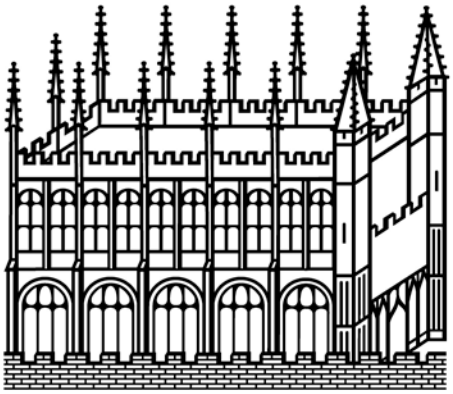


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Case 13

POLONIUS:

A COLLECTION

OF

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I WILL BE BRIEF.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING.
1852.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

PREFACE.

FEW books are duller than books of Aphorisms and Apophthegms. A Jest-book is, proverbially, no joke; a Wit-book, perhaps, worse; but dullest of all, probably, is the Moral-book, which this little volume pretends to be. So with men: the Jester, the Wit, and the Moralist, each wearisome in proportion as each deals exclusively in his one commodity. "Too much of one thing," says Fuller, "is good for nothing."

Bacon's "Apophthegms" seem to me the best collection of many men's sayings; the greatest variety of wisdom, good sense, wit, humour, and even simple "naivete'," (as one must call it for want of a native word,) all told in a style whose dignity and antiquity (together with perhaps our secret consciousness of the gravity and even tragic greatness of the narrator) add a particular humour to the lighter stories.

Johnson said Selden's Table-talk was worth all the French "Ana" together. Here also we find wit, humour, fancy, and good sense alternating, something as one has heard in some scholarly English gentleman's after-dinner talk — the best English common-sense in the best common English. It out-

lives, I believe, all Selden's books; and is probably much better, collected even imperfectly by another, than if he had put it together himself.

What would become of Johnson if Boswell had not done as much for his talk? If the Doctor himself, or some of his more serious admirers, had recorded it!

And (leaving alone Epictetus, à Kempis, and other Moral aphorists) most of the collections of this nature I have seen, are made up mainly from Johnson and the Essayists of the last century, his predecessors and imitators; when English thought and language had lost so much of their vigour, freshness, freedom, and picturesqueness — so much, in short, of their native character, under the French polish that came in with the second Charles. When one lights upon, "He who"— "The man who"—"Of all the virtues that adorn the breast"— &c., — one is tempted to swear, with Sir Peter Teazle, against all "*sentiment*," and shut the book. How glad should we be to have Addison's Table-talk as we have Johnson's! and how much better are Spence's Anecdotes of Pope's Conversation than Pope's own letters!

If a scanty reader could, for the use of yet scantier readers than himself, put together a few sentences of the wise, and also of the less wise,—(and Tom Tyers said a good thing or two in his day,*)—from Plato, Bacon, Rochefoucauld,

* "Tom Tyers," said Johnson, "describes me best, 'a ghost who never speaks till spoken to.' Another sentence in Tom's 'Resolutions'

Goethe, Carlyle, and others,—a little Truth, new or old, each after his kind—nay, of Truism too, (into which all truth must ultimately be dogs-eared,) and which, perhaps, "the wit of one, and the wisdom of many," has preserved in the shape of some nameless and dateless Proverbs which yet "retain life and vigour," and widen into new relations with the widening world—

Not a book of *Beauties*—other than as all who have the best to tell, have also naturally the best way of telling it; nor of the "limbs and outward flourishes" of Truth, however eloquent; but in general, and as far as I understand, of clear, decided, wholesome, and available insight into our nature and duties. "Brevity is the soul of *Wit*," in a far wider sense than as we now use the word. "As the centre of the greatest circle," says Sir Edward Coke, "is but a little prick, so the matter of even the biggest business lies in a little room." So the "Sentences of the Seven," are said to be epitomes of whole systems of philosophy: which also Carlyle says is the case with many a homely proverb. Anyhow that famous Μηδεν αγαν, the boundary law of Goodness itself, as of all other things, (if one could only know how to apply it,) brings one up with a wholesome halt every now and then, and no where

still remains in my memory, 'Mem.—to think more of the living and less of the dead; for the dead have a world of their own.'" Tom was the original of Tom Restless in the Rambler, a literary gossip about London in those days, author of Anecdotes of Pope, Addison, Johnson, &c. Johnson used to say of him, "I never see Tom but he tells me something I did not know before."

more fitly than in a book of this kind, though, as usual, I am just now violating in the very act of vindicating it.*

The grand Truisms of life only life itself is said to bring to life. We hear them from grandam and nurse, write them in copy-books, but only understand them as years turn up occa-

* These oracular Truisms are some of them as impracticable as more elaborate Truths. Who will do "too much" if he knows it *is* "too much?" "Know thyself" is far easier said than done; and might not a passage like the following make one suppose Shakspeare had Bacon in his eye as the original Polonius, if the dates tallied?

"He that seeketh victory over his nature, let him not set himself too great, nor too small, tasks; for the first will make him dejected by often failures, and the second will make him a small proceeder though by often prevailing. And at the first let him practise with helps, as swimmers do with bladders or rushes; but after a time let him practise with disadvantages, as dancers do with thick shoes. For it breeds perfection if the practice be harder than the use. Where nature is mighty, and therefore the victory hard, the degrees had need be, first, to stay and arrest nature in time: like to him that would say over the four and twenty letters when he was angry; then go less in quantity, as if one should, in forbearing wine, come from drinking healths to a draught at a meal," &c.

If all chance of controlling nature depended on advice like this! What *is* too great for a man's nature?—what too little? what *are* bladders, and what thick shoes? *when* is one to throw off one and take the other? He was a more effectual philosopher who thought of repeating the alphabet when he was angry; though it is not every man who knows when he is that.

sions for practising or experiencing them. Nay, the longest and most eventful life scarce suffices to teach us the most important of all. It is Death, says Sir Walter Raleigh, "that puts into a man all the wisdom of the world without saying a word." Only when we have to part with a thing do we feel its value—unless indeed *after* we have parted with it—a very serious consideration.

When Sir Walter Scott lay dying, he called for his son-in-law, and while the Tweed murmured through the woods, and a September sun lit up the towers, whose growth he had watched so eagerly, said to him, "Be a good man; only that can comfort you when you come to lie here!" "*Be a good man!*" To that threadbare Truism shrunk all that gorgeous tapestry of written and real Romance!

"You knew all this," wrote Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, rallying for a little while from his final attack—"You knew all this, and I thought I knew it too: but I know it now with a new conviction."

Perhaps, next to realizing all this in our own lives, (when just too late,) we become most sensible of it in reading the lives and deaths of others, such as Scott's and Johnson's; when we see all the years of life, with all their ambitions, loves, animosities, schemes of action—all the "curas supervacuas, spes inanes, et inexspectatos exitus hujus fugacissimæ vitæ"—summed up in a volume or two; and what seemed so long a history to them, but a Winter's Tale to us.

Death itself was no Truism to Adam and Eve, nor to many of their successors, I suppose; nay, some of their very latest descendants, it is said, have doubted if it be an inevitable necessity of life: others, with more probability, whether a man can fully comprehend its inevitableness till life itself be half over; beginning to believe he must Die about the same time he begins to believe he is a Fool.

"As are the leaves on the trees, even so are man's generations;
This is the truest verse ever a poet has sung:
Nevertheless few hearing it hear; Hope, flattering alway,
Lives in the bosom of all—reigns in the blood of the Young."

"And why," says the note-book of one 'nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,' "does one day still linger in my memory? I had started one fine October morning on a ramble through the villages that lie beside the Ouse. In high health and cloudless spirits, one regret perhaps hanging upon the horizon of the heart, I walked through Sharnbrook up the hill, and paused by the church on the summit to look about me. The sun shone, the clouds flew, the yellow trees shook in the wind, the river rippled in breadths of light and dark; rooks and daws wheeled and cawed aloft in the changing spaces of blue above the spire; the churchyard all still in the sunshine below."

Old Shallow was not very sensible of Death even when moralizing about old Double's—"Certain, 'tis very certain,

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all—all shall die—How good a yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair!"

Could we but on our journey hear the Truisms of life called out to us, not by Chapone, Cogan, &c., but by such a voice as called out to Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad, when they were about to part in the forest—"Think to doo wel; for the one shall never see the other before the dredeful day of dome!"

Our ancestors were fond of such monitory Truisms inscribed upon dials, clocks, and fronts of buildings; as that of "Time and Tide wait for no man," still to be seen on the Temple sun-dial; and that still sterner one I have read of, "Go about your business"—not even moralizing upon me. I dare say those who came suddenly and unaware upon the Γνωθι Σεαυτον over the Delphian temple were brought to a stand for a while, some thrown back into themselves by it, others (and those probably much the greater number) seeing nothing at all in it.

The parapet balustrade round the roof of Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire, is carved into the letters, "NISI DOMINUS CUSTODIAT DOMUM, FRUSTRA VIGILAT QUI CUSTODIT EAM." This is not amiss to decipher as you come up the long avenue some summer or autumn day, and to moralize upon afterwards at the little "Rose and Crown" at Yardley, if such good Homebrewed be there as used to be before I knew I was to die.*

* "A party of us were looking one autumn afternoon at a country church. Over the western door was a clock with, 'THE HOUR COMETH,'

We move away the grass from a tombstone, itself half buried, to get at any trite memento of mortality, where it preaches more to us than many new volumes of hot-pressed morals. Not but we can feel the warning whisper too, when Jeremy Taylor tells us that one day the bell shall toll, and it shall be asked, "For whom?" and answered, "For *us*."

Some of these Truisms come home to us also in the shape of old Proverbs, quickened by wit, fancy, rhyme, alliteration, &c. These have been well defined to be "the Wit of one and the Wisdom of many;" and are in some measure therefore historical indexes of the nation that originates or retains them. Our English Proverbs abound with good sense, energy, and courage, as compactly expressed as may be; making them properly enough the ready money of a people more apt to act than talk. "They drive the nail home in discourse," says Ray, "and clench it with the strongest conviction."

A thoughtful Frenchman says that nearly all which ex-

written in gold, upon it. Polonius proceeded to explain, rather lengthily, what a good inscription it was. 'But not very apposite,' said Rosencrantz, 'seeing the clock has stopped.' The sun was indeed setting, and the hands of the clock, glittering full in his face, pointed up to noon. Osric however, with a slight lisp, said, the inscription was all the more apt, 'for the hour *would* come to the clock, instead of the clock following the hour.' On which Horatio, taking out his watch, (which he informed us was just then more correct than the sun,) told us that unless we set off home directly we should be late for dinner. That was one way of considering an Inscription."

presses any decided opinion has "quelque chose de metrique, ou de mesure." So as even so bare-faced a truism as "Of two evils choose the least," (superfluous reason, and no rhyme at all!) is not without its secret poetic charm. How much vain hesitation has it not cut short!

So that if Cogan and Chapone had not been made poetical by the gods, but only brief—

Sometimes indeed our old friend the Proverb gets too much clipt in his course of circulation: as in the case of that very important business to all Englishmen, a Cold—"STUFF A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER," has been grievously misconstrued, so as to bring on the fever it was meant to prevent.

Certainly Dr. Johnson (who could hit hard too) not only did not always drive the nail home, but made it a nail of wax, which Fuller truly says you can't drive at all. "These sorrowful meditations," the Doctor says of Prince Rasselas, "fastened on his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves; and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that 'what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.'"

But perhaps this was a Maid of Honour. If so, however, it proves that Maids of Honour of Rasselas' court did not talk like those of George the Second's. Witness jolly Mary Bellenden's letters to Lady Suffolk.

Swift has a fashionable dialogue almost made up of vulgar

adages, which I should have thought the Beaux and Belles left to the Mary Bellendens and Country Squires of his day—

"Grounding their fat faiths on old country proverbs."

Nor do I see any trace of it in the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, &c.*

* I find in my "Complete Correspondent," which seems begotten by Dr. Johnson on Miss Seward, the following advice about Proverbs. "STYLE. Vulgarity in language is a proof either of a mean education, or of associating with low company. Coarse Proverbial expressions furnish such with their choicest flowers of rhetoric. Instead of saying, 'Necessity compelled,' such an one would say, 'Needs must when the devil drives.' Such vulgar aphorisms ought especially to be rejected as border upon profaneness. A good writer would not say, 'It was all through you it happened,' but 'It happened through your inattention,'" &c.

This elegance of style however does not always mend the matter; as we read in Boswell that Dr. Johnson, having set the company laughing by saying of some lady in the good English so natural to him, "She 's good at bottom," tried to make them grave again by, "What 's the laugh for? I say the woman is fundamentally good."

The following is one of Punch's jokes; I do not know if true of the author referred to—not true, I should suppose, of the class to which he belongs, (except as regards the foolish and vulgar use of French)—but very true of the Hammersmith education, of which my complete Letter-writer—Correspondent, I mean—is an exponent.

DESULTORY REFLECTIONS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

INIQUITOUS intercourses contaminate proper habits.

One individual may pilfer a quadruped, where another may not cast his eyes over the boundary of a field.

Erasmus says that the Proverb is "a nonnullis Græcorum," thus defined, λογος ωφελιμος εν τῳ βιῳ, εν μετριᾳ παρακρυψει πολυ το χρησιμον εχων ἐν ἑαυτῳ." The definition, it might seem at first, rather of a Fable, or Parable, than a Proverb. But, beside that the titles of many fables *do* become proverbs—"Fox and Grapes," "Dog in Manger," &c., the title including the whole signification, (like those "Sentences of the Seven,") —so many of our best proverbs *are* little whole fables in themselves; as when we say, "The Fat sow knows not what the Lean one thinks," &c.

We are fantastic, histrionic creatures; having so much of the fool, loving a mixture of the lie, loving to get our fellow-creatures into our scrapes and make them play our parts—the Ass of our dulness, the Fox of our cunning, and so on—in whose several natures those of our Neighbours, as we think, come to a climax. Certainly, swollen Wealth is well enacted by the fat Sow reclining in her sty, as a Dowager in an opera-box, serenely unconscious of all her kindred's leanness without. The phrase "rolling in wealth" too suggests the same fable.

In the absence of the feline race, the mice give themselves up to various pastimes.

Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped with the outer husks of corn.

Casualties will take place in the most excellently conducted family circles.

More confectioners than are absolutely necessary are apt to ruin the *potage*.—LENNOX'S *Lacon*.

Indeed, is not every Metaphor (without which we cannot speak five words) in some sort a Fable—one thing spoken of under the likeness of another? And how easy (if need were) it is to dramatize, for instance, Bacon's figure of discovering the depth, not by looking on the surface ever so long, but beginning to *sound* it!

And are these Fables so fabulous after all? If beasts do not really rise to the level on which we amuse ourselves by putting them, we have an easy way of really sinking to theirs. It is no fable surely that Circe *bodily* transformed the captives of Sensuality into apes, hogs, and goats; as Cunning, Hypocrisy, and Rapacity, graft us with the sharp noses, sidelong eyes, and stealthy gait, of wolves, hyænas, foxes, and serpents; sometimes, as in old fable too, the mis-features and foul expressions of two baser animal passions—as lust and cunning for instance, with perhaps cruelty beside—conforming man into a double or triple monster, more hideous than any single beast. On the other hand, our more generous dispositions determine outwardly into the large aspect of the lion, or the horse's speaking eye and inspired nostril. "There are innumerable animals to which man may degrade his image, inward and outward; only a few to which he can properly (and that in the Affections only) level it: but it is an ideal and invisible type to which he must erect it."

"Such kind of parabolical wisdom," says Bacon, "was much in use in ancient times, as by the Fables of Æsop, and

the brief Sentences of the Seven, may appear. And the cause was, for that it was then of necessity to express any point of reason which was more subtle or sharp than the vulgar in that manner, because men in those times wanted both variety of examples and subtlety of conceit; and as Hieroglyphics were before letters, so Parables were before arguments."

We cannot doubt that Christianity itself made way by means of such Parables as never were uttered before or after. Imagine (be it with reverence) that Jeremy Bentham had had the promulgation of it!

And as this figurative teaching was best for simple people, "even now," adds Bacon, "such Parables do retain much life and vigour, because Reason cannot be so sensible, nor example so fit." Next to the Bible parables, I believe John Bunyan remains the most effective preacher, among the poor, to this day.

Nor is it only simple matters for simple people that admit such illustration.* Again, Bacon says, "It is a rule that

* Fable might be made to exemplify the syllogism, but not to illustrate it. "The Lion swore he would eat all flesh that came in his way. One day he set his paw on a Polecat: the Polecat pleaded that he was small, ill-flavoured, &c.; but the Lion said, 'I have sworn to eat all flesh that came in my way: you are flesh come in my way; therefore I will eat you.'" The syllogism is proved: but the speakers do not illustrate, but obscure it, but because it is a matter of *understanding*, of which no animal but man is the representative. Your Lion, noble beast as he is, is only to be trusted with an Enthymeme. One sees this fault in the

whatsoever science is not consonant to presuppositions must pray in aid Similitudes." "Neither Philosopher nor Historiographer," says Sir Philip Sidney, "could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgment if they had not taken a great Passport of Poetry," which deals so in Similitudes. "For he" (the poet) "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further."

Who can doubt that Plato wins us to his Wisdom by that skin and body of Poetry in which Sir Philip declares his philosophy is clothed? Not the sententious oracle of one wise man, but evolved dramatically by many like ourselves. The scene opens in Old Athens, which his genius continues for us for ever new; the morning dawns; a breeze from the Ægæan flutters upon our foreheads; the rising sun tips the friezes of the Parthenon, and gradually slants upon the house in whose yet twilight courts gather a company of white-vested, whispering guests, "expecting till that fountain of wisdom," Protagoras, should arise?

Carlyle notices, as one of Goethe's chief gifts, "his emblematic intellect, his never-failing tendency to transform into *shape*,

Eastern fables. Birds and beasts are made to *reason*, instead of representing the passions and affections they really share with men. This also is the vital fault of Dryden's Hind and Panther.

into *life*, the feeling that may dwell in him. Every thing has *form*, has visual existence; the poet's imagination *bodies forth* the forms of things unseen, and his pen turns them into shape." The same is, I believe, remarkable, probably *too* remarkable, in Richter: and is especially characteristic of Carlyle himself, who to a figurative genius, like Goethe's, adds a passion which Goethe either had not or chose to suppress, which brands the truth double-deep. And who can doubt that Bacon, could it possibly have been his own, would have clothed Bentham's bare argument with cloth of gold?

He says again, "Reasons plainly delivered, and always after one manner, especially with fine and fastidious minds, enter heavily and dully; whereas, if they be varied, and have more life and vigour put into them by these forms and imaginations, they carry a stronger apprehension, and many times win the mind to a resolution." Which, if it be true in any matter, most of all surely in morals, for the most part so old, so trite, and, in this naughty world, so dull. Are not *all* minds grown "fine and fastidious" in these matters, apt to close against any but the most musical voice?

Which also (to join the snake's head and tail of this rambling overgrown Preface) may account, rightly or wrongly, for my rejection of those essayists aforesaid, (who crippled their native genius by a style which has left them "more of the ballast than the sail,") and my adoption of earlier and later writers. Not, as I said before, in copious draughts of their eloquence—

and what pages of Bacon and Browne it is far easier to bear than forbear!—but where the writer has gone to the heart of a matter, the centre of the circle, hit the nail on the head and driven it home—Proverb-wise, in fact. For in proportion as any writer tells the truth, and tells it figuratively or poetically, and yet so as to lie in a nutshell, he cuts up sooner or later into proverbs shorter or longer, and gradually gets down into general circulation.

Some extracts are from note-books, where the author's name was forgot; some from the conversation of friends that must alike remain anonymous; and some that glance but lightly at the truth are not without purpose inserted to relieve a book of dogmatic morals. "Durum et durum non faciunt murum."

And now Mountain opens and discovers—

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Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I WILL BE BRIEF.

QUICKNESS OF WIT.

I MAKE no more estimation of repeating a great number of names or words upon once hearing, or the pouring forth of a number of verses or rhymes extempore, *or the making of a satirical simile of every thing, or the turning of every thing to a jest, or the falsifying or contradicting of every thing by cavil,* or the like, (whereof in the faculties of the mind there is great copia, and such as by device and practice may be brought to an extreme degree of wonder,) than I do of the tricks of tumblers, funambules, baladines—the one being the same in the mind that the other is in the body; matters of strangeness without worthiness. *Bacon.*

" Quickness is among the least of the mind's properties, and belongs to her in almost her lowest state; nay, it doth not abandon her when she is driven from her home, when she is wandering and insane. The mad often retain it; the liar has it; the cheat has it; we find it on the race-course and at the card-table: education does not give it; and reflection takes away from it."

"WHEN THE CUP IS FULLEST LOOK THOU BEAR HER FAIREST."

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, though God accept them, yet towards men they are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. *Bacon.*

We are all here fellow-servants, and we know not how our Grand Master will brook insolences in his family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of earth that Heaven has blown into, presume thyself into the impudent usurpation of a majesty unshaken?

The top feather of the plume began to give himself airs, and toss his head, and look down contemptuously on his fellows. But one of them said, "Peace! we are all of us but feathers; only he that made us a plume was pleased to set thee the highest." *Feltham.*

It is a sure sign of greatness whom honour amends. *Bacon.*

"THE HIGHER THE APE GOES THE MORE HE SHOWS HIS TAIL."

IV

DE TE FABULA.

An Ass was wishing in a hard winter for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of fresh grass to knab upon, in exchange for a heartless truss of straw, and a cold lodging. In good time, the warm weather and the fresh grass comes on; but so much toil and business for asses along with it, that this ass grows quickly as weary of the spring as he was of the winter. His next longing is for summer: but what with harvest-work, and other drudgeries of that season, he is worse now than he was in the spring: and so he fancies he never shall be well till autumn comes. But then again, what with carrying apples, grapes, fuel, winter provisions, &c., he finds himself more harassed than ever. In fine, when he has trod the circle of the year in a course of restless labour, his last prayer is for winter again, and that he may but take up his rest where he began his complaint. *L' Estrange's Fables.*

And follows so the ever-rolling year
With profitable labour to his grave.

V

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE name of "*Wise*" seems to me, O Phædrus, a great matter, and to belong to God alone. A man may be more fitly denominated "philosophus," "*would be wise,*" or some such name. *Plato.*

The philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower: and only in this medium does he merit the title of Wise. *Goethe.*

Plato's Philosopher pursues the true light, yet returns back to his former fellows who dwell in the dark, watching shadows.

"EVERY OAK MUST BE AN ACORN."

When the Balloon was first discovered, some one said to Franklin, "What will ever come of it?" Franklin pointed to a baby in its cradle, and said, "And what will ever come of that?"

VI

TROUBLES OF LIFE.

I AM very sorry for your distresses; one of which* I think is of the number of the τὰ ἐφ' ἡμῖν, and may be put an end to at any time. For what is money given for but to make a man easy? And if others will be iniquitous, there is nothing to be done but to have recourse to the *redime te captum quàm queas minimo:* a very good maxim, which we learn in our Grammar, and forget in our lives. The other trouble† is not so easily set aside; but it has the comfort of necessity, and must be borne whether you will or not, which with wise men is the same thing as choice: for a fool in such a case goes about bellowing, and telling everybody he meets (who do but laugh at him) what a sad calamity has happened to him; but a man of sense says nothing and submits. This is very wise, you will say; but it is very true. *Jeremiah Markland.*

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED."

* Loss of money. † Sickness.

VII

"PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH."

THE saying of a noble and wise counsellor in England is worthy to be remembered, that, with a pretty tale he told, utterly condemned such lingering proceedings. The tale was this:—A poor widow (said he) in the country, doubting her provision of wood would not last all the winter, and yet desiring to roast a joint and a hen one day to welcome her friends, laid on two sticks on the fire; but when that would scarce heat it, she fetched two more; and so still burning them out by two and two, (whereas one faggot laid on at the first would have roasted it,) she spent four or five faggots more than she needed: and yet when all was done, her meat was scorched of one side, and raw of the t'other side; her friends ill content of their fare; and she enforced, ere winter went about, to borrow wood of her poor neighbours, because so many of her own faggots were spent. *Sir J. Harrington.*

VIII

VALOUR AND MERCY.

THAT Mercy can dwell only with Valour, is an old sentiment, or proposition, which, in Johnson, again receives confirmation. Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature, than old Samuel. He was called the Bear, and did indeed too often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay, generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection; the rage of a bear, if you will; but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion; glance at the Church of England, or the divine right; and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men: his very ark of the covenant; whoso laid his hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent, but of love to the opposed, did Johnson grow cruel, fierce, contradictory: this is an important distinction, never to be forgotten in our censure of his conversational outrages. But observe also with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things—to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a Cat Hodge—"His thoughts in the latter part of his life were fre-

quently employed on his deceased friends; he often muttered these or such-like words, 'Poor man! and then he died!'" How he patiently converts his poor home into a Lazaretto; endures, for long years, the contradiction of the miserable and unreasonable—with him unconnected, save that they had no other to yield them refuge! Generous old man! Worldly possessions he has little, yet of this he gives freely; from his own hard-earned shilling, the half-pence for the poor, that waited his coming out, are not withheld; the poor waited the coming out of one not quite so poor! A Sterne can write sentimentalities on dead asses: Johnson has a rough voice, but he finds the wretched daughter of vice fallen down in the streets, carries her home on his own shoulders, and, like a good Samaritan, gives help to the half-needy, whether worthy or unworthy. *Carlyle.*

Il n'y a que les personnes qui ont de la fermeté qui puissent avoir une veritable douceur: celles qui paroissent douces n'ont ordinairement que de la foiblesse qui se convertit aisement en aigreur. *Rochefoucault.*

"It is the best metal that bows best," says Fuller: and "*the sweet wine that makes the sharpest vinegar*," says an old proverb.

X

HONESTY

Doth not consist in the doing of one, or one thousand, acts never so well, but in the spinning on the delicate thread of life, though not exceeding fine, yet free from breaks and stains. *Sidney.*

Of great deeds I make no account; but a great life I reverence.—"Splendida facinora" every sinner may perpetrate. *Richter.*

What is to be undergone only once we may undergo: what must be comes almost of its own accord. The courage we desire and prize is, not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully. *Carlyle.*

XI

SOWING THE SEED.

Σπειρειν τε καρπον Χαριτος ἡδιστης Θεων.

Two travellers happened to be passing through a town while a great fire was raging.

One of them sat down at the inn, saying, "It is not my business." But the other ran into the flames; and saved much goods and some people.

When he came back, his companion asked him, "And who bid thee risk thy life in others' business?"

"He," said the brave man, "who bade me bury seed that it may one day bring forth increase."

"But if thou thyself hadst been buried in the ruins?"

"Then should I myself have been the seed." *German.*

XII

"FUN IN THE OLD FIDDLE."

As Wilhelm, contrary to his usual habit, let his eye wander inquisitively over the room, the good old man said to him, "My domestic equipment excites your attention. You see here how long a thing may last; and one should make such observations, now and then, by way of counterbalance to so much in the world that rapidly changes and passes away. This same tea-kettle served my parents, and was a witness of our evening family assemblages; this copper fire-screen still guards me from the fire, which these stout old tongs help me to mend; and so it is with all throughout. I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, and I did not occupy myself in the changing these external necessaries, a task which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess, makes us rich; for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things. In us little men such little things are to be reckoned virtue ——."

Wilhelm Meister.

And as of family, so of national, monuments—"Ce sont les crampons qui unissent une generation à une autre. Conservez ce qu' ont vu vos Pères." *Joubert.*

XIII

"WISH AND WISH ON."

SUCH as the chain of causes we call Fate, such is the chain of wishes; one links on to another; and the whole man is bound in the chain of wishing for ever. *Seneca.*

Who has many wishes has generally but little will. Who has energy of will has few diverging wishes. Whose will is bent on one, must renounce the wishes for many things. Who cannot do this is not stamped with the majesty of human nature. The energy of choice, the unison of the various powers for one, is only will—born under the agonies of self-denial and renounced desires.

Calmness of will is a sign of grandeur. The vulgar, far from hiding their will, blab their wishes. A single spark of occasion discharges the child of passion into a thousand crackers of desire. *Lavater.*

Always let oneness of purpose rule over a boy. He wanted perhaps to have, or to do, some certain thing: oblige him then to take, or do it. *Richter.*

"HUNT MANY HARES AND CATCH NONE."

XIV

"THE EYE SEES ONLY WHAT IT HAS IN ITSELF THE POWER OF SEEING."— *Goethe.*

To many this will seem a truism, who would think it a paradox should you tell them they saw another tree than the painter did, looking at the same. No wonder then if they see something very different from Goethe in this sentence of his.

1. We do not see nature by looking at it. We fancy we see the whole of any object that is before us, because we know no more than what we see. The rest escapes us as a matter of course; and we easily conclude that the idea in our minds and the image in nature are one and the same. But in fact we only see a very small part of nature, and make an imperfect abstraction of the infinite number of particulars which are always to be found in it, as well as we can. Some do this with more or less accuracy than others, according to habit, or natural genius. A painter, for instance, who has been working on a face for several days, still finds out something new in it which he did not notice before, and which he endeavours to give in order to make his copy more perfect. A young artist, when he first begins to study from nature, soon makes an end of his sketch, because he sees only a general outline and certain gross distinctions and masses. As he proceeds, a new field opens to him: differences crowd on differ-

ences; and as his perceptions grow more refined, he could employ whole days in working upon a single part, without satisfying himself at last. *Hazlitt.*

2. So says Bacon, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of life neither."

"Directly in the face of most intellectual tea-circles, it may be asserted, that no good book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first: nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment—perhaps even, mingled with its undeniable beauty, a certain feeling of aversion." *Carlyle.*

"Most men are disappointed at first sight of the sea; as also of mountains, which a novice thinks he could soon run up, till his eyes learn to distinguish those aerial gradations which soon made themselves understood by the feet."

"The shepherd knows every sheep in his flock: and Pascal tells us, that the more genius a man has, the more he will see of it in other men. Indeed the clear eye will see in every man something of that which common observers are apt to consider the property of a few. If no two sheep—nay, it is said, no two leaves—are alike, how much less any two men!"

XVI

THE SOLECISM OF POWER.

THE difficulties in Princes' business are many and great; but the greatest difficulty is often in their own mind. For it is common with princes, saith Tacitus, to will contradictories; "sunt plerumque Regum voluntates vehementes, et inter se contrariæ." For it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, and yet not to endure the mean.

Princes many times make themselves desires, and set their hearts on toys; sometimes upon a building; sometimes upon erecting of an order, &c. This seemeth incredible unto those that know not the principle, that the mind of man is more cheered and refreshed by profiting in small things than by standing at a stay in great. *Bacon.*

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"WHEN," said Descartes, "a man injures me, I strive to lift up my soul so high that his offence cannot reach me."

It is certain, that a man who studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which would otherwise heal and do well.

Bacon.

And finally,

Without knowing particulars, I take upon me to assure all persons who think that they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it as in a manner certain, that the offence is not so great as they imagine.

Bishop Butler.

INCONSTANCY.

LE sentiment de la fausseté des plaisirs presents, et l'ignorance de la vanité des plaisirs absents, causent l'inconstance.

Rochefoucauld.

THE POOR.

A DECENT provision for the poor is the true test of civilization. Gentlemen of education are pretty much the same in all countries; the condition of the lower orders, the poor especially, is the true mark of national discrimination.

Johnson.

"How often one hears an English gentleman (as good as any gentleman, however) mourning over the loss, as he calls it, of a hundred or two a year in farming his estate—so fine a business for an English gentleman! 'It won't do—it won't pay—he must give it up,' &c. Why, what do his fine houses, equipages, gardens, pictures, jewels, dinners, and operas, *pay?* 'Oh, but there he has something to show for his money.' And is a population of honest, healthy, happy English labourers—honest, healthy, and happy, because constantly employed by him, with proper wages, and not so much labour exacted of them as to turn a man into a brute—is not *this* something to show for your money? as good pictures, jewels, equipage, and music, as a man should desire?"

Not, however, to be bought wholly by money wages—

XIX

"LOVE IS THE TRUE PRICE OF LOVE."

CASH payment never was, or could be (except for a few years) the union bond of man to man. Cash never yet paid one man fully his deserts to another; nor could it, nor can it, now or henceforth to the end of the world. *Carlyle.*

On a rock-side in one of Bewick's Vignettes, we see inscribed what should never be erased from any Englishman's heart.

> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
> But A BOLD PEASANTRY, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Advice well remembered by Sir Walter Scott's Duke of Buccleugh, "one of those retired and high-spirited men, who will never be known until the world asks what became of the huge oak that grew on the brow of the hill, and sheltered such an extent of ground."

THE THREE RACES.

MACHIAVELLI divides men into three classes:

1. Those who find truth.
2. Those who follow what is found.
3. Those who do neither. And the same distinction is observed in a pack of fox hounds, only that, in their case, the latter class are soundly beaten, and, if incorrigible, *hung.*

FOUND OUT BY ONE'S SIN.

WHEN the sinner shall rise from his grave, there shall meet him an uglier figure than ever he beheld—deformed—hideous—of a filthy smell, and with a horrid voice; so that he shall call aloud, "God save me! what art thou?"—The shape shall answer, "Why wonderest thou at me? I am but THINE OWN WORKS; thou didst ride upon me in the other world, and I will ride upon thee for ever here." *Jellaladin.*

XXI

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW!"

THE procrastinator is not only indolent and weak, but commonly false. Most of the weak are false. *Lavater.*

"What a quantity, not of time only, but of soul, has been spent in resolving and re-resolving to get up out of bed in a morning."

"*By and by*, is easily said"—and re-said.

Do immediately whatever is to be done. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business: if that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion.

Sir W. Scott.

XXII

THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT RIVER.

It has been the plan of Divine Providence, to ground what is good and true in religion and morals on the basis of our good natural feelings. What we are towards our earthly friends in the instincts and wishes of our infancy, such we are to become at length towards God and man in the extended field of our duties as accountable beings. To honour our parents is the first step towards honouring God; to love our brethren according to the flesh, the first step to considering all men our brethren. Hence our Lord says we must become as little children if we would be saved; we must become in his church as men, what we were once in the small circle of our youthful homes.

The love of private friends is the only preparatory exercise for the love of others. It is obviously impossible to love all men in any strict and true sense. What is meant by loving all men, is to feel well disposed towards all men, to be ready to assist them, and to act towards those who come in our way as if we loved them. We cannot love those about whom we know nothing, except indeed we view them in Christ, as the

objects of his atonement; that is, rather in faith than in love. And love, besides, is a habit, and cannot be attained without actual practice, which on so large a scale is impossible. We see then how absurd it is when writers (as is the manner of some who slight the gospel) talk magnificently about loving the whole human race with a comprehensive affection, of being the friends of mankind, and the like-such vaunting professions. What do they come to? That such men have certain benevolent feelings towards the world,—*feelings*, and nothing more—nothing more than unstable feelings, the mere offspring of an indulged imagination, which exist only when their minds are wrought upon, and are sure to fail them in the hour of need. This is not to love men, but to talk about love.

The real love of man must depend on practice, and therefore must begin by exercising itself on our friends around us, otherwise it will have no existence. By trying to love our relations and friends; by submitting to their wishes though contrary to our own; by bearing with their infirmities; by overcoming their occasional waywardness with kindness; by dwelling on their excellences, and trying to copy them—thus it is that we form in our hearts that root of charity which,

though small at first, may, like the mustard seed, at last even overshadow the earth. The vain talkers about philanthropy, just spoken of, usually show the emptiness of their profession by being morose and cruel in the private relations of life, which they seem to account as subjects beneath their notice. And we know, from the highest of all authority, that one can only learn to love God, whom one has not seen, by loving our brothers whom we do see. *Newman.*

To a lady, who endeavoured once to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, "I would go to them if it would do them any good," Johnson said, "What good do you expect, Madam, to be able to do them? It is showing them respect, and that is doing them good." *Boswell's Johnson.*

The joys and loves of earth the same in heaven will be;
Only the little brook has widen'd to a sea. *Trench.*

XXV

THE WEAK ARE FALSE.

"HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND THINKS NONE SEE."

As the verse noteth,

"Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,"

an inquisitive man is a prattler; so, upon the like reason, a credulous man is a deceiver; as we see it in fame, that he that will easily believe rumours, will as easily augment rumours, and add somewhat to them of his own: which Tacitus wisely noteth when he saith, "Fingunt simul creduntque." *Bacon.*

Quack and dupe are upper-side, and under, of the self-same substance; convertible personages. Turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself can become a quack: there is in him the due prominent insincerity, open voracity to profit, and closed sense to truth; whereof quacks too, in all their kinds, are made. *Carlyle.*

FORMS AND CEREMONIES.

CEREMONY keeps up all things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water would be spilt, the spirit lost.

There were some mathematicians that could with one fetch of their pen make an exact circle, and with the next touch point out the centre. Is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.

Selden.

BUILDING.

HE that builds a fair house on an ill seat, committeth himself to prison. Neither is it ill air only that maketh an ill seat; but ill ways, ill markets, and, if you will consult with Momus, ill neighbours. *Bacon.*

BETTER ONE'S HOUSE BE TOO LITTLE ONE DAY THAN TOO BIG ALL THE YEAR AFTER.

IDLENESS.

La paresse, toute languissante qu'elle est, ne laisse pas d'en être souvent la maitresse ; elle usurpe sur tous les desseins et sur toutes les actions de la vie ; elle y detruit et y consume insensiblement les passions et les vertus. *Rochefoucauld.*

"AN EMPTY SCULL IS THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP."

As of a man, so of a people. "The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful people. Show me a people energetically busy—heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel ; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling with man's energy and will—I will show you a people of whom great good is already predicable ; to whom all manner of good is certain if their energy endure." *Carlyle.*

When the master puts a spade into his servant's hand,
He speaks his wish by the action, needing no words to declare it :
Thy hand, O man, like that spade, is God's signal to thee,
And thine own heart's thoughts are the interpretation thereof.
Mesnavi.

PHILOSOPHY OF INDIFFERENCE.

HORACE Walpole begged of Madame du Deffand not to love or trust him, or any one else; not to run into enthusiasm of any sort for any thing, &c. "Vos leçons, vos reprimandes," she replies, "ont eu plus d'effets que vous n'en esperiez; vous m'avez desabusée de bien de chimères; *vous avez été parfaitement secondé par la decrepitude—je ne cherche plus l'amitié*," *&c.*

KNOWLEDGE AND HALF-KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWLEDGE is nothing but a representation of truth—for the truth of being and the truth of knowing are one, differing no more than the direct beam and the beam reflected.

Bacon.

Qui respiciunt ad pauca facile pronuntiant.

Bacon from Aristotle.

"The quick decision of one who sees half the truth."

XXIX

SELF-CONTEMPLATION.

FINALLY, we have read in these three thick volumes of letters*—till, in the second thick volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture, with considerable intervals! Such is the melancholy fact. It must be urged in defence that these volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said, for Germany, rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay, of genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. They are *subjective* letters: what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective:* the grand material of them is endless depicturing of moods, sensations, miseries, joys, and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions, or events, which the writer stood amidst—a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end? To what end? we always ask. Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself,

* Rahel Von Ense's Memoirs.

and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. "One thing above all other," says Goethe, "I have never *thought* about thinking." What a thrift of thinking faculty there—almost equal to a fortune in these days—"habe nie das Denken gedacht!" But how much wastefuller still it is to *feel about feeling!* One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self—why, this can drive one mad, like the monks of Athos, if it last too long. Unprofitable writing this subjective sort does seem; at all events, to the present reviewer no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macrocosm*, or universe large as nature; universal nature would barely hold what he could say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shop-board of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions, and internal mysteries of woe and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads no whither; a course which should be avoided. *Carlyle.*

XXXI

DIVES

HAD a great swamp bequeathed him. He drained, and planted, and stocked it with fish-ponds and game preserves, and enclosed it carefully, so that he might have his pleasure there alone.

One day he was showing it to an aged friend, who admired it much, but said it wanted one thing hugely.

Dives asked, "What?"

"Know you not," replied his friend, "that when God Almighty planted Eden, it was for the sake of putting man therein?"

Isaiah says, "great men build desolate places for themselves;" which doing, Camden says, was the ruin of good housekeeping in England. *Fuller.*

XXXII

"IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO FEEL THE WORLD'S PULSE."

SUCH is the complication of human destinies, that the same cruelties which stained the conquest of the two Americas have been renewed under our eyes, in times which we believed characterized by a prodigious progress of civilization, and a general mildness of manners: and yet one man, scarcely in the middle of his career, might have seen the reign of terror in France, the inhuman expedition to St. Domingo, the political reactions and the civil wars of continental Europe and America, the massacres of Chios and Ipsara, the recent acts of atrocity in America, its abominable slave-legislation, &c. In the two epochs regrets have followed public calamities; but in our times, of which I have traced the gloomy remembrance, still more unanimous regrets have been more loudly manifested. Philosophy, without obtaining victory, has started in defence. The modern tendency is, to seek freedom by laws, order by the perfecting of institutions. This is like a new and salutary element of the social order; an element which acts slowly, but which will make the return of sanguinary commotions less frequent and more difficult. *Humboldt, Ex. Cr.*

TASTE,

If it means any thing but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. *Carlyle.*

"Taste is the feminine of genius."

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

Two boys were playing at chess. A knight was broken, so they put a pawn to serve in his stead.

"Ha!" cried the knight to the pawn, "whence come you, Sir Snail-pace?"

But the boy said to him, "Peace! he does the same service as you!" *German.*

XXXIV

WEAKNESS AND VIGOUR OF MIND.

La foiblesse est le seul defaut qu' on ne sauroit corriger.

Rochefoucauld.

Difficult as it is to subdue the more violent passions, yet I believe it to be still more difficult to overcome a tendency to sloth, cowardice, and despondency. These evil dispositions cling about a man and weigh him down. They are minute chains binding him on every side to the earth, so that he cannot even turn himself to make an effort to rise. It would seem as if right principles had yet to be planted in the indolent mind; whereas violent and obstinate tempers had already something of the nature of firmness and zeal in them; or rather, what will become so with care, exercise, and God's blessing. Besides, the events of life have a powerful influence in sobering the ardent or self-confident temper; disappointments, pain, anxiety, advancing years, bring with them some natural wisdom, as a matter of course. On the other hand, these same circumstances do but exercise the defects of the timid and irresolute, who are made more indolent, selfish, and faint-hearted by advancing years, and find a sort of satisfaction of their unworthy caution in their experience of the vicissitudes of life. *Newman.*

"YOU CAN'T HANG SOFT CHEESE ON A HOOK,"
"NOR DRIVE A NAIL OF WAX."

CONTENT.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the 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. *Johnson.*

CŒLUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT.

Contentment, says Fuller, consisteth not in heaping more fuel, but in taking away some fire.

CONVERSATION.

COBBETT used to say that people never should sit talking till they didn't know what to talk about.

HE WAS SCANT O' NEWS WHA TAULD HIS FATHER WAS HANGED.

XXXVI

THE RULER.

WHATEVER the world may think, he who hath not meditated much on God, the humane mind, and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman.

Berkeley.

No man ignorant of history can govern. Neither can the experience of one man's life furnish example and precedents for the events of one man's life. For as it happeneth sometimes that the grandchild, or the descendant, resembleth the ancestor more than the son; so many times occurrences of the present times may sort better with ancient examples than with those of the later or immediate times. And lastly, the wit of one man can no more countervail learning than one man's means can hold way with a common purse.

In the discharge of thy place, set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts: and, after a time, set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst best at first. *Bacon.*

XXXVII

SNOB AND GENTLEMAN.

THE Fraction asked himself, "How will this look at Almack's, and before Lord Mahogany?" The perfect man asked himself, "How will this look in the Universe, and before the Creator of man?" *Carlyle.*

This "Fraction" appears to be, in other words, "A SNOB," whom Thackeray has defined to be "one who meanly admires mean things."

If a man faithfully follows this advice of Sir Thomas Browne, he can never hope to be *a snob:* "Be thou substantially great in thyself, and greater than thou appearest unto others; and let the world be deceived in thee as it is in the light of heaven."

It has been said that in all Voltaire's seventy or eighty volumes there is not one great thought—one, for instance, like that of Sir Thomas's above.

XXXVIII

"PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING."

Oh, friend, I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show—mere handywork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! we must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us—rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry, and these we adore;
PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING ARE NO MORE!
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone—our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

Si ad naturam vives nunquam eris pauper: si ad opinionem, nunquam dives. *Epicurus.*

XXXIX

WORDS THE SHADOWS OF DEEDS.

THERE is in Seneca's 114th Epistle a very remarkable passage about the fashion of speech at Rome in his day, which is unconsciously, but quite substantially, thus translated: "No man in this fashionable London of yours," friend Sauerteig would say, "speaks a plain word to me. Every man feels bound to be something more than plain; to be pungent withal, witty, ornamental. His poor fraction of sense has to be perked up into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me; perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsy-turvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better. Such grinning insincerity is very sad to the soul of man. A fashionable wit, 'ach Himmel!' if you will ask which, he or a death's head, will be the cheerier company for me, pray send not him."

Insincere speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere action. Action, as it were, hangs *dissolved* in speech—in thought, whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom.

Ubicunque videris orationem corruptam placere, ibi mores quoque a recto descivisse non erit dubium. *Seneca.*

XL

KNOWLEDGE—OPINION—IGNORANCE.

PERFECT ignorance is quiet—perfect knowledge is quiet—not so the transition from the former to the latter. *Carlyle.*

Les sciences ont deux extrémités qui se touchent; la première est la pure ignorance naturelle où se trouvent tous les hommes en naissant. L'autre extrémité est celle où arrivent les grands âmes, qui, ayant parcouru tout ce que les hommes peuvent savoir, trouvent qu'ils ne savent rien, et se rencontrent dans cette même ignorance d'où ils etoient partis. Mais c'est une ignorance savante qui se connait.

When Newton was dying, he said he felt just like a little child who had picked up a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean lay undiscovered before him.

Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.

Milton.

XLI

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

MEN of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand. Whereas if they should make use of a penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper. *Swift.*

A man had a plain strong-bow with which he could shoot far and true. He loved his bow so well that he would needs have it curiously carved by a cunning workman.

It was done; and at the first trial, the bow snapt.

German.

TRAVEL.

FOOL, why journeyest thou wearisomely in thy antiquarian fervour to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the desert foolishly enough, for the last 3000 years. But canst thou not open thy Hebrew Bible, then, or even Luther's version thereof? *Carlyle.*

Once it was, "Farewell, Monsieur Traveller; look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable the benefits of your own country—be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swum in a gondola."

We may now add—"You must swear by Allah, smoke *chibouques*, and spell Pasha differently from every predecessor, or we shall scarce believe you have been in a *hareem!*"

"NEVER WENT OUT ASS, AND CAME HOME HORSE."

Still, "A good traveller," says Shakspeare, "is something at the latter end of a dinner."

If the golden age is passed, it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay; it comes out of all admixtures, and all decompositions, pure and indestructible. If the golden age will not endure, it had better never arise: for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss. *A. W. Schlegel.*

It is the weak only who, at each epoch, believe mankind arrive at the culminant point of their progressive march. They forget that by an intimate concatenation of all truths, knowledge, the field to be run over, becomes more vast the more we advance; bordered as it is by an horizon that continually recedes before us. *Humboldt.*

Multi pertransibunt, et augebitur scientia.

FAUST,

Is a man who has quitted the ways of vulgar men without light to guide him a better way. No longer restricted by the sympathies, the common interests, and common persuasions, by which the mass of mortals, each individually ignorant,—nay, it may be, stolid, and altogether blind as to the proper aim of life,—are yet held together, and like stones in the channel of a torrent, by their very multitude and mutual collisions are made to move with some regularity,—he is still but a slave; the slave of impulses which are stronger, not truer or better, and the more unsafe that they are solitary.

Carlyle.

So it is with that soul who had built herself a lordly pleasure-house wherein to dwell alone. For three years she throve in it—

———but on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod when the shout was in his ears,
Struck through with pangs of hell.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
Mid downward sloping motions infinite,
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime. *Tennyson.*

"NETHER BARREL BETTER HERRING."

SEE how in the fanning of this wheat, the fullest and greatest grains lie ever the lowest; and the lightest take up the highest place. *Leighton.*

Voltaire is always found at top — less by strength in swimming, than by lightness in floating. *Carlyle.*

"HOW WE APPLES SWIM!"

XLVI

WEIGHT AND WORTH.

An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderfully heavy, is full of gold. This is the general opinion; neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not, by any motion, discover the metal by clinking. *Swift.*

Lady H. Stanhope records that Pitt had more faith in a man who jested easily, than in one who spoke and looked grave and weighty; for the first moved by some spring of his own within, but the latter might be only a buckram cover well stuffed with other's wisdom.

Coleridge used to relate how he formed a great notion of the understanding of a solid-looking man, who sat during dinner silent, and seemingly attentive to his discourse. Till suddenly, some baked potatoes being brought to table, Coleridge's disciple burst out, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

It is no very good symptom either of nations or individuals, that they deal much in vaticination. Happy men are full of the present, for its bounty suffices them: and wise men also, for its duties engage them. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.

Knowest thou YESTERDAY, its aim and reason?
Workest thou well TO-DAY for worthy things?
Then calmly wait TO-MORROW'S hidden season,
And fear not thou what hap soe'er it brings.

Courage, brother! Get honest, and times will mend.

Carlyle.

XLVIII

GUILELESSNESS.

In spite of all that grovelling minds may say about the necessity of acquaintance with the world and with sin, in order to get on well in life, yet, after all, inexperienced guilelessness carries a man on as safely and more happily. The guileless man has a simple boldness and a princely heart; he overcomes dangers which others shrink from, merely because they are no dangers to him; and thus he often gains even worldly advantages by his straightforwardness, which the most crafty persons cannot gain. It is true such single-hearted men often get into difficulties, but they usually get out of them as easily; and are almost unconscious both of their danger and their escape. *Newman.*

The same writer notices also the general peace and serenity such persons enjoy, who suspect nobody and nothing; who live in no fear of their own plots failing, counterplots crossing, and equivocations detecting each other.

"We may not be able to change our natures from crooked to straight: but in a few minutes or hours we shall be called on to speak or to act—let us determine to do either, for once at least, truly, and honestly, and guilelessly."

ATHEISM.

DIDEROT'S Atheism comes, if not to much, yet to something; we learn this from it, (and from what it stands connected with, and may represent for us,) that the mechanical system of thought is, in its essence, atheistic; that whosoever will admit no organ of truth but logic, and nothing to exist but what can be argued of, must even content himself with this sad result, as the only solid one he can arrive at; and so, with the best grace he can, of the æther make a gas, of God a force, of the second world a coffin, of man an aimless nondescript, little better than a kind of vermin. If Diderot, by bringing matters to this parting of the roads, have enabled or helped us to strike into the truer and better road, let him have our thanks for it. As to what remains, be pity our only feeling: was not his creed miserable enough—nay, moreover, did not he bear its miserableness, so to speak, in our stead, so that it need now be no longer borne by any one? *Carlyle.*

"ANTICHRIST ALSO BEARS OUR CROSS FOR US."

"Ludovicus Vives has a story of a clown that killed his ass because it had drunk up the moon, and he thought the world could ill spare that luminary. So he killed his ass 'ut lunam redderet.' Poor ass! 'He has drunk not the moon; but only the reflection of the moon in his own poor water-pail.'"

Tinkler Ducket was convicted of atheism at Cambridge, and brought up to receive sentence of expulsion before eight heads of colleges. An atheist was a rare bird in those days. Bentley, then almost eighty years old, came into the room, (he was one of the caput, I suppose,) and, being almost blind, called out, "Where's the Atheist?" Ducket was pointed out to him—a little thin man. "What! is that the Atheist?" cries Bentley, "I expected to have seen a man as big as Burrough the beadle!" *

* One of the three Esquire Bedells of that day, celebrated as,
"Pinguia tergeminorum abdomina Bedellorum."

OLD AGE.

It is a man's own fault—it is from want of use—if his mind grows torpid in old age. *Johnson.*

"A man should keep always *learning* something—always, as Arnold said, keep the stream running — whereas most people let it stagnate about middle life."

Goethe is a great instance of a mind growing, growing, and putting out fresh leaves up to eighty years of life.

GUILE.

"In looking over my books some years ago, I found the following memorandum: 'I am this day thirty years old, and till this day I know not that I have met with one person of that age, except in my father's house, who did not use Guile, more or less.'" *John Wesley.*

"ENOUGH IS A FEAST."

A MAN came home from the sea-side, and brought some shells for his little son. The boy was full of wonder and delight: he counted and sorted them over and over again. What a wonderful place must the sea-shore be!

So one day his father took him to the sea-shore. The boy picked up shell after shell, each seeming fairer than the last; threw down one in order to carry another; till growing vexed with himself and the shells, he threw all away, and when he got home, also threw away those his father had given him before. *German.*

WIT.

DISEUR DE BONS MOTS MAUVAIS CARACTÈRE. *Pascal.*

PERHAPS he (Schiller) was too honest, too sincere, for the exercise of Wit; too intent on the deeper relation of things to note their more transient collisions. Besides, he dealt in affirmation, and not in negation: in which last, it has been said, the material of Wit chiefly lies. *Carlyle.*

A CHAPTER FROM LAVATER.

"FACE TO FACE TRUTH COMES OUT APACE."
(If you have but an eye to find it by.)

THE more uniform a man's step, voice, manner of conversation, handwriting—the more quiet and uniform his actions and character.

Vociferation and calmness of character seldom meet in the same person.

(So thought Bacon, who desires a counsellor to adopt "a stedfast countenance, not wavering with action as in moving the head or hand too much, which showeth a fantastical light and fickle operation of the spirit; and consequently, like mind, like gesture," &c.)

Who writes an illegible hand is commonly rapid, often impetuous in his judgments.

Who interrupts often is inconstant and insincere.

The side-glance, dismayed when observed, seeks to insnare.

He who has a daring eye tells downright truths, and downright falsehoods.

Softness of smile indicates softness of character. An old proverb says, "A smiling boy is a bad servant."

The horse-laugh indicates brutality.

LEARNING.

It is an assured truth which is contained in the verses,

> Scilicet ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

It taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds; but indeed the accent had need be laid upon *fideliter:* for a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestions of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, and to accept of nothing but what is examined and tried. It taketh away all vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness; for all things are admired because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart—*Nil novi super terram.* Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the

motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised of the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, that the old tales went of;" so certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the Earth, with men upon it, (the divineness of souls excepted,) will not serve much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and therefore said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi; hodiè vidi mortalem mori."

And therefore did Virgil excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together as *concomitantia:*

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

I will conclude with that which hath *rationem totius;* which is that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of growth and reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that "*suavissima vita, indies sentire se fieri meliorem.*" The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them: like an ill mower, that mows on still, and never whets his scythe. Whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

Nay, further, in general and in sum, certain it is that *Veritas* and *Bonitas* differ but as the seal and print; for Truth prints Goodness; and they be the clouds of error, which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations.

Bacon's Advancement.

He a scholar! No, a Witling can't be a scholar. Knowledge is a great calmer of people's minds. *Wilson.*

MIMICRY.

"TELL me of any animal I cannot imitate," said the Ape.

"And tell me," answered the Fox, "of any animal that will imitate you." *German.*

WILL AND REASON.

"NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE THAT WON'T SEE."

BAXTER was credulous and incredulous for precisely the same reason. Possessing by habit a mastery over his thoughts such as few men ever acquired, a single effort of the will was sufficient to exclude from his view whatever he judged hostile to his immediate purpose. Every prejudice was at once banished, when any debateable point was to be scrutinized, and with equal facility every reasonable doubt was exiled when his only object was to enforce or to illustrate a doctrine of the truth of which he was assured.

Edinburgh Review.

So says Pascal, who was a good instance of his own theory. "La volonté est un des principaux organes de la croyance: non qu' elle forme la croyance; mais par ce que les choses paroissent vraies ou fausses, selon la face par où on les regarde. La volonté, qui se plaist à l' une plus qu' à l' autre, detourne l' esprit de considerer les qualités de celle qu' elle n' aime pas; et ainsi l' esprit marchant d' une pièce avec la volonté, s' arrête à regarder la face qu' elle aime; et jugeant

par ce qu' il y voit, règle insensiblement sa croyance suivant l' inclination de la volonté.

"Happy," continues the Edinburgh Review, "happy they, who, like Baxter, have so disciplined their affections as to disarm their temporary usurpation of all its more dangerous tendencies."

HE THAT'S CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL,
IS OF THE SAME OPINION STILL.

POVERTY.

"THE GOAT MUST BROWSE WHERE SHE IS TIED."

POVERTY, we may say, surrounds a man with ready-made barriers, which, if they do mournfully gall and hamper, do at least prescribe for him, and force on him, a sort of course and goal; a safe and beaten, though a circuitous course. A great part of his guidance is secure against fatal error, is withdrawn from his control. The rich, again, has his whole life to guide, without goal or barrier, save of his own choosing; and tempted, as we have seen, is too likely to guide it ill.

Carlyle.

I cannot but say to Poverty, "Welcome! so thou come not too late in life."

Richter.

CONVERSATION AND TALK.

To make a good Converser, good taste, extensive information, and accomplishments, are the chief requisites: to which may be added an easy and elegant delivery, and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent. *Sir W. Scott.*

It is a common remark, that men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a light is brought to the water-side. *Richter.*

"THE EMPTY CASK SOUNDS MOST."

NATIVE AIR.

CHILDREN educated abroad return home to a strange country, not able to mark the places where they found the first bird's nest, the burn where they caught the first trout, or any of those dear associations of childhood, that bind us to our native soil by ties as small and numerous as those by which the Lilliputians bound Gulliver to the earth. *Mrs. Grant.*

HOMO SUM; HUMANI NIHIL A ME ALIENUM PUTO.

THE sentence which, when first spoken in the Roman theatre, made it ring with applause. Trite as it is, we can scarce come upon it now without the whole heart rising to welcome it.

No character, we may affirm, was ever rightly understood till it had been first regarded with a certain feeling, not of toleration only, but of sympathy. *Carlyle.*

Lavater says, "He who begins with severity in judging of another, commonly ends with falsehood." But what did he *begin* with?

"It is only necessary to grow old," said Goethe, "to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not myself inclined to."

POETRY.

"MILTON is very fine, I dare say," said the mathematician, "but what does he prove?" What, indeed, does Poetry prove?

"It doth raise and erect the mind," says Bacon, "by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

But Sir Philip Sidney says, the poet shows the "nature of things" as much as the reasoner, though he may not "buckle and bow the mind" to it: "He doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further."

"Some have thought the proper object of Poetry was, to *please;* others that it was, to *instruct.* Perhaps we are well instructed if we are *well* pleased."

"POETRY ENRICHES THE BLOOD OF THE WORLD."

VAIN-GLORY.

They that are glorious must needs be factious; for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts; neither can they be secret, and therefore effectual: but according to the French proverb,

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT
PEU DE FRUIT. *Bacon.*

Bacon may be talking of the vain-glory of an Alcibiades, troublesome to states; but so it is through all societies of men, from parliaments to tea-tables; for "Vanity is of a divisive, not of an uniting, nature."

THE GUILTY MAN

May escape, but he cannot rest sure of doing so.

Epicurus.

"RIVEN BREEKS SIT STILL."

LXIV

LIBERTY. WHAT IS IT?

"HE IS WISE WHO FOLLOWS THE WISE."

LIBERTY? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for: and then by permission, persuasion, or even compulsion, to set about doing of the same! That is his true blessedness, honour, liberty, and maximum of well-being: if liberty be not that, I, for one, have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him in strait-waistcoats away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that a wise man, that any man, and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever sharper or milder way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. Oh, if thou really art my Senior, Seigneur,

my elder, presbyter, or priest—if thou art in very deed my *wiser*—may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called by all the newspapers a "free-man" will avail me little if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. Oh that the newspapers had called me coward, slave, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life!—Liberty requires new definitions. *Carlyle's Past and Present.*

Plato taught the haughty Athenians they could only be free by liberating themselves from their own passions: and so Milton sings at the end of Comus. A later poet, however, says:

"Thou canst not choose but serve; man's lot is servitude:
But thou hast thus much choice—a bad lord, or a good."

"There is a service that is perfect freedom."

SOCRATIS PATERNOSTER.

WHEN Socrates and Phædrus have discoursed away the noon-day heat under that plane tree by the Ilissus, they rise to depart toward the city. But Socrates (pointing perhaps to some images of Pan and other sylvan deities) says it is not decent to leave their haunts without praying to them. And he prays:—

O auspicious Pan, and ye other deities of this place,—grant to me to become beautiful *inwardly*, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul. Grant that I may esteem wisdom the only riches, and that I may have so much gold as temperance can handsomely carry.

Have we yet aught else to pray for, Phædrus? For myself I seem to have prayed enough.

Phædrus. Pray as much for me also; for friends have all in common.

Socrates. Even so be it. Let us depart.

GIVING AND ASKING.

I LIKE him who can ask boldly without impudence; he has faith in humanity; he has faith in himself. No one who is not accustomed to give grandly can ask boldly.

He who goes round about in his demands, commonly wants more than he wishes to appear to want.

He who accepts crawlingly, will give superciliously.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself. There is a princely manner of giving, and of accepting. *Lavater.*

THE WISE MOTHER SAYS NOT, "WILL YOU?" BUT GIVES.

BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

Silver from the living
Is gold in the giving:
Gold from the dying
Is but silver a flying:
Gold and silver from the dead
Turn too often into lead. *Fuller.*

LXVIII

LIFE.

We deliberate, says Seneca, about the parcels of Life, but not about Life itself; and so arrive all unawares at its different epochs, and have the trouble of beginning all again. And so, finally, it is that we do not walk as men confidently toward death, but let death come suddenly upon us.

VENT AU VISAGE
FAIT UN HOMME SAGE.

When Hercules was taken up to the consistory of the Gods, he went up to Juno first of all, and saluted her.

"How," said Jupiter, "do you first seek your worst enemy to do her courtesy?"

"Yea," said Hercules, "her malice it was made me do such deeds as have lifted me to Heaven." *German.*

LXIX

PRECEDENCY.

1.

A QUESTION of precedence arose among the beasts. "Let Man be the judge," said the Horse, "he is not a party concerned." "But has he sense enough," said the Mole, "to distinguish and appreciate our more hidden excellencies?"

"Ay—can you vouch for that?" said the Ass. But the Horse said to them, "He who distrusts his own cause is most suspicious of his judge."

2.

Man was sent for. "By what scale, O Man, wilt thou measure us?" said the Lion. "By the measure of your usefulness to me," said Man.

"Nay then," replied the Lion, "at that rate the Ass is worthier than I. You must leave us to decide it among ourselves."

3.

"There," cried Mole and Ass, "you see, Horse, the Lion thinks with us!"

4.

But the Lion said, "What, after all, is all the dispute about? What is it to me whether I am considered first or last? Enough—I know myself." And he strode away into the forest.

German.

LXX

IMAGINARY EVILS.

I AM more afraid of my friends making themselves uncomfortable who have only imaginary evils to indulge, than I am for the peace of those who, battling magnanimously with real inconvenience and danger, find a remedy in the very force of the exertions to which their lot compels them.

W. Scott.

A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day!"

Surely these crosses would not have fretted him so much if he had had only fifty pounds a year instead of five thousand.

John Wesley.

"On n'est point malheureux," wrote Horace Walpole to Madame Du Deffand, "quand on a loisir de s'ennuyer."

ACTION AND ASPIRATION.

"NEVER SIGH, BUT SEND."

Nihil lacrimâ citius arescit. *Cicero.*

THE danger of a polite and elegant education is, that it separates feeling and acting; it teaches us to think, speak, and be affected aright, without forcing us to *do* what is right.

I will take an illustration of this from the effect produced on the mind by reading what is commonly called a Romance or Novel. Such works contain many good sentiments; characters too are introduced, virtuous, noble, patient under sufferings, and triumphing at last over misfortune. The great truths of religion are upheld, we will suppose, and enforced; and our affections excited and interested in what is good and true. But it is all a fiction; it does not exist out of a book, which contains the beginning and end of it. *We have nothing to do;* we read, are affected, softened, or roused; and that is all; we cool again: nothing comes of it.

Now observe the effect of all this. God has made us feel in order that we may go on to act in consequence of feeling. If, then, we allow our feelings to be excited without acting upon them, we do mischief to the moral system within us; just as we might spoil a watch, or other piece of mechanism, by playing with the wheels of it; we weaken the springs, and they cease to act truly.

Accordingly, when we have got into the habit of amusing ourselves with these works of fiction, we come at length to feel the excitement without the slightest thought or tendency to act upon it. And since it is very difficult to begin any duty *without* some emotion or other, (that is, on mere principles of dry reasoning,) a grave question arises, how, after destroying the connexion between feeling and acting, how shall we get ourselves to act when circumstances make it our duty to do so? For instance, we will say we have read again and again of the heroism of facing danger, and we have glowed with the thought of its nobleness. We have felt how great it is to bear pain, and to submit to indignities, rather than wound our conscience; and all this again and again, when we had no opportunity of carrying our good feelings

into practice. Now suppose, at length, we actually come to trial, and, let us say, our feelings become roused, as often before, at the thought of boldly resisting temptations to cowardice; shall we therefore do our duty, quitting ourselves like men? rather, we are likely to talk loudly, and then run from the danger.—Why? rather let us ask, why not? what is to keep us from yielding? Because we *feel* aright? Nay, we have again and again felt aright, and thought aright, without accustoming ourselves to act aright; and though there was an original connexion in our minds between feeling and acting, there is none now; the wires within us, as they may be called, are loosened and powerless. *Newman.*

HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS.

"'Ah, thank 'ee, neighbour,' said a perspiring sheep-driver the other day, to one who hooted away his flock from going down a wrong road,—'Thank 'ee—a little help is worth a deal o' pity!'"

WAR.

WAR begets Poverty—Poverty, Peace—
Peace begets Riches—Fate will not cease—
Riches beget Pride—Pride is War's ground—
War begets Poverty—and so the world goes round.

Old Saw.

How all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same country; participant of the self-same influences ever since the Crusades, and earlier: and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication, and boasting speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste, and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down in some measure. *Carlyle.*

"Yet here, as elsewhere, not absurdly does 'Metaphysic call for aid on Sense.' The physical science of war may do more to abolish war than all our good and growing sense of its folly, wickedness, and extreme discomfort. For what State would be at the expense of drilling and feeding Dumdrudges to be annihilated by the first discharge of the COMING GUN?"

LOVE

WITHOUT END HATH NO END.

No wheedler loves. *Lavater.*

Il y a dans la jalousie plus d' amour propre que d' amour.

Il n' y a point de deguisement qui puisse long temps cacher l' amour où il est, ni le feindre où il n' est pas.

Rochefoucauld.

"LOVE ASKS FAITH, AND FAITH FIRMNESS."

OUR TIME

Is like our money: when we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account: when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes. *Sir W. Scott.*

EXPENSE.

COMMONLY it is less dishonourable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent. *Bacon.*

Fuller says, "Occasional entertainment of men greater than thyself is better than solemn inviting them;" and a proverb bids us beware of taking for servant one who has waited on our betters. In both cases we shall have to spend beyond our means, and be despised to boot.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE

ARE all one: for Truth is but Justice in our knowledge; and Justice is but Truth in our practice.

Milton.

RICHES.

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay;
Ev'n rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair;
While tens of thousands looking on the fray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,
And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,
Sound healthy children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of nobler origin
Is breathed upon with Hope's perpetual breath;
That Virtue, and the faculties within,
Are vital; and that Riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

Wordsworth.

"Ah! Davy," said Johnson to Garrick, who was showing off his fine grounds at Twickenham, "it is these things that make us fear to die."

CHOICE OF A CALLING.

In all things, to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a Trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a Trade; for the higher, an Art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly.

Goethe.

"ANY ROAD LEADS TO THE END OF THE WORLD."

Whatever a young man at first applies to, is commonly his delight afterwards. *Hartley.*

"Whatever a man delights in he will do best: and that he had best do."

"Themistocles said he could not fiddle, but he could rule a city. If a man can rule a city well, let him: but it is better to play the fiddle well than to rule a city ill."

ENVY.

La plus véritable marque d' être né avec de grandes qualités, c' est d' être né sans Envie. *Rochefoucauld.*

Genius may coexist with idleness, wildness, folly, and even crime: but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is κακιστος και δικαιοτατος θεος—it dwarfs and withers its worshippers. *Coleridge.*

Therefore when you are next sitting down to your epic or your tragedy, pause, and look within, and if you recognise there any grudge against A. so praised in the Quarterly, or B. so fêted in America, you may, if you please, save yourself a deal of laborious composition.

A fine brazen statue was accidentally reduced by fire into a shapeless mass. This was re-cast by another artist into another statue, quite different from the former, but as beautiful.

"It is well," said Envy; "but he could not have turned out even this middling piece of work, had not the stuff of the old statue run of itself into shape." *German.*

LXXX

ART DIPLOMATIC.

THE sure way to make a foolish Ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an Englishman abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country, and the Ten Commandments! Your art diplomatic is stuff—no truly great man would negociate upon such shallow principles.

Coleridge.

Certainly the ablest men that ever were, have had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of urbanity and veracity. *Bacon.*

How often (says the Tatler) I have wished, for the good of the nation, that several good Politicians could take any pleasure in feeding ducks. I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavour to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.

LXXXI

SICKNESS.

QUAND on se porte bien, on ne comprend pas comment on pourroit faire si on étoit malade : et quand on l'est, on prend medecine gaiment : le mal y résout. On n'a plus les passions et les désirs des divertissements et des promenades que la santé donnoit, et qui sont incompatibles avec les nécessités de la maladie. La nature donne alons des passions et des désirs conformes à l'état présent. Ce ne sont que les craintes que nous nous donnons nous-mêmes, et non pas la nature, qui nous troublent ; parce qu'elles joignent à l'état où nous sommes les passions de l'état où nous ne sommes pas.

Pascal.

Sir C. Bell records the general cheerfulness of the sick and dying at hospitals.

GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB.

TEACHING.

I HOLD that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind; it is drinking out of a pond instead of from a spring.

A schoolmaster's intercourse is with the young, the strong, and the happy; and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathize with them, and show that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. *Arnold.*

You may put poison, if you please, in an earthen pitcher, said Socrates, and the pitcher be washed after, and none the worse. But you can take nothing into the soul that does not indelibly infect it whether for good or for evil.

TORY.

TACITUS wrote, (says Luther,) that by the ancient Germans it was held no shame at all to drink and swill four and twenty hours together. A gentleman of the court asked, "How long ago it was since Tacitus wrote this." He was answered, "Almost 1500 years." Whereupon the gentleman said, "Forasmuch as drunkenness is so ancient a custom, let us not abolish it."

An old ruinous church which had harboured innumerable jackdaws, sparrows, and bats, was at length repaired. When the masons left it, the jackdaws, sparrows, and bats came back in search of their old dwellings. But these were all filled up. "Of what use now is this great building?" said they, "come let us forsake this useless stone-heap."

German.

LXXXIV

HOW TO WRITE A GOOD BOOK.

"HE THAT BURNS MOST SHINES MOST."

A LOVING heart is the beginning of all knowledge. This it is that opens the whole mind, quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its work—that of knowing; and therefrom, by sure consequence, of vividly uttering forth. Other secret for being "graphic" is there none, worth having; but this is an all-sufficient one. See, for example, what a small Boswell can do! Hereby, indeed, is the whole man made a living mirror, wherein the wonders of this ever-wonderful universe are in their true light (which is ever a magical, miraculous one) represented and reflected back on us. It has been said, "the heart sees further than the head." But indeed without the seeing heart, there is no true seeing for the head so much as possible; all is mere *oversight*, hallucination, and vain superficial phantasmagories, which can permanently profit no one. Here too may we not pause for an instant, and make a practical reflection? Considering the multitude of mortals that handle the pen in these days, and can mostly spell, and write without glaring violations of grammar; the question naturally arises, How is it, then, that no work proceeds from them bearing any stamp of authenticity and permanence, of

worth for more than one day? Ship-loads of fashionable novels, sentimental rhymes, tragedies, farces, diaries of travel, tales by flood and field, are swallowed monthly into the bottomless pool; still does the press boil: innumerable paper-makers, compositors, printers' devils, bookbinders, and hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labour; and still, in torrents, rushes on the great array of publications, unpausing, to their final home; and still Oblivion, like the grave, cries, Give! give! How is it that of all these countless multitudes, no one can attain to the smallest mark of excellence, or produce aught that shall endure longer than the "snow-flake on the river," or the foam of penny-beer? We answer, because they *are* foam: because there is no reality in them. These three thousand men, women, and children, that make up the army of British authors, do not, if we will consider it, *see* any thing whatever; consequently *have* nothing that they can record and utter, only more or fewer things that they can plausibly pretend to record. The universe, of man and nature, is still quite shut up from them; the "open secret" still utterly a secret; because no sympathy with man or nature, no love and free simplicity of heart, has yet unfolded the same. Nothing but a pitiful image of their own pitiful self, with its vanities, and grudgings, and ravenous

hunger of all kinds, hangs for ever painted in the retina of these unfortunate persons; so that the starry all, with whatsoever it embraces, does but appear as some expanded magic-lantern shadow of that same image, and naturally looks pitiful enough.

It is in vain for these persons to allege that they are naturally without gift, naturally stupid and sightless, and so *can* attain to no knowledge of any thing; therefore, in writing of any thing, must needs write falsehoods of it, there being in it no truth for them. Not so, good friends. The stupidest of you has a certain faculty; were it but that of articulate speech, (say in the Scottish, the Irish, the cockney dialect, or even in "governess-English,") and of physically discerning what lies under your nose. The stupidest of you would perhaps grudge to be compared in faculty with James Boswell; yet see what he has produced! You do not use your faculty honestly: your heart is shut up—full of greediness, malice, discontent; so your intellectual sense cannot lie open. It is in vain also to urge that James Boswell had opportunities, saw great men and great things, such as you can never hope to look on. What make ye of Parson White of Selborne? He had not only no great men to look on, but not even men, merely sparrows and cock-chafers; yet has he left us a

biography of these, which, under its title, "Natural History of Selborne," still remains valuable to us; which has copied a little sentence or two *faithfully* from the inspired volume of nature, and so is in itself not without inspiration. Go ye and do likewise. Sweep away utterly all frothiness and falsehood from your heart: struggle unweariedly to acquire, what is possible for every God-created man, a free, open, humble soul: ***speak not at all in any wise till you have something to speak:*** care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply, and with undivided mind, for the ***truth*** of your speaking; then be placed in what section of space and time soever, do but open your eyes and they shall actually *see*, and bring you real knowledge, wondrous, worthy of belief; and, instead of our Boswell and our White, the world will rejoice in a thousand—stationed on their thousand several watch-towers, to instruct us, by indubitable documents, of whatsoever in our so stupendous world comes to light and *is!* *Carlyle.*

"And yet," says he again, "What of Books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print, that is eternal; namely,

A LIFE TO LEAD."

DATE AND DABITUR.

THERE is in Austria (said Luther) a Monastery, which was, in former times, very rich, and continued rich so long as it gave freely to the poor; but when it gave over that, then it became poor itself, and so remains to this day. Not long since, a poor man knocked at the gate and begged alms for God's sake: the porter said they were themselves too poor to give. "And do you know why?" said the other: "I will tell you. You had formerly in this monastery two Brethren, one name DATE, and the other DABITUR. DATE you thrust out; and DABITUR went away of himself soon after.

LXXXIX

Γνωθι Σεαυτον.

THIS famous "Know thyself," it does but say,
"Know thine own business," in another way.

Menander.

"Hence too," says a testy modern, "the folly of that impossible precept, 'Know thyself,' till it get translated into this more possible one, 'Know what thou canst work at.'"

"It is true," says Harrington, "that men are no fit judges of themselves, because commonly they are partial in their own cause; yet it is as true, that he that will dispose himself to judge indifferently of himself, can do it better than anybody else, because a man can see further into his own mind and heart than any one else can."

"He," says Fuller, "who will not freely and sadly confess that he is *much* a fool, is *all* a fool."

Argenson's friend read a book many times over, and complained of the author's repeating himself a great deal.

Kettle called Pot—
You know what.

EAGLES NO FLY-CATCHERS.

THE slightness we see in Gainsborough's works cannot always be imputed to negligence. However they may appear to superficial observers, painters know very well that a steady attention to the general effect takes up more time, and is much more laborious to the mind, than any mode of high-finishing or smoothness, without such attention. *Sir J. Reynolds.*

Sir Joshua said, 'though Johnson did not write his Discourses, the general principles he laid down in morals and literature served as the ground-work of much propounded in them.

By way of requital, Opie used to relate how a clerical friend of his preached Sir Joshua's Discourses from the pulpit, only changing the terms of art to those of morals.

This might easily be done with the sentence quoted above. The "superficial observers" remain as they are, admiring the laborious finish of the model-man, whose every word is weighed and smile measured—but scandalized at him, who, having laid down a large and noble design of life, is careless of the petty detail of behaviour—whose heart may run wild though it never goes astray.

SUPERSTITION.

SUPERSTITION is the religion of feeble minds; and they must be tolerated in an intermixture of it, in some trifling or some enthusiastic shape or other, else you will deprive weak minds of a resource found necessary to the strongest.

Burke.

They that are against superstition oftentimes run into it of the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then I am superstitious in not wearing black. *Selden.*

"The guillotine was as much a superstition as the aristocracy and priestcraft it was set up to exterminate."

MODESTY,

BEING the case of chastity, it is to be feared that when the case is broken, the jewel is lost. *Fuller.*

On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie: mais il est rare de trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu q'une. *Rochefoucauld.*

"C'EST LE PREMIER PAS QUI COUTE."

NATURE AND HABIT.

La vertu d' un homme ne doit pas se mesurer par ses efforts, mais par ce qu' il fait d' ordinaire. *Pascal.*

All men are better than their ebullitions of evil, but also worse than their ebullitions of good. *Richter.*

Nature is often hidden—sometimes overcome—seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter and subdue nature. *Bacon.*

"Let him who would know how far he has changed the old Adam, consider his Dreams."

"HE THAT COMES OF A HEN MUST SCRAPE."

EVERY MAN JUDGES FROM HIMSELF.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough, (as poets used to be,) seeing an alderman with a gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow—how goodly, how big he looks?—why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse."

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves: we measure his goodness, his justice, his wisdom, by something we call just, good, wise in ourselves. And in so doing, we judge proportionably to the country fellow in the play; who said, if he were a king, he would live like a lord, and have pease and bacon every day, and a whip that cried Slash.

Selden.

So Warburton says, the Bigot reverses the order of creation, and makes God in man's image; choosing the very ugliest pattern to model from—namely, himself.

XCIV

SELF-LOVE.

It is the nature of self-lovers as they will set a house on fire and it were but to roast their eggs. Wisdom for a man's self is in many branches thereof a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall.

Bacon.

"Enlighten self-interest," cries the philosopher, "do but sufficiently enlighten it!"—We ourselves have seen enlightened self-interests ere now; and truly, for the most part, their light was only as that of a horn-lantern; sufficient to guide the bearer himself out of various puddles—but to us and the world of comparatively small advantage. And figure the human species like an endless host seeking its way onwards through undiscovered Time, in black darkness, save that each had his horn-lantern, and the van-guard some few of glass.

Carlyle.

IT IS A POOR CENTRE OF A MAN'S ACTIONS—HIMSELF.

Bacon.

PREJUDICES.

"No wise man can have a contempt for the prejudices of others; and he should stand in a certain awe of his own, as if they were aged instructors. They may in the end prove wiser than he."

Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek, and they seldom fail, they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice and leave the naked reason; because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency: it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts. *Burke.*

MUSIC.

"MUCH music marreth men's manners," saith Galen. Although some men will say that it doth not so, but rather re-createth and maketh quick a man's mind; yet methinks, by reason, it doth as honey doth to a man's stomach, which at first receiveth it well, but afterward it maketh it unfit to abide any strong nourishing meat. And even so in a manner these instruments make a man's wit so soft and smooth, so tender and quaisy, that they be less able to brook strong and rough study. Wits be not sharpened, but rather made blunt, with such soft sweetness, even as good edges be blunted which men whet upon soft chalk-stones. *R. Ascham.*

Plato allowed but of two kinds of music in his republic; the Martial, and the Sedate. He forbad the luxurious, the doleful, the sentimental. And Aristophanes complains of the new intricate divisions that were in his day superseding the simple plain-song of more heroic times.

One may conceive that Handel is wholesomer for a people than Bellini.

XCVII

GENIUS.

THE French were distressed that Dumont claimed to have supplied their Mirabeau with materials for his eloquence. "Good people," said Goethe, "as if their Hercules, or any Hercules, must not be well fed—as if the Colossus must not be made of parts. What is Genius but the faculty of seizing things from right and left—here a bit of marble, there a bit of brass—and breathing life into them?"

"If children," he says elsewhere, "grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but Geniuses: but growth is not merely development; the various organic systems that constitute one man, spring from one another, follow each other, change into each other, supplant each other, and even consume each other; so that after a time, scarce a trace is left of many aptitudes and abilities."

FORMS OF BEHAVIOUR.

To attain to good Forms it almost sufficeth not to despise them: for so shall a man observe them in others—and let him trust himself with the rest. For if he labour too much to express them he shall lose their grace; which is, to be natural and unaffected.

Some men's behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is weighed. How can a man comprehend great matters that breaketh his mind too much to small observation?

The sum of behaviour is—to retain a man's own dignity without intruding upon that of others. *Bacon.*

DISPUTES.

"Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities: but the fact is, that such disputes *begin* with personalities; for our opinions are a part of ourselves."

Besides, "after the first contradiction it is ourselves, and not the thing, we maintain."

WHAT IS A MAN'S RELIGION?

Not the church creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign, and in words or deeds otherwise assert; not this wholly; in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion, which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does *practically believe*, (and this is often enough without asserting it to himself, much less to others,) the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there—that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his religion; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and no religion. *Carlyle.*

FAITH AND HOPE.

JUST before Socrates drinks the poison, he relates to his friends the famous Mythus of Tartarus and Elysium—the final destination of the soul after death according to its deeds in the life. A Mythus, if not exact in detail, he says, yet true in the main; and while men cannot get at TRUTH itself, they are bound to seize upon the MOST TRUE, and on that, as on a raft, float over the dangerous sea of life.

"If a man have not Faith, he has surely Hope: and he is bound to act on his highest Hope as on a certainty. Whence does that Hope spring? And he may well embody it in any innocent form of public Faith, which, if not wholly to his mind, is yet a sufficient symbol of what he desires, and at least mixes him up in wholesome communion with his fellow-men."

When at the last hour, says Richter, all other hopes and fears die within us, and knowledge and confidence vanish away, Religion alone survives and blossoms as the night of death closes round.

STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshallings of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth: to use them too much for ornament, is affectation: to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, born by observation. Read not to confute and contradict; nor to believe and take for granted; but to weigh and consider.

Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. *Bacon.*

THE GENTLEMAN'S CALLING.

MEN ought to know that, in the theatre of human life, it is only for God and angels to be Spectators. *Bacon.*

To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God: to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier; more blessed, less accursed!—It is work for a God. *Carlyle.*

"I lived myself like a Pauper," said Pestalozzi, "to try if I could teach Paupers to live like Men."

"THE ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

Oh unwise mortals, that for ever change and shift, saying, "Yonder—not here"—wealth richer than both the Indies lies every where for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only, and his fruit trees, his very Heart roots itself wherever he will abide; roots itself, draws nourishment from the deep fountains of universal being! Vagrant Sam Slicks, who rove over the earth "doing strokes of trade"—what wealth have these? Horse-loads, ship-loads, of white or yellow metal—in very truth, what are these? Slick rests no where—he is homeless! he can build stone or marble houses; but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses—which he is loved and blessed by. The herdsman in his clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition; his life, all-encircled as in blessed mother's arms, is it poorer than Slick's, with ass-loads of yellow metal on his back? *Carlyle.*

Coalescere otio non potes, nisi desinas circumspicere et errare. *Seneca.*

FRIENDSHIP.

A PRINCIPAL fruit of Friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swelling of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous to the body; and it is not otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver; steel to open the spleen; flour of sulphur for the lungs; castoreum for the brain. But no receipt openeth the heart but a true Friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

Bacon.

On ne sauroit conserver long-temps les sentiments qu' on doit avoir pour ses amis et pour ses bienfaiteurs si on se laisse la liberté de parler de leurs défauts. *Rochefoucauld.*

A modern Greek proverb says

"LOVE YOUR FRIEND WITH HIS FOIBLE."

And finally, beware of long silence, and long absence.

Πολλας δη φιλιας απροσηγορια διελυσεν.

"OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND!"

And so, what we never can replace, the mirror of our former selves, is broken!

"Old friends," says Selden, "are best. King James used to call for his old shoes, they were easiest to his feet."

Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished: but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may be for a while suppressed by disgust and resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those who have lived long together, every thing heard, and every thing seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred; some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost: but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

Johnson.

AVARICE.

"DREAM OF GOLD, AND WAKE HUNGRY."

WRETCHED are those who in pursuit of gold
Come to mistake the evil for the good:
For getting blinds the inward eye of thought.

From the Greek.

Luther thought that love of money, besides being in other ways unprosperous, foreboded a man's death. "I hear that the Prince Elector, George, begins to be Covetous, which is a sign of his death very shortly. When I saw Dr. Gode begin to tell his puddings hanging in his chimney, I told him he would not live long, and so it fell out."

But Misers, unfortunately, live long,—their hard habit of mind not affected perhaps by the wear and tear of other passions and affections; perpetually soothed by the sight of increasing wealth, preserved by the very temperance their avarice prescribes.

Goethe defined Italian industry, "not to make Riches, but to live free from Care"—an amiable contrast to much of ours.

THE SOUL IS THE MAN.

We were indeed

παντα κονις και παντα γελως, και παντα το μηδεν,

if we did not feel that we were so. *Coleridge.*

Man is but a reed—the feeblest thing in nature. But then he is a reed that *thinks.* It needs no gathering up of the powers of nature to crush him: a vapour, a drop of water, will do it. But if the whole universe should fall upon him and crush him, man would yet be more noble than that which slew him, because he *knows* he is dying; and the universe knows it not. Therefore it is that our whole dignity lies but in this—the faculty of Thinking. By this only do we rise in the scale of being; not by any extension of space and duration.

Let us therefore strive to Think Well. *Pascal.*

FAME.

PRAISE is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the glass or body which giveth reflection. If it be from the common people, it is commonly false and nought; and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous. For the common people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them; the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all; but shows, and *species virtutibus similes*, do best with them. *Bacon.*

Thus indeed is it always, or nearly always, with true Fame. The heavenly luminary rises amid vapours: star-gazers enough must scan it with critical telescopes; it makes no blazing; the world can either look at it, or forbear looking at it. Not until after a time and times does its celestial nature become indubitable. Pleasant, on the other hand, is the blazing of a Tar-barrel: the crowd dance merrily round it with loud huzzaing, universal three times three, and, like Homer's peasants, "bless the useful light." But unhappily it so soon ends in darkness, foul choking smoke, and is kicked into the gutters, a nameless imbroglio of charred staves, pitch cinders, and "vomissement du diable." *Carlyle.*

THE LIGHTING OF THE TORCH.

THE human mind is so much clogged and borne downward by the strong and early impressions of Sense, that it is wonderful how the ancients should have made such a progress, and seen so far into intellectual matters, without some glimmering of a Divine tradition. Whoever considers a parcel of rude savages left to themselves, how they are sunk and swallowed up in sense and prejudice, and how unqualified by their natural force to emerge from this state, will be apt to think that the first spark of philosophy was derived from heaven, and that it was, as a heathen writer expresses it, *θεοπαράδοτος φιλοσοφία.* *Berkeley.*

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

SHE neglects her heart who studies her glass. He who avoids the glass, aghast at the caricature of morally debased features, feels mighty strife of virtue and vice. *Lavater.*

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

THE Sultan asked Solomon for a Signet motto, that should hold good for Adversity or Prosperity. Solomon gave him,

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

QUID PRO QUO.

IF the doing of Right depends on the receiving of it; if our fellow-men in this world are not Persons, but mere Things, that for services bestowed will return services—Steam-engines that will manufacture calico if we put in coals and water—then, doubtless, the calico ceasing, our coals and water may also rationally cease. But if, on the other hand, our fellow-man is no Steam-engine, but a Man, united with us and with all men in sacred, mysterious, indissoluble bonds, in an all-embracing love that encircles at once the seraph and the glow-worm, then will our duties to him rest on quite another basis than this very humble one of Quid pro Quo. *Carlyle.*

LOVE IS THE TRUE PRICE OF LOVE.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

ALTHOUGH the misery on earth is great indeed, yet the foundation of it rests, after deduction of the partly bearable, and partly imaginary, evil of the natural world, entirely and alone on the moral dealings of Man.

Coleridge from the German.

Could the world unite in the practice of that despised train of virtues which the divine ethics of our Saviour hath so inculcated upon us, the furious face of things must disappear; Eden would be yet to be found, and the Angels might look down not with pity but joy upon us. *Sir T. Browne.*

And how are we to set about passing this greatest REFORM BILL?

To two bad verses which I write
Two good shall be appended:
IF EVERY MAN WOULD MEND A MAN,
THEN ALL MANKIND WERE MENDED.

"HAVE AT IT, AND HAVE IT."

ONE might add many capital English proverbs of this kind, all so characteristic of the activity and boldness of our forefathers.

The Romans had the same. "Vetus proverbium est, Gladiatorem in arenâ capere consilium."

"Not to resolve, is to resolve," says Bacon. "Necessity, and this same 'Jacta est Alea,' hath many times an advantage, because it awaketh the powers of the mind, and strengtheneth endeavour—'ceteris pares, necessitate certè superiores.'"

It has been said, the English are wise in action, not in thought. It has been also said by the head of a people of thought, that, "Doubt *of any kind* can only be removed by action."

While we sit still, we are never the wiser; but going into the river, and moving up and down, is the way to discover its depths and shallows. *Bacon.*

Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done.

Bacon.

When you tell a man at once, and straight forward, the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it.

Goethe.

"I am persuaded, that if the majority of mankind could be made to see the order of the Universe, such as it is,—as they would not remark in it any virtues attached to certain numbers, nor any properties inherent in certain planets, nor fatalities in certain times and revolutions of these; they would not be able to restrain themselves, on the sight of this admirable regularity and beauty, from crying out with astonishment—What! is this all?"

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO.

ANGER,

Is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns—Children, women, old folks, sick folks. *Bacon.*

While Sir Gareth of Orkney is disguised as a servant, the kitchen-wench calls out—"Oh Jhesu, merveille have I what manner a man ye be, for it may never ben otherwise but that ye be comen of a noble blood, for so foule ne shamefully dyd never woman rule a knyghte as I have done you, and ever curtoisly ye have suffred me; and that cam never but of a gentyl blood." *K. Digby.*

Ung chevalier, n'en doubtez pas,
Doigt ferir hault, et parler bas.

A Gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old Lord Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some Lord about court, "*Fool;*" the Lord complains, and has Stone whipt. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury '*Fool*' often enough before he would have had me whipt." *Selden.*

CXV

"FAST BIND FAST FIND."

DIDEROT has convinced himself, and indeed, as above became plain enough, acts on the conviction, that Marriage, contract it, solemnize it, in what way you will, involves a solecism which reduces the amount of it to simple Zero. It is a suicidal covenant; annuls itself in the very forming. "Thou makest a vow," says he, twice or thrice, as if the argument were a clencher—"Thou makest a vow of Eternal constancy under a rock which is even then crumbling away." True, O Denis: the rock crumbles away; all things are changing; man changes faster than most of them. Man changes, and will change: the question then arises, Is it wise in him to tumble forth in headlong obedience to this love of change; is it so much as possible for him? Among the dualisms of man's wholly dualistic state, this we might fancy was an observable one; that along with his unceasing tendency to Change, there is a no less ineradicable tendency to Persevere. How in this world of perpetual flux shall man secure himself the smallest foundation, except hereby alone; that he take pre-assurance of his fate; that in this and the other high act of his life, his *will*, with all solemnity, abdicate its right to Change; voluntarily become involuntary, and say once for all—Be there no further dubitation on it! *Carlyle.*

PEDIGREE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior;
He was the son of Adam and Eve—
Let Nassau or Bourbon go higher.

No Prince, how great soever, begets his Predecessors; and the noblest rivers are not navigable to the Fountain. Even the Parentage of the Nile is yet in obscurity, and 'tis a dispute among authors whether Snow be not the head of his pedigree.

A. Marvell.

CURIOSITY.

A MAN that is busy and inquisitive is commonly Envious: for to know much of other men's matters cannot be because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play-pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets, and doth not keep house. "Non est Curiosus quin idem sit Maleficus." *Bacon.*

POLEMICS.

Fallacia alia aliam trudit.
"ONE NAIL DRIVES OUT ANOTHER."

THE Polemic annihilates his opponent; but in doing so annihilates himself too: and both are swept away to make room for something other and better. *Carlyle.*

Generally, when truth is communicated *polemically*, (that is, not as it exists in its own inner Simplicity, but as it exists in external relations to error,) the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of by-standers, in preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. If a man denied himself all specious arguments and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth, on moral or on spiritual themes, is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness, &c.

Blackwood, 49.

"Such are the folios of Schoolmen and Theologians. Let us preserve them in our libraries, however, out of reverence for men who fought well in their day with the weapons then in use; and also, as perpetual monuments of what has been thoroughly tried, and found to fail. These folios do very well to block up one of the roads that lead to nothing."

THE TIME OF DAY.

In the Youth of a State, Arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, Learning; and then both of them together for a time; *in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.* *Bacon.*

SOLITUDE.

Crates saw a young man walking alone, and asked him what he was about. "Conversing with myself." "Take care," said Crates, "you may have got into very bad company."

"Eagles may fly alone; but I believe all the wiser animals live in societies and ordered communities."

"BE NOT SOLITARY. BE NOT IDLE."

CXIX

"TOUCH PITCH AND BE DAUBED."

NEVER wholly separate in your mind the merits of any political question from the Men who are concerned in it. You will be told, that if a measure is good, what have you to do with the character and views of those who bring it forward? But designing men never separate their plans from their interests, and if you assist them in their schemes, you will find the pretended good in the end thrown aside, or perverted, and the interested object alone compassed; and this perhaps through your means. *Burke.*

"THE DEVIL CAN QUOTE SCRIPTURE," &c.

"HE IS WISE THAT FOLLOWS THE WISE."

"WHAT can the incorruptiblest Bobuses elect, if it be not some Bobissimus, should they find such?"

The Gods, when they appeared to men, were commonly unrecognised of them. *Goethe.*

CXX

THE EYE FOR HISTORY.

THE difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of History is this: the latter would consider, for instance, what Luther did, taught, or sanctioned: the former, what Luther—a Luther—would *now* do, teach, and sanction.

Coleridge.

Some persons are shocked at the cruelty of Walton's Angler, as if the most humane could be expected to trouble themselves about fixing a worm on a hook at a time when they burnt men at a stake in conscience and tender heart. We are not to measure the feelings of one age by those of another. Had Walton lived in our day, he would have been the first to cry out against the cruelty of angling. As it was, his flies and baits were only a part of his tackle. *Hazlitt.*

"So from the failings of the good to the vices of the bad. 'Give the devil his due.' Henry the Eighth, had he lived now, might be little more than the 'First Gentleman in Europe.' He would but cheat his subjects, (if he could,) and tease his

wives to death, without murdering either. He could not have done what he did had not his people, in some measure, approved it; they were as ready to burn heretics, and disembowel traitors, as he; and ready to be burned and disemboweled themselves when their turn came. We are surprised to read of Henry's victims praying for him on the scaffold; but religion and loyalty were one, and men's bodies and souls were stouter."

LEARNING.

We have to bear in mind what was said after the revival of letters by men of all creeds, that Learning is the fruit of Piety; in order that, by the sincerity of our hearts, by knowledge of ourselves, and by a conscientious walk in the sight of God, we may guard ourselves against the desire to appear what we are not; that we may never forgive ourselves the slightest desertion from Truth; and that we may never consider as Truth any result of our investigations that flatters our wishes, so long as there is in our conscience the slightest feeling of its being wrong. *Niebuhr.*

Each man, who has no gift for producing first-rate works, should entirely abstain from the pursuit of Art, and seriously guard himself against any deception on that subject. For it must be owned that in all men there is a certain vague desire to imitate whatever is presented to them; and such desires do not prove at all that we possess the force within us necessary for such enterprises. Look at boys, how, whenever any rope-dancers have been visiting the town, they go scrambling up and down, and balancing on all the planks and beams within their reach, till some other charm calls them off to other sports, for which, perhaps, they are as little suited. Hast thou never marked it in the circle of our friends? No sooner does a Dilettante introduce himself to notice, than numbers of them set themselves to learn playing on his instrument. How many wander back and forward on this bootless way! Happy they who soon detect the chasm that lies between their Wishes and their Powers. *Wilhelm Meister.*

Nothing in prose or verse was ever yet worth a wisp to rub down the writer with, produced in a "fit of sympathetic admiration." *Christopher North.*

"SAY-WELL AND DO-WELL END WITH ONE LETTER: SAY-WELL IS GOOD; BUT DO-WELL IS BETTER."

PLATO, et Aristoteles, et omnis in diversum itura sapientium turba, plus ex Moribus quam ex Verbis Socratis traxit.

Seneca.

Preachers say, "Do as I *say*, not as I *do*." But if a physician had the same disease on him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing, and he do another, could I believe him?

Selden.

FAMILY TIES.

CERTAINLY, Wife and Children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more Charitable, because their means are less exhaust, on the other side, they are more Cruel and heard-hearted—good to make severe inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so often called upon.

Bacon.

CXXIV

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

"A CERTAIN man of Bagdad dreamed one night that in a certain house in a certain street in Cairo he should find a treasure. To Egypt accordingly he set forth, and met in the Desert with one who was on his road from Cairo to Bagdad, having dreamt that in a certain house in a certain street there *he* should find a treasure: and lo, each of these men had been directed to the other's house to find a treasure that only needed looking for in his own."

The error of a lively rake lies in his Passions, which may be reformed; but a dry rogue, who sets up for Judgment, is incorrigible. *Berkeley.*

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than a mature judgment adopted by an immature mind. *Goethe.*

ORATORY.

QUESTION was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an Orator? He answered, Action. What next? Action. What next again? Action. He said it that knew it best; and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an Orator, which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a Player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay, almost as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature, generally, more of the Fool than of the Wise; and therefore those faculties by which the Foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent. *Bacon.*

Fox used to say, that if a speech *read* very well it was not a good *speech.*

Burke, whose rising emptied the House, is the only one of the Orators of that day who now can be said to survive. The rest were wise in their generation, and are gone with it.

CXXVI

"NEVER SIGH, BUT SEND."

ONE secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves. It will give us more comfort on our death-bed to reflect on one deed of self-denying mercy, purity, or humility, than to recollect the shedding of many tears, and the recurrence of frequent transports, and much spiritual exultation.

I would have a man disbelieve he can do one jot or tittle more than he has already done; refrain from borrowing aught on the hope of the future, however good a security he seems to be able to show; and never to take his good feelings and wishes in pledge for one single untried deed.

NOTHING BUT PAST ACTS ARE VOUCHERS FOR FUTURE.

Newman.

VANITY—BY A FRENCHMAN.

Il n' y a que ceux qui sont Méprisables qui craignent d' être Méprisés.

Si nous ne Flattions pas nous-mêmes, la Flatterie des autres ne nous pourroit nuire.

Si nous n' avions point d' Orgueil, nous ne nous plaindrions pas de celui des autres.

Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relâche ; mais la Vanité nous agite toujours.

PREJUDICE.

No one has a right to congratulate his neighbour that a deep-rooted Conviction has departed out of his mind, unless a Truth has replaced it. Earnest feelings may have been entwined about it, and may perish with it—how likely that the void in the heart will be supplied with worse vanities than those which have been abandoned. *Eustace Connay.*

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is no vice, says Rochefoucauld, that is not better than the means we take to conceal it.

A vice, determining outwardly, is nearer to extinction than that which smoulders inwardly.

It is not in human nature to deceive Others, for any long time, without, in a measure, deceiving Ourselves.

Newman.

The Mask grows one with the Face, and so we see it in the glass.

The beginning of self-deception is when we begin to find *reasons* for our *propensities.*

The chief stronghold of Hypocrisy is to be always judging one another. *Milton.*

To those to whom it is of no moment to say, "Do all as if God were looking at thee," Seneca's rule may apply, "Do all as if some Man were looking at thee."

Finally, Xenophon says the easiest way to *seem* good is to *be* good.

NO FABLE.

An ancient Oak being cut down, and split through the midst, out of the very heart of the tree crept a large Toad, and walked away with all the speed he could. Now how long, may we probably imagine, had this creature continued there? It is not unlikely it might have remained in its nest above a hundred years. It is not improbable it was nearly, if not altogether, co-eval with the oak; having been, some way or other, enclosed therein at the time of planting.

This poor animal had organs of sense, yet it had not any sensation. It had eyes, yet no ray of light ever entered its black abode. There was nothing to hear, nothing to taste or smell, for there was no air to circulate, there was no space to move. From the very first instant of its existence, there it was shut up in impenetrable darkness. It was shut up from the sun, moon, and stars, and from the beautiful face of nature; indeed, from the whole visible world, as much as if it had no being.

He who lives "without God in the world," is, in respect to the Invisible world, as this toad was in respect to the Visible world.

J. Wesley.

THE ART OF GOVERNING.

To learn Obeying is the fundamental art of Governing. How much would any Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water jug and empty wallet, sine omni impensâ, and at his victorious return sat down, not to newspaper paragraphs and city illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's shrine, to shackles and bread and water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide, and deliverer, of many; that is the true meaning of mastership. Heavens! had a Duke of Logwood, now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time with 7*s.* 6*d.* a week, with no out-door relief—what a light, unquenchable by logic, and statistic, and arithmetic, would he have thrown on several things for him.

Carlyle.

The hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so large?) where he saw his tenants about him. He never eat in private, except in time of sickness. When once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him—and thus he understood Men.

Selden.

"THE FAT SOW KNOWS NOT WHAT THE LEAN ONE THINKS."

MELANCHOLY AND MADNESS.

Let him not be alone or idle, in any kind of melancholy, but still accompanied with such friends and familiars he most affects, neatly drest, washt, and combed, according to his ability, at least in clean linen, spruce, handsome, decent, sweet, and good apparel; for nothing sooner dejects a man than want, squalor, and nastiness, foul or old clothes out of fashion. *Burton.*

If I could get his beard and hood removed I should reckon it a weighty point; for nothing more exposes us to madness than distinguishing ourselves from others, and nothing more contributes to maintain our common sense than living in the universal way with multitudes of men. *Goethe.*

BE NOT SOLITARY, BE NOT IDLE.

TOSSING THE THOUGHTS.

WHOSOEVER hath his mind fraught with many Thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communication and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's Discourse than by a day's Meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, "that Speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in Thoughts they lie but in packs."

Neither is this second fruit of Friendship in opening the understanding restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel, (they indeed are best,) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a picture or a statue, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Bacon.

CXXXIII

PETIT À PETIT
L'OISEAU FAIT SON NID.

LET him take heart who does but, even the least little, *advance.* *Plato.*

And I must work through months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation:
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Content if at the end of all
A little garden blossom. *A. Tennyson.*

A HANDFUL OF ARROWS.

EVERY new institution should be but a fuller development of, or addition to, what already exists. *Niebuhr.*

He that changes his party from Humour is not more virtuous than he who changes it for Interest; he loves Himself better than Truth. *Johnson.*

Opposition to Authority is a good reason, not for suppressing a theory, but for delivering it in modest and tolerant language. *Goethe.*

"He who tells *all* he knows, will also tell *more* than he knows."

Show me a man who loves no one place better than another, and I will show you a man who loves nothing but himself. *Southey.*

The great Art now to be learned is the Art of staying at Home.

Upon the same Man, as upon a vineyard planted on a mount, there grow more kinds of wine than one: on the south side, something little worse than Nectar; on the north, something little better than Vinegar. *Richter.*

WHAT has Life to show us but the glass-door of Heaven? Through it we see the highest beauty and the highest bliss—but it is not open.* *Richter.*

The grand basis of Christianity is broad enough for the whole bulk of Mankind to stand on, and join hands, as children of one family. *Lancaster.*

Who hunt the World's delight too late their hunting rue,
When it a Lion proves the hunter to pursue.

Sin not until 'tis left will truly sinful seem;
A man must be Awake ere he can tell his Dream.

Trench.

* "Even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man Merry and another Mad, strikes in me a deep fit of Devotion, and a profound contemplation of the FIRST COMPOSER; there is something in it of Divinity more than the Ear discovers: it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the Whole World, and creatures of God; such a Melody to the Ear, as the whole world, well understood, would afford the Understanding—a sensible fit of that Harmony which Intellectually sounds in the Ears of GOD." *Sir T. Browne.*

ÆSTHETICS.

MEMORABLE—because of the high Office of the speaker, and the Place he spoke in—was the praise addressed by Lord Palmerston to an English Gentleman, who had been visiting Naples, not to explore volcanoes and excavated cities, but to go down into the prisons and declare to all Europe the horrors of Tyranny and misgovernment.

OH would "YOUNG ENGLAND" half the study thrown
Into Greek annals turn upon our own;
Would spell the Actual Present's open book
Where men may read strange matters—learn that Cook,
Tailor, and Dancer, are ill Heraldry,
Compared with LIVING PLAIN AND THINKING HIGH:
That Fools enough have travell'd up the Rhine;
Discuss'd Italian Operas, French Wine,
Gaped at the Pope, call'd Raffaelle "*divine*"—
Yea, could the Nation with one single will
Renounce the Arts she only bungles still,

And stick to that which of all nations best
She knows, and which is well worth all the rest,
Just Government—by the ancient Three-fold Cord
Faster secured than by the point of Sword—
Would we but teach THE PEOPLE, from whom Power
Grows slowly up into the Sovereign Flower,
By all just dealing with them, head and heart
Wisely and religiously to do their part;
And heart and *hand*, whene'er the hour may come,
Answer Brute force, that will not yet be dumb.—
Lest, like some mighty ship that rides the sea,
Old England, one last refuge of the Free,
Should, while all Europe Thunders with the waves
Of war, which shall be Tyrants, Czars, or Slaves,
Suddenly, with sails set and timbers true,
Go down, betray'd by a degenerate crew!

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST."

"No," says the Guesser at Truth, "*First* Thoughts are best, being those of Generous Impulse; whereas *Second* Thoughts are those of Selfish Prudence; *best* in worldly wisdom; but, in a higher economy, *worst*."

The proverb, in fact, as so many of its kind are said to do, tells just *half* the truth;—needing its converse to complete the whole.

For, if a man be Generous by nature, then it may be as the Guesser at Truth says. But if he be *un*generous by nature, then the order is reversed, and the proverb will hold even in that better economy adverted to—his First Thoughts will be those of Selfish Policy; but his Second may be those, not of Generous Impulse indeed, but of a Generous Religion or Philosophy.

CXXXIX

LOT IN LIFE.

"EVERY PATH HAS A PUDDLE."

WHATSOEVER is under the moon is subject to corruption—alteration; and so long as thou livest upon earth look not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerful days, quiet times; but rather clouds, storms, calumnies—such is our fate. And as those errant planets in their distinct orbs have their several motions, sometimes direct, stationary, retrograde, in apogeo, perigeo, oriental, occidental, combust, feral, free, and (as our astrologers will) have their fortitudes and debilities, by reason of those good and bad irradiations, conferred to each other's site in the heavens, in their terms, houses, cases, detriments, &c.;—so we rise and fall in this world, ebb and flow, in and out, reared and dejected; lead a troublesome life, subject to many accidents and casualties of fortunes, infirmities, as well from ourselves as others.

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest; other men are happy in respect of thee; their miseries

are but flea-bitings to thine; thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet if, as Socrates said, all men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment—and lay them on a heap to be equally divided—wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art.

Every man knows his own, but not others' defects and miseries; and 'tis the nature of all men still to reflect upon themselves, their own misfortunes; not to examine or consider other men's; not to confer themselves with others: to recount their own miseries, but not their good gifts, fortunes, benefits, which they have; to ruminate on their adversity, but not once to think on their prosperity—not what they have, but what they want; to look still on those that go before, but not on those infinite numbers that come after. Whereas many a man would think himself in heaven, a petty prince, if he had but the least part of that fortune which thou so much repinest at, abhorrest, and accountest a most vile and wretched estate. How many thousands want that which thou hast! How

many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living; of such as labour in body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain; all which thou art freed from! "O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint!" Thou art most happy, if thou couldst be content and acknowledge thy happiness; *rem carendo, non fruendo, cognoscimus;* when thou shalt hereafter come to want that which thou now loathest, abhorrest, and art weary of and tired with, when 'tis past, thou wilt say thou wert most happy; and after a little miss, wish with all thine heart thou hadst the same content again—mightest lead but such a life—a world for such a life! the remembrance of it is pleasant. Be silent then: rest satisfied—*desine; intuensque in aliorum infortunia solare mentem;* comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes; and as the mouldiwarp in Æsop told the fox, complaining for want of a tail, and the rest of his companions—*Tacete, quando me oculis captum videtis*—"You complain of toys; but I am blind—be quiet"—I say to thee, Be satisfied. It is recorded of the hares, that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more

fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others. *Similes aliorum respice casus, Mitius ista feres.* Be content, and rest satisfied, for thou art well in respect of others: be thankful for that thou hast; that God hath done for thee; he hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might; but a Man, a Christian—such a man.—Consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art. *Burton.*

FOR EVERY ILL BENEATH THE SUN
THERE IS SOME REMEDY, OR NONE.
SHOULD THERE BE ONE, RESOLVE TO FIND IT;
IF NOT, SUBMIT, AND NEVER MIND IT.

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ERRATA.

Page xxxi., the last paragraph should follow the last paragraph of page xxvi.

Page lxxxiii., line 8, for "Church" read "Tower."

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.