

ANGER, HATRED, REPROACH.

474. REPROACH—is settled anger, or hatred, chastising the object of its dislike, by casting in his teeth the secret causes of his misconduct, or imperfections: the brow is contracted, the lip turn'd up with scorn, the head shaken, the voice low, as if abhorring, and the whole body expressive of aversion, contempt and loathing.



*Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of Heav'n:
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in Heaven.*

*He is my bane, I cannot bear him;
One heav'n and earth can never hold us both:
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly,
Keep rage alive, till one be lost forever;
As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
And strive, in fiery combat, for the passage.*

*Who does one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.*

*Hence, from my sight!
Thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortunes, cares and anguish dwell.*

REPROACHING WITH WANT OF COURAGE AND SPIRIT.
*Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villany,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothe'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave!
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend,
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide; doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.*

Debasing tendency of Anger. What a wretched thing is anger, and the commotion of the soul. If anything interposes itself between me and the object of my pursuits, what is incum-

bent upon me, that I should put forth my powers, and remove it. How shall I do this? By the exercise of my understanding. To the employment of this power, a cool and exact observation is necessary; but the moment I am the slave of passion, my power is lost; I am turned into a beast, or rather into a drunkard; I can neither preserve my footing, nor watch my advantage, nor strike an effectual blow. Did you never see a passionate and a temperate man—pitched against each other? How like a fool did the former appear! how did his adversary turn and wind him as he pleased, like some god—controlling an inferior nature! It is by this single implement, his reason, that man tames horses, camels, and elephants, to his hand; that he tames the lion of the desert, and shuts up the hyena with bars.

Anecdote. Servile Imitation. The Chinese tailors do not measure their customers, but make clothes according to the pattern given them. An American captain, being at Canton, and wanting a new coat made, sent the proper quantity of cloth, and an old one for a pattern: but, unluckily, the old coat had a patch at the elbow, which the tailor copied, to the no small mortification of his employer.

Varieties. 1. Whatever tends to dissolve the Union, or lessen the sovereign authority, is hostile to our liberty and independence. **2.** As the true christian religion, which is to become universal, had one local origin, so, have all genuine and specific creations had their origin, or local centre, whence they have been diffused. **3.** Let an unbeliever in this religion, write down, fairly and truly, all the absurdities he believes instead of it, and he will find that it requires more faith to reject it, than it does to embrace it. **4.** Reverence paid to man, on account of what is good and true; as divine in them, and as their own, is the worship of the creature, instead of the Creator, and is idolatry. **5.** Man is the end of the whole creation; and all particulars of it conspire, that conjunction of him with God may be attained, and that the end may be brought to pass.

*False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas, to meet.
Deceit—is the false road to happiness;
And all the joys we travel to through vice,
Like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.*

*Oh! colder than the wind, that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang, which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
In vain my lyre would lightly breathe
The smile, that sorrow fain would wear,
But mocks the woe, that lurks beneath,
Like roses—o'er a sepulchre.*

*As the ivy—climbs the tallest tree,
So—round the loftiest souls his toils he wound,
And, with his spells, subdu'd the fierce and free.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

TERROR, OR FRIGHT.

475. When violent and sudden, it opens very wide the mouth, shortens the nose, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, lifts up the open hands—with the fingers spread to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger produces violent shrieks, without any articulate sounds; sometimes confuses the thoughts, produces faintness, which is sometimes followed by death.



Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that! My old friend's ghost? They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man, cheek by jowl with me. Ah, ah, mercy on us! No nearer, pray; if it be only to take leave of me that you are come back, I could have excused you the ceremony with all my heart; or if you—mercy on us! no nearer, pray, or, if you have wronged anybody, as you always loved money a little, I give you the word of frightened christian; I will pray as long as you please for the deliverance, or repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend to come to his senses again.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,
That reads its enemy with glance of fire;
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness;
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen fixed orbs that burn and flash below;
The hand firm clench'd and quivering, and the foot
Planted in attitude to spring and dart
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.
While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Anecdote. Printing. It is related that Faust, of Mentz, one of the many to whom the honor of having invented the invaluable art of printing is ascribed, having carried some of his Bibles to Paris, and offered them

for sale as MSS., the French, after considering the number of the books, and their exact conformity to each other, and that the best book writers could not be so exact, concluded there was witchcraft in the case; and, by either actually indicting him as a conjuror, or threatening to do so, they extorted the secret; hence, the origin of the popular story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nurs'd and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

Friendship. The water, that flows from a spring, does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship, which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen in adversity.

Varieties. 1. As in agriculture, he, who can produce the greatest crop, is not the best farmer, but he, who can effect it with the least labor and expence; so, in society, he is not the best member, who can bring about the most apparent good, but he, who can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant evil. **2.** Cicero says, that Roscius, the Roman comedian, could express a sentence in as many ways by his gestures, as he himself could by his words. **3.** The eye of a cultivated person is full of meaning; if you read it attentively, it will seem like a mirror, revealing the inner world of thought and feeling; as the bosom of the smooth lake reflects the image of the earth around, and the heavens above. **4.** A good reader and a bad singer, and a bad reader and a good singer, is without excuse; for the same strength, purity, distinctness, flexibility and smoothness of voice, that either requires, and promotes, are subservient to each other.

Should fate—command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers—unknown to song; where first the sun—
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
Flame on the Atlantic Isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God—is ever present, ever fell,
In the void waste—as in the city full;
And where He—vital breathes, there must be joy.
When e'en, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight—to future worlds,
I cheerful, will obey; thee, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing; I cannot go—
Where universal love—smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons:
From seeming evil,—still educing good,
And better,—thence again, and better—still—
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him—in light ineffable:
Come then, expressive Silence—muse his praise.

GRIEF AND REMORSE,

476. Are closely allied to sorrow and remorse; or a painful remembrance of criminal actions and pursuits; casts down the countenance, clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head, shakes it with regret, just raises the eyes as if to look up, and suddenly casts them down again with sighs; the right hand sometimes beats the heart or head, and the whole body writhes as if in self-aversion. The voice has a harshness, as in hatred, and inclines to a low and reproachful tone: weeps, stamps, hurries to and fro, runs distracted, or faints away. When it is violent, grovels on the ground; tears the clothes, hair or flesh; screams; sometimes it produces torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.

477. REMORSE FOR DRUNKENNESS. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, applause, transform ourselves into beasts: I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me—I am a drunkard: had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool—and presently—a beast! O strange! every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

GRIEF DEPLORING LOSS OF HAPPINESS.

I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had wrong'd my love,
So had I nothing known: O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell, content;
Farewell the plumed troop and the big war
That make ambition—virtue! O farewell:
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war!
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

OH, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then, shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature marked,
Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Madest it no conscience to destroy a prince.



Freedom of the Press. The liberty of the press—is the true measure of the liberty of the people. The one cannot be attacked, without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free; to bridle them, or stifle them in their sanctuary, is the crime of perverted humanity. What can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine.

Anecdote. Prize of Immortality. On its being remarked to Zeuxis, a celebrated painter, that he was very long in finishing his works, he replied, "I am, indeed, a long time in finishing my works; but what I paint—is for ETERNITY."

Varieties. 1. Many projects, which, at the first, appear plausible and inviting, in the end—prove to be very injurious. 2. Science, philosophy and religion, are our food in youth, and our delight in more advanced life; they are ornaments to prosperity, and a comfort and refuge, in adversity; armor at home, and abroad, they pass their days and nights with us, accompany us in our travels, and in rural retirements. 3. Which is more to be dreaded, a false friend or an open enemy? 4. Guard against being led into imprudence, by yielding to an impetuous temper. 5. There is no virtuous person, who has not some weakness or vice; nor is there a vicious one, who cannot be said to possess some virtue. 6. What a difficult thing it is, not to betray guile in the countenance, when it exists in the mind! 7. The strength of one vital faculty is sometimes the occasion of a weakness in another; but, that it may not exist, exercise no faculty or principle beyond its strength or bounds. 8. Science—relates to whatever addresses us thro' the five senses; which are the ultimates—upon which the interiors of the mind, and the inmost of the soul—rest.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home!
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace, in captive bonds, his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, [things!]
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone;
Run to your houses; fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

DESPAIR.

477. As a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downward, clouds the forehead, rolls the eyes around fretfully, eyeballs red and inflamed like a rabid dog; opens the mouth horizontally, bites the lips, widens the nostrils, and gnashes the teeth; the head is pressed down upon the breast; heart too hard to permit tears to flow; arms are sometimes bent at the elbows; the fists clench'd hard; the veins and muscles swollen; the skin livid; the whole body strained and violently agitated; while groans of inward torture are more frequently uttered than words. If any words are spoken, they are few, and expressed with a sullen eager bitterness; the tones of the voice often loud and furious, and sometimes in the same pitch for a considerable time. This state of human nature is too terrible, too frightful to look, or dwell upon, and almost improper for representation: for if death cannot be counterfeited without too much shocking our humanity, despair, which exhibits a state ten thousand times more terrible than death, ought to be viewed with a kind of reverence to the great Author of Nature, who seems sometimes to permit this agony of mind, as a warning to avoid that wickedness, which produces it: it can hardly be over-acted.

Bring me to my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is,
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like time-twigs, set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.



Virtue and Vice. Every man has actually within him, the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion, in which they thrive and ripen, depends, in general, upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed, and his life.

Anecdote. Filial Piety. Valerius Maximus relates, that a woman of distinction, having been condemned to be strangled, was carried to prison, in order to be put to death; but the jailor was so struck with compunction, that, resolving not to kill her, he chose to let her die with hunger; meanwhile, he permitted her daughter to visit her in prison, taking care that she brought nothing to eat. Many days passing by, and the prisoner still living, the jailor at length, suspecting something, watched the daughter, and discovered that she nourished her mother with her own milk. He informed the authorities, and they the people; when the criminal was pardoned, and the mother and daughter maintained at the public expense; while a temple was erected—SACRED TO FILIAL PIETY.

Varieties. 1. The mind should shine through the casket, that contains it; its eloquence must speak in the cheek; and so distinctly should it be wrought in the whole countenance, that one might say, the body thinks, as well as feels; such oratory will never cloy; it is always enchanting, never the same. 2. A gentleman, lecturing before a lyceum, remarked: a lady, when she married, lost her personal identity—her distinctive character—and was like a dew-drop, swallowed by a sunbeam. 3. Let ignorance talk, learning bath its value. 4. Where mystery is practiced, there is generally something bad to conceal, or something incompatible with candor, or ingenuousness, which form the chief characteristic of genuine innocence. 5. The worst man is often he, who thinks himself the best. 6. A benefit is a good office, done with intention and judgment. 7. He, who punishes an enemy, has a momentary delight; but he who forgives him, has an abiding satisfaction.

Despair shall round their souls be twin'd,
And drink the vigor of their mind:
As round the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals its sap, and blasts its leaves.

Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all, that pass, a monument of woe.

I saw, on the top of a mountain high
A gem, that shone like fire by night;
It seem'd a star, that had left the sky,
And dropp'd to sleep on the lonely height.

I climb the peak, and found it soon
A lump of ice, in the clear cold moon—
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look, and a broken heart.

Favors—to none, to all, she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects,—but never once—offends.

SORROW AND SADNESS.

478. In sorrow, when moderate, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast down, the arms hang lax, sometimes a little raised, suddenly to fall again; the hands open, the fingers spread, the voice plaintive, and frequently interrupted with sighs. But when immoderate, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground; like some other passions in excess, it borders on phrenzy.



Say that again; the shadow of my sorrow!
Ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament,
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells, with silence, in my tortured soul;
There—lies the substance;
And I thank thee, king,
For the great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teaches me the way,
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Pelayo—stood confused: he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter, since in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy, she moved:
More like a poet's dream, in form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence,—than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.

Now, had he seen her in her winding-sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved;
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those, who mourn
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came like a ghost, which in the grave,
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Rais'd her, and would have spok'n; but his tongue,
Fail'd in its office; and could only speak
In under-tone, compassionate, her name.

The voice of pity—sooth'd, and melted her,
And, when the prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoever
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Past slowly over her pale countenance,
Like moonlight—on a marble statue.

For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered—is best:
For modes of faith—let graceless zealots fight;
His—can't be wrong, whose life—is in the right.
Those hearts, that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms,
At once discharged, grow cool again, and calm.

Love of Justice. A sense of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities. In our most early intercourse with the world, and even in our most youthful amusements, no unfairness should be found. That sacred rule, of doing all things to others, according as we wish they would do unto us, should be engraved on our minds. For this end, we should impress ourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of man.

Anecdote. When king Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of speaking ill of Tiberius, and was condemned by the emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace gate. The weather being hot, he was thirsty, and called to Caligula's servant, Thaumastus, who was passing with a pitcher of water, to give him some drink; assuring him, if he got out of his captivity, he would pay him well. Tiberius dying, Caligula succeeded him, and set Agrippa at liberty, making him king of Judea; in which situation, he remembered the glass of water, sent for Thaumastus, and made him controller of his household.

Varieties. 1. The following is the title of a book, published in England, in Cromwell's time: "Curious custards, carefully conserved for the chickens of the covenant, and sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." 2. Superabundant prosperity, tends to involve the human mind in darkness: it takes away the greatest stimulus to exertion, represses activity, renders us idle, and inclines us to vice. 3. Venture not on the precipice of temptation; the ground may be firm as a rock under your feet, but a false step, or a sudden blast, may be your destruction. 4. Discretion has been termed the better part of valor; and diffidence, the better part of knowledge. 5. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, sobriety with vivacity, truth with novelty, and all of them with liberality, are six very difficult things. 6. Disguise it as we will, tyranny is a bitter thing. 7. What accident gains, accident may take away.

Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that—within, which passeth show,
These—but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Sorrow preys upon

Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world,
Than calling it, at moments, back to this.
The busy—have no time for tears.

ATTENTION, LISTENING, &c.

497. ATTENTION—to an esteemed or superior character, has nearly the same aspect as INQUIRY, and requires silence: the eyes are often cast upon the ground, sometimes fixed upon the speaker; but not too perily, or familiarly; when looking at objects at a distance, and listening to sounds, its manifestations are different. INQUIRY into some difficult subject fixes the body in nearly one position, the head somewhat stooping, the eyes poring, and the eye-brows contracted.

Pray you, once more—

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak,
Know man from man, dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish.

Angelo—

There is a kind of character in thy life—
That, to the observer, doth thy history—
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings,
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtue, then on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all as if
We had them not: spirits are not finely touch'd—
But to fine issues; nature never lends—
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and praise.

While Chaos, hush'd, stands listening to the noise,
And wonders at confusion not his own.
I look'd, I listen'd, dreadful sounds I hear,
And the dire form of hostile gods appear.
Yet hear what an unskillful friend may say:
As if a blind man should direct your way:
So I myself, tho' wanting to be taught,
May yet impart a hint, that's worth your thought.
What can the fondest mother wish for more,
Ev'n for her darling sons, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence?

Mourners. Men are often ingenious, in making themselves miserable, by aggravating, beyond bounds, the evils, which they are compelled to endure. "I will restore thy daughter again to life," said an eastern sage to a prince, who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child; "provided, thou art able to engrave on her tomb, the names of three persons, who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after such persons; but found the inquiry vain, and was silent.

Maxims. 1. We shall never be free from debt, till we learn not to be ashamed of industry and economy. 2. All should be taught how to earn, save and enjoy money. 3. Teach children to save everything; not for their own use exclusively, for this would make them selfish; teach them to share everything with their associates, and never to destroy anything. 4. True economy can be as comfortable with a little, as extravagance can with much. 5. Never lessen good actions, nor aggravate evil ones. 6. Good works are a rock; ill ones a sandy foundation. 7. Some receive praise, who do not deserve it. 8. It is safer to learn, than to teach. 9. He, who conceals his opinion, has nothing to answer for. 10. Reason, like the sun, is common to all.

Anecdote. The late king of England, being very fond of Mr. Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion, happened to be walking with him one day, in Hampton Court gardens, during the heat of his persecution. As they were talking upon this subject, his majesty observed, "That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better, if he kept them to himself." "Is your majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man. "I really am," replied the king. "Why, then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of this way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time?"

Varieties. 1. What are the three learned professions? 2. Great minds can attend to little things; but little minds cannot attend to great things. 3. To marry a rake, in hopes of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in hopes of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments. 4. A clear idea, produces a stronger effect on the mind, than one that is obscure and indistinct. 5. Those that are teaching the people to read, are doing all they can to increase the power, and extend the influence of those that write: for the child—will read to please his teachers, but the man—to please himself. 6. A faithful friend, that reproveth of errors, is preferable to a deceitful parasite. 7. He that follows nature, is never out of the way. 8. Time, patience, and industry, are the three grand masters of the world.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

SURPRISE, WONDER, AMAZEMENT.

480. An uncommon object produces wonder; if it appears suddenly, it begets surprise, which continued, produces amazement, and if the object of wonder comes gently to the mind, and averts the attention by its beauty and grandeur, it excites admiration, which is a mixture of approbation and wonder; so sure is the observation of the poet; Late time shall wonder, that my joys shall raise; For wonder is involuntary praise.

WONDER OR AMAZEMENT—opens the eyes and makes them appear very prominent: sometimes it raises them upon the object; but more frequently fixes them upon the object, if it be present, with a fearful look: the mouth is open and the hands held up nearly in the attitude of fear; and if they hold anything, they drop it immediately, and unconsciously; the voice is at first low, but so emphatic that every word is pronounced slowly and with energy, though the first access of this passion often stops all utterance; when, by the discovery of something excellent in the object of wonder, the emotion may be called admiration, the eyes are raised, the hands are lifted up, and clapp'd together, and the voice elevated with expressions of rapture.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.
When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
Oershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.
When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

How inexpressibly various are the characteristics impressed by the Creator on all human beings! How has he stamped on each its legible and peculiar properties! How especially visible in this the lowest class of animal life! The world of insects, is a world of itself: how great the distance between it and man! Through all their forms, and gradations, how visible are their powers of



destruction, of suffering and resisting, of sensibility and insensibility!

Importance of Early Principles. If men's actions are an effect of their principles, that is, of their notions, their belief, their persuasions, it must be admitted, that principles—early sown in the mind, are the seeds, which produce fruit and harvest in the ripe state of manhood. How lightly soever some men may speak of notions, yet, so long as the soul governs the body, men's notions must influence their actions, more or less, as they are stronger or weaker: and to good or evil, as they are better or worse.

Anecdote. Cyrus, the great king of Persia, when a boy, being at the court of his grandfather As-ty-a-ges, engaged to perform the office of cup-bearer at table. The duty of this office required him to taste the liquor, before presenting it to the king; but without performing this duty, Cyrus delivered the cup to his grandfather; who observed the omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," said Cyrus, "I purposely avoided it: because I feared it contained poison: for lately, at an entertainment, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking it, became noisy, quarrelsome and frantic."

Varieties. 1. In every departure from truth, it is the deceit and hypocrisy we exert, to compass our purpose, that does the evil, more than the base falsehood, of which we are guilty. **2.** It is a strong proof of the want of proper attention to our duty, and of a deficiency of energy and good sense, to let an opportunity pass, of doing or getting good, without improving it. **3.** Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages; its service is to watch the success of a rival; its wages—to be sure of it. **4.** Base envy withers at another's joy, and hates that excellence it cannot reach. **5.** How does the mental and bodily statures of the ancients, compare with those of the moderns? **6.** It seems like a law of order, that no one shall be long remembered with affection, by a race whom he has never benefitted. **7.** The charity, that relieves distressed minds, is far superior to that, which relieves distressed bodies. **8.** Think'st thou—it is honorable—for a noble man still to remember wrong? **9.** This is the monstrosity of love, that the will—is infinite, and the execution—confined; that the desire—is boundless, and the act—a slave to limit.

What's in a name; that which we call a rose,
By any other name—would smell as sweet.
Glory—is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperses to nought.
God's benison go with you; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends—of foes.
The things we must believe—are few, and plain.

VENERATION, DEVOTION.

481. VENERATION—to parents, teachers, superiors or persons of eminent virtue and attainments is a humble and respectful acknowledgment of their excellence, and our own inferiority: the head and body are inclined a little forward, and the hand, with the palm downwards, just raised to meet the inclination of the body, and then let fall again with apparent timidity and diffidence; the eye is sometimes lifted up, and then immediately cast downward, as if unworthy to behold the object before it; the eyebrows drawn down in the most respectful manner; the features, and the whole body and limbs, all composed to the most profound gravity; one portion continuing without much change. When veneration rises to adoration of the Almighty Creator and Redeemer, it is too sacred to be imitated, and seems to demand that humble annihilation of ourselves, which must ever be the consequence of a just sense of the Divine Majesty, and our own unworthiness. This feeling is always accompanied with more or less of awe, according to the object, place, &c. Respect—is but a less degree of veneration, and is nearly allied to modesty.

Almighty God! 'tis right, 'tis just,
That earthly frames—should turn to dust;
But O, the sweet, transporting truth,
The soul—shall bloom in endless youth.
In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments—in eternity.

This world—is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy,—the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true—but Heaven!
And false the light—on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms—gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright—but Heaven!
Poor wanderers—of a stormy day,
From wave—to wave—we're driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light—the troubled way—
There's nothing calm—but Heaven!

He was too good—
Where ill men were: and was best of all—
Among the rarest of good ones.

When usefulness, and pleasure join,
Perfection—crowns the grand design.



Anecdote. Pulpit Flattery. One of the first acts, performed by the young monarch, George the Third, after his accession to the throne of England, was, to issue an order, prohibiting any of the clergy, who should be called before him, from paying him any compliments in their discourse. His majesty was led to this, from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver, in the royal chapel; and for which, instead of thanks, he received a pointed reprimand; his majesty observing, "that he came to hear the praise of God, and not his own."

Love. The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts, which binds two beings together more closely, more dearly than the dearest of human ties; more than the vow of passion, or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence that we find but very seldom in this world.

Varieties. 1. Some misfortunes seem to be inevitable; but they generally proceed from our want of judgment, and prudence. **2.** Ignorance of the facts, upon which a science is based, precludes much proficiency in that science. **3.** Trade, like a restive horse, is not easily managed; where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way. **4.** No accident can do harm to virtue; it helps to make it manifest. **5.** True faith is a practical principle; it is doing what we understand to be true. **6.** It is very difficult to talk and act like a madman, but not like a fool. **7.** Rely not on the companions of your pleasure; trust not the associates of your health and prosperity; it is only in the hour of adversity, that we learn the sincerity of our friends. **8.** The genuine feelings of human nature, are always the same; and the language of passion every where understood. **9.** Demosthenes said, that action, or delivery, constitutes the beginning, middle and end of oratory. **10.** In proportion as a truth is great, and transcending the capacity of the age, it is either rejected, or forgotten.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be ta-
Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
Within its bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SCORN, CONTEMPT.

482. SNEER is ironical approbation; with a voice and countenance of mirth, somewhat exaggerated, we cast the severest censure; it is hypocritical mirth and good humor, and differs from the real by the sly, arch, satirical

tones of voice, look and gesture, that accompany it; the nose is sometimes turned up, to manifest our contempt, disdain. **SCORN**—is the extreme of contempt; that disdain, which springs from a person's opinions of the meanness of an object, and a consciousness, or belief of his own worth and superiority.

Satan beheld their flight,
And to his mates—thus, in derision call'd:
O friends! why come not on those victors proud?
Ere while, they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair, with open front, [terms
And breast, (what could we more?) propounded
Of composition—strait they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance, they rais'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps for
Joy of offer'd peace; but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

483. You pretend to reason? you don't so much as know the first elements of the art of reasoning: you don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*. Are you a *doctor*, and don't know that there is a communication between the *brain* and the *legs*?
2. **SNEER.** He has been an *author* these *twenty* years, to his *bookseller's* knowledge, if to no one's *else*.
3. Chafe not thyself about the *rabble's* censure: they *blame*, or *praise*, but as *one* leads the other.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting,
With forms to his conceit: and all for nothing;
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?

Thou look'st at a very statue of surprise,
As if a lightning blast had dried thee up,
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.

How, like a broken instrument, beneath
The skillful touch, my joyless heart lies dead!
Nor answers to the master's hand divine.

What can ennoble *sots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*?



The Investigation of Thought. While investigating the *nature* of thought, we forget that we are *thinking*: we propose to *understand* that, which, in the very *effort* to do so, necessarily becomes the more *unintelligible*; for while we think that we appreciate the desired end, the *power* that enables us to do so, is a *part* of the thing sought, which must remain *inexplicable*. Since it is impossible to understand the *nature* of thought by *thinking*, it is manifest, that every *modification* of thought, must be quite obscure in its *nature*; and, for the *same* reason, in judging of what we call *ideas*, we must use ideas derived from the same *original*, while every *judgment* is only a new *modification*. Therefore, the only *true* philosophy of mind, must, as to its *principles*, be *revealed*. Has there been such a *revelation*?

Anecdote. Brotherly Love. A little boy, seeing two nestling birds *peck* at each other, inquired of his elder *brother*, what they were *doing*. "They are *quarreling*," was the reply. "No," replied the other, "that cannot be, for they are *brothers*."

VARIETIES.

But seven wise men the ancient world did know;
We scarce know *sev'n*, who think *them*'s not so.

If a better system's thine,
Impart it freely; or make use of mine.

3. He, who knows the *world*, will not be too *bashful*; and he, who knows *himself*, will never be *impudent*. 4. To speak all that is true, is the part of fools; to speak more than is true, is the folly of too many. 5. Does a candle give as much light in the day time, as at night? 6. I am not worthy of a friend, if I do not advise him when he is going astray. 7. A bad great man, is a great bad man; for the greatness of an evil, makes a man's evil greater. 8. All public vices, are not only crimes, but rules of error; for they are precedents of evil. 9. Toyish airs, please trivial ears; they kiss the fancy, and then betray it. 10. Oh! what bitter pills men swallow, to purchase one false good.

Aside the devil turn'd,

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign,
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd:
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss: while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments, not the least,
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth: honor of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

Self-love never yet could look on Truth,
But with blear'd beams; sleek Flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

FEAR, CAUTION.

484. FEAR is a powerful emotion, excited by expectation of some evil, or apprehension of impending danger; it expresses less apprehension than dread, and this less than terror or fright: it excites us to provide for our security on the approach of evil; sometimes settles into deep anxiety, or solicitude: it may be either filial in the good, or slavish in the wicked. See the engraving for its external appearance, and also Terror or Fright.

Now, all is hush'd—and still, as death!
How reverend is this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking—tranquillity! it strikes an awe,
And terror on my aching sight.

The tombs, and monumental caves of death, look
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own at-frights me with its echoes.

'Tis night! the season when the happy—take
Repose, and only witches are awake;
Now, discontented ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd buildings and unwholesome grounds.
First, Fear—his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoill'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

A sudden trembling—seized on all his limbs,
His eyes distort'd grew, his visage—pale;
His speech forsook him!
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him;
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the lots of
horrid apparitions.

Come, old sir,—here's the place—stand still;
How fearful 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, th' wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down,
Hangs one that gathers *samphire*, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than one's head;
The fishermen th't walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark,
Seems lessen'd to a skiff;—her skiff a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
Tumble down headlong.

Anecdote. A nobleman, traveling in Scotland, was asked for *alms*, in Edinburgh, by a little ragged boy. He told him he had no *change*; upon which the boy offered to *procure* it. His lordship finally gave him a piece



of silver, which the boy conceiving was to be *changed*, went for that *purpose*; but, on his *return*, not finding his benefactor, he watched several *days*; at length the gentleman passed that *way*; when the boy accosted him, and gave him *all* the change, counting it with great *exactness*. The nobleman was so *pleas'd* with the boy's *honesty*, that he placed him at *school*, with the assurance of *providing* for him afterwards; which he did, and that boy became an ornament to humanity.

Etiquette of Stairs. In showing a *visitor*—up or down stairs, always *precede* him, or her: there is a common *error* upon this subject, which ought to be *corrected*. Some persons will suffer you to precede them; even when they hold the *light*. *Gentlemen* should always precede *ladies*, up and down stairs.

Etiquette of Riding. The gentleman should keep the *lady* on the *right* hand, that she may the more conveniently converse with him, and he may the more readily assist her, in case of *accident*.

Varieties. 1. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more; so that your *appearance* may all be of a *piece*. 2. *Miraculous* evidence, is *inefficacious* for producing any *real*, or *permanent* change in one's *confirmed* religious sentiments; and this is the reason, that no more of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* of old, embraced the christian religion. 3. The great *secret*, by which *happiness* is to be realized, is to be *contented* with our lot, and yet strive to make it *better*, by abstaining from everything that is *evil*. 4. Every one is responsible for his *own* acts: all must be judged according to their *deeds*. 5. Is it not much easier to *blame*, than to *avoid* blame? 6. What is the difference between *good* and *evil*? 7. What makes us so *discontented* with our condition, is the false and exaggerated *estimate*, we form of the happiness of *others*. 8. It is much easier to plunge into *extravagance*, than to reduce our *expenses*; this is pre-eminently true of *nations*, as well as *individuals*. 9. Be *decisive*, or *mild*, according to circumstances. 10. Suit your *conduct* to the *occasion*.

As flame ascends,

As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls.

Nature

Never did bring forth a man without a man;
Nor could the first man, being but
The passive subject, not the active mover,
Be the maker of himself; so of necessity,
There must be a power superior to nature.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this your care—
Spare—but to spend, and only spend to spare.

SIMPLE LAUGHTER.

485. RAILERY—may signify a bantering, a prompting to the use of jesting language; good humored pleasantry, or slight satire; satirical merriment, wit, irony, burlesque. It is very difficult indeed, to mark the precise boundaries of the different passions, as some of them

are so slightly touch'd, and often melt into each other; but because we cannot perfectly delineate every shade of sound and passion, is no reason why we should not attempt approaches to it.

486. RAILERY, without animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness; the countenance smiling, and the tone of voice sprightly.

Let me play the fool

With mirth and laughter; so let the wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks.)
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
I'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo, fare ye well a while,
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

487. Miscellaneous. 1. It is impossible, to estimate, even an *inconsiderable* effort to promote right education. 2. It is said, that a *stone*, thrown into the sea, agitates every drop of water in that vast expanse; so it may be, in regard to the *influence* we exert on the minds of the young. 3. *Who* can tell, what may be the effect of a single good principle, deeply fixed in the mind; a single pure and virtuous association strongly riveted, or a single happy turn given to the thoughts and affections of youth? It may spread a salutary and sacred influence over the whole life, and thro' the whole mass of the child's character. Nay more; as the character of others, who are to come after him, may, and probably will depend much on his, the impulse we give cannot cease in him, who first received it, it will go down from one generation to another, widening and deepening, and reaching forth with various modifications, till



the track of its agency shall exceed human sight and calculation.

Anecdote. The duke of Orleans, on being appointed regent of France, insisted on the power of *pardoning*: "I have no objection," said he, "to have my hands tied from doing harm; but I will have them free to do good."

Truth. Truth will ever be unpalatable to those, who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning: for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend—differ as widely from the rancor of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a surgeon—from the dagger of an assassin.

Varieties. 1. Envy is blind to all good; and the ruling passion of the envious is, to detract from the virtues of others. 2. A good person will have no desire to influence others, any farther than they can see that his course is right. 3. Good fortune, however long continued, is no pledge of future security. 4. Cases often occur, when a prudent and dignified confession, or acknowledgment of error, gives to the person making it, a decided advantage over his adversary. 5. Agitation is to the moral and mental world, what storms are to the physical world; what winds are to the ocean, what exercise is to the body. 6. Truth can never die; she is immortal, like her Author. 7. There are a great many fools in the world: he who would avoid seeing one, must lock himself up alone, and break his looking glass. 8. What we do ourselves—is generally more satisfactorily done, than what is done by others. 9. Such is the state of the world, at present, that whoever wishes to purchase anything, must beware. 10. The opposite of the heavenly virtues and principles, are the principles of hell.

A fool, a fool, I met a fool i'th'forest,
A motley fool, a miserable varlet;
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms;
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool;
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heav'n hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his pocket,
And looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'Tis ten o'clock;
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven,
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

HORROR.

488. HORROR—is an excessive degree of fear, or a painful emotion, which makes a person tremble: it is generally composed of fear and hatred, or disgust; the recital of a bloody deed fills one with horror; there are the horrors of war, and the horrors of famine, horrible places and horrible dreams; the ascension seems to be as follows, the fearful and dreadful, (affecting the mind more than the body), the frightful, the tremendous, terrible and horrible: the fearful wave; the dreadful day; frightful convulsions; tremendous storms; terrific glare of the eyes; a horrid murder.



Hark!—the death-denouncing trumpet—sounds
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset.
Destruction—rushes dreadful to the field,
And bathes itself in blood. Havoc let loose,
Now undistinguished—rages all around;
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
Sees the plain strew'd with subjects, truly hers,
Breathless and cold!

489. PLOTTING CRUELTY AND HORROR! Macbeth's soliloquy before murdering Duncan. (Starting.) "Is this a dagger, which I see before me?" (Courage.) "The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee." (Wonder.) "I have thee not; and yet I see thee still." (Horror.) "Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling—as to sight? or art thou but a dagger of the mind? a false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?" (Eyes staring, and fixed to one point.) "I see thee yet, in form as palpable as that which now I draw." (Here draws his own, and compares them.) "Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going; and such an instrument I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses, or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; and on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood, which was not so before." (Doubting.) "There's no such thing." (Horror.) "It is the bloody business, which informs thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er one-half the world, nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse the curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft—celebrates pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder, alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf, whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, towards his design—moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm-set earth, hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear the very stones prate of my whereabouts, and take the present horror from the time, which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives—I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. (A bell rings.) Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell, that summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

Music! oh! how faint, how weak!
LANGUAGE—fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling—ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul—so well.

Woman's Love. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow, that is preying on its vitals, so is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

Anecdote. Swearing nobly Reproved. Prince Henry, son of James II., had a particular aversion to the vice of swearing, and profanation of the name of God. When at play, he was never known to use bad words; and on being asked the reason, why he did not swear, as well as others, answered, that he knew no game worthy of an oath. The same answer he gave at a hunting match, when the almost spent stag was killed by a butcher's dog, that was passing along the road; the huntsmen tried to irritate the prince against the butcher, but without succeeding. His highness answered coolly, "True, the dog killed the stag, but the butcher could not help it." They replied, that if his father had been served so, he would have sworn so, as no one could have endured it. "Away," said the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

Varieties. 1. A selfish person is never contented, unless he have every thing his own way, and have the best place, and be put first in every thing; of course, he is generally unhappy. 2. The mind of man is, of itself, opaque; the Divine mind alone, is luminous. He is the light of both worlds, the natural and spiritual. 3. Is it not better to remain in a state of error, than to understand something of a truth, and then reject it, because we do not understand it fully? 4. Guilt was never a rational thing; it disturbs and perverts the faculties of the mind, and leaves one no longer the use of his reason. 5. All evils, in their very nature, are contagious, like the plague; because of the propensity to evil, into which every one is born; therefore, keep out of the infected sphere as much as possible. 6. Is the eye tired with beautiful objects, or the ear with melodious sounds? Love duty, then, and performance will be delightful. 7. Seek only good; thus, pleasure comes unsought.

When twilight dews are falling fast,
Upon the rosy sea;

I watch that star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee;

And thou, too, on that orb so dear,

Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n,

And think, tho' lost forever here,

Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!

There's not a garden walk I tread,

There's not a flower I see;

But brings to mind some hope that's fled,

Some joy I've lost with thee;

And still I wish that hour was near,

When, friends and foes forgiven,

The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here,

May turn to smiles in heaven!

He help'd to bury, whom he help'd to starve.

WEEPING.

490. WEEPING—is the expression, or manifestation, of sorrow, grief, anguish or joy, by out-cry, or by shedding tears; a lamentation, bewailing, bemoaning; we may weep each other's woe, or weep tears of joy; so may the rich groves weep odorous gum and balm; there is weeping amber, and weeping grounds: crying—is an audible expression, accompanied, or not, with tears; but weeping always indicates the shedding of tears; and, when called forth by the sorrows of others, especially, it is an infirmity of which no man would be destitute.

491. Whither shall I return? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capital? Alas! it is overflow'd with my brother's blood! or, shall I return to my house? yet there, I behold my mother—plunged in misery, weeping and despairing. 2. I am robbed! I am ruined! O my money! my guineas! my support! my all is gone! Oh! who has robbed me? who has got my money? where is the thief? A thousand guineas of gold! hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! 3. I cannot speak—and I could wish you would not oblige me,—it is the only service I ever refused you: and tho' I cannot give a reason why I could not speak, yet I hope you will excuse me without reason.

Had it pleased heaven

To try me with affliction; had it rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity, me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at—
Oh—

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honorable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violentest in a sense as strong [it]
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.



Historians. We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method, to take on trust, what they distribute to the public; by which means, a falsehood, once received from a famed writer, becomes traditional to posterity.

Anecdote. Washington and his Mother. Young George was about to go to sea, as a midshipman; every thing was arranged, the vessel lay out opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tear bursting from her eye. However, she said nothing to him; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away, to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children, that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

Varieties. 1. *Timotheus*—an ancient teacher of oratory, always demanded a double fee from those pupils, who had been taught by others; for, in this case, he had not only to plant, but to root out. 2. He, that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life. 3. Never buy, or read bad books; for they are the worst of thieves; because they rob you of your money, your time, and your principles. 4. *Theocracy*—is a government by God himself; as, the government of the Jews; *democracy*—is a government of the people. 5. Without the *intenseness* and *passion* of study, nothing great ever was, or ever will be accomplished. 6. *Who* can tell where each of the natural families begins, or where it ends? 7. To overcome a bad habit, one must be conscious of it; as well as know how to accomplish the object. 8. The best defenders of liberty do not generally vociferate loudly in its praise. 9. *Domestic* feuds can be appeased only by mutual kindness and forbearance. 10. *Volumes* of arguments avail nothing against resolute determination; for convince a man against his will, and he is of the same opinion still.

When William wrote his lady, to declare,
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,
Poor Lucy shrieked, "to life, to all adieu!"
She tore the letter,—and her raven hair,
She beat her bosom, and the post-boy too;
Then wildly—to the window flew,
And threw herself—into a chair.

All is silent—'twas my fancy!
Still as the breathless interval between
The flash and thunder.

Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys.
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

SIMPLE BODILY PAIN.

492. PAIN may be either bodily, or mental; simple, or acute. Bodily pain, is an uneasy sensation in the body, of any degree from that which is slight, to extreme torture; it may proceed from pressure, tension, separation of parts by violence, or derangement of the functions: mental pain—is uneasiness of mind; disquietude; anxiety; solicitude for the future; grief or sorrow for the past; thus we suffer pain, when we fear, or expect evil; and we feel pain at the loss of friends, or property. Pain, and the like affections, indicate a pressure or straining.



The play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow; or the blast
Ruffles the autumn leaves, that, drooping, cling
Faintly, and motionless to their lov'd boughs.

What avails [pain],
Valor or strength, though matchless, quelled with
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst.
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

And not a virtue in the bosom lives
That gives such ready pay as patience gives;
That pure submission to the ruling mind,
Fixed, but not forced; obedient, but not blind;
The will of heaven to make her own she tries,
Or makes her own to heaven a sacrifice.

The dream of the injured patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!

Anecdote. *The Philosopher Outdone.* A learned philosopher, being in his study, a little girl came for some fire. Says the doctor, "But you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put the live coals on with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or, on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot—through the fields of air.

The brave—do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Truly, without disquiet, they love, or hate;
Still are they found—in the fair face of day;
And heaven—and men—are judges of their actions.

Proverbs. 1. The true economy of every thing is—to gather up the fragments of time, as well as of materials. 2. The earlier children are taught to be useful, the better; not only for themselves, but for all others. 3. Consider that day as lost, in which something has not been done for the benefit of others, as well as for yourself. 4. False pride, or foolish ambition, should never induce us to live beyond our income. 5. To associate with influential and genteel people, with an appearance of equality, has its advantages; especially, where there are sons or daughters just entering on the stage of action; but, like all other external advantages, they have their proper price, and may be bought too dearly; "never pay too much for the whistle." 6. Never let the cheapness of an article tempt you to purchase it, if you do not really need it; for nothing is cheap, that we do not want. 7. Vanity and pride must yield to the dictates of honesty and prudence.

Miscellaneous. Great Britain—has dotted over the surface of the globe, with her possessions and military posts; and her morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth daily, with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. The steam-engine is on the rivers, and the boatman may rest upon his oars; it is in the highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land-conveyances; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the surface of the earth; it is in the mill and in the workshop of the traders; it rows, it pumps, it excavates, it ploughs, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints; and seems to say to artisans, Leave your manual labor, give over your bodily toil, use your skill and reason to direct my power, and I will bear toil, with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness.

VARIETIES.

Cease, mourners; cease complaint and weep no
Your friends are not dead, but gone before; [more;
Advanced a stage or two—upon the road,
Which you must travel in the steps they trode.

True valor, friends, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike.
Preach patience to the sea, when jarring winds,
Throw up the swelling billow to the sky;
And if your reason mitigate her fury,
My soul will be as calm.

Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broken loose,
And bears down all before him.

The day shall come, that great avenging day,
When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.
Send thy arrows forth,
Strike! strike the tyrants, and avenge my tears.
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.

Other sins—only speak,—murder—shrieks out.
The element of water—moistens the earth;
But blood—flies upward, and bedews the heavens

ACUTE PAIN,

493. Bodily, or mental, signifies a high degree of pain, which may appropriately be called AGONY, or ANGUISH; the agony is a severe and permanent pain; the anguish an overwhelming pain: a pang—is a sharp pain, and generally of short continuance: the pangs of conscience frequently trouble the person who is not hardened in guilt; and the pangs of disappointed love are among the severest to be borne: "What pangs the tender breast of *Dido* tear!" COMPLAINING—(as when one is under violent pain.) distorts the features; almost closes the eyes; sometimes raises them wistfully; opens the mouth, gnashes the teeth, draws up the upper lip, draws down the head upon the breast, and contracts the whole body: the arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fists clenched, the voice is uttered in groans, lamentations, and sometimes in violent screams: extreme torture producing fainting and death.

Oh, rid me of this torture, quickly there,
My madam, with thy everlasting voice.
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion.

All my house, [breath:
But now, streamed like a bath, with her thick
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor scarce,
Another woman, such hail of words she let fall.

2. What! the rogue who robb'd me! do
hang him, drown him, burn him, flay him
alive. 3. Hold your tongue, we don't want
to hear your nonsense about eating; hold
your tongue, and answer the questions, which
the justice is going put to you, about the
money I lost, and which I suppose you have
taken.

Hide not thy tears: weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way.
'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow!

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By a bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Anecdote. A rich Campanian lady, fond
of pomp and show, being on a visit to *Cornelia*,
the illustrious mother of the *Gracchii*,
displayed her jewels and diamonds ostentatiously,
and requested that *Cornelia* should
show her jewels. *Cornelia* turned the conversation
to another subject, till her sons should



return from the public schools; and when
they had entered their mother's apartment,
she, pointing to them, said to the lady,
"These are my jewels; the only ornaments
I admire."

Laconics. 1. If we complained less, and
tried to encourage and help each other more, we
should find all our duties more easily performed.
2. **Happiness**—consists in the delight of perform-
ing uses for the sake of uses: that is, doing good
for the sake of good, instead of the love of reward,
which is a selfish feeling: all selfish feelings pro-
duce unhappiness in the degree they are enter-
tained. 3. If we would be happy, we must put
away, as far as we can, those thoughts and feel-
ings, that have reference to self alone, and culti-
vate the higher ones, that have reference to the
good of others, as well as ourselves. 4. To do
good, for the sake of delight in doing good, is a
selfish motive; but to do good to others, for the
sake of making them happy, and, in doing it, for-
get ourselves, is a heavenly motive. 5. If we
would act from right motives, we must endeavor
to put away every feeling, that is purely selfish; in
doing which, every effort will give us strength,
like the repeated efforts of a child, in learning to
walk. 6. Parents should keep their children from
every association that may tend to their injury,
either in precept or practice. 7. Love is omni-
potent.

Varieties. 1. That profusion of lan-
guage, and poverty of thought, which is called
being spontaneous, and original, is no
proof of simplicity of heart, or freedom of
understanding; there is more paper than
gold, more words than ideas, in this "care-
less wealth." 2. Combined with goodness
and truth, ORATORY is one of the most glori-
ous distinctions of man; it is a power, that
influences all: it elevates the affections and
thoughts to enthusiasm; and animates us
in joy, and soothes us in sorrow; instructs,
guides, and persuades us. 3. To resolve a
proposition into its simplest elements, we
must reason a posteriori; by observing the
relation of sequences, we are enabled to sup-
ply antecedents, involving the same relation;
thus, amounting to the simplest state of a
proposition.

What nothing earthly gives, or, can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is VIRTUE'S prize.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul, with hooks of steel.

Mind,—can raise,
From its unseen conceptions, where they lie,
Bright in their mine, forms, hues, that look Eternity.

Is it the language of some other state,
Born of its memory? For what—can wake
The soul's strong instinct—of another world,
Like music?

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

ADMIRATION.

494. A mixed passion, consist-
ing of wonder, mingled
with pleasing
emotions; as
veneration, love,
esteem, takes
away the fami-
liar gesture and
expression of
simple love: it
is a compound
passion, excited
by something
novel, rare,
great, or excel-
lent, either of
persons or their
works: thus we
view the solar system with admiration. It
keeps the respectful look and attitude; the eyes
are wide open, and now and then raised to-
wards heaven; the mouth is open; the hands
lifted up; the tone of voice rapturous; speaks
copiously and in hyperboles. Admiration—
is looking at any thing attentively with appreci-
ation; the admirer suspends his thoughts, not
from the vacancy, but from the fullness of his
mind: he is riveted to an object, which tem-
porarily absorbs his faculties: nothing but what
is good and great, excites admiration; and none
but cultivated minds are very susceptible of it;
an ignorant person cannot admire: because he
does not appreciate the value of the thing: the
form and use must be seen at any rate.



How beautiful the world is! The green
earth, covered with flowers—the trees, laden
with rich blossoms—the blue sky and the
bright water, and the golden sunshine.
The world is, indeed, beautiful; and He, who
made it, must be beautiful.

It is a happy world. Hark! how the mer-
ry birds sing—and the young lambs—see!
how they gambol on the hill-side. Even the
trees wave, and the brooks ripple, in glad-
ness. Yon eagle!—ah! how joyously he
soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of
America.

"His throne—is on the mountain-top;

His fields—the boundless air;

And hoary peaks, that proudly prop

The skies—his dwellings are.

He rises, like a thing of light,

Amid the noontide blaze:

The midway sun—is clear and bright;

It cannot dim his gaze."

It is happy—I see it, and hear it all about
me—nay, I feel it here, in the glow, the elo-
quent glow of my own heart. He who
made it, must be happy.

It is a great world! Look off to the mighty
ocean, when the storm is upon it; to the
huge mountain, when the thunder and the
lightnings play over it; to the vast forest,
the interminable waste; the sun, the moon,
and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the
sands upon the sea-shore. It is a great, a
magnificent world,—and He, who made it,
oh! He is the perfection of all loveliness, all
goodness, all greatness, all glory.

How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Old men and beldames, in the streets,
Do prophecy upon it dangerously;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkl'd brows, with nods, with rolling eyes
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had safely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Anecdote. It was so natural for Dr.
Watts to speak in rhyme, that even at the
very time he wished to avoid it, he could not.
His father was displeas'd at this propensity,
and threatened to whip him, if he did not
leave off making verses. One day, when he
was about to put his threat in execution, the
child burst into tears, and on his knees, said:

Pray father, do, some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.

Varieties. 1. What is a better security
against calumny, and reproach, than a good
conscience? 2. What we commence—from
the impulse of virtue, we too often continue
from the spur of ambition; avarice, herself,
is the offspring of independence and virtue.
3. Wealth, suddenly acquired, will rarely
abide; nothing but quiet, consistent industry,
can render any people prosperous and happy.
4. Did you ever think seriously of the design,
and uses of the thumb? 5. Music, in prac-
tice, may be called the gymnastics of the af-
fections. 6. The difference between honor,
and honesty—seems to be principally in the
motive; as the honest man does that from
love and duty, which the man of honor does,
for the sake of character. 7. If there be any
thing, which makes one ridiculous, to beings
of superior faculties, it must be pride. 8.
As is the mother, so is the daughter; think
of this O ye mothers, and improve.

The rich are wise:

He that upon his back rich garments wears,
Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty; most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities;
Gold is heav'n's physic, life's restorative.

O credulity,

Thou hast as many ears, as fame—has tongues,
Opened—to every sound of truth, as falsehood.