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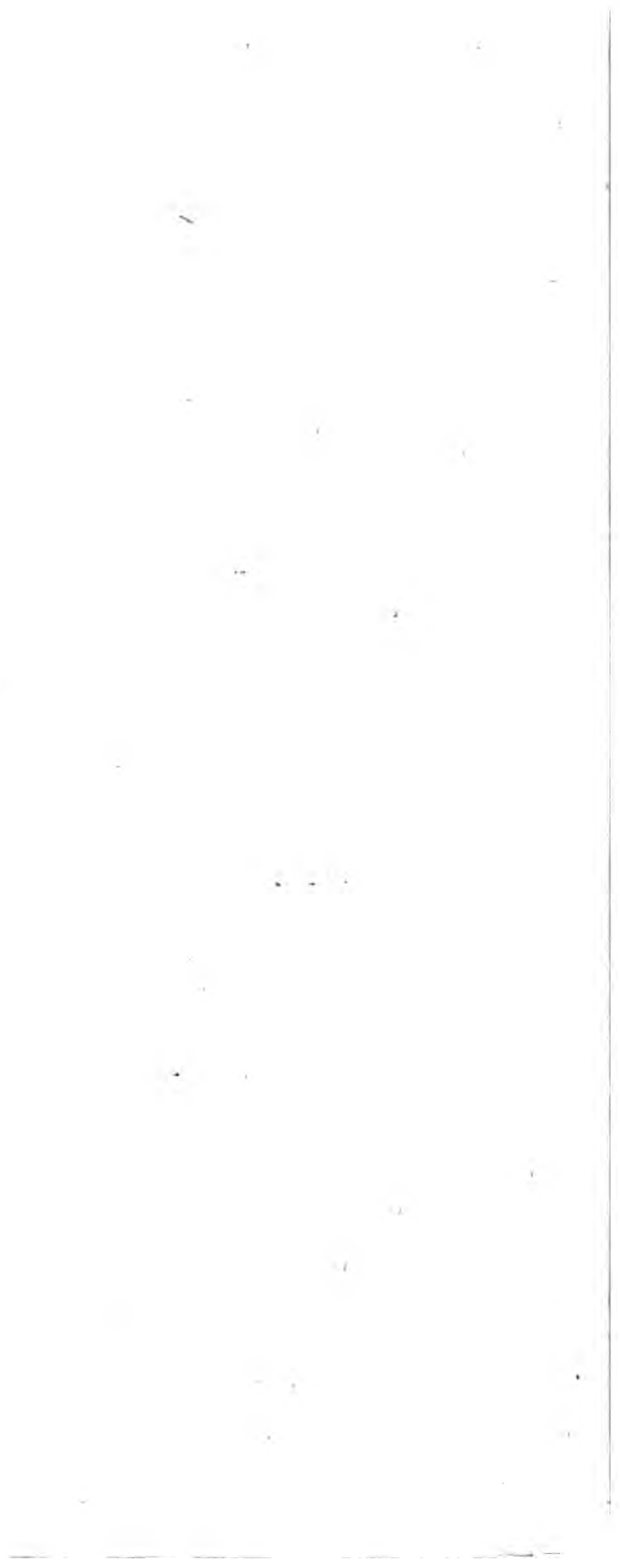


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THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

The EIGHTH EDITION
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

A



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THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

Translated from an *Indian* Manuscript,
written by an ancient BRAMIN.

Found soon after that which contained the
Original of the First Part.

By the same AUTHOR.

IN

A *Second* LETTER from an *English* Gen-
tleman, now residing at *China*, to the
Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

VOLUME the SECOND.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

L O N D O N.

Printed for W. OWEN, near *Temple-Bar*; L. DAVIS,
near *Gray's-Inn, Holborn*; and LEIGH and SO-
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MDCCLXXXVII.

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To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

Peking, Jan. 10, 1749-50.

My LORD,

NOT a month after I had inclosed to your Lordship the translation I had attempted of the Oriental System of Morality, so famous in these parts, we were agreeably surprized with a manuscript of the same size, whose Antiquity, Characters, and other internal marks, determined it to be the performance of that author; which, at the same time that it shewed us, something was wanting to what we had before esteemed a complete system, very happily supplied the deficiency.

I could not rest, after the first dipping into it, without undertaking the pleasing task of a Translation; nor

when I had finished it, without doing myself the honour of transmitting it to your Lordship. I need not tell your Lordship, that the energy of thought, sublimity of style, and many other circumstances, prove it to come from the divine hand that planned the other: the substance of it carries abundantly more proof of it.

If I did not flatter myself that the First Volume had met the honour of your Lordship's approbation, I should not be so earnest in dispatching this after it: but while I know the value of the work, and know your Lordship's distinguishing genius, it would be ridiculous to affect a doubt about it.

I am,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged Servant,

The TRANSLATOR.

C O N T E N T S

o f

VOLUME the SECOND.

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P A R T

PART I.

M A N

Considered in the

GENERAL.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or initials, located in the middle-right section of the page.

SECTION I.

Of the HUMAN FRAME *and*
STRUCTURE.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughtest to be, O child of the dust! wouldst thou raise thy thoughts to infinite wisdom? Wouldst thou see Omnipotence displayed before thee?—Contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: praise therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect? but that thou shouldst behold his works! Wherefore art thou to behold? but that thou mayst admire them! Wherefore to admire? but that thou mayst adore their, and thy Creator!

Wherefore is conscioufness reposed in thee alone? Whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in flesh to think; it is not in bones to reason: the lion knoweth not that worms shall eat him: the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou seeft: something informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy senses. Behold! What is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after this is fled, therefore it is no part of the body: it is immaterial, therefore eternal: it is free to act, therefore accountable for it's actions.

Knoweth the afs the use of food, because his teeth mow down the herbage? Standeth the crocodile erect, altho' his back-bone is strait as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed these: after them all wast thou created:

fupe-

superiority and command were given thee over all : of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know then Thyself, the pride of his creation ; the link uniting divinity and matter. Behold a part of God himself within thee : remember thine own dignity ; nor dare to descend unto evil.

Who planted terror in the tail of the serpent ? who cloathed the neck of the horse with thunder ? Even he who hath instructed thee to crush the one under thy foot, and to tame the other to thy purposes.



SECTION II.

Of the USE of the SENSES.

VAUNT not of thy body, because it was first formed; nor of thy brain, because therein thy soul resideth. Is not the master of the house more honourable than it's walls?

The ground must be prepared before the corn be sowed: the potter must build his furnace before he can perfect his porcelane.

As the breath of heaven sayeth unto the water of the deep, This way shall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high shall they raise their fury, and no higher: so let thy spirit, O Man, actuate and direct thy flesh; so let thy spirit bring it into subjection.

Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame: suffer not the subjects to rebel against it.

Thy

Thy body is as the globe of the earth: thy bones the pillars that sustain it on it's basis.

As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into it's bosom through the rivers: so runneth thy life from the heart outwards, and so returneth it unto it's place again.

Do not both retain their course for ever? Behold! the same God ordained them.

Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou, that perfumes become offensive; that delicacies destroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the centinels that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to distinguish truth from error! Keep then thy soul in moderation, teach thy spirit to be attentive to it's good: so shall these it's ministers be ever unto thee conveyances of truth.

Thine

Thine hand, is it not a miracle? Is there in the creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mightest stretch it out to the assistance of thy brother?

Why, of all things living, art thou alone made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face; therefore do nothing shameful.

Fear and dismay, why rob they thy countenance of its ruddy splendour? Avoid guilt and thou shalt know that fear is beneath thee, that dismay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone speak shadows in the visions of thy pillow? Revere them; for know that dreams are from on high.

Thou Man alone canst speak: wonder at thy glorious prerogative, and pay to him who gave thee speech, a rational and welcome praise. Teach also thy children wisdom, instruct the offspring of thy loins in piety.

SECTION III.

*The SOUL of MAN, it's ORIGIN
and AFFECTIONS.*

THE blessings, O Man! of thy external part are health, vigour and proportion: the greatest of these is Health. What health is to the body even that is honesty to the soul.

That thou hast a soul is of all knowledge the most certain, of all truths the most plain unto thee! Be meek, be grateful for it; but seek not to know it perfectly, for it is inscrutable.

Thought, understanding, reason, will—Say not that these are thy soul! they are it's actions, but they are not it's essence.

Raise not thy soul too high, lest thou be despised: be not thou like unto those who fall by climbing; neither debase it to the sense of brutes: be not thou like to the horse and the
mule,

mule, in whom there is no understanding.

Search thy soul by it's faculties; know it by it's virtues: they are more in number than the hairs of thy head; the stars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with *Arabia* that one soul is divided among all men; neither believe thou with the sons of *Egypt*, that every man hath many: know that as thy heart, so also is thy soul One.

Doth not the sun harden the clay? Doth it not also soften the wax? As it is one sun that worketh both, even so it is one soul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature tho' darkness spread itself before her face like a curtain; so the soul remaineth perfect even in the bosom of the fool.

She is immortal; she is unchangeable; she is alike in all: health calleth her forth to shew her loveliness; and application anointeth her with the oil of wisdom.

Altho'

Altho' she shall live after thee, think not she was born before thee : she was created with thy flesh, and formed with thy brain.

Justice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, neither could mercy deliver her to thee degraded by vices : These must be thine, and thou must answer them.

Suppose not that death can shield thee from examination ; think not corruption can hide thee from enquiry : He who formed thee out of thou knowest not what, can he not raise thee from thou knowest not what again ?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight ? exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee when it is morning ? knoweth not the dog the footsteps of his master ? and flieth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him ? Yet when these die, their spirit returneth to the dust : thine alone surviveth !

Envy

Envy not to these their senses, because they are quicker than thine own: learn that the advantage lieth not in possessing good things, but in the knowing how to use them.

Hadst thou the ear of the stag; or were thine eye as strong and piercing as that of the eagle: didst thou equal the hound in smell; or could the ape resign to thee his taste; or the tortoise her feeling: yet, without reason what would they avail thee? Perish not all these like their kindred?

Hath any one of these the gift of speech? Can any one of them say unto thee, therefore did I so?

The lips of the wise are as the doors of a cabinet, which no sooner are opened, than treasures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of silver, are wise sentences uttered in due season.

Canst thou think too greatly of thy soul? or can too much be said in it's praise?

praise? It is the image of Him who gave it.

Remember thou it's dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatsoever may do good, may it not also do harm? Beware that thou direct it's course to virtue.

Think not that thou canst lose her in the croud; suppose not that thou canst bury her in thy closet: action is her delight, and she will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are universal; her agility is not to be suppressed:—Is it at the uttermost part of the earth? she will have it. Is it beyond the region of the stars? yet will her eye discover it.

Enquiry is her delight: like unto one who traverseth the burning sands in search of water, so is the soul that thirsteth after knowledge.

Guard

Guard her, for she is rash; restrain her, for she is irregular; correct her, for she is outrageous: more unstable is she than water; more flexible than wax; more yielding than air: Is there aught then that can bind her?

As a sword in the hand of a madman; even so is the soul to him who wanteth discretion.

The end of her search is truth; her means to discover it are reason and experience: but are not these weak, uncertain and fallacious? How then shall she attain unto it?

Opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

The perception of thyself; the knowledge of Him who created; the sense of the worship thou owest unto Him; are not these plain before thy face? Behold! what is there more that Man needeth to know?

SECTION IV.

*Of the PERIOD and USES of
HUMAN LIFE.*

AS the eye of the morning to the lark; as the shade of the evening to the owl; as honey to the bee; or as the carcase to the vulture; even such is Life to the heart of man.

Tho' bright, it dazzleth not; tho' obscure, it displeaseth not; tho' sweet, it cloyeth not; tho' corrupt, it forbideth not: Who is he that knoweth it's true value?

Learn to esteem life as thou oughtest; then art thou near the pinnacle of wisdom.

Think not with the fool that nothing is more valuable; nor believe with him who pretendeth to be wise, that thou oughtest to contemn it: love not life for itself alone, but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold

Gold cannot buy it for thee ; neither can mines of diamonds purchase back the moment thou hast now lost : employ thy succeeding ones in virtue.

Say not that it were best to have never been born ; or, when born, that it had been best to have died early : neither dare thou to ask of thy Creator, Where had been the evil had I not existed ? Good is in thy power ; the want of good, is evil : and if thy question be just, lo ! it condemneth thee.

Would the fish swallow the bait if he knew the hook was hid therein ? Would the lion enter the toils if he saw they were prepared for him ? So neither, were the soul to perish with this clay, would man wish to live ; neither would a merciful God have created him : Know hence, thou shalt live hereafter !

The bird tho' enclosed in the cage before he seeth it, yet teareth not his flesh against it's sides ; so labour not
thou

thou vainly to run from the state thou art in: know that it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Tho' the ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful; accommodate thyself to each: but where there is least appearance of evil, suspect the greatest danger.

When thy bed is straw, thou sleepest in security: when thou stretchest thyself on roses, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life; wish to live therefore as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou canst: while thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it.

Nor complain with the fool of the shortness of thy time; but remember, that with thy days, thy cares also are shortened.

Take from the period of thy life the useless parts of it; and what remaineth?

—Take off the time of thine infancy;

the second infancy of old age; thy sleep; thy thoughtless hours; thy days of sickness; — and how few seasons, even at the fulness of years, hast thou truly numbered!

He who gave thee life as a blessing; shortened it to make it more so: to what end would longer life have served thee? Wistest thou to obtain time for more vices? As to the good thou hast done, will not He who hath limited thy span, be satisfied with the fruits of it?

To what purpose, O child of sorrow, wouldest thou live longer? To breathe; to eat; to behold the world? All this thou hast already done: too frequent repetition, is it not tiresome? Is it not superfluous?

Wouldst thou improve thy wisdom and thy virtue? Alas! What art thou to know? Or, who is it that shall teach thee? Badly dost thou employ the little thou hast; dare not to complain therefore that more is not given thee.

Repine

Repine not at the want of knowledge, for it must perish with thee in the grave; be honest here, thou shalt be wise hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numberest thou seven times the age of thy lord? Or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to see my offspring to an hundred generations? Are these to be compared with thee in the abuse of life? Are they riotous? Are they cruel? Are they ungrateful? — Learn from them rather, that innocence of life and simplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knowest thou to employ life better than these? A less portion of it, then, may suffice thee.

Man who dares to enslave the world, when he knoweth that his tyranny can be enjoyed but for a moment; what would he not aim at, were he immortal?

Enough hast thou of life, but thou regardest not : thou art not in want of it, O Man ! But thou art prodigal ; thou throwest it lightly away, as if thou hadst more than enough ; and yet thou repineest that it is not gathered again unto thee.

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich ; it is œconomy.

The wise man continueth to live from his first period : the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches first, and think that afterwards thou wilt enjoy them ; he who neglecteth the present moment, throweth away all that he hath. As the arrow passeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming, so shall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life, that man should desire it ? And, what is breathing that he should covet it ?

Is it not a scene of delusion ; a series of misadventures ; a pursuit of evils, linked on all sides together ? In the beginning it is ignorance ; pain is in it's middle, and it's end is sorrow.

As one wave pusheth on another, till both are involved in that behind them ; even so succeedeth evil to evil in the life of Man : the greater and the present swallow up the lesser and the past ! Real evils are our terrors, and our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools ! — to dread as mortals, and yet to desire as if immortal !

What part of life is it that we would wish to remain with us ? Is it youth ? Can we be in love with outrage, licentiousness and temerity ? Is it age ? Can we be fond of infirmities ?

It is said, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour : but Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth ; and without it, age plants

wrinkles in the soul more than on the forehead.

Is age respected because it hateth riot? What justice is there in this? Say not that age despiseth pleasure, it is pleasure that despiseth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young; so shall thine age be honoured.

P A R T II.

M A N

Considered in regard to

His INFIRMITIES, and their EFFECTS.

SECTION I.

VANITY.

INCONSTANCY is powerful in the Heart of Man; Intemperance swayeth it whither it will; Despair engrosseth much of it; and Fear proclaimeth—“Behold, I sit unrivalled therein! But, Vanity is beyond them all.”

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human state; rather smile at its follies: In the hands of the man addicted to Vanity, life is but the shadow of a dream.

The Hero, the most renowned of human Characters! what is he but a bubble of this weakness? The Public are unstable and ungrateful; why should the man of wisdom endanger himself for fools?

The man who neglecteth his present concerns, to revolve how he will be-

have when he is greater, feedeth himself with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy present station : and, in a more exalted one, thy face shall not be ashamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himself, like Vanity ? Lo ! when thou seest not thyself, it is then that others discover thee most plainly.

As the tulip is gaudy without smell, and conspicuous without use ; so is the man who setteth himself up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the Vain is troubled while it seemeth content : his cares are greater than his pleasures.

His sollicitude cannot rest with his bones ; the grave is not deep enough to hide it : he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being ; he bespeaketh praise, to be paid when he is gone ; but who so promiseth it, deceiveth him.

As

As the man who engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that she disturb not his soul ; so is he who expecteth that praise shall reach his ears beneath the earth ; or cherish his heart in it's shroud.

Do well whilst thou livest ; and regard not what is said of it : content thyself with deserving praise, and thy posterity shall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly, who seeth not her own colours ; as the jessamine, which scenteth not the odour it casteth around ; so is the man who appeareth gay, and would remind others to take note of it.

To what purpose, saith he, is my vesture of gold ? to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye admire them, if the world know it not ? Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry ; so shalt thou have praise ; and shalt feel that thou deservest it.

Why bestowest thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words ?

Thou

Thou knowest that when it is returned unto thee, thou regardest it not. Speak in sincerity, and thou shalt hear with instruction.

The Vain delighteth to speak of himself, and seeth not that others dislike to hear him.

If he hath done any thing worthy of praise, if he possess that which is worthy of admiration, his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported. The desire of such a man defeateth itself: men say not, behold he hath done it, or behold he possesseth it; but they say, mark how proud he is of it.

The heart of man attendeth not at once to many things: He who fixeth his soul on shew, loseth reality; he pursueth bubbles which break as they rise; while he treadeth to the earth what would do him honour.

S E C T I O N II.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

NA T U R E urgeth thee to Inconstancy, O Man ! therefore guard thyself at all times against it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother, various and wavering ; from the loins of thy father inheritest thou instability : how then shalt thou be firm ?

Those who gave thee a body, endued it with weakness ; but He who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution : Employ it and thou art wise ; be wise and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it : for rarely is it of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without, born of uncertainty, enforced by accident, dependent on
some-]

somewhat else? To these then, and to accident, is the praise due.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions; beware of instability in the execution: so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act contrarities? What can suppress the tendencies to these, but firmness of mind?

The Inconstant feeleth that he changeth, yet he knoweth not why; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, yet he perceiveth not how; be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men shall rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action, and see that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee: so shall thy constancy ensure.

sure unto thee the good thou possessest,
and drive from thy door misfortune.
Anxiety and disappointment shall be
strangers to thy gates.

Be not fond to suspect evil in any
one, until thou seeest it: when thou
seeest it, forget it not.

Who so hath been an enemy, cannot
be a friend; for man mendeth not of
his faults.

How should His actions be right, who
hath no rule of life? Can any thing be
just which proceedeth not from reason?

The Inconstant hath no peace in his
soul; neither can any be at ease, with
whom he concerneth himself.

His life is unequal; his motions are
irregular; his soul changeth with the
weather.

To-day he loveth thee; to-morrow
thou art detested by him: and why?
He himself knoweth not wherefore he
loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

To-

To-day he is the tyrant, to-morrow thy servant is less humble; and why? He who is arrogant without power, will be servile where there is no subjection.

To-day he is profuse; to-morrow he even grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat: thus it is with him that knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the camelion he is black, when the moment after, verdure, like to that of the grass, overspreadeth him?

Who shall say of the Inconstant he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing?

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream? In the morning he riseth happy; at noon he is on the rack: this hour he is a god, the next below a worm: one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth: he now willeth; in an instant he willeth not; and, in another, he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet have not ease or pain fixed themselves

felves on him; neither is he waxed greater, or become less; neither hath he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow: therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the Inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand: the blowing of the wind carrieth away it's foundation, and what is the wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted Form is this, that hitherto directs it's even, it's uninterrupted course; whose foot is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds?

On his brow sitteth majesty; steadiness is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Tho' obstacles appear in the way, he deigneth not to look down upon them: tho' heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his tread: the waters of the ocean are dried up under the sole of his foot.

The

The tiger throweth herself across his way in vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions: with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders, but they are not able to shake them: the thunder bursteth over his head in vain; the lightning serveth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

His name is RESOLUTION! he cometh from the utmost part of the earth: he seeth Happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth her Temple beyond the limits of the Pole.

He walketh up to it; he entereth boldly; he remaineth there for ever.

Establish thy heart, O Man! in that which is right, and then know the greatest of human praise is to be Im-
mutable.

SECTION III.

W E A K N E S S .

VAIN and inconstant as thou art,
O child of Imperfection; how
 canst thou but be weak? Is not incon-
 stancy connected with frailty? Can
 there be vanity without infirmity?
 Avoid the danger of the one, and thou
 shalt escape the mischiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou most weak? In
 that wherein thou seemest most strong,
 in that wherein most thou gloriest;
 even in possessing the things which thou
 hast, in using the good that is about thee.

Are not thy Desires also frail? or
 knowest thou even what it is thou
 wouldst wish? When thou hast ob-
 tained what most thou foughtest after,
 behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loseth the pleasure that is
 before thee it's relish? And why ap-
 peareth

peareth that which is yet to come the sweeter? Because thou art wearied with the good of this, and because thou knowest not the evil of that which is not with thee. Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldst thou chuse for thyself; would thy Creator lay before thee all that thine heart could ask for;—would happiness then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakness forbiddeth it! thy infirmity declareth against it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleasure; but that which permanently delighteth, must be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repentest the loss of it, tho' while it was with thee, thou despisedst it.

That which succeedeth it, hath no more pleasure for thee; and thou afterwards quarrellest with thyself for preferring it: behold the only circumstance in which thou erreth not.

Is there any thing in which thy weakness appeareth more than in desire? It is in the possession, and in the use of what thou desirest.

Good things often cease to be good in our possession of them; what nature meant to be pure sweets, are sources of bitterness to us: from our delights arise pain; from our joys, sorrow.

Be moderate in thy enjoyment, and it shall remain in thy possession: let thy joy be founded on reason, and to its end shall sorrow be a stranger.

The delights of love are ushered in by sighs, and they terminate in languishment and dejection: the Object thou burnedst for, now nauseates with satiety; no sooner hadst thou possessed it, but thou wert weary of its presence.

Join esteem to thy admiration; unite friendship with thy love; so shalt thou find, in the end, that content surpasseth raptures, that tranquillity is of more worth than extasy.

God

God hath given thee no good without it's admixture of evil : but he hath given thee also the means of throwing off the evil.

As joy is not without it's allay of pain, so neither is sorrow without its portion of pleasure. Joy and grief, tho' unlike, are united: our own choice only can give them to us entire.

Melancholy itself often giveth delight : and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The best things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his destruction : and out of the worst the wise will find the means of good.

So blended is weakness in thy nature,
O Man ! that thou hast not strength either to be good or to be evil entirely : rejoice that thou canst not excel in evil ; and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various stations : seek not after impossibilities,

nor

nor grieve that thou canst not possess them all.

Wouldst thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? Or, should the wife of thy bosom be despised because she sheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father sink before thee in the divisions of thy country, can at once thy justice destroy him, and thy duty save his life?

If thou behold thy brother in the agonies of a slow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life? And is it not death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raising: He who made virtues what they are, planted also in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence; inform then thy soul, and act as that dictates to thee; and the end shall be always right.

SECTION IV.

*Of the INSUFFICIENCY of
KNOWLEDGE.*

IF there be any thing lovely; if there be any thing desirable; if there be any thing within the reach of man that's worthy of praise, is it not knowledge? And yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The statesman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praise of it; but doth the subject find that he possesseth it?

Evil is not requisite to man; neither is vice to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by connivance of the laws? How many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wise, O Ruler! and learn, O Thou that art to command the nations! one crime authorised by Thee is worse than
than

than the escape of ten from punishment.

When thy people are numerous ; when thy sons increase about thy table, sendest thou them not out to slay the innocent, and to fall before the sword of him whom they have not offended ?

If the object of thy desires demandeth the lives of a thousand, sayest thou not, I will obtain it? Surely thou forgettest that He who created Thee, created also These ; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayest thou that justice cannot be executed without wrong? Surely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flatterest the criminal with false hopes, that he may confess his guilt ; art not thou thyself unto him a criminal ? Or is thy guilt the less because he cannot punish it ?

When thou commandest unto the torture him who is but suspected of ill,

darest thou to recollect, that thou mayest rack the innocent?

Is thy purpose answered by the event? Is thy soul satisfied with his confession? Pain will enforce him, as easily, to say what is not, as what is; and anguish oft hath caused innocence to accuse herself.

That thou mayest not kill him without cause, thou dost worse than kill him: that thou mayest prove whether he be guilty, thou destroyest him yet innocent.

O blindness to all truth! O insufficiency of the wisdom of the wise! Know, when thy Judge shall bid thee account for this, then shalt thou wish ten thousand of the guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent to stand forth against thee.

Insufficient as thou art to the maintenance of justice, how shalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? How shalt thou ascend to the footstep of her throne?

As

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the sun, so shall the bright countenance of truth dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldst mount up into her throne, first bow thyself at her footstool: if thou wouldst arrive at the knowledge of her, first inform thyself of thine own ignorance.

More worth is she than pearls, therefore seek her carefully; the emerald and the sapphire and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore pursue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that must conduct thee into her ports: but weary not in the way, for when thou art arrived at her, thy toil shall be to thee for pleasure.

Say not unto thyself, "Behold truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; dissimulation raiseth friends, and I will follow it." Are not the enemies who

are made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth not man desire the truth? yet when it is before him, will he apprehend it? If it force itself upon him, is he not offended at it?

The deformity is not in truth, for truth is amiable: but the weakness of man endureth not it's splendor.

Wouldst thou see thine insufficiency more plainly, view thyself at thy devotions: to what end was Religion instituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities, to remind thee of thy weakness, to shew thee that from Heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

Doth not Religion remind thee that thou art dust? Doth it not tell thee that thou art ashes? And behold Repentance! Is it not built on frailty?

When thou administresth an oath; when thou swearest thou wilt not deceive; behold! it spreadeth shame upon thy face, and upon the face of him
that

that taketh it. --- Learn to be just, and repentance may be forgotten : learn to be honest, and oaths are unnecessary.

The shorter follies are the safer : say not therefore to thyself, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, shall reprove another with boldness.

He that giveth a denial with reason, shall suffer a repulse with moderation.

If thou art suspected, answer with freedom ; whom should suspicion affright except the guilty ?

The tender in heart is turned from his purpose by supplications ; the proud is rendered obstinate by intreaty : the sense of thy own insufficiency commandeth thee to hear ; but, in order to be just, thou must hear without thy passions.

SECTION V.

MISERY.

FEEBLE and insufficient as thou art, O Man! in goodnes; frail and inconstant as thou art in pleasure, yet is there something in which thou art strong and unshaken: it's name is Misery.

It is the character of thy being, the prerogative of thy nature: in thy breast alone it resideth; without thee there is nothing of it: and behold! what is it's source, but thine own Passions?

He who gave thee these, gave thee also Reason to subdue them; exert it, and thou shalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not shameful? Thy destruction, is it not glorious? Lo! men adorn the instruments of death with gold and
 gems,

gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man hideth his face ; but he who killeth a thousand is honoured.

Know thou, notwithstanding, that in this there is error : custom cannot alter the nature of truth, neither can the opinion of man destroy justice : the glory and the shame are misplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced ; there are a thousand by which he may be destroyed.

There is neither praise nor honour to him who giveth being to another ; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children hath many blessings : and he who hath taken away the life of another, shall not enjoy his own.

When the Savage curseth the birth of his son, and bleffeth the death of his father, doth he not call himself a monster ?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man ;
but he maketh it more while he la-
menteth it.

The greatest of all human ills is for-
row : too much of this art thou born
unto ; add not then to it by thine own
perversefens.

Grief is natural to thee, it is always
about thee ; pleasure is a stranger, and
visiteth thee at times : use well thy
reason, and sorrow shall be cast behind
thee : be prudent, and the visits of
joy shall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable
of sorrow ; but few and narrow are the
paths that lead to delight.

Pleasures can be admitted only sin-
gly ; but pains rush in, a thousand
at a time.

As the blaze of straw fadeth so soon
as it is kindled ; so passeth away the
brightness of joy, and thou knowest
not what is become of it.

Sorrow

Sorrow is frequent, pleasure is rare: pain cometh of itself, delight must be purchased: grief is unmixed, but joy is not without it's allay of bitterness.

As the foundest health is less perceived than the slightest malady, so doth the highest joy touch us less deep than the smallest sorrow.

We are in love with anguish, and often fly from pleasure: when we purchase it, costeth it not more than it is worth?

Reflection is the business of man; a sense of his state is his first duty: but who remembereth himself in joy? Is it not in mercy then that sorrow is allotted unto us?

Man foreseeth the evil that is to come, and remembereth when it is past. He considereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itself. — Think not of thy pain but when it is upon thee, and thou shalt avoid what most would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth; and why, but that he loveth weeping?

The stag weepeth not till the spear is lifted up against him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall till the hound is ready to seize him: Man anticipateth death by the apprehension of it; and the fear is greater misery than the event itself.

Be always prepared to account for thine actions, and the easiest death is that which is least premeditated.



SECTION VI.

Of J U D G E M E N T.

THE greatest bounties given to man are judgement and will: happy is he who misapplieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, destroyeth all that is borne away by it; so doth common opinion overwhelm reason in him that submit-
teth to it; who sayeth not, What is thy foundation?

Examine well that what thou receivest as truth be not it's shadow only; for what thou acknowledgest as convincing is often but plausible. Be firm; be constant; determine for thyself; so shalt thou be answerable only for thine own weakness.

Say not that by the event shall the wisdom of the action be proved: remember that man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgement of another, because it differeth from thine own: mayst not even thou as well as he be in an error?

When thou esteemeſt a man for his titles, and contemneſt the ſtranger becauſe he hath them not; judgeſt thou not of the camel by his bridle?

Think not that thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou ſlayeſt him: thou haſt put him beyond thy reach; thou haſt given him quiet; and thou depriveſt thyſelf of the means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and doth it grieve thee to be told of it? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who deſpiſeth thee for this, condemneſt himſelf: thou art not answerable for the vices of another.

Diſregard not a jewel becauſe thou poſſeſſeſt it; neither enhance thou the value of any thing becauſe it is another's:

ther's: to the wife, possession addeth to the value.

Honour not thy wife the less because she is in thy power. Despise him who hath said, "Wouldst thou love her less, marry her!" What placed her in thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue? Shouldst thou love her less for being the more obliged to her?

If thou wert just in thy courtship of her, tho' thou neglectest her while thou hast her, yet shall her loss be bitter to thy soul.

He who thinketh his wife excellent only because he possesseth her, if he be not wiser than thee, at least he is more happy.

Weigh not the loss which thy friend hath suffered by the tears he sheddeth; alas! the greatest griefs are oft above these expressions of them.

Esteem not an action because it is done with noise and pomp: the noble soul doth great things, but is not moved in the doing them. Fame

Fame indeed astonisheth the ear of him who heareth it; but it is tranquillity that rejoiceth the heart of him who possesseth it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad causes, for thou canst not know his heart; but by this will the world know that thine own heart is full of envy.

In hypocrisy there is not more vice than folly: to be honest is as easy as to seem so.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit, than to revenge an injury; so shall more benefits than injuries be done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; so shall those who love thee, be more in number than those who hate thee.

Be willing to commend, but be slow to censure; so shall praise be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity shall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou doest good, do it because

it

it is good, and not because men esteem it: when thou avoidest evil, fly it because it is evil; not because men speak against it: be honest for love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly honest: he that doth right without principle is wavering.

Wish rather to be reprov'd by the wife, than to be applauded by him who hath no understanding: when the wise tell thee of a fault, they suppose thou canst improve; when the foolish praise thee, he thinketh thee like unto himself.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified; lest he who knoweth more of it despise thee.

Pretend not to instruct another in that wherein thyself art ignorant; when he seeth thy ignorance, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendship with him who hath injured thee; he who suffereth wrong may forgive; but he who doeth wrong will be unforgiving.

Lay

Lay not great obligations on him whom thou wishest to be thy friend; behold! the sense of them will drive him from thee: a little benefit often alienateth friendship: and a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheless, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger perpetual: he hateth, however, to be put in mind of the debt he cannot pay; he is ashamed in the presence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a stranger; neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy: wishest thou that others should do thus by thee?

Wouldst thou enjoy the good-will of all men, let thine own benevolence be universal. If thou obtainest not good-will by this, no other means can give it thee: but know, tho' thou hast it not, thou hast the far greater pleasure—even That of having merited it.

SECTION VII.

PRESUMPTION.

PRIDE and meanness seem incompatible ; but man reconcileth contrarieties : he is at once the most miserable and the most arrogant of all creatures.

Prefumption is the bane of reason ; it is the nurse of error : yet is it congenial with Reason itself.

Who is there that judgeth not too highly of himself, and thinketh not too meanly of others ?

Our Creator even escapeth not our presumption : how then shall we be safe from one another ?

What is the origin of superstition ? and whence ariseth false worship ? Even from our presuming to reason about what is above our reach, and to comprehend what is incomprehensible !

Limited and weak as our understanding

standing is, we employ not even this little power as we ought: we soar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatness; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of Divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whisper against his earthly sovereign, trembles not to arraign the dispensations of his God: he forgetteth the Majesty of Heaven, and rejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honour, yet blusheth not to call upon the name of his Creator to witness a lye.

He who heareth the sentence of the magistrate with silence, yet presumeth to plead with the Eternal: he attempteth to sooth Him with intreaties; to flatter Him with promises; to agree with Him upon conditions? nay to brave and murmur at Him if his request be not granted.

Why art thou unpunished, O Man!
in

in thy impiety? Behold, this is not thy day of retribution?

Be not like unto those who fight with the thunder; neither dare thou deny to thy Creator thy prayers because he chastiseth thee: thy madness in this is on thine own head; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyself.

Why boasteth Man that he is the favourite of his Maker, yet neglecteth to pay his thanks and his adorations? How suiteth an unthankful life with a belief so haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanse, fancieth the whole earth and heaven to be created for him: he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath interest in his well-being.

As Folly, while the images tremble on the bosom of the water, thinketh that trees, and towns, and skies, are dancing to do him pleasure; so man, while nature performs her destined course,

course, fancieth that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courteth the rays of the sun to warm him, he supposeth it made only to be of use to him : while he traceth the moon in her mighty path, he believeth that she was created to do him pleasure.

Fool to thine own pride ! be humble ! Know, thou art not the cause why the World holdeth it's course : for thee are not made the vicissitudes of summer and winter.

No change would follow tho' thy whole race existed not : and thou art but one among millions.

Exalt not thyself to the heavens, for lo ! the angels are above thee ; nor disdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, tho' they may be inferior to thee : are they not the work of the same hand ?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how darest thou in wantonness

ness put his creatures to torture? Beware that cruelty return not upon thee.

Serve not all these the same Universal Master with thyself? Hath he not appointed unto each it's laws? Hath he not care of their preservation? And darest thou to infringe it?

Set not thyself above the judgement of all the earth: neither condemn as falsehood whatever agreeth not with thine own apprehension. Who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected which now are received as truths? How many that are now received as truths shall in their turn be despised? Of what then can man be certain?

Do the good that thou knowest, and happiness shall be unto thee. Virtue is more thy business than wisdom.

Truth and Falshood, have they not the same appearance in whatever we understand

derstand not? What then but our presumption can determine between them?

We easily believe what is above our comprehension: or we are proud in pretending to it, that we may appear to have wisdom: Is not this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms most boldly? Who is it that holds his opinion most obstinately? Even he who hath most ignorance: for he also hath most pride.

Every man when he layeth hold of an opinion desireth to remain in it; but most of all he who hath most presumption: he contenteth not himself to betray his own soul; he will impose on others also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if Reason maketh not the difference.

PART III.

OF THE

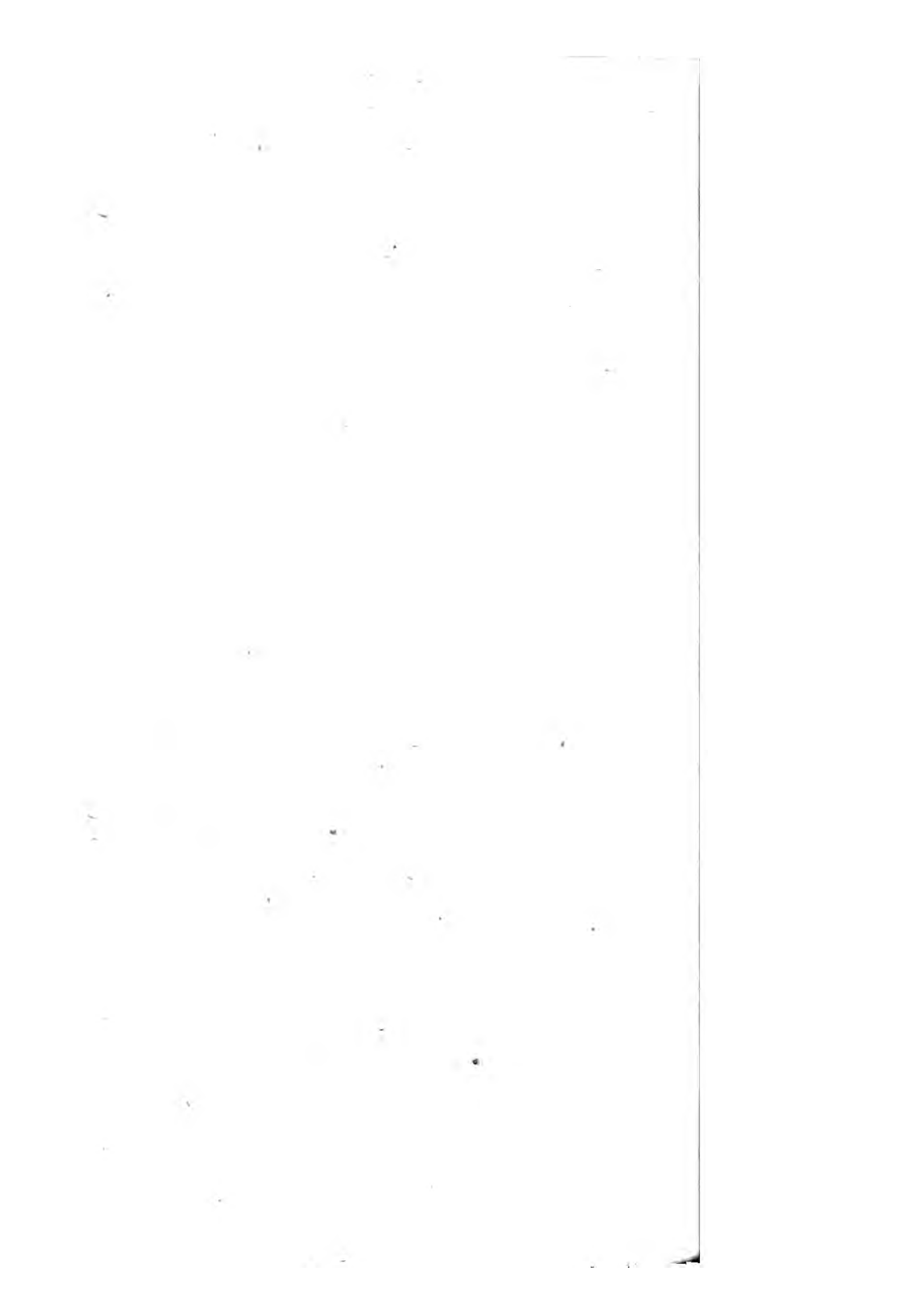
AFFECTIONS

OF

M A N

WHICH ARE

Hurtful to HIMSELF, and OTHERS.



SECTION I.

COVETOUSNESS.

RICHES are not worthy a strong attention : an earnest care of obtaining them is therefore unjustifiable.

The desire of that which a man calleth good, and the joy he taketh in possessing it, are grounded only in opinion : form not thy opinion from the vulgar ; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire after riches is a poison lodged in the soul ; it contaminates and destroys every thing that was good in it ; it no sooner taketh root there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold ; his parent might die ere he would open his coffer : nay, he considereth not Himself in comparison with

it: in the search after happiness he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it, even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Who so accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in pursuit of them.

Who so feareth poverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou fool! is not virtue more worth than riches? Is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in every man: be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as if unworthy to be seen; silver hath

hath she placed where thou tramplest it under thy feet : meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard ? that silver is beneath thy notice ?

Covetousness burieth under ground millions of wretches : these dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury ; what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure : where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grafs ; nor the mule his provender ; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills ; as the olive holdeth not forth her fruits ; nor the vine her clusters : even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise ; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold, but

it serveth not him; he possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him until death.

Hath not gold destroyed the virtue of millions? Did it ever add to the goodness of any?

Is it not most abundant with the worst of men? wherefore then shouldst thou desire to be distinguished by possessing it?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it? and is not wisdom happiness?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it? and hath not their end been miserable?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetousness denieth to itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

If thou art industrious to procure gold, be generous in the disposal of it: man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness unto another.

SECTION II.

P R O F U S I O N.

IF there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useles purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth them a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure refuseth the means to do good: he denieth himself the practice of virtues whose reward is in their hand, and whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be happy with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them: man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth only one virtue, which is patience, to support it: the

rich, if he have not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of himself committed unto him; the rich is entrusted with the welfare of thousands.

He that giveth away his treasure wisely, giveth away his plagues: he that retaineth their increase, heapeth up sorrows.

Refuse not unto the stranger that which he wanteth: deny not unto thy brother even that which thou wantest thyself.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou hast rightly bestowed, than in possessing millions which thou knowest not the use of.

SECTION III.

R E V E N G E.

THE root of revenge is in the weakness of the soul: the abject and timorous are the most addicted to it.

Who torture those they hate but cowards? Who murder those they rob but women?

The feeling an injury must forerun the revenging it; but the noble mind disdaineth to say, "It hurts me."

If the injury itself is not below thy notice, he that doth it maketh himself so: wouldst thou enter the lists with thine inferior?

Disdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee: contemn him who would give thee disquiet.

In this thou not only preservest thine own peace, but thou inflictest all the punishment of revenge, without stooping to employ it against him.

As the tempest and the thunder affect not the sun or the stars, but spend their fury on stones and trees below; so injuries ascend not to the souls of the great, but waste themselves on such as are those who offer them.

Poorness of spirit will actuate revenge; greatness of soul despiseth the offence: nay, rather doth good unto him who intended to have disturbed it.

Why seekest thou vengeance, O man? With what purpose is it that thou pursuest it? Thinkest thou to pain thine adversary by it? Know that thyself feelest it's greatest torment.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it; while he against whom it is aimed remaineth easy.

It is unjust in the anguish it inflicts; therefore nature intended it not for thee: needeth he who is injured, more pain? or ought he to add force to the affliction which another hath cast upon him.

The

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the mischief he hath received. He addeth to his anguish the punishment due unto another; while he whom he seeketh to hurt, goeth his way laughing, and maketh himself merry at this addition to misery.

Revenge is painful in the intent; and it is dangerous in the execution: seldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo! he remembereth not that it must recoil against himself.

Whilst the revengeful seeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adversary, lo! he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it: if he succeed, he repenteth of it. The fear of justice taketh away the peace of his own soul; the care to hide him from it destroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adversary satiate thy hatred? Can the setting him at rest restore thy peace?

Wouldst thou make him sorry for his offence, conquer him and spare him: in death he owneth not thy superiority; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there should be a triumph of the avenger: he who hath injured him should feel his displeasure; he should suffer pain from it, and should repent him of the cause.

This is the revenge inspired from anger: but that which maketh thee great, is Contempt.

Murder for an injury ariseth only from cowardice: he who inflicteth it feareth that the enemy may live, and avenge himself.

Death endeth the quarrel, but restoreth not the reputation: killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it may be safe, but it is not honourable.

Nothing

Nothing is so easy as to revenge an offence; nothing is so honourable as to pardon it.

The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself: he that disdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditatest revenge, thou confessest that thou feelest the wrong; when thou complaineest, thou acknowledgest thyself hurt by it: meanest thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt: how then can he who despiseth it, revenge it?

If thou think it dishonourable to bear an offence, more is in thy power; thou mayst conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy: greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more

glory is in pardoning it; and by how much more justifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in clemency.

Hast thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause; to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated: but he that is endowed with clemency is adored. The praise of his actions remaineth for ever; and the love of the world attendeth him.



SECTION IV.

*CRUELTY, HATRED, and
ENVY.*

REVENGE is detestable: what then is cruelty? lo! it possesseth the mischiefs of the other, but it wanteth even the pretence of it's provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts: do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what oweth she her existence? Her father is Fear, and behold Dismay, is it not her mother?

The hero lifteth his sword against the enemy that resisteth; but no sooner doth he submit than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it:

subdue

subdue the insolent and spare the humble, and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end, he who hath not courage to ascend thus into it, lo ! he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who feareth all, striketh at all : why are tyrants cruel but because they live in terror ?

The cur will tear the carcase, though he dared not to look it in the face while living ; but the hound that hunteth it to the death, mangleth it not afterwards.

Civil wars are bloody, for those who fight in them are cowards. Conspirators are murderers because in death there is silence ; is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed ?

That thou mayest not be cruel, set thyself too high for hatred : that thou mayest not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every

Every man may be viewed in two lights; in one he will be troublesome, in the other less offensive: chuse to see him in that in which he least hurteth thee; then shalt thou not do hurt unto him.

What is there that a man may not turn unto his good? In that which offendeth us most, there is ground rather for complaint than hatred. Man wishes to be reconciled to him of whom he complaineth: whom murdereth he but him whom he hateth?

If thou art deprived of a benefit, fly not into rage: the loss of thy reason is the want of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy cloak, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy coat also?

When thou enviest the man who possesseth honours, when his titles and his greatness raise thy indignation, seek to know whence they came unto him: enquire by what means he was
possessed

possessed of them, and thine envy will be turned into pity.

If the same fortune were offered unto thee at the same price, be assured if thou wert wise thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the pay for titles but flattery? How doth man purchase power but by being a slave to him who giveth it?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty to be able to take away that of another? or canst thou envy him who doth so?

Man purchaseth nothing of his superiors but for a price; and that price, is it not more than the value? Wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world? Wouldst thou have the purchase and the price also?

As thou canst not envy what thou wouldst not accept, disdain this cause of hatred, and drive from thy soul this occasion of the parent of cruelty.

If thou possessest honour, canst thou envy that which is obtained at the expence

pence of it? If thou knowest the value of virtue, pitiest thou not those who have bartered it so meanly?

When thou hast taught thyself to bear the seeming good of men without repining, thou wilt hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou seest good things fall to one who deserveth them, thou wilt rejoice: for virtue is happy in the prosperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happiness of another, increaseth by it his own.



SECTION V.

HEAVINESS of HEART.

THE soul of the chearful forceth
a smile upon the face of affliction;
but the despondence of the sad dead-
eneth even the brightness of joy.

What is the source of Sadness but a
feebleness of the soul? What giveth it
power but the want of spirit? Rouse
thyself to the combat, and she quitteth
the field before thou strikest.

Sadness is an enemy to thy race,
therefore drive her from thy heart:
she poisoneth the sweets of thy life,
therefore suffer her not to enter thy
dwelling.

She raiseth the loss of a straw to the
destruction of thy fortune: while she
vexeth thy soul about trifles, she rob-
beth thee of thine attention to the
things of consequence: behold! she
but prophesieth what she seemeth to
relate unto thee.

She

She spreadeth drowfines as a veil over thy virtues: she hideth them from those who would honour thee on beholding them: she entangleth and keepeth them down, while she maketh it most necessary for thee to exert them.

Lo! she oppreffeth thee with evil: she tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldst avoid what is base, if thou wouldst disdain what is cowardly, if thou wouldst drive from thy heart what is unjust, suffer not Sadness to lay hold upon it.

Suffer not Sadness to cover herself with the face of piety: let her not deceive thee with a shew of wisdom. Religion payeth honour to thy Maker, let it not be clouded with melancholy: wisdom maketh the happy; know then that sorrow, in her sight, is as a stranger.

For

For what should man be sorrowful but for affliction? Why should his heart give up joy, when the cause of it is not removed from him? Is not this being miserable for the sake of misery?

It is not always the occasion that produceth the sorrow: for, behold! the same thing shall be to another rejoicing.

Ask men if their sadness maketh things better; and they will confess to thee that it is folly; nay, will they not praise him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head against misfortune with courage? Applause then should be followed by imitation.

Sadness is against nature, for it troubleth her motions: lo! it rendereth distorted whatsoever nature hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempest and raiseth not it's head again; so boweth the heart of man to the force of sadness,

sadness, and returneth unto it's strength no more.

As the snow melteth upon the mountain from the rain that trickleth down it's side, even so is beauty washed from off the cheeks by tears: neither the one nor the other restoreth itself again.

As the pearl is dissolved by the vinegar, which seemeth at first only to obscure it's surface, so is thy happiness, O Man! swallowed up by Heaviness of Heart, though at first it seemeth only to be clouded as with a shadow.

Behold Sadness in the public streets! cast thine eye upon her in the places of resort! avoideth she not every one? Doth any look upon her? Doth not every one flee from her presence?

See how Sadness droopeth her head like the flower whose root is cut asunder! see how she fixeth her eyes upon earth! see how they serve her to no purpose but that of weeping!

Is there in her mouth discourse? Is there in her heart the love of society? Is there in her soul reason? Ask her the cause, she knoweth it not: enquire the occasion, and behold there is none.

Yet will her strength fail her; lo! at length she sinketh into the grave; and no one sayeth what is become of her.

Haft thou understanding, and seeft thou not this? Haft thou piety, and perceivest thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy: had he not intended thee to be happy, his goodness would not have called thee into existence: how darest thou then to fly in the face of thy Creator?

While thou art happy in innocence, thou doest him most honour; and what is thy discontent but murmuring against him?

Created he not all things liable to change? and darest thou to weep at their changing?

If

If we acknowlege the law of nature, wherefore do we complain? If we are ignorant of it, what should we accuse but our blindness to that of which every moment giveth us proof?

Know that it is not thou who givest laws to the world; thy part is to submit to them as thou findest them: do they distress thee? thy lamentation but addeth to thy torment.

Be not deceived with fair pretences, nor suppose that sorrow healeth misfortune; it is a poison under the colour of a remedy: while it pretendeth to draw the arrow from thy breast, lo! it plungeth it into thine heart.

While Sadness separateth thee from thy friends, doth she not say thou art unfit to converse with them? While she driveth thee into corners, doth she not proclaim that she is ashamed of herself?

It is not in thy nature to meet the arrows of ill fortune unhurt, nor doth
reason

reason-require it of thee: it is thy duty to bear misfortune like a man; but first thou must also feel it like one.

Tears may drop from thine eyes, though virtue falleth not from thine heart: be thou careful there be cause, and that they flow not too abundantly.

The pangs of affliction are not to be reckoned from the number of tears: the greatest griefs are often above such testimonies; as the greatest joys are beyond utterance.

What is there that weakeneth the soul like grief? What depresseth it like sadness?

Is the sorrowful prepared for noble enterprizes? or armeth he himself in the cause of virtue?

Subject not thyself then to ills, where there are no advantages in return; neither sacrifice thou the means of good unto that which is in itself an evil.

PART IV.

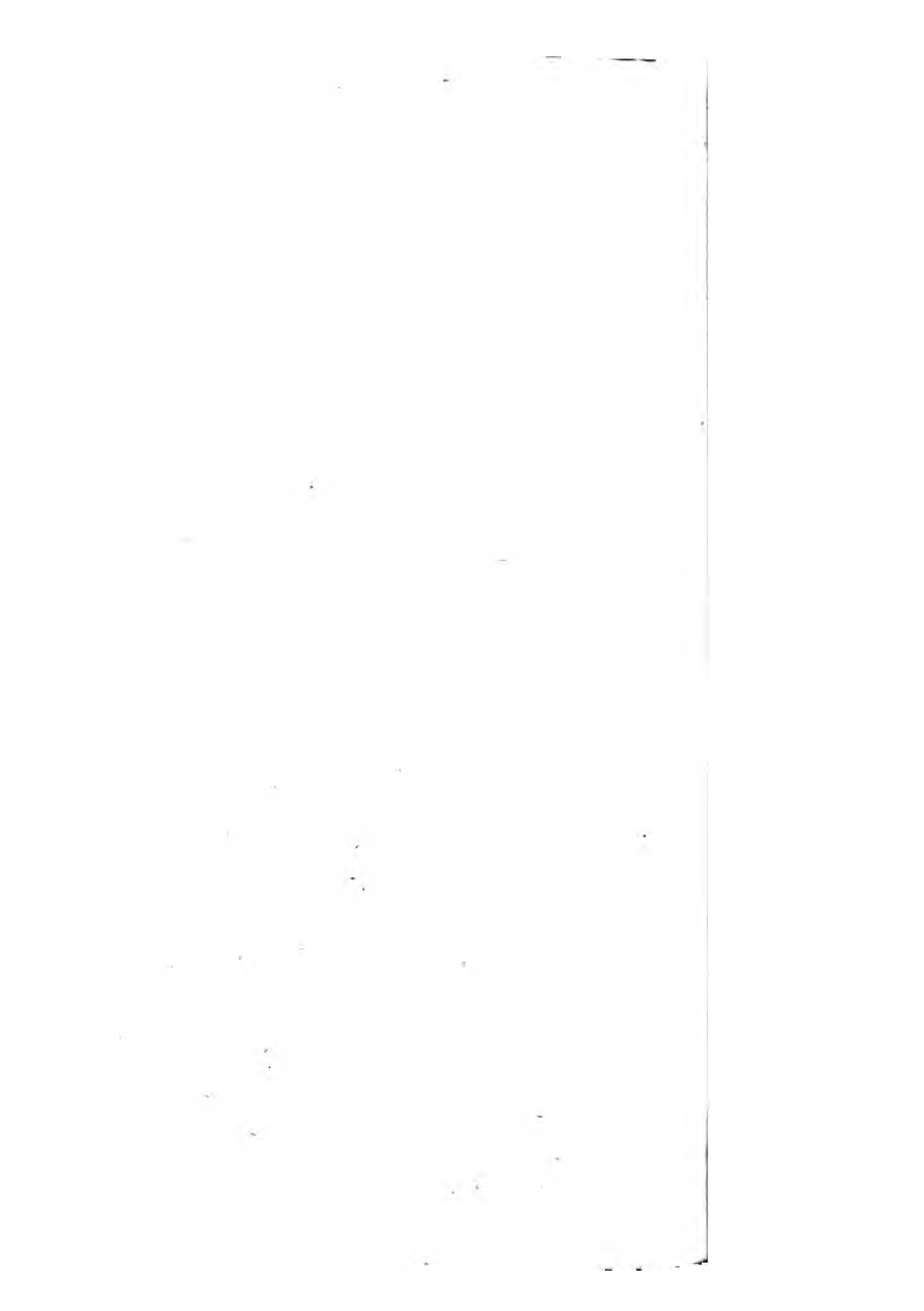
OF THE

ADVANTAGES

M A N

May acquire over his

FELLOW-CREATURES.



SECTION I.

NOBILITY and HONOUR.

TRUE Nobility resideth not but in the soul; nor is there true honour except in virtue.

The favour of princes may be bought by vice; rank and title may be purchased for money: but these are not true honour.

Crimes exalt not a man to real glory; neither can gold make him noble.

When titles are the reward of virtue; when the man is set on high who hath served his county, He who bestoweth the honours hath glory, like as He who receiveth them: and the world is benefited.

Wouldst thou wish to be raised, and men know not for what? Wouldst thou that they should say, Why is this?

When the virtues of the hero descend to his children, his titles accom-

pany them well : but when he who possesseth them is unlike to him who deserved them, lo ! do they not call him degenerate ?

Hereditary honour is accounted noble ; but reason speaketh in the cause of him who hath acquired it.

He who, worthless himself, appealeth to the actions of his ancestors for his greatness, is like to the thief who claimeth protection by flying to the pagod.

What good is it to the blind that his parents could see ? What benefit is it to the dumb that his grandfather was eloquent ? Even so, what is it to the mean that their predecessors were noble ?

A mind disposed to virtue, maketh great the possessor, and, without titles, will raise him above the vulgar.

He will acquire honour while others inherit it : and will he not say unto them, such were the men whom thou gloriest in being derived from ?

As

As the shadow waiteth on the substance, even so true honour attendeth upon virtue.

Say not that honour is the child of boldness, nor believe thou that the hazard of life, alone, can pay the price of it: it is not to the action that it is due, but to the manner of performing it.

All are not called to the guiding the helm of state, neither are armies to be commanded by every one: do well in that which is committed to thy charge, and praise shall remain upon thee.

Say not that difficulties must be conquered, and that danger must be in the way to renown: The woman who is chaste, is she not praised? The man who is honest, deserveth he not to be honoured?

The thirst of fame is violent; the desire of honour is powerful; and he who gave these to us, gave them for great purposes.

When desperate actions are necessary

to the public, when our lives are to be exposed for the good of our country, what can add force to virtue but ambition ?

It is not the receiving honour that delighteth the noble mind ; it's pride is to have deserved it.

Is it not better men should say why hath not this man a statue, than that they should ask why he hath one ?

The ambitious will always be first in the croud ; he preffeth forward, he looketh not behind him : more anguish hath he in his soul to see one before him, than joy to leave thousands at a distance.

The root of ambition is in every man, but it springeth not up in all : fear checketh its growth in some ; in many, modesty suppresseth it.

Ambition is the inner garment of the soul : the first thing put on with the flesh, and the last laid down at it's dissolution.

Ambition

Ambition is an honour to thy nature when worthily employed: when thou directest it to wrong purposes, it shameth and destroyeth thee.

In the breast of the traitor ambition is covered: Hypocrisy hideth the face under her mantle, and cool Diffimulation furnisheth her with smooth words: but in the end men shall see what she is.

The serpent loseth not his sting tho' benumbed by the frost; the tooth of the viper is not broken tho' the cold closeth his mouth: take pity on his state and he will shew thee his spirit; warm him in thy bosom, and he will requite thee with death.

He that is truly virtuous, loveth virtue for herself; he disdaineth the applause which ambition aimeth after.

How pitiable were the state of Virtue could she be happy only from another's praise! She is too noble to seek for recompence, and be rewarded.

The higher the sun ariseth, the less

shadow doth he make; even so, the greater the virtue the less doth it covet praise: yet, cannot it avoid the reward of honours.

Glory, like a shadow, fleeth him who pursueth it, but followeth at the heels of, him who would fly from it: if thou courtest it without merit, thou shalt never attain unto it: if thou deserveest it, though thou hidest thyself, it will never forsake thee.

Pursue that which is honourable, do that which is right, and the applause of thine own conscience will be more joy to thee than the shouts of millions who know not thy deserts.

SECTION II.

SCIENCE and LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man, is it not the study of the works of his Creator?

To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of the Supreme: and every thing that proveth this, giveth cause of adoration.

His mind is every moment lifted up to Heaven: his life is one continued act of devotion.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, and findeth he not the heavens full of wonders? Looketh he down to the earth, and doth not the worm proclaim to him,—“Could less than Omnipotence have formed me?”

While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and again returneth to it's destined road; who but thy God, O man! could have formed them?

What but Infinite Wisdom could have appointed them their laws ?

Behold how awful their splendour ! yet doth it not diminish :—Lo ! how rapid their motion ! yet runneth not one in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and behold her produce ; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain ! Hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole ?

Who biddeth the grafs to fpring up ? Who watereth it at due feafons ? Behold the ox croppeth it ! the horfe and the fheep feed they not upon it ? Who is He that provideth it for them ?

Who giveth increafe to the corn which thou foweft ? and returneth it to thee a thoufand-fold ?

Who ripeneth for thee the olive in its time ? and the grape alfo, tho' thou knoweft not the caufe of it ?

Can the meaneft fly create itfelf, or couldft thou — couldft Thou have fashioned it ?

The beafts feel that they exift, yet they

they wonder not at it : they rejoice in their life, but they know not that it shall end : each animal performeth it's course in fucceffion ; nor is there a lofs of one fpecies in a thoufand generations.

Thou who feeft the Whole no lefs admirable than it's Parts, canft thou better employ thine eye than in tracing out thy Creator's greatnefs, or thy mind, than in examining fuch wonders ?

Power and mercy are difplayed in their formation ; juftice and goodnefs fhine forth in the provifion that is made for them : all are happy in their feveral ways ; nor envieth one the other.

What is the ftudy of words, compared with this ? Wherein is knowledge, but in the ftudy of nature ?

When thou haft adored the fabric, enquire into it's ufe : know, the earth produceth nothing but may be of good to thee : are not food and raiment, and the remedies for thy difeafes all derived from the earth alone ?

Who is wife then but he that knoweth

this? Who hath understanding but he that contemplateth it? For the rest, whichever science hath most utility; whichever knowledge hath least vanity; prefer these unto the others; and profit of them for the sake of thy neighbour!

To live and to die; to command and to obey; to do and to suffer; are not these all that thou hast farther to care about? These shall morality teach thee; the **OEconomy of Life** shall lay them before thee.

Behold they are written in thine heart, thou needest only to be reminded of them: they are easy of conception; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is boast: lo! they are not necessary to man, nor do they make him more good or more honest.

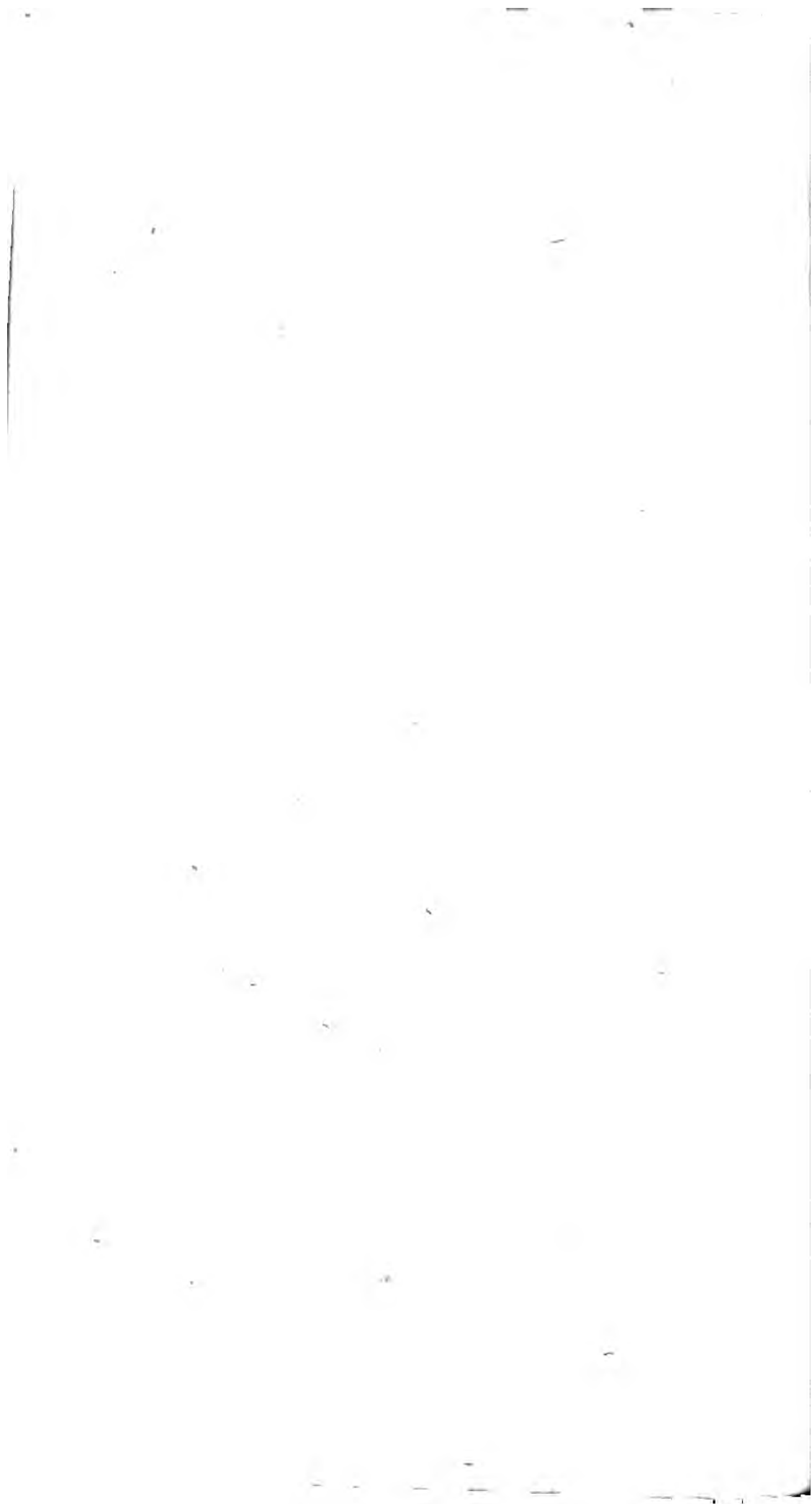
Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow-creatures, are not these thy great duties? What shall teach thee the one, or what shall inform thee of the other, like unto the study of His Works?

P A R T - V.

O F

Natural Accidents.





SECTION I.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

LET not Prosperity elate thine heart above measure ; neither let thy soul be depressed unto the grave, because Fortune beareth hard against thee.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them ; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope teach thee patience.

To bear well adversity, is difficult : but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy ; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul : be therefore watchful when these are upon thee.

Behold Prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee ; how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour !

Tho' thou hast been constant in ill fortune, tho' thou hast been invincible

in

in distress, yet by Prosperity art thou conquered: not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity; success and happiness cause even our friends to envy.

Adversity is the seed of well doing; it is the nurse of heroism and boldness! Who that hath enough will endanger himself to have more? Who that is at ease will set his life on the hazard?

True virtue will act under all circumstances: but men see most of its effects when accidents concur.

In adversity man seeth himself abandoned by others; he findeth that all his hopes are centered within himself: he rouseth his soul, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he fancieth himself safe; he thinketh he is beloved of all that smile about his table: he groweth careless and remiss; he seeth not the danger

ger that is before him; he trusteth to others, and in the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own soul in distress: but prosperity blindeth the truth.

Better is the sorrow that leadeth to contentment, than the joy that rendereth man unable to endure distress, and afterwards plungeth him into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our extremes; but the effect of wisdom is moderation.

Be upright throughout life; be content in all its changes: so shall all occurrences be profitable; so shall every thing that happeneth unto thee be the source of praise.

The wise maketh all things the means of advantage; and with the same countenance beholdeth he all the appearances of fortune: he governeth the good, he conquereth the evil, he is unmoved in all.

Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity: court not dangers, nor meanly flee from before them:

them : dare to despise whatever will not remain with thee.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope ; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the End shall never attain unto it : and he who seeth not the pit shall perish therein.

He who calleth Prosperity his good ; who hath said unto her, with Thee will I establish my happiness : lo ! he anchoreth his vessel in a bed of sand which the return of the tide washeth away.

As the water that passeth from the mountains kisseth, in it's way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the rivers, but tarrieth not in any place ; even so fortune visiteth the sons of men : her motion is incessant, she will not stay ; she is unstable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her ? When she kisseth thee thou art blessed, but behold as thou turnest to thank her, she is gone unto another.

S E C T I O N

SECTION II.

PAIN and SICKNESS.

THE sickness of the body affecteth the soul; the one cannot be found without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is most felt, and it is that which from nature hath the fewest remedies.

When thy constancy faileth thee, call in thy reason: when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

Suffering is a necessity entailed upon thy nature; wouldst thou be protected from it by miracle? or shalt thou repine because it happeneth unto Thee, when lo! it happeneth unto all?

It is injustice to require exemption from that which thou wert born unto: submit with modesty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldst thou say to the seasons, pass not on, lest I grow old? Is it not better

ter, with an equal mind, to suffer that which thou canst not avoid ?

Pain that endureth long is moderate; blush therefore to complain of it: that which is violent is short; behold! thou seest the end of it.

Thy body was created to be subservient to thy soul: while thou afflictest thy soul because of pain, behold thou fettest thy body above it.

As the wise sorroweth not because a thorn teareth his garment; so the patient grieveth not his soul because that which covereth it is injured.



S E C T I O N III.

D E A T H.

AS the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist: so is death the test of our lives; the assay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it: the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not spent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have lost all his time, who employeth the last portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought: neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He who remembereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who striveth to forget it, hath no pleasure in any thing: his joy appeareth to him a
jewel

jewel which he expecteth every moment he shall lose.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly, let thy vices die before thee! Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour cometh, hath nothing to do but to expire; who wisheth not for delay when he hath no longer use for time.

Avoid not death, for it is weakness; fear it not, for thou understandest not what it is; all that thou certainly knowest is this, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not that the longest life is the happiest; that life which is best employed doth a man the most honour, and he after death shall rejoice in the advantages of it.

This is the complete **ŒCONOMY** of
HUMAN LIFE.

F I N I S.





