journeymen made the men, they imitated humanity* to the astonishment of the spectator. The entertainment being over, the three friends retired to a tavern. Johnson and Sir Joshua talked with pleasure of what they had seen;

and, says Johnson, in a tone of admiration, "How the little fellow brandished his spontoon!" "There is nothing in it," replied Goldsmith, starting up with impatience; "give me a spontoon; I can do it as well myself."

Enjoying his amusements at his weekly club, and happy in a state of independence, Johnson gained, in the year 1765, another resource, which contributed more than any thing else to exempt him from the solicitudes of life. He was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and his family. Mrs. Piozzi has related the fact, and it is therefore needless to repeat it in this place. The author of this narrative looks back to the share he had in that business with self congratulation, since he knows the tenderness which from that time soothed Johnson's cares at Streatham, and prolonged a valuable life. The subscribers to Shakspeare began to despair of ever seeing the promised edition. To acquit himself of this obligation, he went to work unwillingly, but proceeded with vigor. In the month of October, 1765, Shakspeare was published; and, in a short time after, the university of Dublin sent over a diploma, in honorable terms, creating him a doctor of laws. Oxford in eight or ten years afterwards followed the example; and till then Johnson never assumed the title of doctor. In 1766 his constitution

seemed to be in a rapid decline; and that morbid melancholy, which often clouded his understanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit in this situation, and found him on his knees, with Dr. Delap, the rector of Lewes, in Sussex, beseeching God to continue to him the use of his understanding. Mr. Thrale took him to his house at Streatham; and Johnson from that time became a constant resident in the family. He went occasionally to the club in Gerard Street; but his head quarters were fixed at Streatham. An apartment was fitted up for him, and the library was greatly enlarged. Parties were constantly invited from town; and Johnson was every day at an elegant table, with select and polished company. Whatever could be devised by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to promote the happiness, and establish the health of their guest, was studiously performed from that time to the end of Mr. Thrale's life. Johnson accompanied the family in all their summer excursions to Brighthelmstone, to Wales, and to Paris. It is but justice to Mr. Thrale to say, that a more ingenuous frame of mind no man possessed. His education at Oxford gave him the habits of a gentleman; his amiable temper recommended his conversation; and the goodness of his heart made him a sincere friend.

That he was the patron of Johnson is an honor to his memory.

In petty disputes with contemporary writers, or the wits of the age, Johnson was seldom entangled. A single incident of that kind may not be unworthy of notice, since it happened with a man of great celebrity in his time. A number of friends dined with Garrick on a Christmas day. Foote was then in Ireland. It was said at table, that the modern Aristophanes, so Foote was called, had been horsewhipped by a Dublin apothecary, for mimicking him on the stage. "I wonder," said Garrick, "that any man should show so much resentment to Foote; he has a patent for such liberties; nobody ever thought it worth his while to quarrel with him in London." "I am glad," said Johnson, "to find that the man is rising in the world." The expression was afterwards reported to Foote; who, in return, gave out, that he would produce the Caliban of literature on the stage. Being informed of this design, Johnson sent word to Foote, "That the theatre being intended for the reformation of vice, he would step from the boxes on the stage, and correct him before the audidience." Foote knew the intrepidity of his antagonist, and abandoned the design. No ill will ensued. Johnson used to say, "That, for broad-faced mirth, Foote had not his equal."

Dr. Johnson's fame excited the curiosity of the king. His majesty expressed a desire to see a man of whom extraordinary things were said. Accordingly, the librarian at Buckingham house invited Johnson to see that elegant collection of books, at the same time giving a hint of what was intended. His majesty entered the room; and, among other things, asked the author, "If he meant to give the world any more of his compositions?" Johnson answered, "That he thought he had written enough." "And I should think so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well."

We now take leave of Dr. Johnson as an author. Four volumes of his Lives of the Poets were published in 1778, and the work was completed in 1781. Should biography fall again into disuse, there will not always be a Johnson to look back through a century, and give a body of critical and moral instruction. In April 1781, he lost his friend Mr. Thrale. His own words, in his diary, will best tell that melancholy event. "On Wednesday, the 11th of April, was buried my dear friend, Mr. Thrale, who died on Wednesday the 4th, and with him were buried many of my hopes and pleasures. About five, I think, on Wednesday morning, he expired. I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for he last time upon the face, that for fifteen years

before, had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity. Farewell! may God, that delighteth in mercy, have had mercy on thee! I had constantly prayed for him before his death. The decease of him, from whose friendship I had obtained many opportunities of amusement, and to whom I turned my thoughts as to a refuge from misfortunes, has left me heavy. But my business is with myself." From the close of his last work, the malady that persecuted him through life came upon him with alarming severity, and his constitution declined apace. In 1782, his old friend, Levet, expired without warning, and without a groan. Events like these reminded Johnson of his own mortality. He continued his visits to Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, to the 7th day of October, 1782, when, having first composed a prayer for the happiness of a family with whom he had for many years enjoyed the pleasures and comforts of life, he removed to his own house in town. He says he was up early in the morning, and read fortuitously in the gospel, which was his parting use of the library. The merit of the family is manifested by the sense he had of it, and we see his heart overflowing with gratitude. He leaves the place with regret, and "casts a lingering look behind."

The few remaining occurrences may be soon

despatched. In the month of June, 1783, John son had a paralytic stroke, which affected his speech only. He wrote to Dr. Taylor of Westminster, and to his friend Mr. Allen, the printer, who lived at the next door. Dr. Brocklesby arrived in a short time, and by his care, and that of Dr. Heberden, Johnson soon recovered. During his illness the writer of this narrative visited him, and found him reading Dr. Watson's Chemistry. Articulating with difficulty, he said, "From this book, he who knows nothing may learn a great deal; and he who knows, will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing." In the month of August he set out for Lichfield, on a visit to Mrs. Lucy Porter, the daughter of his wife by her first husband; and in his way back paid his respects to Dr. Adams at Oxford. Mrs. Williams died at his house in Bolt Court, in the month of September, during his absence. This was another shock to a mind like his, ever agitated by the thoughts of futurity. The contemplation of his own approaching end was constantly before his eyes; and the prospect of death, he declared, was terrible.

By the death of Mrs. Williams he was left in a state of destitution, with nobody but Frank, his black servant, to sooth his anxious moments. In November, 1783, he was swelled from head

to foot with a dropsy. Dr. Brocklesby paid his visits with assiduity, and the medicines prescribed were happily efficacious.

Johnson, being eased of his dropsy, began to entertain hopes that the vigor of his constitution was not entirely broken. For the sake of conversing with his friends, he established a conversation club, to meet on every Wednesday evening; and, to serve a man whom he had known in Mr. Thrale's household for many years, the place was fixed at his house in Essex Street, near the Temple. The members of this club were respectable for their rank, their talents, and their literature. They attended with punctuality till about midsummer, 1784, when, with some appearance of health, Johnson went into Derbyshire, and thence to Lichfield. While he was in that part of the world, his friends in town were laboring for his benefit. The air of a more southern climate they thought might prolong a valuable life. But a pension of three hundred pounds a year was a slender fund for a travelling valetudinarian, and it was not then known that he had saved a moderate sum of money. Mr. Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds undertook to solicit the patronage of the chancellor. With Lord Thurlow, while he was at the bar, Johnson was well acquainted. He was often heard to say, "Thurlow is a man

of such vigor of mind, that I never knew I was to meet him, but, I was going to say, I was afraid,—but that would not be true, for I never was afraid of any man;—but I never knew that I was to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had something to encounter." The chancellor undertook to recommend Johnson's case, but without success. To protract, if possible, the days of a man whom he respected, he offered to advance the sum of five hundred pounds. Being informed of this at Lichfield, Johnson wrote the following letter.

"My Lord,—After a long and not inattentive observation of mankind, the generosity of your lordship's offer raises in me not less wonder than gratitude. Bounty, so liberally bestowed, I should gladly receive if my condition made it necessary; for to such a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleased God to restore me to so great a measure of health, that, if I should now appropriate so much of a fortune destined to do good, I could not escape from myself the charge of advancing a false claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it necessary, was never much encouraged by my physicians; and I was very desirous that your lordship should be told it by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as an

event very uncertain; for if I grew much better, I should not be willing; if much worse, I should not be able to migrate. Your lordship was first solicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleased to honor me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refusal; yet, as I have had no long time to brood hopes, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been scarce a disappointment; and from your lordship's kindness I have received a benefit which only men like you are able to bestow. I shall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my lord, your lordship's most obliged, most grateful, and most humble servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"*September*, 1784."

We have in this instance the exertion of two congenial minds; one, with a generous impulse relieving merit in distress; and the other by gratitude and dignity of sentiment rising to an equal elevation.

In the month of October, 1784, we find Dr. Johnson corresponding with Mr. Nichols, the intelligent compiler of the Gentleman's Magazine, and, in the langor of sickness, still desirous to contribute all in his power to the advancement of science and useful knowledge.

He says, in a letter to that gentleman, dated Lichfield, October 20, "that he should be glad to give so skilful a lover of antiquities any information." He adds, "at Ashburne, where I had very little company, I had the luck to borrow Mr. Bowyer's life, a book so full of contemporary history, that a literary man must find some of his old friends. I thought that I could now and then have told you some hints worth your notice. We perhaps may talk a life over. I hope we shall be much together. You must now be to me what you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen was besides. He was taken unexpectedly away, but I think he was a very good man. I have made very little progress in recovery; I am very weak, and very sleepless; but I live on and hope."

In that languid condition he arrived, on the 16th of November, at his house in Bolt Court, there to end his days. He laboured with the dropsy and an asthma. He was attended by Dr. Heberden, Dr. Warren, Dr. Brocklesby, Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikshank, the eminent surgeon. Eternity presented to his mind an awful prospect, and, with as much virtue as perhaps ever is the lot of man, he shuddered at the thought of his dissolution. His friends awakened the comfortable reflection of a well spent life; and, as his end drew near, they had

the satisfaction of seeing him composed, and even cheerful, insomuch that he was able, in the course of his restless nights, to make translations of Greek epigrams from the Anthologia; and to compose a Latin epitaph for his father, his mother, aud his brother Nathaniel. He meditated, at the same time, a Latin inscription to the memory of Garrick; but his vigor was exhausted.

On the morning of Dec. 7, Dr. Johnson requested to see Mr. Nichols. A few days before, he had borrowed some of the early volumes of the Magazine, with a professed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, and in particular those which contained his share in the Parliamentary Debates. Such was the goodness of Johnson's heart, that he then declared, that "those debates were the only parts of his writings which gave him any compunction; but that at the time he wrote them he had no conception that he was imposing upon the world, though they were frequently written from very slender materials, and often from none at all, the mere coinage of his own imagination." He added, "that he never wrote any part of his work with equal velocity. Three columns of the Magazine in an hour," he said, "was no uncommon effort;

which was faster then most persons could have transcribed that quantity. In one day in particular, and that not a very long one, he wrote twelve pages, more in quantity than ever he wrote at any other time, except in the Life of Savage, of which forty-eight pages in octavo were the production of one long day, including a part of the night."

In the course of the conversation he asked, whether any of the family of Faden, the printer, were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing Cross was Faden's son, he said, after a short pause, "I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be so good as to take this, and pay it for me."

Wishing to discharge every duty, and every obligation, Johnson recollected another debt of ten pounds which he had borrowed from his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer, about twenty years before. He sent the money to Mr. Hamilton, at his house in Bedford Row, with an apology for the length of time. The Rev. Mr. Strahan was the bearer of the message, about four or five days before Johnson breathed his last.

Mr. Sastres, whom Dr. Johnson esteemed, and mentioned in his will, entered the room during his illness. Dr. Johnson, as soon as he saw him, stretched forth his hand, and, in a tone of

lamentation, called out, JAM MORITURUS! But the love of life was still an active principle. Feeling himself swelled with the dropsy, he conceived that, by incisions in his legs, the water might be discharged. Mr. Cruikshank apprehended that a mortification might be the consequence; but, to appease a distempered fancy, he gently lanced the surface. Johnson cried out, "Deeper, deeper! I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value."

On the 8th of December, the Rev. Mr. Strahan drew his will, by which, after a few legacies, the residue, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds, was bequeathed to Frank, the black servant, formerly consigned to the testator by his friend Dr. Bathurst.

The history of a deathbed is painful. Mr. Strahan informs us, that the strength of religion prevailed against the infirmity of nature; and his dread of the Divine Justice subsided into a pious trust and humble hope of mercy at the Throne of Grace. On Monday, the 13th day of December, the last of his existence on this side of the grave, the desire of life returned with all its former vehemence. He still imagined, that, by puncturing his legs, relief might be obtained. At eight in the morning he tried the experiment, but no water followed. In an hour

or two after, he fell into a doze, and about seven in the evening he expired without a groan.

On the 20th of the month his remains, with due solemnities, and a numerous attendance of his friends, were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the grave of the late Mr. Garrick. The funeral service was read by his friend Dr. Taylor.

A black marble over his grave has the following inscription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.
obiit XIII die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis suæ LXXV.

THE

MAXIMS OF JOHNSON.

AFFECTATION.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment, because, knowing our own defects, we eagerly endeavour to supply them with artificial excellence. —*Rambler*, vol. 4. page 104.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from *hypocrisy*, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villany ; Affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly.—*Ibid.* v. 1, p. 124, 125.

Every man speaks and writes with an intent to be understood; and it can seldom happen, but he that understands himself might convey

his notions to another, if content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired ; but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant, becomes less intelligible. —*Idler*, v. 1, p. 202.

AFFECTION.

As for Affection, those that know how to operate upon the passions of men, rule it by making it operate in obedience to the notes which please or disgust it.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 3, p. 215.

AGRICULTURE.

Nothing can more fully prove the ingratitude of mankind, (a crime often charged upon them, and often denied) than the little regard which the disposers of honorary rewards have paid to *Agriculture ;* which is treated as a subject so remote from common life by all those who do not immediately hold the plough, or give fodder to the ox, that there is room to ques-

tion, whether a great part of mankind has yet been informed that life is sustained by the fruits of the earth.—*Universal Visiter*, p. 111.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches we can call our own, and of which we need not fear either deprivation, or diminution.—*Ibid*, p. 112.

Of nations, as of individuals, the first blessing is independence. Neither the man nor the people can be happy, to whom any human power can deny the necessaries, or conveniencies of life. There is no way of living without foreign assistance, *but by the product of our own land improved by our own labour.* Every other source of plenty is perishable or casual.—*Ibid.*

AGRICULTURE OF ENGLAND.

Our country is, perhaps, beyond all others, productive of things necessary to life. The pine apple thrives better between the tropics, and better furs are found in the Northern regions. But let us not envy those unnecessary privileges; mankind cannot subsist upon the indulgencies of nature, but must be supported

by her common gifts; they must feed upon bread and be clothed with wool; and the nation that can furnish these universal commodities, may have her ships welcomed at a thousand ports, or sit at home, and receive the tribute of foreign countries, enjoy their arts, or treasure up their gold.—*Ibid*, p. 114.

AGE.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency, must, when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be *old*, and remember, when he is *old*, that he has once been *young*.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 304.

Age seldom fails to change the conduct of youth. We grow negligent of time in proportion as we have less remaining, and suffer the last part of life to steal from us in languid preparations for future undertakings, or slow approaches to remote advantages, in weak hopes of some fortuitous occurrence, or drowsy equilibrations of undetermined counsel. Whether it be that the aged having tasted the pleasures of man's condition, and found them delusive, become less anxious for their attainment, or that frequent miscarriages have depressed them to

despair, and frozen them to inactivity ; or that death shocks them more as it advances upon them, and they are afraid to remind themselves of their decay, or discover to their own hearts that the time of trifling is past.—*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 32.

The truth of many maxims of age gives too little pleasure to be allowed till it is felt, and the miseries of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the same opinions we carry from it.—*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 195.

It is one of the melancholy pleasures of an old man to recollect the kindness of friends, whose kindness he shall experience no more.—*Treatise on the Longitude*, p, 14.

An old age, unsupported with matter for discourse and meditation, is much to be dreaded. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 9, p. 249.

There is sometimes a dotage encroaching upon wisdom, that produces contradictions. Such a

man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man fails not in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind gets enfeebled, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he rerecovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train.—*Ibid*, v. 10, p. 241.

THE VANITY OF WISHING FOR OLD AGE.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain.
No sound, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness Orpheus near.
No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest;
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance—the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debts and mortgages of lands;—
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend,
Such age there is, and who would wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

AGE AND YOUTH.

The notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite.—*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 89.

In youth it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose shame without substituting virtue.—*Ibid*, v. 4. p. 198.

Such is the condition of life that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs, which are de-

feated by inexperience. In age we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them. We are able to plan schemes and regulate measures, but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.—*Ibid.*

ADVICE.

If we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others, execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous, or affectionate, are frequently useless. For, what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity: but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.—*Ibid.* v. 2, p. 192.

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority eithe r of power orunderstanding may en-

title them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable that he, who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions, or desires is vitiated.—*Ibid.*

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary, or most judicious; but, for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame as to linger on the ground.—*Ibid.*

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.—*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 295.

ADVERSARY.

Candour and tenderness are in any relation, and on all occasions, eminently amiable, but when they are found in an adversary, and found so prevalent as to overpower that zeal which his cause excites, and that heat which naturally increases in the prosecution of argument, and which may be, in a great measure, justified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impossible not to envy those who possess the friendship of him whom it is even some degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.—*Letter to Dr. Douglas*, p. 3.

AVARICE.

Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money.—*Idler*, v. 1. p. 144.

Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice; other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind. That which soothes the pride of one, will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous bring money, and nothing is denied.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 232.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 126.

ADMIRATION.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 257.

A man once distinguished, soon gains admirers.—*Life of Roger Ascham*, p. 244.

AMBITION.

——Ambition, scornful of restraint,
Ev'n from the birth, affects supreme command,
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind;
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulets and silver lakes
Mix undistinguish'd in the general roar.

Irene, p. 32.

A Picture of Ambition in the Fate of Cardinal Wolsey.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and Fortune in his hand,
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of legal bounty shine.
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;

Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his Sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and *watch the sign to hate*,
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;—
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares—with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief adds disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the fate of Kings.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

ATHEIST.

It has been long observed that an Atheist has no just reason for endeavouring conversions, and yet none harrass those minds which they can influence with more importunity of solicitation to adopt their opinions. In proportion as they doubt the truth of their own doctrines, they are desirous to gain the attestation of another understanding, and industriously labour to win a proselyte, and eagerly catch at the slightest pretence to dignify their sect with a celebrated name.—*Life of Sir T. Brown*, p. 283.

ANGER.

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, "Be master of your anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life; the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquillity, and thought he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion. Pride is undoubtedly the origin of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused; why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 60. 62.

There is an inconsistency in Anger, very common in life; which is, that those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them, what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6, p. 372.

ABILITY.

It was well observed by Pythagoras, that ability and necessity dwell near each other.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 154.

ACCIDENT.

In every performance, perhaps in every great character, part is the gift of nature, part the contribution of accident, and part, very often not the greatest part, the effect of voluntary election and regular design.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 100.

ANTICIPATION.

Whatever advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion alloted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted.—*Idler*, v. 2. p. 35.

APPLAUSE.

It frequently happens that applause abates diligence. Whoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. But long intervals of

pleasure dissipate attention and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.—*Rambler*, v. 3. p. 34.

APPEARANCES *(often deceitful.)*

In the condition of men, it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.—*Rambler*, v. 3. p. 135.

ARMY.

An army, especially a defensive army, multiplies itself. The contagion of enterprize spreads from one heart to another; zeal for a native, or detestation for a foreign sovereign: hope of sudden greatness or riches, friendship or emulation between particular men, or what are perhaps more general and powerful, desire of novelty, and impatience of inactivity, fill a camp with adventurers, add rank to rank, and

squadron to squadron.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 118.

ART.

The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is so extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life. What is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion and the amusement of a day.—*Life of West.*

AUTHOR.

The task of an author is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them; either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions. To spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded.—*Rambler*, v. 1. p. 13.

An author who sacrifices virtue to convenience, and seems to write without any moral

purpose, even the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time and place.—*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 19,20.

Whilst an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by the worst performance. When he is dead, we rate them by his best.—*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 1.

It is seldom that authors rise much above the standard of their own age. To add a little to what is best will alway be sufficient for present praise; and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.—*Ibid.* p. 44.

He that misses his end, will never be as much pleased as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himself; and when the end is to please the multitude, no man perhaps has a right, in things admitting of gradation and comparison, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and shame by a haughty consciousness of his own excellence.—*Life of Cowley.*

Many causes may vitiate a writer's judgment of his own works. On that which has cost him much labour he sets a high value, because he is unwilling to think he has been diligent in vain; what has been produced without toilsome effort is considered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention; and the last work, whatever it be, has necessarily most of the grace of novelty.—*Life of Milton.*

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised the teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.—*Life of Dryden.*

There is a species of writers, who without much labour have attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the possession than the exertion of uncommon abilities.—*Life of Smith.*

Tediousness, in an author, is the most fatal of all faults. Negligence or errors are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole; other faults are censured and forgotten, but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour is more weary the second, as bodies forced into motion contrary to their tendency, pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space.—*Life of Prior.*

An author who asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor, and he that wishes to save his money, conceals his avarice by his malice.—*Life of Pope.*

An author bustling in the world, shewing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep his works alive by his personal influence; but that which conveys little information, and gives no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation, and other modes of amusement.—*Life of Mallet.*

He that expects flights of wit, and sallies of pleasantry, from a successful writer, will be often disappointed. A man of letters, for the most part, spends in the privacies of study that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter arts by which he might have pleased.—*Rambler*, v. 1. p. 85.

He by whose writings the heart is rectified, the appetites counteracted, and the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great republic of humanity, even though his own behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse their influence to regions in which it will not be enquired, whether the author be good or bad; to times when all his faults and all his follies shall be lost in forgetfulness, among things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in thousands, and ten thousands that flame which burnt but dimly in himself, through the fumes of passion, or the damps of cowardice. The vicious moralist may be considered as a taper by which we are lighted through the laby-

rinth of complicated passions; he extends his radiance further than his heart, and guides all that are within view, but burns only those who make too near approaches.—*Rambler*, v. 2. p. 133.

But the wickedness of a loose, or profane author, in his writings, is more attrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher; not only because it extends its effects wider (as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught) but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue: when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villany of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitude for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation, and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity—.*Ibid*, p. 134.

He that commences a writer may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack, since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the public judgment. To commence author, is to claim praise ; and no man can justly aspire to honor but at the hazard of disgrace.—*Ibid*, p. 231.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatuation through the fondness for their separate objects, from which only absence can set them free; and every man ought to restore himself to the full exercise of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly without injuring his honor and his quiet.—*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 54.

That of conniving at another man printing his works, and then denying that he gave any authority, is a stratagem by which an author, panting for fame, and yet afraid of seeming to challenge it, may (at once to gratify his vanity and preserve the appearance of modesty) enter the lists and secure a retreat ; and this candor might suffer to pass undetected as an innocent fraud, but that indeed no fraud is innocent ; for the confidence which makes the happiness of so-

ciety is, in some degree, diminished by every man whose practice is at variance with his words.—*Life of Sir T. Browne*, p. 257.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a master. He that conveys knowledge, by more pleasing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement will be certainly caressed as a pleasing companion.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 184.

That Shakespeare once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain, lest it should not find the same reception; he has, in the play of Henry V. forever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him; perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger de Coverly, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example,

that it is dangerous to *sell the bear which is not yet hunted*,—to promise to the public what they have not written.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6, p. 55.

It is in vain for the most skilful author to cultivate barrenness—or to paint on vacuity. Even Shakspeare could not write well without a proper subject.—*Ibid*, p. 161.

Neither genius nor practice will always supply a hasty writer with the most proper diction. —*Ibid*, v. 10, p. 383.

It is the nature of personal invective to be soon unintelligible, and the *author* that gratifies private malice *animam vulnere ponit*, destroys the efficacy of his own writings, and sacrifices the esteem of succeeding times to the laughter of a day.—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 434.

APHORISMS.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered: he may therefore be justly numbered amongst the benefactors of mankind, who

contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 84.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is so little subject to the examination of reason, that Paschal supposes it to end where demonstration begins, and maintains that, without incongruity and absurdity, we cannot speak of geometrical beauty.—*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 219.

It requires but little acquaintance with the heart to know that woman's first wish is to be handsome; and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty.—*Ibid*, v. 4. p. 159.

The bloom and softness of the female sex are not to be expected among the lower classes of life, whose faces are exposed to the rudeness of the climate, and whose features are sometimes contracted by want, and sometimes hardened by blasts. Supreme beauty is seldom found in cottages, or workshops, even where no real hardships are suffered. To expand the human face

to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate by placidness of content, or consciousness of superiority.—*Western Islands*, p. 190.

Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence; to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love; yet among ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniences of an amiable form, or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms?—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 35.

As we are more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions of dress, for no other reason than that we are used to them: so that though habit and custom cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our liking it.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 167.

In the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, all are equally beautiful, and preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas; and in creatures of the

same species, beauty is the medium, or centre of all its various forms.—*Ibid*, p. 172.

THE DANGER OF BEAUTY.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet *Vane* could tell what ills from *beauty* spring,
And *Sedley* curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters and the lover pines.
With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
Less heard, and less the faint remonstrance falls:
Tir'd with contempt she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And pride and prudence take her seat in vain;
In crowds at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior pli'd,
By interest, prudence; and by flatt'ry, pride:
Now beauty falls betrayed, despis'd, distrest,
And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed, and undelighting.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 1, p. 191.

Neither man, nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleasant*, except by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, and confessing insensibility of what every one feels.—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 76.

It is an observation countenanced by Shakspeare, and some of our best writers, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.—*Ibid*, v. 7, p. 18.

BIOGRAPHY.

The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may plausibly be objected, that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet it cannot but be thought, that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another. What is collected by conjecture, (and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's

motives or sentiments) is easily modified by fancy, or desire; as objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope, or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falsified but with reluctance of understanding, and alarm of conscience;—of understanding, the lover of truth;—of conscience, the sentinel of virtue.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 181.

The necessity of complying with times, and sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told, and when it might he told, is no longer known.—*Life of Addison.*

BUSINESS.

It very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity, is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason

why almost every one wishes to quit his employment:—he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 275.

NATURAL BOUNTIES.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, perhaps it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use, and that nothing is penuriously imparted, or placed from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or a more easy acquisition would increase real and rational felicity.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 206.

CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are universal.—*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 49.

Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings, yet he who forms his opinion of himself, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error.—*Life of Pope.*

It may be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield as to a resistless power;—nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others, who too apparently distrusts himself.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 3.

There would be few enterprizes of great labour, or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them.—*Ibid*, p. 9.

Men who have great confidence in their own penetration, are often, by that confidence, deceived; they imagine they can pierce through all the involutions of intrigue without the diligence necessary to weaker minds, and therefore sit idle and secure. They believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 122.

COMMERCE.

Commerce, however we may please ourselves with the contrary opinion, is one of the daugh-

ters of fortune, inconstant and deceitful as her mother. She chooses her residence where she is least expected, and shifts her abode when her continuance is, in appearance, most firmly settled.—*Universal Visiter*, p. 112.

COMPLAISANCE.

There are many arts of graciousness and conciliation which are to be practised without expense, and by which those may be made our friends, who have never received from us any real benefit.—Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn; for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained?—*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 16.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good breeding, which being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habitude and conversation.—Such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence.—These however may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident that neither malice

nor pride contributed to the failure, but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.—*Ibid*, p. 262.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilized nations, is,—"That no man should give any preference to himself,"—a rule so comprehensive and certain, that perhaps it is not easy for the mind to imagine an incivility without supposing it to be broken.—*Ibid*, p. 262.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, with the supplemental laws of good breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating into rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence. A thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.—*Ibid*, p. 261.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants. To the loiterer, who makes

appointments which he never keeps—to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes—to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised—to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied—to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain—to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements---to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances---to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 80.

SELF-COMPLACENCY.

He that is pleased with himself, easily imagines he shall please others.---*Life of Pope.*

CHARITY.

Charity would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.—*Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for clothing French Prisoners*, p. 158.

To do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue

could be prasticed if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions?—occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found!—*Ibid*, p. 159.

That charity is best of which the consequences are most extensive.—*Ibid.*

Of charity it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practised, the omission could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occasional, but the efficient cause of charity. We are incited to the relief of misery, by the consciousness that we have the same nature with the sufferer; that we are in danger of the same distresses; and may sometimes implore the same assistance.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 209.

CHARITY TO CAPTIVES.

The relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection, to soften the acrimony of adverse nations, and dispose them to peace and amity. In the mean time it alleviates captivity, and takes away something from the miseries of war. The rage of war,

however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror. Let it not then be unnecessarily extended. Let animosity and hostility cease together, and no man be longer deemed an enemy than while his sword is drawn against us.—*Introduction to the Proceedings of the Committee for clothing French Prisoners*, p. 159.

CENSURE.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority. Men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or wider survey than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 7.

Those who raise envy will easily incur censure.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 78.

CUSTOM.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit, (says Bacon) must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty;

nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances."—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 152.

Established custom is not easily broken, till some great event shakes the whole system of things, and life seems to recommence upon new principles.—*Western Islands*, p. 18.

To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of the multitude, to mount a tribunal without perturbation ;---to tell him, whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brazil or Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain, to look from a precipice without emotion.---It is to suppose custom instantaneously controllable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept, that which only time and habit can bestow.—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 317.

CHEATS.

Cheats can seldom stand long against laughter.—*Life of Butler.*

CHARACTER.

In cities, and yet more in courts, the minute discriminations of characters, which distinguish one man from another, are for the most part, effaced.—The peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by promiscuous converse, as angular bodies and uneven surfaces lose their points and asperities, by frequent attrition against one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity.—*Rambler*, vol. 3, p 192.

The opinions of every man must be learned from himself. Concerning his practice it is safest to trust the evidence of others. Where those testimonies concur, no higher degree of certainty can be obtained of his character.—*Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, p. 286.

To get a name can happen but to few.—A name, even in the most commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought—it is the free gift of mankind, which must be deserved before it will be granted, and is at last unwillingly bestowed.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 66.

The exhibition of *character* is the first requisite in dramatic fable.—*Visiter*, p. 118.

CHANCE.

There are few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 118.

The most timorous prudence will not always exempt a man from the dominion of chance; a subtile and insidious power, who will sometimes intrude upon the greatest privacy, and embarrass the strictest caution.—*Ibid*, p. 132.

Whatever is left in the hands of chance must be subject to vicissitude, and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 21.

CALAMITY.

The state of the mind oppressed with a sudden calamity is like that of the fabulous inhabitants of the new created earth, who, when the first night came upon them, supposed that day would never return.—*Ibid*, p. 211.

COMPLAINT.

What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 29.

CARE.

Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded which he expects hourly to return; and he that is searching for remote things will neglect those that are obvious.—*Preface to Dictionary.*

CHOICE.

The causes of good and evil are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference, must live and die enquiring and deliberating.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 109.

CLEANLINESS.

There is a kind of anxious cleanliness, which is always the characteristic of a slattern; it is

the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion.—It is the violence of an effort against habit, which, being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 58.

CHANGE.

All change is of itself an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage.—*Plan of an English Dictionary*, p. 37.

CONSCIENCE.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar,
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.—*Irene*, p. 43.

CAPTIVITY.

The man whose miscarriage in a just cause has put him in the power of his enemy, may, without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty or preserve his life, by a promise of neutrality; for the stipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before. The neutrality of a captive may be always secured by his imprisonment or death. He that is at the disposal of another, may not promise to aid him in any

injurious act, because no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.—*Life of Cowley.*

COMPETENCY.

A competency ought to secure a man from poverty; or, if he wastes it, make him ashamed of publishing his necessities.—*Life of Dryden.*

CIVILITY.

The civilities of the great are never thrown away.—*Memoirs of the K. of Prussia*, p. 107.

CONTENT.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 35.

CONSOLATION.

No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of

alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain, whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 122.

Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than those petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5, p. 197.

CONTEMPT.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.—*Life of Blackmore.*

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 3.

CRITICISM.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects. The end of criticism is

to supply its defects. Rules are the instruments of mental vision, which may indeed assist our faculties when properly used, but produce confusion and obscurity by unskilful application. —*Ibid*, p. 91.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.—*Ibid*, p. 92.

Whatever is much read will be much criticised. *Life of Sir T. Browne*, p. 257.

He who is taught by a critic to dislike that which pleased him in his natural state, has the same reason to complain of his instructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himself master of *Peru*, physicked him to poverty.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 16.

An account of the labours and productions of the learned was for a long time among the deficiencies of English literature ; but as the caprice of man is always starting from too little to

too much, we have now, among other disturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of *reviewers* and *remarkers.*—*Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle*, p. 156.

No genius was ever blasted by the breath of critics; the poison, which is confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 40.

The critic will be led but a little way towards the just estimation of the sublime beauties in works of genius, who judges merely by rules; for whatever part of an art that can be executed, or criticised thus, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules.—*Ibid*, p. 130.

That reading may generally be suspected to be *right*, which requires many words to prove it *wrong;* and the emendation wrong, which cannot, without so much labour, appear to be right.—*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 66.

Every man acquainted with critical emendations, must see how much easier they are destroyed than made, and how willingly every

man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furnish alterations.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 1, p. 20.

When there are *two* ways of setting a passage in an author right, it gives reason to suspect that there may be a *third* way better than either. —*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 381.

In the chasms of old writings which cannot be filled up with authority—attempting to restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault.—*Ibid*, p. 387.

The coinage of new words in emendatory criticism is a violent remedy not to be used but in the last necessity.—*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 40.

There is no reason for critics to persecute their predecessors with such implacable anger as they sometimes do. The dead it is true can make no resistance, they may be attacked with great security, but since they can neither feel, nor mend, the safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure. Nor, perhaps, would it much misbeseem them to remember, that amidst all our triumphs over the *nonsensical* and

the *senseless*, that we likewise are men, and, as Swift observed to Burnet, " shall soon be among the dead ourselves."---*Ibid*, v. 10, p. 293.

CONVICT.

Imprisonment is afflictive, and ignominious death is fearful; but let the convict compare his condition with that which his actions might reasonably have incurred. The robber might have died in the act of violence by lawful resistance. The man of fraud might have sunk into the grave, whilst he was enjoying the gain of his artifice, and where then had been their hope? By imprisonment, even with the certainty of death before their eyes, they have leisure for thought; opportunities for instruction; and whatever they suffer from offended laws, they may yet reconcile themselves to God, who, if he is sincerely sought for, will most assuredly be found.—*Convict's Address*,* p. 12.

COMPILATION.

Particles of science are often very widely scattered—Writers of extensive comprehension

* Generally attributed to the late Dr. Dodd, but written for him, whilst under sentence of death, by Dr. Johnson.

have incidental remarks upon topics very remote from the principal subject, which are often more valuable than formal treatises, and which yet are not known because they are not promised in the title. He that collects those under proper heads, is very laudably employed, for though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progress of others, and by making that easy of attainment which is already written, may give some mind, more vigorous, or more adventurous than his own, leisure for new thoughts and original designs.—*Idler*, p. 185.

CHILDREN.

It cannot be hoped that out of any progeny, more than *one* shall deserve to be mentioned.—*Life of Roger Ascham*, p. 235.

CREDULITY.

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they never have deceived us.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 157.

COURT.

It has been always observed of those that frequent a court, that they soon, by a kind of

contagion, catch the regal spirit of neglecting futurity. The minister forms an expedient to suspend, or perplex an enquiry into his measures for a few months, and applauds and triumphs in his own dexterity. The Peer puts off his creditor, for the present day, and forgets that he is ever to see him more.—*Marmor Norfolciense*, p. 20.

CUNNING.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine, goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that when the path is strait and even, he may proceed in security, and when it is rough and crooked, he easily complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk, fears more as he sees less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise, lest violence should approach him. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems, and superfluity of suspicion. Yet men, thus narrow by nature and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery,

and the openness of integrity ; and by watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.—*Idler*, v. 2. p. 223. 227.

COMPANION.

There is no man more dangerous than he that with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please ; for neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they frequently see the best minds corrupted by them.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5, p. 612.

COURAGE.

The courage of the English vulgar proceeds from that dissolution of dependence, which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hand, he has no need of any servile arts ; he may always have wages for his labour, and is no less necessary for his employer, than his employer is to him ; while he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector, and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the es-

teem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination, it is not to be denied that some inconveniences may, from time to time, proceed. The power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks; but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace, is bravery in war.—*Bravery of English Common Soldiers*, p. 329.

CRIMES.

The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

CONFIDENCE.

Men overpowered with distress eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every

scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.—*Ibid*, p. 340.

COPIES COMPARED WITH ORIGINALS.

Copies are known from originals even when the painter copies his own picture; so if an author should literally translate his he would lose the manner of an original. But though copies are easily known, good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are by the best judges often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire natural to every performer of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called *habit*. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual, and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand ---The writer has only habits of the mind. Yet some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and it is said there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last.

The same variation may be expected in writers, and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.—*Ibid*, v. 1, p. 123.

COMPLIMENT.

No rank in life precludes the efficacy of a well-timed compliment. When Queen Elizabeth asked an Ambassador how he liked her ladies, he replied, "It was hard to judge of stars in the presence of the sun."--*Ibid*, p. 484.

Compliment is, as *Armado* well expresses it, —the varnish of a complete man—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 385.

DESIRE.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 52.

The desires of man increase with his acquisitions,—every step which he advances brings something within his view, which he did not see before, and which, as soon as he sees it, he be-

gins to want. Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 165.

DEATH.

To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.—*Rambler*, p. 141.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone,
Not for itself—but for a nobler end:
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away.
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

Irene, p. 41.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of such importance, as to cause by his retirement or death any chasm in the world.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 34.

The great disturbers of our happiness in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the *consideration of morality* is a certain and adequate remedy. "Think (says Epictetus) frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments."—*Ibid*, p. 101.

It is remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenutes our hatred of the bad.—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 5.

To die is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish, is generally his folly.—*Ibid*, p. 178.

To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr,—to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence (if in any human being innocence can be found); but of him whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement.—*Convict's Address*, p. 18.

Death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2, p. 79.

The death of great men is not always proportioned to their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by a javelin, or a sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. —*Life of Pope.*

DEPENDENCE.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to same degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 12.

Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependence, and expectation; and wherever there is dependence, there will be an emulation of servility.—*Ibid*, p. 158.

If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many?—*Ibid*, v. 1, p. 161.

DIFFIDENCE.

The pain of miscarriage is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and therefore till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, diffidence is found the insuperable associate of understanding.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 186.

DELICACY.

He that too much refines his delicacy, will always endanger his quiet.—*Ibid*, p. 221.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

We do not so often disappoint others, as our selves, as we not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 203.

DISEASE.

It may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes. The dis-

tinctions which set one man so much above another, are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated—the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings, finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 290.

DELAY.

The folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind. Even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and, though often vanquished, never destroyed.—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 170.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than

nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; Death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.—*Ibid*, p. 173.

Timorous thoughts and cautious disquisitions are the dull attendants of delay.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6, p. 116.

DISTRUST.

It is impossible to see the long scrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of seals and attestation, without wondering at the depravity of those beings who must be restrained from violation of promise by such formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and subterfuge by such punctilious minuteness. Among all the satires to which folly and wickedness have given occasion, none is equally severe with a bond, or a settlement.—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 155.

DECEPTION.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act, by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

SELF-DECEPTION.

There is an art of sophistry by which men have deluded their own consciences, by persuading themselves, that what would be criminal in others, is virtuous in them; as if the obligations which are laid upon us by a higher power, can be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves.—*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 487.

DEVOTION.

Some men's minds are so divided between heaven and earth, that they pray for the prosperity of guilt, while they deprecate its punishment.—*Ibid*, v 5, p. 579.

Poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may, indeed, be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the power

of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise the Maker for his works in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God.

Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprizes and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.

Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than the things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the

concealment of those which repel the imagination: but religion must be shewn as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already: from poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the judge, is not at leisure for cadence and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplition to God can only cry for mercy.

Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most

sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.—*Life of Waller.*

DUTY.

When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. But when, in prospect of some good, whether natural, or moral, we break the rules prescribed to us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 203.

DILIGENCE.

Diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprizes.—*Life of Drake*, p. 160.

ENVY.

He that knows himself despised, will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 86.

To see the highest minds levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom; but let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are first levelled in their desires.—*Life of Dryden.*

It is not only, to many, more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed, but it is likewise more easy to neglect than to recompence; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there never will be wanting multitudes that will indulge in easy vice.—*Life of Savage.*

The great law of mutual benevolence is, perhaps, oftener violated by envy than by interest. Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. Interest requires some qualities not

universally bestowed. Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard;—but to spread suspicion,—to invent calumnies,—to propagate scandal, requires neither talents, nor labour, nor courage.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 125, 126.

EXAMPLE.

Every art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled.—*Dissertation upon the Epitaphs of Pope*, p. 302.

Every man, in whatever station, has, or endeavours to have, his followers, admirers, and imitators; and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes, and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it; for it is possible, for want of attention, we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or, by a cowardly desertion of a cause, which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by

the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their direction.—*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 95.

EMULATION.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity; and where there is vanity, there will be folly.—*Life of Shenstone.*

Every man ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the artificer with the readiness of his hands; but let the one remember, that without mechanical performances, refined speculation is an empty dream; and the other, that without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 52.

EDUCATION.

The knowledge of external nature, and of the sciences which that knowledge requires, or includes, is not the great, or the frequent busi-

ness of the human mind. Whether we provide for action, or conversation ; whether we wish to be useful, or pleasing; the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong. The next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and justice are virtues and excellencies of all times, and all places. We are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary ; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure.—*Life of Milton.*

Physical knowledge is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics, or astronomy ; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.—Those authors, therefore, are to be read at school, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.—*Ibid.*

It ought always to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness ; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts ; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy. —*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 24.

The general rule of consulting the genius for particular offices in life is of little use, unless we are told how the genius can be known. If it is to be discovered only by experiment, life will be lost before the resolution can be fixed ; if any other indications are to be found, they may perhaps be very easily discerned. At least, if to miscarry in an attempt be a proof of having mistaken the direction of the genius, men appear not less frequently deceived with regard to themselves, than to others ; and therefore no one has much reason to complain that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he should have had either more honor or happiness by being abandoned to the chance of his own fancy.—*Ibid*, p. 120.

EMPLOYMENT.

Employment is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire

from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We must be busy about good, or evil, and he to whom the *present* offers nothing, will often be looking backward on the *past*.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 113.

EVIL.

No evil is insupportable, but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 206.

Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The Tatler, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes, "that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge, that a young man, who falls in their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 4, p. 7.

It is the nature of man to imagine no evil so great, as that which is near him.—*Ibid*, v. 5, p. 86.

EMPIRE.

Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.—*Irene*, p. 16.

EXCELLENCE.

Those who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit ; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.—*Life of Pope.*

ENQUIRY.

In the zeal of enquiry we do not always reflect on the silent encroachments of time, or remember that no man is in more danger of doing little, than he who flatters himself with abilities to do all.—*Treatise on the Longitude*, p. 14.

EQUANIMITY.

Evil is uncertain, in the same degree, as good ; and for the reason we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time may, when it is very near

us, be driven away by an accide ntal blast,which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborne, may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting. There are indeed natural evils, which we can flatter ourselves with no hopes of escaping, and with little of delaying; but of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the opposition of rival interests, we may always alleviate the terror, by considering that our persecutors are weak, ignorant, and mortal, like ourselves.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 178.

EPITAPH.

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows it is an inscription on a tomb; an epitaph therefore implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is, indeed, commonly panegyrical, because we are seldom distinguished with a stone, but

by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain, or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.—*Dissertation on the Epitaphs of Pope*, p. 303.

The name of the deceased should never be omitted in an epitaph, whose end is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered, at the mercy of fortune, to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone, but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them; and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?---*Ibid*, p. 307.

The highest panegyric that domestic virtue can receive, is the praise of servants; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.

The difficulty of writing epitaphs, is to give a particular and appropriate praise.—*Ibid*, p. 314.

ERROR.

" Errors," says Dryden, " flow upon the surface ;" but there are some who will fetch them from the bottom.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 4, p. 393.

ESTEEM.

To raise esteem, we must benefit others; to procure love, we must please them.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 5.

ELECTION.

Perhaps no election, by a plurality of suffrages, was ever made among human beings, to which it might not be objected, that voices were not procured by illicit influence.---*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 125.

EXPECTATION.

Expectation, when once her wings are expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain; and when she has

mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower who dies in the pursuit.---*Plan of an English Dictionary*, p. 32.

EFFECTS NOT ALWAYS PROPORTIONED TO THEIR CAUSES.

It seems to be almost the universal error of historians, to suppose it politically, as it is physically true, that every effect has a proportionate cause. In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power; but the operations of life, whether public, or private, admit no such laws. The caprices of voluntary agents, laugh at calculation. It is not always there is a strong reason for a great event; obstinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindness, give place alternately to each other; and the reason of those vicissitudes, however important may be the conseqences, often escapes the mind in which the change is made.---*Falkland Islands*, p. 33.

FAME.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured. He that rises hastily into fame, will

be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion. ---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 25.

The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. —*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 257.

The true satisfaction which is to be drawn from the consciousness that we shall share the attention of future times, must arise from the hope, that with our names, our virtues shall be propagated, and that those whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive instruction from our example, and incitement from our renown.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 298.

Fame cannot spread wide, or endure long, that is not rooted in nature, and matured by art. That which hopes to resist the blasts of malignity, and stand firm against the attacks of time, must contain in itself some original principle of growth.---*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 292.

FATHER.

A father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. Heroum filii noxæ. —*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 1, p. 14.

FRIENDSHIP.

Few love their friends so well, as not to desire superiority by unexpensive benefaction.---*False Alarm*, p. 47.

Friendship in letter-writing has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation amongst the different dispositions of mankind. But a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known, and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.---*Life of Pope.*

Friendship is not always the sequel of obligation.---*Life of Thompson.*

Unequal friendships are easily dissolved.---This is often the fault of the superior; yet if we look without prejudice on the world, we shall often find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the com-

pliances of servility, are apt enough, in their association with superiors, to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independence, to exact that attention which they refuse to pay. ---*Life of Gray.*

So many qualities are necessary to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to its rise and its continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply its place as they can, with interest and dependence.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 59.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both.---*Ibid.*

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid dis-

ingenuous compliances;---yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven, or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him; and for which, at last, he must scorn himself.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 5.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship; of invincible constancy and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised, or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.—*Idler*, v. 1, p. 126.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled. Those who have been injured may re-

ceive a recompence; but when the desire of pleasing, and willingness to be pleased, is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as when the vital powers sink into langour, there is no longer any use of the physician.---*Ibid*, p. 130.

Among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship.---*Life of Addison.*

Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety cannot easily be melted into kindness. Upon this principle Falstaff despairs of gaining the love of Prince John of Lancaster, for "he could not make him laugh."---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5, p. 560.

FLATTERY.

In every instance of vanity it will be found that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches. All who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world; and since every man is

obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 74.

To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove at least our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood.---*Ibid*, p. 120.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.---*Ibid*, p. 247.

He that is much flattered, soon learns to flatter himself. We are commonly taught our

duty by fear, or shame; and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but his own praises?---*Life of Swift.*

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.—*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 294.

Neither our virtues, or vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence. Pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandishment, or the sufferance of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and crouch before one that should dart his eyes upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft addresses of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.—*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 3.

FOLLY.

The folly which is adapted to persons and times, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men, when

it happens, taints their wit, and destroys the reputation of their judgment.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, vol. 4, p. 225.

No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope, or fear, beyond the limits of sober probability.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 259.

FORTUNE.

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown, which cannot be claimed by intrinsic excellence, or greatness, is sometimes derived from unexpected accidents.—*Falkland Islands*, p. 2.

When fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

FOREIGNER.

To be a foreigner was always in England a reason of dislike.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

FEAR.

All fear is in itself painful; and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use.—*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 180.

Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but its duty, like that of other passions, is not to overbear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.—*Ibid.*

FORGIVENESS.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed, or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident. We may think the blow violent, only because we have made ourselves

delicate and tender; we are, on every side, in danger of error and guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 137.

FRUGALITY.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant, will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption. It will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others, and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.—*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 21.

Without frugality none can be rich, and with it, very few would be poor.—*Ibid.*

Though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly into riches, the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expense must be resolutely reduced.—*Ibid*, p. 23.

The mercantile wisdom of " a penny saved is two-pence got," may be accommodated to all conditions, by observing, that not only they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forbear expence, and that time may be employed to the increase of profit; but that they, who are above such minute considerations, will find by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of refusing those solicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assaulted, and, in time, set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.—*Ibid*, p. 24.

It may, perhaps, be inquired, by those who are willing rather to cavil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality? To such no general answer can be given, since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may be varied without end by different circumstances. These three rules, however, may be laid down as not to be departed from:

'A man's voluntary expences should not exceed his income.'

'Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.'

'Let no man squander against his inclination.'—*Ibid.*

FAVOUR.

Favours of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.---*Rambler*, v. 4.

FANCY.

The fanciful sports of great minds, are never without some advantage to knowledge.—*Life of Sir T. Browne*, p. 267.

GENIUS.

True genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.---*Life of Cowley.*

Genius is powerful when invested with the glitter of affluence. Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity, and practising their duty.---*Life of Savage.*

Whoever is apt to hope good from others, is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.---*Life of Gay.*

Men have sometimes appeared, of such transcendant abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances, excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose: As there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils, by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the care of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.—*Rambler*, vol. 4, p. 50.

Misapplied genius most commonly proves ridiculous.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 231.

There are men who seem to think nothing so much characteristic of genius, as to do common things in an uncommon way; like Hudibras, *to tell the clock by Algebra*, or like the lady in Dr. Young's Satires, "to drink tea by stratagem."—*Ibid*, v. 1, p. 202.

Great powers cannot be exerted but when great exigencies make them necessary. Great exigencies can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim to the

veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.—*Ibid*, p. 287.

It seems to have been, in all ages, the pride of wit to shew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To speak not inadequately of things really and naturally great, is a task not only difficult but disagreeable, because the writer is degraded in his own eyes byst anding in comparison with his subject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his imagination. But it is a perpetual triumph of fancy to expand a scanty theme, to raise glittering ideas from obscure properties, and to produce to the world an object of wonder, to which nature had contributed little. To this ambition, perhaps we owe the Frogs of Homer, the Gnat and Bees of Virgil, the Butterfly of Spencer, the Shadow of Woverus, and the Quincunx of Browne.—*Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, p. 266.

GOVERNMENT.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients as the succes-

sive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabricks of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects upon different plans. We must be content with them as they are; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and with difficulty rebuild them.---*False Alarm*, p. 24.

In all political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.---*Western Islands*, p. 208.

No scheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience improving on experience, may in time effect it.---*Ibid*, p. 215.

To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self applause to consider, that where there was formerly an insurrection, there is now a wilderness.---*Ibid*, p. 224.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence, with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, or those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 301.

No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.---*Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 62.

Government is necessary to man; and when obedience is not compelled, there is no government.---*Ibid*, p. 77.

GUILT.

Guilt is generally afraid of light; it considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions, which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6, p. 377.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strict-

ness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.---*Idler*, v. 1, p. 293.

UNIVERSAL GOOD.

All skill ought to be exerted for universal good. Every man has owed much to others, and ought to pay the kindness that he has received.---*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 41.

HAPPINESS.

We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found; and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself.---*Ibid*, p. 108.

Whether perfect happiness can be procured by perfect goodness, this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding. But this, at least, may be maintained, that we do not always find visible happiness in proportion to visible virtue. ---*Ibid*, p. 163.

All natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad or good. They are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not

much distinguished in the fury of a faction. They sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is *quietness of conscience*, a steady prospect of a happier state, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.—*Ibid.*

He that has no one to love, or to confide in, has little to hope. He wants the radical principle of happiness.—*Ibid*, p. 210.

It is, perhaps, a just observation, that with regard tooutward circumstances, happiness and misery are equally diffused through all states of human life. In civilized countries, where regular policies have secured the necessaries of life, ambition, avarice, and luxury find the mind at leisure for their reception, and soon engage it in new pursuits; pursuits that are to be carried only by incessant labour, and whether vain, or successful, produce anxiety and contention. Among savage nations imaginary wants find, indeed, no place; but their strength, exhausted by necessary toils, and their passions agitated, not by contests about superiority, affluence, or precedence, but by perpetual care for

the present day, and by fear of perishing for want of common food.---*Life of Drake*, p. 211.

Whatever be the cause of happiness, may be made likewise the cause of misery. The medicine which, rightly applied, has power to cure, has, when rashness or ignorance prescribes it, the same power to destroy.---*Dissertation on Authors*, p. 21.

The happiness of the generality of people is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 155.

It has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature, or of fortune, have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and those whom the splendour of their rank, or the extent of their capacity, have placed upon the summits of human life, have not often given any just occasion to envy in those who look up to them from a lower station. Whether it be, that apparent superiority incites great designs, and great designs are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages, or that the general lot of mankind is misery, and the misfortunes of those

whose eminence drew upon them an universal attention, have been more faithfully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have, in reality, been only more conspicuous than those of others, more frequent or more severe.---*Life of Savage.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments, or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useful incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. *To be happy at home* is the ultimate result of all ambition ; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue, or felicity ; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour, and fictitious benevolence.---*Rambler*, v. 2. p. 82.

The highest panegyric that domestic virtue can receive is the praise of servants; for however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice.—*Ibid.*

HABITS.

No man forgets his original trade; the rights of nations and of kings sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them.---*Life of Milton.*

HEALTH.

Such is the power of health, that without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the power of vegetation without the sun.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 291.

HOPE.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes;—*possunt quia posse videntur.—Life of Milton.*

The understanding of a man naturally sanguine, may be easily vitiated by the *luxurious*

indulgence of hope, however necessary to the production of every thing great, or excellent, as some plants are destroyed by too open an exposure to that sun, which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 10.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour.---*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 26.

Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.---*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 236.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence, can set us above the want of this general blessing; or that life, when the gifts of nature and fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent. Yet hope is very fallacious, and

promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a great bounty.---*Ibid*, v. 2, p. 75.

HUMANITY.

He does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity.---*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 179.

HISTORY.

He that records transactions in which himself was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which escape spectators, but has his natural powers exalted by that ardour which always rises at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 69.

He that writes the history of his own times, if he adheres strictly to truth, will write that which his own times will not easily endure. —He must be content to reposite his book till all private passions shall cease, and love and hatred give way to curiosity.---*Ibid*, p. 72.

GOOD-HUMOUR.

Good-humour may be defined; a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition, like that which every one perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses.---*Rambler*, v. 2. p. 102.

Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.---*Ibid.*

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or shew more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good-humour. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favors; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end

and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.---*Ibid.* p. 105.

GOOD-HUMOUR,

(*Compared with Gaiety.*)

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy or despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 102.

JEALOUSY.

That natural jealousy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a disposition to believe that the mind grows old with the body, and that he whom we are now forced to confess superior, is hastening daily to a level with

ourselves. Intellectual decay, doubtless, is not uncommon, but it is not universal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, and Waller at eighty-two,is thought to have lost none of his poetical powers.---*Life of Waller.*

Jealousy is a passion compounded of *love* and *suspicion.*---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 4, p. 317.

JESTING.

Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a *jester*, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomised by a fool.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 3, p. 306.

Jocose follies and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities.---*Ibid*, vol. 4, p. 19.

JOY.

As *briars* have *sweetness with their prickles*, so are troubles often recompensed with joy.---*Ibid*, p. 121.

JUDGMENT.

Those who have no power to judge of past times, but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions.---*Life of Milton.*

As laws operate in civil agency, not to the excitement of virtue, but the repression of wickedness, so judgment, in the operations of intellect, can hinder faults, but not produce excellence.---*Life of Prior.*

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of a man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation. That the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may, by the breath of counsel and exhortation, be kindled into a flame. To imagine that every one who is not completely good, is irrevocably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degree of excellence; it is indeed, to exact from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number,

with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught; or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 94.

Those that have done nothing in life, are not qualified to judge of those that have done little. ---*Plan of an English Dictionary*, p. 49.

It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves and others. The rich and powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 124.

JUSTICE.

One of the principal parts of national felicity, arises from a wise and impartial administration

of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country the stability of profession and the serenity of life. He therefore who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality, or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.---*Convict's Address*, p. 20.

Of justice, one of the heathen sages has shewn, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which *injustice* had produced. "In the first ages, says he, men acted without any rule but the impulse of desire; they practised injustice upon others, and suffered it from others in return; but, in time, it was discovered that the pain of suffering wrong, was greater than the pleasure of doing it, and mankind by a general compact submitted to the restraint of laws, and resigned the pleasure to escape the pain."---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 208.

What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.---*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

INDUSTRY.

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.---*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 88.

Many things difficult to design, prove easy to performance.---*Ibid*, p. 93.

He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass, in seven years, a space equal to the circumference of the globe.---*Ibid.*

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has, at least, this use, that it rescues the day from idleness: and he that is never idle, will not often be vicious.—*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 97.

INDISCRETION.

We sometimes succeed by *indiscretion*, when we fail by *deep laid schemes.—Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 10, p. 389.

IMITATION.

No man was ever great by imitation.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 66.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it requires

judgment to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 21.

As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatized as a plagiarism.---The adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament, may sometimes display so much judgment, as will almost compensate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of servility, pursue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.---*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 231.

The reputation which arises from the detail, or transposition of borrowed sentiments, may spread for a while, like ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident, or contempt, and suffered to rot, unheeded, on the ground.---*Ibid*, p. 292.

When the original is well chosen, and judiciously copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with

abilities to discover new possibilities of excellence, and to distinguish themselves by means never tried before.---*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 25.

INDOLENCE.

It is in vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not stretch out his hand to take it.---*Life of King*.

Indolence is one of those vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed.---*Rambler*, v. 3, p. 298.

Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art, or accident, which every place will not supply; but the *desire of ease* acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged, is the more increased.---*Ibid.*

He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity, or attention. Let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage, till a general hiss commands him to depart.---*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 258.

IDLENESS.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty, and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do, with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.---*Idler*, v. 1, p. 172.

Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life, and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour, when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation, either on himself, or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.---*Rambler*, v. 2, p. 181.

There are said to be pleasures in madness, known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the idler can only conceive.---*Idler*, v. 1, p. 15.

Of all the enemies of idleness, want is the most formidable. Fame is soon found to be a

sound, and love a dream. Avarice and ambition may be justly suspected of being privy confederates with idleness; for when they have, for a while, protected their votaries, they often deliver them up, to end their lives under her dominion. Want always struggles against idleness; but want herself is often overcome, and every hour shews the careful observer those who had rather live in ease than in plenty.---*Ibid*, p. 51.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity without knowledge is weak, and generally useless; and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.---*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 249.

IGNORANCE.

The man who feels himself ignorant, should at least be modest.---*Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle*, p. 156.

Ignorance cannot always be inferred from inaccuracy, knowledge is not always present.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, vol. 6, p. 101.

IGNORANCE, (*Compared with Knowledge.*)

The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand, by design, what they think impossible to be done.---*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 68.

IGNORANCE, (*Compared with Confidence.*)

In things difficult there is danger from ignorance; in things easy, from confidence.---*Preface to Dictionary*, fol. p. 9.

IMPRUDENCE.

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.---*Life of Savage.*

IMPRISONMENT.

Few are mended by imprisonment; and he whose crimes have made confinement necessary, seldom makes any other use of his enlargement,

than to do with greater cunning what he did before with less.---*False Alarm*, p. 8.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity, to keep individuals from the power of one another. But this end is apparently neglected by *imprisonment for debt*, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be a judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and unhappiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.---*Idler*, v. 1, p. 122.

In a prison the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent. There are few fears, there are no blushes. The lewd inflame the lewd; the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himself as he can against his own sensibility, and endeavours to practice on others the arts which are practiced on himself, and gains the kindness of his associates by similitude of manners.---*Ibid*, p. 216.

It is not so dreadful in a high spirit to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of

disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of the gazers.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, vol. 6, p. 343.

IMPOSITION.

There are those who having got the *cant of the day*, with *a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation*, who very often impose themselves as men of understanding, upon wise men.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 10, p. 401.

IMAGINATION.

It is the great failing of a strong imagination to catch greedily at wonders.---*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 118.

A man who once resolves upon ideal discoveries, seldom searches long in vain.---*Life of Sir T. Browne*, p. 266.

It is a disposition to feel the force of words, and to combine the ideas annexed to them with quickness, that shews one man's imagination to be better than another's, and distinguishes a fine taste from dulness and stupidity.---*Review of the Sublime and Beautiful*, p. 57.

INTELLIGENCE.

Without intelligence man is not social, he is only gregarious ; and little intelligence will there be, where all are constrained to daily labour, and every mind must wait upon the hand.---*Western Islands*, p. 317.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Of remote transactions, the first accounts are always confused, and commonly exaggerated ; and in domestic affairs, if the power to conceal is less, the interest to misrepresent is often greater ; and what is sufficiently vexatious, truth seems to fly from curiosity ; and, as many enquiries produce many narratives, whatever engages the public attention, is immediately disguised by the embellishments of fiction.---*Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle*, p. 154.

IRRESOLUTION.

He that knows not whither to go, is in no haste to move.—*Life of Swift.*

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

Every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others ; and

supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is, perhaps, the first to publish injuries, or misfortuues, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear him will only laugh; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.---*Life of Pope.*

The man who threa ens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and, in a short time, will cease to miss him.—*Ibid.*

INSULT.

Whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it, for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.---*Rambler*, v. 4, p. 221.

INCREDULITY.

To refuse credit, confers, for a moment, an appearance of superiority, which every little mind is tempted to assume, when it may be gained so cheaply, as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 195.

The most pertinacious and vehement demonstrator may be wearied, in time, by continual negation, and incredulity, which an old poet, in his address to Raleigh, calls "the wit of fools," obtunds the arguments which it cannot answer, as woolsacks deaden arrows, though they cannot repel them.---*Ibid*, p. 196.

INDULGENCE.

The man who commits common faults, should not be precluded from common indulgence.---*Preliminary Discourse to the London Chronicle*, p. 155.

RURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demands any great powers of mind, we will not enquire. Perhaps a surly sullen speculator may think such performances rather the sport, than the business of human reason. But it

must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is innocent amusement, and some praise must be allowed, by the most supercilious observer, to him who does best, what such multitudes are contending to do well.—*Life of Shenstone.*

INCLINATION.

It may reasonably be asserted, that he who finds himself strongly attracted to any particular study, though it may happen to be out of his proposed scheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application toit, since it is likely that he will, with much more ease and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination stimulates him to pursue, than that at which a prescribed law compels him to toil.—*Idler*, v. 2. p. 85.

KNOWLEDGE.

Man is not weak ; knowledge is more than equivalent to force.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 90.

As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear ; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye.—*Preface to Shakspeare*, p. 34.

Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.—*Rambler.*

The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in publick.—*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 48.

No degree of knowledge, attainable by man, is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy. By this descent from the pinnacles of art, no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, "like the sun in its evening declination; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude;

and pleases more, though he dazzles less."—*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 190.

In all parts of human knowledge, whether terminating in science merely speculative, or operating upon life, private, or civil, are admitted some fundamental principles, or common axioms, which, being generally received, are little doubted, and being little doubted, have been rarely proved.—*Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 1.

One man may be often ignorant, but never ridiculous, another may be full of knowledge, whilst his variety often distracts his judgment, and his learning frequently is disgraced by his absurdities.—*Preface to Dictionary*, p. 3.

It is to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their knowledge, either because it is more pleasing to gather ideas than to impart them, or because, to minds naturally great, few things appear of so much importance as to deserve the notice of the public.—*Life of Thos. Browne*, p. 256.

Acquisitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Those who had proposed to themselves a methodical course of reading, light by accident on a new book, which seizes their thoughts, and kindles their curiosity, and opens an unexpected prospect, to which the way which they had prescribed to themselves would never have conducted them.—*Idler*, v. 2, p. 79.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar.—*Ibid*, v. 1, p. 35.

KINGS.

The studies of princes seldom produce great effect; for princes draw, with meaner mortals, the lot of understanding; and since of many students not more than *one* can be hoped to advance to perfection, it is scarcely to be expected to find that *one* a prince.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, p. 99.

Kings, without some time passing their time without pomp, and without acquaintance with the various forms of life, and with the genuine

passions, interests, desires, and distresses of mankind, see the world in a mist, and bound their views to a narrow compass. It was, perhaps, to the private condition in which Cromwell first entered the world, that he owed the superiority of understanding he had over most of our kings. In that state, he learned the art of secret transactions, and the knowledge by which he was able to oppose zeal to zeal, and make one enthusiast destroy another.---*Ibid.*

It is a position long received amongst politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by the loss of life.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6, p. 440.

LIFE.

Life is not to be counted by the ignorance of infancy, or the imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting.---*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 26.

Human life is every where a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed. —*Ibid*, p. 8.

Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot ultimately be defeated.---*Preface to Dictionary*, p. 10.

The great art of life is to play for much, and stake little.---*Dissertation on Authors*, p. 29.

It has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much must be spent upon superfluities. Every prospect has its obstructions, which we must break to enlarge our view. Every step of our progress finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we must stop to remove.---*Preliminary Discourse to London Chronicle*, p. 153.

An even and unvaried tenor of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation. He that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day such will be to-morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our situation is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition, and it is only by finding life changeable, that we are reminded of its shortness.—*Idler*, v. 2.

He that embarks in the voyage of life, will atways wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.—*Ibid*, v. 1.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys the splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill---all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2, p. 73.

In the different degrees of life, there will be often found much *meanness* among the great, and much *greatness* amongst the mean.---*Ibid*, v. 3, p. 181.

Every man has seen the *mean* too often proud of the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may sometimes be *humbled in the praises* of the mean; particularly of those who

commend them without conviction, or discernment.---*Ibid*, v. 4, p. 21.

When we see by so many examples, how few are the necessaries of life, we should learn what madness there is in so much superfluity.---*Ibid*, v. 8, p. 345.

LEARNING.

It is not by comparing *line* with *line*, that the merit of great works is to be estimated ; but by their general effects and ultimate result.---*Life of Dryden.*

When learning was first rising on the world, in the fifteenth century, ages so long accustomed to darkness, were too much dazzled with its light to see any thing distinctly. The first race of scholars, hence, for the most part, were learning to speak rather than to think, and were therefore more studious of elegance than truth. The contemporaries of Bœthius thought it sufficient to know what the ancients had delivered ; the examination of tenets and facts was reserved for another generation.---*Western Isands*, p. 28.

In nations where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight, is lost forever.

They think but little, and of their few thoughts none are wasted on the part in which they are neither interested by fear nor hope. Their only registers are stated observances and practical representations; for this reason an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants and processions, and commemorations, gradually shrink away as better methods come into use of recording events and preserving rights.---*Ibid*, p. 145.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.---*Rambler*, v. 1, p. 155.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like; but who would wish to escape unpleasing objects, by condemning himself to perpetual darkness?---*Dissertation on Authors*, p. 22.

It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place. It is not confined to season, or to climate; to cities, or the country; but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 234.

LOVE.

It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared.---*Life of Addison.*

In love it has been held a maxim, that success is most easily obtained by indirect, and unperceived approaches; he who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion, till they believe their mistress wishes for the discovery.---*Rambler.*

Love being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and dimunition.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 10. p. 366.

SELF-LOVE.

Partiality to ourselves is seen in a variety of instances. The liberty of the press is a blessing,

when we are inclined to write against others; and a calamity, when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought too great by those who suffer through its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted. A standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.---*Life of Savage.*

To charge those favourable representations which every man gives of himself, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, whilst they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure, whilst temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy,---to despise death where there is no danger,---to glow with benevolence where there is nothing to be given. Whilst such ideas are formed, they are felt, and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.---*Life of Pope.*

LANGUAGE.

When the matter is low and scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean, because nothing is familiar, affords great convenience.---*Life of Addison.*

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.---*Preface to Dictionary.*

However academies have been instituted to guard the avenues of their languages; to retain fugitives and repulse intruders; their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain. Sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables and lash the wind are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength. Among a people polished by art, and classed by subordination, those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas; and every increase of knowledge, whether real, or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience; when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions. As any custom is diffused,

the words that expressed it must perish with it; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.—*Ibid*, p. 9.

It is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their ancestors, and to change their manners when they change their country. ---*Ibid*, p. 3.

To our language may be, with great justness, applied the observation of Quintillian, "that speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven." It did not descend to us in a state of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by necessity, and enlarged by accident, andis therefore composed of dissimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.---*Plan of an English Dictionary.*

No nation can trace their language beyond the second period; and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain. ---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 62.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

There is not, perhaps, one of the liberal arts which may not be completely learned in the English language.---*Ibid*, p. 219.

In our language *two negatives* did not originally *affirm*, but *strengthen the negation*.---This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition to long customs it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 4.

LAWS.

It is, perhaps, impossible to review the laws of any country, without discovering many defects, and many superfluities. Laws often continue when their reasons have ceased. Laws made for the first state of the society, continue unabolished when the general form of life is changed. Parts of the judicial procedure, which were at first only accidental, become, in time, essential; and formalities are accumulated on each other, till the art of litigation requires more study than the discovery of right.---*Memoirs of the K. of Prussia*, p. 112.

To embarrass justice by multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by confidence in judges, seem to be the opposite rocks on which all civil institutions have been wrecked, and between which, legislative wisdom has never yet found an open passage.---*Ibid.*

It is observed, that a corrupt society has many laws.---*Idler*, v. 2, p. 186.

LIBERTY.

A zeal, which is often thought, and called liberty, sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, or imperious eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established. ---*Life of Akenside.*

LOYALTY.

As a man inebriated only by vapours, soon recovers in the open air, a nation discontented to madness, without any adequate cause, will return to its wits and allegiance, when a little pause has cooled it to reflection.—*False Alarm.*

MARRIAGE.

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.—*Prince of Abyssinia*, p. 158.

The infelicities of marriage are not to be urged against its institution, as the miseries of life would prove, equally, that life cannot be the gift of heaven.—*Ibid*, p. 169.

Marriage is not commonly unhappy but as life is unhappy;---and most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition. —*Rambler*, v. 1.

When we see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any enquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life, to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers; when parents make articles for children without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers; and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected

where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money; some because their houses are pestered with company; some because they will live like other people: and some because they are sick of themselves, we are not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when we find its pleasures so great, that even the ill-choice of a companion can hardly over balance them.—Those, therefore, of the above description, that should rail against matrimony, should be informed, that they are neither to wonder, or repine, that a contract begun on such principles, has ended in disappointment.---*Ibid.*

Men generally pass the first weeks of matrimony, like those who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit.---*Ibid.*

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state

from which artifice and concealment are to be banished for ever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.—*Ibid.*

A poet may praise many whom he would be afraid to marry, and, perhaps, marry one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon which poetry has no colours to bestow, and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them, never can approve. There are charms made only for distant admiration—no spectacle is nobler than a blaze.—*Life of Waller.*

EARLY MARRIAGES.

From early marriages proceeds the rivalry of parents and children. The son is eager to enjoy the world, before the father is willing to forsake it; and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom, before the mother can be content to fade; and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

LATE MARRIAGES.

Those who marry late in life, will find it dangerous to suspend their fate upon each other,

at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides; when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects. They will probably escape the encroachment of their children; but, in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian's mercy; or if that should not happen, they must, at least, go out of the world, before they see those whom they love best, either wise or great:---From their children, if they have less to fear, they have also less to hope; and they lose, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies, by continual attrition, conform their surfaces to each other.---*Prince of Abyssinia.*

COMPARISON BETWEEN EARLY AND LATE MARRIAGES.

It will be generally found, that those who marry late are best pleased with their children; and those who marry early, with their partners. ---*Ibid.*

MALICE.

We should not despise the malice of the weakest. We should remember, that venom supplies the want of strength; and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.---*Rambler*, v. 4.

The natural discontent of inferiority will seldom fail to operate, in some degree of malice, against him who professes to superintend the conduct of others, especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.---*Idler*.

MAN.

Man's study of himself, and the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his maker has ordained him to be united, for the reception and communication of happiness, should begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice, of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and en-

crease our happiness through endless duration. —*Preface to the Preceptor.*

MANNERS.

The manners of a people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured, or obliterated by travel, or instruction, by philosophy, or vanity; nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay. They whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and the villages; in the shops and farms; and from them, collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy.—*Western Islands.*

Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions, are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life, and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at

best of some accidental influence, or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents.—*Life of Butler.*

MADNESS.

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Hence Shakspeare makes Lear pick up a *flock*, who from this immediately thinks to surprise his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks*, or felt.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 9.

MEANNESS.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—*False Alarm.*

MERCHANT.

No mercantile man, or mercantile nation, has any friendship but for money; and alliance between them will last no longer than their common safety, or common profit is endangered; no longer than they have an enemy who threatens to take from each more than either can steal from the other.—*Political State of Great Britain.*

A merchant's desire is not of glory, but of gain; not of public wealth, but of private emolument; he is therefore rarely to be consulted about war and peace, or any designs of wide extent and distant consequence.—*Taxation no Tyranny.*

MEMORY.

It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits—late events obliterate the former—the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 6.

We suffer equal pain from the pertinacious adhesion of unwelcome images, as from the evanescence of those which are pleasing and useful; and it may be doubted, whether we should be more benefited by the art of memory, or the art of forgetfulness.—*Idler*, v. 2.

Forgetfulness is necessary to remembrance. —*Ibid.*

To forget, or to remember at pleasure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet, as

memory may be assisted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by stated times of recollection, so the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reason will, by a resolute contest, prevail over imagination ; and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgment shall direct.---*Ibid.*

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures them by what he can conceive, or by what he can desire. He, therefore, that after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has, perhaps, forgotten.---*Ibid.*

The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, and who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure ; neither turbid with care, nor agitated with pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past, or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain.—*Ibid.*

MIND.

An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself—under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2.

MINUTENESS.

The parts of the greatest things are little; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity, becomes ridiculous.---*Life of Cowley.*

MISERY.

If misery be the effect of virtue, it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, it ought to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be insulted; because it is, perhaps, itself a punishment adequate to the crime by which it was produced; and the humanity of that man can deserve no panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.---*Life of Savage.*

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no

less certain, that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more.---*Idler.*

The misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.—*Life of Pope.*

MIRTH.

Merriment is always the effect of a sudden impression; the jest which is expected is already destroyed.—*Idler.*

Any passion, too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must, in the same degree, be afraid to lose; and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.—*Rambler.*

MONEY.

To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consid-

er that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money as the sign, or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

NATURE.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature.—*Preface to Shakspeare.*

The power of nature is only the power of using, to any certain purpose, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies.—*Ibid.*

ENGLISH NABOBS, &c.

Those who make an illegal use of power in foreign countries, to enrich themselves and dependents, live with hearts full of that malignity which fear of detection always generates in them, who are to defend unjust acquisitions against lawful authority; and when they come home with riches thus acquired, they

bring minds hardened in evil; too proud for reproof, and too stupid for reflection.—They offend the high by their insolence, and corrupt the low by their examples.—*Falkland Islands.*

NEGLIGENCE.

No man can safely do that by others, which might be done by himself. He that indulges negligence, will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve, will at last be deceived.—*Rambler.*

NOVELTY.

To oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is *new*, would be to contract his volumes to a few pages.—*Idler.*

OPINION.

The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus, the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus, sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error take each other's place by reciprocal invasion.—*Preface to Shakspeare.*

Much of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others. We all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see.—*Idler.*

OPPORTUNITY.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might have once been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which had been lost before.—*The Patriot.*

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.—*Id'er.*

OATHS.

Rash oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently produce guilt.---*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

PATRIOT.

A patriot is he, whose public conduct is regulated by one single motive, viz. *the love of*

his country; who, as an agent, in parliament, has for himself, neither hope, nor fear; neither kindness, nor resentment; but refers every thing to the common interest.---*The Patriot.*

PARENTS.

In general, those parents have most reverence, who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.---*Prince of Abyssinia.*

PASSION.

The adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a while, yet soon fading to a dim tint, without any remains of former lustre. But the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them.---*Preface to Shakspeare.*

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy, for a while, runs against the stream.---*Taxation no Tyranny.*

PAIN.

Pain is less subject than pleasure to caprices of expression.---*Idler.*

PATRONAGE.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes, that he may multiply dependents, may be considered as a beast of prey.---*Idler.*

To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption. ---*Rambler.*

PLEASURE.

Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. What is perceived by slow degrees, may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but will never strike us with the sense of pleasure.---*Life of Cowley.*

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought; our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.---*Idler.*

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified, we want to be again expecting.—*Life of Butler.*

PLEASURES OF LOCAL EMOTION.

To abstract the mind from all local emotion, would be impossible, if it were endeavoured; and would be foolish if it were possible.—Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent, and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—*Western Islands.*

POETS AND POETRY.

In almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best. Whether it be

that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by consent, which it received by accident at first; or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcription of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of *nature*, and their followers of *art*. *Prince of Abyssinia.*

Compositions, merely pretty, have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for some thing useful. They are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms, only to be valued as they foretell fruits.—*Life of Waller.*

Poetical devotion cannot often please. A poet may describe the beauty and grandeur of

nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of the autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolution of the sky, and praise the Maker for his works in lines which no reader shall lay aside, but the subject of the description is not *God*, but the *works of God.* From poetry the reader expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirous, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted. Infinity cannot be amplified. Perfection cannot be improved.—*Ibid.*

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art, should be sunk in general expressions; because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts, not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge.—*Life of Dryden.*

Though poets profess fiction, the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth, and he that has flattery ready for all whom the

vicissitudes of the world happen to exalt, must be scorned as a prostituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has lost the dignity of virtue.---*Life of Waller.*

A mythological fable seldom pleases. The story we are accustomed to reject as false, and the manners are so distant from our own, that we know them not by sympathy, but by study. *Life of Smith.*

No poem should be long, of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative.—A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight—*Life of Fenton.*

After all the refinements of subtility, and the dogmatism of learning, all claim to poetical honours must be finally decided by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices.—*Life of Gray.*

It does not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by

causes wholly out of the performer's power, by the hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.—*Dissertation on Pope's Epitaphs.*

POVERTY.

Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest. They support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for to-morrow.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard. To obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists, and the attendance of flatterers and spies.—*Rambler.*

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate. He that has been con-

fined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside, like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, till their asperities are smoothed, and their incrustations rubbed away.—*Ibid.*

Nature makes us poor, only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities. – *Idler.*

In a long continuance of poverty, it cannot well be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want, by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long associations with fortuitous companions, will, at last, relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervor of sincerity.—Of such a man, it is surely some degree of praise to say, that he preserved the source of action unpolluted; that his principles were never sha-

ken; that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity, or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote enquiries.—*Life of Collins.*

POVERTY AND IDLENESS.

To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavors, with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.—*Idler.*

POLITICS.

Political truth is equally in danger from the praises of courtiers, and the acclamation of patriots.—*Life of Waller.*

It is convenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that disaffection known, which cannot safely be punished.—*Ibid.*

He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous, than he that changes it by

his interest. He loves himself rather than truth.—*Life of Milton.*

Faction seldom leaves a man honest, however it might find him.—*Ibid.*

A wise minister should conclude, that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community. That those who are unhappy without guilt, ought to be relieved; and the life which is over-burthened by accidental calamities, set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who by their misconduct have forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have injured, than be driven from it.—*Life of Savage.*

There is reason to expect that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer.—*Falkland Islands.*

The power of a political treatise depends much on the disposition of the people. When a nation is combustible, a spark will set it on fire.—*Life of Swift.*

When a political design has ended in miscarriage, or success; when every eye and every ear is witness to general discontent, or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disentangle confusion, and illustrate obscurity; to shew by what causes every event was produced, and in what effects it is likely to terminate; to lay down with distinct particularity what rumor always huddles in general exclamations, or perplexes by undigested narratives; to shew whence happiness, or calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected, and honestly to lay before the people, what enquiry can gather of the past, and conjecture can estimate of the future.—*Observations on the State of Affairs in* 1756.

PRAISE.

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is, therefore, not only necessary that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands due the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffer-

ed to fade upon the brow of him, who can boast only petty services and easy virtues.—*Rambler.*

The real satisfaction which praise can afford, is when what is repeated aloud agrees with the whispers of conscience, by shewing us that we have not endeavored to deserve well in vain.—*Ibid.*

Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions.—*Rambler.*

They who are seldom gorged to the full with praise, may be safely fed with gross compliments; for the appetite must be satisfied before it is disgusted.—*Ibid.*

That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.—*Life of Waller.*

Every man willingly gives value to the praise which he receives, and considers the sentence passed in his favour as the sentence of discernment. We admire in a friend that understanding which selected us for confidence. We ad-

mire more in a patron that judgment which instead of scattering bounty indiscriminately, directed it to us: and those performances which gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will easily dispose us to exalt.—*Life of Halifax.*

To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praised* is truly rare.—*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

PRIDE.

Small things make mean men proud.—*Preface to Shakspeare.*

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.—*Life of Sir T. Browne.*

PRIDE AND ENVY.

Pride is seldom delicate, it will please itself with very mean advantages; and envy feels not its own happiness, but when it may be compared with the misery of others.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

COMPARISON BETWEEN A DRAMATIC POET AND A STATESMAN.

Distrest alike the statesman with the wit,
When one a *Borough* courts—and one the *Pit;*

The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes and fears and wishes just the same:
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply:
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in the cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
This day the powdered curls and golden coat,
Says swelling *Crispin*, begged a cobler's vote.
This night our wit, the pert apprentice cries,
Lies at my feet; I hiss him and he dies;
The great, 'tis true, can damn th' electing tribe,
The bard can only supplicate—not bribe.

Prologue to the Good-natured Man.

PRAYER, (*its proper Objects.*)

——————— Petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion vain;
Still raise for *good* the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;
Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a *healthful mind*,
Obedient passions, and a *will resigned*;

For *Love*, which scarce collective man can fill,—
For *Patience*, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,—
For *Faith*, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's signal for retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Vanity of Human Wishes.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers, by inactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles and affections of mankind.—*Rambler.*

Moderation in prosperity, is a virtue very difficult to all mortals.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia.*

PEEVISHNESS.

Peevishness, though sometimes it arises from old age, or the consequence of some misery, is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence, in exacting homage; or by tyranny, in harrassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness, or pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles, or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Such is the consequence of peevishness; it can be borne only when it is despised. —*Rambler.*

It is not easy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peevish man. In every other state of inferiority, the certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller knowledge of our duty, and kindness and confidence are strengthened by every new act of trust, and proof of fidelity. But peevishness sacrifices to a momentary offence the obsequiousness, or usefulness, of half a life, and as more is performed, encreases her exactions.—*Ibid.*

Peevishness is generally the vice of narrow minds, and except when it is the effect of an-

guish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to its miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffering perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice. —*Ibid.*

PEOPLE.

No people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous.—*Political State of Great Britain.*

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society wastes more than it requires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.—*Idler.*

Great regard should be paid to the voice of the people in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by *experience*, without long

deductions, or deep researches.—*Rambler*, vol. 1.

PEDANTRY.

It is as possible to become pedantic by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility.---*Rambler*, v. 4.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness, or attention of wit, scarcely requisite amongst men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at its highest rate, when it is sacrificed to a frolic or a jest.—*Rambler*, v. 4.

PRUDENCE.

Prudence is of more frequent use than any other intellectual quality; it is exerted on slight occasions, and called into act by the cursory business of common life.---*Idler*, v. 2.

Prudence operates on life in the same manner as rules on composition; it produces vigi-

lance rather than elevation, rather prevents loss than procures advantage, and often escapes miscarriages, but seldom reaches either power, or honour.—*Ibid.*

PRUDENCE AND JUSTICE.

Aristotle is praised for naming fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed *prudence* and *justice* before it; since without prudence, fortitude is mad, without justice it is mischievous.—*Life of Pope.*

PREJUDICE.

To be prejudiced is always to be weak, yet there are prejudices so near to being laudable, that they have been often praised, and are always pardoned.—*Taxation no Tyranny.*

PRACTICE.

In every art, *practice* is much; in arts manual, practice is almost the whole; precept can at most but warn against error, it can never bestow excellence.—*Life of Roger Ascham.*

PEACE.

Peace is easily made, when it is necessary to both parties.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia.*

PIETY.

Piety is elevation of mind towards the Supreme Being, and extension of the thought to another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being is invisible. None would have recourse to an invisible power, but that all other subjects had eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are discontented with the present. If the senses were feasted with perpetual pleasure, they would always keep the mind in subjection. Reason has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us against evil.—*Idler*, v. 2.

PERFECTION.

To pursue perfection in any science, where perfection is unattainable, is like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chace the sun, which when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.—*Life of Waller.*

It seldom happens that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect. Will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions.—*Life of Dryden.*

An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond, the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.—*Ibid.*

PERFIDY.

Combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world, by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy, grow faithless to each other.—*Life of Waller.*

PERSEVERANCE.

No terrestrial greatness is more than an aggregate of little things; and, to inculcate after the Arabian proverb, "drops added to drops constitute the ocean."—*Plan of an Eng. Dict.*

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise, or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals; it

is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit, *the power of persisting in their purposes*, acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.—*Rambler.*

PRODIGALITY.

He seldom lives frugally, who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises, make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.—*Life of Dryden.*

PATIENCE.

If what we suffer has been brought on us by ourselves, (it is observed by an ancient poet,) patience is eminently our duty, since no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deserved. If we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience,

whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.—*Rambler.*

In those evils which are allotted us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those, by whose conversation, or advice, we might be amused, or helped; and that with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which He, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon them that bear it well.—*Ibid.*

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cause.—*Ibid.*

PITY.

Pity is to many of the unhappy a source of comfort in hopeless distresses, as it contributes

to recommend them to themselves, by proving that they have not lost the regard of others; and heaven seems to indicate the duty even of barren compassion, by inclining us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.—*Rambler*, v. 2.

PHILOSOPHY.

One of the chief advantages derived by the present generation from the improvement and diffusion of philosophy, is deliverance from unnecessary terrors, and exemption from false alarms. The unusual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once spread consternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquisitive security. The sun is no more lamented when it is eclipsed, than when it sets, and meteors play their corruscations without prognostic, or prediction.—*False Alarm.*

PHYSICIAN.

A physician in a great city, seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual. They that employ him, know not his excellence; they that reject him, know not his deficience. By

an accurate observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians.—*Life of Akenside.*

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, (like the Tatlers, Spectators, &c.) which we read, not as a study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise is likewise short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.—*Life of Addison.*

RAILLERY.

He who is in the exercise of raillery should prepare himself to receive it in turn. When Lewis the XIV. was asked why with so much wit he never attempted raillery, he answesed, that he who practised raillery, ought to bear it in his turn, and that to stand the butt of raillery was not suitable to the dignity of a King. —*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5.

RESOLUTION.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice and prudence folly.--*Irene.*

Resolution and success reciprocally produce each other.---*Life of Drake.*

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

Marshal Turenne, among the acknowledgements which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one, with honor, who taught him *not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it.* Patience and submission should be carefully distinguished from cowardice and indolence; we are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour, and exercises of diligence.---*Rambler*, v. 1.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty, but that is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy, while he believes

himself in the right, and exerted with bitterness, if, even to his own conviction, he is detected in the wrong.—*Ibid*, v. 2.

To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the strength that undertakes it. To rest below his own aim, is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive; nor is any man satisfied with himself, because he has done much, but because he can conceive little. —*Preface to Dictionary.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times,—and a thousand times deserted his purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

RELIGION.

To be of no church, is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is

animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated, and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—*Life of Milton.*

That conversion of religion will always be suspected, that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error, till it hinders its progress towards wealth and honor, will not be thought to love truth only for herself. Yet it may happen, information may come at a commodious time, and as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may, by accident, introduce the other.—*Life of Dryden.*

Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.—*Idler.*

Malevolence to the clergy, is seldom at a great distance from irreverence to religion.—*Life of Dryden.*

RICHES.

Poverty is an evil always in our view; an evil complicated with so many circumstances of

uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches therefore is required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity. When this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil, which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has at once felt, or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

Whoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice; a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

There is one reason, seldom remarked, which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is generally the occasion of poverty. He whom

the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render insurmountable: he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed; and will be, at last, torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over our fortunes in decay.—*Ibid.*

Wealth is nothing in itself: it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to its best use, seems not much to deserve the desire, or envy, of a wise man. It is certain that, with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness.—*Ibid.*

With regard to the mind, it has rarely been observed, that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring

flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, or harden stupidity. Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.—Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity, which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.—When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry, or fortune, has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.—*Ibid.*

Though riches often prompt extravagant hopes and fallacious appearances; there are

purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the consequence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards.—*Rambler*, v. 3.

It is observed of gold by an old epigrammatist, "that to have it, is to be in fear, and to want it, to be in sorrow."—*Ibid.*

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Any enlargement of riches is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.—*Ibid*, v. 4.

Whosoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many

malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life, leave us so far behind that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by remarks on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they possess it; of them whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall. Riches, therefore, perhaps do not so often produce crimes, as incite accusers.—*Ibid.*

It must, however, be confessed, that as all sudden changes are dangerous, a quick transition from poverty to abundance can seldom be made with safety. He that has long lived within sight of pleasures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation not to lose his reason in unbounded riot, when they are first put into his power.—*Ibid.*

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more then the enjoyment. Whilst we consider them as the means to be used at some future

time for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently, and vigorously, and that ardor secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.—*Idler*, v. 2.

COMPARISON BETWEEN RICHES AND UNDERSTANDING.

As many more can discover that a man is richer than themselves, superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged, as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence.—*Life of Savage.*

COMPARISON BETWEEN RICHES AND POWER.

Power and wealth supply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our desires without the consent of others; wealth enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. Power, simply considered, whatever it confers on one, must take from another. Wealth enables its owner to

give to others, by taking only from himself. Power pleases the violent and the proud; wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.—*Western Islands.*

RIDICULE.

The assertion of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, is foolish. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just, and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be, for a while, equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true estate of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous, who is to be pitied, and who to be despised.—*Life of Akenside.*

He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will, in time, find mankind united against him.

The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the present, concur in the general laugh, yet in a cool hour will consider the same trick might be played against himself; but when there is no sense of this danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who, by general censures, lays claim to general superiority.—*Rambler*, v. 4.

REFLECTION.

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he finds a tediousness in the equipoise of an empty mind, which having no tendency to one motion more than another, but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and perhaps is struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

There are fewer higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our

fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.—*Ibid*, v. 4.

All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come, may be deservedly censured; yet surely to dread the future, is more reasonable than to lament the past. The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect, meets it in his way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.—*Idler*, v. 2.

There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed; to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame, nor sorrow. It ought therefore to be the care of those who wish to pass their last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

REBELLION.

To bring misery on those who have not deserved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.—*Taxation no Tyranny.*

Nothing can be more noxious to society, than that erroneous clemency, which, when a rebellion is suppressed, exacts no forfeiture, and establishes no securities, but leaves the rebels in their former state.—*Ibid.*

REFINEMENT.

He that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and submits to endure nothing in accommodations, attendance, or address, below the point of perfection, will, whenever he enters the crowd of life, be harrassed with innumerable distresses, from which those who have not, in the same manner, increased their sensations, find no disturbance. His exotic softness will shrink at the coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a plant transplanted to Northern nurseries from the dews and sunshine of tropical regions. It is well known, that, exposed to a microscope, the smoothest polish of the most solid bodies discovers cavities and prominences; and that the softest bloom of roseate virginity repels the eye with excresencies and discolorations. Thus the senses, as well as the perceptions, may be improved to our own disquiet; and we may, by diligent cultivation of the powers of dislike, raise in

time an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, shew us the naked skeleton of every delight, and present us only with the pains of pleasure, and the deformities of beauty.—*Rambler.*

RECOLLECTION.

That which is obvious, is not always known; and what is known, is not always present. Sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance; slight avocations will seduce attention; and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; so that the writer shall often, in vain, trace memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.---*Preface to Dictionary.*

RETIREMENT.

There is a time when the claims of the public are satisfied; then a man may properly retire to review his life, and purify his heart.---*Prince of Abyssinia.*

Some suspensions of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubt-

less necessary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.---*Rambler*, v. 3.

RETALIATION.

It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered pain, to inflict it likewise in their turn with the same injustice, and to imagine they have a right to treat others as they themselves have been treated.—*Life of Savage.*

RELAXATION.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation, where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.—*Rambler*, v. 2.

REPENTANCE.

Repentance is the change of the heart, from that of an evil, to a good disposition; it is that disposition of mind by which 'the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right;' and when this change is made, the repentance is complete. ---*Convict's Address.*

Repentance, however difficult to be practised, is, if it be explained without superstition, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are too closely connected with it, to be easily separated; for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his safety or happiness in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to image to himself a contrary

behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. Danger, considered as imminent, naturally produces such trepidations of impatience, as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties, adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself, but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?—*Rambler*, v. 3.

The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that austerity which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall
Before Him reverent,—and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek?---*Ibid.*

REVENGE.

Forbearance of revenge, when revenge is within reach, is scarcely ever to be found among princes.—*Memoirs of the King of Prussia.*

RESPECT.

Respect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed.—*Idler*, v. 1.

LITERARY REPUTATION.

Of the decline of literary reputation, many causes may be assigned. It is commonly lost because it never was deserved, and was conferred at first, not by the suffrage of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, or servility of flattery. Many have lost the final reward of their labours, because they were too hasty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences and eminent names, and delighted their readers with allusions and remarks, in which all were interested, and to which therefore all were attentive; but the effect ceased with its cause; the time quietly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the vicissitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the

public to other agents, and the writer whose works were no longer assisted by gratitude or resentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curiosity. But he that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times, and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation. That which is to be loved long, is to be loved with reason, rather than with passion.—*Idler.*

REASON AND FANCY.

Reason is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform and lasting. Fancy, a meteor of bright but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

SATIRE.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful, when it rectifies error, and improves judgment. He that refines the public taste, is a public benefactor.—*Life of Pope.*

Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.—*Life of Dryden.*

SATIRIST.

In defence of him who has satirized the man he has once praised, it may be alleged that the object of his satire has changed his principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satirized with equal justice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had celebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that, as false satire ought to be recanted, for the sake of him whose reputation may be injured, false praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the distinction between vice and virtue should be lost, lest a bad man should be trusted upon the credit of his encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like praises by the same means.—But though these excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are seldom satisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not con-

stant to his subject, quickly sinks into contempt; his satire loses its force, and his panegyric its value; and he is only considered at one time as a flatterer, and as a calumniator at another. To avoid these imputations, it is only necessary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preserve an unvaried regard to truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible that a man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or a false appearance of guilt, such errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible, had no man ever said what he did not think, or misled others but when he was himself deceived. —*Life of Savage.*

SECRETS.

Secrets are so seldom kept, that it may be with some reason doubted, whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes, imperceptibly, at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate those with which we are entrusted, is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.---*Ibid.*

SKEPTICISM.

There are some men of narrow views and groveling conceptions, who, without the instigation of personal malice, treat every new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeavour to depart from the beaten track, as the rash effort of a warm imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real, or lasting advantage.---*Life of Blake.*

To play with important truths, to disturb the repose of established tenets, to subtilize objections, and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of which maturer experience commonly repents. There is a time when every man is weary of raising difficulties only to task himself with the solution, and desires to enjoy truth, without the labour, or hazard of contest.---*Life of Sir T. Browne.*

SEDUCTION.

There is not perhaps, in all the stores of ideal anguish, a thought more painful than the conciousness of having propagated corruption by vitiating principles; of having not only drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they should return; of having blinded them to every beauty, but the paint of pleasure; and deafened them to every call, but the alluring voice of the syrens of destruction.---*Rambler*, v. 1.

SOLITUDE.

In solitude, if we escape the example of bad men, we likewise want the counsel and conversation of the good.---*Prince of Abyssinia.*

The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.---*Ibid.*

To those who pass their time in solitude and retirement, it has been justly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being useless; that mankind is one vast republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay;

and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from misery, none have a right to withdraw from their task of vigilance, or be indulged in idle wisdom and solitary pleasures.---*Idler*, v. 1.

SORROW.

The sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness. But friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometimes mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped. ---*Rambler*, v. 1.

It is urged by some as a remedy for sorrow, to keep our minds always suspended in such indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion. An exact compliance with this rule might perhaps contribute to tranquillity, but surely it would never produce happiness. He that regards none so much as to be afraid of losing them, must live for ever without the gentle pleasures of sympathy

and confidence. He must feel no melting confidence, no warmth of benevolence, nor any of those honest joys which nature annexes to the power of pleasing. And as no man can justly claim more tenderness than he pays, he must forfeit his share in that officious and watchful kindness which love only can dictate, and those lenient endearments by which love only can soften life.---*Ibid.*

The safe and general antidote against sorrow, is employment. It is commonly observed, that among soldiers and seamen, though there is much kindness, there is little grief. They see their friend fall without any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleness, because they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall keep his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected with irretrievable losses.—*Ibid.*

Sorrow is a kind of rust to the soul, which every new idea contributes, in its passage, to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Ibid.*

STYLE.

The polite are always catching at modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better. But propriety resides in that kind of conversation which is above grossness and below refinement.—*Preface to Shakspeare.*

Words being arbitrary, must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them.—*Life of Cowley.*

Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From these sounds, which we hear on small, or coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on *themselves*, which they should convey to *things*.—*Life of Dryden.*

An epithet, or metaphor, drawn from nature, ennobles art; an epithet, or metaphor, drawn from art, degrades nature.—*Life of Gray.*

SINGULARITY.

Singularity, as it implies a contempt of general practice, is a kind of defiance, which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule. He therefore who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.—*Life of Swift.*

SUBORDINATION.

He that encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension. A great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. —*Life of Swift.*

No man can pay a more servile tribute to the great, than by suffering his liberty, in their presence, to aggrandize him in his own esteem. Between different ranks of the community there is necessarily some distance. He who is called by his superior to pass the interval, may very properly accept the invitation; but petulance, and obtrusion, are rarely produced by magnanimity, nor have often any nobler cause than the pride of importance, and the malice of inferiority. He who knows himself necessary,

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may set, whilst that necessity lasts, a high value upon himself; as in a lower condition, a servant eminently skilful may be saucy, but he is saucy only because he is servile.—*Ibid.*

A due regard to subordination is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 3.

SOLICITATION.

Every man of known influence has so many petitions which he cannot grant, that he must necessarily offend more than he gratifies; as the preference given to one, affords all the rest a reason for complaint. "When I give away a place, (said Louis the XIVth) I make an hundred discontented, and one ungrateful."—*Life of Swift.*

SUSPICION.

Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt, is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious, will quickly be corrupt.—*Rambler*, v. 2.

He that suffers by imposture, has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But

as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong, than to do it; and happier to be sometimes cheated, than not to trust.—*Ibid.*

He who is spontaneously suspicious, may be justly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of dishonesty by information, nor had time to observe it with his own eyes, whence can he take his measures of judgment but from himself?—*Ibid*, v. 4.

SUPERIORITY.

The superiority of some is merely local. They are *great*, because their associates are *little*.—*Life of Swift.*

SCRIPTURE.

Idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from scripture, is a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity.—*Life of Pope.*

SIMILE.

A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must shew it to the un-

derstanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity; but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble. In heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image; for a simile is said to be a short episode.—*Ibid.*

SHAME.

Shame, above any other passion, propagates itself.—*Rambler.*

It is, perhaps, kindly provided by nature, that as the feathers and strength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till she is able to fly; so some proportion should be observed in the human mind, between judgment and courage. The precipitation of experience is therefore restrained by *shame*, and we remain shackled by timidity, till we have learned to speak and act with propriety.—*Ibid.*

Shame operates most strongly in our earliest years.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5.

STUDY.

As in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time; and the mind is not to be harrassed with unnecessary obstructions, in a way of which the natural and unavoidable asperity is such, as too frequently produces despair.—*Preface to the Preceptor.*

SOBRIETY.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure; and if pleasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it?—*Idler*, v. 2.

SCARCITY.

Value is more frequently raised by *scarcity* than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises in estimation as its quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have, till it is discovered that we can have no more.—*Ibid.*

SENTENCES.

In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness.—*Bravery of English Common Soldiers.*

is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small, of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice.—*Ibid.*

Time, like money, may be lost by unseasonable avarice.—*Life of Burman.*

Time is the inflexible enemy of all false hypotheses.—*Treatise on the Longitude.*

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, "that time was his estate." An estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. —*Rambler*, v. 3.

TIME PAST.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good,

it is certain that few can review the time past, without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly; many opportunities lost by negligence. The shades of the dead rise up before him, and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amusements, the assistants of his labours, whom the hand of death has snatched away.—*Idler.*

TRIFLES.

It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgencies, or that mankind expect, from elevated genius, an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder, like him, who having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.—*Life of Pope.*

Trifles always require exuberance of ornament. The building which has no strength, can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which

hopes to be valued as a diamond, and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.—*Rambler*, v. 3.

To proportion the eagerness of contest to its importance, seems too hard a task for human wisdom. The pride of wit has kept ages busy in the discussion of useless questions; and the pride of power has destroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable possessions.—*Falkland Islands.*

TRAVELLING.

All travel has its advantages: if the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it.—*Western Islands.*

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, should remember, that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has something in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its customs, and its policy. He only is a useful traveller, who brings home something by which his country may be benefited, who procures some supply of want, or some mitigation of evil, which may

enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it wherever it is worse, and wherever it is better, to enjoy it. ---*Idler*, v. 2.

TRADE.

Nothing dejects a trader like the interruption of his profits.---*Taxation no Tyranny.*

TRUTH.

Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.---*Rambler*, v. 3.

Truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of increase can be so much what it is---as *truth is truth.* There may be a *strange thing*, and a thing *more strange.* But if a proposition be *true*, there can be none *more true.*---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2.

Malice often bears down truth.---*Ibid*, v. 3.

Truth, like beauty, varies its fashions, and is best recommended by different dresses, to different minds.---*Id'er*, v. 2.

There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.—*Ibid.*

TEMPTATION.

It is a common plea of wickedness to call *temptation* destiny.---*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

VANITY.

Those whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed, by their vanity, to deceive themselves.---*Life of Blackmore.*

The vanity of men, in advanced life, is generally strongly excited by the amorous attention of young women.---*Life of Swift.*

When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted.---*Rambler*, v. 4.

Vanity is often no less mischievous than negligence, or dishonesty.---*Idler*, v. 2.

VIRTUE.

Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed."
That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
And bid success become the test of truth.
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
And persecution boast the call of heaven.—*Irene.*

He who desires no virtue in his companion, has no virtue in himself. Hence, when the wealthy and the dissolute connect themselves with indigent companions, for their powers of entertainment, their friendship amounts to little more than paying the reckoning for them. They only desire to drink and laugh; their fondness is without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship.—*Life of Otway.*

Many men mistake the love for the practise of virtue, and are not so much good men, as the friends of goodness.—*Life of Savage.*

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult.—*Ibid.*

Virtue is the surest foundation both of reputation and fortune, and the first step to greatness is to be honest.—*Life of Drake.*

He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by the laws of reason; he must keep guilt from the recesses of his heart, and remember that the pleasures of fancy, and the emotions of desire, are more dangerous as they are more hidden, since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those, to whom nothing could give influence, or weight, but their power of betraying.—*Ibid*, v. 2.

Virtue may owe her panegyricks to morality, but must derive her authority from religion.—*Preface to the Preceptor.*

Virtue is too often merely local. In some situations, the air diseases the body; and in others, poisons the mind.—*Idler*, v. 2.

ROMANTIC VIRTUE.

Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue, will be read with wonder; but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain. That good may be endeavoured, it must be shewn to be possible.—*Life of Pope.*

INTENTIONAL VIRTUE.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy, him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others, those attempts which he neglects himself.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

EXCESS OF VIRTUE.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities, than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, because he has passed the *middle point of virtue*, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short; as rashness is more pardonable than cowardice, profusion than avarice.—*Ibid.*

VICE.

Vices, like diseases, are often hereditary. The property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poisons the springs of life. —*Idler*, v. 1.

BLANK VERSE.

The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will, it is to be feared, be too often found in description, exuberant; in argument, loquacious; and in narration, tiresome.—*Life of Akenside.*

VIRTUE.

There are some who, though easy to commit small crimes, are quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies. Of these virtue may be said to sit *loosely*, but not *cast off*.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 10.

UNIVERSALITY.

What is fit for every thing, can fit nothing well.—*Life of Cowley.*

UNDERSTANDING.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society, the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour.—*Western Islands.*

GREAT UNDERTAKINGS.

A large work is difficult, because it is large, even though all its parts might singly be performed with facility. Where there are many things to be done, each must be allowed its share of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected, that the stones which form the dome of a temple, should be squared and polished like the diamond of a ring.—*Preface to Dictionary.*

WAR

As war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those whose station entrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove; so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collected life, for which fire and the sword are the necessary remedies; but in what can skill or caution be better shown, than in preventing such dreadful operations, while there is room for gentler methods?—*Falkand Islands.*

The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The public perceives scarcely any alteration, but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger, enjoyed the profit; if he that bled in the battle, grew rich by victory; he might show his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a long war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expense of millions? but by contemplating the sudden glories of pay-masters and agents, contractors and

commissioners, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations.---*Ibid.*

Princes have yet this remnant of humanity, that they think themselves obliged not to make war without reason, though their reasons are not always very satisfactory.---*Memoirs of the King of Prussia.*

He must certainly meet with obstinate opposition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to resist, and who leaves his enemies no hopes, but from victory.---*Life of Drake.*

Among the calamities of war, may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates, and credulity encourages.---*Idler*, v. 1.

The lawfulness and justice of the holy wars have been much disputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the question may be easily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the sword all other religions, it is, by the laws of self-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for

Christians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, simply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Christians, and only lying in wait till opportunity shall promise them success.---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 5.

WIT.

Wit is that which is at once natural and new, and which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just.—*Life of Cowley.*

Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit.---*Idler*, v. 1.

Wit, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate, or exalt.---*Rambler*, v. 4. p. 78.

It is a calamity incident to *gray haired wit*, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allu-

sions are forgotten facts, his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time, his wit therefore may be called *single*, such as none has any part in but himself.---*Notes upon Shakspeare.* v. 5.

WISDOM.

The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks, can never be wise.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

To be grave of mein, and slow of utterance; to look with solicitude, and speak with hesitation, is attainable at will; but the show of wisdom is ridiculous, when there is nothing to cause doubt, as that of valour where there is nothing to be feared.—*Idler*, v. 1.

WORLD.

The world is generally willing to support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence. He is easily praised, whom no man can envy.---*Preface to Shakspeare.*

Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge. To despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible.---*Life of Pope.*

To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it.---*Idler*, v. 2.

WOMEN.

Women are always most observed, when they seem themselves least to observe, or to lay out for observation.---*Rambler*, v. 2.

It is observed, that the unvaried complaisance which women have a right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature.---*Ibid*, v. 3.

Our best poet seems to have given this character to women. "That they think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. ---*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2.

It is said of a woman who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the *wood*, and at last has taken a *crooked stick*.—*Ibid.*

Nothing is more common than for the younger part of the sex, upon certain occasions to say in a pet what they do not think, or to think for a time on what they do not finally resolve. —*Ibid*, v. 4.

WEALTH.

Some light might be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer in the time of Edward VI, mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, that though but a yeoman he gave his daughters *five pounds* each for her portion. At the latter end of Elizabeth, *seven hundred pounds* were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. —Congreve makes *twelve thousand pounds* more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda.—No poet would *now* fly his favorite character at less than *fifty thousand.—Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 1.

WICKEDNESS.

There is always danger lest wickedness conjoined with abilities should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 10.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

The weakness they lament, themselves create;
Instructed from their infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
They seem to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, ripening to belief,
And folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.—*Irene.*

WINE.

In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence; but who ever asked succour from Bacchus, that was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?—*Life of Addison.*

WRONGS.

Men are wrong for want of sense, but they are wrong by halves for want of spirit.—*Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 42.

Men easily forgive wrongs which are not committed against themselves.—*Notes upon Shakspeare*, v. 2.

LETTER-WRITING.

The importance of writing letters with propriety, justly claims to be considered with care, since next to the power of pleasing with his presence, every man should wish to be able to give delight at a distance. *Preface to the Preceptor.*

SPLENDID WICKEDNESS.

There have been men splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villany made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies: but such have been, in all ages, the great corruptors of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

YOUTH.

Youth is of no long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, whilst to stop is

in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes, or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.—*Rambler*, v. 1.

Youth is the time of enterprise and hope: having yet no occasion for comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us.---*Ibid*, v. 3.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When we are young we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old we amuse the langour of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.---*Notes upon Shakspeare.*

THE END.