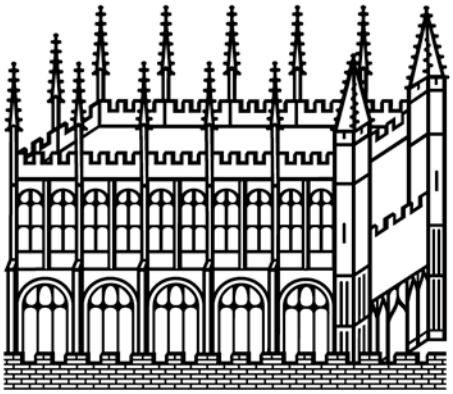
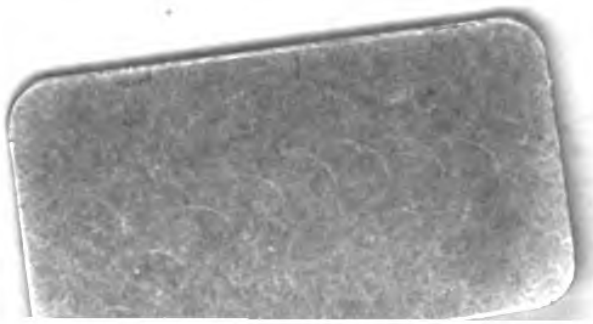
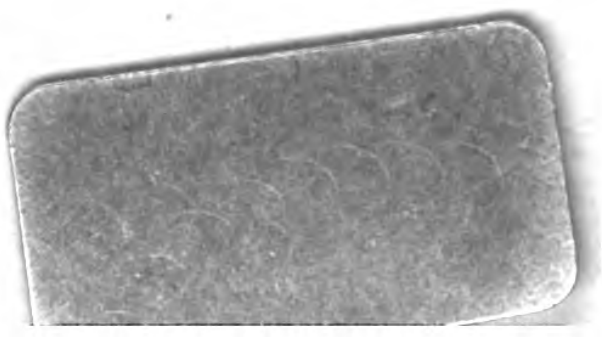






H. Setchel sculpt

SILVIO PELLICO.

THE

DUTIES OF MEN,

BY

SILVIO PELLICO.

Justitia enim perpetua est et immortalis.

Lib. Sapientiæ C.I.V.15.

Spielberg

LONDON.

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN,

RICHTER & Cº SOHO Sº

1834.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

My Dear Sir,

Personal respect, and admiration of the pure and noble sentiments which you have ever sought to inculcate, induce me to place your name in the front of this little volume. May it merit the approbation of men like yourself, and win your favour by advancing, in our country, the cause of genuine good taste, always conjoined with that of religion and virtue.

That you may derive all the happiness which flows from such a source, is the earnest wish of my heart.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS ROSCOE.

THE

DUTIES OF MEN.

BY SILVIO PELLICO;

AUTHOR OF "MY TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT;" "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI," AND OTHER WORKS.

Translated from the Italian

BY THOMAS ROSCOE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LANDSCAPE ANNUAL."

E che posso bramar, se 'l tutto è nulla,
Signor, senza tua grazia? A Te di novo
Sovra me stesso pur rifuggo, e prego
Teco sovra me stesso unirme amando.

TASSO.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMAN;
RICHTER AND CO., SOHO SQUARE; MILLIKEN AND SON, DUBLIN;
ADAM BLACK, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCXXXIV.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

LIFE

OF

SILVIO PELLICO.

It is from a deep conviction of the importance of the great moral held up to our view in the life and writings of Silvio Pellico, (I mean, the *practical truth* of the christian religion,) that I am induced, at this moment, to bring the subject more fully and circumstantially before the English public. For not only do I conceive this moral to be of equal importance to individuals and to mankind, but that it applies with peculiar force to existing times and circumstances, when the rapid growth of population, and of popular energy and power, promise, at no distant period, to merge former institutions in a more christian and comprehensive system, and render them better adapted to national wants and interests. It is from this consideration that I undertook to present "The Duties of Men" to my fellow-countrymen, and

to illustrate them, in all their strength and nobleness, from the life of their generous, high-minded, and truly patriotic author.

It is now almost universally admitted by all parties, in civilised communities, that, without education, without a more liberal diffusion of knowledge, and cultivation of the social duties and affections in the great mass of the people, the most serious evils may be apprehended. In the impending changes, which the state of the human mind—half unshackled by the press from its old political bondage, and which *political knowledge* renders inevitable,—there cannot be otherwise any durable peace, any security to life and property, any safeguard or barrier powerful enough to resist the torrent of popular revolutions—a torrent of opinion far wider and more resistless in its course than that of brute, barbaric force, which plunged the world into the long-enduring darkness of the middle ages.

But a new era, in connexion with national and social education, and, consequently, with political institutions, is at length drawing nigh: the grand experiment is being made, whether alterations and improvements in the character of man and of society can be effected without undergoing the

severe ordeal of sanguinary revolution. No instances, at least, are yet thought to be on record—not even in the foundation of the United States and in the recent change of the French dynasty; but were wisdom and moderation more frequently shown by other parties no less than by the people, these desirable results of popular movements would be, perhaps, not of rare occurrence. The moderation and judgment they must display would be gratifying to humanity; calculated to raise the people in their own eyes; and prove to them that they can achieve, and are entitled to, good government,—and that it is to be obtained without the employment of other than moral and constitutional means. It is, however, a question, whether the mere diffusion of knowledge—the comparative intelligence, or love of scientific pursuits, among a people—will prepare and enable them to go through a pacific course of political amelioration, any more than the possession of lofty genius or singular skill in an individual will confer upon him the brighter moral qualities of the heart. It will be found, indeed, that there often exists a singular disparity between the intellectual and the political condition of a nation; innumerable instances, in which

the people are far in advance of the spirit of their governments, and possess a degree of enlightenment, and a vigour of intellect capable of grappling with subjects, relating to their political situation and connexions, in a way to prove to modern statesmen that there is at least no means of establishing a monopoly of political talent.

It is thus we see that enlightened patriotism too often exists either in advance, or in actual opposition, to the spirit and policy of its rulers;—we see it resisted,—repressed,—borne down by moving masses of steel,—tracked with the blood-hound sagacity of spies,—incarcerated in living tombs,—pouring its blood in torrents upon the scaffold, or doomed to waste a life of lingering penance in the mine and at the galley. Yet why this bitter antipathy between man and man? between different interests and different orders, all equal in the eye of God, for the sake of a little discrepancy in external position and circumstance during a life—but a span's length in point of duration! To what grievous error is it to be attributed, at a period of the world when knowledge has opened all her stores,—science traversed the most distant regions, for the general benefit of mankind,—and education raised her instructive

voice, and held forth the guiding hand, to direct us in the pursuit of our duties?

It is in the solution of this strange social enigma that we approach the one moral truth so admirably elucidated in the life and sufferings of Silvio Pellico. It is in this we trace the operations of his comprehensive and subtle mind,—the process of his reasoning,—and the minutest traits of his extraordinary character, all combining to a single mighty end,—the object of all his efforts and aspirations. Be it ours to supply, in some measure, the key to his beautiful and noble system, in its application no less to the political than to the moral reformation of mankind; to apply it, in all its national and social bearings,—as a duty we feel due no less to our own countrymen at this eventful era, than to the genius and magnanimous character of the author.

The ardent and penetrating mind of Pellico became early aware that no durable good—no real improvement in social and political institutions—had followed in the train of those violent and blood-stained revolutions recorded in the annals of our race. Hence he derived his well-known repugnance to all violent measures; nor was this founded in reason alone: to his natural gentleness,

his noble feelings, and poetical temperament, wise and conciliatory principles were far more congenial. He felt that his country had been long sufficiently advanced in knowledge and civilisation to deserve a milder and happier form of government, but he strongly advocated the principle of conciliation in all he said and did—in his poetical, and in his prose writings—in private and in public; yet neither his blamelessness of life and principles, the power of knowledge, nor the progress of civilisation availed to save him, and his noblest fellow-countrymen, from the rage of political persecution. The utter powerlessness of these moral weapons, sharpened as they were by clear-sighted reason, by justice, and by love of independence, when placed in array against the hordes of ignorance and irreligious barbarism, frequently recurred to his mind during his solitary prison hours, and led him to reflect, long and deeply, on the subject of man's nature, and the causes which produced so much corruption and unhappiness in his individual, his social, and his political relations. He had beheld the futility of that wisdom, that national intelligence, though combined with the utmost devotedness of spirit, derived from worldly sources, which arrays patriotism against hordes of

slaves; he felt that the only power to be relied upon was a moral and religious power; and that the immemorial failure of freedom in achieving what is good and great in human character, as in human institutions, arose from the daring and impious substitution of man's low passions, in his individual, his social, and his political capacity, for the pure, healing precepts, and impressive commands of his Divine master. He saw that, without individual virtue, there could be no social happness; that, without social virtue there could be no national happiness; and that, without national virtue, founded on these elementary principles, there could be no political happiness, no independence, no liberty worth either living or dying for. By tracing these, and all other virtues, back to their primeval source, he found the root of all in genuine, practical christianity; he found that unless they derived their nutriment from this source, they everywhere faded and perished. He saw that they had been put to the test, age after age, country after country;—they had been cherished by the idolatry of the brave, the martyrdom of the good and the great; they had been weighed in the balance by time and experience, and found wanting. He still traced, through successive

revolutions, despotism, oppression, corruption, injustice, and public crimes of the deepest dye, triumphant over the mere human virtues—over all the goodness and the greatness of man's qualities; for this armour was not of celestial proof. The most wonderful of moral discoveries was not yet made—the possible power of christianity over the most corrupt and despotic minds. After the test of establishing its empire, therefore, over his own life and actions, it could not but strike Pellico, that, by the dissemination of a knowledge of the happiness he had derived from the practical influence of this faith, he would be creating an engine of immense irresistible might, at once against the corruption of the people, and the impious supremacy which they had dared to confer upon their idol conquerors under whose scourge they have since writhed. He must have seen and felt that by no other process than that of their true conversion to christianity, from that state of unregenerated and worse than Pharisaical blindness, in which the rulers of nations denominated each other christian, and protectors of the christian faith, could the corrupt powers of this world be shaken—the thrones of despotism gradually undermined—injustice and oppression of every

kind made insensibly to disappear before the radiant light of pure christianity. To be free, he, doubtless, reasoned, a people must be virtuous and religious; and once individually and nationally inspired by a sense of the goodness, the greatness, the superior happiness of a religion as benevolent as it is holy, all shapes and forms of tyranny, corruption, wicked hatred between high and low, with a thousand other evils which afflict humanity, will ultimately vanish like foul and heavy mists before the splendour of the morning sun.

Such, as it appears to us, is the doctrine of practical christianity, such is that of Silvio Pellico; and as kings and potentates of other times have already bowed their head and kissed the foot of ecclesiastical sovereignty, so will they again, brought by a nobler process, lower their regal crests, and do better obeisance to that holier and greater power; to the sovereignty of the gospel in the hearts of future and happier nations. This christian consummation no potentate can resist; for it is the power of conversion to the religion of the gospel yet to be wrought in the hearts of princes as in those of *all* classes of their subjects—

of rival nations, of all conflicting authorities and powers—not one of whom, when this glorious conversion now in progress is once achieved, will dare to lift his hand against his brother man, to enslave him or to slay.

Enthusiastic or extravagant as such a doctrine may now appear in the opinion of many, is it not, we would ask, in harmony with the whole spirit—with the history, and with all the wonderful triumphs and results, of the Gospel of Christ? It is not indeed the doctrine which is new, it is only the great application of it to the entire scope of man's duties which is the novel feature in the life and works of Silvio Pellico; and to those who feel inclined to pronounce these views wild and chimerical we would reply by pointing to their practical illustration by him under the most adverse and fearful circumstances—and in particular to that noble magnanimity, that generous forgiveness of his bitterest enemies, to be derived only from the grand model he holds out to us in the character of our Redeemer, and from the religion he left to us in his last will and testament. If there be any bold enough, wise, learned or philosophic enough, to impugn such an application of the doctrines of scripture—and they are those of Silvio Pellico—let

them, in *their* extravagant and imaginary superiority, supply human nature with some speedier and more effectual method of eradicating its deep-seated corruptions, and its miseries—let them give us something real for the dream (as they affect to call it) of hoping, by appeals to the reason and the good feeling of mankind in the language of divine truth, to render them happier, because wiser and better.

It is this appeal breathing, throughout, the most ennobling spirit of christianity, which constitutes the chief value of the little work entitled "The Duties of Men." But admirable as it is in its design and object—adapted alike to private and to public life—presenting the essence of social and national education—scattered throughout a variety of works, and founding all its reasoning on the basis of *religious education*; it would still fall short of the object I have in view without it were elucidated by the tenour of the author's life, and the recommendation of its principles in his writings and in his actions. To have done this, however, before attempting to explain the one pervading doctrine, applicable to all sects and parties, and which may be termed the philosophy of our author's works—the system to

which his mind, his habits, and affections are referable—would have been to have presented to the reader only an isolated fragment of his character, not evidence upon which to form a right appreciation of the whole scope and tendency of his works; and more especially of his "Duties of Men."

From the additions to "The Ten Years' Imprisonment," published by his fellow-sufferer, Maroncelli, we learn that Silvio Pellico was born in the city of Saluzzo in Piedmont, about the year 1789*. Sprung from a highly respectable family of some fortune, he possessed all the advantages of early education, and still more of early example in the disposition and character of his parents. They practised the filial duties which they inculcated; for when Silvio with a twin-sister, named Rosina, first saw the light, both the parents of his father still survived, and received those uniformly amiable and devoted attentions from *their* children, which could not fail to impress the dawning reason and sensibilities of their immediate offspring. Two of these were older and two were younger than the subject of our present memoir; but there was another and still

* See the Italian edition, published by Mr. Rolandi.

more decided advantage—in addition to family character and position—which Silvio enjoyed in the superior mind and accomplishments, no less than the religious dispositions of his mother, a native of Savoy, whose maiden name belonged to the house of Tournier. It has often been remarked that the characters of extraordinary men have been more or less moulded by early maternal care and judgment; and it has almost uniformly been asserted by genius itself, in various walks of literature and of science, that to this source was to be chiefly attributed the degree of excellence to which it attained. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, the mother of Silvio retained the same courage and the same well-regulated affection for her children; and, in virtuous opposition to the prevailing custom, she was at once their nurse and their earliest instructress. Nor was his father Onorato a man of inferior mind; his good sense and his sound views united with a poetical temperament —which in the son rose into the fire of brilliant genius—called forth the suspicions and persecutions of political enemies. In his flight from his native city, and its consequent sufferings and sorrows, he had occasion to give his son those first lessons of patience and humility in the school of

adversity, which he applied with such admirable courage and fortitude, under circumstances the most afflicting and appalling to which human nature can be subjected.

On his father's restoration to his country and his property, the home of Silvio presented at once a model of generous hospitality, christian charity, and courtesy towards neighbours, combined with a propriety and elegance of manners which made it the favourite resort of genius and of social virtue. Here expanded the germs of that strong filial affection which he always felt and expressed with so much enthusiasm; elevated, as it was, by the esteem which he entertained for the characters of those he loved. With liberality of feeling and warm devotion they united general tolerance in matters of religious faith; and it was thus that their gifted son had the good fortune to escape the infection of all hereditary enmities, superstition, fanaticism, and injustice, while he had an example of cultivating sentiments of charity towards the superstitious, the fanatical, and the unjust themselves.

The education of Silvio thus consisted, not in a dry routine of intellectual acquirements unaccompanied by the formation of character, but,

under maternal skill and devotion, in a study of example, of character, of society, morals, and manners, all which she assiduously held up to view, and illustrated from the daily and hourly occurrences of domestic life. The object of a moral and religious education like this—as distinct from education in the ordinary sense of the word, as cunning from wisdom, or prudence from virtue — is to acquire those qualities which, founded on christian principle as well as on reason and knowledge, produce harmony and strength of character. Such a character alone is capable of executing the good intentions, the virtuous motives and resolves which it conceives, and of resisting all the temptations to pursue an opposite line of conduct. The result of the prevailing system, on the other hand, conducted upon mere prudential and intellectual grounds, is to produce either undisciplined or really weak and ignoble characters; inasmuch as, although they may be equally aware of the direction of their duties, nourish equally good intentions, and form virtuous resolutions, they will possess neither the strength to undertake, nor consistency of purpose to persevere in a virtuous course of action.

The mind of Silvio Pellico was not formed in the latter of these modern schools. His education was not an isolated fragment of his existence, a mere course of college studies, without reference to the past, or without influence upon his future career. It differed from the erroneous system pursued in most countries, and in few perhaps more than England at the present day, the fallacy of which consists in considering education as something in itself distinct from the future life and conduct of man, distinct from the teaching and development of his duties in his social and professional relations, preparatory to his discharging those of a good citizen, a good patriot, and a good subject. It was not made to consist in filling up a certain portion of time; in acquiring a given sum of intellectual attainments within a fixed period; or being initiated into the conventional form and manners of college life, and habits of collegiate studies, too often at direct variance with the future career and course of action it is intended we should pursue. In this lies the grievous error hitherto pervading all national systems of education, and which no enlightened and improved views, from the time when Milton wrote to the present moment, have

succeeded in eradicating from the old established code more or less in force throughout the existing institutions of every land. To those leading institutions the systems partially introduced by Pestalozzi, by Lancaster, Hamilton, and others—however useful to some classes of the people—have not been made generally applicable.

The first step, it would appear, towards the remodelling of the system now pursued, would be the sanction of the new principle, or at least its new application, as shown in the education and life of Silvio Pellico. The whole scope of his youthful as well as more matured tuition seems to have been regulated by the objects held in view, by the combined cultivation of the speculative and the practical, of the intellectual and moral, in the entire range of the mental faculties. Thus the former were not precociously brought into display, as we too often see, at the expense of the latter, which are more slow in their operations, and more gradually developed. By avoiding an exclusive cultivation of the intellectual faculties, not only the moral but the practical powers of the mind, in forming habits of patient investigation, perseverance, and physical application, in all their respective details, were called

into action. The power of volition was thus supported, the great desideratum in all plans of education, by the strength of corresponding efforts; and the result, a vigour, harmony, and entireness of character, rarely to be found in the disciples of the existing system. Weakness, inconsistency, extravagance, with indolence and dissipation of mind or habits, were thus equally avoided. Cultivation of mind and moral sentiment are both comparatively easy of attainment; but by this process the power was also conferred of acting, in unison with the intellectual faculties, upon the will. In proportion as this right use and direction of the intellect is acquired, in the practical sense, in effecting any good purpose, is the corresponding power in abstaining from what is wrong; or, in other words, the power of self-control, forbearance, patience, and resignation.

Such was the discipline of mind, derived from a just and equal developement of its faculties, which enabled Silvio Pellico to survive the calamity of ten years of almost solitary imprisonment. There is presented in this single fact the strongest proof of the value of the principle for which we would contend in all future systems of education; the principle of uniting moral power

and duty, as inculcated in every line of the following Treatise, with the merely intellectual education.

In common with not a few men of genius during their early years, Silvio was of extremely delicate constitution: one illness succeeded to another, and the medical faculty pronounced it to be impossible he should survive to see his seventh year. But having reached this, they declared it was but the first septennial stage, he would never get over the second; and at fourteen (much the same thing) he would be no more. It came, and Silvio was so insensible to professional etiquette as still to survive; but, to increase the chances, the faculty took advantage of a few lustres, and maintained that at the very most he might go on as far as one-and-twenty, but not a year more. But though the third of these assertions shared the same fate, Silvio, as regarded his physical powers, had by no means an easy task to refute them. To the infinite tenderness and care of a mother he owed his prolonged existence. When the faculty had passed their septennial act, they left him in *articulo mortis*, as they believed; but while in extreme exhaustion, his admirable parent, with a devotion rivalling any upon record,

restored him by the milk from her own breast, and may be said, indeed, again to have given him life.

Doubtless to the same, or some sympathetic kind of bodily infirmity, was to be attributed another psychological fact connected with the health of Pellico. Though occurring early in life, it is not unworthy of observation, as assisting in the fuller illustration of the matured mind and genius of the man, not less extraordinary than the vicissitudes of his eventful life. In these early traits we trace the first germ of the social character; the son, the citizen, such as he afterwards became. It is clear from one of them that he viewed death not only with indifference but with desire, as the sequel to him of a painful and cruel struggle, and in this philosophic spirit he was heard, in after life, to observe:—

"The pleasantest day of my life will be that on which I shall die."

The impression, again, made upon his mind by one of his companions, not more than seven or eight years old, when he was labouring under severe pain, is not a little curious. Accosting him, in a tone of mystery—"Silvio, my dear boy, do you think, if there were any God, he would let you suffer

thus?" But when he saw the indignant surprise painted on the little patient's features, he was terrified, and declared that he would never utter such words again.

During the intervals of these trying attacks, Silvio and his elder brother Luigi were attended by a priest of the name of Manavella, to prepare them for the elementary course of studies on which they were about to enter at a public school. Among other things committed to memory were several scenes, and even whole plays, which were recited by him and his brother, in the presence of their friends, mounted upon a press, which served them for a stage.

These fragments of the buskined muse were chiefly the production of their father, Signor Onorato, who, besides being a pleasing lyric poet, had a peculiar ease and charm in depicting moral and dramatic sentiment. Nor do such early impressions, as regarded action and character, appear to have been without considerable effect, for Luigi subsequently wrote several excellent comedies, and Silvio is, without dispute, the most eminent living dramatist of his country. If we consider that, before ten years of age, the young poet had attempted a tragedy from Ossian, we shall cease

to feel surprise; and, in particular, when we mention his acquaintance with Cesarotti, whose enthusiasm in the cause of Mr. Macpherson led him to invest his favourite Ossian with an Italian dress.

During this early period, his father had erected a silk factory at Pinerolo, whither he had resorted with his entire family, except his aged father and mother, who continued to reside at Saluzzo. Thence he proceeded to Turin on a mission of government; and he had before occupied some public situation in the post-office, but whether in Pinerolo or Saluzzo appears uncertain. M. Delatour, in making allusion to this period of Silvio's life, mentions the celebrated prisoner known as the Iron Mask, and further observes:—

"I can well believe that, later on, during the long nights of Spielberg, as he often recurred to the image of his beloved childhood, the castle of Pignerol, with its mysterious prisoner, more than once rose before his imagination. Who could have predicted to him, as he sat listening on his mother's knee to the sad mysterious legend, that he also would, one day, be interred alive in the subterranean dungeons of a fortress, far from his

home—far from his country, in the chill air, and under the ever gloomy and foggy aspect of a Moravian sky?"

"Yet, thus it was," exclaims Maroncelli, "and how often did we not indeed converse, when together, respecting the wonderful Iron Mask."

The childhood of Pellico seems to have been peculiarly subject to those physical affections, arising from a remarkably delicate frame both of body and mind, which may be termed ocular delusions rather than existing in the imagination, and are much more general than is usually supposed. After having experienced some sudden alarm, he was accustomed, towards the close of day, to behold a number of strange fantastic shapes running all around him, and even when lights were brought they only seemed to withdraw into the less luminous parts and corners of the room. At first, he would make a great outcry, and try all means of avoiding this singular species of persecution, and on these occasions the good lady, Nonna, was in the habit of consoling him. "And what were they like, my pretty Silvio; what sort of faces had they?" "Ah!" replied the boy, "they have got faces (so long) just like the Signora Nonna's." Perhaps this odd passage of Silvio's life may be, in some

measure, cleared up by observing, that the lady possessed the mysterious book of the Seven Trumpets; and it is probable that the child's imagination, being excited by perusing its strange legends, may have assumed this form of evening dreaming.

Meanwhile, the government of the republic was established, and the integrity of Signor Onorato, founded less on the laws of men and princes than the eternal rule of justice, had caused him to be pronounced one of the most honourable under kings, and one of the best of men under the republic. In fulfilment of the duty of a citizen, he made it a point of honour to be present at the public meetings, where his object uniformly was to contribute to the general good, by consulting, as far as reasonable, that of individuals.

Nor was this example of advantage only to his fellow citizens; his sons Luigi and Silvio were invariably his companions, thus early reaping the benefit of attending a school of public justice,—a school of practical moral sense, in addition to the mere theory; and the same which they saw displayed, upon a smaller scale, within, as well as beyond, the precincts of home.

By many, this attendance of two young boys at

public assemblies would be pronounced an idle waste of time: "for what," they will say, "could children understand?" They understood every thing that passed; for among all the 'fond records' of that susceptible age, there is none so deeply engraved upon the memory of Silvio as the recollection of these scenes,—the voices of the different persons, the description of public affairs, and their very attitudes, — all which he can exactly detail.

We next meet with Silvio at Turin. He still continued his studies under Don Manavella, still recited plays with his younger brothers and sisters; but, no longer in the habit of mounting upon a press by way of stage, he may here be said to have closed the period of his infancy.

Among the young persons accustomed to bear a part in these recitations, was a sweet interesting young girl, named Carlottina, who was cut off at the early age of fourteen. Her unfolding loveliness, and sensibility of character, appear to have made no transient impression on Silvio's young mind,—as, however romantic it may seem, we are told that the image of his youthful love frequently visited the midnight couch of the captive of Spielberg, or gave a melancholy occupation to

the heavy hours and days of sad waking thoughts and early recollections.

From such traits, slight as they appear, may we gather how a solitude, appalling as the dungeons of Spielberg, can have been supported by a mind early disciplined, and habituated to cherish, in common with its intellectual faculties, the finer moral sensibilities of our nature. Had it, like too many in the race of intellectual pre-eminence, and especially of our own age and country, been dependent upon external circumstances, and external excitement,—so productive of alternate states of extreme exertion and relaxation, of animation, followed by despondency and gloom,—as injurious to the literary character as to that of our statesmen,—the mind of Silvio Pellico would never have sustained the severe ordeal it was destined to undergo. It was then the moral energies and resources which he had cultivated threw their shield around him; solitude to him was not that condition of perfect deprivation and horror it had proved to others; delicate as he was in frame, his mind enabled him to withstand that terrific scourge of reason—utter solitude—and, by the aid of strong moral discipline, the Christian soldier came off the victor.

Wholly deprived of home, of social joys, the glad voice and the sweet aspect of nature and society, the captive yet dwelt within that world of moral truth and beauty, of well-disciplined mind, filled with images of gentleness, and love, and quiet joy, which had been previously developed within him, and which now shone upon him like a new creation.

A fact which farther shows the triumph of the principle sought here to be illustrated, and of such vital importance in the education of future generations, was the captive's own division of his time and studies. These he distinguished by terming a life of *study*, and a life of *action;* corresponding with the intellectual, and moral or practical use of the human faculties. First, his life of study was conducted by certain mechanical rules, distributing what is possible to be known into several classes, and these again into particular courses, the process of which served to revive what he had before known, and, in some instances, to add to his stock of knowledge. When confined in the same dungeon with his friend Maroncelli, he pursued the same plan; and they thus acquired repositories, more or less abundant, through which each took their separate courses of

knowledge, except in cases where the memory of one proved treacherous, and the other could aid him, or undertook to give instructions in a branch unknown to the other. One day, for instance, was devoted, according to this arrangement, to repetitions of history; another to those of philosophy; a third, to those of geography, chronology, mathematics, the fine arts; and, in proportion as each acquired a proficiency, he spoke one day in French, another in German, a third in Latin, and a fourth in the English language.

This, which was considered only as contemplative or passive study, was invariably completed by the active; which means, that the one who felt equal to the task collected and condensed his thoughts upon a given subject, directed his mind to the production of some work, a process which at times, by dint of strong mental tension, as in the case of Newton extracting the square root in his own head, arrived at complete execution. No one, by this plan, need be destitute of a subject for active study, in whatever degree of solitude or captivity he may happen to be—namely, *the study of himself, with the object of making himself better;* a study wholly independent of varying creeds and sects, and one to which each

of the prisoners devoted himself by a philosophic vow, pronounced either on the day of their sentence or on the following. It is sufficiently curious and novel, being pronounced under such circumstances, to give it in the words of Maroncelli. It is to the following tenor:—"Calamity, not justice, hath stricken us; let us show that it hath stricken men and not children. Every condition has its duties; and the first duty of the unhappy, be he captive or be he free, is to suffer with magnanimity; his second to draw wisdom from misfortune; and the third to pardon. Already was written in our hearts—

"'Il giusto, il ver, la libertà sospiro!'
For justice, truth, and liberty I sigh.

"Shall calamity have the effect of erasing words like these? Rather let us subdue, and not be subdued by it. If any captive survive to see the light, let him be witness for the others here condemned to perpetual darkness, and let our vow be fulfilled without reference to the inhumanity of those who oppress us. This shall only be allowed to act as an incentive to a higher degree of virtue; we prepare ourselves to attain it, and to learn to

rejoice in the necessity imposed upon us of improving our hearts and minds."

It is for civilised Europe to decide whether characters capable of displaying resignation, fortitude, and magnanimity, such as breathe in these resolutions, were supported by truth and justice, and in how far they could have merited the infliction of the most fearful of human ills. That cause must be indeed good and holy, and deeply imbued with the purest spirit of christianity, which could not only enable them to survive a series of sufferings so prolonged, but to pardon their enemies, and meet the fury of their persecution with the language of conciliation and peace. By what spirit, on the other hand, their oppressors were actuated—how much in accordance with the precepts and injunctions of their Divine Master, a master by whom the motives and actions of princes must one day be weighed—we shall not, however we deplore it, stop to inquire.

To pursue the illustration of the great, vital principles of education* in the mind and con-

* While I write, I have the satisfaction to learn that a sum of money has been voted by the British legislature

duct of Silvio Pellico, as shown in his own interesting narrative, and the additions of his friend, in preference to hurrying over the mere incidents of his life, I shall farther describe the plan he adopted while in captivity.

After long solitary confinement, he was permitted, as a last resource in sickness, the companionship of his friend Maroncelli. The course they

---

in aid of the funds to establish national schools for the general instruction of the people. I feel it my duty not to permit the present humble effort to recommend the introduction of a principle too little acted upon, to pass through the press, without inviting the attention of the leading men who are interested in their establishment, to the *imperative necessity* of uniting with knowledge not only a course of religious and moral instruction, but a practical inculcation of the social and national duties, of the duties of social beings, of private citizens, and "OF MEN," such as are illustrated in the life and writings of the excellent Pellico. Without some ulterior objects of a social and national character like this, the mere diffusion of knowledge, the establishment of compulsory schools, on the Prussian or any other existing system, will be found inadequate to meet the wants of a rapidly increasing people, or the aspirations of the spirit of free inquiry, which steadily press upon exclusive privileges like some mighty torrent :—

"Labitur et labetur cum omni volubile ævum." HOR.

pursued on completing their studies, which they term active and passive, was to take a chronological review of the events of their past lives; and in these successive examinations, to mark what was good and what contrary to good, in order to strengthen their resolves in favour of all which is worthy, and their detestation of what is mean or ignoble. To love mankind, to abhor the wickedness of which they are guilty, while they forgave the *malefactors*, was the sum of their christian doctrine. By this noble and manly conduct, the martyrs of christian freedom were not merely enabled to recal to mind the blissful hours of youth, from the depths of their imperial dungeon; they became children again in the moral vigour of their hearts—so long cultivated,—as well as in their imaginative faculty; approaching nearer perhaps, in their exterior desolation, to the state of mind meant to be conveyed in the divine precept—"Unless ye be as a little child ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven"—than any perfection of the heart and affections yet placed upon human record. If we for a moment question the probability of this moral action and support, let us reflect on the well-known and tried power of solitary incarceration over the most

abandoned and hardest of hearts,—inaccessible to all other means of remorse or amendment; and which renders it an engine of such immense moral power in the hands of justice tempered with mercy.

It was thus Silvio Pellico adorned the desolation of life in the caverns of Spielberg with a beauty, and ennobled it with a glory, of mind, which in the future annals of his race and of his country will form one of those bright spots in the long waste of history,—the memory of which serves to redeem the character of man in his own eyes. The study, therefore, which he terms the life of action, consisted not merely in a chain of recollections, of a glad, a sorrowful, or a mingled hue, but in a record of charitable deeds and feelings which bound him closer to humanity; a process which few minds less morally and practically prepared for such a course of self-examination would have had strength to impose upon themselves*.

To recur to his early life. The twin sister of Silvio, named Rosina, possessed of surpassing beauty, and linked with him also by ties of congenial mind, was on the eve of marriage with a

* Maroncelli.

distant relative residing at Lyons. She was accompanied by her mother and her favourite brother into France; and such was the pleasure which the latter derived from her society, and that of their new relatives and friends, that he continued to reside there after the return of their mother into Italy. Almost wholly absorbed in his studies, during a space of four years, he appeared, in some measure, to have lost the attachment he before felt for his native land, when a trivial incident served to revive it in all its youthful freshness and vivacity. A poem of Foscolo's—called "I Sepolcri," the Tombs—appeared in the year 1806, and was read by Silvio with a degree of impassioned patriotism—an indescribable love of home—strongly contrasting with his late forgetfulness and repose, and acting upon him with all the force of an appeal to his earliest associations and pursuits. By extending his usual studies, and more frequently mingling in the world, he sought to subdue the strength of these impressions; but he seemed to hear the accents of a strange land on every lip—to read the Tombs of Italy in the title of every book. The skies of France no longer wore the same transparent hue—the deep brilliant aspect of Italy still haunted him, sleeping or

waking, like a dream. Plunged in frequent reverie, his friends vainly sought the cause of a depression so unusual with him; till at length he confessed that some poet on the other side of the Alps had given him the *mal du pays*. "Who is he?" was the inquiry, "what is his name?" and would he recite them a few of these magic verses. Pellico, in a deep fervent tone, gave an *improvised* version of some exalted passages—and with such effect, that the generous glow of his feelings touched with electric force the sympathies of his auditors*.

In a few days afterwards he quitted France for his native country. His family were then at Milan,—his father acting as chief of the division under the minister of war, and his brother Luigi as secretary to the Marquis Caprara di Bologna, grand equerry of the kingdom of Italy. It is here we enter upon two separate portions of the life of Pellico—in his extensive reading and researches on the subject of religion, and that discipline in his general studies, some results of which we have given, and which so well prepared him to write upon the "Duties of Men." At Milan

* M. De la Tour.

he was called to the professorship of the French language at a period when it merited the title of the Athens of Italy—when science and letters vied with each other, and Italy assumed the aspect of a great regenerating people under the wing of the imperial eagle* (a brief dream of liberty), again to be plunged into the barbarism and bondage of ages.

In the society of Monti and Foscolo, and the celebrated men of various nations, the poetical genius of Pellico, no less than his intellectual faculties, became rapidly matured. He was favourably received, and, with further acquaintance, won upon all parties. Indeed his enjoying the confidence of two characters like Monti and Foscolo—then at variance—speaks highly for him both as regards talent and amiableness of disposition. The one all fire, of iron will, the fanatic of freedom, eager and quick in quarrel, offered much to extort the admiration, and to call forth the sympathy of a mind like Pellico's. He listened to his dreams of ambition; his love of glory; his restless vary-

* During the early days of Italy's liberation by Napoleon from the Austrian yoke.

ing moods; his self-consuming bitterness and anguish of spirit; his uneasy doubts and faith: beholding in him, and in all his actions, "the strange eccentric path of some mighty comet." But in Monti he saw the supple and richly-stored intellect—insinuating, ambitious, and seeking popularity at almost any price. When the latter explained to him the various processes of his poetical labours, and the secret acquisition of the varied powers of language he possessed, Pellico could not restrain the expression of his admiration; but, with a knowledge of these details, and the voluminous specimens of his poetical exercises, vanished much of the enchantment created by the resounding flow and grandeur of his muse. Ippolito Pindemonte and Breme were, among other of his contemporaries, objects of his highest regard. The following is a trait of Pellico's frankness of mind:—

Monti, one day, meeting Pellico at the Café Verri, addressed him on the subject of his quarrel with Foscolo.—"Well," he said, "will you longer deny Ugo's enmity and malice? Ungrateful as he is! Who brought him into notice? The Sepolcri would have remained unknown to this day. He owes his honours to me; and by a single

word, I could consign them to ignominy and neglect."

"There, dear Monti," replied Silvio, "you are wrong. You brought the poem into high esteem, to be sure; and this does honour to your criticism, which, when obeying the impulses of your heart, always leads you to the noblest things. But imagine not you could consign such a poem to contempt; you deceive yourself: nor could you, if you would, destroy your own work. They whose eyes you have opened, now partake the light, and can judge of colours as well as yourself. Before that, indeed, you might have treated them to the sound of the trumpet, and then have assured them that it was the colour of scarlet; but this is now out of your power. In regard to his being your enemy and calumniator, I know the contrary; I know he is only inimical to your defamers—and here, on this very spot, in the place you sit, he gave a smart box on the ear to one who, wishing to flatter him, spoke disrespectfully of you"

Monti struck his forehead, at the same time exclaiming against the mean and malignant spirit of those who, having themselves no hopes, no

nobler aims in literature, sought to keep them at enmity, in order to obtain the crumbs that fell from their table. "Had we known how to continue friends," he added, "we should not need to support that hungry tribe of sycophants."

Meanwhile Pellico was deeply engaged in his literary labours, and he was now invited by Monti to undertake, in conjunction with him, a complete translation of Byron,—an invitation which, for numerous reasons, the younger poet conceived it proper to decline. Monti expressed himself hurt at his refusal, and still more at his not having consulted with him previous to the publication of his Francesca da Rimini, and his Eufemio; but Silvio as frankly explained to him the solid and conclusive reasons which actuated him. With Foscolo, however, it appears he was more communicative, and on completing his tragedy of Francesca, he submitted it to his perusal. The answer Silvio received next day was:—"Listen to me; throw your Francesca into the fire. Why should we rake up from the Inferno the ghosts which Dante himself has d——d? It would frighten people who are alive. Throw it into the fire, I say, and bring me something else." Silvio accordingly brought him a juvenile drama, called

Laodicea, "Ah, now," said Foscolo, "this is good; you get along here!"

The young dramatist, however, impelled by that inward sense which teaches every artist what is beautiful in his own productions, even when condemned by the rules of schools, or by the learned, preserved his Francesca carefully and burned, or, at all events suppressed, his Laodicea.

About a year subsequently, a distinguished actress, with whom Pellico had been much struck when young, re-appeared at Milan. Pellico and his friend Breme recognised her, and the condemned Francesca was taken from its dusty corner in the poet's desk. The character was allotted to the now applauded Marchionni; she played it; it was repeated at Naples, at Florence —upon all the Italian boards and with still increasing success.

The Neapolitan government had fallen, and Silvio's family returned to Turin, whither the father had been called to direct one of the sessions of the war minister. Pellico remained alone at Milan, the guest of Count Briche, and afterwards became the tutor of his son. He next went to reside with Count Porro, with the same views of directing the education of his two sons. Here

his former pupil, a fine youth, the son of Count Briche, came one day to see him. Pellico, though engaged with company at the moment, observed an air of deep melancholy about his youthful friend, who approaching asked him to lend him some particular book. "You will find it in the library, and can take it," was Pellico's answer. "Is there anything else you wish to say to me?" "Nothing else," was the reply; and the young man instantly set out for his father s seat at Loreto, asked for his fowling-piece, as if going out in pursuit of game, and shot himself. Pellico and his father hastened to the spot, and found he was no more. This event for some time afterwards threw a gloom over the spirits of Pellico, as well as the young man's other friends, by whom he had been long and deservedly esteemed.

About the year 1815, Silvio Pellico accompanied his friend Breme to Milan, where the latter intended to bring out a drama, in which the chief part was confided to the distinguished actress Marchionni. On their arrival, they found that the celebrated physician Rasori, Colonel Gasparinetti, and some other of their friends, were prisoners in the fortress of Mantua. During

poor Rasori's captivity, Pellico had supplied the place of a father, as well as of an instructor, to his daughter; and his first object was to apply for instant admittance into the place to give him tidings of his child. Count Arrivabene interested himself greatly to obtain this favour, as it was considered, and it was arranged that Silvio must previously hold an audience with the governor, a rigid disciplinarian, but not of an unfeeling heart.

"And what do you want with Doctor Rasori?" was the abrupt inquiry of the German.

"I wish to consult him," replied Pellico.

"And what is the matter with you?"

"A complaint of the chest."

"The chest! the chest! where?" inquired the old soldier, at the same time laying his hand upon Pellico's breast.—"This complaint, I find, is a complaint of the heart; friendship, sheer friendship;" and his voice trembled with emotion, spite of the rough tone in which he spoke. The old commander died soon after; and it must have been some relief to his feelings, under the stern duties imposed upon him, to reflect that he had done what was in his power to diminish the sorrows of two of his fellow-creatures.

Pellico was admitted to see and converse with his friend, little perhaps imagining, at that moment, that he should one day experience a fate far more severe and terrible in those subterranean caverns where not a friend or relative would be permitted to visit him. But if he met with the good humane Schiller for a gaoler, if he made converts to humanity, caused tears to flow from the eyes of those who fulfilled with loathing the harsh dictates of their imperial masters, such alleviations of the captive's lot, slight as to us they may appear, were something,—they were well deserved by one who, enjoying the ease and elegancies of life, first hastened to soothe the anxieties of a bereaved and captive father, ere joining in the festivities of a splendid city.

On his return to Milan, he again resided at the house of his friend, Count Porro, with whom he lived on terms of the strictest intimacy, and where he met the most distinguished men, both natives and foreigners, of his time. It was there he became acquainted with Madame de Stael and Schlegel, then at the head of the critical writers of their respective countries ; it was there he first saw Lord Byron, Mr. (now Lord) Brougham, Thorwaldsen, Davis, with numbers of enlightened travellers of various countries. The man-

sion of Count Porro, indeed, was long the favourite resort of men of all tastes and pursuits; or, in the words of Maroncelli, it was here that Dante and Shakspeare, Petrarch and Schiller, the artist and the citizen, poetry and science, met and shook hands, as in a temple sacred to the muses.

Pellico had, shortly before, translated the Manfred of Byron. The latter requested to see the manuscript of his drama of Francesca, which had not then publicly appeared. Two days after his Lordship received it, he himself returned it into Pellico's hands, observing, "You won't be angry if I have translated it?" He had, in fact, transferred it into English verse; and he then added, "You ought to have translated the Manfred into verse." Pellico disputed this opinion, believing that in a language like the Italian in particular it could not be done without adding to, or taking away so much as very greatly to impair the effect of the original. In 1819, Lodovico Breme put forth an edition of the Francesca, with which he united the above-mentioned translation of Lord Byron's Manfred.

In the following year Pellico was desirous of publishing another of his tragedies, Eufemio da Messina; but had to meet with numerous ob-

stacles with regard to the censorship. While it was under discussion, the sons of Count Porro, who had transcribed it, gave it to their father, in order that he might have it printed entire in some other of the states. This was secretly done; and it was subsequently permitted to appear in this form at Milan, upon condition of its not being publicly represented.

During the interval, however, Pellico contemplated an undertaking of a more extensive and important character, the admirable design and spirit of which, in the actual state of parties in Italy, have never hitherto been duly appreciated. He unfolded his views to his most distinguished and influential friends, and to those writers with whom he was on terms of intimacy, all of whom united in extolling them as adapted to the wants and wishes of the age. It was to establish a periodical work, to be entitled "The Conciliator," founded upon the most truly national and comprehensive principles, whether as regarded literature, art, and science, or the social and moral improvement of the people by means of reconciling the discordant elements of public feeling. The associated members had arranged to meet three times in the week at Count Porro's, where its chief founder likewise filled the office of secre-

tary, devoting his entire energies and abilities to the maturity of these great and beneficial plans.

At this period a number of schools, already established by the Count in the different towns of Lombardy, and supported by his ample means, would seem to have prepared the soil for superior cultivation. Aided by Pellico, not only had he introduced many improvements in the system of education, but adopted several valuable scientific discoveries from other countries, of great public utility, entirely at his own expense. His friend Confalonieri was despatched into England, and it was not long before the streets of his native city appeared lighted with gas. He built the first steam-boat, which was intended to establish a communication between Paris and Piedmont.

But these and similar patriotic efforts had not exhausted the resources of Count Porro; and, entering with ardour into the views entertained by Pellico, the "Conciliator" received the fiat of the high-minded and generous Count. Its object was twofold, and most admirable, embracing the true scope of national education, the union of the theoretical and practical, the intellectual and the moral improvement of the human mind. For this, two simultaneous operations were necessary;

one the work of the "Conciliator" through the restricted medium of the press—another beyond its operation. The one was the recorded views, the other the social and oral exertions of the conciliators themselves, as masters of the pacificating doctrine, in accordance with which it was intended to educate, or, at all events, to prepare a new generation of writers. This, forming the most important and characteristic object of the undertaking, could only be promoted by some one or other of the associated body of conciliators disseminating the spirit of the system by means of oral communication within the respective circles in which they moved. Connected with the "Conciliator" were other works, forming branches of the same system, and written with the same view of conciliating literary rivalries, as regards the romantic, the classical, the dramatic, and the different views of style and criticism, peculiar to different states: rivalries which had been suffered to run into the bitterest hostility injurious to the social and national as well as the literary character of Italy.

In the ennobling of the literary, no less than the social and national spirit, by progressive intellectual and moral discipline, the luminous mind

of Pellico saw the future regeneration of his countrymen. The principal towns of Italy would have been eager to combine in an undertaking to promote the highest and holiest interests of man, an education founded upon genuine christian and moral principles; and, in fact, each, it is stated, sent its representative to give its adherence to this congress of poets and philosophers, the first among the conciliators of their race. The public utility of such an undertaking soon became apparent in its fruits, in a growing spirit of conciliation, and the union of knowledge and moral power for the real enlightenment of the people. We should naturally infer, from the principles just enumerated, that every government entitled to the name of government, would have found its policy in the encouragement of the views of christian conciliators as opposed to those of the demagogues, the revolutionists, and the reckless unbelievers of the age; but it would appear from some recent acts of European governments as if they were as much startled by the light of the gospel, as much alarmed at the truth which shall make man free,—and as much opposed to genuine Christianity in its results, as the disciples of the Voltaire school—

the most violent of anarchists and sceptics themselves. If the power of knowledge might with safety have been intrusted into the hands of any people, it was the people of modern Italy; and when based on the system of conciliation, of moral dignity, and discipline of the faculties, as opposed to violence and anarchy, we are doubly at a loss to perceive any just or rational grounds for its suppression, and for the bitter persecution which laid the heads of its noblest promoters in the dust. Had the system of education attempted to be introduced been far in advance of the moral spirit and capacity of the people; had it consisted in placing at their command an engine of mighty power they knew not how to direct—in the diffusion of knowledge, which may make a discontented and rapidly increasing population wise, but not wise unto salvation—render them keenly sensible of their condition, without imparting moral courage and christian consolation to support them under it—the jealousy of any government might justly be excited. Had Pellico and his illustrious friends not connected their conciliatory doctrines with popular education, founded on a solid religious basis, and by the previous establishment of moral and elementary schools—

had they sought to diffuse the light of nature without the light of revelation—science without religion—reason and truth without the moral vigour and judgment to wield them, thus creating a fertile source of evil in the fermentation of the intellectual elements without the restraining force of religious and moral discipline—impelling the people to employ their knowledge in crude misdirected combinations, in a restless and morbid activity to equal those above them, whom they believe they equal in point of intellect;—letting loose, in short, a fearful power when unregulated by moral cultivation and religious discipline,—the conductors of the conciliatory system need not have felt astonished at the failure of their plans.

If they had, moreover, consisted of men panting for popular applause, more eager in the pursuit of general fame than wise and calculating in promoting the general good, and poured a flood of universal light and knowledge—a sudden widespread blaze of intellect, which clearly showed the secret springs and bearings of social and political institutions, with a growing sense of gigantic power not actuated by a redeeming strength and moral discipline, to be derived only from religious education; had the conciliators of

Italy thus stolen the Promethean fire and cast it like a brand among an excited and ill disciplined people—by what name would an Austrian government have characterised their proceedings? In what other terms should the founders of such a system as this, of which the operations, without the regenerating discipline and restraining power of religion, confer only a dark and fearful power, aiming at that bad eminence which commands the realms of "Anarch and old Night," be truly designated, though arrayed in all the splendour of gigantic and resistless intellect, but as a comet of the moral world—the golden statue with the feet of clay?

Many were the fearful preludes of the storm which burst upon the head of the devoted conciliators, and Count Porro was one of the few who had early enough the precaution to make his escape. In dungeons and upon the scaffold they were condemned to expiate the crime of loving their country; for keeping in view the divine precepts of cultivating peace and goodwill towards men, and teaching them to walk humbly before their God. The sensation produced by the total suppression of this high, intellectual school, at Milan, with all its rich promise of regenerating the

popular mind and directing popular opinion, is described as affecting and sombre in the extreme; as if ominous of the more terrific sufferings which speedily followed. Each of its associated members hastened home to his solitary studies, half despairing of the cause of their country and of mankind. The young and beautiful spirit of Italy, bright and glad as in the days of her merchant princes, seemed to have been cradled once more in the lofty intellect and pure moral worth of men who had united in the holiest bonds of christian brotherhood, to promote the moral welfare and civilisation of a future people. How dark a stain upon humanity! how terrific that scourge of barbarism and brute power, which in the nineteenth century can seek its policy in destroying a system like this, and hunting down its benefactors as if they were wild beasts, hostile to the safety of mankind! On the fatal termination of the Neapolitan revolution, the whole of Lombardy felt the shock, and fell under a yet heavier yoke. Arrests followed each other in rapid succession; the proclamations of Austria against associations came less like a warning than a sudden grasping of her victims; and it was then that the ranks of the conciliators first began to be rapidly thinned·

Pellico's admirable friend, the Marquis Breme, was spared the horror of witnessing or feeling the sufferings prepared for his noble countrymen. Our author had just received tidings that he was then dying at Turin. He instantly set out to join his beloved friend; he rallied after Pellico's arrival, who continued with him during the space of a month. At length on appearing better than usual, Silvio one day returned to Milan, and almost immediately afterwards he heard that Breme was no more. On the second of September following, he sailed from Pavia in a steam-boat to visit Venice; but returning in a short time once more to Milan, he hastened to the house of his admirable friend, Pietro Maroncelli *. Upon inquiry, the answer was that he had been arrested. Upon this, Pellico, who had promised Count Porro to attend to some of his family affairs, set out for his country seat of Balbianino, on the Lake

* The same to whom the world is indebted for the interesting "Additions" to Pellico's Memoirs, from which these incidents of the author's life have been gathered. The translator has to confess his obligations also to an Italian Life prefixed to a beautiful edition of Pellico's Memoirs, embodying the interesting "Additions," in one volume, very tastefully got up, with the portrait and a vignette. Published by Mr. Rolandi, Berner's-street.

of Como; and after transacting the necessary business, he went back with the same quiet undisturbed mind to Milan. Scarcely had he re-entered the city, when some one advancing close to him, whispered in his ear, "The police are after you!" "They know where I am to be found," was the answer; "I am going to wait for them." He went, and they were in readiness for him! His papers, his poems, tragedies, romances, correspondence—were all seized; and he was requested to follow his inquisitors to the station, or police prisons of Santa Marghereta. Like the footsteps into the lion's den, *nulla retrorsum*, he never retraced his way; but was hurried from dungeon to dungeon, under every variety of physical and moral suffering, until he found himself in the subterranean caverns (sentenced to fifteen years' close confinement) of the castle of Spielberg.

"But before this blow fell upon him," says his French biographer, "Providence, as if to sustain him under so great a calamity, had raised him up a friend eager to console him: a young man of Forli, in the printing establishment of Belloni, named Pietro Maroncelli, gifted with a fine taste both for poetry and music. I feel indeed

deeply affected as I trace for the first time the name of him who underwent such unheard-of sufferings by the side of Silvio Pellico; it is to him I am indebted for the chief part of the facts interweaved into this narrative. He went through the whole of his pathetic recital without having said a single word of himself; without alluding to the time and place where they had first met—how they had become such perfect brothers, and religiously preserved their affection unabated through the terrific scenes they had to encounter; and when I reminded him of this omission, he looked at me with astonishment, and with an expression which conveyed in the most delicate manner, that in speaking of his friend he supposed he had said every thing which referred to himself. They met for the first time at the house of the celebrated actress Marchionni, with whose name are connected the first poetical laurels of Silvio Pellico. A warm discussion on some system of music brought them closer to each other; their friendship sprung almost from a quarrel, but one of those fine quarrels of art which unfold the souls of nature's nobles to each other. When Maroncelli rose to depart, Pellico followed him; they walked together some way, and, ere they

separated, unaltered vows of friendship had been accepted and returned. It looked as if, having some presentiment of the destiny awaiting them, they felt that instinctive want of securing each for the other to bear up against the evil days which were at hand. They loved one another with a sudden and generous impulse, in order the better to be prepared to suffer together when their hour was come*."

Pietro Maroncelli had been arrested on the 7th of October, 1820, just six days before his friend. From this last date commences the autobiography, entitled, "My Ten Years' Imprisonment," by Pellico, already translated into most of the European languages, and into English, among the rest, by the writer of the present narrative. It would in so far be a vain repetition to do more than refer to "My Ten Years' Imprisonment," for a most interesting sequel of this hasty account. Its object, as connected with The Duties of Men, which I am anxious it should tend to enforce, is rather to exhibit the education and the mind of Pellico,

---

* M. Delatour; see also "Le Addizioni," in a new edition of Le Mie Pregioni, with the very able Life, already alluded to.

as formed upon that system of moral discipline combined with mere knowledge,—a system to which he subsequently devoted all his energies, and to which he had so nearly fallen a martyr for the sake of conferring it upon his country.

The same principle, it will readily be perceived, has dictated every line of the following admirable little work, which contains the substance of genuine christianity, practical education, and a simplicity and pathos in its appeals which render it a powerful coadjutor in the great task of giving a new heart, and creating a right spirit in man.

Silvio Pellico appears to have been always actuated by the same sentiments of love of family, love of country, and love of humanity. How they took root we have seen while examining the germs of his infant character, which it was apparent would one day bear noble fruits. These generous principles, indeed, became the religion of his private and public life. The whole of them resolve themselves into one source of truth and good, as they all spring from religion and from God*. When cut off from the exercise of these holy charities, in sad captivity, the hand of death and deep sorrow lay heavy upon him; but once restored to

* Maroncelli.

their natural and beneficial employment, they became the inspiring song of the free exulting poet.

But even in captivity he had found room for their display; he made friends, and converts to goodness and to truth, of all with whom he met, from the harsh gaoler and his attendants to the young unformed minds of childhood—the deaf and the dumb; passing through an ordeal of prison discipline which must become memorable in the annals of mind. It was this which conferred upon him the best of titles to estimate and to recommend, from the great human school of experience and adversity, the value of the simple "Duties of Men *."

---

* I cannot refrain from adding one beautiful illustration of devoted duty and affection in the instance of the Countess Confalonieri. The moment she heard that the Count was condemned to death, she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate. It was midnight; but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the Empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants, wrought its effect on their royal mistress; she hastened that moment to the Emperor, and having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence; her husband's life was spared. But the death-warrant was on it way;—could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance, and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she

reached the city of Milan. The Count was preparing to be led to the scaffold; but she was in time,—she had saved him. During her painful journey, she had rested her throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which she bathed with her tears,—in the conflict of mingled terror and hope; for all might be over. This interesting memorial of conjugal tenderness and truth in so fearful a moment, was sent by his judges to the Count, to show their sense of his wife's admirable conduct. He brought it with him to the dungeons of Speilberg; it was his sole consolation; his inseparable companion by day and by night. A long succession of governors and superintendents had all respected its possession, and the noble devotedness of heart which gave it to him. In an evil hour, Count Von Vogel came; said that it was *irregular*, and deprived the captive Count of this last left source of consolation.

TO THE READER.

THE following Discourse was addressed to an individual; but I publish it in the hope of its being useful to young persons in general. It is not a scientific treatise; it contains no profound investigations into the nature of our human duties. That man is under an obligation to be honest and religious, appears to me to require no proof from force or ingenuity of argument. He who finds no such proof in his own conscience, will in vain seek for it in a book. I have here confined myself to a simple enumeration of the

positive duties which man has to encounter in his passage through life; I invite his attention to them; I ask him to pursue them with a noble constancy of mind.

THE

DUTIES OF MEN.

IN A SERIES OF SUBJECTS, ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

SECTION I.

ON THE NECESSITY AND VALUE OF DUTY.

It is impossible for the human mind to disengage itself from the idea of duty;—impossible for it not to feel and acknowledge the immense importance of such an idea. The sense of duty is irradicably attached to our very being; conscience warns us of its existence from the earliest dawn of reason, and it invariably grows with our growth as the reasoning powers expand. Every thing, without and around us, equally informs us of this truth, because every thing is governed by

one harmonious and eternal law ;—every thing in unison has a destination to express the wisdom, and to effect the will of that Being who is the cause and the end of all things.

It follows that man, also, has a destination,—a nature of his own. In conformity with this nature, it is necessary that he *be* that which he ought to be, or he is not esteemed by his kind,—he is not esteemed by himself ;—he is not happy. Yet it is his nature to aspire to happiness ;—to understand and to prove that he cannot attain it except by being virtuous ;—in other words, being that which his welfare, in unison with the system of the universe,—with the designs of God, demand that he should be.

If, in the hour of passion, we are tempted to *call* that our good which is opposedto the w ell-being of another, and to universal order, we are still unable to persuade ourselves that it *is* so ; for conscience denies the assertion. When the passion ceases, the retrospect of what has injured the well-being of another, and disturbed general order, invariably excites a feeling of remorse and horror. The fulfilment of duty, then, is so far necessary to our welfare, that even the pains of death, which are thought the most imminent of human evils,

assume the aspect of a triumph in the mind of the truly noble, who know how to suffer and to die in the effort to save their neighbour, or to conform to the adorable designs of the Omnipotent.

In man, therefore, becoming that which he ought to be consists at once the definition of duty and that of happiness. Religion proclaims this truth sublimely, when it says, that he is made in the image of God. His duty and his happiness consist in his degree of likeness to that Image;—in not desiring to be other than like; but to be good, because God is good, and has given to him the glorious capacity of elevating his soul to all the virtues, and to become, by so doing, even one with Himself. Is not here a heavenly destination worth suffering for, and struggling through severer difficulties than a brief mortal life can array against us?

SECTION II.

ON THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

Of all our duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love Truth are one and the same.

Awaken all your energies, my young friend, to wish for and to WILL the truth; never to permit yourself to be dazzled by the glare of that false eloquence, the boast of wild and melancholy sophists, eager to throw dark, distracting doubts upon every thing. Reason is of no utility, but rather injurious, when directed against truth—in order to depreciate it—to maintain ignoble views, or when it deduces consequences, tending to excite despair from the inevitable evils of this life, and by denying that life is a good. Insisting upon some apparent disorders in the universe, it refuses to acknowledge any system of order at all; when wounded by the palpability and the death of the body, it is shocked at the belief of an existence (the *I am*) wholly spiritual and immortal; when it considers the distinctions between vice and virtue as a mere dream, and when it likes to contemplate, in man, a something worse than wild beast, without a spark of divine mind.

Were man and nature, indeed, of so poor, so vile, so revolting a formation, why persist in losing our time in the pursuit of wisdom? By the same reasoning we might applaud the doctrine of suicide; but let us beware of such insidious approaches, and suspect those who themselves dread the doctrines which they dare to recommend.

Since conscience tells us that we ought to live (for the exception of a few weak intellects amounts to nothing); since we live to aspire after good; since we feel that the welfare of man consists in his not debasing himself into a worm, but in dignifying, and elevating his mind to God; it is clear there can be no sound use of reason except in so far as it presents to man a lofty idea of his own possible dignity, and impels him to seek its attainment.

This being once acknowledged, let us boldly cast away all scepticism, cynicism, and all other degrading systems of philosophy; let us bind ourselves to the belief of truth,—to the noble and the good. To have faith, it is necessary to *wish* to have faith; it is necessary to love ardently the truth. It is this love only which can inspire the soul with energy; he who can be content to languish in endless doubts, relaxes all the springs of mind.

To good faith in all right principles, add the determination of invariably presenting, in yourself, the expression of truth in all your words and in all your actions. Man's conscience can find no repose except in the bosom of truth. He who states a falsehood, even if undiscovered, bears his

own punishment within him; he feels that he has betrayed a duty, and in so far degraded himself. In order not to fall into the low habit of lying, the only plan is to form a determination not to speak falsely at all. If we yield to a single exception to this rule, there is no reason we should not indulge two; if two, fifty, and so on, without any limits whatever. It is in this way that many become by degrees so horribly addicted to feign, to impose, to exaggerate, and at length to calumniate, that you can neither take their own evidence against others, nor believe them even when they speak ill of themselves. The most corrupt periods are those in which false accusations and al manner of lies and calumnies so much abound. It is then that general suspicion, suspicion between father and son, that an unseasonable multiplying of protests, oaths and perfidies,—that a diversity of political, religious, and even of literary opinions, prevail on all sides. Acting as an incessant stimulus to invent deeds and designs derogatory to the other party, it then becomes a general persuasion that it is lawful to crush an adversary by any means; blasphemy begins to prevail; the rage for bringing false witnesses against others infects parties like a plague; and such

being easily found, it is as easy a task to sustain and exaggerate their charges as to affect to believe that they are substantiated. They who do not possess simplicity of heart, always consider the hearts of others as being capable of deceit. If they hear any one speak who does not please their fancy, they will pretend to find some evil design in what he says ; if they see another offering up his devotions, or doing some charitable deed, they will directly thank heaven that they are at least no hypocrites, like him.

But though born in an age when the vice of lying and extreme distrust cast their slime over too much of what is valuable and sacred, hold yourself free and clean-handed from crimes at once so despicable and revolting. Feel generously disposed to rely upon the truth of others, and should they refuse to believe you in turn, do not give way to anger, but content yourself that it shines

" Agli occhi di colui che tutto vede."

Refulgent in the eye which all things sees.

SECTION III.

ON RELIGION.

TAKING it for granted that man is something beyond the brute, that he possesses within him some spark of heavenly fire, we are bound to hold in the highest esteem all such sentiments as tend most to dignify his nature. Now, as it is evident that no sentiment can so much raise him in the scale of mind as aspiring, notwithstanding all misfortunes, to perfection, to felicity, and to God, it results that we are compelled to acknowledge the excellency of religion, and to cultivate it.

Do not be dismayed by the number of idle wits or profane jesters, who because you are religious, will have the hardihood to call you a hypocrite. Without vigour of mind you can possess no one virtue; you can fulfil no high duty. Even to be pious, it requires that you should be free from pusillanimity.

As little let it alarm you that you should be associated, as a Christian, with many inferior intellects, little capable of appreciating the sub-

limity of genuine religion. It is no reason that, because it is incumbent upon the general mass to be religiously disposed, religion itself should partake of any thing vulgar. If, then, the ignorant are constrained to be honest and decorous, shall the man of cultivated mind blush to comply thus far with the general law?

The exercise of reason, and the result of your studies, will have informed you that there is no religion nearly so pure as that of christianity; none more exempt from errors, of brighter sanctity, and bearing in all its features more manifestly the imprint of Divine Mind. There is not any which has had so much influence in promoting and extending civilisation on all sides; in abolishing or mitigating the terrific scourge of slavery; in causing to be acknowledged a spiritual bond of brotherhood in the eye of God, and in drawing that bond of brotherhood closer to the Deity himself.

Dwell frequently upon these facts, and in particular upon the strength of the historical proofs by which they are established; for they are such as will stand the test of the most dispassionate and rigid examination.

Farther, not to be deluded by the sophisms

advanced against the validity of these proofs, combine with this examination the recollection of the great number of distinguished men who have acknowledged them to be complete and unanswerable; of the many powerful thinkers of our own times, and even as far back as Dante, St. Thomas, St. Augustine, and the earliest Fathers of the church.

Every nation will supply you with illustrious names, such as no sceptic, however ingenious or daring, will venture to despise.

The celebrated Bacon, so much vaunted by the empiric school, far from being a free-thinker, like the most ardent of his panegyrists, always declared that he was a Christian. Grotius was a Christian, and wrote a *Treatise upon the Truth of Religion,* although in some points he may have fallen into error. Leibnitz was one of the most zealous supporters of christianity. Newton was not ashamed to write in proof of the *Harmony of the Gospels.* The excellent Locke, too, wrote upon the *Reasonableness of Christianity.* That distinguished physician, and man of immense strength and cultivation of intellect, our own Volta, preserved throughout life the character of the most virtuous of catholics. Minds of this

stamp, with so many others, ought assuredly to be allowed some weight in proving that christianity is in perfect harmony with sound sense; with that sense, I mean, which is capable of applying and generalising its knowledge and its researches; not restricted, not one-sided, and not perverted by the rage for vain scoffing and impiety.

SECTION IV.

A FEW QUOTATIONS.

AMONG the celebrated men of all ages are to be ranked some of an irreligious character, and not a few who have occasionally fallen into errors and inconsistencies in point of christian faith. But what are we to conclude from that? Many have written against christianity, and as many against its general doctrine; they have asserted much and have proved nothing. The most eminent of them have been constrained to admit, in one or other of their works, the superior wisdom of the very religion which they impugned, or which they so ill practised.

The following extracts, although they can lay no claim to novelty, lose nothing of their importance when applied to the present subject;

and it may be of use to repeat them. In his "Emilius," Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote these memorable words: "I confess that the majesty of the scriptures confounds me; the sanctity of the gospel speaks powerfully to my heart. Examine the works of the philosophers with all their pomp; how they sink into insignificance before it! Is it possible that a book, at once so sublime and so simple, can be the work of men;—is it possible that He of whom it recounts the history could be only a man? The actions of Socrates, respecting which no one doubts, are far less strongly attested than those attributed to Jesus Christ. Moreover, to suppose a number of men to have combined in composing this book, rather than that one only should have supplied the subject of it, would be to shun, not to remove the difficulty; it would in fact be rendering it only the more incomprehensible. The gospel indeed displays the character of truth at once so grand, so luminous, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventors of it would be yet more wonderful than the hero."

The same writer also observes:

"Avoid those who, under the pretext of explaining nature, attempt to spread desolating doctrines in the hearts of men. Overthrowing,

destroying, trampling upon every thing which men ought to respect, they deprive the afflicted of their last consolation in misfortune; they remove from the rich and powerful the only restraint upon their passions; they eradicate from the recesses of the heart the remorse of crime, the hope of virtue; and then boast that they are the benefactors of the human race. Truth, they presume to say, is never injurious to mankind. In this, too, I agree; and it is, in my opinion, a proof that that which they preach is not truth. . . ."

Montesquieu, although not irreproachable in matters of religion, invariably expressed indignation against those who ascribed to christianity faults it does not possess.

" Bayle," he declares," after casting insult upon all religions, proceeds to libel christianity. He has the audacity to assert, that true christians could never compose a state which would be able to subsist. But why? They would form a body of citizens, eminently enlightened in regard to their duties, and animated by the noblest zeal for the fulfilment of them. They would well understand the rights of natural defence; the more they believed that they were indebted to religion, so

much the more would they feel what was due to their country. How wonderful that the christian religion, which seems to aim only at happiness in a life to come, should be proved also to constitute our real felicity in this*." Farther he observes: "It is bad reasoning to charge christianity with those evils which attended its introduction, while we lose sight of the signal benefits which it has conferred upon society. Were we to recount the various sufferings produced by the establishment of civil laws, by monarchy, or by republican government, we should excite horror; were we to recal to mind the succession of wholesale slaughters committed by kings, and the renowned Greek and Roman commanders; the destruction of people and of cities by those fierce *Condottieri;* the devastations of Timur and of Ghengis Khan, we should find how much we owe to christianity, in the possession of acknowledged political rights, —a certain right of nations in regard to war— rights for which human nature can never be sufficiently grateful†."

The great Byron, of wonderful and gigantic intellect, who so unhappily idolised, by turns,

---

* See Spirit of Laws, book iii., chap. 6.

† Montesquieu, Book xxiv., chap. 2, 3.

both virtue and vice, truth and error, but who inwardly felt that consuming thirst for truth and virtue,—inherent in noble minds—frankly testified to the veneration he was constrained to feel towards the general doctrines of christianity. He was even desirous that his daughter should be educated in the catholic faith ; and it is known, that, in one of his letters, speaking of the determination to which he had come, he gives as his chief reasons, that in no other church did the light of truth appear so clearly to his mind.

The friend of Byron, and the greatest poet since his departure of whom England can boast, Thomas Moore,—after having spent years of doubt in regard to the choice of a religion, would seem to have directed the whole force of his active mind to the investigation of christianity. He found that there was no method of becoming a christian, and a good reasoner, without adopting the universal christian and catholic doctrine, freed from its temporal power and its long existing abuses. He wrote an account of the researches he had made, and the irresistable conclusion to which he had been compelled to come *.

* See Travels of an Irish Gentleman, &c.

SECTION V.

PROPOSITION RESPECTING RELIGION.

THE considerations here adduced, and the numerous proofs which exist in favour of christianity, and of an universal Christian Church, should urge you to repeat similar words, and to exclaim with noble resolution,—" I will oppose, with clear head and sound heart, all those specious and inconclusive arguments with which it is customary to attack the christian religion.

" I perceive that it is not true that its general catholic doctrine is opposed to the light of reason and intellectual cultivation. I see that what is asserted of its being adapted to barbarous periods, but not to the present, is not true; because, after being highly instrumental in the civilisation of Asia, in that of Greece, in that of Rome, and in the infinite number of states of the middle ages, it was equally adapted to all those people who subsequent to those ages received the light of civilisation, and it is, at this hour, also adapted to minds and intellects which do not yield in dignity and power to any in the world. I find, that from the ear-

liest heresiarchs until the school of Voltaire and his companions, up to the Saint Simonians of our day, all have boasted of teaching some better doctrine, and not one has succeeded. Whilst, therefore, I glory in proclaiming myself an enemy to barbarism and a friend to knowledge, I am proud of being a catholic in its most enlightened and comprehensive sense, the advocate of christian faith. I pity him who derides me, and affects to confound my doctrine with that of the fanatic or the Pharisee."

Thus clearly seeing and proclaiming your Christian faith, be firm and consistent in it. Honour religion as much as it is in your power, both with heart and understanding, and abide by it alike among believers or unbelievers. Do not display it, however, by mere cold compliance with the usual forms of its worship; but inspire these forms with the soul of elevated thoughts; raise them to a noble admiration of the sublimity of its mysteries, without one arrogant wish to explain them. Imbibe the refreshing virtues thence only to be derived, never forgetting that simple adoration can avail you nothing, if you do not propose to adore God equally in all your works.

The beauty and the truth of the catholic reli-

gion, in this comprehensive sense, appear with peculiar brightness to the minds of some; they feel sensible that no philosophy can be more philosophical; none more hostile towards injustice, more friendly to all the benefits and advantages mankind can possess. They are nevertheless borne away by the current; they live as if christianity belonged to the common herd, a thing in which the fashionable and polished had no participation. I, who made one of that wretched class, know how difficult it is to break the chain of this evil spell. Should you ever be in danger, make an equally daring struggle to regenerate your mind. The ridicule of other unhappy slaves cannot affect you when it is your duty to avow a noble sentiment—and what sentiment more noble than that of honouring and loving God!

But, in the supposition that you may have to exert all your energy to free yourself from false doctrines, or from indifference and apathy, and in order to embrace a clear profession of faith, do not give to the incredulous the scandalous spectacle of absurd hypocrisy and of cowardly scruples; be humble in the eyes of God and in the sight of your fellow-beings, but never lose sight of your true dignity as a man, nor turn from the

light of sound reason. Mere reason, in its worldly sense, which foments pride and hatred, is every way opposed to the Gospel.

SECTION VI.

ON PHILANTHROPY OR CHARITY.

It is only through religion that man can be taught to feel, in what real philanthropy and pure charity may be said to consist. The word charity is one of powerful import, as is also that of philanthropy, notwithstanding that many sophists have dared to ridicule its sacredness. The apostle made use of it in order to signify love of humanity, and he also applied it to that love of humanity which dwells in God himself. In the Epistle of Titus (chap. iii.), we read, "When appeared the benignity and the philanthropy of our Redeemer and Lord."

The Omnipotent loves mankind, and wishes that each of us should love them. It is not in our power, as we before said, to be good, to be content with ourselves or to esteem ourselves, except upon condition of imitating him in this generous love; without wishing for the virtue and

the happiness of our neighbour, and doing all in our power to serve him.

This love comprehends almost every human gift, and is an essential part of the love which we owe to God, as appears from many sublime passages in the holy writings, and more particularly in this:—"The King will say to those who stand on his right hand, 'Come, oh ye blessed of my Father! enter into the kingdom prepared for you even from the foundation of the world. I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me drink; I was a stranger, and you received me; naked, and you clad me; sick, and you visited me; in prison, and you came to see me.' Then will the righteous make answer, 'Lord, when saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and received Thee, or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we Thee sick or in prison, and came to see Thee?' And the King shall answer and say unto them: 'Verily I say unto you; inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

It is well to form an elevated model of man in our own minds, and to endeavour to come as near

it as we can. But what am I saying? That type or model is given to us by our religion; and ah! what excellence does it not display! He, whom it presents for our imitation, combines the gentle and the brave in character, in the highest, in the most comprehensive, in the most civilised and polished degree. He was the irreconcilable enemy of all oppression and of all hypocrisy; the great Philanthropist, who pardoned all except the impenitently wicked; the one who could avenge himself and yet forbore; the one who made brothers of the poor, and threatened not even the fortunate of the earth, provided they remembered that they were still brethren of the poor; the man who estimated not individuals from their rank in knowledge or in prosperity, but by their actions and the affections of the heart. He is the only great philosopher in whom no speck of human frailty is to be found; he is the full manifestation of God in a being of our own kind; he is the Human-Deity, uniting in one link heaven and earth.

He who bears in his mind so perfect a model, with how much reverence will he not regard humanity! Love is always in proportion to our esteem. In order to love humanity, it is first

necessary we should learn to esteem it. He, on the contrary, who forms to himself a mean, ignoble, and variable model, who is pleased to regard mankind as a herd of wily and ferocious beasts, born to no higher destiny than to feed, to propagate their species, to toil, and to return to dust; he who can see nothing vast or great in the onward path of civilisation, in the triumph of the sciences and the arts, in the research of justice, in our strange uncontrollable tendency towards what is beautiful, and good, and heavenly; what motives can he have to respect or love an individual of his kind—to urge him forward in the race of virtue, or to sacrifice anything for his welfare?

To love humanity, it is necessary to know how to regard, without offence, its weaknesses and its vices. When we behold it brutalised in ignorance, let us consider how admirable must be that faculty in man, which enables him to ascend beyond that thick and murky region, and shine forth only the brighter after continued ages' eclipse of the mind; nay often, even in the reign of ignorance itself, displaying sublime social virtues, becoming illustrious by his courage, his compassion, his gratitude, and his justice!

Those individuals who never proceed a step in

the career of enlightenment, and who never attempt to practise virtue, are individual exceptions, not part and parcel of humanity. If, and in how far, they will stand exonerated in the eyes of God, is known to God alone. Let it suffice us, that no more will be demanded from each of us than the fair value of the sum entrusted to our care.

SECTION VII.

ON THE ESTEEM OF MANKIND.

In human nature we esteem those who, testifying in themselves to its moral grandeur, point out to us that which we ought to emulate. We may be unable to equal them in fame; but this is not necessary. In genuine worth we can always aspire to the highest standard. I mean in the cultivation of noble sentiment, so soon as we can think and reason, when born under common advantages, for ourselves.

If ever, therefore, we feel tempted to despise humanity from what we behold with our own eyes, or from what we read in history of its baseness and its excesses, let us turn our attention to those numerous and venerable names which

threw lustre round the periods in which they lived. The irritable but generous Byron used to tell me, that this was the only method he could adopt to save him from falling into absolute misanthropy: "The first great man," he observed, "who thus occurs to my mind is always Moses; Moses, who restored to greatness a people immersed in utter degradation; who rescued it from the opprobrium of idolatry and slavery; who dictated to that people a law full of wisdom, a wonderful bond between the religion of the patriarchs and the religion of civilised periods,—I mean the Gospel. The great qualities, with the institutions, of Moses, were the means by which Providence produced among that people the distinguished men, brave warriors, excellent citizens, prophets zealous for the right, who foretold the fall of the haughty and hypocritical, and the future civilisation of all nations.

"When I think of some of these great men, and in particular my favourite Moses," added Byron, "I always repeat with enthusiasm that splendid line of Dante—

'Che di vederli, in me stesso m'esalto!*'

---

* Whom to behold is to exalt myself.

and I then am enabled to resume my good opinion of this race of Adam, and of the spirits which it enshrines."

These words of the greatest of England's poets, remained impressed indelibly upon my mind, and I confess that I have derived no inconsiderable aid by adopting his own noble thoughts whenever assailed by the temptation of falling into misanthropical views.

In truth, the grand minds which have appeared, and continue to appear, amply refute the assertions of those who entertain mean opinions of the nature of man. Let us only cast a glance upon the splendid list furnished us by antiquity! Look at the Roman annals! How many, during the barbarism of the middle ages, and in the succeeding periods of civilisation, throw lustre upon their race! There the martyrs to truth; here the benefactors of the afflicted; in other parts, the fathers of the church, presenting in themselves a miracle of gigantic philosophy, united to the most ardent charity; and everywhere valiant patriots, the advocates of justice, restorers of light and truth, learned poets, men of profound science, and skilled artists. Yet neither the remoteness of ages, nor the glorious destinies of these individuals, should strike

our imagination as something belonging to a different nature from ourselves. No! They were in their origin no more demigods than ourselves. They were the offspring of woman; they were troubled, and they wept like ourselves; they were bound like us to struggle against their evil inclinations: at times they felt humiliated, again to triumph over themselves.

But the annals of nations, and other remaining monuments, record only a small part of the splendid minds which have adorned the world. And thousands upon thousands, at this very period, without any views of celebrity, do honour to the name of man, devoting the whole vigour of their understanding, their upright and courageous actions, to his improvement, by drawing closer the ties of brotherhood with all noble intellects engaged in the same holy cause; the brotherhood, we venture to repeat, which raises them to a communion with God.

To call to mind the excellence and the number of the good is not to delude ourselves, nor is it to regard only the beautiful side of humanity, by denying that there exists a large portion of the ignorant and the wicked. They are numerous, it is true; but what I wish to enforce is, that man

is capable of becoming great and admirable by his reason,—that he may avoid ignorance and corruption,—that he can at all times, in every stage of cultivation, under every aspect of fortune, make himself noble and estimable by his virtues; and that owing to these considerations he lays claim to the applause of every intelligent being.

By thus holding him in the estimation he deserves, perceiving his natural impulse towards the attainment of infinite perfection; his part and portion in the immortal world of ideality, in addition to his connexion with the laws of the material world; and knowing that he can emerge from the mere herd of animal existence by which he is surrounded, and exclaim, "I am something beyond all these, and every earthly thing without me,"—we shall, by such considerations, feel our sympathies expand, and our energies in his cause invigorated. We shall feel greater compassion for his miseries and his errors, while we reflect upon his inherent greatness. We shall feel only regret when we behold the king of created beings debasing himself by his ill conduct; we shall be anxious either to throw a religious veil over his faults, or to offer him a Christian's hand to raise him from the degradation into which he had fallen.

We shall exult whenever we see him mindful of his real dignity,—undaunted in the midst of calamity and reproach,—triumphant in the most arduous struggles, and pursuing his onward career with all the resistless force of christian will, to approach as nearly as possible the divine model which he has in view.

SECTION VIII.

ON LOVE OF COUNTRY.

ALL those affections which bind men in a community of interests, and impel them to practise virtue, are inherently noble. The cynic, so eager in advancing his many sophisms against every generous sentiment, is accustomed to boast of philanthropy, in order to run down the love of our country. Hence he says, "My country is the world; the little corner in which I was born has no claim to my reasonable preference; there are other countries of equal value, where I can find equal or greater advantages; patriotism, in short, is only another kind of egotism, extending through a certain number of men, and encouraged in order to authorise their hatred of the rest of the world."

But you, my friend, scorn to make yourself the laughing-stock of a philosophy so despicable. Its character is to degrade and vilify mankind; to deny virtue, to call by the name of pride and perversity all which can truly elevate his nature. It is as easy as it is despicable to muster a number of grandly sounding words in deterioration of every thing most dear and sacred in social life, or tending to its happiness and improvement.

The doctrine of the cynic would keep man down—down to the very dust; true philosophy is that which pants to raise him in his own eyes; it is a philosophy of religion, and honours the love of country.

Assuredly, we may also say of the whole world, that it is our country. All nations are but fractions of one great family, which, owing to its number, cannot be regulated by a single government, although it may have God for its supreme ruler. To regard the various individuals of our kind as one family, is favourable towards exciting benevolent feelings for humanity in general. Such views, however, by no means interfere with others equally just.

It is equally a fact that the human race are divided into different nations. Each people is

formed by a number of persons connected by a communion of laws, religion, customs, language, identity of origin, glory, misfortunes, and hopes; or if not by all these, the greater part of these elements unite in producing a peculiar sympathy and concord. To call this, and the union of interests, social egotism, is much as if a rage for satire should urge us to libel paternal and filial love itself, describing it as a conspiracy between each father and his sons against the general interests of philanthropy.

Let us never forget that truth is many-sided; that there is not one among the virtuous sentiments which is not deserving of cultivation. Can any one of them, therefore, by its exclusive nurture prove injurious? Avoid this exclusiveness, and it will not—cannot do so. The love of humanity is a noble love; but it ought never to supersede that of our native place, which also is entitled to the praise of nobleness; but neither ought it to supersede the love of humanity in general.

Shame to the ignoble mind which can contemplate, without sympathetic applause, that multiplicity of views and motives which the sacred instinct of brotherhood among men, with all those

interchanges of honour, aid, and courtesy, is capable of producing! For instance, two European travellers happen to meet in some other part of the world; one may have been born at Turin, the other in London. They are both from Europe; and this of itself constitutes a certain bond of love,—a certain kind of patriotism, and thence a laudable solicitude to do each other good offices. Now let us imagine some other individuals thus meeting by accident, none of whom have been accustomed to speak the same language. You would hardly believe there could exist a common patriotism among them; but you are deceived;—they are Swiss;—one from an Italian, one from a French, a third from a German canton. The identity of political union, which protects each, supplies the want of a common language, attaches them to each other, and invites them to make generous sacrifices for the good of a country which is not a nation.

We behold in Italy, or in Germany, another spectacle; men living under different laws, and thus having become different people,—sometimes constrained to make war upon each other. But they speak, or at least they write, the same language; they reverence the same father-land, they

glory in the same literature; they possess similar tastes, require the same sweet interchanges of friendship, of mutual indulgence and support. Impulses like these, render them at once more pious and more emulous in the discharge of gentle and courteous offices.

The love of country, then, whether it applies to a tract of immense extent, or to the most restricted spot, is always a noble sentiment. There is not even part of a nation which cannot lay claim to its peculiar honours,—princes who acquired for it its relative power, more or less considerable; some memorable historic facts; good institutions; —some noble prevailing feature in its character; men illustrious for their courage—their policy, and distinction in the arts and sciences. Hence arise the various reasons men have for fostering their local predilections in regard to some native province, some native city—the town or village in which they first saw the light.

But let us take care that the love of country, as well in its widest as in its most restricted sense, do not degenerate into vain boasting; as for instance, in having been born in this or that land, in nourishing hatred against other cities, other provinces, or other nations. Patriotism of

an illiberal stamp, invidious or violent, instead of being a virtue, is a vice to be shunned.

SECTION IX.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

To love our country with truly elevated feeling, we ought to begin by supplying it, in ourselves, with citizens of whom that country need not feel ashamed. The bare idea of being scoffers of religion, and of good manners, and yet loving our country worthily, is a thing wholly incompatible, as much so as that of forming a just appreciation of some beloved object, and yet imagining that we are not bound to be constant to her.

If any man revile religion, conjugal faith, decency and probity, and still exclaims, "My country, my country!" Do not believe him to be sincere. He is a hypocrite of patriotism; he is one of the worst of bad citizens. No man can be a good patriot who is not a virtuous man; who does not feel and love the whole of his duties, and use every exertion to discharge them. The

patriot never debases himself by adulation of the powerful, nor by a malignant hatred of all authority—to show servility or want of respect, is an extreme to be equally avoided. If he happen to be in the employment of government, his object ought not to be his own aggrandisement, but the honour and prosperity of the prince and the people.

Is he a private citizen,—the honour and prosperity of prince and people ought equally to form his ardent wish; in his own capacity he should do nothing to counteract, but all he can to extend them.

He is aware that in all societies abuses exist; he is zealous for their correction, but he turns with abhorrence from all violent and sanguinary means; inasmuch as, of all abuses, these are the most fatal and terrible.

The true patriot neither invokes nor excites the rage of civil dissensions; rather by word and example, he restrains the violent; and as much as in him lies, is the advocate of forgiveness and of peace. He ceases to be gentle only when the independence of his country is in danger; he then assumes a lion-port, and he fights to conquer or to perish.

SECTION X.

ON FILIAL LOVE.

YOUR career of action commences, remember, in your own family—the first arena of virtue is the paternal mansion. What shall we say of those who affect to love their country—to boast of heroism—and yet fail in so high a duty as that of filial piety?

There can be no patriotism, not the minutest germ of heroic feeling, in a mind where 'black ingratitude so foully dwells!'

Scarcely does the intellect of the boy open to the idea of his duties, when nature seems to say, "Love your parents!" The instinct, in fact, of filial love is so strong, that it would appear as if no extrinsic aid were necessary to foster it throughout life. Nevertheless, as we before observed, we must put the stamp of our own will upon all good instincts of our nature, in order to preserve them entire; we must exercise an undeviating piety towards our parents, on the basis of a firm purpose.

He who values himself upon the love of God

and of his country, cannot avoid feeling the most perfect reverence towards those through whom he became a creature of God, a man, and a citizen.

A father and a mother are naturally our earliest and best friends: they are the beings to whom we owe our first and sweetest impressions, in short every thing; and we are bound by the most sacred of all ties to feel towards them gratitude, respect, love, tenderness, and indulgence, and to express those feelings in gentle and becoming words.

It is often a result of the extreme intimacy in which we live with persons nearest connected with us, that we are apt to treat them with excessive carelessness, with little study of appearing amiable in their eyes, or of tasting that purest of human pleasures—the sense of having lightened the load of sorrow upon their hearts, and endeavoured to embellish their existence. Ah! my young friend, guard yourself well from committing so grievous a wrong. He who wishes to possess loveliness and gentleness of mind, will be ever anxious to infuse into all his affections a certain voluntary correctness and elegance, which give to them that high degree of perfection of which they are s u sc e pti .

The very wish to show ourselves courteous observers of every pleasing regard and attention beyond the sphere of home, whilst we are deficient in duty and tenderness towards our parents, is as unreasonable as it is wicked. All lovely and beautiful customs are imbibed with eager and obedient assiduity, and have their foundation in the bosom of our first parental family.

"What harm!" we are accustomed to hear, "is there in living at perfect liberty with our parents? They are, of course, sensible that they are respected by their children, without the affected display of exterior deference, even without constraining their children to conceal their little crossings and their passions." But you, my friend, ambitious of possessing something beyond the estimation of mere vulgar minds, never reason thus! For if, by being at liberty, you mean to be a clown—a senseless wretch—it is still a grievous wrong. There is no degree of intimacy of parentage which can justify carelessness of conduct like this.

The mind which has not the courage and self-denial to conduct itself at home as it would out of doors, to appear pleasing in the eyes of others, to acquire every virtue calculated to honour our

species, and to honour the Deity in the form of man, is a low and pusillanimous mind. Truly, to repose from the noble strife of being good and courteous, and delicate in soul and intellect, no season is allowable but the hours of slumber necessary to renew our spiritual career.

Filial duty, in short, is a debt, not merely of gratitude but of indispensable decency. In the rare occurrence of owing one's birth to parents of weak affections, little entitled to claim our esteem, the mere fact of their being the authors of our existence confers on them a character so respectable, that we cannot but incur infamy, if we dare to despise them; nay, even to treat them with indifference or neglect. In such a case, the respect which you show will do you the greater credit, but it will not the less constitute a debt to be paid to nature, to the example and edification of your species, and to your own dignity and self-approval.

Wo to him who constitutes himself a censor of every small defect in the character of his parents! And where shall we begin to exercise charity, if we set out by refusing it to a father and a mother?

To require, in order to respect them, that they should be exempt from faults, and offer us a

model of perfection, is rank pride and injustice. We are all of us, less or more, anxious that we should be esteemed and beloved; but are we, for this reason, always irreproachable? Suppose even that a father or a mother should be far below that standard of excellence we have formed in our own minds, we ought to exert ourselves to conceal their foibles from the eyes of others, to excuse them, and to bring into stronger relief the whole of their good qualities. By thus acting we shall improve our own characters, gradually acquiring a religious and generous disposition, with sagacity in discovering the merits of others.

Often, my dear friend, let the thought so full of mournfulness, yet fraught with compassion and patience, cross your mind—"those white locks upon which my eyes now rest, who knows in how brief a space they may be laid in the tomb?" Ah! so long as you are fortunate enough to see them, honour them, and endeavour to procure for them all the consolation in your power to relieve the many evils of old age—evils which you think not of, because you have no experience of them.

Old age of itself naturally inclines them to feelings of sorrow: do not ever add to their pressure upon the failing springs of life. Let the invariable tenor of your manners, and your whole

conduct towards them, display gentleness and love; so that the very sight of you may throw a beam of pleasure over their countenances, and gladden their hearts. Every smile which you shall bring back upon those placid lips, every little contentment which you can procure their minds, will be to them of the most salutary tendency, and will redound to your advantage. The blessings of a father and a mother upon the head of a grateful son, are always sanctified by the Divine Being.

SECTION XI.

RESPECT TO OLD AGE AND TO OUR PREDECESSORS.

TRY to honour the image of your parents and your ancestors, in all persons who are far in the decline of life. Old age is ever venerable in the opinion of a well-regulated mind. In ancient Sparta, there was a law that the young men should rise up at the approach of an aged fellow-citizen; that they should be silent when he spoke; and that they should yield to him the way on meeting him. Let that which is not a law among ourselves, become a custom for the sake of decency, and we shall all be the better for it.

There is so much moral beauty in this observance, that even they who forget to practise it, are constrained to applaud it in others. An old man at Athens was in search of a seat at the Olympic games, but the entire rows of the Amphitheatre were occupied. A number of youths of his own city beckoned to the old man to approach, and with great difficulty he reached the spot where they sat, when, instead of accommodating him, they burst into an insulting laugh. The poor old citizen, driven from place to place, reached at length the part where the Spartans were seated. Faithful to the sacred custom of their country, they one and all arose, and received the old man among them. It was then that the same Athenians, who had so disgracefully mocked him, struck with admiration of their generous rivals, rose on all sides, and loudly applauded them. Upon this the old man exclaimed, with the tears starting into his eyes, "Truly the Athenians know what is right; the Spartans practise it."

Alexander, the Macedonian—and here I would willingly add the title of Great—during the period of his most distinguished triumphs, and in the very flush of victory, knew how to show due deference and respect to the feebleness of old age.

Arrested in his march by an extraordinary fall of snow, he had just ordered fires to be kindled, and had seated himself as near them as possible to partake the genial warmth. He saw among his soldiers a man bowed down by time, and trembling with cold. He hurried towards him, and with those invincible hands which had overturned the empire of Darius, took the exhausted wayfarer and bore him to his own seat. Parini was accustomed to say, that no man was bad except the wretch capable of despising old age, woman, and misfortune. The same writer was consistent in this opinion, by so exercising the influence he had over his disciples as to render them gentle and obedient to old age. It once happened that he was greatly incensed at a young man who had been accused of some serious fault. In this mood it fell out that he met the culprit in a lane, and in the act of supporting an aged friar, whom he was also defending from the insults of some ruffians who had attacked him. Parini ran crying out to his assistance, and throwing his arms round the youth's neck—"Just now I thought you one of the worst lads in the world; but now I have witnessed your compassion for old age, I believe you capable of many virtues."

But how much more is old age to be respected in the persons of those who bore the cares and anxieties attendant upon our childhood and those of our juveniscence; of those who assisted to the best of their ability in forming our characters and the dispositions of our minds. Let us view their faults with indulgence, estimate with generous feelings the amount of trouble we have caused them, the affection which they lavished upon us, and the sweet return which the constancy of our love must yield them. No! whoever devotes himself with noble zeal to the education of youth, can never be adequately rewarded by the mere bread which such a pursuit procures him. Those cares, embracing both a paternal and a maternal scope, are not of a mercenary nature. They are calculated to ennoble the person who habituates himself to the practice of the excellent qualities which they require. They accustom him to offices of love, and they give him a right to the esteem and love of others.

Let us endeavour to show a filial deference to all our superiors, because they are our superiors.

Let us farther display our filial respect for the memory of all those who have merited well of their country, or of humanity. Their writings

ought to be esteemed sacred in our eyes, and equally so ought their portraits and their tombs. When, also, we consider the character of past ages, and the remains of barbarism which we have inherited from them,—when groaning under the burden of many existing evils, we behold in them the consequences of passions and errors peculiar to times now gone,—do not let us yield to the evil temptation of vituperating our forefathers. Let us rather make it a point of conscience to form a calm, dispassionate, and humane judgment in regard to them. They engaged in wars which we now deplore; but were they not either justified by necessity, or by those strange but blameless illusions, of which, at this distance, we can form no correct idea? They called in foreign assistance, which produced fatal effects, and might not necessity plead for them? They established institutions no longer in harmony with our ideas; but does it follow that they were not adapted to the period in which they flourished? indeed that they might not be the best which human wisdom could found in relation with the social elements by which they were surrounded?

Criticism, whether literary or political, upon our forefathers, ought to be enlightened and com-

prehensive, and to partake of none of the littlenesses of calumnious invective, none of the self-sufficiency of modern superiority, no arrogant depreciation of those who cannot rise from their tombs and exclaim, "The reasons which actuated our conduct, children, were very different!" The following saying of Cato the Elder is justly celebrated:—"It is a difficult thing to enable men who come after us to understand the motives which justify our present course of action."

SECTION XII.

ON FRATERNAL LOVE.

You have brothers and sisters. Let your first endeavour be so to display the love which you owe to your fellow-creatures, as to offer an example of incipient excellence by first honouring your parents, and next by offices of tenderness and goodness towards those with whom you are bound in ties of fraternity, in the sweet community of parental origin.

In order to exercise aright the divine science of charity towards all mankind, it is necessary to

take early lessons in the bosom of your own family.

What a charm is there not, for a good and amiable mind, in the thought that we are children of the same mother! What a charm, we repeat, in finding, almost as we hail the light of heaven, the same common objects to venerate and to love! Identity of blood, and the resemblance of many customs between brothers and sisters, naturally excites a powerful sympathy, which can only be destroyed by the calamitous indulgence of the most horrible and cruel egotism. If you wish to be a good brother, beware of excessive egotism; each day propose to yourself to exercise generosity in your fraternal relations. Let each of your brothers and your sisters perceive that their interests are as dearly appreciated by you as your own. If one of them is in fault, be indulgent, not merely as you would be to another, but to a second self. Take delight in beholding their expanding virtues, encourage them by your example, give them reason to bless their lot in having you for a brother.

Infinitely numerous are the motives to reciprocal love, compassion, and common participation in the young joys and sorrows of life which

continually combine to keep alive and to foster fraternal love. Still it is necessary that we should reflect on all these, or otherwise they may escape our attention, and we must practise self-denial in order to feel them as we ought. Beautiful and delicate sentiments are not to be acquired except by the exercise of assiduous and resolute will. In the same manner as no one can attain to a correct knowledge of poetry or painting without study, so no one comprehends the excellence of fraternal love, or any other elevated sentiment, without a determined will to understand it. Do not let the habit of domestic intimacy make you forgetful of the courtesy and kindness due to a brother. Still greater gentleness is called for towards your sisters. Their sex is endued with a winning charm and grace of manner; and in well-conducted families they generally make use of these amiable gifts to preserve peace through the entire household, to banish ill passions from its precincts, and to soften down the effects of paternal or maternal animadversions which they may sometimes hear. Honour in such sisters the amiableness of woman's virtues; rejoice in the influence they possess to soothe and to beguile your mind. And inasmuch as nature has

formed them weaker and more sensitive than yourself, be in so far more attentive to yield them under affliction all the consolation you can, in giving them no cause of suffering from yourself, and invariably showing them that respect and love so dear to the sister's and the woman's heart.

They, on the contrary, who contract habits of envy and vulgarity, in their fraternal intercourse, carry with them the same ill qualities into whatever sphere they enter. Family intercourse, in all its relations, should be lovely, affectionate, and holy; and thus, when a man passes the threshold of his own home, he bears along with him, in his connexions with the rest of society, that tendency towards esteem, and all the gentler affections, and that confidence in virtue, which are the happy fruits of constant and assiduous cultivation of noble sentiments.

SECTION XIII.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

In addition to your parents and other relatives, who constitute the friends more immediately connected with you by the ties of nature, and in ad-

dition to those masters who, having especially merited your esteem, you are happy in calling your friends, occasions will occur of exciting your particular regard for others with whose good qualities you may be less acquainted,—I mean young persons of nearly your own age.

In what instances you ought to form these new connexions, and when to decline them, can be a matter of little doubt. We are bound to show benevolence to all; but this benevolence need not approach more confidential friendship, except in those cases where the parties have proved themselves worthy of our entire esteem. Friendship is a species of brotherhood, in its noblest and best sense; indeed, it is the ideal perfection of fraternity. It is the highest union of two or three minds, never of more, which become almost necessary to each other; which have recognised in each other a decided disposition to cultivate the same intellectual and moral qualities, to reason and think in union, to attribute noble sentiments to, assist and urge each other on in the career of good.

"Among all societies," observes Cicero, "there is none more noble, none more durable than that

in which men of similar habits and pursuits unite together in bonds of friendship*."

Beware not to discredit the sacred name of friendship by bestowing it upon a man possessed of little or no worth. He who hates religion; he who has not the highest regard for his dignity as a man, who does not strive to honour his country by his judgment and his integrity, who is wanting in reverence to his parents, envious of his brothers, though he were the most remarkable of living men, for an amiableness of countenance and of manners; for his eloquence, for the variety of his knowledge and acquirements, and for occasional impulses towards generous actions, do not *you* be induced to draw closer your casual connexion with him. Though he should profess the warmest affection for you, intrust him not with your confidence; it is only the virtuous man who possesses qualities to make him an estimable friend. Until you shall have proof that a man is indeed worthy upon principle, the mere possibility of his being otherwise should induce you not to advance beyond the limits of general courtesy. The interchange of perfect confidence

* De Off. B. i. c. 18.

is a thing of deep and vital concern; for such is the nature of real friendship, and any want of caution is an act of culpable negligence and self-respect. The man who attaches himself to unworthy companions, is himself unworthy; or at least he causes to fall upon himself with no little opprobrium, the infamy of his associates. How truly fortunate, therefore, is he, who finds a real friend. Often, when relying on his own resources, the vigour of his mind and his good purposes are apt to languish; while the example and the applause of his friend encourage him. On his outset, perhaps, he took alarm, being conscious rather of his defects than of the merit which lay dormant in him, but which the esteem of the man to whom he is attached brings into bolder relief. He then begins to blame himself for not possessing all the good qualities which his friend's indulgence gives him credit for; emulation is excited, and he devotes himself to the task of mental improvement. He is pleased that his good qualities do not escape the observation of his friend; he is grateful for it; he perseveres in his new career; and thus impelled by friendship, a man often arrives at a high degree of perfection, of which he would otherwise have hardly imagined himself capable.

At the same time do not be too anxious to have friends. It is better not to acquire them than to repent of having entered into such a connexion with too great precipitation. When once, however, you have found one, seek to evince your sense of his worth by every mark of elevated friendship.

This noble communion of mind was held sacred by all the philosophers, and it is also sanctified by religion. How many noble examples of it do we not meet with in the Scriptures: "The soul of Jonathan clung unto that of David—Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

But what renders it of greater authority is its consecration by the lips of the Redeemer himself. The head of John, while sleeping, rested upon his master's bosom; and only a few moments before his death, he pronounced from the cross these divine words, so full of love and friendship:—"Mother, behold thy son! my disciple, behold thy mother!" I am of opinion that friendship,—I mean that true, elevated friendship which is founded upon high esteem,—is in a manner necessary to man, in order to raise him above all mean dispositions. It infuses into the mind something of a poetical glow—a sublime strength of union,

rendering it more capable of encountering the stern realities of life, and supporting it in a higher region than that of the cloudy, earthly atmosphere of egotism by which it is surrounded.

When once you shall have accepted and promised friendship, take care to impress its duties upon your heart. They are numerous; they are imperative on you, to render your whole tenor of life such as is calculated to reflect credit upon your friend.

Some advise, by no means to enter into strict confidence with any one, inasmuch as it too powerfully absorbs the feelings, distracts the mind, and gives rise to jealousies and disputes; but I maintain, with an excellent philosopher, St. Francis de Sales, who, in his Filotea animadverts upon this, as being "very bad advice."

He, however, admits, that it may be prudent in cloisters to prevent the formation of partial attachments. "But in the world," he observes, "it is necessary that those who desire to stand forth as soldiers under the banners of virtue and the cross, should enter into union. Men who live in an age when there are so many serious impediments in their path towards heaven, may be compared with those travellers who, in rough and slippery

ways, have recourse to bind themselves one to the other, in order to walk with more security.

It is a fact that we see bad people of every age combining for the purposes of evil; and are we not justified in giving each other the hand, by way of support, and directing our united energies to the end of effecting some good?

SECTION XIV.

ON YOUR STUDIES.

Since you possess the means, it is incumbent upon you to cultivate your understanding. You will render it better calculated to honour God, your country, your parents and your friends.

The mad assertion of Rousseau, that the savage was the happiest of human beings,—that ignorance is preferable to knowledge, is refuted by experience. All travellers agree in having found the savage in the most unhappy, degraded state: we all of us know that an ignorant person may be good; and so may he who possesses knowledge, and that in a higher and more enlarged sphere. Knowledge is only injurious when it is combined with pride. But let it accompany humility, and

it elevates the mind to a fresher apprehension and love of God, as well as of his creatures in all their relations of life.

In whatever study you engage, apply the whole energy and compass of your mind to its full investigation. Superficial studies too frequently produce mediocre and presumptuous men,—men conscious, indeed, of their insignificance, but so much the more violent in deteriorating the talent of others, and thrusting themselves into notice for the purpose of sounding their own fame,—to show the world how great they are, and how little are the truly great. Hence the incessant attacks of pedants upon men of powerful intellect, and of idle declaimers against science and philosophy. Hence, also, the strange perversity of the many, who frequently hold in higher respect the writer who advances the boldest pretensions, but who knows the least.

The present age can boast men eminent for their extensive knowledge and acquirements, but how small their number in comparison with the vain and superficial. Scorn to belong to the ranks of the latter; not from any feeling of presumption, but from a sense of duty, from regard

to your country, from a noble appreciation of reason and of mind, which the Creator has bestowed upon you. If you are unable to become profoundly learned in different branches of your studies, you will do well at least to gather some general ideas of those subjects of which you ought not to be ignorant,—you may glance over these, indeed, but select some one upon which to exercise the full vigour of your understanding—the whole force of your will—in order not to be left behind in the intellectual race. The following advice of Seneca, moreover, is excellent on this head: "Are you desirous that your reading should make a lasting impression upon your mind? Confine it to a few authors of sterling character; and feed your mind with the sound nutriment they afford. To turn your attention everywhere, is much the same as to be nowhere at all. A life spent in travel brings you acquainted with many strange faces, but few friends. It is even so with those hasty readers, who, without a decided taste for any subject, devour an infinite number of books!"

To whatever branch of study you more particularly attach yourself, be upon your guard against falling into that very prevalent error of

becoming an exclusive admirer of your own science, and undervaluing those sciences which you have not been enabled to cultivate.

The despicable reflections of certain poets upon prose-writers, and of the latter upon poetry; of naturalists upon metaphysicians; of mathematicians upon those ignorant of their own peculiar sciences, with the rest of this false and depreciating spirit of criticism, are to be avoided. All the sciences,—all the arts, and all methods of manifesting and making us feel what is true and beautiful, have a title to our homage, and more particularly to that of the educated man.

It is not true that the exact sciences and poetry are incompatible. Buffon was a great naturalist, and his style is rich and animated to an astonishing degree of poetical splendour, which prevails throughout his entire narrative. Mascheroni was a good poet, and as good a mathematician. In cultivating poetry, however, and other sciences connected with the beautiful, be upon your guard not to pursue them with so much avidity as to deprive you of that intellectual power of dwelling with coolness upon abstract calculations, or the logical processes of mind. Suppose the eagle, for instance, were to say,—"It is my nature to fly,

and I can only consider objects while I am flying," how ridiculous it would be! Why should he not be as well able to take a view of things with his wings folded?

On the other hand, do not let the coolness which is requisite in matters of observation lead you to infer, that man is only perfect when he succeeds in extinguishing every ray of fancy,—when he has eradicated all poetical sentiment. If well regulated, I am of opinion that the poetical temperament, in place of weakening the intellect, is favourable in several respects, both to its vivacity and its acuteness.

In studies, as in politics, let us show a wise distrust of all factions and all systems. Examine these well in order to ascertain their real nature; compare them with others, and decide impartially, if you would not have your mind enslaved. To what purpose were the angry conflicts between the extreme parties who cried up their favourite schools of philosophy,—the panegyrists and the depreciators of Aristotle, of Plato, and their contemporaries? To what did they amount, likewise, in the instances of Ariosto and Tasso? These idolised and calumniated masters of the lyre continued what they were,—neither divinities nor

common-place minds: those who had been so eager to weigh their merits in false scales were justly derided; while the world, deafened by their clamours, continued just as wise as before.

In all your studies strive to combine calm discernment with acumen, patient analysis with strength of synthetic method; but principally rely upon a strong determination not to be dismayed by obstacles, and not to be elated by success; I mean a noble determination to enlighten your mind in the manner permitted to reasonable beings by the Deity,—with ardour, but not with arrogance.

SECTION XV.

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

THE choice of a profession is a matter of the highest importance. Our predecessors were of opinion that it was desirable, before coming to a decision, to invoke the inspiration of the Deity. I am not sure whether it may not be well to appeal for similar aid in our own times; at all events, reflect with religious solemnity upon your future destination, and apply yourself to prayer.

If you are subsequently led to believe, not only for a day, but during entire weeks and months, and that with growing confidence, that there is a voice prompting you, which declares, "Behold the course which you should run!" obey it with all the ardour and determination of your soul. Start upon your career, press forward, always prepared for action, and armed with such virtues as your calling may demand.

It is, indeed, by the exercise of these professional virtues that every calling becomes excellent for those who embrace it. The teaching of the gospel, which has in it something alarming to him who enters on such a task without due thought, and with his inclinations bent upon worldly amusement, is at once delightful and becoming to a pious and modest character. Even the monastic life itself, considered so intolerable by some, so despicable by others, is nevertheless pleasing to the religious philosopher, who has no reason to think himself a burden upon society, while charitably assisting the poor countryman, or some aged and infirm recluses by whom he is surrounded. The civic gown, which many feel to be a serious and irksome task, is delightful to a man in whom there burns a zeal to defend or

recover the rights of his species. The bold career of arms possesses an irresistible charm for the truly adventurous and courageous, who feels intensely that there can be no nobler action than that of perilling his life in the service of his country.

How wonderful to reflect that all professions, from the highest to that of the humblest artisan, possess true dignity, and an attraction peculiar to each. All that is required is to cherish those qualities which are the ornament of these several pursuits.

It is from the circumstance of these qualities being neglected, that we hear of so many who complain of the condition of life which they have themselves embraced.

When once, however, you have made a prudent choice of any one profession, be above following the example of these unworthy censurers of their own judgment. Do not allow yourself to be made anxious by vain regrets, and by an incessant longing for change. Every path of life is beset less or more with thorns. But being once in action, do not stop to hesitate, nor retrace your steps; it is weakness, and failure will be the result. To persevere is always good, except when

you are in a wrong track; and he only who has firmness to persist in his undertaking, can expect to attain to distinction in any pursuit of life.

SECTION XVI.

ON CHECKING ANXIETY OF MIND.

THERE are many who persist in the line of life they have chosen, and become attached to it, but they are enraged when they perceive that higher degrees of honour are obtained in some other career. They are apt to imagine that they have not been sufficiently esteemed or remunerated; they are annoyed by the number of their rivals, and because all others are not content to own their inferiority.

Never let such sentiments acquire an influence over your mind. To encourage them is to forfeit the share of happiness allotted to you upon earth. A man becomes haughty and often ridiculous, in estimating himself more highly than he ought to do; and he is equally unjust in appreciating those whom he envies at less than their real worth.

It is true that in human society merit is not always rewarded according to its deserts. He who is capable of admirable works, is often too modest to bring himself before the public eye, and is often also thrown into the shade, or run down by more presuming mediocrity, ambitious only to outshine others as a stepping-stone to fortune. The world is thus constituted by the folly and corruption of mankind; and there is but little hope that it will greatly change in this respect.

Still do not be offended; it is an evil not to be remedied. You may smile, but resign yourself to the course of things. Impress the salutary truth upon your mind, that the important point is, that you should possess merit; not that you are to be recompensed for it by mankind. If they should reward you, it is all well; if not, your merit is the greater, inasmuch as you preserve it entire beyond the least suspicion of interest or of worldly views.

Society would be far less evil and corrupt, if every one were attentive to restraining his complaints, and his ambition to outshine. Not that I mean he should be negligent of his own fortune, in becoming indolent or apathetic—faults in the

opposite extreme. I would excite within him an ambition, calm, noble, and free from invidiousness; confining it within that sphere, and to those especial points, beyond which he is sensible that he cannot advance. He may at least say with laudable spirit, "If I failed to attain to the loftier station of which I believed myself to be worthy, I am yet in the humbler one I occupy, the same man, and consequently I possess the same intrinsic merit."

In fact, it is hardly to be excused that a man should disquiet himself to obtain the reward of his works, except in so far as it is a necessary object for the support of himself and his family. Beyond that point of necessity, every augmentation of our fortunes ought to be pursued with an easy and imperturbable mind. If we succeed, let us give thanks to God, who has thus given us the means, not only of soothing our own existence, but of assisting others. If, on the other hand, we fail in our endeavours, we may still live as worthily as before, without these aids and appliances; and if in that case we cannot assist others, we have nothing to reproach ourselves for in omitting to do it, as they have who boast of the means. Do all which depends upon yourself to become an

useful citizen, to set the example of utility to others, and leave the consequences to a higher power. You may, indeed, sigh to see the injustice or the misfortune which surrounds you; but do not on this account become a misanthrope or a savage, nor yet embrace that false philanthropy which is worse; which under pretence of benefitting mankind, only thirsts for blood, and longs for the destruction of all worth preserving, as the most desirable consummation, much in the same spirit as Satan contemplates death.

He who dislikes the correction of social abuses, as far as it is practicable, is either a villain or a fool; but he who in his desire to remove them acts with cruelty, is equally mad or wicked, even perhaps in a greater degree.

Without tranquillity of mind, the larger portion of the opinions of mankind will be found both false and injurious. Tranquillity of mind will of itself enable you to suffer without complaining; will render you arduous and persevering in your labours,—just, indulgent, amiable to all around you.

SECTION XVII.

ON REPENTANCE AND AMENDMENT.

WHILE recommending you to banish inquietude of mind, I have alluded to your not permitting yourself to degenerate, and principally not to relax in the unceasing task of advancing in the scale of improvement.

The man who ventures to say, "My moral education is completed, and my works have corroborated it," assuredly deceives himself. It is always incumbent upon us to learn how to regulate our conduct for each day, and those days which are to come; we are under obligation to preserve our virtue invariably on the alert, urging us to new actions; and we are equally bound to recollect our faults and to repent of them.

On this last subject there is nothing more true than that which is advanced by our religion, "that our whole moral life ought to consist of one continued repentance, and in endeavours to amend our conduct. Christianity itself is nothing else." Even Voltaire, in one of those lucid inter-

vals, when he was not devoured by his rage for reviling it, wrote the following words: "Confession of our faults is an excellent thing; it is a restraint upon crime, and it may be traced to the most remote antiquity. In the celebration of the ancient mysteries, it was customary for persons to confess their offences. We have adopted and rendered sacred this wise custom; it is the best of all to lead back hearts corrupted by hatred to conciliation and pardon *." How disgraceful, if what is here admitted by Voltaire, should not be deeply felt by him who is honoured with the title of Christian. Let us listen to the voice of conscience. Let us blush for the actions which it condemns. Let us confess them before God, in order to purify our hearts; nor desist from this sacred process so long as we are permitted to live. If this, moreover, be not done with inattentive spirit; if the sins recounted in the sight of heaven be not condemned only with the lips; if repentance be united to a sincere desire of amendment, there can assuredly be nothing at once more salutary, more sublime, more worthy the character of man.

---

* See Quest. Encicl., book iii.

When conscious that you have committed any wrong, do not hesitate to repair it. Simply by this act you will set your conscience at rest. To delay making reparation accustoms the mind, and chains it down, to evil, and the links become each day stronger, until it begins to lose its usual self-respect. And woe to the man who has once lost his own esteem; woe to him when he feigns to value himself, while he feels his conscience loaded with a mass of putrefaction which ought not to exist; woe to him, also, when, aware of the presence of this corruption of soul, he believes that there is nothing left for him to do but to disguise it. He no longer retains his station in the grade of noble existences; he is a fallen star, a calamity of the creation.

If some forward youth should call you poltroon because you dare not to persevere in a course of iniquity as he does, tell him that *he* is the bravest of the brave who can resist the seductions of vice, and *he* the craven who permits himself to be vilely dragged along chained at her chariot wheels to swell the bad triumph of the hideous enchantress—Sin; tell him that the arrogance of the sinner is false strength, since it is certain that on his death-bed—unless raging in delirium—he

will lose it all; and farther, that the strength of which you are ambitious is precisely that which deigns not to notice ridicule whilst you abandon the 'broad and evil way,' for that of virtue and of heaven.

When you have committed an offence, never tell a lie in order to deny or extenuate it. Lying is a base weakness. Confess that you have done wrong; in that there is some magnanimity; and the shame you will experience in making the confession will bear fruit in the applause of the good. If you have been unfortunate enough to offend any one, have the noble humility, that true criterion of the gentleman, to ask his pardon. Inasmuch as your conduct will show that you are not a poltroon, no one will venture to call you vile for an act of frank magnanimity. But to persevere in the crime of insulting the innocent, and rather than admit your error and retract your words, to enter into mortal strife or into eternal enmity with the injured, are the mad tricks of proud and ferocious men;—are infamies of so black a dye as to make it of some difficulty for the world to veil them under the brilliant name of honour.

There can be no honour except in fulfilling the dictates of virtue and the laws of God; there can be none without submitting to the condition of

continual repentance and renewed determination to amend.

SECTION XVIII.

ON CELIBACY.

WHEN you have finally decided upon the sort of profession which you judge best adapted to your character, and have acquired that firmness and perseverance in good habits which worthily entitle you to the name of man; then, and not before, if you entertain thoughts of marrying, try to find such a wife as may merit your entire and lasting love. Yet before quitting the state of celibacy, reflect long and well if it may not be better you should continue to prefer it.

Suppose, for instance, that you should not so far have succeeded in restraining your natural tendency to anger, to jealousy, to suspicion, to impatience, and the harsh exercise of superiority, as to presume that you will appear amiable in the eyes of your companion, you had really better have fortitude enough to renounce the hopes and blessings of matrimony. For if, possessing such qualities, you take a wife, you would be sure to make her miserable, and it is impossible that you could be happy yourself.

In case also that you should not meet with a person who unites all those qualities you judge necessary to satisfy you, and to bind her affections with yours in one, do not permit yourself to be prevailed upon to enter into the bonds of wedlock at all. Your duty is then clearly to remain a bachelor, much better than to swear to maintain a love which you do not really possess. But whether it be that you only prolong your state of celibacy, or whether you continue single for life, honour it by such virtues as it prescribes, and be duly sensible of the advantages it affords.

That celibacy has its advantages no one can deny. Those also peculiar to each of these conditions ought equally to be appreciated, for a man will otherwise be either unhappy or degraded, and can never possess the courage necessary to act with dignity.

The angry disposition of some men, added to the weight of public opinion, always inclined to exaggerate the amount of social abuses, in order the better to correct them,—often directed attention to the scandalous life of several unmarried individuals, and hence they proceeded to attack celibacy itself as a state opposed to nature,—as

an enormous evil, and one of the most powerful causes of the corruption of public morals.

Do not, however, permit yourself to be influenced by exaggerations of any kind. It is but too true that gross abuses, connected with the state of celibacy, are known to have existed. What then? the same may be observed of every state, of every institution, of all bodies, and of all members of bodies themselves. You might on a similar principle advise men to cut off their arms because they may strike with them, or their legs because they may kick; and in this point of view arms and legs, like the abuses which obtain in the best regulated societies, may be productive of very ill consequences.

Let those who affect to believe the necessary evil and immoralities connected with celibacy, take also into their calculation the no less numerous and more fatal calamities which spring from the fruitful source of mercenary or ill-assorted marriages. But not only this. To the brief period of nuptial passion there too often succeeds a feeling of regret and trouble at the idea of being no longer free; perhaps, the discovery that we have been too precipitate, or that the dispositions are wholly at variance. Hence arise mutual regrets and re-

proaches; or granting even only one of the parties to be in fault, it is impossible to describe the hourly and daily recurring scenes of domestic annoyances, bickerings, and all those little, yet heart-consuming differences which convert one of the holiest and happiest of states into a wretched, torturing slavery of souls. Woman, the sweetest and most generous of all beings, is usually the victim of this unhappy discord of moral elements; she either weeps herself into her grave, or what is still more to be deplored, seized with the heart's despair, she divests herself of her loveliest and purest attributes, she incurs the risk of ignominy and remorse, exposed to passions with which she at length seeks to fill up the void which the loss of conjugal affection has left in her soul. Turn for a moment to the children of these ill-starred marriages. Their earliest school, the first lessons presented to their young minds, is the wretched, disgraceful conduct of their parents; they are neither loved nor educated in a manner to obviate the evil example by which they are first impressed. True love, charity, humanity, and right reason would be in vain inculcated under such circumstances; and it follows that they are without obedience to their parents, without affection for

their brethren and kindred, without an ingredient of those domestic virtues which are the foundation of all civil virtues.

These too are of such frequent occurrence that we only require to walk with our eyes open, and we must see them. No one will accuse me of exaggerating here. Do not suppose that I wish to deny the disadvantages connected with celibacy; all that I would impress upon you is, that you will find, if you reflect, that there are others no less formidable; and beware lest it may be your lot to exclaim with innumerable sufferers under the self-imposed yoke, "Oh, would that I had never pronounced that one fatal vow!" To be sure, marriage is the destination of a large portion of mankind; but celibacy is also grounded in the nature of things. To make complaints because all are not engaged in adding to the grand amount of population, is surely ridiculous. When celibacy is preferred upon good grounds, and observed with honour, there can be nothing ignoble in it. On the contrary, it is most deserving of respect, like every kind of reasonable sacrifice, made with good intentions. By not imposing upon yourself the cares of a family, you leave yourself more time and greater vigour of mind to

devote to noble studies or to the high offices of religion; you have better means of assisting the weaker or more unfortunate members of the family; greater liberty to enjoy that purest of all pleasures, the power of rescuing neglected worth and indigence from the pangs of despair.

And, now, is not the power of doing all this a real good? These reflections will not be found without their use. For before determining either to give up, or to persevere in, celibacy, it is requisite to ascertain what it is which you thus sacrifice or retain. All partial or extreme views, all strong assertions in regard to this subject only tend to mislead the judgment.

SECTION XIX.

RESPECT FOR THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

THERE is a low and jeering kind of cynicism which is the essence of vulgarity. It is nothing less than a satanic wish to calumniate the human race, to seduce it to laugh at virtue and to trample it under foot. It is indefatigable in collecting all facts which tend to dishonour religion, and in keeping back those which ennoble it. "To

talk of God," it exclaims, "of the benign influence of the ministers of religion, and the instruction they afford! All mere chimeras of superstition!" The same bad spirit is equally an enemy to political institutions. "What laws, what civil order," it cries out, "and what patriotism do you call this. It is nothing but the struggle of the cunning and the powerful, in the party which rules, or that which aspires to rule; nothing but imbecility in those who obey." In the same way it dwells upon every thing derogatory to celibacy, to the marriage state, to the paternal and maternal authority, the duties of son, relative, and friend, exclaiming with infamous exultation, "Behold, I have discovered that every thing is egotism and imposture, sensual passion and delusion, and reciprocal contempt."

This is so far correct, that we invariably find that the fruits of such a detestable and false doctrine, are precisely egotism, imposture, violence of passion, want of natural affection, and general contempt.

Is it strange, then, that the base spirit of vulgarity, the desecrator of every thing noble, should be more especially the enemy of woman's virtues, and eager only to degrade her? In all ages it has

taken a demoniacal pleasure in describing her as an abject creature, inferior in the scale of mind, envious, full of artifice, inconstant, vain; incapable of friendship, or of incorruptible love. But the generous impulses of humanity shielded woman from these envenomed shafts. Christianity raised her high in character and in worth; banished polygamy and all dishonourable connexions, presenting in a woman, next to our Saviour and our Lord, a being superior to all the saints, and the angels themselves.

Modern society has benefited by the influence of this spirit of grace and love. In the midst of barbarism, knighthood rose and was embellished with the elegant charm of love; and all civilised Christians, the sons of that chivalry, only esteem, as being polished and educated, the man who respects the sex for its gentleness, its natural graces, and its domestic virtues.

Nevertheless her ancient adversary, envious of her noblest qualities, is still in the world. Would he had for his followers minds only of a despicable stamp. But at times he corrupts more splendid intellects, and this depravation invariably takes place where religion, which can alone sanctify man, ceases to have influence over his mind.

Some philosophers, for so at least they called themselves, at times affecting zeal for humanity, and at others a prey to irreligion, were so mean and mistaken as to devote their talents, in various arts, to the exhibition of the most dangerous passions, to the promulgation of licentious doctrines, or poems and romances of the same exceptionable cast.

One of the most fascinating of writers, not without good qualities, but immersed in the lowest sinks of scurrility and profane wit,—I mean Voltaire,—had the hardihood to compose a long poem in ridicule of female honour, presenting as an object of scorn one of the most devoted heroines of which any country can boast, the magnanimous and unfortunate Joan of Arc. Madame de Stael justly designates this work, when she denounces it as high treason against a whole people.

Hence it follows, that you will always hear the doctrine of contempt for woman from many quarters; from men celebrated and obscure; from living authors and dead, even from the shameless of her own sex; but in all these the same spirit of inherent vulgarity will be found.

Reject with scorn the infamous temptation to

join in the cry; reject it, you who art the son of woman, if you would not be contemptible even in your own eyes. Turn from those who do not respect in woman the mother they were bound to honour. Trample on the books which lower their character, and recommend profligacy. Keep yourself worthy, by your noble estimation of the sex, to protect her who gave you life, to protect your sisters, one day, perhaps, to protect the being who shall bear the title of the mother of your children.

SECTION XX.

ON THE DIGNITY OF LOVE.

HONOUR woman, but fear the seductions of her beauty, and still more the seductions of your own heart.

Happy are you, if you should avoid becoming passionately attached to any other than the woman whom you have selected for your companion through life.

Preserve yourself free from every tie of love in preference to bestowing your heart upon a woman of little worth. A man of no elevation of mind and character might possibly be happy with her;

but it would be otherwise in your case. You would feel the want either of constant liberty, or of such a companion as would correspond with the elevated idea you entertain of human nature, and especially of the female sex. She ought to be one of those rare beings, who understand, and who feel in their noblest sense, the beauty of religion and of love. Take care not to array her, however, in those brilliant colours of imagination, which may not be found to exist in the eye of sober reason and truth. If you meet with a mind like hers; if you see her animated with a sincere love of God, capable of generous enthusiasm in every good work, delicately virtuous without prudery;—an irreconcilable enemy of all actions which are not grounded in moral truth; if she unite with these a cultivated intellect without a love of display, but rather gentle and humble as she is accomplished; if all her words and actions breathe a soul of goodness, of graceful nature, elevated sentiment, strong devotion to her duties, attention to the feelings of others, to console the afflicted, to avail herself, in short, of her charms to dignify the thoughts of those around her; then love and prize her with a mighty and immortal love, a love all-worthy of such a being.

Such a woman, my young friend, would also be your tutelar angel upon earth, a living expression of the divine command to withdraw you from every thing unworthy, and to excite you to every gentle or noble work. In all your undertakings seek to merit her approval; strive to do that for which her lovely mind may delight to call you her friend; be ever glad to honour her, not merely before the world (of little import), but at all times, and in the eye of an omniscient God.

If the object of your regard possess those rich gifts, in addition to firm religious faith, your exceeding love for her will partake in no way of idolatry. You will love her precisely because her dispositions are in perfect unison, as far as this our imperfect state admits, with those of the Deity. By learning to estimate these rightly, you will find that your own feelings will become such as to approach nearer to Him who is the source of all perfection. Imagine it possible for a moment, that these heavenly dispositions should undergo a gradual change, you would no longer esteem her, and the charm of love would be at an end.

I am aware that this noblest of all love is held to be chimerical by vulgar minds; by all such as can form no idea of the true dignity of woman.

You have only to compassionate their low grade of knowledge. Attachments the most pure, and powerfully influential in exciting to virtue, however rare, are known to exist. And every man who estimates rightly his own happiness, ought to exclaim, "Either give me such a love or none."

SECTION XXI.

ON DISREPUTABLE ATTACHMENTS.

But be upon your guard, I warn you, not to attribute any of these admirable virtues to a woman who does not possess them. In that case, it is what is termed mere romantic love; it is ridiculous and prejudicial; it is an unworthy offering of the heart at the feet of a vain idol.

But women worthy of the highest degree of estimation do actually exist; though not in so large a number as those whom education, bad examples, or their own levity have corrupted; those who are incapable even of estimating the value of a good man's vows; those who take more delight in being followed for their beauty and liveliness of spirit, than in deserving real love by the nobleness of their sentiments.

It is women of this imperfect character who are the most dangerous,—more dangerous and seductive than they who are wholly abandoned. They attract you not only by their natural grace and studied arts, but often by the display of some virtue, exciting hope that the good may prevail over the worse parts of their character. Do not indulge this hope, especially if you see them vain, or guilty of indiscretion. Exercise a severe judgment, not to speak ill of them, or to exaggerate their faults, but to withdraw from their fascination in time, if you apprehend that you are likely to get entangled in a connexion little honourable to you. The more susceptibility you happen to possess, and the more disposed to honour excellence in woman, so much the more ought you to lay down a rule not to rest satisfied with mere ordinary good qualities in her to whom you wish to give the title of a friend.

You must make your account, in so doing, to be reviled by the profligate, and all of that set who will doubtless call you ridiculous, haughty, unmannered, and hypocritical. Take care that you are none of these, and never consent to prostitute your affections; keep your heart free, or yield its homage only to a woman who can lay full claim to your esteem.

He who loves a noble-minded woman will never lose his time in servile courtesies, in offering her adulation or the tribute of idle sighs. Such a being would not suffer them. She would feel ashamed of having a mere idle smooth-faced flatterer for her lover; she would appreciate only the friendship of a frank dignified character, less eager to talk to her of love, than to gratify her with laudable principles and actions corresponding with them.

The woman who can tolerate the puerile submission of a lover, resigned to her every caprice, perpetually engaged in affected courtesies and silly grimaces, discovers at once the little estimation in which she holds both him and herself. The man too, who can amuse himself in this way, who has no generous ambition in his love, no desire to render homage to some high qualities, despicable in his understanding, more despicable of heart, will never possess sufficient energy to be of the least use to the world. I do not here speak of women of abandoned character; a virtuous man beholds them only with compassion or aversion; and not to avoid them is disgraceful in the extreme.

When once a woman shall have appeared worthy of your love, be above giving way to jealousies, to

suspicion, or to a mistaken desire of being idolised to an excess.

Be devoted to her in order to be just; show her all that gentle courtesy—all that admiration felt to be due to uncommon merit. Do this also in order to raise yourself in the eyes of her who holds the highest rank in your estimation, not that it may excite her love for you to a greater degree than she has it in her power to evince.

Jealous men and passionate men who imagine that they are never sufficiently beloved, are real tyrants. Rather than be guilty of this conduct for the sake of any pleasure, it is preferable to renounce that pleasure altogether; and rather than become a tyrant, or be betrayed into any other species of indignity from love, pluck it out of your heart, and cast it from you.

SECTION XXII.

RESPECT FOR THE DAUGHTERS AND WIVES OF OTHERS.

WHETHER you determine to remain a bachelor or to marry, show uniform respect for the laws enjoined by either state.

There is nothing more delicate than the innocence and the reputation of young women; do not allow yourself to take the slightest liberty with them, either in regard to manner or words, so as to bring the most distant idea of impropriety or profanity to their minds, the slightest emotion to the heart. As little permit yourself, whether in a young girl's company or elsewhere, the least allusion calculated to give another an impression that she has any levity of disposition, or would easily be induced to love. The sense of what is decorous may suffer from any trivial appearances, a very little may excite the tongue of calumny against her, and she may then be deprived of the power of forming some matrimonial engagement which might have rendered her happy. Should you conceive a deep and passionate attachment for a young creature without being enabled to offer her your hand, by no means acquaint her with it, but make it a principle to conceal it with every possible care. Were she to know it, the passion might become mutual, and she would hence, perhaps, become a victim to disappointed love.

If you should discover that you have awakened the affections of a young girl, whom either you

wish not to espouse or are prevented by circumstances, show equal consideration for her peace and her character; cease altogether from seeing her. To derive pleasure from exciting passion in the bosom of an innocent being which can be productive only of affliction and of shame, is the most cruel and wicked of all vanities.

No less precaution is necessary in your intercourse with married women. A mad and misplaced passion on your side, or on the part of one who has already pledged her vows, might lay the foundation for irretrievable ignominy and misfortune. You would lose indeed less than she must; but exactly in proportion to the greater sacrifice by a woman who exposes herself at once to the contempt of her husband and her own remorse, you, if you have the least generosity, will feel for her, and restrain yourself from rushing headlong into destruction. No! terminate while yet in time, a love which both the voice of God and that of the laws condemn.

Your hearts, indeed, may bleed in the bitterness of a last parting, but be firm; virtue requires immense sacrifices; he who cannot make them is a coward in soul.

Between a married woman and a man who has

not entered into that state, there can subsist no intimate relation beyond that of emulation in their mutual esteem, founded upon a knowledge of each others' virtues, upon a persuasion that there existed on both sides, previous to every other attachment, a well grounded love of their respective duties.

But turn with abhorrence from the extreme immorality of seducing the affections of another's wife. If he be deserving of her love, your perfidy is, indeed, an atrocious crime: if not estimable, his faults can never authorise you to degrade the unhappy one who is still his wife. She has no alternative; it is her duty to bear with him, to be faithful to him, and resign herself to the will of God. It is cruel egotism in the man who, under pretext of love or compassion, draws her into guilt. Even if his motives were kind and charitable, it is a wretched delusion—a fatal error—to imagine he can do any good. To become attached to you can only augment her misery: you renew the anguish of her heart, in being united to a bad husband, in proportion as she loves you, and compares your merits with the ill qualities of her husband, whom she feels bound in duty to honour and obey. You may rouse the

hell of jealousy in the bosom of that husband,—you may render her an object of his vengeance, with the bitter consciousness that she is guilty, and has merited her fate. Woman, in an ill-assorted marriage, can alone obtain peace by preserving the most irreproachable conduct. He who holds out to her the hope of any other peace, deceives her, and opens the way for sorrows of a still darker hue.

With regard to women whom you have reason to respect for their virtues, equally with the young and unmarried of their sex, be noble and generous enough not to give them the slightest grounds of injurious suspicions of you from the circumstance of your friendship with them. Be circumspect with regard to the manner in which you speak of them to men accustomed to form a low estimate of female virtue. Their suppositions and inferences are invariably in keeping with the perversity of their hearts. Unfaithful interpreters of what they hear, they put a bad construction on the simplest words,—distort the most innocent facts, and make a mystery, and even an indiscretion, where they were not in existence. Too much care cannot be taken to preserve woman's reputation untouched: this fair fame, next to intrinsic chastity itself, is the brightest jewel in

her crown: she who hath lost it, is invariably most cautious of concealing the fact; and he who has the baseness to take a pleasure in leading others to suppose that a woman entertains an improper regard for him, is so utterly unworthy in every point of view, as to deserve to be unanimously expelled from all good society.

SECTION XXIII.

ON MATRIMONY.

If your inclinations and your circumstances are such as to induce you to think of marriage, lead the companion of your future days to the altar with high and holy thoughts, and with a fixed determination to make her happy. Reflect on the immense confidence she reposes in you, that she abandons the parental roof, and changes her name to assume yours, preferring you alone to every thing she had held so dear until she knew you,—you, through whom she may become the mother of other intelligent beings, called to the same participation in the promises of the Most High as yourselves. How humiliating and mortifying the contemplation of human inconsistency!

The greater portion of those who now clasp each others' hands with willing vows of connubial love, binding themselves by a solemn compact to preserve them unbroken till death, shall, within the space of two years, nay, within a few short months,—not only lose each others' affections, but with difficulty bear one another's company, —full of mutual reproaches and accusations of every kind. Whence this fertile source of evil? The want of a proper knowledge of each others' characters previous to taking so important a step. Be cautious, study and prove, if possible, the good qualities of the beloved object, or you are lost. Since the cessation of love is chiefly owing to yielding to the temptations of inconstancy, from want of recalling to mind the sacredness of the union which you have formed, make it your daily habit to repeat within yourself, "I will and ought to keep my promise: honesty and honour exact it." Here, as in other circumstances of life, beware of the natural facility with which mankind fall into evil; reflect that it is want of firmness of will which renders them despicable; that this is the fruitful source of so many of the crimes and calamities which afflict human society.

The sole condition upon which connubial life

can be rendered happy, is that each of the parties should lay it down as their primary duty, with unalterable resolution: "I will invariably love and honour the heart to which I yielded an ascendancy over my own." If the choice were good, if one of the two were not already corrupted,—it is impossible that either should become ungrateful and perverse, while the other perseveres in its pleasing intentions and generous love. There is not, I believe, a single instance of a husband who having once possessed the affections of his wife, has ceased to be dear to her, unless he have been guilty of the most shameful ill-usage, marked neglect, or of other vices yet more to be deplored.

Woman's disposition is naturally affectionate, grateful, and disposed to love to an excess the man who returns her love and deserves her esteem. But inasmu chas she is susceptible, she is easily excited by any want of amiableness in her husband, and by such faults as may tend to degrade him. Her indignation, if well-grounded, may at length assume the character of invincible antipathy, and consequently lead to the most fatal errors. The unhappy one will then doubtless become guilty; but the cause of her transgressions is assuredly to be sought in her husband.

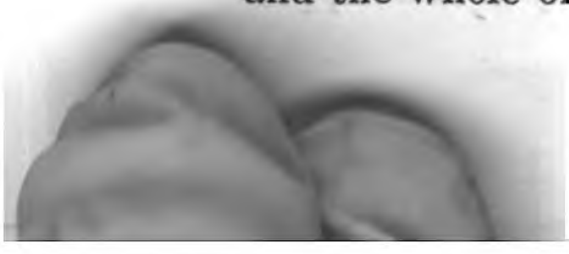
Impress this persuasion thoroughly upon your mind: "No woman possessed of good qualities when she first stood before the altar, loses those qualities in companionship with him who continues to preserve a right to her affections."

In order to secure a lasting claim to your wife's attachment, it is necessary you should lose nothing of your importance in her eyes; that your conjugal intercourse should detract in no way from the reverence and courtesy which you evinced before you first led her to the altar. It is equally necessary you should show no weak compliance or submission, such as to make you incapable of correcting her; and as little should you let her feel your despotic authority, and the severity of your correction, but let her have reason to form a high opinion of your judgment and good feeling in all you do. To be happy, she ought to take pride in her dependence upon you; not that it is to be haughtily imposed upon her, but rather invited by her love, by a strong feeling of her own true dignity, and of yours.

Though you should have made an admirable choice in a woman endowed with all her sex's virtues and attractions, do not the less cease from a constant attention to make yourself appear

amiable in her eyes. Do not ungenerously say, "I know she is so excellent, that she will forgive all my faults; I am sure I need not study to preserve her affections; she always loves me equally well!"

What! and because such is the extent of her ineffable goodness, you will be less desirous of pleasing her? Do not delude yourself; just in proportion as her sensibility is exquisitely alive to your manners, will any want of attention, inelegance, or ill-temper, be sure to afflict her. In proportion to the superior gentleness of her sentiments and manners, will be her desire to feel a corresponding kindness on your part. If she should be disappointed; if she sees a harsh change in your conduct, from the seductive courtesy of the lover to the insulting neglect of a bad husband, she will still exert herself to the utmost to love you, in spite of all your unworthiness, but the effort will be in vain. She will pardon, but she will cease to love you, and will be unhappy. Woe to you, then, if her virtue stand not the test, and another lover were to occupy her vacant heart. She might become a prey to the guiltiest of passions—a passion fatal to her peace, to that of yourself and the whole of your family.



Many husbands have been shipwrecked on this rock, and yet the wives whom they have execrated with their last breath were virtuous. Their wretched hearts were only led astray, because they were no longer beloved; because their consorts first deviated from the path of rectitude and honour.

Having once given a woman the sacred title of wife, devote yourself to her happiness, as she is bound to add to yours; but the obligation you labour under is the greater, inasmuch as she is the weaker of the two. You being her guide and friend, ought to protect and afford her the benefit of your good example, and all the aid in your power.

SECTION XXIV.

ON PATERNAL LOVE—LOVE OF CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

To present the valuable gift of good citizens to your country, and to the Deity spirits worthy of him, will be your duty should you possess sons. A sublime duty! He who takes it upon him, and deserts his trust, is the greatest of enemies to his country and his God. It is not requisite that I

should enumerate the good qualities of a father; you will possess them all if you have been a good son and a good husband. Bad fathers are invariably such as have been bad, ungrateful sons, and ignoble husbands.

Before, however, you become the father of a family—even should you never assume that responsibility—soften and improve your mind with the delightful sentiment of paternal love. Every man ought to foster it, and keep it alive by directing it towards all children and all young people.

Contemplate with exceeding love that rising portion of society, and treat it with becoming reverence.

Every one who unjustly contemns or afflicts childhood, if he be not corrupt, will become corrupted. A man who is not most solicitous to show respect for the innocence of a child,—to warn him of evil, to keep strict watch that he is not infected with it by communication with others, and to incite him to virtue, may be the cause of that child becoming a monster of iniquity. But why attempt to substitute words far less effective than those terrible, yet most sacred ones, used by that adorable friend of children, our Redeemer:

"He who receives one of these in my name, receives me. But he who shall hurt one of the least of these little ones who believe in me, better had it been for him that he had hung a mill-stone round his neck, and thrown himself into the midst of the sea!"

Those who are much younger than you are, and upon whom your example and advice may produce the most beneficial effects, consider always in the light of your offspring; treat them with that mingled indulgence and zeal which are calculated to dissuade them from evil and impel them to what is good. Infancy is naturally imitative; and if the adults who surround a child are pious, dignified, and amiable, the boy will gradually desire to become such as they are, and such he will be. If on the other hand they are irreligious, mean, or malevolent, the boy will become equally bad with themselves.

Even in regard to boys and young men whom you only casually meet, and may never have a further opportunity of speaking to during life, still show them that you are good; and should it occur, try to impress some useful truth upon their young minds, which may bear fruits of future good. One zealous word, one look of genuine affection

may serve to withdraw them from some mean thoughts or low pursuits, and inspire them with a wish to deserve the esteem of good men.

If some youth of noble promise should seek your confidence, act towards him like a generous friend; assist him with upright and decided counsel; beware of flattering him; applaud such of his actions as appear laudable, and restrain him from those of an opposite kind, with warm appeals to all his better feelings.

Again, if you see a young man prone to vicious pursuits, with whom you have little or no acquaintance, do not on that account refuse to stretch forth a saving hand, should an occasion occur of rescuing him from destruction. Very frequently the thoughtless youth who enters upon a dissipated career, requires only a word, a look, or an example, applied in season, to confess his error with shame, and retrace his steps; and then how enviable must be your feelings!

What! you may ask, should be the moral education you ought to give your sons? My answer is, that you would not comprehend it if you have not yourself experienced its routine. Acquire, and you will then be enabled to confer it.

SECTION XXV.

UPON RICHES.

RELIGION and philosophy both agree in applauding poverty when united to virtue; and greatly prefer it to insatiable and reckless love of riches. At the same time, they admit that a man may be wealthy and yet be possessed of merit equal to that of the best and noblest who are poor. All that is incumbent upon him is, that he should not be a slave to his riches; that he should not procure nor hoard them for any ill purpose; and that he should desire to apply them only to the improvement and benefit of his fellow-creatures. Learn to respect all professions, all conditions, embracing also the wealthy, as connected with humanity; for their prosperity must necessarily tend to the benefit of many, provided, indeed, that luxury and pomp should not make them indolent and haughty.

You will most probably continue in the condition in which you were born; removed from excessive opulence as well as from penury. Never

stoop so low as to be infected by that low envy—that hatred of superiors, so often indulged by the less wealthy and the poor. It is a hatred which assumes the gravity of philosophical language; deals in warm declamation against pomp and luxury; against the injustice of disproportioned fortune; against the arrogance of successful power; it is, apparently, a magnanimous thirst after equality, and redress for the many wrongs and sufferings of humanity. Let not this doctrine delude you, though you hear it from the lips of men of some repute, and read it in a hundred loud and eloquent appeals, calculated to win popular applause, by flattering the people's passions. In these violent tirades you will always find more envy, ignorance, and calumny than zeal for a just cause.

Inequality of fortunes is inevitable, and good as well as evil is the result. He who execrates the rich man would willingly put himself in his place; and let the former, therefore, do the best he can to keep possession of it. Among the very wealthy, there are few who do not scatter their wealth around them; and in this way they become, through a thousand channels, with more or less merit, and sometimes none at all—the great co-operators in the public good. They give life to

commerce, to the cultivation of taste, to emulation in the arts,—and to the innumerable hopes of those who struggle to fly from penury by means of unceasing industry.

Be above the prejudice of beholding in them only the representatives of indolence, luxury, inutility; —for the idea is merely a ridiculous caricature. If gold enervates some, it impels others to noble actions. There is not a civilised city in the world where the rich have not founded institutions of the most beneficent character; not a place where they are not, both individually and associated, the friends of humanity — the supporters of the wretched. Look upon them, then, without anger and without envy,—scorning to repe the mistaken sentiments of the people. Never deport yourself towards them either with disdain or servility, inasmuch as you would not like to be thus treated by men less wealthy than yourself.

Show a wise economy according to the means of fortune you possess; avoid equally that avarice which hardens the heart and contracts the intellect; and the prodigality which leads to disgraceful obligations and to difficulties and sacrifices unworthy of you.

To endeavour to augment your fortune is per-

fectly right; but do it without eagerness and grasping. Indulge no excessive anxiety; and never forget that true honour and real happiness depend not upon the amount of your rent-roll, but upon your excellence and dignity of mind in connexion with God and your neighbour.

If successful, let your beneficence keep pace with your fortune. The rich man may possess many virtues; but to be a rich egotist—a monopolist in heart and spirit—is wickedness in the extreme. Refuse not to assist the wretched; but do not confine your alms to this object: great and distinguished charity consists in providing the poor with some more honest means of subsistence than asking alms;—I mean by bestowing upon the different arts, both useful and ornamental, that encouragement which will bring labour and bread.

Consider, at times, that some unforeseen event may deprive you of your family fortunes, and even consign you to misery and want. Too many strange vicissitudes have taken place before our eyes for any rich man to venture to assert—"I shall never die in exile, and in misfortune!"

Enjoy your wealth with that noble independence of its power, which the philosophers of the church, with the gospel, call—*poorness of spirit.*

Voltaire, in his scurrilous mood, affected to believe that the *poor in spirit*, so much recommended by the gospel, was mere folly. On the contrary, it is the virtue, the courage, to maintain, even amidst riches,—a humble spirit,—not the enemy of poverty,—not unable to bear it should it come,—not incapable of respecting it in others. This is virtue requiring something more than *mere folly*,—virtue only to be found united with wisdom and elevation of mind.

"Are you desirous to cultivate your mind?" says Seneca: "live the life of a poor man, or as if you were one."

In the event of your falling into misfortune, do not lose courage. Labour in order to live, and never be ashamed of such independence. A man in actual want may be as estimable a character as he who relieves him. But you must then learn how to renounce with a good grace the habits acquired in a state of prosperity; scorn to present the ludicrous and wretched spectacle of a poor proud man. A dignified humility, strict economy, patience invincible by labour, gentle serenity of mind, proof against all evil fortune, will render you one of the noblest, if not the happiest of men.

SECTION XXVI.

ON RESPECT DUE TO MISFORTUNE, AND ON BENEFICENCE.

Honour be to all honest conditions of human life, and to that of honest poverty among the rest. Let the poor only turn their misfortunes to the improvement of themselves; let them presume not to think that suffering authorises them to commit crimes, or to foster hatred; and they cannot be wholly unhappy.

Never however under any circumstances ought we to be severe in our judgment of them. Have deep compassion upon the really poor, although they are often goaded by impatience even to rage. Consider how hard a thing it is to suffer extreme want on the highway or in the hovel, while within a few steps the wretched man beholds his fellow-creatures, splendidly arrayed and daintily fed, pass by him. Forgive him, if he have the weakness to regard you with malice, and relieve his wants because he is a man.

Always respect misfortune, in the various shapes it is known to assume. The arrows of calamity do

not rankle only in the bosom of indigence; succour also those who sorrow, and who are not in absolute want, even though they should not solicit you.

Every one who lives by his labour, without the elegancies of life, and in an inferior station, has yet a claim upon your affectionate compassion. Do not by your arrogance of manner make him feel the distinction between your fortunes. Humiliate him not with harsh language, though he should happen to displease you by some want of polish, or other defect.

Nothing is so truly consolatory to the unhappy as to find himself treated with affectionate regard by his superiors: his heart swells with gratitude; he then for the first time perceives why the rich should be rich, and he forgives them for their prosperity, because he considers them worthy of it.

Domineering and brutal masters, on the other hand, are invariably hated by their domestics, however well they may reward their services.

Now, to make yourself hated by your inferiors is a great want of morality; firstly, because you are a bad man yourself; secondly, because instead of relieving their afflictions, you increase them;

thirdly, because you accustom them to serve you disloyally, to hate dependence, and to execrate the whole body of society more fortunate than themselves. And as it is just that all should enjoy as much happiness as is possible, he who ranks in a higher station should procure his inferiors such a degree of comfort as not to make their condition galling to them; but rather to become attached to it, because they see it is not despised, and is rendered easier by the rich.

Be liberal in every kind of succour to those who require it: in money and protection when you can; in giving counsel, in seasonable opportunities, and always in good manners and good examples.

But, principally, if you discover merit, devote your whole power and influence to bringing it into notice; but if you possess not the means, do all you can to console and to honour it. To blush for showing your esteem for honesty in misfortune is the most unworthy kind of meanness. Yet you will find it but too common; and use all your vigilance not to allow yourself to be infected by it.

When a man is unhappy, most people are inclined to do him wrong, and to suppose that his

enemies have some cause for running him down or annoying him. If they assail him with calumny, in order to justify their conduct, though it consist of the most improbable of accusations, it will be received and cruelly disseminated. The few who have the resolution to refute it are seldom listened to. It seems as if the greater portion of mankind were always happy when they are able to believe in something or other bad.

But hold in horror this wretched and degrading tendency. Whenever accusations are preferred, do not you disdain to hear a defence. And if no defence should be set up, be generous enough to imagine there may be some, and to state what appears probable to you. Do not give ear to inculpation, except where it is manifestly well-founded; but reflect at the same time that they who hate others assume that to be manifest which does not even exist. If you would be just, hate no one; the justice of malignant people is the rage of the Pharisees.

From the moment misfortune has fallen upon any one, were he your enemy, were he the devastator of your country, it is base to regard his misery with insulting triumph. If occasion should

offer, speak to him of his faults, but with less vehemence than during the period of his prosperity; speak of them with religious attention, but not to exaggerate them, not to separate them from the good qualities which distinguished him.

Compassion for the unhappy is always noble, even when applied to the guilty. The law has a right to condemn them; but man has not a right to exult in their misfortune, nor to describe them in colours darker than the truth.

The habit of showing compassion will at times make you lenient even towards the ungrateful. Do not presume from part that all are ungrateful; and do not cease to do good. Among many ungrateful some one of opposite feelings may be found worthy of all your beneficence. These ungrateful, then, are the cause of your having dispensed your bounty so well in this instance; and his benedictions will repay you ten-fold for the rest.

Moreover, if you should meet only with ingratitude, the goodness of your own heart will be a sufficient reward.

There is no greater pleasure than that of succouring the wretched, and it is one of the few pleasures which, increasing by gratification, par-

takes of no alloy. It far exceeds that of receiving help; because in receiving it there is no virtue, while in giving there is much.

In the act of doing good, show a delicacy towards all, in particular with regard to persons of the more respectable class, sensitive and virtuous women, and those who are newly initiated in the harsh school of poverty; who often shed in secret their bitter tears rather than dare to utter the agonising words, "I am in want of bread!"

Besides what you give in private without the "one hand knowing that which the other does," unite your means with those of other generous minds for the purpose of enlarging your sphere of usefulness, founding good institutions, and preserving those which exist.

We have made use of one expression of scripture; another of no less authority is this: "Take ye care that you do good not only before God, but in the face of all men*."

There are many objects which no individual can effect, and which cannot be accomplished in secret. Attach yourself to benevolent societies; try to promote them, to re-invigorate them, and to reform

* Epist. Paul to the Romans, c. xii.

them in case of need. Never relax your efforts on account of the attacks of idle ridicule, of the avaricious, or the useless; "those *nati consumere fruges*" always eager to undervalue the labours of energetic minds for the good of humanity.

SECTION XXVII.

ON THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

In case that your business or domestic avocations should leave you little time to devote to books, do not fall into the vulgar habit so prevalent among those who seldom or never study;—that is, to abhor all knowledge which they have not themselves acquired; to laugh at all those who value intellectual cultivation; and to stick fast by ignorance as a kind of social good.

Despise false knowledge; it is bad; but appreciate real knowledge as you ought, for it is both ennobling and useful. Esteem it, whether you have had opportunities of proving its excellence or not.

Be ever eager to improve yourself, either by persevering in the cultivation of some one science,

or by reading good books on a variety of subjects. To a man of respectable station such intellectual exercise is of great use; not only for the pure pleasure and the instruction which he derives from it, but having the reputation of taste, and a love of learning, he will possess superior influence in urging others to pursue the same good path. Envy is always busy in casting discredit upon an upright man, if it can lay hold of any reason or pretext to call him ignorant, or the promoter of ignorance, so that his best actions are looked upon by the people with a malignant eye, being either denied or run down with all their power. The cause of religion, of our country, and of honour, requires bold champions; of virtuous intentions in the first place, and next of wisdom and moderation. Woe to us, where the evil-minded can say with justice to men of merit, "You have not studied, you are rude and uncultivated."

But to obtain reputation as a wise man, never pretend to knowledge you do not actually possess. All species of imposture are disgraceful; and even the ostentation of knowing that which you are perfectly sensible you do not know. Besides, there is no impostor who must not, sooner or later, drop the mask, and it is then over with him. But

however highly we are bound to estimate knowledge, we ought not to be idolators at its shrine. We may desire to possess it, and to impart it to others; but if we are enabled to acquire only a little, let us be content, and show frankly how much we really know. Great variety of knowledge is a good thing, but virtue is eventually of still greater importance; and owing to fortune, the latter is susceptible of being united with ignorance.

For this reason, if you know much, you will not despise the ignorant. Knowledge is like wealth, desirable in order to assist others; but he who has it not, being still able to make a good citizen, boasts a title to our respect. Diffuse enlightened thoughts among the less educated classes. But in what do these consist? Not those tending to produce a disputatious, sententious, and malignant people; not those violent declamations so much extolled in plays and romances, and in which the lowest rabble are made heroes, the better orders described as villains, and in which the whole face of society is caricatured in order to excite abhorrence; where the virtuous cobbler is selected to say insolent things to his lordship, while his virtuous lordship espouses the daughter

of the cobbler, and where even cut-throats are represented as admirable, in order to throw odium on him who will not admire them.

The truly enlightened views calculated for diffusion among the lower classes, are such as tend to preserve them from error and exaggeration; those which, without asking them to become blind votaries of him who knows and is able to do more than themselves, impress upon them a noble disposition towards courtesy, towards benevolence and gratitude; views which may withdraw them from all excited and mad ideas of anarchy and plebeian government; teach them to exercise with pious dignity the obscure but honourable duties which Providence has assigned them; and convince them that social distinctions are necessary, although if we be equally virtuous, we shall finally reap equal reward for our actions at the hands of God.

SECTION XVIII.

ON COURTESY.

Always preserve a courteous demeanour in your general intercourse with society. In addition

to the attraction of agreeable manners; it will teach you to regard and esteem others. He who assumes rude, suspicious, haughty airs, is disposed to imbibe ill opinions of those around him. Want of courtesy is thus the source of two evils;—that of deteriorating the mind of him who exhibits it, and that of offending or grieving his neighbour.

But do not only study to display gentleness of manner; let the same spirit of courtesy inspire all your thoughts, all your wishes, and all your affections.

He who is not careful to preserve his mind from all ignoble ideas, is often tempted by their frequent indulgence, to proceed to blamable actions.

You will hear persons not belonging to a low rank in life in the habit of using loose jests, and very improper language; but do not imitate them: let your language be at once free from over-refined delicacy, and from all mean vulgarity; never sinking so low as to employ those brutal, unmeaning exclamations with which the uneducated are accustomed to intersperse their discourse, or those scurrilous and often impious jeers so offensive in every way to good manners. Purity, simplicity, and beauty of language, however, ought to be imbibed into the mind and heart, even from early

youth. He, who possesses it not at twenty-five years of age, must remain a stranger to it. It does not consist, I repeat, in set and pretty phrases, but in high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy; in frank and dignified expressions, producing in the minds of others feelings of delightful sympathy, solace, joy, benevolence, and a warmer love of virtue. Leave no means unstudied to render the style of your conversation agreeable, by a happy selection of expressions, and an appropriate modulation of voice. An elegant speaker charms the ear as well as the minds of his listeners; and in so far, when it becomes a question to urge them to what is good, or to dissuade them from evil, he will exercise double sway over their feelings. We are under obligation to improve all the faculties which God has given us, for the assistance of our fellow-creatures, and among these, the manner of expressing our thoughts, intimately connected as it is with the discipline of the mind.

Too little attention to eloquence of language—whether in reading a manuscript, in addressing a person, in representation, or in action—is owing less to incapacity to appear to greater advantage, than to unpardonable indolence, from neglect of

due cultivation of our minds, and of the respect which we owe to others.

But while you feel that courtesy is an obligation to deport yourself in such a manner as not to render your presence an annoyance to another, but on the contrary, a pleasure and advantage,—never indulge angry feelings towards the uncourteous. It would be very desirable that they should be freed from the dross; but, amidst all their humiliation, they still possess the gem of nobler mind enclosed within it.

It is not the least triumph of courtesy to bear the presence of such persons with a quiet smile,—to say nothing of that innumerable list of bores and fools. When there remains no hope—no occasion of doing them some good—I think it quite fair to shun their company; but you should take care not to avoid even them in such a manner as to show of what *genus* they are. They would otherwise feel aggrieved, or hate you heartily; but farther, no human patience can go.

SECTION XXIX.

ON GRATITUDE.

If we are to consider ourselves under obligation to entertain benevolent sentiments, and to show a gentle, courteous demeanour, in regard to all, how much more do the same motives apply to us in the case of persons who have given us proofs of affection, compassion, and indulgence.

Commencing with our nearest relatives, let the same principle of grateful return and recognition of benefits received be applied to every one who may have afforded us disinterested aid either by counsel or by deed.

With regard to other people, we may sometimes be apt to judge with severity, or to show want of attention, and this without incurring much blame; but in the instance of a benefactor we can no longer be excused for any deficiency of study, in order to please him, how to avoid giving him the slightest offence, to detract in no way from his reputation, but always to show ourselves eager to advocate his cause, and to console him.

Many persons, when they think they perceive in the manner of those to whom they are obliged too high an appreciation of their own merit in

comparison with theirs, get angry, treat it as an unpardonable want of discretion, and consider themselves absolved from all occasion of showing farther gratitude. Numbers, too, because they are mean enough to blush at benefits received, are ingenious in finding reasons for some interested motive in the giver—such as ostentation or other personal feeling; and they, in this way, try to find some excuse for their own ingratitude. Others, again, when they meet with success, hasten to restore what they had received, in order not to feel the weight of the obligation; and this done, they conceive themselves wholly free, forgetful of the lasting claims which gratitude imposes upon us.

All kind of devices, indeed, to justify ingratitude are hollow; the ingrate is a mean being; and that we may never fall into such a despicable state of mind, it is necessary that our gratitude be not limited—that it should be deeply felt and as frankly expressed.

If your benefactor prides himself upon the advantages he conferred—if he show you not that delicacy so delightful to the feelings of the obliged—if it does not clearly appear that his motives for assisting you were generous and disinterested—it is not for you to condemn him.

Throw a veil over his real or supposed faults, and behold in him only the good which he has done you. Remember the benefit, I repeat, even when you shall have repaid him—even with interest over and over.

It is sometimes right to be grateful without making public the benefit received; but so often as your conscience shall whisper you that you ought to make it known, let no feelings of mean shame restrain you; confess yourself obliged to the friendly right hand held out to succour you. "To express your gratitude without a witness," says the excellent moralist Blanchard, "is often ingratitude."

It is only the man who feels grateful for all benefits,—even the least,—whom we can call really good. Gratitude is the soul of religion; of filial love; of love for those who love us; of love for human society, from which so many of our pleasures, in addition to our safety, are felt to flow.

By nurturing feelings of gratitude for every good thing which we receive at the hands of God and of his ministering good men upon earth, we acquire greater strength and peace of mind to endure the evils of this life, as well as a greater disposition to think well of, to forgive, and to assist, our fellow-creatures in misfortune.

SECTION XXX.

HUMILITY, MEEKNESS, FORGIVENESS.

PRIDE and anger are incompatible with a gentle nature; and hence he cannot be genteel in the true sense of the word who has not habituated himself to humility and meekness of mind. "If there be any one sentiment," says Manzoni, in his excellent little book upon Comprehensive Morality—"powerful enough to eradicate that insulting tone of contempt towards others, it is assuredly that of humility. Contempt arises from a comparison with others, and a preference given to ourselves; yet how can such a sentiment ever take root but in a heart trained to consider and deplore its own miseries, to acknowledge every kind of merit as derived from God—to acknowledge that if God should not afford his restraining grace, it might rush into every species of evil?"

Invariably restrain your anger, or you will become harsh and haughty. If anger can do good, it is just and reasonable; but cases of this kind rarely occur. Whoever thinks it justifiable on every occasion only employs a mask to conceal his own ill nature.

This is a defect of character which is fearfully prevalent. Out of twenty with whom you shall speak earnestly, you will find nineteen, each of whom will presently put himself into a passion, dilating with amazing fluency upon the generous indignation he feels against this or that. All affect to be the most violent, warm-hearted enemies of every species of iniquity and abuse—as if they were the only upright people in the world. The country in which they live is always the worst upon the face of the earth; the age in which they flourish is the vilest in the annals of time; the institutions not founded by them utterly naught; if they hear a man speaking of religion and morality, they invariably set him down for an impostor; if a rich man do not squander his gold, he is an avaricious wretch; if the poor suffer and ask relief, they are idle and abandoned; and if they happen to confer the least obligation upon any one, he is to be pronounced a thankless fellow. To speak ill of all individuals, except a few of their own friends for manners' sake, appears to them one of the greatest privileges of their existence.

The worst of it is, that this ill-blood, whether excited against strangers or their immediate neighbours, gives a sort of pleasure to almost

every one who is not the exact object of its virulence. Your passionate and satirical man will easily be taken for a generous fellow, who, had he full sway, would become a hero. The meek-spirited, on the other hand, is accustomed to be regarded with contemptuous compassion, either as an imbecile or a hypocrite.

The virtues of humility and gentleness are not very glorious indeed, but adhere to them; they are more valuable than all glory. These very general manifestations of anger and pride only tend to show the universal want of love and true generosity, and the grand ambition to appear better than others, and better than we ourselves are.

Determine to be humble and gentle-minded, but at the same time let it be clear that you are not either an imbecile or a hypocrite. But how to prove this? By losing patience and showing your teeth at the calumniator? No; scorn to reply: and, with the exception of particular circumstances it is impossible to specify, do not lose your patience for the sake of a bad man; and neither threaten nor reproach him. Mildness springing from virtue, not from want of energetic feeling, has always reason on its side. By preserving this

you humble the haughty more completely than they would feel humbled by the most fiery eloquence from the lips of anger and contempt.

This quality, moreover, may be united with dignity calculated to inspire respect. The bad feel it. Your silence, while neither flattering nor seeking favour, condemns their course of wickedness; and they are conscious that you will abandon neither your religion nor your honour in fear of their condemnation.

Reconcile your mind to the idea of having enemies; but do not let it disturb you. The most beneficent, sincere, inoffensive on earth, cannot avoid them.

There are some wretches whose nature is so deeply ingrained with envy that they cannot exist without casting their jeers and all kind of false accusations against every man who enjoys some reputation.

Have courage to be gentle and forgiving of heart to those misguided beings who injure or wish to injure you: "not only seven times," said our Saviour, "but seventy times seven;" meaning to say without limit.

Duels and all forms of revenge are the insanity of passion. Rancour is a mixture of pride and

baseness, more deadly than hatred itself. By for giving an injury you may change an enemy into a friend, a perverted mind into a being capable of acquiring noble sentiments. Oh, how beautiful and how consoling is such a triumph! how immeasurably does it surpass in real grandeur all those horrible victories of man; the bad, mean offspring of revenge.

And what if an offender, whom you have pardoned, should continue irreconcilable, and should live and die still execrating you: have you lost any thing by a good act? Have not you acquired the greatest jewel in the crown of human virtues—that of preserving your magnanimity of mind?

SECTION XXXI.

ON COURAGE.

Courage always! without this, there can be no virtue. You must have courage in order to subdue your egotism, and to enable you to do good. Courage is no less necessary to conquer your natural indolence, and to support you through all laudable studies. Courage also to defend your country, and to protect your fellow-creature in every emergency;—courage to withstand bad example and undeserved ridicule; courage to suffer,

to bear disease, privation, and sorrows of every kind without weak lamentations;—to aspire to a degree of perfection not to be attained upon earth, yet to which if we do not aspire, in accordance with the sublime intimation held out in scripture, we shall forfeit all true nobility of mind.

Whatever may be the price you set upon your patrimony, your honour—life; hold yourself in readiness, at all times, to sacrifice every thing to duty, should duty exact such sacrifices from you. Without this abrogation of self;—this renunciation of every earthly advantage rather than to retain it by a compact with evil; a man can shew no heroism of character; nay, he may even become a monster! "For no one" in the words of Cicero, can be just who fears death, sorrow, exile, and poverty, or who prefers those things, which are the opposite of these, to equity*." To live with feelings alienated from the transitory prosperity by which we are surrounded appears to some persons an impracticable and harsh resolve, almost allied to barbarism. It is, nevertheless, true that, without a timely indifference to these extraneous goods, we neither know how to live nor to die worthily.

* Cicero de Off. Book ii. c. 9.

Courage is the great quality to raise the mind to every virtuous undertaking; but let us take care that it do not run into pride and ferocity.

They who think, or pretend they think, that courage cannot be united to gentle sentiments; they who accustom themselves to vain boastings, to a thirst for commotion and bloodshed, do discredit to that energy of will and strength of arm entrusted to them by the Deity to make a good and exemplary use of in the great family of society. In general these men are the least ardent in serious peril, and to save themselves they would betray their own father and brothers. It is remarked that the first to set an example of flight to the rest of an army are the very boasters who before entering the field laughed at the pale cheek of their companions, and cast unbecoming aspersions upon the enemy.

SECTION XXXII.

HIGH APPRECIATION OF LIFE, AND FORTITUDE TO MEET DEATH.

MANY books, I am aware, treat of moral obligations in a manner more extended and more

ornate; but I, my young friend, have undertaken simply to present you with a manual in which I might treat briefly of the whole which I conceived necessary to urge upon your attention.

I have now only to add: let not the weight of these duties alarm you; they are only insupportable to the idle and the vicious. Let us rather be of good heart, and we shall discover in each duty a mysterious beauty which invites us to love it. We shall feel a wonderful power augment our natural strength in proportion as we ascend the arduous path of virtue. You will experience that man is a superior being to that which he appears, provided he aspire strenuously to attain the full scope of his destination, which consists in raising himself above all low and grovelling passions; in cultivating the noblest with constant spirit, and at length approaching by such means to immortal communion with God himself.

Value life; but not so as to love it for mere vulgar pleasures and despicable views of ambition. Prize it only for that something more important, more elevated, and divine; because it is the arena of merit; dear to the eye of Omnipotence; glorious to Him; glorious and necessary

to ourselves. Love it then, notwithstanding its sorrows, or rather for its sorrows, since these lend it a beauty and dignity worthy of an imperishable mind. It is these which cause to spring up, to unfold, and to bear, the fruit of generous thoughts and noble determinations in the breast of man.

Yet be ever mindful that this life which you ought to estimate is given you but for a brief period. Dissipate it not in too many relaxations or enjoyments. Give only to joy and pleasure what is necessary, so much as may seem good for your health and the comforts of others. Prefer, when you can, to make your pleasure chiefly consist in laudable employment; I mean, by serving your fellow-citizens with a spirit of magnanimous brotherhood, and in serving your God with the filial love and obedience due to him.

And finally, while thus attached to life by some of its nobler ties, forget not the repose that awaits you as its evening draws nigh, on the pillow of the tomb. The attempt to disguise the necessity of dying is a weakness calculated to damp our ardour for doing good. You are not to hasten that solemn moment by any fault of your own; but do not desire to shun it out of fear. Be ready to peril your life in order to save another, and

more especially for the salvation of your country. In whatever form it may be your destiny to meet it, show a prompt spirit, a dignified courage, and sanctify it with all the sincerity and the energy of your faith.

By observing all this, you will stand conspicuous, in the noblest sense, as a man and a citizen; you will be the benefactor of society, and the author of your own happiness.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS, WHITEFRIARS.