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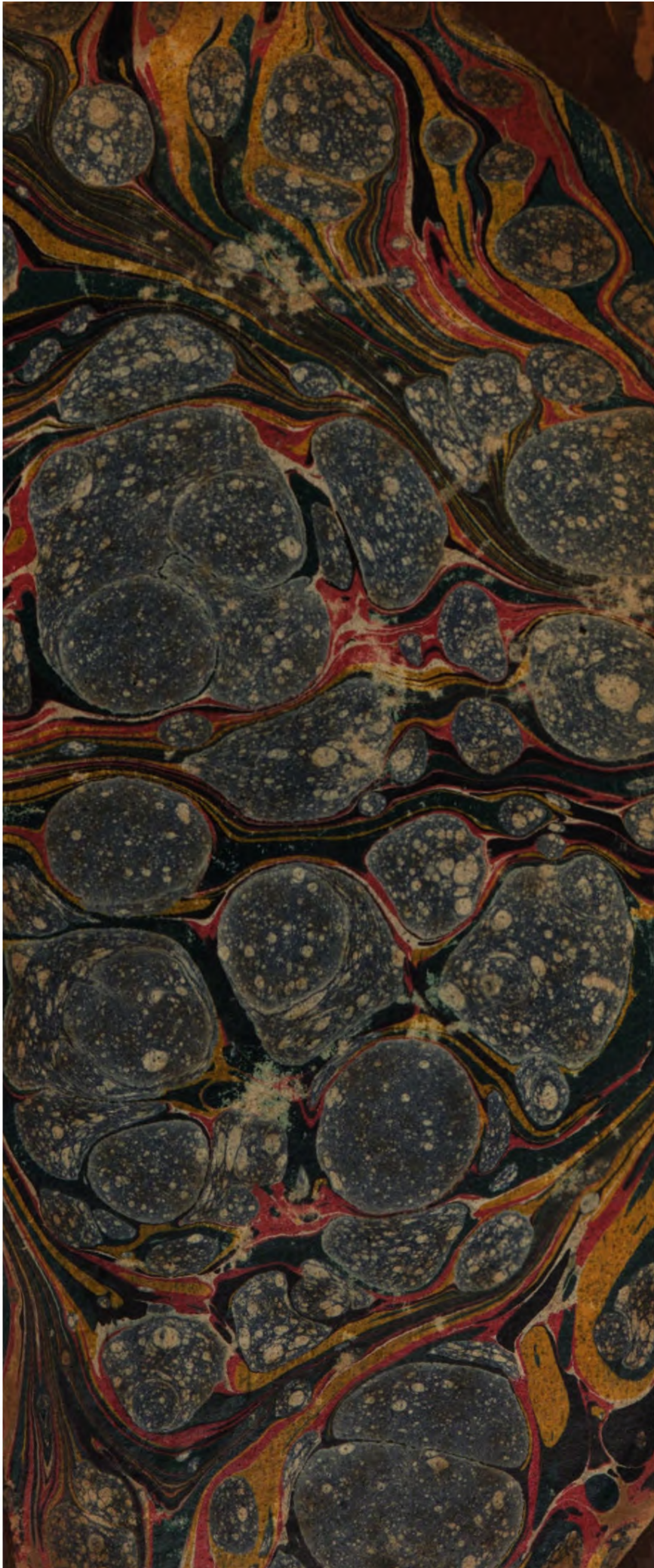
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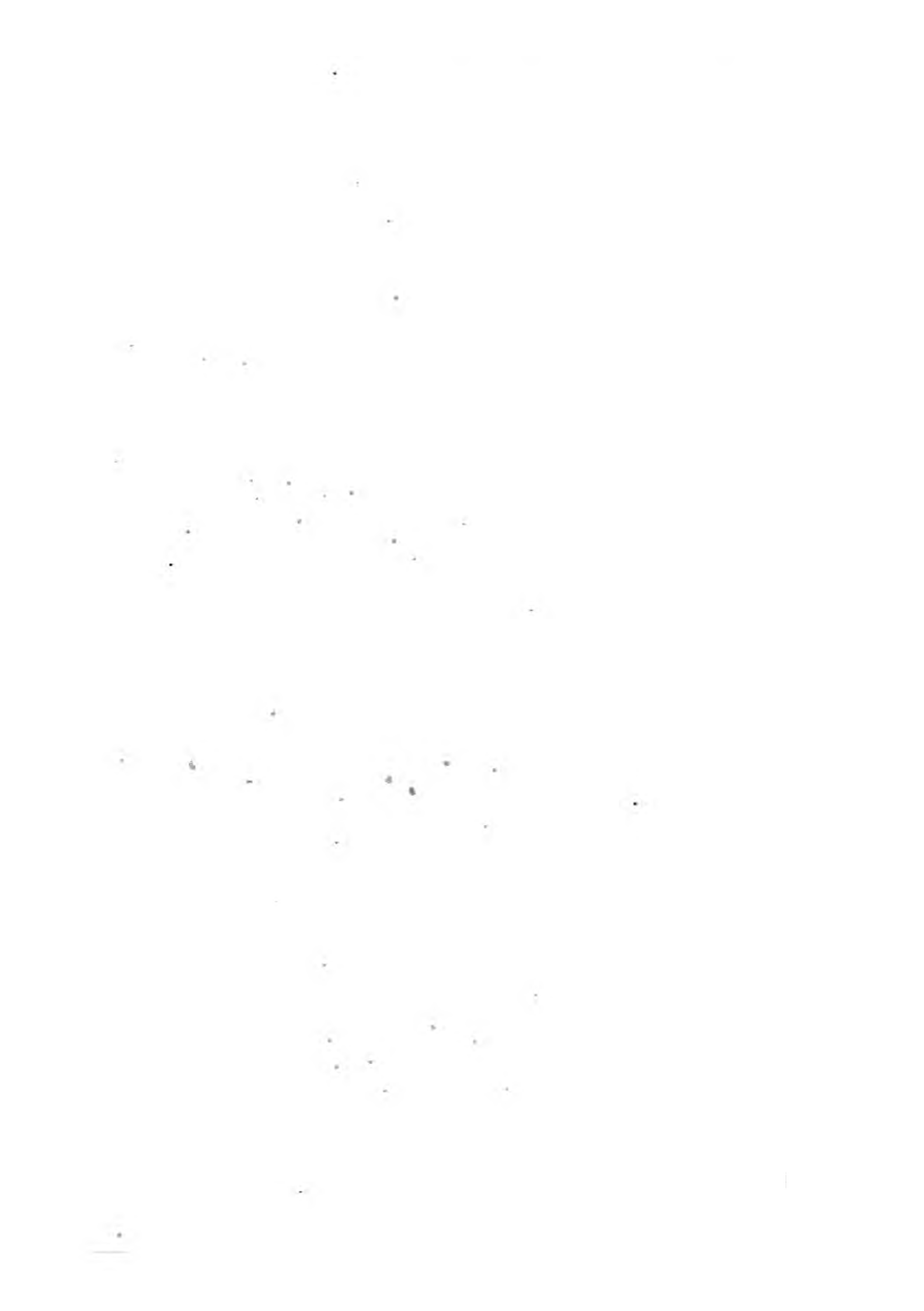


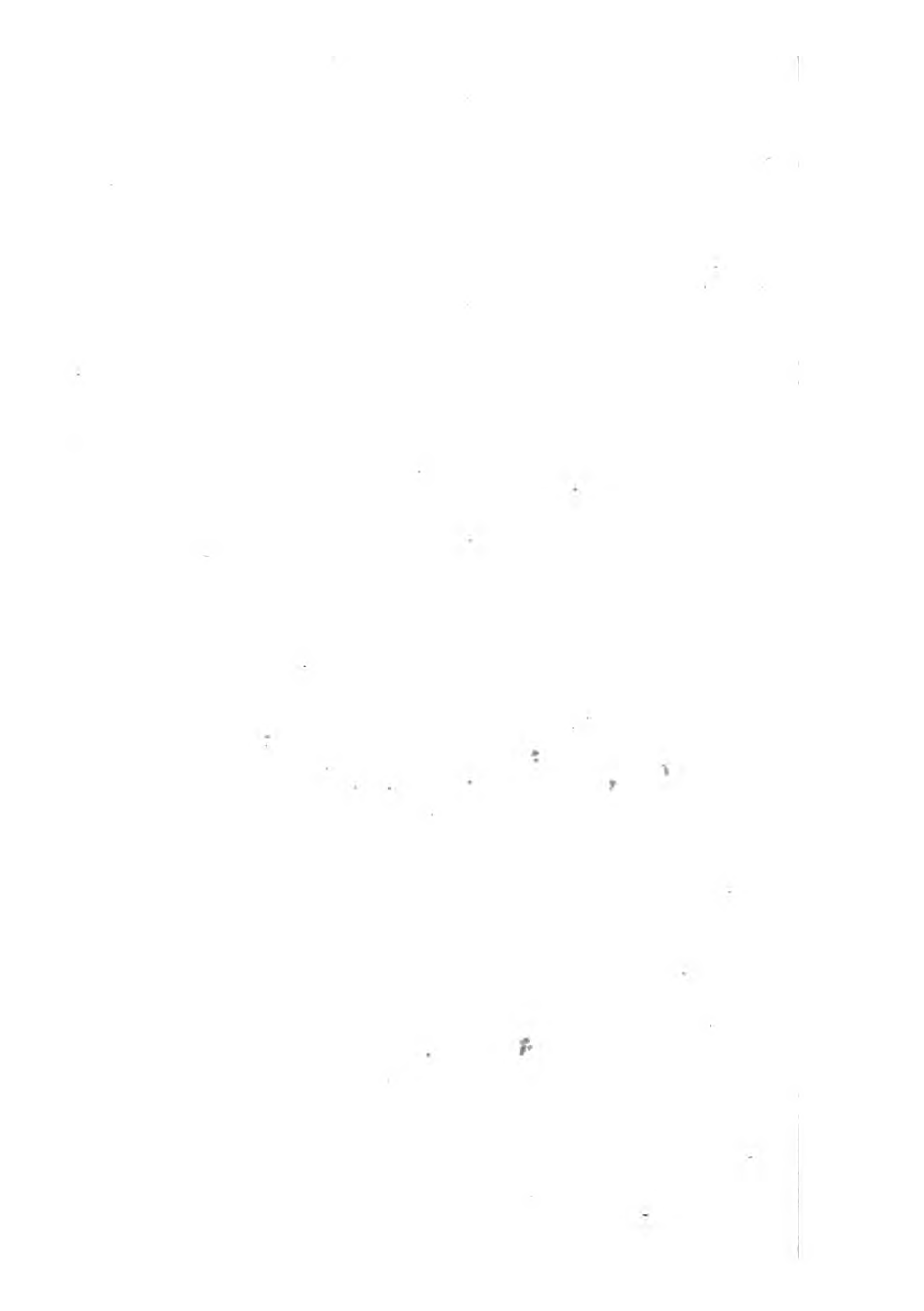
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EXTRACTS

FROM

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS,

WITH

OBSERVATIONS

UPON THEM.

BY WILLIAM DANBY, Esq.

OF SWINTON PARK, YORKSHIRE.

LONDON:

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DEDICATION

TO

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

MY DEAR LORD,

AN acquaintance of many years' standing, with some degree of family connexion, has given me the knowledge of the many virtues which have raised your Grace to the eminent situation in which you have been long placed, and which has induced me to offer to your Grace the dedication of these extracts from, and observations on, a work which so powerfully advocates the cause and the interests of a religion which is our best support in this world, and our highest object in the next. The Church, of which your Grace is a distinguished member, has been considered by many pious and learned men, and particularly by the illustrious Grotius, as established on a foundation which secures its stability more than that of any other, whatever dissent from its doctrines the varying opinions and feelings of men may have produced; those doctrines are as consonant to reason, as the human intelligence of the mysteries that

religion must contain in itself, could make them ; and they are no less calculated to secure that peace which, as our great Shepherd has told us, will "give rest unto our souls."

That we all, and your Grace in particular, may enjoy that peace on earth, which is the foretaste of happiness in heaven, is the sincere wish of,

My dear Lord,

Your Grace's affectionate and obedient Servant,

WILLIAM DANBY.

Swinton Park, October 30, 1832.

P R E F A C E.

THE great value of the "Night Thoughts," and the inestimable value of the subject, certainly deserved a more able selector and commentator than I have proved myself to be. However, as no attempt of the kind, that I know of, has ever been made, I venture mine into the world, in hopes that it may induce more to read the poem itself, among those who most want its admonitions, or those who have been deterred from it by a mistaken, as to many parts of it at least, notion of its gloom and severity. If they dislike seriousness, even upon the most important subjects, their case is at least as desperate as Lorenzo's: they will, it is to be feared, have nothing but a "dreadful scene" before them, in the "unconsidered" One, in the "worlds unknown," into which they must at some time be "wafted." If they do not give their "consciences leave to speak" now, they will speak, "their leave unasked," when it is too late for them to be heard with any profit.

It is singular that Young's Night Thoughts have more admirers (as I have been told) among our lighter neighbours on the continent, than amongst us more serious Islanders; perhaps it is from the lively imagination displayed in them, as well as from their animation. They are, however, much read among our countrymen, and a little further acquaintance with them (for which some dis-

position to seriousness may be required), will no doubt increase the number. In this age of urbanity and toleration, there is no fear of their having any but the best effects upon social intercourse, inculcative as they are of religious philanthropy.

Madame de Stael criticises the "Night Thoughts" (in her ingenious "Corinne") for their want of taste. But what is taste compared with force of description? Do we accuse the Scriptures of want of taste, in their mention of "the sow wallowing in the mire," or "the dog returning to the vomit?" And what can be more forcible, or more appropriate, than these similes?

Perhaps I may have been too fond of interlarding my works with scraps of Latin, &c. ; but this I have done from an idea that they would make a greater impression upon those who understand those languages, who might communicate that impression to others whom they may translate the quotations to. The best reason for introducing those quotations, is from their greater conciseness and energy. This is not pedantry. A further apology may be in the recollections of early education, of the acquirements then made, and the association of ideas which the passages quoted, themselves furnish. But to justify the quotations, a good deal must depend upon the character of the language.

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EXTRACTS

FROM

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS,

WITH

OBSERVATIONS UPON THEM.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

THIS noble poem, though poetical throughout, does not, as might be expected, begin with all the promise which is more than fulfilled afterwards, when the poet displays all the richness and force of his imagination and feelings, as his expression rises with his subject. He begins, awakened only to the consideration of himself, as,

“ Emerging from a sea of dreams,
Tumultuous,” &c.

dreams of his natural sleep, which he confounds with those of the “grave,” of the sleepers in which he says,

“ How happy they, who wake no more !”

How is this consistent with the main object of his poem, to give proofs, in addition to and accordance with the assurances of the Gospel, of our awakening in another life to an endless enjoyment, or sufferance, of happiness or of misery? Allowing, however, for this first effusion of his imagination and feelings, and giving all due applause to his beautiful description of

night and its accompanying scenery, we may pass on to his fervent address,

“ O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun,”

A spark, perhaps, in comparison with other luminous bodies, among which it has been supposed that the principal star in the constellation Lyra is two thousand times as large as our sun.

“ Strike wisdom from my soul :
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.”

I think we cannot but observe, how subservient Young, something like Shakspeare, makes the sallies of his imagination to what his subject requires. The specimens I have given, I think, must induce the reader to go on with these thoughts and aspirations, till he comes to the following general reflections :

“ How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
How passing wonder He, who made him such !
Who center'd in his make such strange extremes !”

* * * * *

“ O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there.”

* * * * *

“ Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal ;
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events ;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.”

These, indeed, other animals, particularly dogs, seem to have in common with us; but as that is true of many of their other faculties, it would put them upon a level with us (and still higher, in their fidelity), did not the use of our reason, abused as it often is, give us a decided pre-eminence.

Dogs follow their instinct, as being destined to the service of man, who follows, sometimes his reason, sometimes his passions or his caprice.

Considering, however, man as a rational creature, the poet says,

“ Why then their loss deplore, who are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?
 They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd, and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
 On us, more justly number'd with the dead.”

For further proof of this we must look to the succeeding “ Nights,” remembering that in this life, as has been truly said, “ we are in the midst of death,” liable as our passage through it is, to be shortened by a thousand accidents, which in the next we shall be out of the reach of.

“ And is it in the flight of threescore years
 To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?” &c. &c.

Not entirely; but sensible objects, when present, are too apt to obliterate the thoughts of those which futurity presents, and, indeed, it is partly intended that it should be so; but this partial attachment generally lessens as we approach to the latter.

“ O ye blest scenes of permanent delight !
 Full, above measure ! lasting, beyond bound !
 A perpetuity of bliss, is bliss.” &c. &c.

This surely affords a satisfactory answer to Lord Byron’s foolish idea, that “ no state can be conceived that duration would not render tiresome.” True, it cannot be conceived ; but does it follow, that it cannot exist ? Duration of what is unsatisfactory to us here, as all earthly enjoyments must be, may well be tiresome, and our powers are probably unequal to the enjoyment of what would be more satisfactory ; but both may be given (as they are promised) in a future state, by Him to whom all things are possible, that He has made so ; and the general adaptation that we see evinced here, no doubt is fulfilled every where else. But,

“ We cannot reason, but from what we know ;”

and what know we of a future state ?

By the by, should not this sense of ignorance have made Mr. Hume a little more diffident, in his reasoning against the belief of the miracles of our Saviour, from the want of that probability which experience affords ? But is there no analogy that supplies (as Dr. Butler has endeavoured to show) its place ? and does not that, assisted by moral evidence, speak sufficiently, both to our reason and our feelings ? But their mutual dependence on each other keeps us in a suspense, which, as our spirits vacillate, may be elevated into hope, or depressed into fear. We may be “ alternately transported and alarmed.” But there is an “ asylum” for the “ soul,” and Young has told us where to find it ; “ in prayer.”

After enumerating the evils of life, and the sufferers under them, the poet says,

“ What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?
 In age, in infancy, from others’ aid

Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.
 That, nature's just, last lesson to mankind :
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels :
 More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang."

Pope says,

" The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears."

Especially when shed in sympathy with the affliction of others.

Speaking of prosperity, Young says,

" Is heaven tremendous in its frowns ? most sure ;
 And in its favours formidable too :
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care."

A " call," which our consciences sometimes (*O si sæpius!*) make us listen to ; and a " care," which, "*atra comes*" as it is, we cannot well avoid being " pressed" by.

But besides this tax upon prosperity, the poet thinks it incumbent on him to say,

" Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death."

And die they must ; but so must we also. Let us live then while we can ; but let us live well ; and how well ? not as "*des bons vivants*," but as rational creatures.

There are no lasting or real joys, but those which will bear reflection, and are somehow connected with our future prospects. If man is meant (as he certainly is) to look forward in this life, there must always be something for him to look for-

ward to. This he does both with the eye of reason and of faith. These joys, therefore, are immortal ; in leaning to that they "lean also to our kind," as well as to Him, who has commanded us to love one another.

Speaking of "foresight," and its uncertainty, he says,

"Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is swore
Deep silence, where eternity begins."

Pope says,

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;
From beasts what men, from men what angels know,
Or who could suffer being here below ?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the luscious food,
And licks the hand that's rais'd to shed his blood."

Such is the end of creatures which have no end but death to look forward to, and therefore want not a foresight that would keep them in perpetual terror. Man wants it to excite his hopes, as well as his fears. Happy for him, when both combine to produce the same effect !

Confining, however, our prospects to this transitory life, the poet says that,

"As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain hopes ; spin our eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters would out-spin ;
And, big with life's futurities, expire."

We look forward to every thing else before we look forward to our own dissolution. And, indeed, if we did not, we should

skip over all the intermediate pages of life, which should be a preparation for its end, which they will be, if these pages are *well* prepared ere they are exhibited in action. I have heard it said, that in some respects we should live as if we were to live for ever here; and in others, as if we were to die to-morrow. I think the first must mean in what regards those who are to come after us, in whom our life is, in a manner, continued; and the second, in what regards ourselves, who cannot reckon even upon the continuance of another day, and we pray, therefore, for "our daily bread in this," only. But as our existence is to be continued afterwards, we ought to prepare for the day which will have no end, and for the "bread of life" eternal; and in this respect our conduct too often proves that

"Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled;
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

We are told that "God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy;" but he has not reserved this knowledge entirely to himself. He has told us on whom he will have mercy; who "shall save his soul alive;" what will be "required" of us; but he has not encouraged our vain hopes, nor our self-flatteries. He has withheld from us part of the knowledge of ourselves, perhaps that our "secret faults" may keep us in awe, and that we may not "speak" a false "peace to our minds," in over-rating our virtues, or under-rating our faults; we are sinners all, and must "work out our salvation with fear and trembling."

But such are our habits, which, however, are often counteracted by reflection, for the mind will not give up its activity, and if it does not meditate good, it will meditate evil, or good-for-nothing trifles, though they may be comparatively

innocent. What is said in Night the second, will at least keep them so,

“ Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.”

And thought is often a prelude to action. It certainly has an influence over our opinions, and, therefore, over our discourse. Both these we have some power over, and therefore responsibility for, the formation and utterance of. This responsibility will be best secured by self-examination. By this,

“ At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.”

If this is accompanied with any degree of self-indulgence that is inconsistent with our “ plans of reformation,” we are proportionately responsible ; but if the purposed “ resolution” has the effect of securing to us the “ vitium fugere,” we may trust that it will be counted for something, if done with a good intent, which must be in a wish to please God.

Young ends this “ Night” with a lamentation on Pope, not for his death but for his omissions, which Young has, I believe, much better supplied. Pope’s description of religious feeling, that,

“ When lengthen’d on to faith, and unconfin’d,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind,” (with what?)

does not promise the close, strong, and persevering defence of it that Young has given : Pope’s is the reasoning of a philosopher, Young’s that of a Christian.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

After returning to his lamentations, he quits them to exhort
Lorenzo not to

—— “ Think it folly to be wise too soon,”

but to consider that,

“ When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
Then toys will not amuse, thrones will be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.”

Which then may well “ kick the beam.”

“ Redeem we time ?—its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports ?
He pleads time's numerous blanks ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once, this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.”

This is a further intimation of the necessity of the wish
“ to please God ;” without the hope (whether we are conscious
of it or not) of doing that, “ virtue” would not be “ its own
reward ;” the present satisfaction that it gives, must lead to
the hope of more in future. What other incentive will there
be ? and, as is said in the seventh Night,

“ Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought ?
Or for precarious, or for small reward ?
Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,

Would take degrees angelic here below,
 And virtue, while they compliment, betray,
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
 The crown, the unfading crown, her soul inspires :
 'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
 The body's treacheries, and the world's assaults ;"

which require a " Herculean" force to resist, better done in
 " Christian armour."

The encouragements of religion are built upon a natural
 disposition ; and that, fostered by them, looks forward to
 another world.

To return to the second Night, Young says, that when time
 is well employed,

—— " Every moment pays."

So Lavater says,

" Jouez avec les heures, mais economisez les moments."

For the value of moments consists in the habit they give.
 Moments, well spent, pay a high interest ; they pay it in the
 spending, and sometimes double it in the reversion.

Young says,

" Time, the supreme ! time is eternity ;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give." &c. &c.

The stress that Young here gives to the value of time
 justifies his saying that

" Life's cares are comforts ; such by heaven design'd ;
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employments, and without employ
 The soul is on the rack, the rack of rest,
 To souls most adverse ; action all their joy."

So Pope, with a more scenic representation :

“ Thee, too, my Paridel, she saw thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair ;
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.”

And Young, in a severer tone,

“ If time past,
And time possess both pain us, what can please ?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He walks with Nature ; and her paths are peace.”

While these “ efforts” are made by the body, the mind need not be inactive, though the fixture of the eyes upon one object may sometimes circumscribe her range. Constant bodily employment, and on the same object, deprives the mind of much of its activity, as is seen in labourers, &c.

Impressed with the value of time, the poet says,

“ Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence ?
For, or against, what wonders can he do ?
And will ; to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was Time (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no : on the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born)

By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds ;
 Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven,
 From old Eternity's mysterious orb,
 Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motion by revolving spheres,
 That horologe machinery divine."

(As magnificent as it is true.)

If action, however produced, is necessary to satisfy the mind, it may also be necessary to excite and keep alive the desire of rest, which affords a temporary relief. Sed non in terrâ quies.

The whole scope, or at least the main object of this poem, is to shew the importance of time, in our use of it here, as a preparation for eternity, along with the dispositions which should accompany and direct it, under a still higher direction. For this, he says,

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
 And ask them what report they bore to heaven !
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men experience call,
 If wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe."

Without this,

" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
 The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
 And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Young's antitheses and flights of imagination will, I think, be often found to add force to his arguments, if our feelings are capable of being so excited ; for which a small share of sensibility is required.

For this great purpose, the poet reminds us, that

“ —All mankind mistake their time of day ;
 Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows : so gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.”

The recollection of the conversations which the poet had had on these subjects with his friend Philander,

“ Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue,
 And strong, to wield all science worth the name,”

makes him say,

“ Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains ?
 As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
 So men from friendship, wisdom and delight ;
 Twins tied by nature ; if they part, they die.”

And in these communications Cicero says, that natural benevolence is the “ *Amicitiae fons*,” a *naturâ constitutus* :” and the greatest “ *utilitas amicitiae*” is, “ *ad emendandos amicorum mores* :” and that “ *et secundas res splendidiore facit amicitia, et adversas, partiens communicansque, leviores.*”

“ Thought too, deliver'd, is the more possest :
 Teaching we learn ; and giving we retain
 The births of intellect, when dumb, forgot.
 Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
 Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.”

This would be acknowledged, either in or out of the gay circles of society ; with the different modifications and reliances that would be resorted to, more or less, in each. Apart from these, he says,

“ In contemplation is thy proud resource ?

'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.
 Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
 Of due restraint; and emulation's spur
 Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude,
 As exercise, for salutary rest;
 By that untutor'd, contemplation raves;
 And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone."

For the arbitration of common sense is necessary to make us keep within the bounds of it. A man may dream by himself, but he will not do it in society. These descriptions, however, will apply to both cases; but with this difference, that in the haunts of contemplation, the excitement to, and sustainment by, converse, would be mutually felt, when opportunities occurred of their being resorted to: in the circles of gay society, there would be little excitement to contemplation, and no sustainment would be required but the light ones that are necessary for such an intercourse, when a prominent part is not acted. But in the more important uses of friendship,

"Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To social man true relish of himself."

And in still higher we shall find that

"Virtue alone entenders us for life:
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever."

This may require some "contemplation," some "communing with ourselves," to impress us fully with its truth; though a well-disposed mind cannot but feel it. The rest of this "Night" is an exemplification of the joys of friendship, as enjoyed by him in that of his friend Philander, whose recent death he deplores; saying of him,

“ His God sustains him in his final hour !
 His final hour brings glory to his God !
 Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.”

NIGHT THE THIRD

BEGINS with the praise of solitude, (if, as Young says, being “ alone” may be called so) which, though the solitude of “ woe” to him, he eulogises, in exclaiming,

“ O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.
 Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
 Our reason, guardian angel, and our God !
 Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
 And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these.”

This is the “ communing with ourselves,” recommended in scripture, as an useful and necessary corrective of the enjoyments of society, and to mix higher and holier principles with the worldly ones which the latter infuse into our minds. To enforce the former, he instances his recent loss of Narcissa, in addition to that of Philander, whom he had before lamented ; and the recollection of both leads him to say,

“ For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
 My soul ! the fruits of dying friends survey ;
 Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death ;
 Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;
 And labour that first palm of noble minds,
 A manly scorn of terror from the tomb.”

The arguments by which he supports this, lead him at last to say,

“ Live ever here, Lorenzo !—shocking thought !
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light !
For what live ever here ?” &c.

After enumerating the comparative nothings which that “ wish” extends to the enjoyment and endless repetition of, he contrasts these, of which he says,

“ A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o’er those whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste,” &c.

[These may be refined perceptions, however, sensual as they are.]

With the more rational and elevated enjoyments, by which

“ Nobler minds,
That relish fruits unripen’d by the sun,
Make their days various ; various as the dyes
On the dove’s neck, which wanton in his rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
On lighten’d minds, that bask in virtue’s beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In that for which they long, for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing’d with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise :
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame ;
While nature’s circle, like a chariot wheel
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour ;

Advancing virtue, in a line to bliss :
 Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire !
 And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure !"

The truth of this beautiful encomium must be acknowledged by the manliest minds ; whatever they may think of the attribute of " dove-like innocence," they cannot deny the superiority of " virtue," nor the value of the " motives" which " inspire" it, nor that of the

" Bliss which Christian schemes alone ensure."

If they do, we may fairly question the soundness both of their reason and their feelings.

As undeniable is it, that

" A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 He sins against this life, who slights the next."

* * * *

" Life has no value as an end, but means :
 An end deplorable ! a means divine !"

As a means of attaining future happiness ; as being

" The mighty basis of eternal bliss !"

And,

" Life makes the soul dependent on the dust."

(If considered as " an end" only.)

" Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres."

Which spirit may well do, even supposing it to be material : it may have more than the volatility of gas. When shall we get to the end of the attenuation of matter ? And after all, what is matter ? O metaphysics, how near we approach to thee, without the possibility of arriving at thee !

Metaphysics seems to be a sort of lambent flame, that warms and enlightens us, without our being able to touch it.

Of life, the poet says,

“ If an age, it is a moment still :
A moment, or eternity’s forgot.”

For what given space of time will compare with eternity ?

Of death he says,

“ Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts,
And life no joys, but what kind death improves.”

So says reason and faith ; but still we cling to life, little as we can know of

“ That undiscover’d country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns”—(*Shakspeare.*)

To tell us what we can learn only from the gospel. Encouraged by this, the poet triumphantly exclaims,

“ Our day of dissolution ! name it right ;
’Tis our great pay-day ; ’tis our harvest, rich
And ripe ; what though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us, as we reap the golden grain ?
More than thy balm, O Gilead, heals the wound.”

That is, if the “ spirit” itself is not “ wounded,” beyond the power of “ bearing,” or the possibility of healing.

After a continued and animated eulogium of death, the poet ends with

“ Death is the crown of life ;
Were death deny’d, poor man would live in vain ;
Were death deny’d, to live would not be life :
Were death deny’d, even fools would wish to die.

Death wounds to cure ; we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I die ? when shall I live for ever ?”

This is the language of reason, heightened by the colouring of the imagination, and sanctioned by the authority of the gospel. To this, however, our natural feelings oppose the

“ To be or not to be ? that is the question :
 To die, to sleep—

* * * * *

To sleep, perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

* * * * *

When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;" &c.

(*Shakspeare.*)

I know not whether this deserves to be put in opposition to the much more reasonable and better founded arguments (as founded on higher authority) of Young (who also combats the fear of death), except as being the natural suggestions of our feelings, and of our sense of the "unworthiness" which deters, and of the "blindness" which disables us from "asking" for, and even receiving with confidence when offered to us (little as we may have merited it), what we have so much reason to wish for, and ought to make such efforts to deserve. Perhaps, paradoxical as it may seem, the very hope of immortality may make us more unwilling to part with a life which is brightened with that hope, the sunshine of it, clouded as it is apt to be. It is like tearing up the sheet-anchor which fastens us to the bottom of life's ocean, on the surface of which we are tossed by so many storms. Our fears depress our thoughts to that bottom, instead of their being elevated by the wings of hope, and the confidence of faith, to those regions whither both should carry them. But there is still buoyancy enough in them to prevent their total submersion. Their spirituality, while that remains, will ensure their rising. For that, therefore, they should prepare us.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE poet goes on to "sing the sovereign cure" of "the dread of death," by showing that the terrific accompaniment of it, the "knell, the shroud," &c. are but

"The bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead."

Sometimes, however, the terrors of what may await the dead. It is singular that the object of our fears should be held out as that of our comfort. I mean the cessation of existence. To remedy that fear, a future prospect is set in our view, and the means of arriving at it shown to us. Perhaps there is nothing on which reason and feeling are so apt to be at variance with each other, as in considering the extinction of life, which death is, as Young's poem is meant to show, and with unanswerable arguments, more apparently than really. There are, in fact, as many ways of alleviating, if not subduing the fear of death, as there are of our being assailed by it. The best defence against it is, no doubt, to be found in religious faith, and a general reliance on the mercy of God, and the promises of the gospel to those who fulfil its precepts, and have a due veneration for him who gave them, and who is recorded in it. All other defence must at least partake of insensibility; for what other solid ground is there of hope? To avail ourselves of its strength, we must first feel our own weakness; and will he do that, who never reflects? or can he who reflects, avoid doing it?

The Deist may reason himself into a belief of the mercy of God; but he has no assurance of it; in him, therefore, it is mere matter of opinion; and how often must he totter on the brink of scepticism, and perhaps of atheism itself! He has no authority to rely upon, no clue to lead him but what his own imagination or reasoning traces out, and the unsteady steps of his own variable feelings assist him in following. He has no "crook" to guide him into the "ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace."

To what the poet had said, he adds, that the terror of death is still more unreasonable in old age, when the experience of life should rather make us welcome, than fear death.

He says also,

"But grant to life (and just it is to grant

To lucky life) some perquisites of joy ;
 A time there is, when like a thrice-told tale,
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more
 But from our comment on the comedy,
 Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd :
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss Fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene."

Thus does the poet enliven his serious and sometimes gloomy admonitions, with this scenic representation. But serious, and even gloomy, as his admonitions and reflections may be thought, there can be no question either of their truth or their importance.

With this conviction, he says of the busiest occupations of life,

" Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
 Earth's highest station ends in, ' Here he lies ;'
 And ' dust to dust ' concludes her noblest song."

Avarice he calls

" The rage canine of dying rich ;
 Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell."

Avarice must have other excuses given for it than any which reason can offer in its defence. It is indeed the imbecility of reason. To feel the force of Young's arguments, we must have an exciteable imagination, and some strength of reason (or use of common sense) to support it.

" Man wants but little, nor that little long."

Man's necessary wants are indeed few and small; but would the Creator have spread such a feast for him, if he did not mean it to be enjoyed with moderation? both as a gratification of appetite, and a trial of reason. After these reflections, and others, on the mercies of recovery from sickness, &c. bestowed on himself, he breaks out into the following sublime apostrophe:—

“ O thou great arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and could'st know
 No motive but my bliss, and hast ordain'd
 A rise and blessing! with the patriarch's joy
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!”

Does not the animation of such passages as this make ample amends for all the gloom, obscurity, or redundancy with which this poem can be reproached?

But he says,

“ Though nature's terrors, thus, may be repress,
 Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
 And whence all human guilt? from death forgot.”

Or despised, without a consciousness of innocence, a “*murus aheneus*,” to support us in that disregard.

Smarting with the wounds which this had drawn upon him, he says,

" Death's admonitions, like shafts upward shot,
 More dreadful by delay ; the longer ere
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw ?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?
 With joy, with grief, that healing hand I see."

In the great, the astonishing sacrifice of our Saviour and Redeemer, who came upon earth to direct the attention of man to the end of life, by his example and foreknowledge (which even man may have of an event which is to happen at some time) of his own death, and to give him an intimation of his resurrection, in the visible proof he himself gave of it. He then was the " first fruit" of what man may now be assured of. Incomprehensible as this is to our understandings, the truth of it is too well attested not to render our belief of it indispensable, and of far too high importance not to excite our greatest gratitude, and to receive both " with joy and with grief" the benefit conferred upon us ; with joy for that benefit, with grief for the dreadful circumstances that attended it, as they are justly described by the poet to have been.

" Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blessing
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?"

Necessary as it was for our redemption, however little we may be able to comprehend it. We know the facts of our blessed Saviour's life and passion ; we know his miracles ; we know his declarations ; we know the excellence of his character ; we know all that was predicted concerning him ; we know the fact of his resurrection and ascension ; and we know what were the sufferings of the martyrs, who had been eye-witnesses, or immediate ear-witnesses, of all that they attested. What more would we know, to authorize and require

our belief that he was divine? The precepts he has given are of themselves sufficient to show it.

Impressed by all this, the poet says,

“ To feel, is to be fired ;
And to believe, Lorenzo ! is to feel.”

Religion not being less addressed to the feelings, than the reason. What well-disposed Christian then will not say, “ Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief ” ? or will attempt to depreciate or lower that belief to which his reason is submitted, not violated by it. What can he substitute in lieu of it, but the dictates of that reason, fallible and perverted as it is by him ? Well may that be incomprehensible to us, which “ the angels themselves desire to look into ; ” an assertion which was no more made “ in a corner,” than the “ things were done ” which it alluded to : and truth is best seen in open day-light. These things may be “ foolishness ” to some, and “ a stumbling-block ” to others ; but to those who believe, after due examination, they show “ the power, the wisdom, and the mercy of God.” When we consider the mystery of our redemption, and the authorities that confirm it, we must feel that we cannot be too grateful for the blessings it has bestowed upon us, nor too earnest in our endeavours to avail ourselves of them, by following the precepts that have been given to us, which will be the surest, and indeed the only way to obtain the favour of God, and the happiness that has been promised to us on these conditions. For, says the poet,

“ A God all mercy is a God unjust.”

There is an apparent boldness in thus laying ourselves open to his justice, when we have so much need of his mercy ; but can we deny any of his attributes ? This justice required

“ The fund of heaven,
Heaven’s inexhaustible, exhausted fund,”

For which there was a full demand, to

“ Pour forth a price,”

For what was

“ All price beyond.”

That is, the redemption of man. Let us not attempt to explore the mystery, but believe it, on the evidence which attests its truth: open our hearts to receive it, nor aim at a knowledge, which “ archangels fail’d” to gain.

The facts are before us; let us decide upon them. Let us leave the rest to

“ That parent power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to be.”

* * * *

“ And shall not praise be his, not human praise,
While heaven’s high hosts on hallelujahs live ?”

As we may well suppose them to do, for what but spiritual food can they require ?

He then allows himself, as the Psalmist does, to ramble (in imagination) in search of the “ mighty mind,” which produced the wonders of the creation; to which he subjoins,

“ What mean these questions ?—trembling I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the present God!
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes
My voice (if tuned;) the nerve that writes, sustains;
Wrapp’d in his Being, I resound his praise.
But though past all diffus’d, without a shore,
His essence; local is his throne, as must,

To gather the disperst, as standards call
 The listed from afar, to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since finite every nature, but his own."

For this (as I have said elsewhere) our imaginations may find some probability, especially in Mons. Lambert's System of Astronomy; but to decide upon or to explain it, otherwise than as Young does, is out of our power.

Young's imagination sometimes carries him beyond the bounds of intelligence, as well it may, on such a subject; we, however, have a glimpse of his meaning, through all his sublime obscurity; as he seems to have had, through the telescope of his imagination, of the objects which he describes in such glowing colours.

"The great First-Last! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness from excessive splendor, borne
 By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost."

Lustre not their own—unseen, from want of power of vision
 —but Job says, "in my flesh shall I see God."

After dwelling on these transcendent objects, and on the reasons which man has to believe and to be grateful for what has been done for him, he says,

"O how is man enlarg'd,
 Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
 Which is the seraph? which the born of clay?"

What more can a seraph be, than the "image of God?"

These effusions the poet follows by asking,
 "Is this extravagant? of man we form

Extravagant conceptions, to be just ;
 Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him ;
 Beyond its reach the Godhead only more."

This may be true, if it is true, as Young says elsewhere,
 " Start'st thou at mysteries? The greatest thou."

Will this allow the "*γνωθι σεαυτον?*"* Yes, in some degree. Young had said before,
 " Man! know thyself, all wisdom centers there."

The poet (for surely he is one) goes on, inspired by his subject, to assimilate "angels and men" to each other, and, as both must have the same object, he says,

" Religion's all. Descending from the skies
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left
 Holds out this world, and in her right the next :
 Religion! the sole voucher man is man ;
 Supporter sole of man above himself ;
 Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,
 She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
 Religion! Providence! an after-state!
 Here is firm footing, here is solid rock ;
 This can support us: all is sea besides ;
 Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

" *Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*"

The sentiment is much the same, but with the superiority of religious faith in the Christian. The enthusiastic termination of Young's reasoning surely cannot be blamed, if we make the

* Know thyself.

proper distinction between the ardent feelings of the mind, and the infirmities of the body. In one we have the "divinæ particula auræ" given us; in the other, the eye of Providence has "numbered even the hairs of our heads." The exercise of our reason is the best guide that we can have in the use of the first, and that of our faith (reasonable faith) in our belief of, and reliance upon the second; an omniscient Providence must know the minutest concerns of his creatures. This sublime and most interesting subject, far as it is above the reach of man's comprehension, and only within that of his wishes, hopes, and feelings, and his efforts to arrive finally at their object, by the means here pointed out, carries the poet from the highest abodes of divinity, down to these lower sublunary regions, to which our Saviour and Redeemer descended to assume the human form, and by his doctrines, his miracles, the example of his most moral, religious, and beneficent life, and his final sacrifice of it, followed by his resurrection and ascension, to lead his followers to, and prepare them for, their future ascent also to the abodes of eternal happiness in heaven, after the trials they have undergone, and, with his assistance, sustained on earth. This might well excite the poet's most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude and praise, mixed with all the astonishment and consequent hesitation of belief, which is finally overpowered by the evidence that has been given of the truth of our religion, and the necessary accordance of our reason and our feelings, when neither are perverted in that belief. The latter, as first excited, call forth the first effusion of the poet's sense of them, which has all the sanction that his reason can give it, for he says,

"Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with local zeal!
No; reason rebaptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true and false, in her impartial scale;

My heart became the convert of my head,
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate :
 On argument alone my faith is built :
 Reason pursu'd is faith, and unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more :
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,
 Or reason lies, and heaven design'd it wrong :
 Absolve we this? what, then, is blasphemy?"

Admitting this, as we surely must admit it, the poet is fully justified in saying,

" Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours :

(Addressing himself to unbelievers)

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear ;
 'Tis reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents ;
 'Tis reason's voice obey'd his glories crown,
 To give lost reason life, he pour'd his own.
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb ;
 Through reason's wound alone thy faith can die :
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting."

True, for what can give us more remorse than the sense of having abused our reason? and the abuse may lead to the commission of every crime. The first effect is in producing the infidelity which naturally follows the abuse or neglect of our reason, much as our nature wants its guidance and admonition.

This abuse of reason, which, says the poet, " idolizes and vilifies" at once, then " kills," and afterwards " deifies it," (for reason is destroyed when too highly exalted) makes the infidels

“ Draw pride’s curtain o’er the noontide ray,
 (Reason’s brightest sunshine)

Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call’d argument:
 And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
 ‘ Behold the sun! and, Indian-like, adore.’ ”

This is an example of the

“ *Ridiculum acri
 Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.*”

So powerful is the imagination, when assisted by reason, in using and directing its weapons in defence of the cause it espouses. Encouraged by these auxiliaries, the poet triumphantly exclaims,

“ A Christian is the highest style of man ;
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot, from his dishonour’d brow ?
 If angels tremble, ’tis at such a sight :
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge ;
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?”

The feelings of angels may be similar to ours, though not so painful. Milton frees them from pain (rather improbably, I think) by representing them as,

“ When mixt
 With pity, violating not their bliss.”

But pity is sympathy, and sympathy is fellow-suffering. Addressing himself to the

“ Sold to sense, the citizens of earth,”
 for, says he,

“ Such alone the Christian banner fly,”

he represents to them the little consequence that all their earthly pursuits are of, in comparison with “ eternity,” which, he says, “ is all.”

“ And whose eternity ? who triumphs there ?

Bathing for ever in the font of bliss !

For ever basking in the Deity !

Lorenzo ! who ? Thy conscience shall reply,

O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,

Thy leave unask'd ; Lorenzo, hear it now,

While useful its advice, its accents mild.”

* * * *

In this strain he goes on, ending with,

“ Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page,

And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest :

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.”

For then there will be nothing to interpose itself between them and their consciences, the stings of which may be “ envenomed” by their recollections.

Young presses to his object, through all the enthusiastic workings of feeling and of imagination, that the object so powerfully excites ; and if his reader's imagination is also warmed, and his attention fixed, I think he will generally, if not always, keep pace with him, both in intelligence and in feeling. His “ thoughts,” deep and sublime as the “ night” they were written in, will both

“ Play round the head, and penetrate the heart.”

NIGHT THE FIFTH

Begins with an admirable answer to some criticisms of Lorenzo's, to which the poet replies,

Lorenzo! to recriminate is just,
 Fondness of fame is avarice of air.
 I grant the man is vain, who writes for praise :
 To raise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more."

unless he sought it as Horace did,
 Delectando, pariterque monendo."
 as Young has done.

As just thy second charge, I grant the muse
 Has often blush'd at her degenerate sons,
 Retain'd by sense" (sensuality) "to plead her filthy cause,
 To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
 And subtilize the gross into refin'd ;
 As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
 'Twas given, to make a civet of their song
 Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
 Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
 And lifts our swine enjoyments from the mire."

The use of wit was never better exercised than in censuring the abuse of it, which is amply done here. In fact, there is nothing more licentious, more tempting, and therefore more dangerous, than wit when ill employed. It lessens, if not puts an end to, our veneration for the most sacred things, and destroys all serious thought, all rational reflection: for it confounds, and puts on the same level, all the objects of the love or hatred, the attachment to, or avoidance of, both; all those

objects being amalgamated together by wit, which has the power of overcoming or reversing all moral attraction or repulsion.

The poet goes on to investigate the "causes" of all this perversion and confusion. He says, first, that

" We wear the chains of pleasure, and of pride,
These share the man ; and these distract him too,
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands ;
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground."

Alas, must we vilify the most beautiful of the animal creation, to assimilate them to their lord and master, man ? but they will not abuse their instinct, however man does his reason.

" Joys, shar'd by brute creation, pride resents ;
Pleasure embraces ; man would both enjoy,
And both at once, a point how hard to gain !"

Reason has the power of regulating and reconciling both ;
how valuable then is her assistance !

" Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise."

Which she accomplishes, not by reconciling, but by confounding both, as Young goes on to shew. In the pleasures of conviviality, where there is a temporary exultation, she calls Bacchus to her assistance, who, as the catch says,

" Gave the charter,
That a man should barter
Wisdom and his health, for the joys of—a swine."

And

" Joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste,"
unless she mixes the draught herself.

But, disgusted with the insipidity of this,
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
 and infamy stands candidate for praise."

What can exceed Young's strength and acuteness? So heightened are his powers by the elevation of their object. He rises still higher, however, in carrying us by his

"Solemn counsels, images of awe," to
 Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
 With double weight, through these revolving spheres,"

[The celestial bodies, that illuminated and inspired his
 "Night Thoughts."]

'This death-like silence, and incumbent shade,"

[Turn not away from this picture, gay reader, if you are not quite a Lorenzo.]

"Thoughts such as shall revisit your last hour,
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires."

[And is there no benefit for those who may want it—and who does not?—in these anticipations, which—but read it, again I say to my gay readers, if I have such, and if they have any taste or feeling, for what I faintly endeavour to extol—read it, though it ends, if ending it may be called, with this severe admonition :]

"Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in a crowd,
 Nor touches on the world without a stain ;
 The world's infectious, few bring back, at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn."

This, however, is not unexceptionably, or unrestrictively, true; for both good and evil may be learned in the world,

and afterwards meditated upon, between "morn and eve," or in their night thoughts, with their faithful counsellor, the pillow.

These varied thoughts, and these sublime objects, naturally suggest an apostrophe to the "blest Spirit," who created and rules the whole, and

"Who, studious of our peace, doth turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!"

The poet pursues his subject, till he has in a manner exhausted it, or at least drawn much of the spirit out of it, of which, however, much still remains unexpressed; and he fulfils Horace's precept,

" *Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet."

or rather he improves upon it, in the expansions of his fertile and vivifying imagination. He draws another delightful picture, in saying,

"The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray."

This is followed by some beautiful thoughts, as beautifully expressed, on nightly meditations and their utility, which Young had so strongly felt himself ("the famed Athenian, Plato," could not have felt it more), and must have so fully impressed on those who read and relish his sublime poem; and he continues this with all the luxuriance and energy of his poetic vein; lamenting, however (certainly more than it deserved, for we can only infer from it that he felt even more than he expressed), his own want of power, saying, at the same time,

"'Tis vain for man to seek for more than man."

Yes, but man should endeavour to make the most of his own powers, as Young has evidently done in this his favourite work. His case entitled him to say,

“ If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, ere could boast.”

This, too, he pursues with all the amusing variety of metaphors that his imagination could suggest, and ends with saying,

“ Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.”

And well it may, for wit and wisdom are generally at variance with each other. The wit may be “ wise in his own conceit;” but Solomon has told us, “ that there is more hope of a fool than of such.” Wit, when ill employed, dazzles too much to let a ray of reason pierce through its false glare. Reason enlightens, wit blinds.

But, says Young,

“ Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.”

Yes, wisdom is often, as Gray's “ Ode to Adversity” so beautifully expresses it,

“ In sable garb array'd,
With keenly searching look profound.”

and it makes us find that “ it is good for us to have been in trouble.” After dwelling upon, and exemplifying this, and saying that “ worldly wisdom and divine differ,”

“ Just as the waning and the waxing moon;
More empty worldly wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her rival shines.”

(another of Young's beautiful similes.)

He instances the life of the "good man," of whom he says,

"O let me die his death! all nature cries:
 'Then live his life'—all nature falters there.
 Our great Physician daily to consult,
 To commune with the grave, our only cure."

For a disorder that meets with so many inflammatories in the enjoyments and business of life, that "feverish dream," that will not suffer us to wake till it closes. Young goes on to say,

"What grave prescribes the best? a friend's; and yet,
 From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!"

* * * *

"Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world."

Severe as this may be, I fear there is too much truth in it; enough, at least, to call for the poet's admonitory caution against suffering these "witchcrafts" to do more than fit us for the business of encountering, without being seduced by them. And witches are not all old women.

Human life is so crowded with varying facts and events, that it hardly allows time or room for the mind to combine or to reason generally upon them. If the ideas of them are associated, it is often more from a concurrence of the times when they took place, than from any analogy between them; and this adds to the difficulty of the combinations; so that every man's memory is, more or less, what the French punningly call, "une mémoire d'aubergiste." As Young says,

"Is it that life has sown her joys so thick,
 We can't thrust in a single care between?
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng?"

Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same."

So that our minds are as much confounded by the similarity, as by the variety of occurrences.

Still unable to solve this problem, he shews its final conclusion by saying, that

" On a sudden we perceive a shock;
 Then start, awake, look out; what see we there?
 Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore."

We have, however, our warnings of this, and sometimes, it is to be hoped, profit by them; and will not even a little profit be accepted?

If we are insensible to them, and to all such arguments as are used in this sublime poem, and above all to the declarations of the Gospel, and the facts and examples recorded in it, and foretold by the prophets, and to the constancy with which the early Christian martyrs testified their belief in them, by undergoing the most painful deaths, we shall have little reason to hope for that mercy which is reserved even for "the eleventh hour." But that belief which is so imperfect as to extort from us the address of "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," will, we may hope, obtain for us, if our lives are conformable to it, the mercy which, we are told, "reacheth unto the heavens." And how many are the sinners who are not too hardened or too proud to "confess their sins," who, "few" as the "chosen" may be, will be comprehended in it!

But the last case which the poet adverts to, will, it is to be feared, often place out of the reach of mercy, those who commit the dreadful act of "suicide," of which he speaks with all the horror and indignation it deserves. He says of it,

“ I grant the deed
Is madness ; but the madness of the heart :
And what is that ? our utmost bound of guilt.”

He had said before that it must be either satiety or privation of worldly and sensual pleasures, that prepare men for this desperate act, and makes them

“ Thus bold to break
Heaven’s law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred Nature’s murder, on their own ;
Because they never think of death, they die.”

That is, because they had never thought of death as the proper “ visitation of God,” and therefore not to be anticipated by their own voluntary act.

“ Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.”

The suicide rushes on death, because he fears a life of remorse or of suffering ; the patient Christian (and the greatest courage is passive) fears death because he knows not to what it may lead, if he has not prepared himself for it by a life of piety, patience, and resignation. Those who are not thus prepared, either rush on death, which they dare not “ think” seriously of, or live on, in the hope that its sudden visitation will save them from the pain of thinking, and its attendant terrors, without any better hope that may alleviate them. The Christian meets his death in hope ; the suicide anticipates his in despair. This, however, will apply only to deliberate suicide : in cases of absolute insanity, the act itself is pardonable, if not blameless, and may be considered as another “ visitation of God ;” and the culpability will rest on the previous conduct of the suicide, as far as it led to his insanity and self-destruction. For

“ A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black, infernal brood.”

How far all this will “ shut the gates of mercy,” and exclude the individual from the number of those to whom God “ will show it,” He only can judge. The poet goes on to say,

“ 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate his end.”

which, says he, is best done,

“ When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of wisdom, if our choice, not fate)
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,” &c. &c.

Stop not here, O reader, if you have the book in your hand, and turn not away from the rest of this affecting representation, if it comes not too home to your own feelings.

After viewing this subject in various lights, and citing examples of various conduct in it, in which all the flow of Young's imagination displays itself, he says that

“ Half round the globe, the tears pump't up by death
Are spent in watering vanities of life ;
In making folly flourish still more fair.”

[In the solaces resorted to, the ostentation of mourning, &c.]

He contrasts this with the permanence of his own grief for the loss of “ Narcissa,” of whom he says,

“ Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.”

How just is this simile, in all its particulars! He dwells on his recollection of her, and the tears which the softening effects of grief force to flow; but says that

“ We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves ;
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still.”

[adhuc immortal], and though

“ We see time’s furrows on another’s brow,
 And death intrench’d, preparing his assault ;”
 yet still,

“ How few themselves, in that just mirror, see !
 Or seeing, draw their inference as strong !”

This ends with a metaphor, somewhat too forced :

“ Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve.”

This would be fitter for a caricature than a representation.
 Reasoning more to the point, he says,

“ Absurd longevity ! more, more, it cries ;
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind !
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?”

These “ bawbles,” however, are among the best that life (as life) affords ; and they certainly were not given for nothing. Does not too rigid a comparison between the two lives, exclude some at least of the pleasures of this ? But Young wrote by star-light.

To support his reasoning, he says,

“ Think you, the soul, when this life’s rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?
 Contract the taste immortal ; learn even now
 To relish what alone subsists hereafter :
 Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever,
 Of age the glory is, to wish to die.”

Well, we may concede this to old age, in which, however, "the wish to die," is hardly consistent with resignation, nor yet with the enjoyments that still remain, in which, indeed, there are moments when we look forward to better prospects, encouraged too by the feelings which Nature's beauties excite, and the bounty which they manifest in the Creator. With these enjoyments,

"Peace and esteem is all that age can hope ;
Nothing but wisdom gives the first ; the last
Nothing but the repute of being wise :
Folly bars both ; our age is then undone."

To attain or prevent these consequences, he says that

"Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail on soon ;
And put good works on board, and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !"

This is consistent enough with the reasonable enjoyment of society (narrowed as its circle is towards the end of life) without which we could not shew our example to others ; but to do that to too many, would be ostentation ; nor, indeed, do old people generally desire it ; such is providential adaptation. Surely, the justness, animation, and vivacity of Young's thoughts and expressions make ample amends for their gloom and asperity. He then urges Lorenzo to consider all this, and passes again to Narcissa, calling on her (as seen in his "mind's eye") to

"Aid him to keep pace
With destiny ; and ere her scissars cut

His thread of life, to break the tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties him to the world."

If this is so, it is not only "one death" that we are in, "in the midst of life." We should, indeed, be "dead to sin, but alive to righteousness." This is the life that will last for ever. Young then looks round the world, to see that

"Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow ;
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey."

To supply the vacancy made by this voracious destruction of every succeeding generation, and in almost every day, it may be said that

"Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo."

Perhaps part of my readers will agree with me in hoping that this may be peculiarly applied to the enactment of the lately passed reform bill, June 1832. Is this too minute an object for insertion in Young's general panorama of time, as far as regards this world? I think not; and the destinies of one we know are connected with those of the other.

Young then calls on the

"Partners of his fault and his decline."

[His fault in not preparing for the event towards which his decline was bringing him] saying to them,

"That death you dread (so great is Nature's skill)
Know you shall court, before you shall enjoy."

This, however, would depend upon their greater or less longevity. But this, he says, they drive from their thoughts by the pursuits of learning (every thing but what they ought to learn, so severe he is both upon himself and others) and much of what "need not be known," and (worse) what makes them "sink in virtue as they rise in fame." Death, however, is still at hand, as "his joy supreme" is

“ To bid the wretch survive the fortunate,
 The feeble, wrap the athletic in his shroud,
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb ;
 Me thine, Narcissa ! what though short thy date ?
 Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures ;
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.”

But death takes more than Lorenzo was disposed to “ give him, the young and gay,” as well as “ the wretched and the old”—“ and plunder is a tyrant's joy.”

“ Thus runs death's dread commission ! strike, but so
 As most alarms the living by the dead.
 Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
 And cruel sport with men's securities.”

* * * *

“ Most happy they, whom least his arts deceive ;
 One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
 Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.”

[As we have two natures, the “ mind's eye” may have two objects ; and there cannot well be a less variety of mental than of bodily “ food.”]

“ Long on his wiles, a piqu'd and jealous spy,
 I've seen, or dreamt I've seen, the tyrant dress ;
 Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.”

“ The farthest from the fear
 Are often nearest to the stroke of fate.”

Which is exemplified in the description of “ Death,” as assuming the form of a “ gay masquerader,” and

“ Treading in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
 When pleasure treads the paths, which reason shuns,”

And when he has multiplied his followers, and

“ When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors.”

[Whom perhaps he had destroyed in the same manner.]

“ He drops his mask ;
Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.”

This is a fearful picture, but only true

“ When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.”

And reason allows the enjoyment of pleasure in a moderate degree, but not, perhaps, at a “ masquerade,” and certainly still less,

“ Where, against reason, riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense.
There, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.”

Such is the fate of the votaries of pleasure, or rather of licentiousness ; for certainly these pleasures are not of the kind—“ which neither blushes nor expires.”

Authorised by this, the poet cautions Lorenzo against

“ Wrapping his soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy.
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies ;
Is death uncertain ? therefore thou be fixt ;
Fixt as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear ;
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well, though doom'd but once to die.
 Nor let life's period, hidden (as from most)
 Hide too from thee the precious use of life."

Then again he returns to "Narcissa," strengthening his admonitions by the example of her "early, not sudden fate," for which she was prepared, with all the "fortune, youth, and gaiety," that she was possessed of. Insensible as he finds Lorenzo of this (and how many Lorenzos are there!) the poet says to him,

"What makes men wretched? happiness denied?
 Lorenzo! no, 'tis happiness disdain'd:
 She comes too meanly drest to win our smiles,
 And calls herself Content, a homely name!
 Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
 Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
 And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.
 A tempest to warm transport near of kin.
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
 And all our extacies are wounds to peace;
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below."

That is, as far as "the world can give it;" what it cannot, we pray for in our Liturgy. Our worldly peace, however, we often sacrifice to the pursuit either of fortune or happiness, such as the poet instances in the case of "Lysander and Aspasia," promising as it was, when

"In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest;
 All who knew, envied; yet in envy lov'd:

Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour."

But prevented by the shipwreck of Lysander, followed by the death of his bride. This recalls to the poet's mind the loss of Narcissa and Philander, and he ends with

" And is it then to live? when such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—my heart! no more."

I think the want of pathos, imputed to Young by those who, perhaps, dislike to attend to his admonitions, is by no means just, for he wrote as if he felt, though he may not please them by the expression of his feelings, any more than he does by his admonitions. But if they will not feel one, I should doubt their capability of feeling the other. I am almost inclined to think, that the dislike of some (of the gay at least) is to the nocturnal contemplations of this poem. They had rather spend their nights under the glare of gas lights, globe lamps, &c. They have no minds for star or moon-light meditations.

But we are all fellow-sufferers as well as fellow-sinners, and should have a fellow-feeling for the faults as well as the virtues of others, which we shall, if we are not sour-headed or self-conceited mortals, and do not "snatch the balance and the rod from the hand" of our Creator and Judge. There is not, perhaps, a single merit that we can claim to ourselves. Horace's "*causa fuit pater his*," will be properly applied to the "*Pater qui est in cœlo*," The only thing remaining for us, is the sense of not having sufficiently availed ourselves of what has been given to us.

"*Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*"

So much will have been "left undone" in the general account. Competition, however, has its advantages here, as well as in trade. Such is the "mixed yarn of the web" of our nature.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

Again the poet dwells upon the subject of his losses, intense and forcible as his feelings and expression of them are, opposing, however, to them their antidotes, of which the thought of immortality is the first, and the sense of our dignity which it inspires us with, saying,

“ Revere thyself, and yet thyself despise.
His nature as man can o'er-rate, and none
Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;
That almost universal error shun.
How just our pride, when we behold these heights.”
[Meaning, probably, the stars he was looking up to.]

“ Not those ambition points in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains,
And angels emulate ; our pride how just !”

We should know how to value our nature, that we may act up to its original purity. We are now more the objects of mercy than of favour, and we must live in the hope of being among those on whom “ God will have mercy.” This mercy we can no more calculate upon, than upon the justice with which it must be consistent. Whatever pride we may feel, as being “ the images of our Maker,” we must look for its justification to Him who came down from heaven to save us: as St. Paul says, “ if we needs must glory, we must glory in the cross.” There shall we learn the value of the soul: a value which, as Young afterwards says,

“ Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.”

Whether regarding

“The natural, civil, or religious world,”

all three being subservient to the great end of “rescuing souls from death.”

Here again he exerts the powers of his imagination and feelings, in anticipating the enjoyments that the good may expect in a future life.

“In an eternity, what scenes shall strike!

Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!

What webs of wonder shall unravel there!

What full day pour on all the path of heaven,

And light the Almighty’s footsteps in the deep!” &c. &c.

Magnificent as these ideas are, the two first seem to relate too much to earthly enjoyments to be applied to celestial, in which no “adventures,” no “novelties,” are required to add to the “fulness of joy” which must be found “in the presence (omnipresence) of God,” and will last for ever, in singing his praises, and admiring his works.

“Great ill is an achievement of great powers:

Plain sense but rarely lead us far astray.”

It were well if this was more attended to; but men of “great powers,” but little “plain sense,” often neglect those admonitions, and will not

“Let genius then despair to make them great—”

They

“Flatter station; what is station high?

’Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

And oft the throng denies its charity.”

As has been found by many who have depended solely upon their rank, station, or riches to obtain this "charity" from "the throng." Do not these want "reform?"

The same may be said of

"Monarchs and ministers, those awful names ;"

whether they are ministers of state or of "religion," &c. to all which we may bend the "knee," but—"all more is merit's due:" and "merit's" alone.

"But what (says the poet) this sun of heaven?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only death, the question can resolve."

[Why, then attempt to describe it?]

The means of attaining these he shews in the regulation and restriction of ambition, love of gain, &c., saying,

"To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition? then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul
That boasts her lineage from celestial fire."

[A little confusion of ideas here, perhaps; but however—

"Yet these are they the world pronounces wise;
The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom; even the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin:
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole." &c. &c.

This, however, is sufficiently intelligible; in what preceded it, the poet, perhaps, meant to imitate the confusion of worldly estimation, by his way of describing it. Imagination is well fitted for that. What follows will probably also be understood and admitted:

“ Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight ;
But reaching Him, who gave her wings to fly.”

Nor, perhaps, would any other object excite such efforts as these ; all others would fail to satisfy : this would not, because the incentive and the hope of satisfaction would remain to the last, and would be an earnest of future satisfaction and reward.

In the pursuit of any other object,

“ We glory grasp, and sink in infamy.”

After thus describing ambition, and justly, if it is not indulged to any useful purpose, he shews that alike is the pursuit of gain. He asks Lorenzo,

“ Where thy true treasure ? gold says, ‘ not in me ;’
And ‘ not in me,’ the diamond—gold is poor ;
India’s insolvent”

[Surely for the payment of the price of true happiness.]

“ Seek it in thyself ;
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
In being so descended, form’d, endow’d.”

“ Quod petis, in te est ;
Animus tibi si non deficit æquus.”

Reason says this ; Christianity enforces it.

Dwelling on these powers in man, and saying that

“ Like Milton’s Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires.”

He is surely right, if man is “ the image of his Maker,” in the qualities he possesses, and perhaps in the exhibition of

them, in the "human face divine:" for can our ideas of expression rise higher?

"Thee, beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray,
The mossy roofs adore; thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic, brightest progeny of heaven!" &c.—(*Akenside.*)

So meet congenial minds.

But this external beauty must only be the "visible sign" of an internal and spiritual beauty. Of—

"Virtue, our present peace, our future prize."

And Akenside also says,

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness, earth and heaven!
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime." &c. &c.

By the "endowments" which Young had spoken of, as attached to the mind of man under his human form, being together—

"Erect, immortal, rational, divine!"

he doubtless means religion (so graciously imparted to us by the Gospel of Christ), wisdom, and virtue, the humanisers, as their opposites are the brutalisers, of our species. He shows the little comparative value or importance of worldly objects. In the enjoyment of those of nature, however, he allows that

"Our senses, as our reason, are divine."

as they surely are; for through their "magic organs" our feeling and our reason are excited, expanded, and exalted. But for the operation of both,

“ Earth were a rude, uncoloured chaos still,”

They (the senses)

“ Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves,
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold’s bright sire,”

[The sun.]

“ Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.”

Here again we are reminded of Akenside’s animated and beautiful description of the pleasure which natural objects give us, of which, after asking from whence it is derived, he says,

“ Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur’d goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wond’ring sense,
Thou mak’st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear; well-pleas’d he scans
The goodly prospect, and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ear
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green, or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music’s mingling sounds,
Than space, or motion, or eternal time:
So sweet he feels their influence to attract

The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet."

We can feel more than we can express ; and we can express what, it is to be feared, we do but imperfectly feel ; as when we speak of the goodness of God. Poetry may awaken, if it will not keep up, our feelings. And again,

" Ask the swain,
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky ? Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely ! how commanding !" &c. &c.

What observer of " his kind" has not seen this exemplified ? The " swain's untutor'd airs," the " music's mingling sounds," when heard " in the full choir of water, air, and earth," may be considered as an expression of praise and thanksgiving, involuntary in the swain, instinctive in animals. They have their best effect in a space so open or enclosed, as the loudness and nature of the music requires. Thus the song of the blackbird is heard farther, and is more pleasing when so heard, than the less sonorous song of the thrush, and so of other birds and animals ; for even the braying of an ass is not altogether unpleasing, when heard at a sufficient distance, and properly placed. So of domestic animals, most of which have what may be called a domestic sound, as the " come back" of the Guinea-fowl (*gallina*), &c. The least agreeable (to say no more) is the cry of the peacock; which is said to foretel

weather as disagreeable as itself. But in the fields, woods, and groves, &c. all the sounds, "harsh and discordant" as they may be when "heard alone," contribute to

"Aid the full concert, while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole."

The nightingale is best heard in the silence of the groves or on her favourite thorn, which better suit the deep and "melancholy," but "musical" guttural sound of her notes, her loud whistle sometimes intervening, all which is not a "miserabile carmen," as Virgil mistakenly calls it, but an expression of praise and gratulation to the great Creator. This is all vocality. The sound of stringed instruments requires the confinement and reverberation of walls to make it heard and relished, and the more powerful sounds of the flute, hautboy, clarinet, French horn, trumpet, &c. must be tempered, except when principal, accordingly. Wind instruments, indeed, are generally better suited to the open air, as the vocality of animal utterance is. The organ is best adapted to a vaulted church, in which it, as Gray says,

"Swells the note of praise."

Or as Milton,

"And in sweetness, through our ears,
Dissolves us into extacies,
And brings all heaven before our eyes."

Thus is a concert variously produced, which, after all, except in sacred music, that of Handel particularly, is inferior in the pleasure it gives to that which nature, with the association of ideas, objects, and feelings, affords. Nature, lively but chaste goddess, never intended that her choristers should be shut up in cages or in a room, nor her beautiful flowers exhibited (the daisy, ranunculus, lychnis, veronica, cowslip, &c.) in pots in a garden. These objects are what the fastidious

and blunted taste (or no taste) of man despises or overlooks, secretly as they may affect him, from his familiarity with them.

The perception of the "music's mingling sounds," is produced by the combination of the organs of the animal (or instrument) with the medium (the air) through which it acts upon the ear: and the same instrumentality probably takes place, by different means, in other sensible objects. Colours are made visible by the refraction or combination of the rays of light, united in white, compounded or darkened in black. Taste and smell are probably too subtle to be analyzed. All this is effected by the power which thus manifests itself for the "glory" of Him who possesses it, and for the enjoyments of his creature man, and perhaps for still higher orders of beings, as the degrees of perception may be infinite. These sources of enjoyment our blessed Saviour seems to have alluded to, when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field," &c. by which he meant the general garden of Nature, and her productions. For what can art produce in competition with (I do not say in the improvement of, for that is a stimulus to human industry) these? But even all these improvements, in the multiplication of the leaves, or the enlargement of the flowers, leaves them inferior in beauty to the more vivid colours and more elegant forms of the wild plants.

All these demonstrate the power, as well as the goodness of God. Both are in proportion to his other attributes. What is Almighty Power? Fiat, et fit. "Let there be light; and light was." What, velocity of effect? See (for you cannot follow it) what the lightning has done. What, that of motion? Consider the earth, moving at the rate of 68,000 miles in an hour, and 19 miles in a moment, and yet being five minutes in moving the space of its own diameter. Is this quick or slow, thou comparative judge? What is extension? measure infinity. What, duration? calculate eternity. What is time itself? in itself nothing; in prospect, ages; in retrospect, a moment. What is force? an impelling or resisting power.

What, when graduated? preservation. When not? destruction. See then what God can do; and see what he does. Fear Him for the one; love Him for the other.

In turning over the pages of Young and Akenside, we find the same sublimity and ardour of thought and expression in both, mixed indeed with more severity, and what may be called gloom, at least by the "sons of earth," to whom they address themselves, in the former than the latter, whose objects, sublime as he is, are less elevated. Both, however, are sublime; Akenside's effusions, though sometimes protracted, are always beautiful; and if Young's text is sometimes obscure, the context will generally make it clear. I am inclined, however, to think that a secret dislike will now and then indispose us from endeavouring to penetrate through his obscurity, though if we did, the perforation made by it might make a hole for our consciences to creep out at, in applying his censures to ourselves.

Young goes on, like Akenside, to say,

“ What wealth in senses such as these! what wealth
 In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than sense surveys, in memory's firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recal
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
 What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power,
 Which sense and fancy summons to the bar,
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends.

* * * * *

What wealth in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,
 [Of which curiosity is the first.]
 In liberty to choose, in power to reach,

And in duration (how thy riches rise!)
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!
 Ask you, what power resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain? Is virtue's then unknown?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize,
 Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
 Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine."

With this he compares the folly of

"High-built abundance! heap on heap! for what?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
 Then make a richer scramble for the throng."

Instead of this, he says,

"A competence is all we can enjoy;
 O be content, when heaven can give no more!" &c. &c.
 "How few can rescue opulence from want!
 Who lives to nature, never can be poor;
 Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt: the man of gold,
 In debt to fortune, trembles at her power."

For, "riches make themselves wings and fly away:" and the "man of gold," generally either lavishes it on his pleasures, or lays it out in expensive projects, that keep him poor, with the expectation of being rich. How few spend it in doing real good!

"Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite?" &c. &c.

All this, and what follows, is as true as it is well expressed; but I fear difficult to be practised, such are our mistaken views. The poet, however, endeavours to direct them right by adding,

" Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
 Futurity for ever future! life
 Beginning still where computation ends!
 'Tis a description of a Deity!
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave:
 The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
 The meanest slave thy sovereign glory shares."

[For all are equal in the sight of God.]

" Proud youth! fastidious of the lower world;
 Man's lawful pride includes humility,
 Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
 Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
 Proprietors eternal of thy love."

How true and forcible is all this? And how does his description of immortality make the heart

" Tremble at so strange a bliss!"

Surely, there is nothing obscure in all this. Where, indeed, the subject is itself obscure (as immortality must be), we cannot expect a clear definition of it; it is a field for the imagination to rove and to lose itself in; but it can look back, as well as about it, and compare the *τα οπισω*, the *το παρον*, and the *τα προ*.* It can imagine some of the privileges given to souls celestial, souls ordained to breathe

" Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky."

It can say,

" O vain, vain, vain all else! eternity!
 A glorious and a needful refuge that

* The past, the present, and the future.

From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
 'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
 That only, and that amply, this performs ;
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above :
 Their terror those, and these their lustre lose.
 Eternity depending, covers all :
 Eternity depending, all achieves."

In the just expectation of those who can justly depend upon its happiness. It cannot, however, make us lose sight of present objects, nor much lessen our attachment to them ; they constitute our present enjoyment here, and that enjoyment is of the more importance, as on the regulation of it depends our fate in eternity. *That* can only "cover all," when it is begun. Here, indeed, our virtues or our vices may anticipate the reception that we shall meet with in it.

No two things can differ more from each other than time and eternity. Time is fleeting, and its existence dependent on the continuance and succession of motions and events, its quickness or slowness being determined by these, and by the estimation of those who are affected by them, as Shakspeare well observes. When we look back on time, it appears short indeed ; when forward or to the present, it appears short or long, according to the state of our mind or body. If we have to hope from futurity, the object of our hopes, which may be death itself, seems slow in its approach ; if to fear, quick. Time, if marked by events, may be measured ; if not, it will appear even to those who are in a state of quiet, quick to those who are in a state of enjoyment, and slow to those who want to have something to employ their thoughts about, and who therefore seek to beguile or while away their time, not knowing or not caring how to "use it." Eternity, on the contrary, is fixed and permanent, having neither a progressive nor revo-

lutionary movement; it is, as the schoolmen define it, a "punctum stans," an eternal *now*; what it now is, it will ever be,* though the state of things may change in it, which will bring it back to time, as furnishing an æra. But whether this will take place or not, we cannot know, nor consequently whether the state of those who suffer punishment in it, will undergo the change which such an æra might produce, the previous state being a sort of purgatory. That of the blessed surely will not, unless it is "a rise in bliss." If we look forward to having many things to do in our present state, we may be discouraged by their number or magnitude; if backward, when we have done them, we may be agreeably surprised at the ease and quickness of their performance, and this may encourage, as the first may excite us, to future exertions, *juvante Deo*.

Young says that

"Earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round;"

but I know not whether eternity can be said to be a round, unless it is that of an unbounded circle, whose centre has been said to be every where, and its circumference no where. But this is a play upon words, for a centre supposes a circumference, or a multiplicity of centres, a multiplicity of circles. But in eternity there can be no round, unless as it figures neither beginning nor ending, as in the typical snake of the ancients; and revolutions would bring it back to time.

Still pursuing his subject, the poet says,

"Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath, if I may call him man,
Whom immortality's full force inspires."

* As we say in the Doxology, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

No, indeed, I think you cannot; man ceases to be man when he is something higher; he then knows the force as well as the value of immortality.

He then knows, or will know, what it is

“ To lay hold

By more than feeble faith on the Supreme,
Whom he will see, as he himself is seen.”

But, however “the poet's eye” may be “in a fine frenzy rolling,” he goes on to say,

“ Enthusiastic this? then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts: to this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd, or martyrs ne'er had bled,
And all may do, what has by man been done.”

By those who have the same assistance that the martyrs had. Men's passions may do much, but not so much, nor in so many instances, as in those of the primitive martyrs. Their “blood” was indeed the “semen ecclesiæ.” A semen that will bear eternal fruits, which, nor “hell's gates,” nor the “sharp scythes of time, shall ere destroy.”

Animated by these thoughts, the poet says,

“ Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy:
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss!”

A bliss that we are accordingly told has never “entered into the heart of man to conceive.” Sufficient, however, is it for us to know that it will be bliss to those who shall be judged worthy of it. “Happiness is happiness.” Our best feelings

here anticipate that enjoyment, but with the “fear and trembling” with which we are to “work out our salvation.”

“How great the bounty which by mercy’s given!
Those, who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds.”

and still less those (still more amazing!)

“Who resist

The rising thought, who smother in its birth,
The glorious truth, who struggle to be brutes:”

will either anticipate, or endeavour to “work out” their way to the happiness of a spiritual existence.

But, says the poet,

“To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?
All things proclaim it needful, some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure!”

With this persuasion, founded on the authority of the Gospel, he thus addresses our common Father,

“Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity’s inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man’s or angel’s had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe’s assault
Thy glorious immortality in man.
A theme for ever, and for all of weight,

Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore."

To effect this rescue, he appeals to nature,
"The daughter and the ever-changing birth
Of Him, the great Immutable, to man
Who wisdom speaks."

In the changes of the seasons and their produce. These, he observes, are revolutionary, as the course of life is progressive.

"Nature revolves, but man advances, both
Eternal, that a circle, this a line.
That graduates, this soars; the aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends;
Zeal and humility her wings to heaven."

As therefore matter, with all its changes, has a continued existence, he infers that the spirit of man shall have the same, in æternum. He asks,

"Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know?" &c. &c.

All cannot be annihilated, for then God's power could not be exercised, except in the creation of something out of nothing, and the scholiasts say, "Ex nihilo nihil fit." And can we suppose that his power will rise above itself? No, its greatest exertion will surely be shown in the eternal endurance of spirit, as well as its greatest justice and benevolence in its destinations.

Subordinate spirits are probably an emanation from the Supreme, of whom, in their purest state, they are "the image."

And Akenside well says,

“ Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven !
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.” &c. &c.

God is a spirit; He is the “ first perfect, first fair;” and
souls will be made like unto Him, which even here reflect
“ His image.”

Assured of this, the poet goes on to say,

“ If so decreed, the Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust; the soul is safe;
The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from nature’s funeral pyre.”

[Beautiful metaphor.]

“ O’er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleas’d to learn from thunder’s impotence,
Death’s pointless darts, and hell’s defeated storms.”

This is indeed a “ lofty style,” and if Horace’s

“ Justum et tenacem propositi virum
* * * * *

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,”

may be put in competition with it, the picture which Young draws, is far superior in its representation of the soul’s aspiration after, and certain assurance of, immediate happiness. Horace, indeed, seems to aim at the separation of matter and spirit; but he had no authority for making his “ divinæ particula auræ” ascend to the heights from which it came. Reve-

lation had not thrown its light on the "dark" transmissions of his "glass."

Seeing, or rather supposing, that Lorenzo is not "touched" by these "chimeras" (as he would call them), the poet makes an effort to reach his heart, by a magnificent detail of the "monuments of genius, spirit, and power," that the various works of man, and his exploits by sea and land, the exertions of his talents, exhibit on the face of the earth; after which, he says,

"And now, Lorenzo, raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render heaven superfluous,"

[We must pardon this poetical licence.]

"Say,

Whose footsteps these? immortals have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal,
And proofs of immortality forgot."

[By vain, unthinking, and consequently unfeeling mortals.]

"To flatter thy grand foible, I confess
These are ambition's works, and these are great;
But these the least immortal souls can do;
Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend?
Do'st ask me what?—one sigh for the distress.
What then for infidels?—a deeper sigh.
'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man,
How little they, who think aught great below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one:
And that it crowns.—Here cease we; but ere long,
More powerful proof shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb."

Well aware of the "proofs" that still remained to be given, which he does in the next and the succeeding "Nights," the poet leaves Lorenzo, and his fellow-infidels (alas, how many!) in all the hardness of their unbelief, hoping to reach the feelings, of some of them at least, by the strong moral wisdom that attends the promulgation of the gospel, and evinces the truth of its doctrines. These are certainly exempt from all the imputations that can be charged to the passions of men, and must proceed only from the attributes of that Being, of whom the best qualities of man make him "the image." Moral evidence then, supported as it is by historical, is the great voucher for the truth of Christianity; moral evidence which is addressed both to the reason and the feelings, the absence or perversion of both which can alone make us untouched by it. Rash then, to say the least, are those who endeavour to lower the effect of both, in lowering the sublimity of the doctrines to which both are called upon to assent. If our reason cannot comprehend them, nor perhaps perfectly accord with some of them; if our doubts keep us in suspense, let us be content with remaining in that suspense, and let us not vainly attempt to put an end to it by substituting the presumptuous decisions of our reason (for if pride is one of the bad qualities of man, surely his reason may be tainted by it), unequal as it is to save us from a trial which we are meant to undergo. Let us rather save ourselves from the additional, and I think the severer pain, that our presumption must give us in the sense of it, which all our vanity will afford us but a "flattering unction" for. Let us remember that if "Humanum est errare et nescire," humanum est *peccare* too: let us humiliate ourselves before the throne of Him who alone is "good," and the example of Him who was, but would not acknowledge himself to be so; let us hope for the mercy to which that humiliation, and a consequent conduct and demeanour will entitle us (for so he has declared), and let us

end with saying, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

To what I have said in comparing Young and Akenside, I would add, that the object of the latter is to qualify his readers for the rational and moral enjoyment of this life; and the superior one of the other, to prepare them for the next; for which he depreciates, perhaps too much, the enjoyments of this; of which, however, he allows us to take a moderate share, and a more ample one of the beauties of nature, making it subservient to the more important observance of our religious and social duties; and his attention to the former makes him consider all the business of life as of no value, unless it contributes to the eternal welfare of our souls. This, indeed, is true in regard to us all, and particularly as a consolation to the unfortunate. This is all that Young requires, severe as he is to the "Lorenzos" of his or any other time, for he writes not thus severely for those who are "well" (if such there be), "but for those who are (morally) sick." The well may read him with pleasure, and the sick with profit, which, indeed, may be common to both, if they are capable of it; and what soul wants not a "physician?"

Much of Akenside's poem is addressed to the "imagination, the pleasures of which" it treats of, and with the flowers of which both the poems are plentifully, and often agreeably, sprinkled. Both are moral, but not equally religious, as perhaps might be expected from the different professions of the authors. Both, however, express a high reverence for the supreme object of our worship, but of christianity, on which Young lays so much stress, we find no mention in Akenside. His object is natural, Young's revealed religion; but moral duties are recommended by both. Akenside endeavours to win us, Young to awe us into the performance of them; but the exhortations of the former are defective in omitting the great model of them and of piety, Jesus Christ, without whose example all exhortation would be of little avail, for we should

want our greatest incentive in the life he lived, and the promises he made, and died and rose again to confirm, without which latter, *St. Paul* well says, that "our faith, and *his* preaching, would be vain." In him was united all excellence, human and divine, themselves being so nearly allied. The former is the chief object of Akenside's praise, which he bestows on the examples of it, both in public and private life, contrasting the heroic exhibitions of the one with the "mild majesty" of the other. For this he exerts all the powers of his imagination, but with less energy, but perhaps more eloquence than Young does, in dwelling upon his far more important subject, for the flight of "three" or four "score years," when "life is but labour and sorrow," (let me be thankful that it is very partially so to me), is not to be compared with the steady duration of eternity; if of a happy one, how great the difference!

I have spoken, in p. 43, of the benefits which may be expected from the provisions of the reform bill; and to this I will add, that I think it will tend to make every one sensible of what he owes to himself and his country, which include what he owes to his God also; for I strongly suspect that the repugnance which many of us feel (some who ought to entertain better sentiments) to such a reform, arises in a great measure from a desire, of which we may be ourselves unconscious, to indulge ourselves in our usual habits of ease and indolence (the natural suggesters of "let well alone"), of which, indeed, many examples may be seen, as well in private families as in the general family of the country, at the head of which is the Deity whom we ought to serve, instead of our own voluptuous, or at best, self-indulgent propensities; selfish ambition, the desire of power, and sometimes personal partialities; for the maxim, "*Amicus Cato, sed magis amica veritas,*" is not always adhered to. The correction of all these should be one great object of any general reform, or of national education, and all is surely comprehended in the plans of re-

form intended or begun upon, not less in private families, where the servants are often idle in proportion to their numbers, than in the great family of the country.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

IN this his promise is amply fulfilled. Invigorated by his subject, and confident of the truth of what he asserts, he says,

“ Man but dives in death ;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise ;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.”

Having before shown the high probability of this resurrection, by its analogy with the general order and course of things, he brings another proof of it, in the common feelings of humanity : he says,

“ Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life,
Or nature there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables ; man was made a lie.
Why discontent for ever harbour'd there ?
Incurable consumption of our peace !
Resolve me, why the cottager and king,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter-blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?”

The ennui of life are the stimulants to action ; the desire of repose is the check to them ; the desire of eternal repose,

and of the happiness promised with it, is the proper regulator both of the desire of action and of rest in this life. Thus do our passions and feelings alternately act upon each other, if regulated, for our eternal benefit.

Pope says,

“ Mourn our different fortunes as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.”

Which is partly made up by habit (“ second nature as it is”) giving a more uninterrupted content to the cottager than the king, who sometimes pays dearly for his enjoyments. But both must look up to the “ King of kings” for their comfort and support. Thus is Providence just to all, in showing that

“ If to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.”

Nor has he, in a state which admits of nothing more, and even that dependent on the “ patience and resignation” (the “ pillars” both of high and low life) with which we bear the trials we are subject to, one of which is the impossibility of our attaining “ our being’s end and aim” here, the happiness reserved for those on whom the justice and “ mercy” of God will bestow it hereafter, through the merits and mediation of Christ; and such a reserve may well be made of what we can have no conception of. The “ peace which this world cannot give” will be given in another, where the “ sigh” after happiness will be changed for that degree of it that we are capable and deserving (in some degree demonstrated by the mere hope of it) of the possession of. Where mercy is implored, if sincerely, mercy will surely be shown; and “ the sins that were as scarlet will be made white as snow.” When the “ mercy which reacheth unto the heavens” will receive us there, what can the hardened sinner expect who will not implore and endeavour to merit it? Bold as it may be thought, Young has not gone too far in saying,

“ A God all mercy, is a God unjust.”

For a perfect Being must be so in all his attributes, one of which is justice, indulgent as we may wish him to be to “ the devices and desires of our hearts.” Our very virtues may presume too much upon the regard we expect from him. That regard will be in proportion to the obedience we pay to his commandments, and not to the estimation we make of those virtues, “ shining sins,” as they may sometimes be ; for what else is vanity ?

Young goes on to compare the state of beasts with that of man ; he says,

“ Is it that things terrestrial can't content ?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain ?
 Not so ; but to their master is deny'd
 To share their sweet serene ; man, ill at ease,
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
 Where nature foddors him with other food
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.
 Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee ?
 Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;
 In part remote ; for that remoter part
 Man bleats from instinct, though perhaps, debauch'd
 By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes !
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;
 And discontent is immortality.”

Yes ; for we should not be discontented with our present state, if we did not look forward to a better, which we are encouraged to expect. A feeling so sanctioned must be founded in truth.

" Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heaven,
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
 With brutal acquiescence in the mire ?
 Lorenzo ! no ! they shall be nobly pain'd ;
 The glorious foreigners, distrest, shall sigh
 On thrones, and thou congratulate the sigh ;
 Man's misery declares him born for bliss.
 His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
 And gives the sceptic in his head the lie."

This may appear to be a high-flown and unnecessary way of accounting for the *tædium vitæ* that sometimes attends the passage through life, at times more or less ; and it may proceed from different causes, and require different remedies ; but it surely indicates a want of happiness, " our being's end and aim ;" if this is not to be completely attained here, where can it but in another state of existence ? for that, therefore, it is reserved, when not forfeited in our trial here, by our having recourse to improper means of attaining happiness, for *that* is the secret object of all our exertions, of whatever kind they are. Young therefore truly says,

" Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our powers,
 Speak the same language, call us to the skies."

As is proved by the beautiful lines that follow. Indeed the whole poem is a train of irrefragable arguments. Were not the enjoyments of this life so insufficient to satisfy the desires of man, their short duration would make him sigh (and still deeper, if they were sufficient) for a longer. This life then is shortened to make us look forward to another in eternity.

With this regard the poet says,

" Since virtue's recompence is doubtful here,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,

Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain ?
 Why to be good in vain is man enjoin'd ?
 Why to be good in vain is man betray'd ?
 Betray'd by traitors lodged in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?" &c. &c.

And he asks,

" Why is man wise to know, and warm to praise,
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
 The mind almighty ? can it be, that fate,
 Just when the lineaments begin to shine,
 And dawn the Deity, shall snatch the draught,
 With night eternal blot it out, and give
 The skies alarm, lest angels too may die ?"

For,

" If human souls, why not angelic too
 Extinguish'd ? and a solitary God,
 O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne ?"

After mentioning some of the ills of life, he asks,

" In future age lies no redress ? and shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint ?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made ?
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep :
 The man who merits most, must most complain ;
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?
 This cannot be," &c. &c.

After a strong " demonstration" of this, and a beautiful contrast of man with brutes, though still unable to subdue the

EXTRACTS FROM

“stubborn heart” of Lorenzo, he endeavours to “introduce him to himself,” and brings in ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain (the favourite objects of a Lorenzo), as witnesses against him—instancing Cæsar, Xerxes, &c.—the love of praise, of pleasure, the delicate moralities of sense, all the

“ Stratagems

By skill divine inwoven in our frame.”

And calling upon

“ Heaven’s holiness and mercy,”

Not to

“ Laugh, at once, at virtue and at man,
For else is this discourag’d, that destroy’d.”

Even avarice is appealed to.

He then, in answer to Lorenzo’s sophistries, and his defence of “ abhorr’d annihilation,” which the poet justly says,

“ Blasts the soul,

And wide extends the bounds of human woe ;”

He says,

“ Could I believe Lorenzo’s system true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.”

Which they do through several pages, in a manner only admissible, and even more than admissible, on the supposition of man’s existence being confined to this life, with all the “ high intellectual powers” which he possesses. In that case we might well say,

“ Sense, take the rein ; blind passion, drive us on ;
And, ignorance, befriend us on our way ;
Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace !

Yes, give the pulse full empire, live the brute,
 Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of man,
 Of godlike man! to revel and to rot."

The necessary admission of these conclusions, "raving," as the poet calls them, is in itself a strong proof of our future existence.

The poet ends them with,

"Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter never dignify'd with life,
 Here lie proud rationals! the sons of heaven,
 The lords of earth, the property of worms!
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
 All gone to rot in chaos; or to make
 Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 Nor longer sully their Creator's name."

All the passions, all the feelings are here appealed to, as testifiers of the soul's immortality, and above all, the feeling of hope, which, as Young says,

"Turns us o'er to death alone for ease,"

And Pope, that it

"Travels through, nor quits us when we die."

If this is true, it must remain unsatisfied till our death: and its continuance through life is an earnest of its future satisfaction, which the Christian dies assured of.

The boldest flights of Young are surely allowable while they are sanctioned by the Scriptures; and a stronger eulogy cannot be given, nor a higher reverence paid to the Divine

ordinations, than in showing the consequences of an opposite system. The opposite to the perfection of good is the completion of evil. Either God or Mammon must reign.

He says of annihilation, that it is

“ An after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And Oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

Instead of this, the poet asks,

“ Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,

(as supposed in Lorenzo's system)

Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought

(tossing indeed on such a sea)

Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it something to be born?”

(which it would not be, if we were not to be regenerated,)

&c. &c. &c.

He says,

“ How bright my prospect shines? how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of Being lost,” &c. &c.

He says also,

“ Know'st thou the value of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds!

Amazing pomp! redouble the amaze :
 Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more :
 Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
 And calls the astonishing magnificence
 Of unintelligent creation poor."

(Which it is, compared to intelligence, to the "image of the Deity, to a being destined to survive all those worlds.")
 In proof of this the poet says,

" In this small province of his vast domain
 (All nature bow, while I pronounce His name!)
 What has God done, and not for this sole end,
 To rescue souls from death? the soul's high price
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies."

But when we make these comparisons, we should remember that all size is nothing, when compared with infinity, of which this and all the other worlds that exist are parts, if we may speak of parts of an unbounded whole. The gospel dispensation might then as well have been expected (foretold too as it was) "in this small province," as in any other. As to its general effect on our minds, it has been said, and I believe truly said, that it would be the greatest miracle of all if Christianity was not true. That is, a mass of evidence would have been thrown away, which the able lawyer Dunning, who Mr. Fox said was "the most Christian profligate, and profligate Christian that he had known," declared "would be sufficient to prove the truth of any system that could be brought into a court of justice." What is Hume's "previous improbability," that can preclude such evidence?

He then compares the value of time with that of eternity, the end of time; and says

" All is delusion; nature is wrapt up

In tenfold night, from reason's keenest eye :
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
 Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all." &c. &c.

This he proves by the insignificance of earthly rewards and punishments, compared with those of another life, and remonstrates with those who disbelieve it. He says,

" The skies above proclaim immortal man !
 And man immortal! all below resounds.
 The world's a system of theology,
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools :
 If honest, learn'd ; and sages o'er a plough."

For common sense and common feeling are sufficient to convince us of the existence of God ; and the same faculties will also convince us of the truth of Christianity. Of those who will not believe because they cannot understand, it may be said, that " much learning has made them mad," in the extravagant value they set upon their reason, and the extent of its powers. But the poet does not " overrate the nature of man," when he says

" Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene ;
 What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless orbs,
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range ?
 And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man ?
 Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs ; for new creations there."

The mind of man can form some idea of infinity; for the utmost conceivable bound must itself be bounded by something beyond it, and so on, ad infinitum: but "orbs," however ample, must find as ample room to "roll" in "heaven," that is, in infinity, as they can possibly have "in man's capacious thought." Perhaps, however, it is not easy to compare an idea with a substance. Must not one arise from the other? Or is thought independent of existence? I mean of the existence of its object; which indeed it cannot well be, as it is not in its power to *create*, however it may be to *combine*.

Passing then to animation and rationality, the poet says,

"Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams;
Life rational subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams, who made the day."

The animal spirits are exhilarated by the sun. This is the happiness of animals. That of man consists in the effect which the exhilaration of the spirits, together with the applause of the conscience, and the trust in Divine mercy, manifested as it is, have upon the mind. As our God will be thanked, so will He be intreated.

And that rationality is surely sufficient to qualify us for the enjoyment of that day (sunshine) with the hope of a brighter day in heaven, where "the sun goes not down," &c.; but for this, our religious belief is required, which must be founded on comprehensible evidence: the "things seen must vouch for the things unseen," for of the latter we can have little or no comprehension; we can only judge of things by comparison; and to do this, we must have a sufficient knowledge of the different objects of our comparisons: of mysteries (and surely religion is one) we can have little or no knowledge, and therefore can but very imperfectly compare them with any thing

that we have more knowledge of; knowledge that our senses give us. Of ourselves we have more knowledge, but as it is derived from intellect, and as that is limited in us, when we are arrived at a certain point in our disquisitions into man's nature, we find our knowledge defective, and we are therefore embarrassed: we have no knowledge but what has been given us from above, which we receive and trust to, on the evidence of its divine authority. We cannot know what are the limits of man's free agency, but we may be sure that it is in due proportion to his responsibility; and this must vary as the degree of his intellectual powers varies, and his ability to resist temptation. We may be sure also that God has all the moral attributes that constitute perfection; of which justice tempered by mercy is one. That both these attributes would be violated by the denial of a future life I think is fully made out by the very powerful train of reasoning in the "black channel" in which Young's "ravings ran," on the supposition of "annihilation."

"A nature rational implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle reason would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss;

(in insensibility.)

Heaven wills our happiness, allows our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not compels;
Heaven but persuades, almighty man decrees;

(almighty in being left to his own discretion.)

Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he must, who learns from death alone

The dreadful secret—that he lives for ever.”

Still he urges his point to Lorenzo, in the most forcible manner, saying to him,

“ Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou should'st live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.
Who gave beginning can exclude an end.
Deny thou art; then doubt if thou shalt be.”

* * * *

“ What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Deny him—all is mystery besides.
Millions of mysteries! each darker far
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous we can't believe.”

This is not exactly true, if what is said of the credulity of infidels is true—they “ believe,” only to “ tremble”—superstitious, not religious, their fears.

“ Give the sceptics in their heads the lie.”

* * * *

“ So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true:
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.”

The poet then exhorts Lorenzo

“ To be a man, and strive to be a God;”
(in being a Christian.)

“ ‘ For what’ (thou say’st) ‘ to damp the joys of life ?’
No—to give heart and substance to thy joys.”

Speaking of hope,

“ Rich hope of boundless bliss !

Bliss, past man’s power to paint it, time’s to close !”

He says,

“ Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man’s heart, at once, inspirits and serenes,
(as sedatives do.)

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys,” &c. &c.

[Hope, to be effectual, must be founded in reason.]

The poet ends one of his trains of reasoning with this just,
and not audacious conclusion, that

“ If man’s immortal, there’s a God in heaven.”

For if man is not to expect immortality from a God who will grant what he has promised, on terms that are consistent with all his attributes, it signifies little to man whether he exists or not. That there is a God, and that man is immortal, whether in happiness or misery, as he deserves, are therefore correlative truths.

The poet then ends with,

“ A blest hereafter then, or hop’d, or gain’d,
Is all—our whole of happiness ; full proof
I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.”

* * * * *

“ If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen ;—and be graver still.”

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

HAVING enumerated the evils and errors of the world in this Night, he thus addresses himself to the Supreme Being.

“ O Thou ! who dost permit these ills to fall
 For gracious ends, and would'st that man should mourn ;
 O Thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
 Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should know !
 What is this sublunary world ? a vapour
 From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
 In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
 Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom :
 As mortal, though less transient, than her sons ;
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
 Were both eternal, solid ; Thou, a dream.”

[To those only who give their waking thoughts to the world.]

The “ Night Thoughts” have been called “ angry and gloomy,” because they show a disposition to see human follies and vices without sparing them in the representation, by one whose mind was in some degree soured by misfortunes, and strongly impressed with a sense of the necessity of making a life that must be transitory, and may be short, a “ means” of preparing us for a life to come, which will be eternally happy or miserable, according to our fulfilment or neglect of the duties of this. What those duties are, we are told in the injunction given us, to “ do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.” These comprehend a great deal, especially the first, for the demands of justice are various and extensive. As to the idea of a “ short life and a merry

one," or of "strewing over with flowers," what is "a passage at best," they are only, as Mrs. Barbauld calls them, agreeable nonsense, or at least, levity; for thorns will spring up in the midst of these flowers, and the course of mirth will be interrupted by sadness, unless it is supported by a selfish insensibility, either to the joys or sorrows of our fellow-creatures, or, perhaps, by dissimulation, which will not long deceive. And this insensibility will make us as indifferent to the characters of others, as careless of preserving the real goodness of our own. That preservation can alone secure to us the satisfaction of "the stern monitor within us," our conscience, which can only be maintained by following the dictates of it and our reason. If we disregard both, we shall probably be looked upon as knaves and fools. Error is common to man, but a more than ordinary degree of it will deprive us of that general excuse for it, as it must then be a defect of the head or heart, or perhaps of both, and the mischief it will do will be in proportion to the truth of the proverb, that "one fool (or knave) makes many;" so tempting are the ways of folly and vice to those who are apt to imitate the examples of whoever they associate with. This is what Young calls "the infection of the world," against which we must either carry our own antidote, or seek it in the society of those who are free from the poison; and health (moral health) may be communicated as well as disease. By a due regimen in the maintenance of it, we shall

"Bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn."

Nay, more, we shall add to their purity; the stains we see in others, we shall not be defiled with ourselves, for we shall have that within us, which will prevent our imbibing them, and favour our acquisition of the better qualities of others. We shall enjoy that internal sunshine, which we see and enjoy

from without, and which gives us a foretaste of the heaven which will

“ Be given above, for heaven enjoy'd below.”

The poet then makes an address to the “ ocean,” with his equal display of imagination, and connects it with an appeal to Lorenzo's feelings, in his mention of his young “ Florello,” left him as a “ care succeeding to poor Clarissa's throes,” and as a trial how far

“ A father's heart

Is tender, though the man's is made of stone.”

[How far he is susceptible of parental, though not of religious feelings.]

And he draws an interesting picture of the “ heedless child,” and of the dangers he is to undergo at his “ reception into public life,” surrounded as he will be

“ By friends eternal, during interest ;
By foes implacable, when worth their while.”

Open as his ingenuous disposition will make him to their attacks ; with various other dangers that attend the course of his life, in which,

“ If less than heavenly virtue is his guard,
Soon a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
And brands him into credit with the world,
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life ;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;

And heavenly talents make infernal hearts ;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !”

This, with some exaggeration, is perhaps too true a description of worldly practice ; for “ credit” is not always founded upon sterling worth ; but worldly “ wisdom,” against which, however, we may have a “ guard,” and the only sure one, in “ heavenly virtue,” a very different rule to follow from those of the “ Machiavelian” school. And so much for the pursuits of ambition. Of those of pleasure, he says,

“ They are the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but Virtue’s gayer name ;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower ;
And honest Epicurus’ foes were fools.”

Epicurus might be “ honest,” but his system was certainly deceptive, in placing both pleasure and virtue upon the same level, for he would have them both brought above ground, where the sweets of pleasure may soon be found to arise from other sources than the salutary “ roots” of virtue. The former may court the senses, but the latter only can purify the heart. The former intoxicates, and at length poisons ; the latter gives health and vigour both to the mind and body.

There may be a bias in a man’s mind which has the same effect that caprice would have, by a spleen that disposes him to confound good and bad, in seeing every thing in an unfavourable point of view ; but true wisdom consists in distinguishing whatever may conduce to real good. This, Young seems to have constantly in his view.

Pleasure arising from such a source, Young says,

“ Is good, and man for pleasure made,
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;

Pleasure which neither blushes nor expires."

* * * * *

" Pleasure first succours virtue ; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign."

That is, pleasure encourages virtue, as being the immediate consequence of it ; and virtue, so encouraged, ensures the duration of pleasure. But pleasure often attracts at first for its own sake, and not through the medium of virtue, which, from the mistaken experiments of the world, has often more repulsion than attraction in it. But the attraction of pleasure may draw us into the gulf of perdition, when it has not the stay of virtue. " Piety and humanity" contribute alike to the happiness and the welfare of life, which are still more secured by

" Piety itself ;

A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passion, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd," &c. &c.

For the love of perfection is the assurance of every good that can flow from it.

" With piety begins all good on earth ;
'Tis the first-born of rationality."

The poet then says to Lorenzo,

" Art thou dejected ? is thy mind o'ercast ?
Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose
To chase thy gloom.—Go, fix some weighty truth ;

Chain down some passion, do some generous good ;
 Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile ;
 Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe ;
 Or, with warm heart and confidence divine,
 Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.”

[By prayer.]

The employments that have another life in view, will always
 be a remedy for any dejection or weariness in this.

Praising equanimity, in opposition to any excess of passion,
 the poet says,

“ Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
 (Pardon a thought that only seems severe)
 Is half immoral ; is it much indulg'd ?
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
 It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool ;
 And sins, as hurting others, with ourselves.
 'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse ;
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign !
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
 A man triumphant is a monstrous sight ;
 A man dejected is a sight as mean.
 What cause for triumph, when such ills abound ?
 What for dejection, when presides a Power,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest ?
 So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy ;
 So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad ;
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth
 A shallow stream of happiness betray ;
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.”

To promote this, Young recommends the perusal of the Bible. For, says he,

“ There, truths abound of sovereign aid to peace,” &c. &c.

Such equanimity is a just medium between the laughter of Democritus and the tears of Heraclitus. As for laughter, it may sometimes be useful to serve the purposes of ridicule, when that is deserved, as it generally carries more or less “ scorn” with it.

Akenside has shown how the love of ridicule influences the commerce between man and man, either when

“ Folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke,”

Or when

“ Opinion tells us that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill,
Than to betray our country ; and in art,
We shall prefer to be despis'd, and live ;
Here vice begins then.”

And excites scorn and contempt, as mere folly had excited ridicule, whose superior force will “ touch and shame” what is

“ Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne.”

While its opposites, approbation and esteem, will encourage every thing good and laudable in society.

He then shows what are the true sources of joy ; the first of which is a good conscience. This is Horace's “ murus aheneus ;” this is what he recommends in saying,

“ Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem ; non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Delli.”

Horace seems to give himself credit for this equanimity, when, speaking of Fortune, he says,

“ Laudo manentem ; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.”

But had he been tried ?

By the by, does not the sense of our own faults or defects, sometimes instigate us to give advice to others, what to seek for, or what to avoid ?

On this equanimity Young enlarges with all his force, ingenuity, and variety. As connected with this, he says,

“ Pleasure, we both agree, is man’s chief good ;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.”

He goes on to say,

“ Some joys the future overcast ; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.”

Are not these splendid pictures ? nor are they overcharged ; for the gilding is solid.

Young ends this series of admonitions with,

“ Short is my lesson, though my lecture long ;
Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.”

And it has answered—in the promises made. He, however, is obliged to own, that,

“ Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.”

This is certainly true, if life is a trial ; but Young may be a little too severe, in requiring us

“ To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.”

For what more did the stoics pretend to? and could they
always act up to their pretensions?

“ What reason bids, God bids ; by his command,
How aggrandis'd the smallest thing we do !”

* * * * *

“ When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursu'd,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd :

(That is, his best nature.)

And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals.

(When conscience takes the rein.)

Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the strings of life.”

As we may suppose the display of power and wisdom to be as great in the moral as in the natural world, we may also suppose all moral results to be relative to and dependent upon the subsisting order of things, and to be a part of the general economy, such as the great Creator has ordained it ; and that from a different order different results might have followed ; there would otherwise have been natural necessities independent on him, who is bound only by his own attributes. All that is wise, all that is good, must originate in Him ; and “ truth and good are one.” Whatever may be the general plan established, and however it may be varied, it must have the seal of those attributes ; but what those varieties might be, or actually are, we cannot tell ; as our knowledge is partial, it must be relative too. All is possible that it pleases God to make so ; we can only know what we are given by Him to know.

“ Man's science is the culture of his heart.”

The pursuit of other knowledge is allowable enough, if properly followed, especially as it must lead to a sense of our ignorance, the great advantage of which is, the conviction that there is a power, as well as an intelligence, which is far above ours. It

“ Teaches this lesson, pride is loath to learn—
Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.”

And that we may be fully sensible of this, he has given us the power, if we choose to use it, of thinking for ourselves.

And if it is true that “ *Humanum est errare*,” the sincerity of the heart will atone for any mistakes or aberrations of the head ; and that sincerity will be fully shown in “ doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.” These, in an extended sense, may comprehend all the virtues that can be practised ; but that practice will require that we should be continually on the “ watch.” The two first are doubtless recommended to us as imitations of our Creator ; the last appertains wholly to his imperfect and dependent creatures.

There is a light in which mankind may be viewed, and which may almost indispose us from considering them as worthy of any future retribution. In this light Frederic of Prussia professed to consider them, and even as unworthy the regards of their Creator, if his *soi-disant* philosophy admitted of their having such an origin. Voltaire, at one time his friend and favourite, says, in a letter to him, that he thinks there is a Supreme Governor, whose power is limited ; I suppose by the evil spirit possessing a superior share of it. These idle and impious fancies fall to the ground when we consider the miseries which mortals are subject to, in a world where there would only be for “ the worst to wallow, and the best to weep,” if there were not a compensation, which all who have any sensibility look for, and, which even the savages have a hope, but the enlightened Christian a full assurance of, promised as

it is by the Gospel. This at once vindicates the justice of God, and the reasonable expectations of his creature, man. This gives "heart and substance" to the best hope we can form, and rescues it from all imputation of delusion; sanctions the confidence of the many who die full of that hope, and the trust in God's mercy in the minds of those who may see their friends die with a hope more alloyed by remorse, or even extinguished by mental imbecility; for what God has deprived them of, he may again restore, as he

"Who gave beginning, may exclude an end."

The last feeling of the dying Christian then is "resurgam."

With ideas that are never exhausted, and metaphors that are ever at hand, the poet pursues his theme, till he sums it up in the description of

"A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships on seas, while in, above the world."

The excellence of this description authorises him to say of the object of it,

"Himself too much he prizes, to be proud;
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man."

Surely, if man is "the image of God,"

"His nature no man can o'er-rate," &c. &c.

Contrasting this with Lorenzo's estimations, and showing the motives that instigate the "man" he has been describing, he says,

"Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life."

Hovering in triumph over the fallen Lorenzo, prostrate as he lies in his stumblings, the poet shows him how to regain his lustre, by saying,

“ Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;

(As Young’s poetry does.)

Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.

(A “ rough ” one perhaps.)

Wit, widow’d of good sense, is worse than nought ;
It hoists more sail, to run against a rock.
Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.”

Has Lord Chesterfield deserved this encomium ? Johnson would not have allowed it.

But to return to more serious admonitions. The poet exhorts us to aspire to

“ A joy high privileg’d from chance, time, death !
A joy which death shall double ! judgment crown !
Crown’d higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through blest eternity’s long day ; yet still,
Not more remote from sorrow, than from him,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss ! ”

I believe there cannot be a stronger instance of the union of divine and human love, than in these two lines. But all is, of course, absorbed in the love divine. If human love is mixed with it, it must be in the participation of the happiness that love divine must give.

We may add to this,

“ God, and his mercies, fill the ample space,
Those objects must require in minds, whose ‘ joy ’
Is full, as it is perfect ; other joys

Would lessen, not increase it ; that alone
 Can fill its cup of happiness ; the cup
 In which the foretaste was already given,
 Even in this sublunary world ; how far
 Beneath that glorious blaze, with which the Sun
 Of Righteousness in fullest lustre shines !

The poet sends us to our rest, in saying,

“ Soul, body, fortune ! every good pertains
 To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
 The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
 Body to soul, and soul submit to God.”

He still, however, has a parting “ bon repos” to give us ;
 for his ideas will neither suffer him nor his readers to sleep,
 and his thoughts are no *dreams*.

The feelings inspired by autumn are well worthy of Thomson's expression of them ; they are suited to the rational and grateful character of declining age, much better than the animating growth of spring, or the calm maturity of summer, and are a fit preparation for the settled repose of old age, and the approaching quiet of the grave, “ our subterranean road to bliss.” Thomson, I think, is the only poet who has sung inspiring autumn ; Akenside has not touched that tender string of his “ harp ;” and Mrs. Barbauld has displayed her sprightly feelings in her unrhimed lines upon spring, though I think she has hardly done justice in others to the delicate beauties of the snowdrop, that child of winter. But surely, Mason's pious and poetical sonnet on his birthday (Feb. 24), should not be forgot. Such an old age as his (“ seventy years and one”), is indeed a second spring, “ veiling stern winter's frown.” It may well excite us to

“ Give praise to Him, from whom all blessings flow.”

The autumnal feelings which Thomson describes, delightful as they are, have, perhaps, too great a degree of melancholy in them to suit those who require more social enjoyments. Thomson's early habits, as he relates them in his "Winter," seem to have fitted him for the former; but he shows himself to have been not less open to the impressions of philanthropy. The pupil of nature cannot want natural affections.

A fine autumnal day is a calm prelude to winter; and so ought the autumn of life to be to the winter of the grave; and what can that be, if the winter of a well-spent life, but a prelude to the spring and summer of life eternal? (Sept. 25, 1832).

NIGHT THE NINTH.

HAVING gone on, with unabated force, among his other effusions in the preceding Eight Nights, to show how mixed with vice, and consequent unhappiness, are the pleasures of life, in which the only "buckler" that can shield us from despair or danger, is in the "single sentence" last quoted, the poet ends his series of "complaints" with "the consolation" announced in the ninth and last Night, expressing, as we may suppose, his own consolation in this exordium,

"As when a traveller, a long day past
 In painful search of what he cannot find,
 At night's approach, content with the next cot,
 There ruminates awhile his labour lost;
 Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
 And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
 Till the due season calls him to repose;

Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
 Where disappointment smiles at hope's career ;
 Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
 At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;
 Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
 And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
 I chase the moments with a serious song ;
 Song sooths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth."

I trust the reader will agree with me, that greater beauty, greater pathos, greater or more well-founded feeling, cannot be expressed than are in these lines. It is the poetry of nature, of reason, and of virtuous feeling, which must find a sympathy in the breast of every one so endowed.

Again the poet attacks Lorenzo, saying,

" Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
 Like those above, exploding other joys ?
 Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still !
 I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold ;
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
 Thy smile's sincere, not more sincere can be
 Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him."

Incited by this compassion, he goes on to expostulate with Lorenzo, upon the vanities and deceits of this world, and the threats and dangers of the next, looking forward to the general conflagration, which he supposes will happen

" At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams ;
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour ;

At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness ; sudden, as the spark
 From smitten steel ; from nit'rous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
 The day is broke, which never more shall close !
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all !
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire !
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
 Dost thou not hear her ? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?
 Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone
 On which we stood, Lorenzo ! while thou may'st,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !
 Where ? how ? from whence ? vain hope ! it is too late !
 Where, where, for shelter shall the guilty fly,
 When consternation turns the good man pale ?

* * * * *

Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
 Heaven opens in their bosoms ; but how rare,
 Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !
 What hero, like the man who stands himself,
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone," &c. &c.

And is there, indeed, any one who is thoroughly prepared to meet the " day of His coming ?" or to abide the anticipation of it ?

Imprest with these feelings, and vainly asking when and how this " great day" shall come, and losing himself in conjectures about it, he at length exclaims,

" Great God of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)

What rocks are these on which to build our trust ?
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
 Or this alone—that none is to be found :
 Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint," &c. &c.

Before the tremendous description he has just given, he had enumerated the kindnesses of Him,

“ Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions guides,
 Assisting, not restraining, reason's choice ;
 Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more dangerous, not less sure.”

(More dangerous, because we should not then have known how to have acted respecting them, “ sure” as the consequence of our errors would have been.)

“ Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 ‘ Do this, fly that,’—nor always tells the cause ;
 Pleas'd to reveal, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.”

(The reason of the revelation may not always have been given, but was it not because it would be understood without that? Our blessed Saviour appeals to our reason, as the guide to our “ faith,” and consequently to our obedience. How else can we expect that our “ repose” will be secured by it? and how has that repose been attended to! O man, ungrateful man!)

The poet says afterwards,

“ Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stands this the foremost, that my heart has bled.”

(“ It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn thy statutes.”)

“ 'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man ;
 When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
 Inhuman, or effeminate his heart.
 Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.”

Then we may reason ourselves out of our grief; but will our feelings always let us do this, stronger as they often are than our reason? Time is necessary to allay, and gradually to expel grief. As to “pain blessing,” it is not easy to conceive how that can be, for it is the solace that must bless, though pain may soften us for the reception of it, if the pain does not entirely overcome us; but surely resignation will afford a remedy.

The poet then reviews his past work, and what it contains; but finds that much still remains, in the tribute due to “night,” of gratitude for the reflections it suggested, which the moon “also added to, being,” as the worthy Mons. Bonnet once said to me at Geneva, in 1789, “*Le compagnon de ceux qui meditent :*” and though her own light is rendered faint by the sunshine of the day, outshining that of “ten thousand suns,” in the immensity of space which their different distances measure. “*Velut inter ignes luna minores,*” is Horace's expression, little as he was aware what these *ignes minores* were. So little does our unassisted reason supply the defects of our sight. O Lucretius, could you say,

“ *Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
 Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus,*”

and not feel that this power of contemplation was given to excite “man” to aspire to what he contemplated? No, Epicurus had misled you, and made you follow his wretched conclusions. You expected no other life, and you quitted this in satiety and despair.

So did Atticus, and probably others, who may have put an end to their lives, as Cicero says, "injussu imperatoris, id est, Dei." And are these the fruits of that Epicurism, which some are still so partial to? Is this the union of virtue and pleasure, which it professes to teach? O Religion! thou only canst unite them! thou canst make martyrs, but not suicides.

The poet then says, elevated as he is by his contemplations, and by the "immortal silence" that favours them,

" O majestic night!

Nature's great ancestor, day's elder born,

[As having existed before "light was."]

And fated to survive the transient sun,

By mortals and immortals seen with awe!

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,

An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,

Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train."

(This, however, the poet must have seen "in his mind's eye," as the "mantle" would wrap all in darkness.)

" Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,

Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse,

And like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,

Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene."

This magnificent description is followed by an invocation to the great Creator of these wonders, and to the angels and archangels, who, with man, join in admiring them, to

" Assist his daring song,

Loose him from earth's inclosure, from the sun's

Contracted circle."

(Contracted certainly, in comparison with infinity.)

“ Set his heart at large ;
Illuminate his spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought, yet unexplor'd :”

(As being thoroughly metaphysical, the visible “ scenes”
being already “ closed.”)

“ Teach him, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
Teach him with art great Nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.”

The poet says,

“ Stars teach, as well as shine ; at Nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran—be kind to man.”

Exhorting Lorenzo to study their lessons, he says,

“ What read we here ? the existence of a God ?
Yes, and of other beings, man above ;”

There seems to be a strong probability that the chain of intelligent beings is carried above us, from the gradation that we see below us, and from the confined limits of our own knowledge and faculties, which may both be progressive. He who is made “ ruler over many things,” must have powers given him to exercise that rule.

“ Natives of æther ! sons of other climes !
And what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity ?—Lorenzo ! thine ;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here ; here springs the sovereign cure

Of almost every vice ; but chiefly thine ;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

* * * * *

Why, from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,

(This infinite may, I think, be doubted, as it would make
the creation commensurate with its Creator.)

Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—to curb our pride,

(And at the same time to “ give glory to God ;” which may
well curb the vain-glory of man.)

Our reason rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light ;
To draw up man's ambition to Himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.

* * * * *

Thus man his sovereign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

* * * * *

And see ! day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre, courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.”

Moonlight seems to be doubly formed for contemplation,
as it does not afford sufficient light for work, but enough for
meditation, which it also excites, as well as

“ Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !
An undevout astronomer is mad.”

Yes, or at least irrational; but it is to be feared that some are merely Deists, because they have studied the heavens and not the Scriptures. Moral evidence is required for a religion that exhibits and enjoins the perfection of moral practice. The poet, however, unwilling to quit the skies, says,

“ Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?
Whose omnipresence wants a larger space
Than limited existence can afford.”

Infinite as that omnipresence is.

“ Not so; that thought thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And straitens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,
And makes the universe an orrery.”

This, however, like other inflated language, is exaggerated; for what can exceed infinity? It is something like

“ Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.”

These are surely solecisms; and, therefore, instead of exalting the subject, they lower it, by making it liable to irreverent ridicule. And the same may perhaps be said of the expression, “most highest;” for are there different degrees of the superlative? What do we not risk, when we get beyond common sense? or when we make a wrong use of terms?

The poet, now ascended to the sublimest heights of poetry, describes the day when Time

“ As a king depos'd disdains to live,
Upon his own scythe falls; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.”

Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
 Awful eternity! offended queen!

(Offended only by those who had given her just cause of offence, by neglecting her frequent admonitions, when she—often called, and with the voice of God, a voice proclaimed in his written word, and repeated to us by our consciences.)
 Then the “offended queen,”

“Eternity, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd thron'g distinct abodes
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial; what ensues?
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
 Her adamantin' key's enormous size
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
 Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom, there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, through all her gloom,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.”

(This is a tremendous picture, and not the less so for the probability of its spiritual truth. For how severe must the “wounds of the spirit” be!)

“O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
 Nor strange, when deities their voice exalt!
 And louder far, than when creation rose,

To see creation's godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd, so divinely clos'd!"

The poet then asks—"What then am I?" which he answers by reproaching himself (suspending his censure on Lorenzo) for making complaints, when submission and resignation was his duty; resignation to what was done, and will ever be done, for his best interest.

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny."

But if life is a trial, tears may sometimes be mixed with our smiles; and why do we call life "a vale of sorrows?" The poet's conviction, however, makes him promise

"To pay life's tax
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour;
Nor think it misery to be a man."

Assimilating natural to moral changes, he says,

"The winter is as needful as the spring;
The thunder, as the sun; a stagnant mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air;
Not more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms.
The dread volcano ministers to good,
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world," &c. &c.
"May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain, and made it safe to smile."

There is every probability that can be inferred from analogy, of the existence of higher orders of beings, above man, from analogy with what we know of the creation, from the lowest to the highest steps of the ladder. For this contemplation, the poet exhorts Lorenzo to "wake at midnight,"

" To lift his eye
To yonder stars ; for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt."

This is followed by showing the utility of this contemplation, to curb our pride,

" Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus man his sovereign duty learns, in this
Material picture of benevolence."

Again the poet reverts to his own feelings, which of course are wrought up to their highest pitch ; and he says this infinity of wonders has been exhibited by the Deity, " that man might ne'er presume to plead amazement for disbelief of wonders in himself."

" Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd ? shall mysteries descend
From unmysterious," &c. &c.

This subject too he pursues with his usual elevation of thought and expression. He says,

" Know this, Lorenzo, seem it ne'er so strange,
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds,
Nothing but what astonishes, is true."

And this the use of our senses is sufficient to convince us of. Still the poet goes on in endeavouring to rouse Lorenzo's blunted feelings. For this exertion of them,

“ Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?
 Or travel history's enormous round ?
 Nature no such hard task enjoins ; she gave
 A make to man directive of his thought ;
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
 As who should say, ‘ read thy chief lesson there.’
 Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
 When, like a parchment roll shrunk up by flames,
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight,
 Lesson how various,” &c. &c.

Here again the poet enlarges and multiplies his imaginative and descriptive powers, descending from these heights to view with horror and indignation the crimes and abasements of unfeeling and unreflecting men, among whom, however,

“ In Christian hearts O for a pagan zeal !”

So much more are men excited to search after truths themselves, than to profit by the discoveries of others, and so to gain for themselves what they consider as a kind of second-hand credit. Some have done honour to their nature.

“ They taught,
 That narrow views betray to misery ;
 That, wise it is to comprehend the whole ;
 That, virtue rose from *nature*, ponder'd well,

[Nature, to which Cicero so often appeals.]

The single base of virtue built to heaven ;
 That God and nature our attention claim ;

That nature is the glass reflecting God,
 As by the sea reflected is the sun,
 Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere ;
 That, mind immortal loves immortal aims ;
 That, boundless mind affects a boundless space ;
 That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great ;
 That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
 Such are their doctrines ; such the night inspir'd."

He goes on to show the truth and importance of this, in the proofs there are, that

" The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
 Delightful outlet of her prison here !
 There, disincumber'd of her chains, the ties
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;
 There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
 In full proportion let loose all her powers,
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great," &c. &c.

(So evident is the superiority of the mind over the body.)

This he says he will do in " the firmament," where,

" As earth the body, since the skies sustain
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
 Call that the noble pasture of the mind ;
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exalts,
 And riots through the luxuries of thought ;
 Call it the garden of the Deity,
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
 Of fruit ambrosial ; moral fruit to man.
 Call it the breastplate of the true high-priest,

Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
 In points of highest moment, right response ;
 And ill neglected, if we prize our peace."

He then enlarges on the immense (infinite? probably not) space occupied by the stars, with the distances of their spheres from each other.

"What then the wondrous space through which they roll?
 At once it quite engulphs all human thought:
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat."

Going on with this maze of moving bodies, unsustained as they apparently are, he says,

"Mark how the labyrinthian turns they take
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
 Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence ;
 To gods how great! how legible to man!"

This is indeed a grand "cypher!" a cypher in which all existence is comprehended; and of which man has as much knowledge as astronomy can give him.

Here he speculates upon the possibility of these stars being destined "majestic seats" of the "angelic delegates of heaven," "ministering" for the high purposes of the Deity. There may be some foundation for this supposition. "Angels" are "messengers."

Justly ascribing all these wonders to the power and majesty of God, he exclaims,

"Say'st thou the course of nature governs all?
 The course of nature is the art of God."

For if this is not supernatural, what is?

He truly says, that both sight and thought are bewildered

here ; perhaps Virgil has expressed as much as natural religion could, in

“ Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.”

Asking for the great Director of all these operations, the poet is as much at a loss as the Psalmist, when he looked all around, and could not see Him whom in vain he searched for.

“ How glorious then appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars and planets roll !” *

Is the mind of man then infinite ? Surely not ; for then it would be equal to its Creator ; and this limitation of its powers, I think, shows that the material universe is limited also ; for if it were not, both would be commensurate with their Creator, as the human mind can comprehend, at least in a certain degree, all the material universe ; † the space beyond, (the “ extra-mundane” space) is occupied (if the term may be used) by the Being who fills it ; and it may be the womb of future creations, for his power is inexhaustible, and his agency must always be going on, secure as it is (not the Epicurean “ security”) in its own power ; and the omnipresence of the Deity excludes a vacuum. We may believe that the mind (soul) of man is coeternal, in futurity, with God himself, but in a subordinate eternity, in which it will exist under the protection of its Supreme Source. But even in that case, what more can it be, than what we are told it is here below, “ the image of God ?”

We may say, then, of the “ mind of man,” that “ what it seems, it is ;” that is, under the destination and protection of the great Being, who formed that “ poor, that rich, that abject, that august, that wonderful creature, man.” What is this

* Night the Ninth.

† And that comprehension will, no doubt, be more fully extended in a future life.

creature, who has within himself "such strange extremes?" who has in his make that elastic principle, which can evolve into radiations of mental circumspection (if I may so speak), of which he is himself the centre, and which, like infinity itself, "have no circumference?" of which, in fact, the great, the universal centre is God himself. He is the great, the supreme object to which his finite creature man must look, when, in following that golden rule, "Respice finem," he finds in that infinite end (for language is itself confounded in the ideas it would express) an ample reason for thanking and trusting in Him whose Being comprehends infinity and eternity, and who gave his creature man this power of looking towards it, spread as it is all around him. What are the "many littles" that make up this immeasurable "mickle," and what is the being who, with this power, is affected by the least of those "littles," and who can, in his "mind's eye," span the whole of them? What can constitute the individuality of such a being, of whom there are "countless millions," of which, as individuals, St. Paul says, he will have to "present" such and such, at the great audience day of the Sovereign of the universe? What are those, who will bow before His throne, great as they will be in the contemplation of their "SOVEREIGN," however little in the contemplation of themselves? Well may Young say, "His nature no man can o'er-rate;"—but alas! who "can under-rate his merit?"—Alas, shall I say? why lament an "unworthiness," which is compensated by the incomparable and incomprehensible "worthiness" of the Son of God, the Saviour and Redeemer of man? And what is this man, who is himself the "temple of his God, his Saviour and Redeemer?" Can the "γνωθι σεαυτον"* be carried to such an extent, or comminuted into such an infinite divisibility of particles, each as infinitely divisible? Yet all these are within the omniscience and the omnivident eye of

* Know thyself.

Him, who can see every "sparrow" that "falls to the ground," and by whom the very "hairs of our heads are numbered."

How are we lost, how buried, in the mathematical calculations, the metaphysical and ideal abstractions, that occupy our minds! Do we indulge a blameable curiosity in thus anticipating what we are ultimately destined to enjoy? For will not the progress, thus begun, be continued? a progress which, if "coeval with the sun," would still be unfinished. Do we incur any blame in availing ourselves of the sunshine of our breasts, to throw a light into them, the rays of which are emanated from the Source of all light? Can man "at his peril imitate his God?" can he be blameable, in attempting to rise, to the height and vastness of an original of whom he is himself "the image?" to acquire new powers, which may gradually bring him nearer to that original? and are the powers already given him, to be repressed, or wasted on unworthy objects?

Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 Not reaching him, who gave her wings to fly."

So soars the eagle, aiming at the sun. But,

'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

And the perfection of morality is, to know, and to be consistent with itself.

' And what it seems, it is; great objects make
 Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
 Those still more godlike, as these more divine."

He says also that

' Wisdom and choice their well-known characters
 Here deep impress; and claim it for their own;

Though splendid all, no splendour void of use.
 Use rivals beauty ; art contends with power ;
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expense :
 The great Economist adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise !”

(As nothing is made, so nothing is expended in vain.)

“ Then those aerial racers, O how swift !
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string !
 Spirit alone can distance the career.”

(For nothing but spirit can well exceed the swiftness of
 some substances, light, for instance, if substance it is.)

“ Orb above orb ascending without end !
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd !”

There may be varieties of expanse of space, as well as of size of substances, moving in them ; and these may balance each other by their projectile and centripetal forces, as far as we may presume to interpret the laws of the great Creator. As to quickness or slowness of motion, that, as well as size, seems to be entirely comparative *. Perhaps we may suppose a body in the centre of the universe (as in Mons. Lambert's system), large enough to be itself the centre of all gravitation, and having no projectile force given to it by the divine impulse, to be constantly at rest, and to be, as Mons. Lambert, and, indeed, our nocturnal bard, both suppose, the immediate and “ local throne” of the Deity. As such a central body, it can have no revolutionary, nor any other motion, unless it is a libratory one. Perfect stagnation seems to be at variance with the general order of things.

* And not real : proved, I think, by the motion of the earth round the sun, which, though at the rate of 68,000 miles in an hour, and nineteen miles in a moment ! makes the earth be about five minutes in moving the length of its own diameter.

Pursuing this astonishing subject, and comparing it with the pursuits of ambition, the poet says,

“ Now go, ambition! boast thy boundless might,
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.”

He goes on in the praises of the “ great Artist,” the “ dread Deity,” and his works, and considering Him as the object of our prayers as well as praises, he says,

“ In every storm, that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is this, in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!”

But while we humiliate ourselves, he says,

“ The mind that would be happy, must be great;
Great in its wishes; great in its surveys.”

(Great in the consciousness of its own weakness, and in knowing whom it depends upon.)

He then advises Lorenzo to question himself deeply, in order to know the ends of his existence, and to be convinced of that of a God. From this the poet endeavours to ramble in thought to the utmost bounds of creation.

“ Where rears its terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head; and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,
' I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd, the creation clos'd,'” &c. &c.

Dwelling on this stupendous subject, and vainly attempting to equal it in his images, for he had before said, of the Creator,

“ I am, thy name! existence, all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd,
The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.”

Looking for more worlds, and above all, the great Creator,
he says,

“ Like him of Uz,
I gaze around ; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores !
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream ; for Him who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys.”

The existence of a supreme Being is in a manner an abstract idea in the human mind ; but in ascending the scale of excellence, we cannot stop till we arrive at the “ first good, first perfect, and first fair.” Man finds the idea and the desire of realising it in his own mind ; and they both imply its reality. If not, from whence does the idea arise ? In our comparative estimations, we find that “ God alone is good,” a title which *Christ* himself would not allow to be given to *him*.

Lost in vain inquiries and interrogations upon points on which no information has been or will be given, the poet despairs of attaining a summit towards which he has made so little approach, and he concludes with,

“ Here human effort ends ;
And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.”

Convinced of his error, he says,

“ Full well it might ; I quite mistook my road.
Born in an age more curious than devout ;
More fond to fix the place of heaven, or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point ; Lorenzo ! know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,

Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven ;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails."

(Love regulated by reason, which should govern both our
" hearts, our souls, and our strengths." It would otherwise
be " love and madness *.")

The " amor divinus" is mixed and tempered with fear ;
fear heightened by ignorance ; for,

" Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

But the poet still finds matter for discussion, for conjecture,
and for remonstrance, though he still finds Lorenzo insensible
to the latter ; for vain are all addresses to the reason, if the
feelings are not touched ; whence the Italian proverb, " Mu-
overe sol è vittoria †." A man may be,

" Though blind of heart, still open in his eye."

If " passion is pleased," reason is silenced, and can " ask
no more," though

" By strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd."

Man, feeling that he has the power of speaking to his own
conscience, and of arguing and disputing with it, fancies that
he has also the power of dictating to it, which his passions
assist him in doing. But conscience will return to the attack,
and will make itself heard, perhaps when it is too late for it
to be heard with any profit.

It may be observed, that the disbelief of a future life is
often, if not generally accompanied by the disbelief of the
reality of virtue, which the infidel considers as a mere calcu-
lation of interest, in what it may look forward to, or else in

* The madness of some enthusiasts.

† " To conquer, we must move," that is, the feelings.

the esteem that its pretensions may procure for it here. The former the infidel considers as a chimera, and the latter only as real. Viewing it in this light, he makes nothing of the goodness of God, the importance of virtue in this world, &c. All this he regards as a delusion, from which no solid benefit can arise, or he may say, that we should not pretend to know what we cannot know to a certainty; that we should set no value on the knowledge we have, because we cannot obtain still greater; and that, therefore, with the Pyrrhonists, we should doubt of, and in doubting, reject every thing, except what a superficial observation may suggest to us. This, no doubt, will save trouble, and remove doubt; but it will substitute *despair* in its stead.

In whatever light we regard the person and nature of Christ, I think we must consider the sacrifice made by him of himself, as requiring to be made by a being of the highest order, and so nearly approaching to an equality with the Supreme, as to justify the attribution of a perfect equality with him; and that Christ was, as Sir Humphry Davy expresses it in his "Last Days of a Philosopher," "an integrant part of the Deity himself." However mysterious and incomprehensible this may be by us, it is no more so than the other mysteries of religion, and all that belongs to the nature and attributes of the Father and Creator of all existence. A mystery, therefore, attested by such evidence as this is, demands our fullest acceptance, and will not allow of its being lowered to the standard, or any thing near the standard, of human reason. It is a trial, and perhaps the greatest trial, of our faith, to believe the "Son of God, and the equal to, and coexistent with, God himself," was incarnate ("made man,") and underwent all that is recorded of Christ in the most authentic of all narratives, to save his creature man, who had, by the abuse of his conditional power of free agency, fallen from his original nature, and ceased to be, what he was first intended to be, "the image of his Maker;" a state to which, by the asto-

nishing but necessary sacrifice made for him by our Saviour and Redeemer, he is now restored, and may, if he falls not again, maintain himself in. The goodness of God, which ordained the sacrifice, will extend the mercy required for giving to man the full benefit of it; what man was created for, he is again made capable of being. The Spirit of God assimilated him to itself, and has restored what was first given to him. Man is, or may be if he will, again the image of his Maker. Thus is "the power, the wisdom, and the mercy of God," fully displayed; and to be fully sensible of it, we must believe all that can reasonably be inferred from the Gospel.

"For what, my small philosopher, is hell?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth."

So awful a truth may well require the greatest acquirements of philosophy to "know it fully," that

"Truth may not be sworn our foe,
Nor call eternity to do her right."

If she does, we shall indeed find that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,"
and that we must

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

But this "drinking deep," must be accompanied with a good taste and a good digestion, otherwise what we "drink" may turn *sour* in our stomachs, as it appears to have done in "Lorenzo's."

The poet, however, still continues to urge his point, not omitting an appeal to the Father, the Controller, the Judge of all, who alone can determine the time when many

"Shall wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;

When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd ;
And midnight, universal midnight ! reigns."

This ending with universal darkness is consonant enough with the title and general tenor of this poem, but not, I think, with the best idea that we can form of the designs of the Creator. "Light" was not designed, nor supported by so many suns, to be entirely extinguished ; universal light, therefore, in its highest splendour, is more to be expected. The angels are angels of light ; Satan, the prince of darkness. What other light may take place of that we now enjoy, we cannot know. Whatever is short of perfection now, will probably be perfected hereafter.

The sublimity of this poem surely atones for its obscurity ; nor is that obscurity impenetrable, by those who feel themselves enough interested in the most important truths, to be inclined to attend to them.

The fortitude with which we meet death, depends perhaps a good deal upon the credit that we expect to meet with by it from our fellow-creatures ; for we are apt to value the "praise of men more than the praise of God." But both may concur, and one will be given by the rational part of our species, in proportion to our claim to the other. By those who do not think with equal seriousness of that claim, the mere exhibition of fortitude will often (not always, for it must be determined by the conduct of our past lives) be attributed to our sense of having sufficient grounds for it ; but this can only be thoroughly known to God and ourselves.

So little information has been given us in the sacred writings, or even in the mysterious expressions of St. Paul, respecting the state of the soul after death, or the time when its reanimation in another and a more "glorious body" will take place, that we are left in a manner to the dictates of our

reason and our feelings, powerfully and unanswerably as they are appealed to in this poem, to that little information that has been given us, to the firm belief which the sufferings of the early martyrs (whose blood might well be called "the seed of the church"), witnesses as they had been of the general confirmation of the truth of his religion by our blessed Saviour, witnesses too of his life and miracles, of his sacrifice of himself, and, above all, his resurrection and ascension (without which our "faith would be vain") testified, to found our opinion of them upon. The uncertainty in which we are left, with the "tremulous" hope of a "bliss" to which we are total "strangers," is probably necessary to keep us in awe, and to secure, by our religious faith and our moral conduct (in those who have that faith) our title to the future happiness which is conditionally promised to us, and to add to the many trials which we are destined to undergo in our present state; trials, which the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment, eternal as it is announced to be, and our persuasion of the justice, as well as the mercy, of God, may well induce us to sustain. All our feelings are thus acted upon; and to qualify us for being influenced by them, we have the fortitude which our hopes, and the general estimation of our fellow-creatures, enforce our maintenance of. In many of them we see the manifestation of that hope and fortitude, assisted perhaps by constitutional influence; and the feelings of them exist, we may hope, in many more than we see the open manifestations of them in (prevented sometimes by false shame), especially as age advances upon them, and when the tenor of their past lives has strengthened those feelings. These support them in their decline, and the promises of pardon to repentant sinners (and who has not sins to repent of?) gives additional strength to that support. Thus they are left to "fear and tremble," which the stoutest and best of us may do, but neither to do that, nor to "mourn" for the loss of friends or relations, "without hope;" hope which has all the encouragement that

we are capable of receiving, or can reasonably expect to receive. That capacity, and those grounds of expectation, will differ in different minds, to which is generally given that degree of capacity which the "requirements" made of them will, as our blessed Saviour has told us, be proportioned to. Justice in this is fully accordant with mercy; we are responsible for no more than the first requires, and that responsibility is measured by all the allowances that the second can suggest. Of what then have we to complain, when we have so many inducements given us, to support the trials which we may expect such rewards for our sustainment of? * The duties of "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God," are among those trials, and our performance of them will be accepted, if suited to our ability for it; nor will our Creator be "extreme to mark what is amiss," in the defects of that performance, if we "confess" and repent of them, for which "He will be faithful and just to forgive us." Let us then, sinners as we all are, rely upon the assurances that we have received, in our endeavours to merit the fulfilment of them; let us live in obedience, that we may die in hope. As Young says, "Religion's all;" nor can the "joys of life" have any "heart or substance," but as they are consistent with the respect which reason itself requires for our religious duties, which comprehend all that we owe to God, to our fellow-creatures, and to ourselves. We cannot surely allow any truth to Voltaire's

" Dieu a fait les hommes legers et vains,
Pour les rendre moins miserables." †

For vanity and levity will go farther than as mere excuses for the neglect of our more serious duties, and an "aimable vautrien" (an agreeable but good for nothing man,) which

* And which "patience and resignation" are amply sufficient to enable us to support.

† God has made men light and vain, that they may be less miserable.

that neglect may make, will never have the real esteem of mankind, nor any consideration but what charity allows him, and the due regulation of our own conduct requires, without our assuming a right to judge finally of his. In this too our pride (that "lawful pride" that "includes humility,") may assist us, and may correct itself. Like Madame de Stael's "Lord Nelvil" in her ingenious "Corinne," we may be "severes pour les nations," severe to nations, though to a certain degree "indulgents pour les individus," indulgent to individuals, and we may well suppose that God himself will make the same distinctions in his judgments, that of each will be "required" according to what to each "is given." The French, indeed, have had a most severe lesson in their revolution, and many of them no doubt have profited by it. We must hope that the "irritamenta malorum," excitements of evils, amongst us, will not bring on a similar one.

Reasoning from induction requires thought; its conclusions, therefore, do not immediately occur to the mind, which is often left exposed to the influence of the animal spirits, or the varying suggestions which either they, or the natural changes of our minds produce. Thus we have always a battle to fight, in adhering to reasonable conclusions, or in resisting unreasonable ones. Our ability to fight this battle will, I think, be assisted by our perusal of, and meditation upon, the sublime poem which I have made the subject of my thoughts and discussions.

Young says of the happiness of a future life,

"What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss?"
 And well may tremble, for so vast a bliss
 (Vast without waste, and lasting without end)
 No head can comprehend, no "heart conceive."
 What wonder then, if so unknown a state
 Should more our doubts excite, than our belief
 Command? and, spite of God's own word, his voice

That still within us speaks, in reason's spite,
 Shall find no answer from the ardent thought
 That "weds it to desire?" shall rather raise
 Doubts, that to reason and to feeling still
 Obdurate foes, shall to "the charmer's voice,"
 Like "the deaf adder," no assent return?
 Speak then the truth, say, that whate'er our wish
 True happiness to gain, in "pleasure's paths
 We still the steps pursue that reason shuns;"
 We still "the dance, the die, the midnight bowl,
 Which death ne'er fails to crown," with ardour follow;
 "Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turn the key, and bid him sup
 With our progenitors; he drops his mask,"
 (A mask the "pamper'd spendthrift" well might wear)
 "Frowns out at full; we start, despair, expire."
 Or say, that to the ground with fullest sense
 Prest of our own "unworthiness," the boon
 Which God's own mercy offers, to accept
 We dread, nor trust that mercy, nor the wishes
 Which urge us to believe the mercy real.
 So heavy is the "burthen of our sins,"
 "The particle of air divine" within us,
 With all "the weight of yesterday's debauch"
 Their own still more increasing, they forbid
 Aloft to rise, "and fix it to the ground*."

* To be raised only by the mercy of Him who has promised it.

ERRATA ET DESIDERATA.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

Page 5, line 2, for "just," read first. Either of these, indeed, will do, for "Nature's lessons" must always be just, and first to be attended to, given as they are by Nature's God.

Page 7, line 29, "procrastination"—will hardly allow us to "work" out our salvation with fear and trembling, which then may come too late. But "guarding our thoughts" is in itself a "work."

NIGHT THE SECOND.

Page 9, line 10,—

"Redeem we time? Its loss we dearly buy."

Such a "loss" would hardly have any "gain" in it, except as an Irish bargain. But we may make a purchase that we lose by, if we are cheated, or cheat ourselves. In "beguiling time," we may often beguile ourselves. "C'est le plus gros jeu, celui des moments." Time was made for man, in his mortal state, and is given him to "use." One of its best uses is in mutual instruction, by words or by example.

Page 14, line 14, "converse" with men requires loquacity; converse with nature, silence. Both in the communication of knowledge: with nature, solely in the mind; with man, through the medium of speech.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

Page 17, line 26.—As an excuse for my metaphysical question, I may say, that if we place all existence in God, "matter" will have none in itself. How then can it be palpable, except through the probably delusive medium of our senses? Spiritual existence must have spiritual perceptions; comprehend them as little as we may, they will not be such as attend "this mortal coil." These spiritual perceptions will tell us

that "death is more apparently than really the extinction of life." Want of these perceptions must be insensibility, or rather "annihilation." The sensibility of the deist must be very imperfect.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

Page 22, line 29.—Shall we not excuse what arises from the weakness of our nature? And does not "avarice" often do so? Profusive enjoyments may be still more selfish, as they leave us nothing to be generous with. But these, as well as our other faults, require the great atonement that has been made.

Page 25, line 16.—Rousseau's assertion was indeed a strange one, "that the sight of Christ's miracles would not have convinced, but only confounded him." What other conviction did he require, than what the evidence of the senses gave, that the miracles were done by a person divinely gifted, and himself divine. But Rousseau's pride would not allow that belief. If he was justly called "un fou sublime," it shows that the highest flights of human sublimity, when winged by pride, are weak opponents to the language of truth; for Rousseau himself acknowledges that the "language" of the Gospel was not that "of invention."

Page 27, line 8.—I know not whether Mons. Lambert's localising the seat of God's power is at variance with his omnipresence, which may be considered as universal locality, and we see the peculiar marks of his power in the "*worlds celestial*," that people the "proud arch," apparently over our heads, but in fact spread all around us. *Their* locality then is at least very extensive.

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

Page 34, line 16.—So men are often obliged to act the hypocrites in repressing the licence in others which they indulge in themselves, and their sacrifice to propriety is in fact a sacrifice to pride. But how easily this is seen through!

Page 35, line 27.—If it is true, as Young says, that

" Few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn,"

Those "manners" may return on the succeeding "morn," if there is a prevalence on the side of virtue; and thus men may live, as so many of

men do, in a state of vacillation between right and wrong, if not between virtue and vice. If the latter prevails, the "manners" that "virtue" would suggest, will have been more than "maculated" already, and such a man may add to, instead of escaping from, the "infections of the world." Young may be thought too severe in his censures of the world, but a compliance with its customs and manners depends so much on the character and disposition of the individual, that it is, perhaps, impossible to lay down the same rule for all: one truth, however, is of universal application, that

" 'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

and that is a standard which we cannot lower with safety.

Page 36, line 8.—Those who are capable of "thoughts solid and sublime," must be "regenerated," not by man, but by God.

Page 38, line 26, at "une memoire d'Aubergiste."

Note.—An innkeeper's bill; where all unconnected things are to be found.

Page 40, line 30.—The "suicide," who has lived only for himself for his own sensual enjoyments), atones for it by the ruin which he rushes into. He will not wait for the "stratagems and surprises of death" (page 45), though he courts and anticipates them by his licentious enjoyments.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

Note to page 50, line 18.—If we consider the pleasure that "admiration" and the expression of it give, I think we shall hardly doubt of these being the chief enjoyments of a future life.

Page 50, line 29.—Will not the possessors of "rank, station, or riches," attend to these admonitions? or will they continue in their "proud mendicancy?"

Page 51, line 29, for "proabl," read probably.

Page 55, line 8, "ask the swain, &c."—Much of this, however, must depend on the state of the mind; mental insensibility is much the same as ocular blindness.

From what is said here of the enjoyments which Nature affords, I think it may be inferred, that her scenery has this advantage over the representations of art, vary them as we will, that the former may suit

any disposition that we can be in, whether grave, gay, or even gloomy, better than any thing that art can do. The revolutions of the seasons show this in sensible minds, and it is according to the effect of the state of the atmosphere, as well as to the changes in the face of Nature herself. These changes produce a continual variety, so that no impression remains long enough on our minds to wear out, or to become oppressive of itself; and even all human changes or reverses lose their force on us by long continuance, and the natural ones of our minds make the accordance of the objects, on which their attentions are fixed, necessary; if we are seriously disposed, we require serious objects, if gaily, gay ones, &c. This versatility, whatever Young has said against it, and against "the witchcrafts of the world," that encourage it, and in praise of equanimity, is necessary to enable us to bear the mutability of all on earth, to "disengage ourselves" even "from a friend's grave," and to prevent us from continuing

" To weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain,
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe."

This indiscretion, then, we are chiefly saved from by the inconstancy of our feelings. Happy, however, it is for us, that there are some feelings which are more durable, especially those which are excited by social opinions, and by our future expectations. Without this, our conduct might be as versatile as our feelings. Neither of these can be much in our favour, when we "live to fancy," as is described in page 59, instead of "doing real good." This is, indeed, a bad preparation for the "immortality" that all have to expect; we may *then* find to our cost the difference between "time, used and misused, in eternity." How enviable must be the state of the man,

" Whom immortality's full force inspires !"

No "enthusiasm" can make us over-rate this, unable as we are either to "compute," or to "comprehend" it. How godlike then the desire of it!

Page 65, line 10.—

" Nature revolves, but man advances, both
Eternal," &c.

This does not agree with what we are told in the Scriptures, that the works of nature (God) are to perish. To man is promised an eternity of existence, happy or miserable, as he deserves. What will become of

matter, we are not informed, nor indeed do we know what matter is. Perhaps we may say, that as "Ex nihilo nihil fit" so ad nihilum nihil redire potest. Something must endure; and what, beside spirit? As gravitation is peculiar to material bodies, spiritual ones are probably exempt from it; to them, then, there are neither ups nor downs, and they may, it is presumed, move in any direction: upwards, if the term may still be used, they will surely fly; the term "elevation" is not precluded. But in our present state of ignorance, what can we affirm of metaphysical essences? Of the most metaphysical, God himself, we should be careful how we set any limits to His power.

Page 70, line 32, for "Cato," read Plato.—I have, indeed, purposely substituted "Cato," as the application of his name is to political ideas, unbending as they were in him, and more suited to pride than truth.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

Page 70, line 17, for "p. 43," read "p. 44."

Page 74, line 9.—It is no small objection against scepticism, that it will not allow the feelings to be at rest, for it proves that neither they nor the reason are satisfied with it. A state of agitation will only gratify the passions, pride particularly. Perfect peace of mind cannot perhaps be obtained in a state of trial; but an endeavour to satisfy both the reason and the feelings (the milder ones) will be an approach to it; the more we are thrown upon ourselves, the more our pride has to struggle with, the more it will feel its own weakness.

" Nothing is dead ; nay, nothing sleeps ; each soul
That our animated human clay,
Now wakes : is on the wing ; and where, O where,
Will the swarm settle ?"

(Page 78, before "How bright," &c.)

In infinite space, no doubt; in which may be "a valley of Jehosphat," reserved for souls superior in goodness and other attainments. This, Voltaire very foolishly and impiously ridicules, forgetting the nature of space and spirit, neither of which we can at all comprehend, except by the desires that we continually feel of future, greater, and more certain "joys" than any that this world affords. When we look upon our friends or our relations, upon a beloved and affectionate wife,

our second self, we cannot but wish the enjoyment ensured which is here so precarious, and therefore, so mixed with anxiety: we dread to be left alone, we wish to live for ever with her who, perhaps, will receive our last breath, (still more dreadful if we receive hers,) who will give us the last embrace, and will unite her prayers with ours, that our union may be perpetuated where no sorrows will embitter, no fears allay it; but where it will be consummated and perpetuated, in the supreme happiness which the contemplation, the praise of, and gratitude to, the Giver of all good will secure to us. That such a consummation will take place, to those who wish for and will strive to deserve it, we have been assured. This immortality, and the Gospel which assures us of it, are mutual confirmations of each other; our reason and our feelings tell us that the first must take place, and the second only has assured us of it; we have, therefore, every reason (besides the powerful evidence of the latter) to believe in both.

To this may be added the strength of reasoning which there is in the "Night Thoughts," and not the least in those passages, which Madame de Stael censures for their want of taste, as being almost impossible to be read. For instance, in Night the Ninth,

" Can yonder Moon turn Ocean in his bed
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms ?"
(Which there probably was no other way of doing)
" And fails her moral influence? Wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on earth's infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart ?"

This is a metaphorical union of physical and moral ideas, similar to the comparison of "a dog returning to his vomit," and "a sow wallowing in the mire," in Scripture, the force of which far outweighs any objection that can be made against it.

For further force, we may cite,

" Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all tost into the sea,
And light as down, and volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
 In time and measure exquisite ; while all
 The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft,
 (To produce the ' harmony of the spheres ')
 The concert swell, and animate the ball.
 Would this appear amazing ? What then, worlds
 In a far thinner element sustain'd,
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,
 (Skill not their own)
 More rapid movement,"

(Incomparably)

" and for noblest ends ?"

Ends, as he goes on to state, still nobler than those relative to man. So supreme is the " great God of wonders," in the command of time, weight, measure, &c. &c. How great, how exact, how sublime, and yet how inadequate is all that Young has said ! How much more forcible is the simple language (poetical or not) of the Scriptures ! Poetry, indeed, is little more than amplification.

Page 73, line 1, " A God all mercy is a God unjust."

This, which he had said in Night the Fourth, I must own is rather a bold appeal to the justice of God, in creatures who have so much need of his mercy. Let us then be careful how we provoke his justice.

* * * * *

" To love, and know, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless power," &c.

Without a future life, there would indeed be a waste, both of human " appetite" and human " power." Man would be a " monster," however " faultless" a one he might be. The greatest of the final causes of his existence would be wanting. A link would be broken in the chain of causes and effects, and that link, perhaps, the nearest to Him who " holds the chain."

* * * * *

" Thus far ambition, what says avarice ?" (Page 76, line 13).

* * * * *

" The wise and wealthy are the same," &c.

If it is not too great a play upon words, it may be said that "what I gave, that I have," may be applied to the "avarice" which gives the wisdom it has "stored up," to be repaid with ample interest, either in the conduct of those who have received it, or by Him who will let no merit go unrewarded. The "avarice" that covets His reward, is indeed "a virtue most divine."

* * * * *

"Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope ;
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too."

A wish that has been given by Him, who is the Fountain of Truth, must be truth itself.

"How small a part—of nothing, shall I say ?
Are our chief treasure, friends," &c.

Of "nothing," while perishable here, like the rest ; but of something, and that not a little, when we meet them hereafter in heaven.

"Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes."

Hope, indeed, is a sedative ; but a sedative that doubles the elasticity of "man's heart," by the compression which it gives, and which the heart is ever ready to burst through, and to break the chains of its "tyranny," for a time "scarcely less" oppressive "than the overpowering ones of despair." Nay, still more so ; for despair has given the "coup de grace" to hope ; and without hope, what is life * ?

Has not Young prepared us, if "grave," to be "graver still ?" and will not that "gravity" both "inspirit and serene ?"

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

Page 85, before "Having enumerated," &c.

"There's not a day, but to the man of thought
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more."

* How much soever "hope" may be said to be,

"The assassin of our joys."

And is life then given us only to be the continual object of our "reproaches?" should they not rather fall on ourselves, for our misuse of life? and may not both these reproaches be prevented, or at least extenuated? Men of "business," and men of "pleasure," may both deserve "approbation."

The "beaten track" should be trod with candour as well as truth. But Young was addressing himself to "Lorenzo."

"Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!"

Life, alas!" is an ocean, and its state a "warfare;" but a way to the "peace," unattainable here, of a future life. What elements, when "full against wind and tide," have we not to struggle with! Can "Cæsars" do it? No, they are "beaten down at last," and not always by "the rush of years." We may begin "Florellos;" but in what do we end? In having the "cover" of our disguise thrown off, and all our sins laid bare.

What but the hand of grace will stay the rod?
What but the balm of mercy heal its wounds?

"If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor Folly lead a happy life?"

Let "folly" be as "happy" as it will, the tears of "wisdom" will still be more "pleasing." They are not shed for crimes, but misfortunes; and if for crimes, those of others, not our own. "Purity of thought," and "an humble spirit," wipe away all tears; or at least, soften their bitterness. "Lorenzo" may "scorn," but he will "gnash his teeth," too; and, not the less, for his being "seen," though that, for a while, may prevent his turning his eyes inward. If the conscience is clear, what storms can assail us? Certainly not those of "detraction." But no "vanity" is long proof against *these*.

"Is virtue then, and piety the same?
No," &c.

Faith then must precede good works, (what folly, to confound "faith" and good works! or to make one a substitute for the other!) but not be a substitute for them, for it only gives them "heart and sub-

stance;" and without piety there can be no true faith; nor can faith have any truth, unless it is founded in reason: for

" Reason pursu'd is faith; and unpursu'd,
Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more."

But reason cannot do its duty, when perverted by pride; when that emboldens us to " smile at piety," yet boast aloud

" Goodwill to men, nor know we strive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute ourselves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality."

* * * * *

" Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake," &c.

What a sacrifice of pride is here required! Little as we know how much our self-love would be expanded, exalted, and justified by it; and how much " happiness" would be " built" upon it! with what delight we should

" To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
Drink glory, gratitude, eternal praise!"

All which proceed from the love of man, excited by the love of God.

The love of others is the love of ourselves. In one sense, every one, be he our enemy or not, is an " alter idem." This will

Promote our future, while it forms our present joy.

This Young verifies in his picture of

" What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies."

The poet then says to Lorenzo,

" And thou, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought!
For what art thou? thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most,
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand," &c.

This simile is as bold as it is just. For the " mists" of " worldly"

pretensions are impenetrable but by the nearer view of reason, and not always then, unless enlightened by divine communication. This will make us see the difference between a false "glare," and the splendour of true "worth." The "bigots of this world" will be made to feel their inferiority to the *converts* of the next; when their "brittle barks" are wrecked on the "rock of Sirens." Happy would it then have been for the Lorenzos, if they had been previously sunk in "annihilation." How blind had they been, in neglecting, in Young's admonitions, what would have "saved their fame, and made two worlds their own!"

For this world is not all subject to "mammon." Sound reason, as well as piety, may make "a dunce" of "Satan." Young, I think, has established his right to call him so.

Page 90, line 26.—

" So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy ;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall."

* * * * *

" Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity," &c. &c.

A man is said to be in high spirits, when his spirits are in a state of effervescence; but their exhaustion will leave nothing to make the calm agreeable that will succeed. To make wine preserve its flavour, it should not be shaken. Real happiness must be accompanied by feeling *; without that, it is mere levity. Wine may be pleasant and brisk to the taste, without having any "body." So "joys" may be without "heart or substance."

" Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ;
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd state ; a tenure, not a start ;
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss," &c. &c.

Page 95, line 11, note to "resurgam," I shall rise again.

NIGHT THE NINTH.

Young says, speaking of his starlight contemplations,

" Who can satiate sight

In such a scene ? in such an ocean wide

* And not agitation.

Of deep astonishment ? where depth, height, breadth,
 Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails."

And who can "compute" such "depth, height, breadth," &c., where all "computation" must "fail?" He only knows, who made and who fills them. He who is himself extended through all extent, his knowledge and power (such "wisdom" may well be "power!") are infinite, as his mercy, which "reaches unto the heavens," is great; its greatness being only bounded by the justice which it "tempers."

It is peculiar to our religion to combine the most awful denunciations of punishment of hardened sinners, with the most encouraging assurances of mercy to repentant ones; and surely this must make the case of the impenitent much more desperate when they reject these assurances; though even to them the sentence will probably be modified by the powers and opportunities given them to attend to those assurances; in all this, no doubt, all will be considered that is consonant with the justice and the honour of God; and when we consider of these allowances, and of the mercy that makes them, can we reasonably doubt of the severest punishment being inflicted on those upon whom that promised mercy has no effect? unless we are to suppose that the "madness of the heart" will in another world be considered in the same light as common lunacy is in this, where the "heart" can be so little known. Who then are we, that thus set limits to God's justice? that say to it, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" That measure his omnipotence and all his attributes by our erring notions and desires? Can either his promises or his threats be delusive? He has veiled them both in uncertainty, it is true; but he has not thrown a false colouring over them. We cannot conceive the possibility of a thoroughly hardened sinner (as I have said before), being either inclined to, or capable of, happiness in heaven. The power of God may make him so, no doubt; but will his justice or his truth allow it? And is it any way consistent with the responsibility which *must* accompany the free agency of man, whose passions we know, of whom we know that, "humanum est" peccare, as well as "errare;" and we can easily suppose, though we cannot know, the opportunities given him of "turning away from the wickedness that he

has committed," that he may "save his soul alive." But do we not continually see the renunciation of heaven, in the actions of the wicked, as well as hear it in their speech, if they do not positively declare it? and can the justice of God do otherwise than take them at their word? than give the retribution of punishment to their imprecations, instead of the mercy which he has promised to their prayers? Young says, in his seventh Night, supposing,

" A disregard in heaven
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure,"

* * * * *

" Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled?"

And, supposing the same disregard for what the worst perpetrate, as for what the best endure, we may ask,

" Where are heaven's holiness and *justice* fled?"

For its mercy and justice must be correlative to each other; and he has told us so. This correlation is proved by future rewards as well as punishments being denounced as "*αιωνιοι*."* What then signifies cavilling about the meaning of the word? Can Dr. Southwood Smith's absurd, however well-meant, supposition of the number of infidels being increased by the severity of the denunciation, justify the cavil? Take care then, ye sceptics, for God's sake and your own, take care!

* * * * *

" In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!"

How often must these lines occur to us, when we consider either ourselves, or the objects which this poem presents to our view!

The more effect Young's admonitions have, the more secure will be the influence of "Britain" over the rest of the world; the more she will be "ruler of the waves," if she exercises that rule as she ought; if she makes a proper use of her means of doing it, and amongst others, of that "oak," of which the poet, perhaps, without much exaggeration, says,

" The loud blast, that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak."

* Eternal; and can they be otherwise, when "time is no more?"

And this may be the best physical representation of the moral strength which is rooted in the virtues which this poem recommends.

Page 110, line 20.—From “so much more,” &c., to “their nature,” should have been included in a parenthesis.

Page 112, line 17, for “comprehend,” read comprehended.

This, “consolatory” as it is to those who attend to it, is the awful conclusion of Young’s nocturnal prospects, in the “great day” which it announces, and, no doubt, faintly describes; for what description can come up to the “melancholy roar” of hell, or the exhilarating “chorus of the skies?” or, if the sceptic will, the simple absence or presence of the source of all happiness, all joy, of which “His presence is the fulness?” Is not this, of itself, “eternal punishment?” And can we suppose that his justice will look with any complacency on the “impurity of all iniquity?” And what, O ye sceptics, can we know of “eternity?” what, but from the hopes or fears which our virtues or our vices give us? O let us not throw a veil over either! Is Young’s “song” too daring for us “to read it?” Do not our “hearts assert the truth he sings?” Will the “scepticism of our heads,” veil them as we will, soften the view of that “eternity,” which, when the consummation arrives, *must* “reign alone?” May not the illusions of scepticism destroy (in fancy) that “equipoise,” which “even-handed justice” requires? And is every man’s opinion a perfect “court of equity,” when “common law” will enable him to decide? Will the mere view of the “worlds of glory,” which Young’s nocturnal contemplations presented to him, seat us on the throne of Him who is the source and creator of them? Let us humbly learn his will from a reasonable interpretation of his “word.” Let us not indulge in speculations in which both “sight and thought are the more bewildered,” the more they dwell upon them. There are “second thoughts.” Consult yours too, and let them not lead you astray! We can no more foresee the decrees of Divine Justice, than we can measure the duration of the rewards or punishments which it denounces. *Parties* as we are, how liable are we to be biassed by our own expectations! the rule of justice is here inverted; what we “mete” to ourselves, we should, as far as candour will allow us, mete to others too. Let our reason, our unbiassed reason, temper the warmth of our hearts. If we are brave “to men,” let us not be “braves to our God!”

“ Thus an indulgent father warns his sons,
Do this; fly that—nor always tells the cause:
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.”

That God, then, is “our Father” too; and how can he be less, who created us out of nothing? how much this surpasses mere generation! He is no less our Father, in leaving us our free agency, restrained only by his “injunctions;” and reserving his punishments (for here we feel only his “chastisements”) for those who “die in their sins.” If he forbears to use his power in restraining the sins of men, it is because he leaves them to deserve his mercy or not, as their freedom of choice prompts them to do; and he will even pardon the errors of that choice, if not wilfully and presumptuously run into.

Young had said,

“ The grandeur of my subject is my muse.”

This, with the alteration of a word, and still more of the sense, is similar to Juvenal's—“ Facit indignatio versum.”

Young's muse was, the *admiration* “of his subject,” admiration only to be exceeded by love; for which there are so many calls. How little do they feel it, who, like Lorenzo,

“ Can wake at midnight too,
Though not on morals bent.”

And can make the very stars their “accomplices in guilt.”

* * * * *

“ Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.”

Ambition, as well as pride, is one of the terms which is most liable to be misconstrued, from the want of that precision in language that should connect every passion or feeling of the mind with the motive that inspires it. Instead of this, the generalisation of them makes them applicable to very opposite feelings. A man may be ambitious of power, honours, even riches (for avarice itself is included in it), fame, &c.; or he may be ambitious of that applause which may likewise be called for, and can only be attained by real merit, often manifested by the self-denial which is incompatible with a selfish ambition. This is the am-

bition which an honest man will feel, the "honest man" that Pope probably meant to describe. This is the ambition that such a man may well be proud of, without a wish to glory in it; this is the pursuit of that "human praise" which Young well says, is not

" Absolutely vain,
When human is supported by divine."

The latter will be the great object of the honest and well-meaning man, and the consciousness of deserving it will be to him an ample recompence, for the want or loss of human praise, little as "divine" can want its "support." Neither of these, indeed, can be obtained without that occasional sacrifice of self-interest which the good of others or of his country may require; and such a man may say with Horace, and perhaps with more truth,

" Meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro."

Be this either ambition or pride, it is equally laudable, and equally compatible with humility, which, as Young says,

" Man's lawful pride includes."

Nay, they are inseparable, for the sense of his incapacity to obtain the objects worthy of ambition and pride to their full extent, must necessarily make a man humble himself before the power of him who possesses those objects to their fullest extent, and who alone can "swear by himself," because he perfectly knows and can command himself, a knowledge and command which can alone entitle and empower him to exercise it over all his creatures. To act up to this standard, indeed, requires that rectitude, both of head and heart, which is necessary to enable a man to "think right and mean well." If he can do both these, he is calculated to benefit society; if he cannot, he must have recourse to him who will "require" no more of each man than "has been given to him," and whose mercy will make up the rest. That rest will be given by him on whom he can rely, who knows all our hearts, who will "strengthen such as do stand," will "comfort and help the weak-hearted," will "raise up them that fall," and will "finally beat down Satan under our feet."

“Wrath” is generally offended “pride,” which is sometimes counteracted by “ambition,” in making it necessary to conciliate the goodwill of others. “Impure desire” is well described by Cicero, in “quod est in juventute vitiosissimum.” He might have added, in senectute contemnendissimum, si non “ablatum” fuerit. Such propensities are incompatible with our love of “that power,”

“Whose love lets down these silver chains of light, (the stars)
To draw up man’s ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne,” &c.

“Wrath,” too, is soon forgotten in contemplating

“This
Material picture of benevolence.”

“’Tis comprehension’s absolute defeat,”—that is, what is visible to the eye, is incomprehensible to the mind. What could not have been conceived, is natural and easy to observation and experience. What then cannot Omnipotence do?

“Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.”

“Seeketh for a sign, and no sign shall be given him, but”—the world of “signs and wonders” that he sees above, and all around him; and that he may feel, if not dead to feeling, in himself. But what grows familiar to us, in time loses its effect upon us. We want to have our lazy, unfeeling, and torpid minds roused, to what at least would be a momentary feeling of surprise, though not of conviction and veneration*. The heart may have been previously hardened, or at least, may have lost much of its sensibility; its feelings may have been debased by the objects of this world, and none left to be touched by any higher; they may have been absorbed by present enjoyments, and may have no “affections” to “set on things above.” A “miracle” to them would only be “a reproach,” that would “censure,” perhaps without satisfying, the man who sees,

“Nature’s controller, author, guide, and end,”

* Like Lucretius’s,

“Cœli clarum, purumque colorem.”

sees Him in his works, and needs no other miracle to move his feelings, or to convince his reason ; the man who sees and feels this, will know that

“ In every storm that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer !”

He will know too, that

“ The mind that would be happy, must be great,
Great in its wishes, great in its surveys.”

These will make him sensible that though

“ God is a spirit ; spirit cannot strike
These gross, material organs,”

Yet,

“ God by man
As much is seen, as man a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.”

Such as

“ Lead in triumph the whole mind of man.”

Young had said (in Night Seventh),

“ Behold this midnight glory ; worlds on worlds !
Amazing pomp ! redouble this amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; add twice ten thousand more ;
Then weigh the whole,”

(In reason's scales) “ one soul outweighs them all ;

“ And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.”

This seems a bold assertion in Young ; but it is an estimate of the exercise of power, compared with that of benevolence.

Power must be exercised to some purpose ; and to what purpose more admirable than that of beneficence ?

“ Man was made for glory, and for bliss.”

The “ glory” is his Creator's ; the “ bliss,” and the “ eternal weight of glory,” which he will have in future, are his own.

This glory must be either in the contemplation of God's glory, or in the tribute paid by the intelligent creature, who alone can give it; and it comprehends all "intelligent creation," though all the works of God redound to his "glory." His enjoyment of this may be called selfish *; that of the "tribute" paid him, is the expansion of self-love into the love of all the beings who partake of the qualities of their great Creator, and this love, and the gratitude of his creatures, can alone put in action the qualities which He possesses, of universal benevolence, which is the soul of power. The sun, the animating life of creation, and without which what is done can have no value †; for what can give true value to the wisdom of God, but the display of it in his goodness? and where is true and perfect "goodness" to be found, but in God? and how is that goodness to be shown, but in doing good? which the Son of God, while on earth, "went about to do." Without this goodness, power can only be exercised for selfish purposes, and God would no longer be "good," were he influenced only by them. Man may well be exhorted to imitate the Being who contains in himself all the qualities which constitute perfection, but who cannot taste the fruits of them, till they have been displayed in the exercise of wisdom and benevolence. "God then is love;" and by and for his love, man was created. This love is both man's glory and his bliss. The perfection of these resides in the Creator, who gives them to his creatures, that they may return with accumulated force to Himself. All proceeds from him, all returns to him, after a dispersion which comprehends all existence; and throughout all existence his glory, his beneficence, are spread. We may say with Young,

* The enjoyment of an omnipotent, omnipresent Being must be "selfish;" for in loving himself, he must love all that proceeds from him. Our self-love cannot have a greater expansion than his.

†

"Prime cheerer, light!

Of all material beings first, and best!

Efflux divine! nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen,

Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee!"

Thomson's Summer.

“ But wherefore this redundancy ? this waste
 Of argument ? one sets my soul at rest ;
 One obvious, and at hand, and oh ! at heart.
 So just the skies, Philander’s life so pain’d,
 His heart so pure : that, or succeeding scenes
 Have palms to give, or he had ne’er been born.”

And every man who deserves a friend, will have his “ Philander.”
 To return to Night Ninth ; who can answer the question,

“ What am I ? and from whence ?”

A question that can only be solved by the consciousness of existence, and *that is feeling* ; feeling that will raise us, as the “ *divinæ particula auræ*,” to “ something eternal.” A rise that must take place, even if we begin from “ nothing,” which we can as little conceive. This chain, inextricable as it is, *must* end in the belief of a God. All disbelief of Him must be found in mere credulity, to the misrepresentations of others, and of our own “ disbelieving” minds.

“ Those who wish religion true, believe it too.”

What shelter can we find, but in that belief ? what “ rest can our souls” have, without it ? The greatest trust that we can have in God, does not over-rate either his power, or his other attributes ; and it will make us say of him,

“ I am, thy name ! existence, all thine own !”

And, with Young, almost at least,

“ Creation’s nothing ; flatter’d much, if styl’d
 The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.”

So much stronger are the impressions made upon our feelings, than our reason ; if the former are guided by the latter, which will sanction what it cannot comprehend. And, indeed, we may say, that any works of infinite power, however great, are as nothing, compared to the infinity of the power itself, which, inexhaustible as it is, must probably be always going on in making, or at least consummating, what, when consummated, can never be on a level with its Creator. How vainly then do we endeavour to stretch our minds to that level, any more than

in an acknowledgment of *possibility*. But how much nearer will they arrive to it hereafter, when man, already his image in his corporeal state, will be much more his image in his spiritual! As we are, we are totally unable to conceive the nature of God; but this we know, that he is just as well as merciful to his creatures, and just to himself; and that, without these qualities, he could not be God. Vainly might we "search" for him "on every side," and throughout all his works. But both our reason and our feelings convince us, that he is what is required, to make him the God of gods. To follow Young's enthusiastic flights, however just the incitement may be, would plunge us into that "night," in which he delights to lose himself, and to bewilder his readers, at the same time that he engages their attention, beneficially for them, if they will give it; and elevates their minds, if they are capable of it. But what is the diameter of "Saturn's ring," compared with that of the whole starry firmament? which still, I think, cannot be immeasurable, measureless as is its great Creator. Young might well "mistake his road," in travelling through the vast maze of worlds celestial, "in search of the Builder" of such a world of wonders. Still he feels that

"Humble love,

And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;

Love finds admission, where proud science fails," &c.

Love therefore has the master key, even of "God's own heart." How strange, then, that the poet should have "failed" to move this feeling, even in the "adamantine" heart of Lorenzo! he is obliged to leave him to find that

"By strong guilt's most violent assault,

Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd."

This "final effort of his moral muse," ends with an address to Him who is sure to hear the united voice of reason and feeling, when addressed to him "in prayer."

Young says,

"Sayst thou, the course of nature governs all?

The course of nature is the art of God."

The common course of nature is so incomprehensible by us, except in

its final causes, that we may well ascribe it to the "art," that is, the wisdom, "of God," which is evident to us in the final causes of his dispensations. But we are so governed by our attention to present objects, that we pay none to what preceded them. We consider the common, or current, "course of nature," as being self-produced (as we say, "that is a matter of course") without considering who must have pronounced the "fiat," and how followed the "fit." How the first impulse was given; *all* power was surely required for this. And, addressing himself to Lorenzo, in Night Third, he says,

" There's nought, thou sayst, but an eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through time's rough billows into night's abyss."

(Not the brilliant "nocturnal" display that Young was contemplating). What contemptible, what detestable folly and impiety! To assign such "astonishing exploits of power" to "feeble essences?" which can have no power whatever in themselves, "tumultuously" as they may be "driven," and therefore confusedly (which they certainly are not, but, on the contrary, most wisely arranged), into the all-confounding "abyss of night." This would indeed be "chaos come again." How fond must such reasoners be, of losing in folly what the little wisdom they were capable of might have gained! Such is human pride and perverseness!

Young, speaking of the celestial bodies, calls them,

" The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd."
* * * * * *
" Wisdom and choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impress, and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendour void of use ;

Use rivals beauty ; art contends with power ;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense ;
The great Economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise."

A "wisdom" that affords as important a lesson to his creature man, in the use of his limited means, as it is necessary to the "great Economist"

himself, whose unbounded "means," without the "wisdom" and benevolence that regulate his use of them, might ruin all the plans that his power had made. Infinite space gives him ample room for this, and eternity an equal duration of it; but both are limited, for the best purposes, by his other attributes. These regulate the ambition of his creature man, which, when its impulses spring from a desire to rise, is one of his most powerful and dangerous temptations. It is then more or less selfish; and if it is accompanied by a desire of doing good, that is more an after-thought than a natural impulse; it is the mere suggestion of prudence, to further the purposes of his ambition. His natural impulses make his "charity begin at home," and, but for his better qualities, would never let it "stir abroad," so narrow is the circle, wide as it may seem in our view, that our passions move in.

" Now go, ambition! boast thy boundless might,
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain."

And what may that "grain" produce? Disappointment; and, perhaps, death here; and misery hereafter.

Reason is surely the highest faculty that an intelligent being can possess, and the different degrees of it must determine the different heights of that intelligence. It can enable the being to judge, more or less of things moral and physical, of probabilities, though not of certitudes, except by the senses which give it their evidence to judge from, or by some substitute for them, and by the power which it has of drawing consequences from that evidence, and also of forming analogies, which increase that power to a greater or less extent, by their nearness or remoteness; and this power will depend on the acuteness, both of the reason and the feelings. But all these are only relative; for when reason attempts to go beyond them, and to judge of things as they really are, she finds herself quite at a loss, and she is obliged to have recourse to the assistance which she has received in the information which has been given to her, and which has been addressed, as well to herself as to the feelings, which both stimulate and guide her in judging of truths which are addressed to them both, and which they, when properly made use of, enable the being who possesses them to judge of, in what is placed before him. The defect of either of these faculties creates a defect in the judgment; of reason, in not extending the judgment to what its powers make it equal to, or in extending it beyond that, from

the too little or too great value which it sets on its powers: of the feelings, in stimulating the reason to exert itself, beyond the reach of its powers, or in instigating it to pervert them. Any of these must lead to error, the first to scepticism, the second to fanaticism. Scepticism, when carried too far (for there is the scepticism of ignorance as well as of presumption), ends in a doubt that amounts (for extremes meet) to universal rejection, as it did with the Pyrrhonists, who rejected every thing, because they could fully comprehend nothing, and who had not the proper feelings to guide them. Wanting these, the reason becomes a victim to the tendency which it has, under the stimulus of the passions, to

“ Wrath, pride, ambition, or impure desire.”

All which may, I believe, be found in Pyrrhonism or Epicurism.

Thus are reason and feeling equally necessary to each other, one in preserving us from bigotry and fanaticism; the other from scepticism and infidelity; in confining our conclusions to what we know, or in preventing their leading us into bigotry and fanaticism; the other, in giving our hopes or our fears their proper direction, for all which, indeed, the mutual aid of reason and feeling is required, and the full benefit of it will only be felt, when the “ full knowledge of the truth ” is obtained. In the mean time, the “ fear and trembling,” counteracted as it may be by other feelings, which attends a state of ignorance, imperfection, and dependence on superior power and intelligence, is the proper state for man to remain in, till “ death ” has given him that “ instruction,” which will ensure his happiness or misery; which will give him heaven or hell.

The enjoyments which a right use of our reason and employment of our time, and an attention to worthy objects, and a tolerable share of health and spirits will afford us, are more easily felt than described; and when they are crowned by religious feelings, they open to us a prospect of future happiness, which is far beyond any description that can be given, or conception that can be formed. They alone can heighten the joys or alleviate the sorrows which this life may expose us to, and their efforts are heightened by communication, which will tell us, that

“ Divine, or none, henceforth our joys for ever.”

And that

“ Reverberated pleasures ” (of converse) “ fire the breast.”

This communication must be "inter bonos," who will increase each other's "goodness," by mutual example, and the experience of the pleasure which goodness gives.

"Teaching we learn, and giving, we retain
The births of intellect," &c.

And each is a foster father to his friend's children. Such a communication may well be expected to continue in heaven, where it will have increased the number of "the chosen;" and either by that, or the united enjoyment of still higher pleasures, we shall find that

"Virtue alone endures us for ever."

For love there, as well as here, will be the mainspring of our enjoyments, and for its source, we must look up to God.

To what I have said of Mons. Lambert's system, I may add, that I think the extremest dispersion is not inconsistent with concentration, especially as we must, I think, suppose a comparative vacuum in infinite space, to prevent material existence from being commensurate with the Great Being who fills that space, or at least who is Omnipotent in all His works. There may be a time when, in the final consummation of all things, we may suppose the "kingdom" of "our Father which is in heaven" will be fully "come;" when the works of the great Creator will be finished, and nothing left but the universal enjoyment of happiness, by those who are "chosen," or to whom mercy is granted. This will leave to Him, the exercise of the only attribute by which He is described in the gospel, "Love." Then will his kingdom be fully come, and the reign of evil be entirely at an end, its chief agents being consigned to their merited fate, unless we are to suppose them too annihilated, for which however we have no authority given us in the Scriptures. But when all trial is over, and the final sentence passed, as represented by Young in his description of "Eternity," it should seem that nothing can subsist which will make any farther trial necessary. Sed "humanum est errare," et nescire; sed credere, et sperare. For how great must be the mercy, that encourages that hope!

THE END.

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ADDENDA

TO

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Page 30, line 17, for " in page 43," read, in page 44.

Page 81, line 11, note to "*combine* *,"

* Invention is creation; both, therefore, belong only to Almighty Power.

Page 92, line 10, note to "*what to avoid* *,"

* The sense, then, of the "beam in our own eye," makes us wish to "pluck the mote out of our neighbour's."

Page 93, line 4, note to "*thing we do* *,"

* Any thing that we do in obedience to His commands, be it great or small, will add to our merit, but cannot add to His greatness. Let us not, then, pride ourselves upon the importance of our own estimations.

Page 94, lines 22 and 25,* (note to).

* I think that neither Frederic of Prussia nor Voltaire mentions Young's Night Thoughts—They durst not.

If, as is required of us, we can "give a reason for our faith," nothing more is necessary to authorise our fullest confidence in it. That reason must be in the evidence given for it, and in the natural desires and dictates of our minds. So shall we find that

"Faith is not reason's labour, but repose."

ERRATUM

TO

EXTRACTS FROM CICERO'S DIALOGUES.

Page 124, line 24, *for* "Faith founded on Heaven," *read* "Faith
founded on Reason."

EXTRACTS

FROM, AND

OBSERVATIONS

ON,

CICERO'S DIALOGUES,

DE SENECTUTE AND DE AMICITIA,

AND A

TRANSLATION OF HIS SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS,

WITH NOTES, &c.

BY WILLIAM DANBY, Esq.

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PREFACE.

HAVING elsewhere remarked upon the sublimity (particularly of the *Somnium Scipionis*) as well as simplicity and truth of reasoning, in Cicero's writings, I now venture to lay before the public a series of extracts from two of them, and a translation of the third, in all which I think that every reader of taste and feeling will agree with me, that these excellences are displayed; and perhaps he will allow the justness of the observations I have made upon them. We see that Cicero's feelings as a Roman Senator did not prevent him from having higher views than any which those feelings could inspire; and we may trust that he is now enjoying the rewards of his adherence to the "laws" by which he was to be "judged," and of his ultimate reference of the motives of human conduct to the approbation of the Great Ruler of the Universe, imperfect and erroneous as were his theological notions, and unenlightened by that revelation which alone can communicate truths to us that are far above the comprehension of man. This ignorance will, it may be presumed, atone for the errors of his moral as well as his religious opinions, and it will teach us to appreciate that revelation which tells us that our regards for our fellow-creatures, and our attention to our duties, must be sanctioned by our regard to the far more extensive and elevated object than any that patriotism or human attachments can present to us: for they must yield to the more

sacred injunctions of the Gospel, in which we read that "God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." This, we may be sure, will accord with every duty that man can owe to his fellow-creatures, and will attest the truth of that cause to which the Christian Martyrs were victims, as Cicero himself was, with far less suffering, to his endeavours to save his country from the ruin that overwhelmed it, and from which the milder tyranny of Augustus alone could raise it.

As for the extracts which I have made from the two first of these works of Cicero, I hope my choice of them will not be disapproved of, unless my remarks on them are objected to, as interruptions of his interesting garrulity. I know not whether I may have substituted my own garrulity in lieu of his; but I think I may leave this to the candour of my reader.

I cannot help adding, that as the dryness and repetitions of Cicero's Treatise "de Officiis" render it incapable of being elegantly translated, it would be most advisable to reprint the correct, though homely translation of it, made in 1739, by Dr. Cockman, Master of University College, Oxford. Those who know the value of Cicero's works, would find something more in it than what was merely "in usum Scholarum."

Exeter, June, 1829.

EXTRACTS FROM AND OBSERVATIONS
ON
CICERO'S DIALOGUE DE SENECTUTE,
ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND TITUS POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

THE SPEAKERS,
CATO MAJOR, SCIPIO, AND LÆLIUS.

“NUNQUAM satis laudari digne poterit philosophia, cui qui pareat, omne tempus ætatis sine molestia possit degere.” (Cap. 1.)

It would have been well if Atticus could have availed himself of this resource, or of the consolations which his friend Cicero offered to him. Atticus was an Epicurean; he was indifferent to the public characters of his friends (“*pravos cives parum odit*,” was the reproach thrown upon him) however he might esteem that of Cicero; and so little resource did these dispositions leave him, either in religion, or in friendship, with all the “moderation and wisdom” that Cicero gave him credit for, that he anticipated his

sinking under the burthens of old age, by starving himself to death. Such was the end of a life devoted to present, though perhaps rational gratifications; and no wonder, since he availed himself so imperfectly of the best consolations which this world or the next can afford. How vain are all accomplishments, how weak is self-reliance, when thus unsubstantiated and unsupported!

Cap. 2. (Scipio loquitur) “Senectus plerisque senibus sic odiosa est, ut onus se Ætnâ gravius dicant sustinere.”

May not we give Christianity the credit of alleviating this and other burthens of life? Surely we may; for what better supports can there be, than what true religion affords?

Cato, however says, “Quibus nihil opis est in ipsis ad bene beateque vivendum, iis omnis gravis est ætas; qui autem omnia bona a seipsis petunt, iis nihil potest malum videri, quod naturæ necessitas afferat; quo in genere in primis est senectus, quam ut adipiscantur, omnes optant; eandem accusant adepti; tanta est inconstantia stultitiæ, atque perversitas¹.”

Sound philosophy is certainly in accordance with religion; the latter gives its sanction to what reason suggests. As to our natural feelings, we wish to live to grow old, as being a continuation of our existence here; we are dissatisfied with old age when it arrives,

¹ What a strength of mind had Cato's prompter, Cicero!

because it deprives us of the enjoyments which we had when we were young, and brings us nearer to the end of that existence, which, with all our “folly, inconsistency, and perverseness,” we still wish for the continuance of.

We find, however, on reflection, compensations for these and other evils of old age, which are justly and forcibly dwelt upon in the course of Cicero’s treatise, and which, with a tolerable share of health, will make a “*mollem etiam et jucundam senectutem.*” Of these, increase of knowledge, when properly made use of, is not one of the least that are confirmed by the prospects which Christianity opens to us: all those that nature and reason could dictate, are pointed out by Cicero.

The examples which he mentions of Quintus Maximus and Lucius Paulus, Plato, Isocrates, &c. and of his spokesman Cato, cannot indeed well be followed by those who are not gifted as they were; still less that of Ennius, who, as he says, almost took delight in poverty and old age: but the charges which he mentions against the latter, of “disqualification for business, weakness of the body, privation of pleasurable enjoyments, and approach to death,” he shows may be at least extenuated by those who have any faculties given to them by nature, and who will make a proper use of them; in which, he says, we have only to follow nature, “*a qua, non verisimile est, cum ceteræ partes ætatis bene descriptæ sint,*

extremum actum, tamquam ab inerti poetâ, esse neglectum¹.”

This provision of nature (or, as we should rather say, of the Author of Nature) is, he says, in making our advance in life the means of acquiring wisdom; for though “in summâ inopiâ levis esse senectus non potest, ne sapienti quidem: insipienti autem, etiam in summâ copiâ, gravem esse necesse est.”

Of this description of old age he gives a (perhaps not perfectly apt) illustration, by “ut Themistocles fertur Seriphio cuidam in jurgio respondisse, cum ille dixisset, non eum suâ, sed patriæ gloriâ splendorem assecutum: ‘nec hercule,’ inquit, ‘si ego Seriphius essem, nobilis; nec tu, si Atheniensis esses, clarus umquam fuisses.’”

That is, “your country is not worthy to have a good citizen (or at least an illustrious one) in it, nor could you be illustrious in any country, even in Athens.” This might be excusable, “in jurgio,” as an approach towards Billingsgate; but may not a man be a good citizen any where? The plain English Billingsgate of Themistocles’s answer seems to be “your countrymen are a parcel of blackguards, and you are as great a blackguard as any of them.” But Themistocles was an *Athenian*.

¹ O Reason, how forcible are thy suggestions, in favour of a future life! But, O Faith, how necessary art thou to supply the defects of Reason!

After enumerating many of the higher studies (“divina studia”) to which old age may still be equal, as was “Sophocles” and others, Cicero passes to those of agriculture, of which he makes Cato say, “quibus ego incredibiliter delector: quæ nec ullâ impediuntur senectute, et mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere.”—(Cap. 15.)

“Nemo est tam senex, qui se annum non putet posse vivere; sed iidem elaborant in eis, quæ sciunt nihil omnino ad se pertinere.

Serit arbores, quæ alteri seculo prosint.

Nec vero dubitet agricola, quamvis senex, quærenti, cui serat, respondere; ‘Diis immortalibus, qui me non accipere modo a majoribus voluerunt, sed etiam posteris prodere.’”—(Cap. 7.)

Very different this from some one, who being asked why he had not planted for posterity, replied, “what has posterity done for me?” Cicero’s (or Cato’s) sentence indicates a return made to posterity (to whom alone, “sub Diis immortalibus,” the heathens might suppose it could be made) for benefits received from those who had lived before. And how otherwise could that debt be paid, either to men, or to that Being, who overlooks the actions of men?

The desire of immortality makes us wish to continue our existence here, in what we leave behind us: but can we suppose that no other fulfilment is reserved for us, of a desire so strong in, and so inseparable from, the mind of man? and that the traces we shall leave of

our short existence here, will be the only veil between that and the “abhorred annihilation,” the “thoughts of which,” as Young truly says,

—————“blast the soul,
And wide extend the bounds of human woe.”

But is it not strange, that with all the assurances that we can have of a future life, both from our own reflections, and the authorities that sanction and confirm them, there should be so little confidence in our expectation of it? The apparent reason is, that we cannot conceive it.

Among the enjoyments of old age, Cicero says, “*ut adolescentibus bonâ indole præditis sapientes senes delectantur, leviorque fit eorum senectus, qui a juventute coluntur et diliguntur; sic adolescentes senum præceptis gaudent, quibus ad virtutum studia ducuntur: nec minus intelligo me vobis (says Cato to his excellent young friends Scipio and Lælius) quam vos mihi esse jucundos.*”

These considerations might well make him add, “*ne nunc quidem vires desidero adolescentis, non plus, quam, adolescens, tauri aut elephantis desiderabam. Quod est, eo decet uti; et quicquid agas, agere pro viribus.*” Who but must admire the exertions of Cato’s old age, and the uses to which he applied them? And this, he says, may be done even in oratory; for though he fears “*orator ne languescat senectute; est enim munus ejus non ingenii solum, sed laterum etiam et virium:*” and though “*omnino*

canorum illud, in voce splendescit etiam, nescio quo pacto, in senectute;" yet, "decorus est sermo senis quietus et remissus; facitque persæpe ipsa sibi audientiam disertis senis compta et mitis oratio." The benefit of this he clearly shows in the example and instruction it may hold out to youth, especially such youths as Scipio and Lælius, to whom Cato addresses himself; adding, "Quid enim est jucundius senectute, stipatâ studiis juventutis?" After instancing several examples of this in Scipio's family, Cato says, "nec ulli bonarum artium magistri non beati putandi, quamvis consenuerint vires, atque defecerint; etsi ista ipsa defectio virium adolescentiæ vitiis efficitur sæpius, quam senectutis. Libidinosa etenim et intemperans adolescentia effectum corpus tradit senectuti." How true this is, those best can tell, who have most to repent of, in the sins of their youth.

Cato goes on to apologise for the garrulity of old age in speaking of himself, then in his 84th year, and still equal to all the duties of civil life, and declaring that he never approved of the proverb, "quod monet maturè fieri senem, si diu velis esse senex. Ego vero (says he) me minus diu senem esse mallet, quam esse senem antequam essem." The proverb seems to mean, that to insure an old age, we should previously use the prudence of it: which indeed agrees with his saying, "quod est, eo decet uti; et quicquid agas, agere pro viribus." He says indeed, "Resistendum est senectuti, ejusque vitia diligentiam compensanda

sunt. Pugnandum, tamquam contra morbum, sic contra senectutem." But the pugnare contra morbum, is remedia adhibere. And the remedia proposed by Cato, when old age is not "imbecilla propter vitium commune valetudinis," we see in what follows:

"Habenda ratio valetudinis; utendum exercitationibus modicis; tantum cibi et potionis adhibendum, ut reficiantur vires, non opprimantur; nec vero corpori soli subveniendum est, sed menti atque animo multo magis; nam hæc quoque, nisi tamquam lumini oleum instilles, extinguuntur senectute."

All this is excellent; and the more it is attended to, in resisting the temptation of more immediate enjoyments, or sensual gratifications, the better. The consequences of having lived a life thus regulated by reason, is shown in the following admirable description:

"Quatuor robustos filios, quinque filias, tantam domum, tantas clientelas, Appius regebat, et senex et cæcus; intentum enim animum, tamquam arcum, habebat; nec languescens succumbebat senectuti; tenebat non modo auctoritatem, sed etiam imperium in suos; metuebant servi, verebantur liberi; carum omnes habebant; vigebat in illâ domo patrius mos, et disciplina."

The "metuebant servi" in the above description seems to require the correction of the "carum omnes habebant," with which indeed it but little agrees: but perhaps the metus servorum, slaves as they were, was rather awe than fear.

Cap. 12. "Sequitur tertia vituperatio senectutis¹, quod eam carere dicunt voluptatibus. O præclarum munus ætatis siquidem id aufert nobis, quod est in adolescentiâ vitiosissimum!" After this, follows a condemnation of immoral pleasures, a detail of the fatal consequences they lead to, and a citation of the authorities against them. To which is added, "Quorsum hæc? ut intelligatis, si voluptatem aspernari ratione et sapientiâ non possemus, magnam habendam senectuti gratiam, quæ efficeret, ut id non liberet, quod non oporteret."

Who will deny this? And if it is admitted, what reason have not we Christians to be thankful, that such a forced reformation is effected, and accepted! Accepted, if accompanied with more voluntary additions of our own. To make these,

"Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail on soon;
And put good works on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown,
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene."

All this is consistent enough with a moderate enjoyment of society. If age wants more, it wants still better resources.

¹ The four charges against old age (Cap. 5.) were "quod avocet a rebus gerendis"—"quod corpus faciat infirmius"—(of both which he has shown the futility)—"quod privet omnibus fere voluptatibus"—and fourthly, "quod haud procul absit a morte."

“ Bene Sophocles, cum ex eo quidam jam affecto ætate quæreret, utereturne rebus venereis? Dii meliora, inquit.” And well he might say so, if the enjoyments of the mind are superior to those of the body; if not, we may

“ Envy every sparrow that we see,”

at least in that advanced stage of life, for which the habits of youth are, more or less, a preparation. In the early part of it, indeed, sense and sentiment may be mixed; and not improperly, when the union is sanctioned by reason and religion: in the latter part of life, tenderness may and ought to remain; but certainly without the turpitude of sensuality.

The command of our passions must at all times be conducive to happiness; and still more when that command is made easier, as well as more becoming, by the decline of their ardour in old age, when they may be exchanged for much better enjoyments, with which they will not then interfere; in youth, indeed, they are more importunate; and when they are indulged, the comparison between the enjoyments of youth and old age will depend on that of those which reason or imagination can give; but if they are opposed to each other, can there be a doubt which to prefer, when we consider the value that “ the highest faculty” in man must have, and the uses to which it may be put? It gives a sanction to the highest suggestions that the imagination can form, when it is regulated by it; when it is not, they are but delu-

sions, and will leave nothing but regret, fruitless regret, behind them.

What says Young in favour of Reason ?

“ From the soft whispers of that God in Man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess ?”

“ Rescue,” indeed ! “ *Ridiculum acri,*” &c.

“ *Illa quanti sunt, animum, tamquam emeritis stipendiis libidinis, ambitionis, contentionis, inimicitarum, cupiditatum omnium, secum esse, secumque, ut dicitur, vivere ! Si vero habet aliquod tamquam pabulum studii atque doctrinæ, nihil est otiosâ senectute jucundius.*”

The “ *secum esse, secumque vivere,*” reminds us of Young’s

“ O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
Who think it solitude to be alone ;
Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
Our reason, guardian Angel, and our God !
Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these ¹.”

(*&c. Night 3d.*)

¹ If a man is alone, his communings must either be with himself or his God : his “ reason” *should* be his guide, his conscience *must* be his “ guardian angel,” though his conscience may sometimes mislead his reason ; himself he may deceive ; his God he cannot. If he is in society, his demonstrations must of course proceed from himself, and will be dictated either by his real feelings, or by a wish to deceive, or at least to gratify others by a forced complaisance with their inclinations ; or, thirdly, by the better feeling of a diffidence in himself. If by a wish to

But Young's praise of solitude is not exclusive, for he says also (Night 2d.)

“ As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight ;
Twins tied by nature ; if they part, they die.”

* * * * *

“ Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use !”

* * * * *

“ In contemplation is our proud resource ?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustained.”

* * * * *

“ Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.”

&c. &c. &c.

Those who wish to do justice to the “ Night Thoughts,” should treat them as (with reverence be it spoken) they should the Scriptures, in comparing the different passages, and not judging them from what they may think the gloomy ones, however true these may be. If true, are they the less so, or less important to us, for our not attending to them? Young tells us, that he does not mean

————— “ to damp the joys of life,
But to give heart and substance to its joys.”

deceive or gratify others, he may do it awkwardly for a time, but habit will give it an apparent ease, not readily seen through by those whom he addresses himself to, but whom he cannot long deceive ; if by the third, their reception of it will depend on their inclination and ability to do him justice. I believe these descriptions will extend to all situations in life.

And how? By considering what they are, and what is to follow them.

After having given several examples of the superiority of mental pleasures, Cato says, “*Quæ sunt igitur epularum, aut ludorum, aut scortorum voluptates cum his voluptatibus comparandæ? Atque hæc quidem studia doctrinæ; quæ quidem prudentibus, et bene institutis pariter cum ætate crescunt; ut honestum Solonis sit, quod ait versiculo quodam, ut ante dixi, senescere se, multa indies addiscentem; quâ voluptate animi nulla certe potest esse major.*”

He then speaks (Cap. 15, as before cited) of the “*Voluptates Agricolæ*,” and gives a beautiful description of, and encomium on, agricultural and horticultural occupations, and on the persons who had practised them, or treated of them. After this, he says, “*Hac igitur fortunâ frui licet senibus*”—and goes on, as before, to enumerate the persons who had enjoyed it: concluding with “*Habet senectus, honorata præsertim, tantam auctoritatem, ut ea pluris sit, quam omnes adolescentiæ voluptates.*”

Cap. 18. “*Sed in omni oratione, mementote, eam me laudare senectutem, quæ fundamentis adolescentiæ constituta sit; ex quo id efficitur (quod ego magno quondam cum assensu omnium dixi) miseram esse senectutem, quæ se oratione defenderet. Non cani, non rugæ, repente auctoritatem arripere possunt; sed honeste acta superior ætas fructus capit auctoritatis extremos.*”

Such an old age may indeed be properly considered

as a consummation (as far as an earthly one goes) of what youth was a preparation for; and to youth, as such, the admonition is properly addressed. Those who have thus “remembered their Creator in the days of their youth,” need not the “*præclarum munus ætatis, iis auferre, quod est in adolescentiâ vitiosissimum.*”—By the account which Cato gives of himself (Cap. 14 and 15) he seems at least not to have carried the “*mero caluisse virtus*” to excess.

He then mentions instances of respect being paid to old age, particularly by the Lacedæmonians, and even, though with much less consistency, by the vain and capricious Athenians; and passes to some of the vices, or rather infirmities, incident to old age (which “*habent aliquid excusationis, non illius quidem justæ, sed quæ probari posse videatur*”—may rather be accounted for than justified) saying also “*severitatem in senectute probo, sed eam (sicut alia) modicam; acerbitatem nullo modo*¹. *Avaritia vero senilis quid sibi velit, non intelligo. Potest enim quidquam esse absurdius, quam quo minus viæ restat, eo plus viatici quærere?*” “No, certainly not,” in the eye of reason; but as reason here cannot calculate, it may be better able to explain, than to direct the feelings; which, however, if still equal to its functions, it should have some control over. If all the causes of avarice in

¹ This corresponds, in some degree at least, with what the French say suits old age: “*La propretè, et l’indulgence,*” a union which Cicero would most probably have approved of. But the “modern Athenians” will hardly adopt (in practice at least) all his maxims.

old age are examined, it may perhaps be found, that “*habet aliquid excusationis,*” and this may be an additional reason for our being on our guard against it¹.

Perhaps our being less able to enjoy the use of money in old age, may be one inducement, no doubt among other less reasonable ones, to hoarding it; not so much for ourselves, as for those who are to follow us, whose stewards Providence seems to intend us to be; and this too may be a reason for our not giving it away during our life time. Thus is answered the design of Providence; which, however, means that it should be under the control of our reason, and be counteracted by better feelings for our contemporaries. The selfishness of old age may in part arise from a sense of weakness.

Cap. 19. “*Quarta restat causa, quæ maxime angere atque sollicitam habere nostram ætatem videtur, appropinquatio mortis, quæ certe a senectute non potest longe abesse. O miserum senem, qui mortem contemnendam esse in tam longâ ætate non viderit! quæ aut plane negligenda est, si omnino extinguit animum; aut etiam optanda, si aliquò eum deducit, ubi sit futurus æternus. Atqui tertium certe nihil inveniri potest. Quid igitur timeam, si aut non miser post mortem, aut beatus etiam futurus sum?*”

If we are intended to live again, as we certainly are, how can we be indifferent to the total loss of existence, as stated in this alternative? But on the other hand,

¹ The “*imbecility of reason,*” as I have called it elsewhere, may well be excused.

we see how far the heathens had got, in their expectations of a future life; but they did not see that something more than the mere suggestions of reason was wanting, to counteract the instinctive wish for self-preservation and the continuance of existence here, powerful as that must still be. That that continuance will take place in a future life, could only be confirmed by the Gospel, which alone can impress our feelings with a conviction that our reason can but imperfectly attain. As to the mode of it,

“ The wide and boundless prospect lies before us ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it,”

only to be cleared away by “ the great teacher, Death.”

Cato goes on to show the uncertainty of life, and the folly of hoping, even in youth, to live to old age. “ *Quid enim stultius, quam incerta pro certis habere, falsa pro veris ?*” (It may however be observed, that hope does not imply certitude, nor uncertainty falsehood.) “ *Senex, ne quod speret quidem, habet. At est eo meliore conditione, quam adolescens; cum id, quod ille sperat, hic jam consecutus est. Ille vult diu vivere; hic diu vixit. Quamquam (O Dii boni!) quid est in hominis vitâ diu ?*”

There is something of a play upon ideas, if not upon words in this reasoning; for hope looks forward, which the young man may do, but the old one cannot: how, then, is the latter in the “ better condition?” He has indeed attained the object; but the “ hope,” as to

this life, is lessened, if not destroyed. Cato goes on, with more reason, to show the futility of this object, as it regards the mere continuance of life, and after giving one or two instances of longevity, he says, “sed mihi ne diuturnum quidem quidquam videtur, in quo est aliquid extremum. Cùm enim id advenit, tunc illud quod præteriit, effluxit: tantum remanet, quod virtute et rectè factis consecutus sis.”

“Man’s unprecarious natural estate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure, its income is divine.”

“Breve enim tempus ætatis, satis est longum ad benè honestèque vivendum.”

All limited time, when compared with eternity, sinks to nothing. And can we suppose, that this power of comparison is given to us, merely to make us sensible of the nothingness of what we do, or can possess? O no, it is to make us look forward to something better.

“Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable, a means divine;
When ’tis our all, ’tis nothing” &c.
* * * * *
“Life makes the soul dependent on the dust:
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.”
* * * * *
“Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves;”

Which seems to be often anticipated in our thoughts

on futurity, and our reflections on the past and the present time.

—————“ Death is the crown of life :
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death denied, to live would not be life :
 Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.”

* * * * *
 “ But grant to life, (and just it is to grant
 To lucky life) some perquisites of joy ;
 A time there is, when, like a thrice told tale,
 Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
 But from our comment on the comedy,
 Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd,
 Or purposed emendations where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudit from our candid judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 Toss fortune back her tinsel and her plume,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.”

* * * * *
 “ O thou great Arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence ; and couldst know
 No motive but my bliss, and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing ! With the patriarch's joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust :
 Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs ;
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee !”

Night Thoughts, Night 4.

* * * * *

After this follows a beautiful comparison of human life with the course of vegetation, and the succession of the seasons; and a farther mention of the advantages of old age over youth, when the means, which nature has provided for its final dissolution, have their full operation.

Cap. 20.—“*Omnium ætatum certus est terminus; senectutis autem nullus certus est terminus.*”—Probably not; for the “*senectutis maturitas*” (Cap. 10.) can only be determined by the author of our being; as in the case of Cato’s son, “*quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior*” (Cap. 23.) who may have fulfilled the purposes of his existence at an earlier period than we might suppose would have been required.

“*Ita fit, ut illud breve vitæ reliquum nec avidè appetendum senibus, nec sine causâ deserendum est. Vetatque Pythagoras¹, injussu Imperatoris (id est, Dei) de præsidio et statione vitæ decedere.*”

“*Non lugenda mors est, quam immortalitas consequatur.*”

No, but if one feeling did not take place, the consolation of the other would not be wanted, as it certainly is, to give any solid support to whatever arguments or examples may be urged by reason against the fear of death, which, considered as the extinction of our being (which it certainly is not) could only be

¹ And how much more does Young forbid it! Dreadful Suicide, that murders both body and soul!

calmly met by insensibility. For as Young says, as before quoted,

————— “Oh! with what thoughts,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe.”

But Christianity tells us that we have not that to fear, and Cicero himself (*loquente Cyro Majore*) says, “*Mihi quidem numquam persuaderi potuit, animos dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cùm exissent, emori; nec verò, tum animum esse insipientem, cùm ex insipienti corpore evasisset; sed cùm, omni admixtione corporis liberatus, purus et integer esse cœpisset, tum esse sapientem.*”

This is the voice of reason; and it has been confirmed by the Gospel; with this hope therefore we live; in this hope we die.

“*Ut superiorum ætatum studia occidunt, sic occidunt etiam senectutis; quod cùm evenit, satietas vitæ tempus maturum mortis affert*¹.”

[*Manet autem spes altera, studiis præcedentibus longe anteponenda.*]

Cap. 21.—“*Credo, Deos immortales sparsisse animos in corpora humana, ut essent, qui terras tuerentur,*” &c.

¹ When the mind has lost its activity, the “*tempus maturum mortis*” may indeed become, the “*spes altera;*” however, what I have spoken of, will still “*remain.*”

(Sic, in Somnio Scipionis, Cap. 3.

“Homines sunt hâc lege generati, qui tuerentur illum globum—quæ terra dicitur,” &c.)

“Si quis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hâc ætate re-
pueriscam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem; nec
verò velim, quasi decurso spatio, ad carceres a calce
revocari.”

In this, every thinking man will join with Cato and Cicero: to the past we would not, and cannot return, nor can we remain in the present, fleeting as the moment is; what then is left us, but to look forward to the future; not so much in this life, for its remaining moments will be as fleeting, as the past or present; but to a future, that will last for ever, and for which the present life is, or should be, a preparation.

“Quid enim habet vita commodi? Quid non potius laboris? Sed habeat sane; habet certe tamen aut satietatem, aut modum. Non lubet enim mihi deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt. Neque me vixisse pœnitet; quoniam ita vixi, ut non frustra me natum existimem: et ex vitâ ita discedo, tamquam ex hospitio, non tamquam ex domo; comorandi enim natura diversorium nobis, non habitandi locum dedit¹.”

No, certainly this is no “abiding place” for us; but if we have spent our time well during our stay in it, it will prepare a happy one for us hereafter. As to

¹ What an assurance of future expectation does this contain! And yet it was but an effort of philosophy: the general belief of the “poor” was not confirmed by the “Gospel” being “preached” to them.

the pains and pleasures of life (*labores et commoda*) they are mixed, and their frequent vicissitudes serve to give a mutual allay to each other; and to beget a third feeling, which gives a sterling value to them both, or rather to the metal which they then compose¹.

Cato goes on to say, that amongst many of his predecessors, he shall, after his death, join the son whom he had lost, “*quo nemo vir melior natus est, nemo pietate præstantior. Animus verò, non me deserens, sed respectans, in ea profectò loca discessit, quo mihi ipsi cernebat esse veniendum,*” &c.

Can Christianity tell us more than this? Perhaps not; but it has given us the assurance of it, and the foundation of a “Rock,” to build it upon: we see here, that the first stone is laid by reason; the “corner stone” is Christ himself.

“*Si in hoc erro, quòd animos hominum immortales esse credam, lubenter erro: nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo.*”

This is a persuasion suggested both by reason and instinct; and if we are not to trust to that, confirmed as it is by the Gospel, to what are we to trust?

“*Quod si non sumus immortales futuri, tamen extinguì homini suo tempore optabile est. Nam habet natura, ut aliarum omnium rerum, sic vivendi modum. Senectus autem peractio ætatis est, tamquam fabulæ; cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjunctâ satietate.*”

Yes, but this satiety is only of what we have had

¹ A third feeling, in which all the “*commoda*” of life are included.

here; we still wish for something further, at least if our feelings are of the proper kind; if that wish was not to be fulfilled, which we are told from better authority that it will, we should not feel it.

Beasts lie down and die quietly; so does the body of man; both perhaps feel equally the necessity of repose, and of the absence of molestation; but the mind of man is still in action, and often to the last moment. *Ita, non est "vivendi modus."* For that will not be the end, but rather the beginning of the mind's action, when separated from the body¹.

Hope, fear, or insensibility, attend our last moments; from hope or fear conclusions may be drawn, of what they arise from, and of what they forebode; from insensibility no conclusions can be drawn, except that it is either the extinction of the thinking faculty, the absence of all feeling, or the last refuge of despair.

Cicero's supposition of the possibility of the expectation of a future life being founded in error (*"si in hoc erro,"* &c.) shews the necessity of a further assurance of it, than all the arguments of philosophy could give; and it shews too, perhaps, that without an immediate and obvious analogy, no assurance could be gained by the Heathens: for though there was enough to interest and incline both the reason and the feelings in favour of that belief, still something more was wanting, to confirm the best dispositions in the expectation of it, and probably to connect that with the performance of the moral and religious duties: that

¹ *"Mihi quidem,"* &c.—See page 20.

has been supplied by the Gospel, but without a communication of knowledge, which the human mind probably is not capable of, and which would have left no room for faith; *faith* in the promises that are given, and in the authority from whence they proceed¹.

Dr. Butler has made an able effort to supply the analogy, but not so perhaps as to dispel all doubt, and silence all opposition, in a matter, where the concurrence both of reason and feeling are required to produce conviction and agreement. Authorized, however, as we are, we may say, as Cicero has almost made Cato do,

Ut hyems, ita senectus ;
 Ut finis anni, sic finis vitæ ;
 Ut ver, sic vitæ renovatio ;
 Ut æstas, sic vitæ novæ fruitio ;

Quæ omnes autumnæ fruges in se continet, nullo hyeme rescindendos ;
 æstas enim illa æterna erit.

We must not be surprised that Cicero has not touched in this work, upon the apprehensions that the fear of punishment after death may excite in the mind of man, as his object was to shew the consolations which old age is capable of receiving; and so little does he enter into what are generally supposed to be the natural feelings of the mind, that he makes the alternative, of happiness after death, or cessation of all existence, one of the chief of those consolations. He might have learnt more from Socrates and Plato.

¹ So shall our *faith* be founded in *reason*.

But indeed the heathens had not then those feelings which Christianity afterwards inspired¹.

Cato's arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul, in Cap. 21. similar to those in the "Somnium Scipionis," are drawn from the properties of the mind, its inherent (as he calls it) power of motion; its indivisibility, &c. Against these², we may oppose the power of God, as intimated in the Scriptures, to re-assemble the particles of our *divisible* bodies, after their dissolution: so unsatisfactory are all the arguments that are drawn from any supposed self-inherent qualities of the mind; and that seem to make it independent on the absolute will of our Creator, from whose promises alone we can expect a future existence.

But the reasoning, which this treatise shews the uninformed heathens to have been capable of, shews also the goodness of God, in not leaving them entirely without hopes, of which the confirmation was reserved for his Son, and those inspired by him, to reveal.

¹ And what could the "feelings" be, that made it a moot point whether there is a future life or not.

² I should rather have said, in concurrence with these.

EXTRACTS FROM AND OBSERVATIONS
ON
CICERO'S LÆLIUS, OR DIALOGUE DE AMICITIA.

THE SPEAKERS,
LÆLIUS, FANNIUS, AND SCÆVOLA.

AFTER a short exposition of the reasons which had induced him to put these treatises into the form of dialogues, Cicero, addressing himself to his friend Atticus, says, "ut tum ad senem senex de senectute, sic hoc libro ad amicum amicissimus de amicitia scripsi."

So well does he introduce the subject, not only to his friend Atticus, but also the "multis, quibus prodesse voluit."

Of Lælius's two companions, Fannius and Scævola, the former, after mentioning Africanus, who had died only a few days before, as one, than whom "nec melior vir fuit quisquam, nec clarior," and making some observations on Lælius not having appeared in public since the death of his friend, says, "existimare debes omnium oculos in te esse coniectos; unum te

sapientem et appellant et existimant,”—and “ Hanc esse in te sapientiam existimant, ut omnia in te posita ducas, humanosque casus virtute inferiores putes.” So is wisdom well described, if we add the proper reference to the Divine source from whence it proceeds; without which it would be self-sufficiency. Lælius, after modestly disclaiming the preference which Fannius had given him for wisdom, over Cato and others, says, “ Ego, si Scipionis desiderio me moveri negem—certe mentiar. Moveor enim, tali amico orbatus, qualis, ut arbitror, nemo umquam erit: et, ut confirmare possum, nemo certè fuit. Sed non ego medicinâ; me ipse consolor, et maximè illo solatio, quod eo errore careo, quo, amicorum decessu, plerique angî solent. Nihil enim mali accidisse Scipioni puto; mihi accidit, si quid accidit. Suis autem incommodis graviter angî, non amicum, sed seipsum amantis est.”

This certainly is heroic self-disregard; but the pain we feel on our friends' account, must surely revert on ourselves; what else is *sympathy*¹?

But this “ solatium” of Lælius's, to account for its early effect in removing his grief for the loss of his friend (or at least in so powerfully alleviating it) must, as well as the exclusio “ mali,” be referred, as probably was done by him, to the same Divine source; for how are “ error” and “ evil” to be excluded or

¹ The “ sympathy” of human nature, in this world. But such friends may well hope to meet in another, as Christianity has assured them they will.

opposed, but by Him, from whom all wisdom, truth, and good proceed? and surely this reference is further shewn in what follows; for, continues Lælius, “Cum illo quis neget actum esse præclarè?”

“Et a quo actum, nisi a Deo?”

“Nisi enim (quod ille minimè putabat) immortalitatem optare vellet, quid non est adeptus, quod homini fas esset optare?”

The “immortality” which Scipio (as Lælius says) did not look for, was only that which the “praise of man” can give, and to which indeed the beautiful enumeration given by Lælius of Scipio’s virtues, shews he was entitled: but an immortality of a far higher kind is pointed out by Lælius, when he says, “neque enim assentior iis, qui hæc nuper disserere cœperunt, cum corporibus simul animos interire, atque omnia morte deleri.”

With this persuasion (“quod item Scipioni videbatur”) and with the confirmation we have received of its truth, we may say with Young, “or life or death is equal.”

A man values, or ought to value his existence according to the power it gives him to live in a manner worthy of his nature, which Young truly says, “No man can o’er-rate;” and of the sense of his relation to the Almighty Being who created him: the value he sets on his existence, and on the feelings which the sense of that relation excites, should surely make him wish for a continuation of the one (with submission

however to the Divine will) and a nearer approximation to the other, source as it is of the noblest feelings of his mind: who then will not say with Socrates, Scipio, and Cicero, “animos hominum esse divinos, iisque, cùm e corpore excessissent, reditum in cœlum patere, optimoque et justissimo cuique expeditissimum.”

If any thing could add to the force of the persuasions mentioned by Lælius, it must have been the cessation of existence on earth, of one, “quem esse natum et nos gaudemus, et hæc civitas (Rome), dum erit, lætabitur.” So shall the best feelings of those creatures, whom God has created in his own image, be, authorized as they are by his own revelations, the vouchers of their future existence in another and a better world. “Quamobrem, cum *illis* quidem optimè est actum.”

What a force too do the feelings of friendship (to go on with Cicero and Lælius) add to all the above!—“recordatione nostræ amicitiae sic fruor, ut beatè vixisse videar, quia cum Scipione vixerim; quocum mihi conjuncta cura de re publicâ et de privatâ fuit, quocum et domus, et militia communis; et (id, in quo est omnis vis amicitiae) voluntatum, studiorum, sententiarum, summa consensio.”—And shall not this “consensio” be renewed and perpetuated, in an “entenderment” that will last “for ever?” It will, the consensio animorum being concentrated (if concentration can be in infinity) in one great object, and that object the sum and source of all perfection.

This mention of a friendship of which Lælius said,

“*Amicitiae nostrae memoriam spero sempiternam fore,*” induces Fannius and Scævola to press him to declare to them his sentiments regarding human friendships; to which, after a modest confession of his insufficiency for the discussion of the subject, he says, “*Ego vos hortari tantum possum, ut amicitiam omnibus rebus humanis anteponatis; nihil est enim tam naturae aptum, tam conveniens ad res vel secundas vel adversas. Sed hoc primum sentio; nisi in bonis, amicitiam esse non posse.*”—In this his first position, Lælius is surely right; and not less so, in rejecting the opinion of those, “*qui hæc subtiliùs disserunt, et ad vivum resecant;*” for their insisting upon a wisdom, which, as Lælius says, “*adhuc mortalis nemo est consecutus,*” as being necessary to friendship, and even to form the “*vir bonus,*” tended much less “*ad communem utilitatem,*” than to gratify their own pride, which might perhaps make them consider themselves as the possessors of that wisdom, or at least that it was the attainable object of their philosophy; little were they aware, that this is not the wisdom that “*cometh from above,*” and of which Lactantius more truly says, “*Sapientia non in sermonis ornatu sed in corde atque sensu est.*” If the heart is right, the head will be so too; and so far indeed these philosophers seem to agree with Lactantius; and not improbably also in their general estimation of human nature.

Lælius goes on “*pingui Minervâ,*” as he says, in making “*fidelity, integrity, equity, liberality,*” the tests of his “*wise and good men:*” “*quia sequantur*

(quantum homines possunt) naturam" (the Christian would say, the precepts of the Gospel) "optimam bene vivendi ducem. Sic enim mihi perspicere videor, ita natos esse nos, ut inter omnes esset societas quædam; major autem, ut quisque proximè accederet: itaque cives potiores quam peregrini; et propinqui, quam alieni; cum his enim amicitiam natura ipsa peperit." But he makes the bonds of friendship necessary to give "firmness" to those of society: "quia ex propinquitate benevolentia tolli potest, ex amicitia non potest."

Here the superiority of Christianity shews itself, in enjoining the extension of benevolence, not only to relatives, friends, and neighbours, but to enemies; without which, indeed, there cannot be what Lælius calls "omnium divinarum humanarumque rerum summa consensio." A consension, which, if perfect, would put an end to all enmity; instead of being, as Christianity enjoins, its antidote and corrective; more than which, in the present state "rerum humanarum," it cannot be¹.

Lælius however establishes this consensio among those who are the most, or rather alone, capable of it; for he says, "Qui in virtute summum bonum ponunt, præclarè illi quidem; sed hæc ipsa virtus amicitiam et gignit, et continet; nec, sine virtute, amicitia esse ullo pacto potest."

¹ Who but a Christian can "love his enemies?" Who else can hope to be a friend with them, in heaven? The *dross* of human passions will be all refined away, there.

And in what can there, must there be, a permanent “*consensio*,” but in an object which embraces all the interests of mankind? and how is it, that our passions make us overlook it? To what an extreme does the “*Humanum est errare*” extend!

After enumerating the Paulus’s, Cato’s, &c. as examples of this, he says, “*Tales inter viros amicitia tantas opportunitates habet, quantas vix queo dicere.*” No, it could only be told us by the Gospel; and in the precept, “Do to all others as ye would they should do unto you¹.”

The opportunities of conversing and acting on such a subject, and in such a cause as that of virtue, are certainly more than we can either tell or foresee; for every hour may bring occasions for them, either in what regards ourselves, or others; and every passing hour in which those opportunities are taken, will give us a fresh impulse to look forward to the final reward that virtue, and the attribution of it to its proper source, Religion, presents to our view; if it is “its own reward” now, it is chiefly in the hope it gives of a still better reward hereafter: for how else is the sentiment to be excited?

Such characters as the Paulus’s, Cato’s, Scipio’s, &c. ennobled the times in which they lived.

Then follows a most beautiful description of the advantages and enjoyments of friendship, “confidence, sympathy,” &c. as embracing and surpassing all that

¹ This leaves no room for enmity.

riches, power, honours," &c. can give ; and concluding with "et secundas res splendidiore facit amicitia, et adversas, partiens communicansque, leviores."

"Verum amicum qui intuetur, tamquam exemplar aliquod intuetur sui." Self-love then, the great moving principle, is reflected and doubled by this contemplation or intuition.

"Si exemeris ex naturâ rerum benevolentia conjunctionem, nec domus ulla, nec urbs stare poterit: ne agri quidem cultus permanebit."

The happiness of all society depends upon mutual good will; of which friendship is the concentration and completion.

"Quanta vis amicitia concordiaque sit, ex dissensionibus atque discordiis percipi potest."

Here, however, no greater power nor praise can be assigned to friendship, than in its being opposed to, and counteracting (and that perhaps only for a time) the evils of its opposites, enmity and discord; which the universal benevolence, the "good-will towards man," recommended by the Gospel, will not only check or oppose, but, if practised, totally eradicate. If the passions, and mistaken interests of mankind make this benevolence impracticable in its utmost extent, any dereliction of it will shew its excellence, in the consequences which that dereliction will bring on ourselves. The "friendship" of the heathens is, on a smaller scale, what the "charity" of the Gospel is on an unlimited one. The practice of both will perhaps depend on the moral, and possibly the constitutional

qualities possessed by each individual; all however must see their excellence.

This charity (*caritas*, *χαρις*) indeed is not ill described by Lælius under the name of Love (“*amor, ex quo amicitia nominata*”) which he says is “*princeps ad benevolentiam conjungendam;*” being “*antiquior et pulchrior, et magis a naturâ ipsâ profecta,*” than from any sense of utility in friendship, from mutual assistance to mutual weakness, or than any other demonstrations, which are often given and received by those “*qui simulatione amicitiae coluntur, et observantur causâ temporis: in amicitia autem nihil fictum, nihil simulatum; et quicquid in eâ est, id est verum et voluntarium. Quapropter, a naturâ mihi videtur potius, quàm ab indigentia, orta amicitia, et applicatione magis animi cum quodam sensu amandi, quàm cogitatione, quantum illa res utilitatis esset habitura.*”

Thus is the disposition to love implanted in us, prior to, and independent of, any thing arising from the circumstances we are in: and it is to this that the Gospel probably appeals in enjoining the duties of charity; for without such a disposition to appeal to, the injunction, we may presume, would hardly have been given. What then philosophy, from the mouth of Lælius, or the pen of Cicero, has delivered to us, has been confirmed by an authority, which we justly consider as divine.—Lælius then goes on to notice the “*sensus amandi,*” as being observable in beasts, particularly in their love of their young; and as being much more evident in man: “*primum ex*

eâ caritate, quæ est inter natos et parentes; quæ dirimi, nisi detestabili scelere, non potest; deinde, cùm similis sensus exstitit amoris, si aliquem nacti sumus, cujus cum moribus et naturâ congruamus, quòd in eo quasi lumen aliquod probitatis et virtutis perspicere videamur: nihil est enim amabilius virtute; nihil quod magis alliciat ad diligendum; quippe cùm, propter virtutem et probitatem, eos etiam, quos nunquam vidimus, quodam modo diligamus¹.”—Of which, either in those, or any other times, instances may be cited, in the impressions, favourable or unfavourable, according to our estimation of their characters, which are made on our minds, either in reading their works, or what is recorded of them.—Lælius then says, “If the power of virtue is so great, as to induce us to love it in those whom we never saw, and even in an enemy, what wonder, if our minds are affected by the same quality in those, with whom we are conversant in life? and though this sentiment is confirmed ‘beneficio accepto, et studio perspecto, et consuetudine adjunctâ,’ (by benefits received, attention, observation and habit) yet, if it is attributed to the sense of our weakness, and the advantages we may reap from the good qualities of others, in our intercourse with them, all its nobleness and generosity will be taken away from it.”

The error of the reasoning condemned by Lælius seems to be, in making that an affair of calculation,

¹ O congeniality, how valuable art thou, when so produced! This is indeed the

—————“Virtue, that entenders us for ever.”

which must be an affair of sentiment¹; and even the desire of increasing our good qualities, implies our possessing them already in some degree; what wonder then, that we should desire the increase of what must give us such solid satisfaction? This is true self-love, but not self-interest; and to confound them with each other, is no less a blasphemy against our Maker, than it is a calumny upon our nature². Our best impulses are from God; the perversion of them from our passions; our first “instigations” can hardly be from “the Devil;” we must hope that even a Calvinist would not say that. As to the mind being “*humilis et minimè generosus*,” when thus deprived of its best qualities, the pride of philosophy needed not to have urged that as its chief argument. But it could soar no higher³.

Cicero’s reasoning, just as it is, shews how imperfect all morality must be, unless refined and exalted by religion, without which the brightest displays of human virtue are, in truth, but “shining sins.” For what motive is left, but pride? Or, if they are exempt from that, and spring from better sources, how do they accord with the use of reason, which is often little apparent in other actions that accompany them?

¹ Yes; but “sentiment” may arise from a sense of interest—what feeling does not “begin at home, stir abroad” as it may? Self-love and social then are, or ought to be, the same.

² The worth of each individual may depend greatly upon the proportion that these bear to each other.

³ Philosophy must keep its own level.

Without that use, the impulses they proceed from are often unaccompanied with religious feelings, or if they have that accompaniment, it only serves to lead them more astray. As to pretended, or interested friendships, they are sure, sooner or later, to be detected; for there is as much inconsistency in falsehood, as uniformity in truth.

“*Quod si ita esset; ut quisque minimum in se esse arbitraretur, ita ad amicitiam esset aptissimus; quod longe secus est.*” “For,” says Lælius, “the more confidence a man has in himself, the more that confidence is confirmed, and the more he is rendered independent on others, by the virtue and wisdom which he possesses, the more he will be disposed to seek and to cultivate friendship,” which was the case between Africanus and himself¹. It appears, I think, from what is last said, that the confidence which a man has in himself, that is, in his being worthy of an union with others whose qualities resemble his own, is the first incitement to form a friendship with them, and begets a sympathy and congeniality between them, which is the strongest bond of that friendship: the enjoyment and benefit of this is mutual, and the friendship is formed and cemented by the instinctive feeling of it, but not from any calculation of advantage to be derived from it. Mutual worth, and mutual dependence, are the best foundations of friendship;

¹ Each of them was an “alter idem” to the other.

and the consciousness of both, and of dependence upon a higher power, its best security.

“ Ab iis, qui pecudum ritu ad voluptatem omnia referunt, longe dissentimus.” And well might he disclaim such brutal sensuality, as applicable to man; however, even in the “ pecudum ritus,” we should perhaps have a somewhat higher idea of what has been given to them by their Creator, to answer and ameliorate the purposes of their existence: in this view, the “ voluptas” may be considered as a sort and degree of happiness¹; much inferior however to that which, mixed as it is with troubles, man is capable of and is born for.

“ Sic et utilitates ex amicitia maximæ capiuntur; et erit ejus ortus a natura, quàm ab imbecillitate, et gravior et verior; nam, si utilitas amicitias conglutinet, eadem commutata dissolveret²: sed quia natura mutari non potest, idcirco veræ amicitia sempiternæ sunt.” (Cap. 9.)

Utility then is the end of this, as of the other dispensations of the Author of Nature; though it is not always the immediate motive that actuates his creatures, to whom he has given instincts that properly used (in beasts they must, in man they may) will

¹ Is not this evident in the fidelity of the dog or horse, the playfulness of the lamb, &c.?

² Yes, if the “ utilitas” was not of a superior kind. But how imperfect language is!

promote their happiness, the chief object, as it is the chief glory, of his works.

“ Ille (Scipio) quidem nihil difficilius esse dicebat, quàm amicitiam usque ad extremum vitæ permanere.” (Cap. 10.)

Does not the truth of this shew the benevolent intent of our Creator, to raise our desires to what is more permanent, after the temporary ends of our existence here, in promoting our mutual happiness, have been answered? For which “summi puerorum amores sæpe unà cum prætextâ ponerentur.” This change too may be made, either “adversis rebus,” or “ætate ingravescente¹.”

Lælius proceeds to shew how friendships are liable to be abused or forfeited either by rivalry, or “cùm aliquid ab amicis, quod rectum non esset, postularetur;” and how far they ought to be carried, with the justice due to ourselves, still more than to others.

“Hæc ita multa, quasi fata, impendere amicitii, ut, omnia subterfugere, non modo sapientiæ, sed etiam felicitatis, diceret sibi videri.”

There is then an object, higher and surer, than earthly friendships; if not, why “omnia subterfugere?” That object is, our own and our Creator’s approbation.

The question “quatenùs amor in amicitia pro-

¹ When all are (nearly) gone, but the “amor divinus,”

“On some fond breast,” however, &c.

But still there is a looking forward to a heavenly reunion.

gredi debeat," is well discussed in Cap. 11, and the danger of carrying it too far strikingly shewn in the case of C. Blossius, the friend and adherent of Tib. Gracchus.

"Nulla est igitur excusatio peccati, si amici causâ peccaveris; nam, cùm conciliatrix amicitiae virtutis opinio fuerit, difficile est amicitiam manere, si a virtute defeceris."

This is most true; and it is equally true, that

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Virtue sanctioned and confirmed by religion. "Perfectâ sapientiâ rectum statuere," belongs only to Almighty wisdom.

Of several persons whom Lælius mentions as models in the choice of a friend, he says, "ne suspicari quidem possumus, quemquam horum ab amico quippiam contendisse, quod contra fidem, contra jusjurandum, contra rempublicam esset. Nam hoc quidem in talibus viris quid attinet dicere, si contendisset, scio impetraturum non fuisse? Cùm illi sanctissimi viri fuerint: æquè autem nefas sit, tale aliquid et facere rogatum, et rogare."

With this, and this alone, there will be perfect confidence in friendship; when both look up to the same law, and are under the controul of the same principle; a principle equally sacred, equally efficacious in all times, and under all circumstances: if not in obtaining the immediate object of men's desires, yet in securing their real and permanent interests. For

what will compensate the loss of our own esteem and self-approbation? Or, in the higher and more authoritative and impressive language of Scripture, “What profiteth a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

Lælius afterwards says, “eo loco, Fanni et Scævola, locati sumus, ut nos longè prospicere oporteat futuros casus reipublicæ. Deflexit enim jam aliquantulum de spatio curriculoque consuetudo majorum.”

Well might he say so, after the temporary success of Tiberius Gracchus’s ambitious attempts, and in the uncertainty there then was, of what the tribunate of Caius Gracchus might produce: and still greater reason had Cicero afterwards to say, “serpit deinde res; quæ procliviùs ad perniciem, cùm semel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim discent, quemadmodum hæc fiant, quàm quemadmodum his resistatur.”—So it may be said of all similar times; and so little power have men, in resisting the progress of national decay; Cicero did resist it, and with success, against Catiline; but he afterwards fell a victim to it, when the ruin of the republic was completed by Cæsar and Antony; when “suis et ipsa viribus Roma ruit.”—Augustus restored the prosperity of Rome, but could not restore its virtue.

“Mihi autem non minori curæ est, qualis respublica post mortem meam futura sit, quàm qualis hodie sit.”

How nobly does Lælius, and Cicero with him, ex-

press the "ruling passion," which no doubt was their last feeling, "strong in death."—"Oh save my country, Heaven!"

For, with the sentiments that both expressed, they would not exclaim with Brutus, that "virtue was but a name." The suicide indeed of Brutus indicated no other reliance but on his own and his party's exertions; and perhaps, amiable as the character of Brutus was, it betrayed a feeling in which self was predominant; at least at that moment; a moment of despair, and of—insanity.

How frail is the confidence which men have in human speculations or exertions!

Brutus put an end to his life because he could not save his country: "Coriolanus and Themistocles" fought against theirs, because they had been treated with ingratitude; did not they all desert their posts? or was the post of Brutus untenable?

"Mortem sibi,

et unus et alteri "consciverunt:" sed pro patriâ, nec unus, nec alteri."

Lælius's fears that the "improbiorum consensio," in bringing ruin upon their country, would not in future meet with the punishment it deserved, "quod quidem, ut res cœpit ire, haud scio, an aliquando futurum sit;" may be answered by Horace's

"Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo."

Various are the ways which Providence reserves

to itself, of punishing these and other crimes, without always employing the agency of man, in the usual means of doing it. The very success of crime may bring with it its own punishment. The possession of absolute power could not secure Cæsar from the swords of his assassins: but that a violent death is not always a punishment, was evinced in that of Cicero: these events however were only preparatory to more important and extensive judgments of Providence; the religion as well as the republic of Rome was to be overturned; and a "new order" of things was to "arise," which, after the various trials it has undergone, will, we may hope in these our later times, be brought nearer to perfection, by the character of tolerance which Christianity is at length enabled to assume. We may hope then perhaps, that, ere long, the "sword" which our Saviour "came to bring," will be buried for ever in its sheath.

"Sine sociis nemo quidquam tale (nefas) conatur."
(Cap. 12.)

The social principle acts more or less on all dispositions; but what at first puts that principle in action, and directs its movements (except the sense of dependence) we cannot say. Rousseau's "l'homme est bon, mais les hommes sont méchants," is perhaps not truer than its opposite, l'homme est méchant, mais les hommes sont bons. If men corrupt one another, they correct one another too. The exemplification of the proverb "noscitur a sociis," depends much on the choice which an individual makes of his

companions: farther back than this we cannot go, unless we take him into the nursery, and there too he will give some manifestation of what may be called his natural disposition, which will be expanded or corrected in the great nursery of life: for what is life, but a preparatory state? We are variously gifted, and our responsibility must probably depend on the use we make of the gifts we have received, and have the power of using. "To whom much is given, of him much will be required." Who shall say how much is comprehended in this? Who shall estimate, or trace back to its source, the share which each individual, be his or her condition what it may, has in forming or influencing the characters of his fellow-creatures¹? "Offences must come," but from whence do they first come?

Cap. 13. "Hæc igitur prima lex amicitiae sancitur, ut ab amicis honesta petamus, amicorum causâ honesta faciamus; ne exspectemus quidem, dum rogemur; studium semper adsit, cunctatio absit; consilium vero dare gaudeamus liberè; plurimùm in amicitia amicorum bene suadentium valeat auctoritas; eaque et adhibeatur ad monendum non modo apertè, sed etiam acritè, si res postulabit; et adhibita pareatur."

To those who are equal to these tasks, and know how and when to perform them, better rules for

¹ Men will never know, or do justice to, each other, till they feel all the force of the duty.

friendship cannot be given.—The opinions, which Lælius cites, of some “wise men” in Greece (and which he calls “*mirabilia quædam*”) “*partim fugiendas esse nimias amicitias, ne necesse sit unum sollicitum esse pro pluribus;*” and “*commodissimum esse, quàm laxissimas¹ habenas habere amicitiaë, quas vel adducas, cùm velis, vel remittas:*” also “(multò etiam inhumaniùs) *præsidiï adjumentique causâ, non benevolentiaë neque caritatis, amicitias esse expetendas,*” are all so false and selfish, that they might well excite him to exclaim (ironically of course) “*O præclaram sapientiam! solem enim e mundo tollere videntur, qui amicitiam e vitâ tollunt: quâ a Diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius.*”—“*Neque enim est consentaneum, ullam honestam rem actionemve, ne sollicitus sis, aut non suscipere, aut susceptam deponere; quòd si curam fugimus, virtus fugienda est:*” that is, when virtue gives us the feelings which make us despise and hate the things that are opposed to them: as “goodness hates malice, temperance lust, fortitude cowardice.” “*Ergo hoc proprium est animi bene constituti, et lætari bonis rebus, et dolere contrariis:*” the *bonæ et contrariæ res* being such as are favourable or unfavourable to what virtue makes us love or hate.

He goes on to shew, how much this selfishness and want of sympathy would debase our nature; and how little it could avail, to exempt us from the troubles of life; justly observing, that, as virtue “*quidem est,*

¹ “*Laxissimas,*” indeed!

cùm multis in rebus, tum in amicitia, tenera atque tractabilis;" therefore "angor iste, qui pro amico sæpe capiendus est, non tantum valet, ut tollat e vitâ amicitiam; non plus, quàm ut virtutes, quia nonnullas curas et molestias afferunt, repudientur."—(Cap. 13.)

"Non utilitatem amicitia, sed utilitas amicitiam consecuta est."—(Cap. 14.)

The first moving principle is, goodness, and the love of virtue; "utility" is the reward which follows our being influenced by them.

The Greek Philosophers whom Lælius cites, seem to have aimed at making life cease to be a mixed state of pain and pleasure, and at having all the happiness of their "wise man" concentrated within himself, and subject to his own power: a system which might suit the extremes either of Stoicism or Epicurism, but not the good sense which would steer between them. Even the Epicurean Horace says "Est modus in rebus," &c.—The "lex amicitia," which Lælius had laid down before, is surely sufficient, to shew the importance of friendship for the purposes of life, and for the social enjoyment of it.

How true it is, "bonis inter bonos quasi necessariam benevolentiam esse; qui est amicitia fons a natura constitutus:" and further, "eadem bonitas etiam ad multitudinem pertinet"¹—virtus enim populos uni-

¹ "Equal" therefore is common goodness, as well as

—————"Common sense, and common ease."

The great dependence of the man who possesses it, will be upon his God, and himself. Let the great consider this, and let them do justice to the lower ranks.

versos tueri, eisque optimè consulere soleat ; quod non faceret profecto, si a caritate vulgi abhorreret.” He ends this chapter (14) with “ non utilitatem amicitia, sed utilitas amicitiam consecuta est.” As had been the case between himself and Scipio: and indeed without a previous “ amicitia,” the “ utilitas” would hardly have been conferred.

It may however be said, that we are all more or less dependent on each other, and the sense of that dependence may be an excitement to friendship; but it is not the only one; if it were, the utilitas would hardly be mutual; nor would self-love (perhaps the *primum mobile*) bear such beautiful ramifications, nor produce such excellent fruits as we see it does.

How different this, from the “ tyrannorum vita” however “ deliciis diffluens” it may be, of the next (15.) Chapter! “ in quâ nimirum nulla fides, nulla caritas, nulla stabilis benevolentia potest esse fiducia: omnia semper suspecta atque sollicita; nullus locus amicitia. Quis enim aut eum diligat quem metuit, aut eum a quo se metui putat?”

Such is the penalty inflicted upon the want of justice and brotherly love; in the corroding passions of fear and hatred. “ Tarquin” found in his exile, “ quos fidos amicos habuisset, quos infidos, cum jam neutris gratiam referre posset. Quamquam miror,” says Lælius, “ illâ superbiâ et importunitate, si quemquam habere potuit. Atque ut hujus, quem dixi, mores veros amicos parare non potuere; sic multorum opes præpotentium excludunt amicitias fideles; non enim solum ipsa for-

tuna cæca est ; sed eos etiam plerumque efficit cæcos, quos complexa est." In making them proud, unreasonable, and capricious,—“neque quidquam insipiente fortunato intolerabilius fieri potest.” No, indeed ; for the fool of fortune must be the worst and the most troublesome of all fools. “Riches make themselves wings, and fly away ;” how foolish then to depend upon them, and what they can procure, without ensuring the enjoyment of them to their possessors, who have it in their power “amicos parare, optimam et pulcherrimam vitæ, ut ita dicam, supellectilem”—for “amicitiarum sua cuique permanet stabilis, et certa possessio.”—Yes, when the friendship is sincere, and its object well chosen ; not when “coluntur, ut tyranni, aut opibus præpotentes, simulatione duntaxat ad tempus. Quod si forte (ut fit plerumque) ceciderint, tum intelligitur, quàm fuerint inopes amicorum.”

“Etiam si illa maneant, quæ sunt quasi dona fortunæ, tamen vita inculta, et deserta ab amicis, non possit esse jucunda.”—(Cap. 15.)

So Young,

“Poor is the friendless master of a world ;
A world in purchase of a friend is gain.”

(NIGHT 2d.)

“Sed hæc hactenus,” as indeed it was time for Lælius to say, much as his subject deserved to be dwelt upon.

Of the three “in amicitia fines, et quasi termini

diligendi," objected to by Lælius, (in Cap. 16.) the first is, ut eodem modo erga amicum affecti simus, quo erga nosmetipsos; as falling short of the height, to which friendship ought to be carried; but if it is not sufficient for this, it is for the love of our neighbours, enjoined by the Gospel; higher feelings are reserved for higher duties: sacrifices may be made to friendship, but the greatest sacrifice is due to religion; this forbids us "acerbiùs in aliquem invehi, insectarique vehementiùs;" however "honestum in amicorum rebus" the world may think it,

" One should our interest, and our passions be ;
My friend should hate the man that injures me."

According to this, the "love of our enemies," enjoined by the Gospel, is to be confined (if the precept is observed) to the injured person; but his friend is to be allowed, nay is enjoined, to have a feeling of hatred which is not permitted to the other (unless indeed he hates by proxy); but in that case how are the passions to be one and the same¹?

Such is the extension, or rather transference (for it is no more) recommended by an old song.

As to the preference of our friends to ourselves, it does not appear that this "Charity which begins" *abroad*, is in perfect accord with the classical inscription, "sibi et amicis;" which modern sentiment has

¹ "Alter idem" does not imply *identity*.

altered to “amicis et sibi,” but which I think would be better expressed by “sibi, ut amicis impertiatur :” for certainly the first bestowal must come from the owner himself. But such exaggerations more resemble those of the Spaniards, unmeaning as they are.

The friendships of the heathens seem to have required enemies, both to prove their truth and warmth against, (an odd jumble this of love and hatred) and to carry them to their greatest height (like the effervescence of acids and alkalies, rising into froth) : the charity of the Gospel, like the calm of a homogeneous mixture, poured forth by a divine hand, finds its greatest elevation and durability in the suppression of all enmity and effervescence whatever.

“Altera sententia est, quæ definit amicitiam paribus officiis ac voluntatibus.”—If this only means a parity of love, which will show itself in demonstrations of one kind or another, it seems no more than what friendship, to be mutual, requires; and not to deserve the censure of “nimis exiguè et exiliter ad calculos vocare amicitiam, ut par sit ratio acceptorum et datorum;” or “observare restrictè, ne plus reddat, quàm acceperit.”

Mutual confidence will neither make these calculations, nor wait for these trials. But Cicero seems to have been so afraid of sentiment being made subordinate to reason (or rather to interest) that he would not allow it to be regulated by it.

The truth is, that there is not room enough in human concerns, for sentiment to expand and elevate

itself in, whatever attempts or profession it may make ; the feeling and the wish indeed remain, like a castle in the air, to be realized thereafter. There we shall find that

“ To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite and boundless power ;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too,
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in all :

(&c.)

“ *Tertius vero ille finis deterrimus, ut quanti quisque se ipse faciat, tanti fiat ab amicis.*”

Deterrimus certainly ; for this makes friendship to be founded on self-estimation, or perhaps self-conceit, which may know no bounds¹; excluding the “ *animus abjectior, aut spes amplificandæ fortunæ fractior,*” both which may be very consistent with a goodness of disposition that deserves the assistance of a more sanguine and active friend, “ *eniti, et efficere, ut amici jacentem animum excitet, inducatque spem, cogitationemque meliorem.*” Such “efficiency” can only be substantially hoped from a heavenly friend ; but the degree to which it may be afforded on earth, is one instance of the “ *utilitas, quæ amicitiam consecuta est.*”

As for the “ *alius finis veræ amicitiae,—ita amare oportere, ut si aliquando esset osorus,*” it requires nothing more than what Scipio said of it, when he “ *negabat ullam vocem inimiciorem amicitiae potuisse*

¹ Such “self-love” knows no other.

reperiri:" for such a mixture of love and hatred can only suit the caprices of a selfish and ambitious mind, "qui omnia ad suam potentiam revocare vult."

"Quonam modo quisquam amicus esse poterit, cui se putabit inimicum esse posse?"—(Cap. 16.)

By no "means," certainly: for this very "possibility" will be realized, in a constant preparation for, if not anticipation of, the enmity it calculates upon, and which it perhaps wishes may be excused and provoked by the fault of the friend who *may* become the object of hatred and enmity.

Such calculations are best precluded, either by caution in the choice of friends, or toleration of their faults, when chosen.

How much better is Scipio's maxim, "ut eam diligentiam adhiberemus in amicitiiis comparandis, ut nequando amare inciperemus eum, quem aliquando odisse possemus. Quinetiam si minus felices diligendo fuisset, ferendum id potius, quàm inimicitiarum tempus cogitandum;" any feeling being better than that of hatred, or the suspicion that prepares us for it.

Cap. 17.—"His igitur finibus utendum arbitror, ut, cùm emendati mores amicorum sint, tum sit inter eos omnium rerum, consiliorum, voluntatum, sine ullâ exceptione, communitas; ut etiam si qua fortuna acciderit, ut minus justæ amicorum voluntates adjuvandæ sint, in quibus eorum aut caput agatur, aut fama, declinandum sit de viâ, modò ne summa turpitudine sequatur."

The “*utilitas amicitiae*” then extends “*ad emendandos amicorum mores:*” and well it may; for, as the foundation of friendship is to be in a good disposition (“*inter bonos*”) that must be the best preparation for any mutual improvement, that mutual communication may afterwards make; an improvement which confirms and completes the confidence between them.

In saying “*ut etiam si qua fortuna acciderit,*” &c. (as above) Lælius seems to carry this “*communitas*” still further; and in the “*declinandum de viâ*” (*viâ recti*) to tread upon tender and slippery ground. Cicero indeed, the prompter of Lælius, had trod upon it, in the affair of his friend Milo; in which he probably meant to shew, “*quatenus amicitiae dari venia possit;*” and also that “*nec vero negligenda est fama: nec mediocre telum ad res gerendas existimare oportet benevolentiam civium*” (non “*prava jubentium?*”) *quam blanditiis et assentando colligere turpe est;* (certainly, si “*prava jubent.*”) “*Virtus quam sequitur caritas,* (yes, and the only “*caritas*” that is worth having) *minimè repudianda est.*”

With however the saving clause in the connexion of “*virtue and friendship,*” there may be some laxity of morals in this; at least it does not come up to the “*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*”

Perhaps there may be times and cases in which the rigidity of truth may be departed from; but in this “*declinatio de viâ*” we should take care not to hasten the “*proclivior ad perniciem lapsus;*” nor yet should

we make too great a sacrifice, even to a virtuous friendship.

Cicero had to prop a falling republic; and the means he chose might be the proper ones. Cato was left to himself, and when "impious men bore sway," to choose "a private station," (Utica indeed was not one) and, as he did, a final refuge in death. This indeed, desperate as the act was, was "liberare animam suam"—a vinculo corporis—but how much further? What would become of the "atrox animus?" If indeed we are to adopt the Courtier Horace's phrase.—The heathen philosophers and heroes (the Stoics at least) had not learnt submission to any masters but those of their own school; and their courage was not of the passive kind, nor certainly was it exempt from pride. Such an exemption was to be learnt at a better school than that of the Epicurean Horace, who might be better able to preach than to practise the "animum regere."

In abandoning a post where we can no longer be of any service (at least in our own opinion) the greatest sacrifice we make, may be that of our duty. For we do it "injussu imperatoris, id est, Dei."

Scipio's complaint, "quod omnibus aliis rebus homines diligentiores essent, in amicis vero eligendis negligentes," Lælius answers properly enough by "judicare difficile est, nisi expertum: ita præcurrit amicitia judicium, tollitque experiendi potestatem."

Experience cannot begin friendships, but it may confirm them, by proving who are "firmi et stabiles,

et constantes ;” till when perhaps “ *prudētis est sustinere, ut currum, sic impetum benevolentiae.*” This “ *impetus*” indeed may require an experience of the qualities above mentioned in our friends, to encourage it towards them ; especially if we are endowed with these qualities ourselves ; in this case there will be a sense of congeniality, which will be confirmed by habit (“ *consuetudine adjunctâ*”) as well as by a mutual want of, and consequent dependence on, each other : the latter indeed is best placed on ourselves, and ought, in some measure at least, to be so, even when we most want the assistance of others, which will be bestowed upon us in vain, unless we contribute something of our own, in the efforts we make, or the prudence we use. So far “ *every man is for himself ;*” and not for himself only, but for others also, in the example which he gives them. Of such a man it may well be expected, “ *ut in amicitiis expetendis colendisq̄ue maximè excellat :*” as was mutually the case between Scipio and Lælius.

To Lælius’s observation, that in the trials of friendship men are apt to be seduced from it, “ *some by the prospect of small profit (or fear of loss) others of greater, and still more by honours, power,*” &c. it may be said, that where the friendship is real, the acquisition of these objects will rather tend to increase the opportunities for the demonstrations of it, which they may be expected to be more favourable than adverse to ; when they are the latter, it is indeed a trial which few perhaps can stand ; so foolish are we often, in

preferring the applause of many, precarious and insincere as it may be, to the more real approbation of a few, or of one only ; and that one perhaps the voice of our own conscience. If the pursuit of honours, power, &c. is ever in accordance with the last-mentioned, it must be in such instances as that of "Wentworth," in the interesting novel of "De Vere;" if it may be allowed here to compare fictitious with real characters; both however drawn from observation of human life, and both perhaps mixed, more or less, with hypothesis; founded, it may be, on a too favourable, but not altogether imaginary view of human nature, blind as that is apt to be to its real interest, which must consist in promoting the good of our fellow-creatures. This indeed is generally made the pretext in following those intricate paths which lead to the attainment of riches, honours, and power, among the sons of men; who assist or thwart each other in the pursuit of them. We are now, I think, arrived at a period (A. D. 1829,) when the attainment of them is likely to be directed to the best purposes, in promoting the interest of our country, and the general good of mankind. God grant that these prospects may be realized!

If a man refuses all accommodation to the world, he must live only to himself, and perhaps to his God; if he accommodates, he must take care, as far as he can, to "keep himself unspotted by it;" mixing as much as he can of the "wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove."

“ Ubi istum invenias, qui honorem amici anteponat suo?” Probably no where; nor would the “ anteponere” be reasonable, if the candidate thinks, and has reason to think himself as well, or better qualified “ in honoribus reque publicâ versari.” In such a case, the sacrifice “ veræ amicitiae” would be a sacrifice, not only of his own, but of the public interest. In regarding friendship, we are not to have that altogether exclusively in view; nor need we, to avoid our being said, “ in bonis rebus contempsisse, aut in malis deseruisse amicos.”—“ Qui igitur utrâque in re gravem, constantem, stabilem se in amicitia præstiterit, hunc ex maximè raro hominum genere judicare debemus, et poene divino.”—(Cap. 18.)

As much as you please, my good Lælius; but at any rate you can make your friend no more than your second self, unless you make him *penitus* “ divinum,” whatever sacrifices you may make to him; and if the duties of friendship are to be reciprocal, how are these sacrifices to be made? Must we not call in a third interest, both to appeal and to sacrifice to? If not, will there not be some danger of a dispute, in determining which of the two friends shall prefer the “honour” of the other to his own? This certainly would be a new “bone of contention,” neither very amicable, nor a “jucunda benevolentiae remuneratio.”

But there *is* a third interest superior to that of any earthly objects; and when Lælius calls friends the “optima et pulcherrima vitæ supellex,” (Cap. 15.) he names a “supellex” with which, like most other

goods, he has shewn that we cannot completely furnish ourselves; and why? because there is a higher, with which we can. Friendship, like other blessings, must be perfected in heaven: *there* only is the “entenderment,” which must be founded in “virtue,” and will last “for ever;” its trials on earth shew the allays, the dross, from which it must be purged¹. Of the other objects of our earthly desires, Lælius had said (Cap. 15.) “*ejus est istorum quodque, qui vincit viribus.*” Yes truly; the possession of them is obtained and kept by strength; that of friendship is often lost by weakness; the weakness of human nature.

“*Firmamentum autem stabilitatis, constantiæque ejus, quam in amicitia quærimus, fides est. Nihil enim stabile est, quod infidum est. Simplicem præterea, et communem, et consentientem, qui rebus iisdem moveatur, eligi par est: quæ omnia pertinent ad fidelitatem.*”

Yes; but the “multiplex” (not “tortuosum”) ingenium, which Lælius opposes to these, may be required in the great businesses of the world; and may it not be consistent with the qualities which friendship requires? May they not all be comprised in Pope’s line,

“There needs but thinking right, and meaning well?”

“*Accedat huc suavitas quædam oportet sermonum atque morum, haudquaquam mediocre condimentum*

¹ As well as from all interests, but those of religion and virtue.

amicitiæ. Tristitia autem, et in omni re severitas, habet illa quidem gravitatem ; sed amicitia remissior esse debet, et liberior, et dulcior, et ad omnem comitatem, facilitatemque proclivior.”

These are the balms with which we may soften and sweeten the hardnesses and bitternesses of life, without derogating from the duties of it:—“non amicitiarum esse debent, sicut aliarum rerum, satietates.” (Cap. 19.)—No; for real goodness, on which friendship must be founded, never tires, though it may not always amuse; but “maxima est vis vetustatis, et consuetudinis,” (et necessitatis, might be added) and though it may be true, that “multos modios salis simul edendos esse, ut amicitiae munus expletum sit:” yet this “salt” is but the seasoning of a better substance.

“Old friends, old horses, and old wines.”

Yes, Lælius; we know the value, and the necessity of them too, as we advance in life.

Scipio (says Lælius, Cap. 19.) “suos omnes perse esse ampliores volebat.”—The superior qualities which he possessed, were directed to the benefit of his friends, “quod faciendum, imitandumque est omnibus,” &c.

“Fructus ingenii et virtutis, omnisque præstantiæ, tum maximus capitur, cum in proximum quemque confertur.”—(Cap. 19.)

No doubt the first objects of our regard should be

ou nearest relatives, at least if they are deserving of it.

“*Officia amicorum meminisse debent ii in quos collata sunt; non commemorare ii, qui contulerunt.*”

—(Cap. 20.)

Gratitude in friendship ought to be voluntary, not exacted, nor particularly expected; it should be exhibited in the same, or perhaps increased attachment, that before subsisted.

The ingratitude of mankind has often been complained of, and perhaps not without reason; if so, it may be considered as one of the trials of life; and as one of the evils, which is sure to have its counterpoise of good. However, it may have its excuse; or the fault may be on both sides¹.

—“*ii, qui superiores sunt, submittere se debent in amicitia.*”—Yes; for can superiority be more properly shewn, than in the services which it enables men to render? If contrariwise shewn, or in mere selfish gratifications, the superiority of intellect is lost in the degradation of moral turpitude.

—“*sunt quidam, qui molestas amicitias faciunt, cum ipsi se contemni putant; quod non fere contingit, nisi iis, qui etiam contemnendos se arbitrantur; qui hac opinione, non modo verbis, sed etiam opere, levandi sunt.*”

There are cases, in which we are to be made to think well of ourselves, to enable us to think fairly

¹ From want of right feeling.

of others. Perhaps it may be an instance of the "Charity," which is to "begin at home;" or the "Justice," which should be "even-handed."

There will always be a model, before which we should humble ourselves; and the "Publican" who acknowledged himself to be "a sinner," made no comparisons.

—"non tu possis, quantumvis excellas, omnes tuos ad honores amplissimos perducere."

We must assist our friends, not in proportion to our powers or their wishes, but to their merits; "videndum est, quid ille possit sustinere"—as Scipio found it necessary to do, in the cases of "Rutilus," and his brother "Lucius."

—"Omnino amicitiae, corroboratis jam confirmatisque et ingeniis et ætatibus, judicandæ sunt."

The wants and inclinations of our advanced age, will of course supersede those of our childhood; we should however preserve some regard for those who supplied and gratified the latter, "negligendi quidem non sunt, sed alio quodam modo colendi: aliter amicitiae stabiles permanere non possunt."—The seeds of friendship then must be sown in early life, and upon congenial soils! for at any rate something more than mere habit must be required. The "dispaes mores," and the "maxima morum studiorumque distantia," which must especially be the case "inter bonos et improbos," cannot but be an effectual bar to friendship, and sufficient "dissociare amicitias," at any stage of life.

—“in omni re considerandum est, et quid postules ab amico, et quid patiare a te impetrari.”—The first address, and last appeal a man should make, is to his own judgment and conscience.

“Sæpe incidunt magnæ res, ut discedendum sit ab amicis; quas qui impedire vult, quod desiderium non facile ferat, is et infirmus est, mollisque naturâ, et, ob eam ipsam causam, in amicitîâ parum justus.” (Cap. 20.)

To shew too great indulgence in friendship is neither doing justice to our friends nor ourselves; it is to consult our own ease (ease dearly bought) at their expense.

Cap. 21.—“Est etiam quædam calamitas in amicitîis dimittendis nonnunquam necessaria.”—Friendships ought certainly to be dissolved, or at least the bond relaxed (“dissuendæ magis, quàm discindendæ”) when they are not supported by mutual esteem.

“Si morum aut studiorum commutatio quædam (ut fieri solet) facta erit, aut in reipublicæ partibus dissensio intercesserit—cavendum erit, ne non solum amicitîæ depositæ, sed inimicitîæ etiam susceptæ, videantur.”

If any circumstances oblige us to dissolve our friendships, we should take care that they are not succeeded by enmity: it may be just to give up our friends, but it cannot be just to treat them as enemies.

“Digni autem sunt amicitîâ, quibus in ipsis inest causa, cur diligantur.”

Certainly; and to be assured of this, our “una

cautio," and "una provisio" is, "ut ne nimis cito diligere incipiamus, neve non dignos:"—which will be more difficult, if (Cap. 17.) "præcurrit amicitia iudicium, tollitque experiendi potestatem."—The only security against which perhaps is "sustinere, ut currum, sic impetum benevolentiae;" and to consider, "quid postulare ab amico," &c.—(Cap. 20.)

So shall we do justice, both to our friends, and ourselves.

"Rarum genus, (et quidem omnia præclara rara) nec quidquam difficilius, quàm reperire, quod sit omni ex parte in suo genere perfectum."

It is the nature of man to look out for perfection, and it is his lot not to find it upon earth either in himself or others. What he looks for here, he will see hereafter. Else why look for it?

"Sed plerique neque in rebus humanis quidquam bonum norunt, nisi quod fructuosum sit."—"Ita pulcherrimâ illâ, et maximè naturali carent amicitia, per se, et propter se expetendâ."

And why expetendâ? From the satisfaction that we hope to derive from it; an instinctive hope, of which we may be ourselves unconscious, and which, like other feelings, may be undefinable. But surely this is the "fructum capiendi spes;" and immature as it is, we find in it the congeniality that makes both us and our friend look up to, and aim at that perfection, from the undisturbed and unalloyed contemplation of which, perfect satisfaction can only be derived.

This is the “peace,” the *hope* of which this life can only “give.”

“Ipse se quisque diligit, non ut aliquam a se ipse mercedem exigat caritatis suæ, sed quòd per se sibi quisque carus est; quod nisi idem in amicitiam transferatur, verus amicus nunquam reperietur; est enim is tamquam alter idem.”

Obscure and involved as this may be, we see by it that Cicero found himself obliged to refer all friendship to the principle of self-love, whatever elevation and disinterestedness he might wish to ascribe to human nature, the dependence of which on himself, our Maker has made as apparent in man, as “in bestiis, volucris, nantibus¹,” &c. &c.

“Sed plerique perversè (ne dicam impudenter) amicum habere talem volunt, quales ipsi esse non possunt: quæque ipsi non tribuunt amicis, hæc ab iis desiderant.”

And why do they desire this? unless it is that they may place their whole confidence in, their whole reliance on them. Man’s desires exceed his powers; but his desires are natural; and who has given them to him, but the Author of Nature? And why has he given them to man, but that they should be placed on himself, and that from him their fulfilment should be expected?

¹ Esteem, like “charity,” must “begin at home.”—The “alter idem” must not be a “fellow-rogue.”

“ Par autem est, primùm ipsum esse virum bonum, tum alterum similem sui quærere.”

True friendship certainly must be “inter bonos;” but perfect “good” can only, as our Saviour said, be found in “God.”

Cicero has endeavoured in this work, as in his “Offices,” &c. to give an elevation to human nature that it is not capable of: we find him however obliged, perhaps involuntarily, to acknowledge its inferiority to, and dependence upon a higher power; not “nature,” but the Author of it.—His encouragements of human endeavours indeed may be countenanced by the scriptural injunction, “Be ye perfect,” &c.—but they are unaccompanied with those checks to human pride, that are to be found only in the Gospel. In the “Somnium Scipionis,” Cicero makes Africanus say, “Deum te igitur scito esse.” St. Paul much more properly says, “Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?” &c. —1 Cor. chap. 3. v. 26.

The utmost exertions of our reason give us assurances which, when those exertions are relaxed (and they cannot always be kept up) we cease to feel: but the desires which they have excited, remain: and have not the utmost exertions of our reason sanctioned them? The mind of man is too often the slave, the humble follower of his senses: the “divinæ particula auræ” however sometimes disengages itself; and often too, “reason re-assumes her empire.”

That reason tells us, that man is, in spirit, the “image of his Maker.”

“Neque solum se colent (amici) inter se, ac diligenter, sed etiam verebuntur; nam maximum ornamentum amicitiae tollit, qui ex eâ tollit verecundiam.”

A modest diffidence, not so much of others, as of ourselves, becomes a man, as much as “stillness and humility” do: we are made to observe, and should be in awe of each other, as well as of ourselves: but not in fear, which must arise from a consciousness of something more than weakness, and must subsist only between those who cannot trust each other, and are not themselves “armed strong in honesty.” Whoever is so armed, will look on others with the same candour with which he expects to be looked upon by them: or if he does not meet with that, will find a sure resource in his “nil conscire sibi.”

“Virtutum amicitia adjutrix a naturâ data est, non vitiorum comes.” We want no help to vice, except to countenance us in the practice of what we are ourselves ashamed of. All the rest of this chapter is equally admirable, and affords a satisfactory answer to Rousseau’s “L’homme est bon, mais les hommes sont méchants.” If they are “méchants,” they are sure to suffer by it.

“Eâ (virtute) neglectâ, qui se amicos habere arbitrantur, tum se denique errasse sentiunt, cùm eos gravis aliquis casus experiri cogit.” (Cap. 22.)

This, it is to be feared is too true; for there are few who “learn to be wise from others’ harm.”

“Præposteris utimur consiliis, et acta agimus,” &c.

How much truth is expressed in this play upon words! An after-thought may be a substitute for a fore-thought, when it is too late to act upon it, and either to “do,” or undo, what is already “done.”

Cap. 23.—“Una est amicitia in rebus humanis, de cuius utilitate omnes uno ore consentiunt;—de amicitia omnes ad unum idem sentiunt;—serpit enim, nescio quomodo, per omnium vitas amicitia¹,” &c.

All other enjoyments in life must give way to those which the social feelings excite: for if “life is feeling,” what can awaken it more than friendship, in the bosom of which, even misanthropy, hateful as it is, will seek to disburthen itself²; and the highest feelings will become more vivid, by participation with it. But if Gray truly says,

“To each his suff’rings; all are men,
Condemn’d alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain,
Th’ unfeeling for his own;”

this feeling must produce pain as well as pleasure; and indeed must add to the pain which our own “sufferings” excite, subject as we are to the privation, or at least interruption, of our enjoyments. Sympathy surely implies some degree of suffering; on

¹ Et non modo “serpit,” sed eas internectit, jungitque.

² Or at least to lessen its load by communication.

which account I never could approve of Milton's expedient to save the happiness of angels from being injured by the regret which they felt (I quote from memory) at man's transgressions, which, he says, "mixed with pity, violated not their bliss." For what is pity, but sympathy?

Young, with more reason, attributes a different feeling to them, when he says,

" A Christian is the highest style of man ;
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight ;
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge ;
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?"

These feelings may be counteracted, but not entirely expelled. I think the angelic feelings must, not unlike those of men, be of a mixed kind ; and they, like us, may want some consolation, to

—————" balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just."

And where shall we find it, but in looking up to Heaven? To him, who is the God of Mercy, as well as of Justice? Without these feelings, life, nay existence itself, cannot be enjoyed ; and as they are necessary to alleviate our pains, so are they to heighten our pleasures—" *Quis tam esset ferreus, cui non auferret fructum voluptatum omnium solitudo?*"

But the feelings of devotion, which are by no means "taken away" by solitude, are heightened by the

gratitude which our very existence will still leave to us, and are strengthened by a reliance attended by no fears which resignation will not remove, and by a confidence far more perfect than any earthly friendship can give. In religion there is all that can excite every good or pleasureable feeling of the heart, and overcome every painful or bad one. It may then be much more truly said of this, that “*hæc est societas, in quâ omnia insunt, quæ putant (aut putare possunt) homines expetenda.*”

—————“ I cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,” &c.

Thomson's Seasons.

Lælius indeed might allude to the feelings, when he said (Cap. 22.) “*si id volumus adipisci, virtuti opera danda est:*” but, he was not aware of any divine communications, that could give virtue an immediate connection with religion. A feeling of submission, and a looking up “*ad summum bonum,*” or as Pope makes Plato express it,

“ To the first good, first perfect, and first fair,”

was all that the heathens could arrive at.

“*Sed, cùm tot signis eadem natura declaret, quid velit, anquirat, ac desideret ; obsurdescimus tamen, nescio quomodo ; nec ea, quæ ab eâ monemur, audimus.*”—And no wonder, as nature gives us so many passions to make us deaf to the “still, small voice of reason ;” and when the immediate impulse of the one

is so much stronger than that of the other. The struggle then must be ended by a submission to, or subjugation of, the passions, which latter can only be effected with the aid of that appeal which religion makes to the feelings: “*senza muovere, non cè vittoria* ¹.” Our passions impel us to action: reason, adversity, and religion, make us think and feel; with the exception of some hardened hearts. Will not this solve Lælius’s “*nescio quomodo?*”

“*Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.*”

This may be so; but the “*obsequium, peccatis indulgens,*” will no more consolidate friendships, than the “*veritas, sine monitionis acerbitate,*” will dissolve them; unless indeed where “*aures veritati clausæ sunt, ut ab amico verum audire nequeant.*” In this case, there can neither be “*utilitas,*” nor “*fides in amicitia,*”—“*nam et monendi amici sæpe sunt, et objurgandi: et hæc accipienda amicè, cùm benevolè fiunt,*”—where there is this freedom used, the “*monitio et objurgatio,*” when required, may be mutual.

Perhaps however the “*objurgatio*” supposes a degree of necessity for it, that makes its effect at least doubtful; and when Lælius says “*illud absurdum est, quòd ii, qui monentur, quam debent capere, non capiunt; eam capiunt, quâ debent vacare: peccasse enim se non anguntur; objurgari molestè ferunt; quod contrà oportebat, delicto dolere, correctione*

¹ “Notwithstanding, there is no victory:” that is, to convince or persuade, the feelings must be moved.

gaudere," he seems to put the *monitio et objurgatio* upon the same level; if they are so as modes of "correction," they may differ much, in the manner and degree in which that correction is administered; and their effects may differ accordingly. The right of administering them may also be a matter of question¹.

Lælius's reprobation of the opposites of these, "*adulatio, blanditia, assentatio,*" is surely just; as they are the "*vitia levium hominum atque fallacium, ad voluntatem loquentium omnia, nihil ad veritatem, sine quâ nomen amicitiae valere non potest,*" &c.—they are indeed like the "*obsequium,*" which, as he said before, "*peccatis indulgens, præcipitem amicum ferri sinit.*" A kind of suicide, to which the other is accessory.

"*Cùm autem omnium rerum simulatio est vitiosa, (tollit enim judicium veri, idque adulterat) tum amicitiae repugnat maximè. Delet enim veritatem, sine quâ nomen amicitiae valere non potest.*"—(Cap. 25.)

Without sincerity there can be no real friendship; for either self-interest, or corruption must be the object in view.

This sincerity however needs not to have any roughness in it; for though "*secerni blandus (i. e. more than gentle) amicus a vero, et internosci, tam potest, adhibitâ diligentia, quàm omnia fucata, et simulata*

¹ Friendship gives this: and it gives it to both sides. A friend will take, as well as give, reproof, but not flattery.

a sinceris atque veris:" yet, "et monere et moneri proprium est veræ amicitiae et alterum liberè facere, non asperè: alterum patienter accipere, non repugnanter"—which will hardly be done, unless the "admonition" is given with gentleness.

"Omnino est amans sui virtus: optimè enim se ipsa novit; quàmque amabilis sit, intelligit."—(Cap. 26.)

Yes, but this "self-love" will have little "utilitas" in it, unless "virtue" is also beloved by others: take away the urbanity that most recommends it, and it may be hated, though esteemed, more perhaps than its mixture of pride may deserve.

After doing justice to himself, and still more to his deceased friend Scipio, in both of whom was the "amans sui virtus, ut optimè se noscens, quàmque amabilis sit, intelligens," Lælius sums up all with, "virtus, virtus, inquam, C. Fanni, et tu, Q. Muci, et conciliat amicitias, et conservat:" describing and expatiating upon the properties and effects of virtue, and instancing them in various characters which he mentions; ending with that of his friend, of whom he says, "Mihi quidem Scipio, quamquam est subito ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivet; virtutem enim amavi illius viri quæ extincta non est." This he might say with a further reference than what is contained in "nec mihi soli versatur ante oculos, qui illam semper in manibus habui; sed etiam posteris erit clara et insignis." But more than this he probably felt (and Cicero with him) that he could not affirm, without

a higher authority to sanction it. Emboldened by that authority, we say,

“ Why then their loss deplore, who are not lost ?
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?
 They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
 Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
 On us, more justly number'd with the dead,” &c. &c.

The “ *recordatio et memoria*” of his friend, and the *diutius in hoc desiderio esse non posse*, were the chief consolations which Lælius had for the loss of him, and for the privation of the enjoyments which he had shared with him.

“ *Omnia autem brevia, tolerabilia esse debent, si magna sint*” could afford little consolation to the sense of his loss, unaccompanied as it was with the hope of its being ever replaced—except what might be implied in the “ *nihil mali Scipioni accidisse puto:*” or the “ *reditum in cœlum patere optimoque et justissimo cuique expeditissimum.*”—(Cap. 3.)

His “ *magnum solatium*”—“ *quod in hoc desiderio diutius esse non potuit,*” seems hardly to have extended beyond the bounds of this life.

This work of Cicero's is a sublime, and, in general a just description of friendship; with the exception (as to both these qualities, as I have before observed) of the necessity of its having enemies, to prove itself upon. This may be friendship, but it is not the

“charity” of the Gospel, which wants no such opposition, to give it its greatest elevation. Lælius’s friendship wants a better sanction, to raise it to a level with that: the best friendship is with God; and it is the friendship of the Christian. In that all human interests and desires are included. Those who attempt to carry human benevolence higher than the Gospel requires, will find that *altitudinibus suis ipsi se perdunt*¹.

There is a sort of heroism, or rather of philosophical indifference, if not insensibility, in the declarations and physical comparisons of the ends of human and vegetable life, in the 19th chap. of “*de Senectute*,” mixed indeed with a faint hope of escaping the annihilation, the “harbour” of eternal rest (which Cato felt his approach to, and supposed might be his destiny) by a continuation of existence, and enjoyment of happiness after death; a hope which, as I have said, appears to have been permitted to the heathens, before it was confirmed by the declarations of the Gospel. I know not whether it was to be expected from the pen of Cicero, crude, superficial and incomplete as were the religious notions of the heathens, that he would rest his ideas of a future existence upon the justice and benevolence of the Creator, as Young does. The heathens had nothing to sanction this, but the ideas of their poets, which were so much at variance

¹ As Young says, all our fellow-creatures, except the unworthy, are

“Proprietors eternal of our love.”

with each other and with themselves, that Horace opposes the "perpetuus sopor" of "Quinctilius," to the "splendida arbitria" which "Minos" was to pronounce upon "Torquatus" after his death.

And Virgil, taught no doubt by his brother poet and Epicurean Schoolmaster Lucretius, says,

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari."

The heathens had too much confidence in themselves; their "omnia sua in se posita ducere," had little humility in it: but indeed, in the agency of a plurality of Gods, they could not well ascribe all they had (their "omnia sua") to the bounty of any one of them. And what a substitute was their "natura" for this! No, we must be told from a divine authority, even what appears to be essential to the common principles of justice; that is, if we may apply its obligations to the Creator and Disposer of all things. The ancients could look for no immortality but what was to perpetuate their memories on earth. Cicero tried, but could not succeed, either in consoling himself for the loss of existence, or in assuring himself of the continuance of it, and of the enjoyment of happiness after death. His own death was a submission to necessity; that of Cato (of Utica), a sacrifice to pride. Of that of Brutus I have already spoken.

It was perhaps a little extraordinary that the ancients did not admit (that I recollect) the agency

of any malignant principle into their mythology, as that would have accounted for the existence of evil (which they could not but acknowledge) in a way similar to that of the Manichæan system; which, excepting the extreme absurdity of supposing two opposite principles of equal power, seems to make a near approach to the religion of the Bible; but how order was to result from such a conflict as that in the Manichæan system, even if Justice herself had held the scales, cannot well be conceived. Lactantius, I think, proves the necessity of the existence of evil, to give occasion for the justice of God, and the free will of man, to exercise themselves: in this, as in other dispensations, the means are evidently adapted to the end; why the plan, in which this adaptation is made, was adopted, we need neither know nor inquire; the "great teacher, Death," will probably inform us, of what even the "docti senes" must wait at least with anxiety for, however the "adolescentes et ii quidem non solùm indocti, sed etiam rustici" may "despise," or be indifferent about it.

"Omnium ætatum certus est terminus, Senectutis autem nullus certus est terminus," (Cap. 20.) shews, that the necessity of preparation for death (the "extrema studia senectutis," or rather the *finis vitæ totius*) is enforced by the "certitude of the termination" of each preceding age of life, and of our pro-

¹ How absurd then to suppose that if God permits evil, it is because He cannot prevent it! But some prefer a bad solution to an acknowledgment of ignorance.

gress towards the end of it; but that certitude is not required in the final period of our earthly existence, as all preparation, as well as all excuse for the delay of it, must then be over; the "night is come, when no man can work." The "explorare, num se ad vesperum esse victurum," (Cap. 19.) may be answered by, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee."

I have said, in page 6, of "de Senectute," that our want of confidence in the expectation of a future life, arises apparently from the impossibility of our conceiving it; to which I might have added, that this very impossibility is one of the strongest arguments in favor of it; as that power of conception would have been equally incompatible with the enjoyment of life, and the fulfilment of our responsibility in it, and with the awful uncertainty and suspense which enforces that fulfilment. The promises given of a future life, and its rewards, are inseparably united with the fulfilment of the duties required for it. If we reject the immortality of the soul, we must reject Christianity too, from which the strongest assurances of that immortality are given to us; and if Christianity is rejected, man will be left to the suggestions of his own mind, to form a system of religion (if he forms any) which will have no other foundation than what those suggestions can give it; and we must reject all the evidence in favor of Christianity, all comparison of its excellence with the very inferior pretensions of all other systems of religion, which have been, more or

less, borrowed from it, but degraded by the grossest superstitions, (for the hands of man defile every thing, as the Roman Catholics have done Christianity,) and we shall have nothing left, but a loose system of our own, that will hardly admit of any interference of the Deity with the concerns of his creatures; in fact, nothing but the barren and hopeless maxims of Epicurism will remain, instead of the all-cheering and God-like doctrines of Christianity¹: man will be thrown upon himself, and those whose fortitude is only what the hardness of their hearts supplies, will be the best able to dispense with the supports which the weakness of human nature so much requires; and that very fortitude, liable as it is to be shaken by the misfortunes of life, must be maintained by a substitution of sophistical opinions in lieu of the dictates of reason, or by a diversion of all thought by the pursuits of levity, (for worldly occupations will not alone be sufficient,) or by the still more degrading indulgence of vice and depravity.

¹ If we do not allow GOD to be "good," we have no real inducement to be good ourselves, and therefore cannot be Christians.

SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS.

FRAGMENTUM LIBRI SEXTI CICERONIS DE
REPUBLICA.

Scipio loquitur.

I.

CUM in Africam venissem, Marco Manilio Consuli ad quartam legionem tribunus (ut scitis) militum; nihil mihi potius fuit, quàm ut Masinissam convenirem, regem familiæ nostræ justis de causis amicissimum. Ad quem ut veni, complexus me senex collacrymavit; aliquantoque pòst suspexit in cœlum, et “Grates,” inquit, “tibi ago, summe sol, vobisque, reliqui Cœlites, quòd, antequàm ex hâc vitâ migro, conspicio in meo regno, et his tectis, Publium Cornelium Scipionem, cujus ego nomine ipso recreor; ita nunquam ex animo meo discedit illius optimi atque invictissimi viri memoria.” Deinde ego illum de suo regno, ille me de nostrâ republicâ percontatus est: multisque verbis ultro citroque habitis, ille nobis consumptus est dies. Pòst autem, regio apparatu accepti, sermonem in multam noctem produximus; cùm senex nihil nisi de Africano

SCIPIO'S DREAM.

A FRAGMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF CICERO'S DE
REPUBLICA.

Scipio speaks.

I.

WHEN I arrived in Africa, where, as you know, I was Military Tribune to the fourth legion under the Consul Marcus Manilius, I had no greater wish than to meet with Masinissa, a King who was justly united in the strictest bonds of friendship with our family. On my introduction to him, the old man embraced me, with many tears; then looking up to heaven, he said, "I thank thee, O supreme Sun, (*a*) and you, the rest of the cœlestial powers, that before my departure from this life, I am permitted in my own kingdom, and in this house, to see Publius Cornelius Scipio, whose very name gives me pleasure, in the recollection it excites of that excellent and invincible man." (*b*) I then asked him many questions respecting his kingdom, as he did me concerning our republic; and the rest of that day passed in a continued conversation between us, which, after I had been treated in a princely manner, we kept up for a

(*a*) This and subsequent alphabetical marks refer to Notes in the Appendix.

loqueretur, omniaque ejus non facta solùm, sed dicta meminisset. Deinde, ut cubitum discessimus, me, et de viâ, et qui ad multam noctem vigilassem, arc-tior, quàm solebat, somnus complexus est. Hìc mihi (credo equidem ex hoc, quod eramus locuti, fit enim ferè, ut cogitationes sermonesque nostri pariant aliquid in somno tale, quale de Homero scribit En-nius, de quo videlicet sæpissime vigilans solebat cogi-tare, et loqui) Africanus se ostendit eâ formâ, quæ mihi ex imagine ejus, quàm ex ipso, erat notior. Quem ut agnovi, equidem cohorrui. Sed ille, Ades, inquit, animo, et omitte timorem, Scipio; et, quæ dicam, trade memoriæ.

II.

“ VIDESNE illam urbem, quæ, parere populo Ro-mano coacta per me, renovat pristina bella, nec potest quiescere? (ostendebat autem Carthaginem de excelso, et pleno stellarum illustri et claro quodam loco.) Ad quam tu oppugnandam nunc venis pœne miles, hanc hoc biennio consul evertes; eritque cogno-men id tibi per te partum, quod habes adhuc a nobis

great part of the night, during which the old man talked of nothing but Africanus, recollecting not only his actions but his words also. After we had retired to rest, the fatigue of my journey, and the lateness of the hour, threw me into a deeper sleep than usual; in which, (occasioned probably by the subject of our conversation, as our thoughts and discourses frequently produce in our sleep what Ennius has recorded of himself respecting Homer, of whom he was used so often to think and talk at other times) Africanus himself appeared to me, in that form which was more familiar to me from his statue, than from my remembrance of his person. On seeing him, I was really struck with terror; but he said, "Recollect yourself, and lay aside your fears, Scipio; and remember what I shall now say to you."

II.

"Do you see that city (pointing to Carthage from the starry eminence of the heavens, where he then was) which, after having been subdued to the yoke of the Roman people by me, again renews her former contest, unable as she is to rest in quiet? As you are now come to war against her in the early part of your military life¹, you shall, as Consul, entirely destroy her in the course of the next two years, by which you shall gain that surname which you now inherit from your ancestors. And when you have

¹ Scipio was then 29 years of age.

hæreditarium. Cùm autem Carthaginem deleveris, triumphum egeris, censorque fueris, et obieris legatus Ægyptum, Syriam, Asiam, Græciam, deligere iterum consul absens; bellumque maximum conficies; Numantiam excindes. Sed, cùm eris curru Capitolium invectus, offendes rempublicam perturbatam consiliis nepotis mei. Hic tu, Africane, ostendas oportebit patriæ lumen animi, ingenii, consiliique tui. Sed ejus temporis ancipitem video quasi fatorum viam. Nam, cùm ætas tua septenos octies solis anfractus reditusque converterit, duoque hi numeri, quorum uterque plenus, alter alterâ de causâ, habetur, circuitu naturali summam tibi fatalem confecerint; in te unum, atque in tuum nomen, se tota convertet civitas; te senatus, te omnes boni, te socii, te Latini, intuebuntur; tu eris unus, in quo nitatur civitatis salus: ac, ne multa, dictator rempublicam constituas oportet, si impias propinquorum manus effugeris. Hic cùm exclamasset Lælius, ingemissentque cæteri vehementiùs; leniter arridens Scipio, Quæso, inquit, ne me a somno excitetis, et parum rebus; audite cætera.

put an end to the existence of Carthage, you shall enjoy a triumph, be appointed to the Censorship, be sent as a legate to Egypt, Syria, Asia, Greece, and be again elected Consul in your absence from Rome : you shall finish a war of the greatest importance, and you shall destroy Numantia. But, when you are conveyed in triumph to the capitol, you shall become obnoxious to the Republic¹, through the seditious excitements of my grandson. Then, O Africanus, your country must be benefited by your genius, your judgment, and your counsels. But the destiny of that time I regard with a doubtful eye. For when your age shall have passed fifty-six revolutions of the sun, with the different qualities attached to the numbers of 7 and 8, multiplied by each other, which compose the foregoing sum, and will have completed their fated round², the whole city will turn their attention to you, and to your name ; the senate, all good men, our allies, the people of Latium, will all look to you ; on you alone will rest the safety of the state ; and in short, you will have to direct the Republic as its Dictator, if you shall escape from the impious hands of your nearest relations ;” when Lælius cried out on hearing this, and the others who were present, groaned vehemently ; Scipio, gently smiling, said, “ I intreat you not to awaken me from my sleep³, but to give your attention to what I shall now relate to you.”

¹ That is, to the Rulers of it.

² According to the superstitious notions of the Heathens.

³ Beautifully characteristic.

III.

SED, quo sis, Africane, alacrior ad tutandum rempublicam, sic habeto: omnibus, qui patriam conser-
varint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in cœlo ac
definitum locum, locum ubi beati ævo sempiterno
fruantur. Nihil est enim illi principi Deo qui omnem
hunc mundum regit, quod quidem in terris fiat,
acceptius, quàm concilia cœtusque hominum, jure
sociati, quæ civitates appellantur. Harum rectores
et conservatores, hinc profecti, huc revertuntur. Hic
ego, etsi eram perterritus, non tam metu mortis,
quàm insidiarum a meis, quæsivi tamen, viveretne
ipse et Paulus pater, et alii, quos nos extinctos
arbitraremur. Immo verò, inquit, ii vivunt, qui ex
corporum vinculis, tanquam e carcere, evolaverunt;
vestra vero, quæ dicitur vita, mors est. Quin tu
adspicias ad te venientem Paulum patrem. Quem
ut vidi, equidem vim lacrymarum profudi. Ille
autem, me complexus atque osculans, flere prohibe-
bat. Atque ego, ut primum, fletu represso, loqui
posse cœpi, Quæso, inquam, pater sanctissime atque
optime, quoniam hæc est vita, (ut Africanum audio

III.

“BUT, O Africanus (continued the apparition) that you may be more zealous in the defence of the Republic, rely upon this; that for all those who shall have saved, assisted, or aggrandized their country, a certain and destined place is reserved, where they shall enjoy an eternal felicity. For to the Supreme Governor of the universe, there is nothing on earth which is dearer (*c*), than those assemblies and societies of men who are connected by one common system of jurisprudence, and are considered as forming one state; the governors and preservers of these being sent from hence, hither also return.” Here, says Scipio, though I was alarmed, not so much with the fear of death, as with the apprehension of treachery in my near relations¹, I yet enquired, whether my father Paulus, and the others, whom we considered as dead, were still living. “Yes,” said he, “all those live, who have escaped from the chains of their bodies, as from a prison; for the existence which you call life, is the real death (*d*), and you may now see your father Paulus coming towards you.” On seeing him, indeed, I shed abundance of tears; he, however, embracing and kissing me, forbade me to weep. Then I, as soon as my tears would allow me to speak, said, “Tell me, O my most revered and excellent Parent, if this be really life (as I hear Africanus say) why do I remain any longer on earth?”

¹ Who were afterwards supposed to have strangled him.

dicere) quid moror in terris? Quin huc ad vos venire propero? Non est ita, inquit ille. Nisi Deus is, cujus hoc templum est omne quod conspicias, istis te corporis custodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non potest. Homines enim sunt hac lege generati, qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur; hisque animus datus est ex illis sempiternis ignibus, quæ sidera et stellas vocatis; quæ, globosæ et rotundæ, divinis animatæ mentibus, circulos suos orbisque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare et tibi, Publi, et piis omnibus, retinendus est animus in custodiâ corporis; nec, injussu ejus a quo ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vitâ migrandum est; ne munus humanum, assignatum a Deo, defugisse videamini. Sed sic, Scipio, ut avus hic tuus, ut ego qui te genui, justitiam cole, et pietatem; quæ cum sit magna in parentibus et propinquis, tum in patriâ maxima est; ea vita via est in cœlum, et in hunc cœtum eorum, qui jam vixerunt, et, corpore laxati, illum incolunt locum, quem vides. Erat autem is splendidissimo candore inter flammam circus elucens, quem vos (ut a Graiis accepistis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis;

Why should I not hasten to come to you?" "This must not be, answered he, until that God, whose temple is every thing that you see, has freed you from the custody of your body, you can have no entrance here, for men are created under the law which obliges them to take care of that globe, which you see in the middle of this universal temple, and which is called the earth; and to them a mind is given (*e*) from those eternal fires which you call the stars; which being spherical, and animated with divine intelligence (*f*), perform their revolutions (*g*) in the orbits in which they move, with astonishing rapidity; wherefore you, O Publius, and all who venerate the Gods, are bound to preserve your minds in the keeping of your bodies; for it is not lawful for you to quit the life you are now in, unless it is the immediate will of Him who gave you your mind and body; for in so doing you will have deserted the post assigned to you by Him¹. Therefore, O Scipio, follow justice and piety, as your grandfather and I, who begot you, have done;—and remember, that as those virtues are great when exercised towards your own relations, they are the greatest of all when exercised in the service of your country (*h*): such a life is the proper way to heaven, and to the society of those who, being freed from the bodies in which they formerly lived, now inhabit the place you see." Then looking around me, I beheld a shining circle, of the most dazzling brightness, and surrounded by flames, which you, as having been taught by the Greeks, call the milky way; from

¹ As Cicero says in his dialogue, *De Senectute*, "Vetat Pythagoras, injussu Imperatoris, id est Dei, de præsidio et statione vitæ decedere."

ex quo omnia mihi contemplanti præclara cætera et mirabilia videbantur. Erant autem eæ stellæ, quas nunquam ex hoc loco vidimus; et eæ magnitudines omnium, quas esse nunquam suspicati sumus; ex quibus erat illa minima quæ, ultima cœlo, citima terris, luce lucebat alienâ. Stellarum autem globi terræ magnitudinem facilè vincebant. Jam ipsa terra ita mihi parva visa est, ut me imperii nostri, quo quasi punctum ejus attingimus, pœniteret.

IV.

QUAM cùm magis intuerer, Quæso, inquit Africanus, quousque humi defixa tua mens erit? Nonne adspicis, quæ in templa veneris? Novem tibi orbibus vel potiùs globis, connexa sunt omnia: quorum unus est cœlestis, extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur, summus ipse Deus, arcens et continens cæteros; in quo infixi sunt illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni; cui subjecti sunt septem, qui versantur retro, contrario motu, atque cœlum: et quibus unum globum possidet illa, quam in terris Saturniam¹ nominant. Deinde est hominum generi prosperus

¹ Why not *Saturnum*?

whence all the other illustrious and wonderful objects were open to my view. Among these were stars which we have never seen from our earth, and of a magnitude of which we have no idea; and among these was that very small one, which, being the lowest in heaven, and nearest to our earth, shone with a borrowed light. The spheres of the stars (*i*) far surpassed that of the earth in magnitude¹; and the earth itself appeared so small, that I was ashamed of our empire, which seemed but a point in it.

IV.

WHILE my attention was more and more fixed on our earth, wherefore, says Africanus, do your regards dwell on so low an object? Do not you see what a temple you are now in? You may observe (*j*) that all things are connected by nine circles, or rather spheres, one of which is the most elevated, and is exterior to all the rest, which it embraces, as being the supreme God, impelling and comprehending the others²; and in it the eternal revolutions of the stars are continually carried on: to this, seven are appended, which revolve in a contrary direction from the rest of the heavens³; and of these one is occupied by the body which on earth is called Saturn; the next is that favorable and salutary⁴ light which pro-

¹ As the star in Lyra is now supposed to do, relatively to our sun.

² This is at least better than Spinoza's system.

³ That is, they appear to do so, as the latter are stationary.

⁴ As appears to us.

et salutaris ille fulgor, qui dicitur Jovis; tum rutilus horribilisque terris, quem Martem dicitis¹; deinde subter mediam ferè regionem, Sol obtinet, dux, et princeps, et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi, et temperator, tantâ magnitudine ut cuncta suâ luce illustret, et compleat. Hunc, ut comites, consequuntur, Veneris alter, alter Mercurii cursus; in infimoque orbe, Luna, radiis solis accensa, convertitur. Infrâ autem jam nihil est, nisi mortale et caducum, præter animos generi hominum munere Deorum datos. Supra lunam sunt æterna omnia; nam ea, quæ est media et nona, tellus, neque movetur, et infima est, et in eam feruntur omnia suo nutu pondera.

V.

QUÆ cum intuerer stupens, ut me recepi, Quid? hic, inquam, quis est, qui complet aures meas, tantus et tam dulcis sonus? Hic est, inquit ille, qui, intervallis conjunctus imparibus, sed tamen pro ratâ parte ratione distinctis, impulsu et motu ipsorum orbium conficitur; qui, acuta cum gravibus temperans, varios æquabilitè concentus efficit. Nec enim silentio tanti motus excitari possunt; et natura fert, ut extrema ex alterâ parte gravitè, ex alterâ autem acutè sonent. Quam ob causam, summus ille cœli

¹ How well this agrees with the apparent lights of Jupiter and Mars!

ceeds from Jupiter; next to this is the red and horrible fire of Mars; under which is the nearly middle region, (*k*) possessed by the Sun, the leader, prince, and moderator of the other lights, the soul of the world, which it regulates, and illumines, and fills all things with its light. This is accompanied by two other circles; one that of Venus, the other Mercury; and the lowest of all is the Moon in her orbit, and she is enlightened by the rays of the Sun. Below this there is nothing but what is mortal and perishable, excepting the minds that are given to mankind by the Gods. Above the Moon all is eternal; for the earth, which is the ninth, and the centre of all the rest, is immovable, and being the lowest, all the others gravitate towards it.

V.

WHEN I had recovered myself from the astonishment in which I was lost at the contemplation of these things, I said, what is this great and delightful sound (*l*) which now fills my ears? It is, replied he, that which, being composed of parts which are connected by unequal distances, and yet having determined spaces between them, is produced by the impulse and motion of all the different orbs; which, mixing the sharper with the deeper tones, form one general and varied harmony. For it is not in silence that such mighty movements can be carried on; and it is a law of nature, that the extremes on one side shall have a deep, and those on the other an acute sound. For which reason, that supreme circle of the

stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitator, acuto et excitato movetur sono; gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus. Nam terra, nona, immobilis manens, imâ sede semper hæret, complexa medium mundi locum; illi autem octo cursus, in quibus eadem vis est duorum¹, Mercurii et Veneris, septem efficiunt distinctos intervallis sonos; qui numerus rerum omnium fere nodus est. Quod docti homines nervis imitati atque cantibus, aperuere sibi reditum in hunc locum; sicut alii qui præstantibus ingeniis in vitâ humanâ divina studia coluerunt. Hoc sonitu oppletæ aures hominum obsurduerunt²; nec est ullus hebetior sensus in vobis³; sicut, ubi Nilus ad illa, quæ Cata-dupa nominantur, præcipitat ex altissimis montibus, ea gens, quæ illum locum accolit, propter magnitudinem sonitûs, sensu audiendi caret. Hic vero tantus est totius mundi incitatissimâ conversione sonitus, ut eum aures hominum capere non possint, sicut intueri solem adversum nequitis, ejusque radiis acies vestra sensusque vincitur. Hæc ego admirans, referebam tamen oculos ad terram identidem.

¹ Mercury and Venus move with the *same* celerity in their orbits! How have the calculations of the Ancients been formed?

² Should not this be "obsurduerint?"

³ Then men are more "deaf" than blind.

starry heavens, whose revolution is quicker, is moved with a shrill and piercing, while the lunar and lowest one has a very deep sound. As to the earth, which is the ninth body, occupying the middle place in the universe, that is always immoveably fixed to the lowest part of it; but those eight revolutionary circles, of which the two of Mercury and Venus are moved with the same celerity—give out sounds that are divided by seven distinct intervals (*m*); which is generally the regulating number of all things. And their being imitated by skilful men, in stringed instruments and vocal music, has opened to them (*n*) their return to this place; as the talents, which have qualified others for divine pursuits in human life, have also to them. The ears of men, if struck with the full force of this sound, would be deafened by it; in the same manner as those who inhabit the places which are called Catadupa, where the Nile precipitates itself from the highest mountains, are deprived of their hearing by the greatness of the sound. But here the sound, excited by the prodigious rapidity of the movement of the whole universe, is so great, that the ears of men could not possibly bear it, any more than their eyes could bear the direct contemplation of the rays of the sun, which would entirely destroy the sight." As much as I admired all these things, I still kept my eyes fixed on the earth.

VI.

TUM Africanus, sentio, inquit, te sedem etiam nunc hominum ac domum contemplari; quæ si tibi parva, ut est, ita videtur, hæc cœlestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito. Tu enim quam celebritatem sermonis hominum, aut quam expetendam gloriam consequi potes? Vides habitari in terrâ raris et angustis in locis; et in ipsis quasi maculis, ubi habitatur, vastas solitudines interjectas; hosque, qui incolunt terram, non modò interruptos ita esse, ut nihil inter ipsos ab aliis ad alios manare possit; sed partim obliquos, partim aversos, partim etiam adversos stare vobis: a quibus expectare gloriam certè nullam potestis. Cernis autem eandem terram, quasi quibusdam redimitam et circumdatam cingulis; e quibus duos, maximè inter se diversos, et cœli verticibus ipsis ex utrâque parte subnixos, obriguisset pruina vides: medium autem illum, et maximum solis ardore torreri. Duo sunt habitabiles, quorum Australis ille, in quo qui insistunt, adversa vobis urgent vestigia, nihil ad vestrum genus. Hic autem alter, subjectus Aquiloni, quem incolitis, cerne, quàm tenui vos parte contingat. Omnis enim terra, quæ

VI.

THEN Africanus said, "I perceive that you are still contemplating the seats and habitations of men, but if those appear to you as small as they really are, you should rather contemplate these celestial objects¹ and despise those merely terrestrial ones. For what celebrity can you expect to obtain from the discourses of men, or what glory can there result to you from them? You see that they inhabit few and confined places in the earth; and even in those diminutive spots, there are comparatively vast deserts intermixed; and the inhabitants of the earth are not only so separated from each other, that there can be no communication between them; but part of them are placed in a different direction from yours, others with their backs turned to you², and others in a totally opposite direction; and from these you certainly can expect to derive no glory. You see also that your earth is at it were bound, and surrounded by certain zones; two of which, totally opposite to each other, and each under the immediate vault of the heavens, you may observe are equally congealed by frost; while the middle and largest of the zones, is burnt up by the heat of the sun. Two are habitable (*o*); of which that Southern one is inhabited by those whose steps are always turned from, but never towards you. And of

¹ In the "mind's eye" no doubt Africanus means.

² As if they were looking towards the Poles!

colitur a vobis, angusta verticibus, lateribus latior, parva quædam insula est, circumfusa illo mari, quod Atlanticum, quod magnum, quem Oceanum appellatis in terris; qui tamen, tanto nomine, quàm sit parvus, vides. Ex his ipsis cultis notisque terris, num aut tuum aut cujusquam nostrum nomen, vel Caucasum hunc, quem cernis, transcendere potuit, vel illum Gangem transnatare? Quis in reliquis orientis aut obeuntis solis ultimis aut Aquilonis Austrive partibus, tuum nomen audiet? quibus amputatis, cernis profecto, quantis in angustiis vestra gloria se dilatari velit! Ipsi autem, qui de vobis loquuntur, quàm loquentur diu?

VII.

QUIN etiam, si cupiat proles illa futurorum hominum deinceps laudes uniuscujusque nostrum, a patribus acceptas, posteris prodere; tamen, propter eluviones exustionesque terrarum, quas accidere tempore certo necesse est, non modò æternam, sed ne diuturnam quidem gloriam assequi possumus. Quid autem interest, ab iis qui postea nascentur, sermonem fore de te, cùm ab iis nullus fuerit, qui

this other Northern one, which you inhabit, you may see what a small part is occupied by you. For all the land, which is under your subjection, is a certain small Island, narrow at its extremities, and broader at its sides, and is surrounded by that sea, which, on earth you call the great Atlantic Ocean ; and which, with this magnificent name, you see the trifling extent of ; and even in these cultivated and well-known countries, has yours, or any of our names ever passed the heights of Caucasus, or the expanse of the Ganges ? In what other parts, to the North or the South, or where the Sun rises or sets, will your name ever be heard ? And excluding these, how small a space is there left for your glory to spread itself in ? And how long will it remain in the memory of those, whose minds are now full of it ?

VII.

BESIDES all this, if the progeny of any future generation should wish to transmit to their posterity the praises of any one of us, which they have heard from their forefathers ; yet the deluges and combustions of the earth, which must necessarily happen at their destined periods¹, will prevent our obtaining, not only an eternal, but even a glory of any lasting duration. And after all, what does it signify, whether those, who shall hereafter be born, talk of you, of whom those who preceded them, and who were not fewer in

¹ Cicero seems here to magnify local, into universal events.

antè nati sint? qui nec pauciores, et certè meliores, fuerunt viri; cùm præsertim apud eos ipsos, a quibus audiri nomen nostrum potest, nemo unius anni memoriam consequi possit: homines enim, popularitèr annum tantummodo solis, id est, unius astri, reditu metiuntur; cùm autem ad idem, unde semel profecta sunt, cuncta astra redierint, eademque totius cœli descriptionem longis intervallis retulerint, tum ille verè vertens annus appellari potest; in quo vix dicere audeo, quàm multa secula hominum teneantur. Namque, ut olim deficere Sol hominibus exstinguique visus est, cùm Romuli animus hæc ipsa in templa penetravit; ita, quandoque eâdem parte Sol, eodemque tempore, iterum defecerit, tum, signis omnibus ad idem principium, stellisque revocatis, expletum annum habeto. Huius quidem anni nondum vicesimam partem scito esse conversam. Quocirca, si reditum in hunc locum desperaveris, in quo omnia sunt magnis et præstantibus viris; quanti tandem est ista hominum gloria, quæ pertinere vix ad unius anni partem exiguam potest? Igitur altè spectare si voles, atque hanc sedem et æternam domum contueri; neque te ser-

number, and were certainly better¹ men, made no mention? Especially when, of those amongst whom our names may be heard, not one can retain the memory of a single year; for men commonly measure their years by the revolutions of the Sun, that is, of one of the Stars; but when all the Stars shall have revolved in their orbits, and returned to the point from which they first set out, and shall have marked (*p*) the same track through the immensity of celestial space, at vast distances of time, then a whole year may be truly said to have elapsed; in which I hardly dare to say how many ages of man are contained. For, as the Sun appeared to abandon mankind, and to be itself extinguished in darkness, when the soul of Romulus was received into this great temple; so, when the same Sun shall, at the destined period, be again extinguished, and all the Signs and Stars of heaven are recalled to their primæval state, the year may be considered as being completed, of which the twentieth part is not yet passed. Wherefore if the hope is abandoned of a return to this place, in which great and excellent men are perfected in enjoyment; what is the glory that remains for men, which can hardly last for a small part of a single year? If then you wish to elevate your views to the contemplation of this eternal seat of glory, you will not be satisfied

¹ This answers, as I have elsewhere observed, to Horace's

“*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit*
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.”

monibus vulgi dederis, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum: suis te, oportet, illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant; sed loquentur tamen. Sermo autem omnis ille et angustiis cingitur iis regionum quas vides; nec unquam de ullo perennis fuit; et obruitur hominum interitu; et oblivione posteritatis exstinguitur.

VIII.

QUÆ cùm dixisset, Ego verò, inquam, O Africane, si quidem bene meritis de patriâ quasi limes ad cœli aditum patet, quamquam, a pueritiâ vestigiis ingressus patriis et tuis, decori vestro non defui; nunc tamen, tanto præmio proposito, enitar multo vigilantius. Et ille, Tu verò enitere; et sic habeto, non esse te mortalem, sed corpus hoc. Nec enim tu is es, quem forma ista declarat; sed mens cujusque, is est quisque; non ea figura, quæ digito demonstrari potest. Deum te igitur scito esse; siquidem Deus est, qui viget, qui sentit, qui meminit, qui providet, qui tam regit et moderatur et movet id corpus cui præpositus est, quàm hunc mundum ille princeps Deus: et ut mundum ex quâdam parte mortalem ipse Deus æternus, sic fragile corpus animus sempiternus movet. Nam, quod semper move-

with the praises of your fellow-mortals, nor with any human rewards that your exploits can attain; but virtue herself will point to you the true and only object worthy of her pursuit. Leave to others to speak of you as they may, for speak they will. Their discourses will be confined to the narrow limits of the countries which you see; nor will their duration be more extended; for they will perish like those who utter them, and will be no more remembered by their posterity.

VIII.

WHEN he ceased to speak, I said, O Africanus, if indeed the door of heaven is open to those who have deserved well of their country, whatever progress I may have made since my childhood, in following yours and my father's steps, I will from henceforth strive to follow them still more closely. "Follow them then," said he; "and consider your body only, not yourself, as mortal; for it is not your outward form that constitutes your being, but your mind; not that substance which is palpable to the senses. Know then that you are a god: for a god it must be that vivifies, and gives sensation, memory, foresight, to the body to which it is attached, and which it governs and regulates, as the Supreme Ruler does the world which is subject to him; and as that eternal Being (*q*) moves whatever is mortal of this world, so the immortal mind of man moves the frail body to which it is attached. For what is always¹

¹ What is this "always?" and must what is "always moved," necessarily move itself? So then must the celestial bodies.

tur, æternum est: quod autem motum affert alicui, quodque ipsum agitur aliunde; quando finem habet motus, vivendi finem habeat, necesse est¹. Solum igitur, quod sese movet, quia nunquam deseritur a se, nunquam ne moveri quidem desinit; quin etiam cæteris, quæ moventur, hic fons, hoc principium est movendi². Principio autem nulla est origo; nam ex principio oriuntur omnia; ipsum autem nullâ ex re aliâ nasci potest: nec enim id esset principium, quod gigneretur aliunde³. Quod si nunquam oritur ne occidet quidem unquam, nam principium extinctum nec ipsum ab alio renascetur, nec ex se aliud creavit; siquidem necesse est a principio⁴ oriri omnia. Ita fit, ut motûs principium ex eo sit quod ipsum a se movetur (id autem nec nasci potest, nec mori); vel concidat omne cœlum, omnisque natura, et consistat, necesse est, nec vim ullam nanciscatur, quâ a primo impulsa moveatur.

¹ Sed motum corpori affert animus; et nonne ipse agitari aliunde potest? Agitatio vero ista æterna esse potest: Tamquam Deus ipse, qui hominum animos movit, æternus est.

² In Deo autem, arcente et continente, sunt omnia: et sua Deus nunquam deserit: animus igitur solus ille supremus erit.

³ Principium autem origo esse potest: sed non (ut dicam) origo efficiens. Qui efficit, ille principium statuit: aut, si velis, ipse principium est.

⁴ Id est, a Deo.

moved must be eternal; but what derives its motion from a power which is foreign to itself, and by which itself is moved, when that motion ceases¹, must itself lose its animation. That alone, then, which moves itself, can never cease to be moved, because it can never desert itself²; and it must be the source and origin of motion in all the rest; there can be nothing prior to this origin, for all things must originate from it: itself cannot derive its existence from any other source, for if it did, it would no longer be primary. And if it had no beginning, it can have no end³; for a beginning that is put an end to, will neither be renewed by any other cause, nor will it produce any thing else of itself; all things therefore must originate from one source⁴. Thus it follows that motion must have its source in what is moved by itself; and which can neither have a beginning nor an end: otherwise all the heavens, and all nature must perish; impossible as it is, that they can of themselves acquire any power of producing motion in themselves.

¹ And why should this divine impulse ever cease? O "vain imaginings!"

² What a fertile source of eloquence a "datum" (or "postulatum") —is!

³ True: but is the previous reasoning consistent with this? Perhaps it may; allowing for a little perplexity.

⁴ "Vain imaginings," still.

Hominum mentes (I repeat it) altitudinibus suis se perdunt.

IX.

CUM pateat igitur, æternum id esse quod a se ipso moveatur, quis est, qui hanc naturam animis esse tributam neget? Inanimum est enim omne, quod pulsu agitur externo; quod autem animal est, id motu cietur interiore, et suo; nam hæc est natura propria animi, atque vis. Quæ si est una ex omnibus, quæ sese moveat, neque nata est certè, et æterna est. Hanc tu exerce in optimis rebus. Sunt autem optimæ curæ, de salute patriæ; quibus agitatus et exercitatus animus velociùs in hanc sedem et domum suam pervolabit; idque ocyùs faciet, si jam tum, cùm erit inclusus in corpore, eminebit foras, et ea, quæ extra erunt, contemplans, quàm maximè se a corpore abstrahet. Namque eorum animi, qui se corporis voluptatibus dederunt, earumque se quasi ministros præbuerunt, impulsuque libidinum¹ voluptatibus obedientium, Deorum et hominum jura violaverunt, corporibus elapsi, circum terram ipsam volutantur; nec hunc in locum, nisi multis exagitati sæculis, revertuntur. Ille discessit; ego somno solutus sum.

¹ Hæccine "externæ" sunt?

IX.

As therefore it is plain, that what is moved by itself must be eternal, who will deny that this is the general condition of minds? For every thing is inanimate which is moved by an impulse exterior to itself; but what is animated is moved by an interior impulse of its own; for this is the peculiar nature and power of mind. And if that alone has the power of self-motion, it can neither have had a beginning, nor can it have an end. Do you therefore exercise this mind of yours in the best pursuits; which consist in promoting the good of your country: such employments will speed the flight of your mind to this its proper abode; and its flight will be still more rapid, if it will look abroad and disengage itself from its bodily dwelling, in the contemplation of the things which are external to itself¹. This it will do to the utmost of its power. For the minds of those, who have given themselves up to the pleasures of the body, paying as it were a servile obedience to their lustful impulses, have violated the laws of God and men, and therefore when separated from their bodies, they are doomed to flutter continually round the earth in which they lived; and are not allowed to return to this place, till they have been purified by the agitations of many ages." Thus saying, he left me, and I awoke from my sleep.

¹ Glorious is the power we have of doing this, though not always the source of pleasure; for the "cud of fancy" is both sweet and bitter.

I believe that my thinking readers will sympathize with me in the pleasure I have felt in thus bringing Young and Cicero together, with other advocates, ancient and modern, whom I have quoted in support of a cause which they all had more or less in view (Religion), and which is best supported by the Bible, the great support of all who believe the truths which it contains.

Cicero's Astronomy and Philosophy were quite sufficient to make *Deists*; but more is required, and has been given, to make *Christians*.

APPENDIX.



(a) "*I thank thee, O supreme Sun,*" &c.

THIS is an instance of the adoration paid by the ancients to sensible objects, which, as they conceived, derived their power of motion from themselves, and were therefore of a divine nature. This was judging from the evidence of the senses, which can give us no idea of an impelling power which is not visible to them : although it might be fairly inferred from a connected train of reasoning from effects to their causes ; but even this appears to be beyond the power of man (acquired as we see his knowledge is) till he has been enlightened by a communication from a higher intelligence.

(b) "*That excellent and invincible man.*"

This eulogium on the elder Africanus did Masinissa the more credit (supposing him to have really spoken it) as the recollection of Sophonisba must have made him sensible of the blame that it reflected on himself.

(c) "*For to the supreme Governor of the Universe, there is nothing on earth which is dearer,*" &c.

That is, the regards of the Deity are influenced by the varying interests and passions of men, in a state of society. Such is the connexion, which the Heathen Philosophy established, between

God and his creatures on earth. 'Tis true, that the Gentiles are to be "judged by their own laws ;" but that surely must be, as far as those laws are agreeable to the immutable laws of Justice ; that is, of God himself. To these, Patriotism itself must bow.

(d) "*The existence which you call life, is the real death.*"

How much this coincides with St. Paul's words, "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth ; for you are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—That is, where He is, there shall you be also, for ever.

(e) "*To them a mind is given by those eternal fires,*" &c.

Here is a strange mixture of truth and falsehood, resulting from a sense of the necessity of referring all to a Supreme Cause, and a want of that information from above which can alone enable us to look higher than to the subordinate action of visible objects.

(f) "*Animated with Divine intelligence.*"

Animated ! and by whom ? Certainly not by themselves.

(g) "*Perform their revolutions,*" &c.

Yes, perform them (supposing they really revolve) but not "quia ipsæ a se moventur." But Newton himself could not explain the cause (otherwise than by resolving it into infinite power and wisdom) which gave them their first impulse, and still sustains it : and to which, his "gravitation, centripetal and centrifugal force," &c. must all be referred.

"The course of nature is the art of God."—(*Night Thoughts*).

An infinite cause must have an infinite action. Cicero's highest flight seems to be the "orbis extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur ; summus ipse Deus ; arcens et continens cæteros," &c. But even here, ubiquity is lost sight of. No, the natural extent

of man's mental, seems to be that of his visual sight. One of the greatest acquirements that the mind of man has made, seems to be, the power of calculating what the Divine mind has ordained, in the revolutions of the celestial bodies, the occurrence of eclipses, &c.

Metaphysics itself is only a sublimer kind of physics; for what is "behind" nature, or what does nature itself receive its impulses from, but its Author? But *there* the mind of man cannot reach: it can only "look up" to Him through his works. To see the Author himself, indeed, would only be a step farther in abstraction; but that step would be into INFINITY!—That we shall see Him hereafter is our dearest hope.

(h) "*In the service of your country.*"

This seems to have been the summum bonum of Cicero and his patriotic countrymen; excited as it may be by other motives than the pure desire to fulfil the will of God, which alone can refine it from all the dross of human ambition. He has required of us "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with him;" a most comprehensive sum of duty, no doubt, and referrible to all other obligations beyond those which we owe chiefly to our fellow-creatures, our duties to whom are all comprised in that which we owe to God. The patriotism of the ancients looked not so high, nor did it rate itself so low: its own glory was its idol. There are passages however in this work that seem to indicate higher views.

(i) "*The spheres of the stars,*" &c.

This is a wonderful stretch of human intellect, founded indeed on an erroneous system of Astronomy, which supposed all the stars to move round the earth, as the central body. This too, proceeded from the information of the senses, not the deductions of reason.

(j) “*You may observe,*” &c.

Here again the sublimity of man’s conceptions shows itself as strongly as the imperfection of his reasoning powers, or at least his use of them, shows itself, as well in accounting for secondary causes, as in referring them to their primary source.

(k) “*Nearly middle region,*” &c.

But how is this? The Sun is here represented as a central body (or nearly so) revolving round another central body, the earth. It seems that our senses may lead us not only into errors, but into contradictions. It is true that there may be cycles and epicycles, as in Lambert’s system¹; but does not Cicero elsewhere talk of the “supreme Sun, illumining,” &c.—and afterwards mention the Moon as being particularly illumined by it? Cicero seems to place the Sun in the middle of the celestial (or more properly the planetary Host, to which he seems to confine him) like a general “dux et princeps,” in the centre of his army. How confused at any rate must the Astronomical notions of the ancients have been, till the enlightened times of Christianity! For though the Jews had not the true information given them (which indeed they were not capable of receiving) along

¹ Lambert’s system, which makes the universe consist of cycle within cycle, all revolving round one common centre, which is the immediate throne of the Deity; a vast and perhaps visionary system, and liable to the additional objection of giving locality to Omnipresence. If St. John’s Revelation is urged in favour of it, it may be said, that the descriptions in that are suited to human knowledge and experience, as are many passages in the Old Testament. Should not this make us cautious of entering into detailed explanations? The neglect of this caution seems to be punished by the discord it produces. Our Saviour indeed came to “bring peace and goodwill towards man;” but the human passions wield the “sword;” and he knew, and left them to their free agency.

with their religious and moral system, yet I think we may conclude, that it gradually followed the sublime acknowledgment of a supreme Ruler and Creator, to whom all creation is subordinate. Would Newton otherwise have made that ultimate reference? For it must be made somewhere, as we see Cicero does to his "orbis extimus." The sense of our weakness and ignorance ought to lead us to the acknowledgment of superior, and finally supreme power and knowledge.

(b) "*What is this great and delightful sound?*"

The harmony of the spheres, which Cicero elsewhere considers as a fable, as most men probably do now. But how are we to limit perceptions, or the possibility of what may relate to them? How are we to interpret "shall he who made the eye, not see? who made the ear, not hear?" &c. Sounds, as well as motion, and consequently the perception of them, may have their gradations, as indeed we see in animate and inanimate objects; and as we may conceive the possibility of in those which are far above our sight, hearing, or imagination. The perceptions of an infinite and supreme Being must be as unbounded as his other attributes; our finite ones are proportioned to the sensible impulses that are necessary to excite them, and to what they can bear; as appears (if the fact is true) from what is afterwards said of the effect of the falls of the Nile. Perceptions indeed may suppose some contact (as there certainly is in ours) between the sense (or organ of it) and the object perceived; and so may lead to materialism; but I know not why spirit may not be supposed to be the highest degree of attenuation in matter; as beyond this it should seem that there must be *nothing*, which is a total abstraction from matter, of all its qualities¹. This attenuation may be quite as unperceivable by man, (who "hath not

¹ And indeed a negation of all existence. For what existence can there be in total abstraction?

seen God at any time") as unsubstantial spirit itself, and though it may at first appear to sanction Cicero's "orbis extimus," and even to approach to Spinosism, yet by giving it infinity and ubiquity, (which we must attribute to the great Creator and Governor of the universe) I should think it may be kept clear of both these imputations; and no less so of that of infidelity to Christianity; for what bounds can we assign to the power and the mercy of God?

To what I have said above, I may add, that I do not see why an abstraction from all perceptibility should necessitate an abstraction from all possibility of conception, or of any approach towards it; nor do I see, why all existence, divine and human, spiritual or corporeal, should not be contained within the extremes of analogy. The scriptural text, that "man was made in the image of God," is I think in favour of this idea; and it may perhaps add to our love of God, without at all diminishing our reverence of him. And are we to attach no intelligible meaning to St. Paul's declaration, that "our bodies shall hereafter be made like unto Christ's glorious body?" Surely all man's "imaginings" are not "vain," or merely visionary. Whatever is entirely abstracted from them must verge at least upon impossibility: we should have some conception, however faint or remote, of what we are required to believe; which indeed seems to be indicated by our attempts at explanation. What hold can the mind have upon a perfectly incomprehensible and inconceivable idea? Indeed in that case there can be no idea at all: To what then is the mind to affix itself? Can the feelings fill up such a void? They too require some sympathy, and what sympathy can there be, where there is no analogy? How can we address "our Father which is in Heaven?"

(m) "*Sounds divided by seven distinct intervals.*"

Here again is an instance of the reach of human knowledge and the error of human judgment. Elevation producing acute

sounds, and depression deep ones, is agreeable enough to analogy; but what elevation or depression can there be in infinite space, or what analogy between finite and infinite? Connection seems to reign throughout; but how far do its bounds extend? As to the distinction of *numbers*, I believe there are few more puzzling objects than that. The “*numerus impar*” seems indeed to prevail.

(n) “*This being imitated by skilful men, has opened to them,*” &c.

Talent then is the guide to heaven, independent of moral practice. Not so the Gospel.

(o) “*Two of these are habitable,*” &c.

This is nearly a true description of the earth, except in the steps of the inhabitants of the southern temperate zone being “always turned from, and never towards” those of the northern; and what is meant by this, seems difficult to conceive. If “those in a totally opposite direction” means the antipodes to us, it seems to imply a knowledge of the rotundity of the earth. It seems indeed difficult to explain what is meant by the frigid zones being immediately under the vault of the heavens; perhaps it may allude to the astronomical representations of the ancients.

(p) “*Shall have marked,*” &c.

Does this mean the golden cycle of 25,000 years? How did the ocular observations of the ancients lead them to these conclusions? When Cicero speaks of the sun as a “single star,” one would think that he concluded all the others to be fixed stars also, as we consider them.—Comets, of which Cicero makes no mention, have been supposed by some to be the replenishers of the solar heat, in this and perhaps other systems. If so, may it not be asked, from whence do Comets themselves derive their

heat? For it cannot be supposed that the secret stores of animated existence are made to last for ever; if not, they must depend, as they surely do, on the will of God; and that will, we are told is, that they shall all have an end. But that end, we are also told, is to be in self-consumption; or rather, in the excess of the vivifying principle (“the elements shall melt with fervent heat,” &c.); this then must be inexhaustible; and the source of it must be in the Supreme Cause himself.

(q) “*As that eternal Being,*” &c.

This may in some degree be sanctioned by the text which says that “God created man in his own image.” But Cicero’s love of glory and his attribution of it to human exploits, is not content with referring all to one great and solely efficient Cause; he makes the mind of man immortal of itself; with a confused notion indeed of subordination, and an ultimate reference to one great Source, his “*orbis extimus.*”

(r) “*That alone which moves itself can never cease to be moved.*”

A self-moving substance may be immortal, and may derive its immortality from another source than what is inherent in its own nature: the power that confers the immortality can maintain it; as indeed the first gift of it supposes. Cicero dwells on this self-inherent power of motion, as a proof of immortality, which seems to show, that the ancients could not abstract their thoughts from sensible objects. Instead of referring all to one supreme and all-directing mind, they multiplied that mind, *ad infinitum*. But he still makes the subordinate degrees of it the gift of a higher power, from which therefore they must emanate, and on which they must depend; one universal cause, acting every where, and seen no where, but in its effects, which unassisted reason, like Cicero’s, is liable to err in its endeavours to account for. Indeed, he seems to have had no ideas of an im-

pulling power that is not visible to the senses ; but what would he say of the passions ? what of conscience ? Are these visible agents ? And does not Africanus's exhortation to his grandson, "Hunc tu exerce," &c. imply that he had an impelling power over his mind ? Whence was that derived ?

As to the attribution, not only of immortality, but even of divinity, to every thing that has the power of self-motion, Cicero may not have considered, that according to this, the minds of the brute creation must be equally immortal and divine. All this, as I have repeatedly said before, seems to be caused by a want of the proper attribution of all secondary effects or causes to one first and supreme Cause, from whence they flow. The laws of nature are the will of God. But the principle on which Cicero establishes the unlimited existence of the Supreme Being, seems to set limits to his power ; in dividing and multiplying that power. But what vain attempts are these, to reach an unattainable source !

We may observe, that Cicero shows himself to be of the academic school in putting his metaphysical ideas into the shape of a dream. His reasoning upon the nature of *mind* and motion, could hardly satisfy him. Being, like Horace, "Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri," he was left to the "tempestas" of his momentary feelings, and wanted a Revelation, to strengthen and confirm the voice of his reason.

All the moral part of his beautiful effusion is as strictly true, as it is mortifying to human vanity. But not to be "satisfied with the praises of our fellow-mortals," points out a higher ambition¹, and is in perfect conformity with the sacred text, which cautions us against preferring "the praises of men to the praise of God." And however exaggerated Cicero's ideas of human glory may appear, when viewed in other lights than he here regards it, there still will remain sufficient excitement to the active service of our country, connected with, and subser-

¹ And a belief of future rewards.

vient as it ought to be to, a regard for those higher duties, the fulfilment of which can alone give it any real merit or effect : for no solid benefit can be conferred on mankind, unless it is sanctioned by an adherence to our moral and religious obligations, with which even the most ardent pursuits of ambition, either in peace or war, may, and ought to be, made consistent. So shall the "praise of men" unite with the praise of God ; and human glory be crowned with everlasting rewards. Cicero may well contrast his "unius astri," or unius anni memoria, or even his "diuturna gloria," with the "æterna," which he rightly places where alone (better understood as it is in the Christian system) an "eternal weight of glory" can be "worked out." And I believe it is necessary to make this contrast, to show the real littleness of all human glory, which neither Scipio's exploits, nor Horace's writings (though "Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori") can of themselves make eternal. Horace's "non omnis moriar" has hitherto been verified, certainly ; but we must consider how small a part of Cicero's "year" is passed, since both their deaths, and how much smaller (indeed comparatively nothing) of eternity. All glory, but that in which St. Paul said he would only "glory" compared with that, must be vain glory.

As to Cicero's "many ages" of *Purgatory*, that idea must be left to the vacillating opinions and imperfect belief (or at least comprehension) of the fearful and wavering Christian, to think of as the bias of the moment may incline him, in a matter on which the sacred writings throw no unclouded light. As the "Gentiles were to be judged by their own laws," so may we presume that we shall be judged according to our ability to profit by the information that has been given to us. In doing this, I think we should be careful not to set up, as the Unitarians do, our own notions of elevation of sentiment, &c. in opposition to that humble acquiescence in, and reasonable interpretation of, the sacred text, which is both required of, and appealed to, in the Christian believer. But the rational humility which that

implies, and much more the "broken and contrite heart," would have little charms for the high-minded Unitarian. Let him however beware how he trusts in his own "righteousness," or, as he perhaps would have it called, his *moral dignity*¹. As little can we be justified in asserting those "new lights," which the examples of the present times, perhaps, above all preceding ones, show how soon, and how extravagantly they may be generated and fostered (whether for ostentatious or self-deluding purposes) by those who abuse, instead of using their reason, as our Saviour exhorts them to do. In this censure it is hard to say, whether Sceptics or Enthusiasts are the most involved: sed humanum est errare.

Will the Unitarian declare, that he has a settled opinion, that the nature of Christ was not in itself divine, but that he was exalted by the favour of God for his merits (as indeed some passages of the New Testament import), and that God was no more his Father than He is ours, as Christ's own mention of Him ("my Father and your Father") also imports? What meaning then is to be attached to the passages, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me."—"He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."—"Before Abraham was, I *am*," &c.?—So indeed he might have said of us all, if our nature is to be put upon a level with His, and if a pre-existent state of human souls is to be admitted, we are "the images of God," or at least we were so before the fall. But was Christ no more? or was he "fashioned" by a better sculptor? Or was he only an archangel, and his nature afterwards raised still higher, for the purpose he was meant to answer? If he came only to in-

¹ There may be "breathings of the soul" even in the midst of "business" (as is said in Dr. Channing's sermon, at New York) and they may be addressed to an Almighty and Merciful Being, but has the *written word* been *duly* attended to? Have not previous impressions shut the ears or perverted the understanding against it? I fear indeed the *aspirations* have rather an impure mixture.

struct us, what need was there of a person so commissioned? Solon, Lycurgus, Numa, &c. were not so constituted. If he came only as a Mediator, what need was there of his mediation? Is the mercy of God so defective, or is His justice so "untempered" with it, that a creature must be exalted on purpose to fill up the defect, to give the inclination, or to justify God to Himself, to let Him know when and how far He might relax in the severity of His justice? Can any one of the attributes of God be imperfect? Can they want the sacrifice of a life, such as Christ's, to supply that imperfection, or to reconcile them to each other, because our finite understandings are unable to do it? Can God be sensible of His own imperfection, which makes these expedients necessary? Had He no other way of satisfying His justice, but by requiring such an atonement, or if the Unitarian will, a mere sacrifice, to remedy the abuse made by man of the free agency given to him, or his ignorance in the use of it? Was God obliged to make him a free agent, purposely that he might abuse the gift, and make the atonement (or sacrifice, for one or the other it certainly was) necessary? Did God foresee all this, without being able to prevent or otherwise remedy it; to supply the apparent (if they are to be granted as such) defects of the plan He had laid down? or is the power, or are the attributes of God so limited? Is there, after all, an evil principle that overrules or limits them? Can God have any thing to regulate His nature, but what proceeds from that nature itself? And must man require an intelligence that he is not capable of, to justify his belief of mysteries, attested as they are, that are beyond his comprehension? Has he been admitted, as is asked in Job, to the counsels of the Deity? or is he more than His counsellor, is he His corrector?—Had we not better at once acknowledge our ignorance, and its parity with our other imperfections, and throw them all upon the wisdom, the power, and the mercy of our God? If we err (and we must, in following our own suggestions), had it not better be on the safe side? And can we have a better security from error, than in a reason-

able interpretation of the Scriptures? I think neither can be attained, if we make "elevation of sentiment" (see Dr. Channing's sermon) the test of our religious faith; for this will exclude all the humility that our condition requires. Yet this is the meteor that such pastors as Dr. Channing would have us follow. O Pride! what various shapes dost thou assume!

If we suppose that the statements of the New Testament are meant as trials of our feelings and our faith, we shall find no inconsistency in the different characters of God and man in which Christ is represented; for we are taught to consider him in both these lights. The appeal then is made to our reason and our feelings, and to the hardness or tenderness, the justness or perverseness of one or the other, for both ought surely to impel us to consider Christ in the highest light in which he can possibly be placed. The self-exaltation of our pride, or the self-abasement of our humility should both, I think, impel us in the same direction, if we take care that the suggestions of the one are properly directed, and that those of the other are sincere and reasonable. If we do this, I think neither will be likely to mislead us.

May I not refer to the "Night Thoughts," for further arguments against Unitarianism?

A deep sense of our unworthiness will be the best way of arriving at the consolations which the infinite goodness and mercy of God hold out to us; but our confidence in that might trench upon his justice, were it not for the means that have been used to reconcile those properties, in the astonishing and incomprehensible atonement that has been made. In vain shall we urge that we are the creatures of an Almighty Being whose power must have imparted, and whose wisdom foreseen, the qualities by which we are actuated. The consciousness of our free agency and consequent responsibility, and of that liability to sin, which

the best dispositions, unsanctioned by religion, cannot secure us from, must elude all the wiles of sophistry, all attributions to organization, &c. and must leave us at the mercy of that "atra comes," which "premit, sequiturque fugaces." Let us then shelter our ignorance under the information that we have received; let us trust with humble confidence to that; let us use our best efforts, with the assistance that has been promised us, to avail ourselves of the atonement that has been made; let us "embrace and hold fast" the hope it affords; let us receive, rely upon it, and be thankful.

Ought not the Unitarian to tremble, when he requires more evidence for truths which have all the evidence that our reason and our feelings qualify us to receive? Ought he not to tremble when he only gratifies his own pride, in trusting to what he thinks his reason justifies? His reason, which he makes almost as much a "goddess" of, as the French Revolutionists did.

There is a confusion of ideas in the passage, (see page 94) "Nam terra, nona," which I think it is impossible to remove, but which sufficiently agrees with the rest of CICERO's system, and particularly with the passage at the end of Cap. 4. How a body can be at once "media et infima," is hard to conceive, nor is the difficulty lessened, as CICERO perhaps supposed it would, by the substitution of the words "hæret" and "complexa;" why the earth is to be considered as "infima" seems also hard to conceive the necessity of; but such were the notions of an unenlightened heathen, judging, as indeed the Jews also did, from the evidence of the senses, till NEWTON threw a clear light upon what GALILEO had before had a glimpse, and perhaps more than a glimpse of.

ERRATA ET DESIDERATA.

Page 6.—Cicero might have made Cato express his thankfulness, if not for the perfect satisfaction (which perhaps few can feel) that the recollection of a well-spent life gave him, at least for the sense of improving goodness, and consequent peace, which the tranquillizing effects of such an old age as his would daily increase in his mind, as he drew towards the end of life. This is the “peace” which this world affords; at least the beginning of, a “beginning of wisdom,” in “the fear of the Lord;” a fear which the sense of a superior power, and of our obligations to it, cannot but impress us with. So far “saints, savages, and sages,” join in one, however apparently modified and diversified, “adoration.”

I once heard it said, that Cicero was the only true patriot that ever lived. The reply might have been,—If one Cicero, why not others? Timoleon, Epaminondas, Aristides, &c. &c.—They perhaps had not the same abilities, nor opportunities of displaying them, that Cicero had. This she (it was a lady of rank) might not have considered, for she was not one of “That owl-eyed race whom Virtue’s lustre blinds.”—She could bear to look at the sun, in Cicero.

“Virtue” is no longer a mere “name,” when it has been personified. But even Brutus, Cicero’s friend and admirer, had it not in perfection; and in fact, who has? For real patriotism we must look higher. The world has had its “Citizen,” in its Saviour and Redeemer—and “Truth” has had its Martyrs.

Page 14, “the twentieth part” Does this mean “ab urbe condita?”

Page 14, note, for “suits,” read suit.

Page 21, line 32, for “future,” read future—with (?)

“De Senectute,” page 21, line 20, “Neque me vixisse pœnitet;” &c.

If the mind still preserves its vigour when the body has lost it, it is surely a proof that the former will survive the latter. Decay must be gradual, dissolution may be sudden and violent: the body has suffered

one, but the mind still remains unhurt and unaffected. If they were closely united, this would not be the case; the suffering would be mutual in proportion to the closeness of their union.

Page 23, line 18, "Cicero's supposition of," &c.

One, and that not the least of the Mercies of Providence, is in enabling man to make the best of the "Consolations" he has, short as they may be of what Christianity has given. This the Heathens must have experienced: even they had a glimmering hope of a future life. Christianity has brightened it into certainty. Cicero's philosophical conclusions are superseded by revelation, and even by ocular demonstration, in the resurrection of our blessed Saviour. We have, then, every evidence that the mind is capable of receiving, and only Mr. Hume's sophistical rejection of "the want of previous probability," and perhaps Rousseau's strange assertion, that "the sight of a miracle would only have confounded, not convinced him," to oppose to it.

Page 24, line 7, "Dr. Butler has made," &c.

A believing and reasonable mind will admit analogies, where an unbelieving one sees only discrepancies, which may always be found, as *Omne simile non est* (or rather *nullum simile est*) "*idem.*" Similitude cannot be identity, unless in imagination.

Page 25, line 3, "Cato's arguments," &c.

How little effect can such metaphysical "arguments" have had upon *any* mind! And how strongly does this prove the necessity of *faith!* Faith founded on Heaven.

Page 29, line 17, "What a force too do the feelings of friendship," &c.

How exclusively are the true enjoyments of life, confined to what is good! and how necessarily are the mutual ties of friendship so confined! How necessarily, to produce the "*consensio*" stated by *Lælius!* How closely they are connected with our interest, little as that sometimes sways us, when obscured by our passion! The Gospel universalises and immortalises it, as containing the "*summum bonum,*" when the "*amor humanus*" is sanctified by the "*amor divinus.*" One of these is, as far as it extends, made equal to the other, by which it is consummated; and the friendship on earth becomes a friendship in heaven. What a man may find in a friend, he will find perhaps in his GOD. A friendship beyond all "calculation," and in which all "utility" will be found. But the earthly friendship must be with a "*vir bonus,*"

whether the *ipsi viri boni* are capable of "loving their enemies," is hard to say. The perfection of that, at least, must be reserved for heaven, where all enmity will cease.

Page 42, line 19, "*Mortem sibi,*" &c.

What I have said in "*pro patriâ nec unus nec alteri,*" is surely true of all these three; for even "Brutus" might have better shown his *patriotism*, than by killing himself. Was not this rather pride? "The madness of the heart?" I believe that neither his putting Cæsar nor himself to death, can justly be defended.

Page 43, line 25, for "*mechans,*" read *mechants*.

Page 47, line 15, "*Tyrannorum vita.*"

Here we have the opposite picture drawn; to show that if men may assimilate themselves to angels, they may to devils too. The medium between these seems to be, as in my note on Page 29 (the mixture of "*amor humanus et divinus,*") the alloy of human passions with the sublimer feelings, Lælius vainly attempts, as in page 57. (*ubi istum invenias, qui honorem amici anteponat suo?*)—which he seems to think ought to be done, to make friendship perfect—to substitute romantic ones. He was aware of the capacity of "self-love," but supposes it extensible, even to their extinction. What will it then be capable of!

Page 60, line 10, "*The ingratitude of mankind,*" &c.

Let us take care that our imputations of ingratitude do not revert upon ourselves. Unreasonable expectations provoke it, unworthy choices must meet with it, which it is not always easy either "*discindere,*" or "*dissuere.*" Unhappy as it is for us, when our "reforms" subject us to the charge of inconsistency. So, we may hope, will not our political ones, "*expetenda*" magis, quam vitanda. *Quid expetere, quid vitare,* is our business, both in public and private life; and a mistake, either in the "*expetere,*" or *vitare,* if owing to any thing but an error of the judgment, is a kind of "ingratitude," to the Giver of our faculties. Ingratitude which either our passions or our prejudices may excite in us.

Page 64, line 3, "*Ipse se quisque diligit,*" &c.

Every man loves himself, because it is natural for him to do so. "The Almighty's first command is. "Man, love thyself." His second is, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." In both there is included the love of God, who made us for these purposes, and for the love of Him, our Maker, and of His Son, our Saviour and Redeemer. But we do not love

ourselves, without an expectation of a reward; for the reward is in our own approbation, and that of the God within us. Thus every man is at once "alter et idem," whether the "alter" is "God, or Mammon." This Cicero was not aware of, though he must have felt the benefit of self-approbation, and the "reward" it confers, and might have seen the contrary, in the punishment of those who fixed their "love" upon improper objects. Then, "quisque amicus suus esse potest, et qualis ipse esse" desiderat; aut inimicus, "qualis ipse esse" horret; ita, aut felicitatis aut miserix suæ quisque arbiter est; "quæque amico tribuit, hæc" a seipso recipiet. These rewards or punishments are decreed to him by "the Author of Nature," who has required us to place our first love on Him, for whose sake we are to "love ourselves." That we may do so, "primum ipsos viros bonos esse" oportet. This is the highest "elevation" that "human nature is capable of." Thus will he be "the image of his Maker."

Page 67, line 2, after "from others' harm" (a comma).

Though they may blame them too severely, and perhaps even deny them the pity which they may still more want themselves. But they have not looked into their own "wallets."

Same page, after "which the social feelings excite" (a semicolon).

Except those which Religion affords.

Page 69, line 14, for "the," read these.

Page 69, line 19, "a looking up ad summum bonum," add, without any expectation of arriving at it.

Page 70, note, for "notwithstanding," read, without which.

Page 71, line 23, after "object in view" insert (!)

To make our friends as bad as ourselves; our "fellow-rogues."

Page 72, line 13, "pride" can "deserve" it, then, when properly regulated.

Page 73, line 20, "nihil mali," but what was this, sine bono aliquo? Where could be the "solatium?" In the "reditum in cælum patere" certainly.

Page 74, line 2, strange "friendship!" that can give a friend, and probably enemies! Are these "altitudines?"

Page 74, line 20, after "the declarations of the Gospel" (a semicolon).

Of the truth of which this reservation is surely an additional proof, accordant as it is with the "hope" previously given.

Page 74, line 25, The "justice and benevolence of the Creator," is only declared in the Gospel.

Page 75, line 13, "A plurality of Gods," such as in the Heathen Mythology, could only produce rivalry and discord. Unity, therefore, is necessary; the "unity" of the "Trinity." When men deified their fellow-mortals, they of course gave them human qualities: their Gods were the "images" of themselves, not themselves the "images" of a higher God. Their Mythology however was, perhaps, better; more innocent if not more rational, when it was contained in the worship of wooden images, stocks, stones, vegetables, &c. These they could "burn" when they were tired of, or angry with them; and sometimes they flogged them into a compliance with their wishes. Happy mortals, who had more power over their Gods than they had over themselves!

The *Classic* Mythology was no doubt more amusing, as more poetical, when described by Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c.

Page 76, line 10, after "conceived," place the mark (1) as a reference to the note below.

Page 78, line 20, after "vice and depravity."

Choose then, O Man, whether you will prefer a Religion founded in Reason and Virtue, or an infidelity founded in folly and perverseness, and subservient to vice; whether you will prefer peace of mind, to the indulgence of your passions; whether the delusive hope of "annihilation," and the certitude of future punishment, extreme, whether eternal or not, to the well-founded, or promised, hope of eternal happiness.

Page 85, line 3, "legate"—perhaps the proper word should have been lieutenant.

Page 85, line 9, "my grandson."—Viz.: Tiberius Gracchus, the Democrat of Rome, the advocate of the Agrarian law, the champion of equal rights, equal property, and equal privileges, (not of equal justice, which would then be done to none,) an attempt of which he became himself the victim (being killed by Scipio Nasica) as so many of his French imitators have lately been, and, for a while, the French Monarchy itself, and as would also be the case in England, if the mad theories of the "Radicals" were carried into practice.

Page 85, line 16, for "will have completed," read, will then have completed.

Page 85, line 26, mark ³—This mark should rather have been placed at “gently smiling,” for I hope that I shall not be suspected of imputing “sleepiness” to one of the first characters in the Roman History. Both he and Lælius, as well as Cato, deserved a Cicero, to perpetuate their memories, in making them the vehicles of his admirable discourses. How concise, and how comprehensive, is his summary of Scipio’s history prophetically delivered by the spirit of Africanus! and how striking, especially to a young Roman, the moral exhortation that follows, sanctioned and crowned as it is by the sublime, though erroneous, metaphysical detail that concludes it.

Cicero, in many of his works, is the friend of his country: in this, and others of his moral and philosophical treatises, he is the friend of mankind. He is the father of the schools, and the model of writers, and his language, dead as it is, will be immortalized in them all.

Page 91, Note. “That is, they appear to do so, as the latter are stationary.”

I should have added the diurnal revolution of the earth, which indeed is the real cause of the apparently retrograde motion of the planets incomparably slower as their actual motion is, than the revolution of the earth round its axis. The (apparent at least) stationary state of the stars must also be considered, though Cicero’s theory does not suppose that. All this creates a *deceptio visus* that requires more explanation than can here be given to it, but which may be easily understood by an attention being given to our own motions, and the relative motions or stationariness of the bodies that we pass by.

Page 94, line 12, “obsurduerunt.” This should have been probably obsurduerint: as we can *hardly* suppose the fact to have happened.

Page 101, line 8, “shall have marked,” &c.

This idea of the golden cycle may have been altogether hypothetical, as I do not find it mentioned in books of astronomy.

I cannot help hoping, that those who peruse this volume, may be induced by it to peruse the “Extracts from Young’s Night Thoughts,” &c. I wish the nature of my work could have allowed the intelligence of it to be more universal and complete among its readers. They however may find, that Young and Cicero illustrate each other: the former gives the knowledge that the latter could not give, and gives it from that Power which only could communicate it, and which has addressed it to that

Reason, which it had prepared to receive it; and by it it has been received, in accordance with its own dictates.

Page 120, line 31, for "and its purity, with our other imperfections," read, its parity with our other imperfections. "Parity" here means equality.

A Commentator ought so to understand and enter into the spirit of his Author, as to be able to *play* with him, but to play in a manner that will rather increase than lessen the force of his thoughts. Whether I have done this with Young's, I know not, or whether I have amused or edified my readers (if I have any, and his "thoughts" are certainly fitter for the latter) I know not—but they have both amused, and, I trust, edified me. He may be disliked by some, but surely will be more than liked by others. Is it difficult to say by which he is justly estimated? As to Cicero, even the "Lorenzos" must admire him, as "Pagan tutors are their taste." But how can they come so near to Christianity, without being Christians?



