

ADMIRATION AND ASTONISHMENT,

495. Implies confusion, arising from surprise, &c. at an extraordinary, or unexpected event: astonishment signifies to strike with the overpowering voice of thunder; we are surprised if that does, or does not happen, which we did, or did not expect; astonishment may be awakened by similar events, which are more unexpected, and more unaccountable: thus, we are astonished to find a friend at our house, when we supposed he was hundreds of miles distant; or to hear that a person has traveled a road, or crossed a stream, that we thought impassable.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame, [then!]
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself, how wondrous,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us—invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness, beyond thought, and power divine.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion curls; the front of Jove himself:
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move their eyes?
Or, whether riding on the ball of mine,
Seem they are in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar [hairs,
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here, in her
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.—But her eyes!
How could he see to do them! having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished.

Anecdote. While Thucydides was yet a boy, he heard Herodotus recite his histories, at the olympic games, and is said to have wept exceedingly. The "Father of Historians," observing how much the boy was moved, congratulated his father, on having a child of such promise, and advised him to spare no pains in his education. Thucydides became one of the best historians of Greece. Wise legislators never yet could draw A fox within the reach of common law; For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation, Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation; Our last redress is dint of verse to try, And satire is our Court of Chancery.



Maxims. 1. Never consider the opinions of others in a matter that does not concern them. 2. It is of but little use to argue a point with one, whose mind is made up on the subject. 3. Beware of objections, founded on wrong ideas. 4. A woman's conclusions are generally proof against the most eloquent reasonings. 5. Look within, instead of without, for the true criterion of action, and be manly and independent. 6. Let the square and rule of life be—Is it right? 7. Be cautious in yielding your better judgment to the wishes of others. 8. We generally err, in undertaking—what we do not understand. 9. They will surely be wise, who profit by experience. 10. A clear head—makes sure work.

Temperance. Happy are they that have made their escape from the drinking custom of the world, and enrolled their names amongst the friends of Temperance; for, by so doing, they have most probably escaped from an early death. Death, not only of the body, but of the soul, for the habit of intoxication is calculated to destroy both.

Varieties. 1. When once you profess yourself a friend, be always such. 2. Blame not, before you have examined: understand, then rebuke. 3. Some people will never learn anything; for this reason, they understand everything too soon. 4. Who can calculate the importance of learning to say, No. 5. By following the order of Providence, and obeying the laws of life and being, we shall not become fatigued. 6. Abstraction, is the power, which the understanding has, of separating the combinations, which are presented to it; it is also called the power of considering qualities, or attributes of one object, apart from the rest. 7. There is a Providence in the least of man's thoughts and actions; yea, in all his common and trifling concerns.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath, is rarely found. (bound
False eloquence—like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place:
The face of Nature—we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters—none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent—as more suitable.

A just man cannot fear;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigor of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life:
His innocence is armor 'gainst all these.

Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find;
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd, he play'd.

496. THE MINOR, AND SOME OF THE MAJOR PASSIONS. The following common expressions are full of meaning: such judgments are passed every day, concerning different individuals; "You might have seen it in his eyes: the looks of the man is enough; he has an honest countenance: his manner sets every one at his ease; I will trust him for his honest face; should he deceive me, I will never trust any body again; he cannot look a person in the face; his appearance is against him; he is better (or worse,) than I took him to be."

497. ADMONITION—assumes a grave air bordering on severity; the head is sometimes shaken at the person we admonish, as if we felt for the miseries he was likely to bring upon himself; the hand is directed to the person spoken to, and the fore-finger, projected from the rest, seems to point more particularly to the danger we give warning of; the voice assumes a low pitch, bordering on a monotone, with a mixture of severity and sympathy of pity, and reproach.

MISCELLANEOUS. 1. The habituating children to work for, and serve the poor, particularly poor children, with a good will, may justly be regarded, as tending to promote the reception of the highest order and quality of heavenly virtue. 2. It is not in knowing the will of God, but in doing it, that we shall be blessed. 3. The noblest aspect in which the divine majesty of the Lord can be viewed, is that, in which he presented himself, when he said, that he "came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and how great a privilege ought we to esteem it to be, to follow his example. 4. What a pity it is, that parents and teachers are not more anxious to mend the heart, than furnish the heads of their children and pupils! 5. Charity is something more than a word, or wish; it is the consistent practice of true wisdom.

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing—to fall. I not deny—
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, on the sworn twelve, have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
To justice, that it seizes on. What know [nant,
The laws, that thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis preg-
The jewel that we find, we stoop and tak't
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do not so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. He must die.

Maxims. 1. If a person feels wrong, he will be very sure to judge wrong, and thence do wrong. 2. Passions strong, judgment wrong, all the world over. 3. Always do the very best you can, and then you'll be a wise man. 4. Children should be encouraged to do, whatever they undertake, in the very best manner. 5. He who aims low, can never hit exalted objects; and he who is accustomed to do the best he can, in lower things, will be best prepared to attain excellence in the highest. 6. Children should never be allowed to fall into habits of disorder in anything; nor permitted to put things out of order, or make work for others. 7. Of goods, prefer the greatest; of evils choose the least. 8. Children are always more attracted and interested by oral instruction, than by book instruction.

Anecdote. A Quaker—was waited on by four of his workmen, to make their compliments to him, and ask for their usual New-year's gifts. The Quaker told them, There are your gifts,—choose fifteen francs, or the Bible. All took the francs, but a lad, about fourteen, who chose the Bible, as the Quaker said it was a good book; and, on opening it he found, between the leaves, a gold piece of forty francs. The others held down their heads, and the giver told them, he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

Varieties. 1. We cannot be truly just, without prudence, or truly prudent, without justice; because prudence leads us to inquire what is just; and justice alone can prevent that perversion of intellect taking place, which often passes for prudence, but is only cunning, the offspring of selfishness. 2. Temperance signifies the right use of the right things, furnished by nature for our enjoyment, so that they may not injure, but benefit us; and instead of unfitting us for our duties, dispose and fit us for their performance. 3. He, who is not temperate, is a slave to his appetites and passions; the slave of drinking, gluttony and lust; of pride, vanity and ambition; because he is not at liberty to be, what he was created to be.

The prophet spoke: when, with a gloomy frown,
The monarch started—from his shining throne;
Black choler filled his breast, that boil'd with ire,
And, from his eyeballs, flashed the living fire.

* Of beasts, it is confessed the ape—
Comes nearest us—in human shape;
Like man, he imitates each fashion;
And malice—is his ruling passion.

I hate, when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue—has no tongue, to check her pride.

But not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.

If sweet content is banished from my soul,
Life grows a burden, and a weight of woe.
Music—moves us, and we know not why;
We feel the tears, but cannot trace their source.



498. AFFIRMING. with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting up the right hand and eyes towards heaven; if conscience be applied to, by laying the right hand upon the breast exactly upon the heart; the voice low and solemn, the words slow and deliberate; but when the affirmation is mixed with rage or resentment, the voice is more open and loud, the words quicker, and the countenance has all the confidence of a strong and peremptory assertion.

Notes. The Duke had reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. He rose from the woosack and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor addresses the house, then fixing his eye on the Duke (in the words of a spectator,) "with the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder," spoke as follows:

My Lords—I am amazed; yes my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions, in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable, to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do—but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me,—not I the peerage.

Nay more,—I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament,—as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal,—as guardian of his majesty's conscience,—as lord high chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd!
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will: [wills
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
It should none spare that come within his power.

Anecdote. Butler, Bishop of Durham, and author of the *Analogy*, being applied to for a charitable subscription, asked his steward what money he had in his house; the steward informed him there were five hundred pounds. "Five hundred pounds!" said the bishop; "what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession!" And he ordered it all to be given to the poor immediately.

Bold with joy,
Forth from his lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owl Atheism,
Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?"

The world is still deceived by ornament.



Laconics. I have seen the flower—withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves—spread on the ground. I looked again; it sprung forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color or shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked! the sun broke forth again upon the east, and gilded the mountain-tops; the lark rose—to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away. I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat: it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone: it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

Varieties. 1. Many a young lady can chatter in French or Italian, thrum the piano, and paint a little, and yet be ignorant of housekeeping, and not know how even to make a loaf of bread, roast a piece of meat, or make a palatable soup. 2. It is a false idea to think of elevating woman to her right position of intelligence and influence in society, without making her thoroughly and practically acquainted with the details of domestic life. 3. It is wrong for either men or women, to bury themselves in their everyday avocation, to the neglect of intellectual and moral culture, and the social amenities of life: but it is still worse to give exclusive attention to the latter, and utterly neglect the former; because, in the former are involved our first and most important duties. 4. Neglected duties never bring happiness: even the best of society would fail to delight, if enjoyed at the expense of human duties. 5. That which is our duty should always take precedence: otherwise, no effort to obtain happiness can be successful.

Still—let my song—a nobler note assume,
And sing the impressive force of SPRING on man:
Then, HEAVEN—and earth, as if contending,—vie
To raise his being,—and serene—his soul.

Can he forbear—to join—the general smile
Of NATURE? Can fierce passions—vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?

The happiness—of human kind,
Consists—in rectitude of mind,—
A will—subdued to reason's sway,
And passions—practiced to obey:
An open—and a generous heart,
Refined from selfishness—and art;
Patience, which mocks—at fortune's power,
And wisdom—neither sad, nor sour.

Never forget our loves,—but always cling
To the fixed hope—th't there will be a time,—
When we can meet—unfetter'd—and be blest—
With the full happiness—of certain love.

A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected.

499. REVISION. Having gone thro', briefly, with the major passions, and given illustrations of each, before dismissing these important subjects, it may be useful to present the minor ones; occasionally alluding to the principal ones. The accompanying engraving represents calm fortitude, discretion, benevolence, goodness, and nobility. Admiration may also be combined with amazement: surprise, (which signifies—taken on a sudden,) may, for a moment, startle; astonishment may stupefy, and cause an entire suspension of the faculties; but AMAZEMENT has also a mixture of perturbation; as the word means to be in a maze, so as not to be able to collect one's self: there is no mind that may not, at times, be thrown into amazement at the awful dispensations of Providence.

ADMONITION TO ACT JUSTLY.

Remember *March*, the ideo of MARCH remember!
Did not great *Julius*—bleed for JUSTICE' sake?
What villain touch'd his body,—that did stab,
And not for justice?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man—of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we—now—
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash—as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Anecdote. *Elhelwold*, bishop of Winchester, in king *Edgar*'s time, sold the gold and silver vessels belonging to the church, to relieve the poor, during a famine, saying: "There is no reason, that the senseless temples of God, should abound in riches, while his living temples were perishing with hunger."

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
Tis not the coarser tie—of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship—full, exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought, meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

MERIT—seldom shows

Itself—bedecked in tinsel, or fine clothes;
But, hermit-like, 'tis oft'ner us'd to fly,
And hide its beauties—in obscurity.

For places in the court, are but like beds—
In the hospital; where this man's head—lies
At that man's foot, and so, lower and lower.



Laconics. 1. The idle—often delay till to-morrow, what ought to be done to-day. 2. Science is the scribe, and theology the interpreter of God's works. 3. Regret is unavailing, when a debt is contracted; tho' a little prudence, might have prevented its being incurred. 4. A loud, or vehement mode of delivery, accompanied by a haughty action, may render an expression highly offensive; but which would be perfectly harmless, if pronounced properly. 5. Dishonesty chooses the most expeditious route; virtue the right one, though it be more circuitous. 6. Is the soul a mere vapor, a something without either essence or form? 7. Impressions, firmly fixed in the mind, and long cherished, are erased with great difficulty; how important, then, they should be good ones.

Difficulty—is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better too. He, that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

VARIETIES.

Sleep—seldom visits sorrow;
When it does, it is a comforter.

Why, on that brow, dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where loves were wont to sport, and smiles to play?

With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grief too much, for things beyond our care.

Thus, my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently are passed,
Calmly—shall I resign my breath,
In life—unknown,—forgot—in death.

Love—never reasons, but profusely gives;
Gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all,
And trembles then, lest it has done too little.

Tho' all seems lost, 'tis impious—to despair;
The tracks of Providence—like rivers—wind.

Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity—that stirs within us.

Still raise—for good—the supplicating voice,
But leave to HEAVEN the measure, and the choice;
Safe in His power, whose eye discerns afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
Implore His aid; in His decisions rest;
Secure—whate'er He gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion—to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors—for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death—kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods—for man—the laws of heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind, [gain,
And makes the happiness—she does not find.

Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.

500. Arguing requires a cool, sedate, attentive aspect, and a close, slow, and emphatical accent, with much demonstration by the hand; it assumes somewhat of authority, as if fully convinced of what it pleads for; and sometimes rises to great vehemence and energy of action: the voice clear, distinct, and firm as in confidence.

REASONING WITH DEFERENCE TO OTHERS.

Ay, but yet—

Let us be *keen*, and rather *cut* a little, [leman,
Than *fall* and *bruise* to death. Alas! this *gen-*
Whom I would *save*, had a most *noble* father!
Let but your *honor* know, (whom I believe
To be most straight in *virtue*) whether, in
The working of your *own* affections, [ing,
Had time cohered with *place*, or *place* with *wish-*
Or, that the resolute acting of your *blood*, [pose,
Could have attain'd the effect of your *own* pur-
Whether you had not some time in your *life*,
Err'd in *this* point, you censure now in *him*,
And pull'd the *law* upon you.

591. AFFECTATION—displays itself in a thousand different gestures, airs, and looks, according to the character which the person affects. Affectation of learning—gives a stiff formality to the whole person: the words come stalking out with the pace of a funeral procession, and every sentence has the solemnity of an oracle. Affectation—of pity—turns up the goggling whites of the eye to heaven, as if the person was in a trance, and fixes them in that posture so long, that the brain of the beholder grows giddy: then comes up deep grumbling, a holy groan from the lower part of the thorax, but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation from the solid earth: thus he begins to rock, from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows: the hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head shaken with foolish vehemence; the tone of voice is canting, or a sing-song lullaby, not much removed from an Irish howl, and the words godly doggerel. AFFECTATION OF BEAUTY, and *kill*ing—puts a fine woman, by turns, into all sorts of forms, appearances and attitudes, but *amiable* ones: she undoes by art, or rather awkwardness, all that nature has done for her; for nature formed her almost an angel: and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*: this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off: in doing which, make as many, and as ugly grimaces, motions and gestures, as can be made; and take care that nature never peeps out; thus you may represent coquettish affectation to the life.

Anecdote. A nobleman advised a bishop to make an addition to his house, of a new wing, in modern style. The prelate answered him, "The difference between your advice and that which the devil gave to our Saviour—is, that Satan advised Jesus to change stones into bread, that the poor might be fed; and you desire me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

A wise poor man,
Is like a sacred book that's never read;
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead:
This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.

Cheerful looks—make every dish—a feast,
And 'tis that—crowns a welcome.

Laconics. 1. To know—is one thing, to do, is another. 2. Consider what is said, rather than who said it: and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him, who delivers it. 3. These proverbs, maxims, and laconics, are founded on the facts, that mankind are the same, and that the passions are the disturbing forces; the greater or less prevalence of which, give individuality to character. 4. If parents give their children an improper education, whose is the misfortune, and whose the crimes? 5. The greater your facilities are for acquiring knowledge, the greater should be your efforts: and genius—is the power—of making efforts. 6. The world's unfavorable views of conduct and character, are as floating clouds, from which the brightest day is not free. 7. Never marry—but for love; and see that thou lovest only what is lovely.

This World. What is the happiness that this world can give? Can it defend us from disasters? Can it preserve our hearts from grief, our eyes from tears, or our feet from falling? Can it prolong our comforts? Can it multiply our days? Can it redeem ourselves, or our friends from death? Can it soothe the king of terrors, or mitigate the agonies of the dying?

VARIETIES.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Under a portrait of Milton—Dryden.

The poetry of earth is never dead!—

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run,
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's;—he takes the lead
In summer luxury;—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed
The poetry of earth is ceasing never!—
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wro't a silence from the stove, there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, [arms,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my
Like fairy gifts fading away; [thou art,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he roset

503. AUTHORITY—opens the countenance, but draws the eye-brows a little, so as to give the look an air of gravity.

AUTHORITY FORBIDDING COMBATANTS TO FIGHT.

Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw from us,—and let the trumpet sound;
Draw near—
And list what, with our council, we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth—should not be sold,
With that dear blood which it hath foster'd;
And for our eyes—doth hate the dire aspect,
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbor's swords:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Herford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

504. Philosophers say, that man is a microcosm, or a little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in our opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if that be so, how can the Epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms? which we will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy.

On pain of death,—no person be so bold
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Let fancy—lead,

And be it ours—to follow, and admire,
As well we may, the graces infinite
Of nature. Lay aside the sweet resource
That winter needs, and may at will obtain,
Of authors, chaste and good, and let us read
The living page, whose every character
Delights, and gives us wisdom. Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new,
Something to please, and something to instruct,
E'en in the noisome weed.

Anecdote. Eat Bacon. Dr. Watson, late bishop of Landaff, was enthusiastically attached to the writings of Lord Bacon; and considered, that no one, desirous of acquiring real sound knowledge, could read the works of that great man too often, or with too much care and attention. It was frequently remarked by him—"If a man wishes to become wise, he should eat Bacon."

Making Resolutions. Never form a resolution that is not a good one; and, when once formed, never break it. If you form a resolution, and then break it, you set yourself a bad example, and you are very likely to follow it. A person may get the habit of breaking his resolutions; this is as bad to the character and mind, as an incurable disease to the body. No person can become

great, but by keeping his resolutions; no person ever escaped contempt, who could not keep them.

Laconics. 1. Writing and printing serve as clothing to our ideas, by which they become visible in forms, and permanent in duration; thus, painters speak of embodying the fleeting colors of beautiful flowers, by fixing them in some earthly substance. 2. When the pupil of our intellectual eyes becomes adjusted to the darkness of error, genuine truth dazzles and blinds us. 3. Habit can only get the better of habit; but beware of changing one bad habit for another. 4. The torch of improvement, is destined to pass from hand to hand; and what, tho' we do not see the order? 5. When nature is excited, she will put forth her efforts; if not in a right, in a wrong way. 6. Consent—is the essence of marriage, the ceremonies—its form, and the duties—its uses.

Physiological Ignorance—is undoubtedly, the most abundant source of our sufferings: every person, accustomed to the sick, must have heard them deplore their ignorance—of the necessary consequences of those practices, by which their health has been destroyed: and when men shall be deeply convinced, that the eternal laws of Nature have connected pain and decrepitude with one mode of life, and health and vigor with another, they will avoid the former, and adhere to the latter. It is strange, however, to observe, that the generality of mankind do not seem to bestow a single thought on the preservation of their health, till it is too late to reap any benefit from their conviction. If knowledge of this kind were generally diffused, people would cease to imagine, that the human constitution was so badly contrived, that a state of general health could be overset by every trifle; for instance, by a little cold; or that the recovery of it lay concealed in a few drops, or a pill. Did they better understand the nature of chronic diseases, and the causes which produce them, they could not be so unreasonable as to think, that they might live as they choose, with impunity: or did they know anything of medicine, they would soon be convinced, that though fits of pain have been relieved, and sickness cured, for a time, the re-establishment of health—depends on very different powers and principles.

'Tis doing wrong—creates such doubts. These
Render us jealous, and destroy our peace.

Though wisdom—wake,
Suspicion sleeps at wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge; while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems.

'Tis god-like magnanimity—to keep,
When most provoked, our reason calm, and clear.

Christianity—depends on fact;
Religion—is not theory, but act.

Amid thy bowers—the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation—reddens all thy green.

No; there is none,—no ruler of the stars;
Regardful of my miseries,—saith despair.

Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,
As the safe port, the peaceful, silent shore,
Where he may rest,—life's tedious voyage o'er.

505. BUFFOONERY—assumes a sly, arch, leering gravity; nor must it quit the serious aspect, though all should split their sides: which command of countenance is somewhat difficult, but not so hard to acquire, as to restrain the contrary sympathy—that of weeping when others weep. Examples will suggest themselves. **COMMANDING** requires a peremptory air, a severe and stern look: the hand is held out, and moved towards the person to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and sometimes it is accompanied with a significant nod of the head to the person address'd. If the command be *absolute*, and to a person unwilling to *obey*, the right hand is extended and projected forcibly towards him.

We were not born to *sue*, but to *command*;
Which, since we cannot do, to make you *friends*,
Be ready—as your *lives* shall answer it,
At *Coventry*, upon *St. Lambert's* day;
There—shall your *swords*—and *lances* **ARBITRATE**
The swelling *difference* of your settled *hate*;
Since we cannot *stay* you, you shall see
Justice—decide the victor's *chivalry*.
Lord *Marshal*—command our *officers* at *arms*,
Be ready—to direct these *home* alarms.

Silence, ye winds,
That make outrageous war upon the ocean:
And thou, old ocean! lull thy boisterous waves;
Ye wavering elements, be hushed as death,
While I impose my dread commands on hell;
And thou, profoundest hell! whose dreadful sway
Is given to me by fate and demi-gorgon— [gions;
Hear, hear my powerful voice, thro' all thy re-
And from thy gloomy caverns thunder the reply.
Begone! forever leave this happy sphere:
For perjur'd lovers have no mansions here.
Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own *good*, or, *knowing* it, pursue.

Happiness—does not consist so much in *outward circumstances* and *personal gratifications*, as in the *inward feelings*. There can be no *true* enjoyment of that, which is not *honestly* obtained; for a sense of *guilt* infuses into it a *bitter* ingredient, which makes it *nauseous*. What pleasure can the *drunkard* have in his cups, when he knows, that every *drop* he *swallows*, is so much *dishonestly* taken from his wife and children; and, that, to *satisfy* his brutal propensity, they are deprived of the *necessaries of life*?

Anecdote. *Dr. Franklin*. The following epitaph, was written by himself, many years previous to his death: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripp'd of its lettering and gilding,) lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost; for it will, (as he believed,) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author." He is a parricide to his mother's name, And with an impious hand murders her fame, That wrongs the praise of women; that dares write Libels on saints, or with foul ink requite The milk they lent us.

None think the *great* unhappy, but the *great*.

Laonics. 1. Every act of *apparent disorder* and *destruction*, is, when contemplated aright, and taking in an immeasurable lapse of *ages*, the most perfect *order*, *wisdom*, and *love*. 2. As it respects the *history* of our race, scarcely the first *hour* of man has yet passed over our heads; why then do we speak of *partiality*? 3. In turning our eyes to the regions of *darkness*, in the history of man, as well as to those of *light*, we are induced to reflect upon our *ignorance*, as well as upon our *knowledge*. 4. The natural history of *man*, is of more importance than that of all *animals*, *vegetables*, and *minerals*; and, in mastering the *former*, we receive a key to unlock the mysteries of the *latter*. 5. Some professors of religion boast of their ignorance of *science*; and some would-be *philosophers*, treat with *contempt*, all *truths*, that are not *mathematical*, and derived from *facts*: which show the *greatest* folly?

Effects of Success. If you would *revenge* yourself on those who have *slighted* you, be *successful*; it is a *bitter* satire on their want of *judgment*, to show that you can do *without* them,—a *galling wound*—to the self-love—of *proud*, *inflated* people; but you must reckon on their *hatred*, as they will never *forgive* you.

VARIETIES.

They—never *fail*, who *die*
In a *good* cause; the *block* may soak their *gore*;
Their *heads*—may sodden in the *sun*, their *limbs*,
Be strung to *city-gates*, and *castle-walls*;
But still, their *spirits*—walk abroad. Though *years*
Elapse, and *others*—share as *dark* a doom,
They but *augment* the deep swelling thought,
Which overpowers all *others*, and conduct
The world at last—to **FREEDOM**.

The *ocean*,—when it rolls *aboard*,
The *tempest*—bursting from the *cloud*,
In one *uninterrupted* peal!
When *darkness*—sits around the sky,
And shadowy *forms*—go trooping by;
And everlasting *mountains* reel,
All, all of this—is **FREEDOM'S** song—
'Tis *pealed*,—'tis *pealed*—**ETERNALLY**.

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,
In worship to the rising sun;
But Sorrow loves the calmer time,
When the day-god his course has run:
When Night is in her shadowy car,
Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep,
And, guided by the evening star,
She wanders forth to muse and weep.
Joy loves to cull the summer flower,
And wreath it round his happy brow;
But when the dark autumnal hour
Hath laid the leaf and blossom low;
When the frail bud hath lost its worth,
And Joy hath dash'd it from his crest,
Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,
To wither on her wither'd breast.

Oh, Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty loads thy wanton train.

506. COMMENDATION—is the expression of the approbation we have for any object, in which we find any congruity to our ideas of excellence, natural, or moral, so as to communicate pleasure: as it generally supposes superiority in the person commending, it assumes the aspect of love (but without desire and respect,) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice, with a small degree of confidence; the arms are gently spread, the hands open, with the palms upwards, directed toward the person approved, and sometimes lifted up and down, as if pronouncing praise.

You have done our pleasures very much *grace*, fair
Set a fair fashion on our *entertainment*, [ladies;
Which was not *half* so beautiful and kind;
You've added *worth* unto't, and lively *lustre*,
And *entertain'd* me with mine own *device*;
—I am to *thank* you for it.

O good old man, how *well* in *thee*—appears
The constant service of the antique *world*,
When service sweat for *duty*, not for *meed*!
Thou art not for the *fashion* of these times,
Where none will sweat—but for *promotion*;
And *having* that, do choke their *service* up,
Even with the *having*: it is not so with *thee*.

507. OBSERVATION. Nothing appears easier than to *observe*, yet few things are more uncommon. By *observe*—is meant to consider a subject in all its various parts; first, each part separately; then to examine its analogy with contiguous, or other possible subjects; to conceive and retain the various proportions which delineate, define and constitute the essence of the thing under consideration; to have clear ideas of these proportions, individually and collectively, as contributing to form a whole, so as not to confound them with other properties or things, however great the resemblance. The **OBSERVER** will often see where the unobservant is *blind*. To *observe*, is to be attentive, so as to fix the mind on a particular object, which it selects for consideration from a number of surrounding objects. To be *attentive*—is to consider some one particular object, exclusively of all others, and to analyze and distinguish its peculiarities.

Anecdote. During the *mock* trial of Louis XVI., he was asked, what he had done with a certain sum of *money*, a few thousand pounds. His voice *failed* him, and the *tears* came into his eyes at the question; at length he replied—"I **LOVED** TO MAKE THE PEOPLE **HAPPY**." He had *given* the money away in *charity*.

Sweet—was the *sound*, when off, at *evening's* close,
Up yonder *hill*—the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with *careless* steps—and *slow*,
The mingling *notes*, came *softened*—from below:
The *swain*—responsive, as the *milkmaid* sung,
The sober *herd*, that loved to meet their *young*;
The noisy *geese*, that gabbled o'er the *pool*,
The playful *children*, just let loose from *school*, [wind,
The *watch-dog's* voice, that bay'd the whispering
And the loud *laugh*, that spoke the vacant *mind*;
These all—in soft confusion—sought the *shade*,
And filled each pause, the *nightingale* had made.

S

Laonics. 1. To devolve on *science* the duties of *religion*, or on *religion* the duties of *science*, is to bind together the *living* and the *dead*. 2. The *prevailing* error of our times is, the cultivation of the *intellectual* faculties, to the neglect of the *moral* faculties; when the former *alone* are develop'd, the child has acquired the means of doing *good* or *evil*—to *himself*, to *society*, to his *country*, or to the *world*; but *practical goodness alone*, can preserve the *equilibrium*. 3. Many persons have an unfortunate passion for inventing *fictions*, merely for the purpose of exciting amazement in their hearers. 4. Those who, without having sufficient knowledge of us, form an unfavorable *opinion* respecting us, do not injure *us*; they reflect on a *phantom* of their own *imagination*.

The *heart*, like a *tendrill*, accustomed to cling,
Let it go where it *will*, cannot flourish *alone*;
But will lean to the *nearest*, and *loveliest* thing,
It can twine with *itself*, and make closely its *own*.

Honor's a sacred *tie*, the law of *kings*,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That *aids* and *strengthens* virtue, where it *meets* her,
And imitates her *actions*, where she is *not*.
False honor, like a comet—blazes *broad*,
But blazes for *extinction*. Real merit—
Shines—like the eternal *sun*—to shine *forever*.

She hath no *head*, and cannot *think*; she hath
No *heart*, and cannot *feel*; where'er she *moves*,
It is in *wrath*; or *pauses*, 'tis in *ruin*:
Her *prayers*—are *curses*; her *communion*—*death*;
Eternity her *vengeance*; in the blood of her *victims*,
Her red *decalogue*—is written—(BIGOTRY.)

Of doing Injuries to Others. Propitious *conscience*, thou *equitable* and *ready* judge, be *never* absent from me! *Tell* me, *constantly*, that I cannot do the *least* injury to *another*, without receiving the *counter-stroke*; that I must necessarily wound *myself*, when I wound *another*.

NATURE ALWAYS TRUE.

Nature—never did betray
The heart, that *loved* her! 'Tis her *privilege*,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to *joy*; for she can so *inform*
The mind, that is *within* us, so *impress*,
With *quietness* and *beauty*, and so *feed*
With lofty *thoughts*, that neither evil *tongues*,
Rash *judgments*, nor the *sneers* of selfish *men*,
Nor *greetings*, where no *kindness* is, nor all
The dreary *intercourse* of common *life*
Shall e'er *prevail* against us, or disturb
Our cheerful *faith*, that all that we behold
Is full of *blessings*. Therefore, let the *moon*
Shine on thee in thy solitary *walk*;
And let the misty *mountain* winds be free
To *blow* against thee; and, in *after* years,
When these wild *ecstasies* shall be matured
Into a sober *pleasure*; when thy mind
Shall be a *mansion* for all lovely *forms*,
Thy *memory* be a *dwelling*-place
For all sweet *sounds* and *harmonies*, oh! then,
If *solitude*, or *fear*, or *pain*, or *grief*,
Should be thy portion, with what *healing* thoughts
Of tender *joy* wilt thou remember me,
And these my *benedictions*.

508. THE PASSIONS. Plato calls the *passions*, the *wings of the soul*. According to this metaphor, a *bird* may be considered as the *type* of it; and, in *applying* this figure to the several characters of *men*, some are *eagles*, others are *bats* and *owls*; a few are *swans*, and many are *geese*; no *phoenix* among them all. In another place, he styles the *passions* the *chariot-horses of the soul*; by which is implied, that though *strong* and *fleet*, they should be under *command*.

COMPLAINING OF EXTREME PAIN.

Search, there; nay, probe me; search my wounded
Pull,—draw it out,— [reins,
Oh! I am shot! A forked burning arrow—
Sticks across my shoulders: the sad venom flies
Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice—runs hissing—thro' my body:
'Tis sure—the arm of death; give me a chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Why turnest thou from me? I'm alone
Already, and to the seas complaining.

What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve, or joy; to hope, or fear?
Why should we anticipate our sorrows?
'Tis like those, who die—for fear of death.

509. CURIOSITY—opens the eyes and mouth, lengthens the neck, bends the body forward and fixes it in one posture, with the hands nearly as in admiration with astonishment: when it speaks, the voice, tone and gesture are nearly as in inquiry, which see; also Desire, Attention, Hope and Perplexity.

CURIOSITY AT FIRST SEEING A FINE OBJECT.

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yonder.

Mir. What! is't a spirit?

Lo, how it looks about! believe, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pros. No, wench, it eats and sleeps, and hath
As we have, such. [such senses

Mir. I might call him

A thing divine, for nothing natural,
I ever saw so noble.

510. DENYING—what is affirmed, is but an affirmation of the contrary, and is expressed like affirmation, pushing the open right hand from one, and turning the face another way. Denying a favor—see *refusing*, denying an accusation.

"If I in act consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty—of stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in that beauteous clay,
Let hell—want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Anecdote. The *Os-ti-ack Boy*. A *Russian* was traveling from *Tobalsk* to *Reresow*; and, on the road, stopped a night at the hut of an *Ostiack*. In the morning, on continuing his journey, he found he had lost his *purse*. The *son* of the *Ostiack*, about *fourteen*, had found the *purse*; but, instead of taking it *up*, he went and told his *father*; who was *equally* unwilling to touch it, and ordered the boy to cover it with some *bushes*. On the *Russian's* return, he stopped at the same *hut*; the *Ostiack* did not recognize him. He related the

story of his loss, and when he had finished, "You are welcome," said he, "my son here will show you where it is; no hand has touched it, but the one that covered it, that you might receive what you had lost."

Laconics. 1. Owe nothing—to your advancement, save your own unassisted exertions, if you would retain what you acquire. 2. When passion rules us, it deprives of reason, suspends the faculty of reflection, blinds the judgment, and precipitates us into acts of violence, or excesses; the consequences of which we may forever deplore. 3. With those who are of a gloomy turn of mind, be reserved; with the old, be serious; and with the young, be merry. 4. In forming matrimonial alliances, undue effort is made to reconcile every thing relating to fortune, and family; but very little is paid to congeniality of dispositions, or accordance of hearts. 5. Moral knowledge is to be sought from the Word of God; scientific knowledge from the works of God. 6. By union—the most trifling beginnings thrive and increase; by disunion—the most flourishing—fall to the ground. 7. Is not the union of CAPITAL, TALENT and LABOR, the SALVATION of the WORLD, temporally and spiritually?

Varieties. 1. Good neighborhoods supply all wants; which may be thus illustrated. Two neighbors, one—blind and the other—lame, were called to a distant place; but how could they obey? The blind man carried the lame one, who directed the carrier where to go. Is not this a good illustration, of faith and charity? Charity—acts, and faith—guides; i. e. the will—impels, and he understanding—directs. 2. Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

Trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys—consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please;
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness—is a great offence.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray,
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky;

How beautiful is night!
Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove island amid the waste.
The mother and her child;
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

Delay—leads to impotent and snail-paced beggary.

511. DISMISSING—with approbation, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open and palm upward, gently raised towards the person: with displeasure—besides the look and tone of voice that suit displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out towards the person dismissed, the back part of the hand towards him, and the countenance, at the same time, turned away from him.

Chatillon says to king John:
Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. J. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning—in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;
So, hence! Be thou as the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honorable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to't: farewell, Cha-til-lon!

512. DIFFERING—in sentiment, may be expressed nearly as *Refusing*, which see; and *Agreeing* in opinion, or being convinced, is expressed nearly as *granting*, which also see.

DISTRACTION—opens the eyes to a frightful wideness, rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object, distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters hideous howlings—execrations—blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach, and, if restrained, tears its own flesh and destroys itself. See the engraving, indicating dread, abhorrence, &c. *DOTAGE*, or infirm old age, shows itself by talkativeness; boasting of the past; hollowness of the cheeks; dimness of sight; deafness; tremor of voice; the accents, through default of the teeth, scarcely intelligible; knees tottering; hard wheezing; laborious grunting; the body stooping under the insupportable weight of years, which will soon crush it into the dust, whence it had its origin.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest; die in port.
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat,
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon!

Where—should'st thou look for kindness?
When we are sick, where can we turn for succor;
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world—looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go—to meet a warmer eye,
With such sure confidence—as to a mother?
The world may scowl, acquaintance may forsake,
Friends may neglect, and lovers know a change;
But, when a mother—doth forsake her child,
Men lift their hands, and cry, "A prodigy!"

Gluttons are never generous.



Varieties. 1. The most disgusting vices—are often concealed under the fairest exterior. 2. A knowledge of the human heart, is, by no means, detrimental to the love of all mankind. 3. One person cannot render another—indispensable; nor can one supply the place of another. 4. The least failing of an individual often incites a great outcry; his character is at once darkened, trampled on, destroyed; but treat that person in the right way, and you will be astonished at what he was able and willing to perform. 5. He who cannot listen, can perform nothing, that deserves the name of wisdom and justice. 6. He had respectable talents and connections; but was formidable to the people, from his want of principle, and his readiness to truckle to men in power. 7. Every vicious act, weakens a right judgment, and defiles the life.

These, and a thousand mixed emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Formed infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storms.

For my past crimes—my forfeit life receive:
No pity for my sufferings—here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness—in the grave.

For soon, the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this, thy living bloom—must fade,
As that—will strip the verdant shade.

True love's the gift, that God has given,
To man alone, beneath the heaven;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which, HEART to HEART, and MIND to MIND,
In BODY, and in SOUL can bind.

Anecdote. *Stan-is-la-us*, king of *Poland*, was driven from his dominion by *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*; he took refuge in *Paris*, where he was supported at the expense of the court of *France*. Some person complained to the duke of *Orleans*, (then *regent*), of the great expense of the exiled monarch, and wished that he should be desired to leave. The duke nobly replied: "Sir, France has ever been, and I trust ever will be, the refuge of unfortunate princes; and I shall not permit it to be violated, when so excellent a prince as the king of *Poland* comes to claim it."

The winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements—and seasons, all declare—
For what—the eternal MAKER—has ordained
The powers of man; we feel, within ourselves,
His energy divine. He tells the heart,
He meant, he made us—to behold, and love,
What HE beholds and loves, the GENERAL orb
Of life—and being; to be great—like him,
Beneficent, and active. Thus, the men,
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,
And form to his—the relish of their souls.

An honest soul—is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor—upon the ocean's calm;
But, when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill—and majesty.

513. EXHORTING, OR ENCOURAGING. is earnest persuasion, attended with confidence of success; the voice has the softness of love, intermixed with the firmness of courage; the arms are sometimes spread, with the hands open, as entreating; occasionally the right hand is lifted up, and struck rapidly down, as enforcing what is said. In a general, at the head his army, it requires a kind, complacent look, unless matters of offence have passed, as neglect of duty, &c.

But wherefore do you *droop*? Why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world—see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motive of a kingly eye;
Be stirring with the time; be fire—with fire;
Threaten the *threatener*, outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so, shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behavior from the great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution;
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run,
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

514. FAINTING—produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together—every sinew and ligament unstrung; the color flies from the vermilion cheek, the sparkling eye grows dim; down the body drops, as helpless and senseless as a mass of clay, to which it seems hastening to resolve itself.

And lo! sad partner of the genial care,
Weary and faint—I drive my goats afar.

Weariness—
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth,
Finds the downy pillow—hard.

Anecdote. A poor priest came one day, to Louis XI. of France, when this monarch was at his devotions, in the church, and told him, the *balliffs* were about to arrest him for a sum, he was unable to pay. The king ordered him the money; saying—“You have chosen your time to address me very luckily. It is but just that I should show some compassion to the distressed, when I have been entreating God to have compassion on myself.”

ADDRESSED TO AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY.

Oh, that the muse might call, without offence,
The gallant soldier back to his good sense,
His temp'ral field so cautious not to lose;
So careless quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! so tender of thy prince's fame,
Why so profuse of a superior name?
For the king's sake, the brunt of battles bear,
But—for the King of king's sake—do not swear.

How many bright [high]
And splendid lamps shine in heaven's temple
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So fram'd all by their Creator's might, [die.
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall
There is a lust in man—no power can tame,
Of loudly publishing—his neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings—immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born—to die.

Extremes. The sublime of nature is the sky, sun, moon, stars, &c. The profound of nature, is, gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common, as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain, that any thing of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

Varieties. 1. The arts are divided into the useful, and the polite, the fine, and the elegant; some are for use, and others for pleasure; Elocution is of a mixed nature, in which use and beauty are of nearly co-equal influence; manner being as important as matter, or more so. 2. Our government is a government of laws, not of men; but it will lose this character, if the laws furnish no remedy for the violation of vested rights. 3. Nature has given us two eyes and two ears, and but one tongue; that we should see and hear more than we speak. 4. The weariness of study is removed by loving it, and valuing the results for their uses. 5. The three kingdoms of nature, are the Mineral, the Vegetable, and the Animal: minerals are destitute of organization and life; vegetables, or plants, are endowed with organization and life, but are destitute of voluntary motion and sense; while animals—possess them all.

As some lone miser, visiting his store, [it o'er,
Bends o'er his treasures, and counts and recounts
Hoards after hoards—his rising raptures fill,
Yet still—he sighs; for hoards are wanting still:
Thus, to my breast, alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each bliss, th't Heaven to us supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and tears will fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss—so small.

The flighty purpose—is never undertook,
Unless the deed go with it; from this moment,
The firstlings of my heart, shall be
The firstlings of my head; and even now, [done.
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
It is jealousy's peculiar nature,

To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason,
Amid the hideous phantoms—it has found.

If any here chance to behold himself,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
For, if he shame to have his follies known,
First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe,
Squeeze out the humor of such spongy souls,
As lick up every idle vanity.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!

How vain all outward effort to supply
The soul with joy! the noontide sun is dark,
And music—discord, when the heart is low.

515. FATIGUE—from severe or hard labor, gives a general languor to the body; the countenance is dejected, the arms hang listless; the body, (if not sitting, or lying along,) stoops as in old age; the legs, if walking, drag heavily along, and seem, at every step, to bend under the weight of the body; the voice is weak, and hardly articulate enough to be understood.

I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself, and for two nights, together—
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*—
When from the mountain-top *Pisano* show'd thee,
Thou wast within my ken. Ah me! I think
Foundations—fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved.

516. GRAVITY—seriousness, as when the mind is fixed, or deliberating on some important subject, smooths the countenance, and gives it an air of melancholy; the eye-brows are lowered, the eyes cast downwards, and partially closed, or raised to heaven: the mouth shut, the lips composed, and sometimes a little contracted: the postures of the body and limbs composed, and without much motion; the speech, if any, slow and solemn, and the voice without much variety.

Fathers! we once again are met in council:
Cesar's approach hath summoned us together,
And *ROME*—attends her fate—from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success—still follows him, and backs his crimes:
PHARSALIA—gave him *ROME*. *EGYPT*—has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cesar's.
Why should I mention *Juba's* overthrow,
Or *Scipio's* death? *Numidia's* burning sands
Still smoke with blood;—'tis time we should decree
What course to take; our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Lybia's* sultry deserts. [fix'd
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or, are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission? Sempronious—speak.

Anecdote. How to prize good Fortune. In the year preceding the French revolution, a servant girl, in Paris, drew a prize of fifteen hundred pounds. She immediately called on the parish priest, and generously put two hundred louis'd'ors into his hands, for the relief of the most indigent and industrious poor in the district; accompanying the donation with this admirable and just observation, “Fortune could only have been kind to me, in order that I might be kind to others.”

True Eloquence, is good sense, delivered in a natural and unaffected way, without the artificial ornament of tropes and figures. Our common eloquence is usually a cheat upon the understanding; it deceives us with appearances, instead of things, and makes us think we see reason, whilst it is only tickling our sense.

Essential honor must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro;
But born within, is its own judge and end, [know.

And dares not sin, though sure that none should
Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood;
For none can be a friend that is not good.

Laconics. 1. We too often form hasty opinions, from external appearances, assumed merely for deception, by the wolf in sheep's clothing. 2. While prosperity gilds your days, you may reckon many friends; but, if the clouds of adversity descend upon you, behold, they flee away. 3. Cowards boast of their fancied prowess, and assume an appearance of courage, which they do not possess. 4. The life of the true christian, is not one of melancholy, and gloominess; for he only resigns the pleasure of sin, to enjoy the pleasure of holiness. 5. The blessings of peace cannot be too highly prized, nor the horrors of war too earnestly deprecated; unless the former is obtained, and the latter—averted, by a sacrifice of principle. 6. The conqueror is regarded with awe, and the learned man commands our esteem; but the good man alone is beloved.

Thy words—had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth, so sweetly well,
They dropp'd—like heaven's sereneest snow,
And all was brightness—where they fell.

Can gold—gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man—an angel might beget;
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but who has found a friend in thee.
All—like the purchase; few—the price will pay;
And this—makes friends—such miracles below.

Honor and Virtue. Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and forever. Honor is the most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house, to build our monument. She is contracted in her views, inasmuch as her hopes are rooted in earth, bounded by time, and terminated by death. But virtue is enlarged and infinite in her hopes, inasmuch as they extend beyond present things, even to eternal; this is their proper sphere, and they will cease only in the reality of deathless enjoyment. In the storms, and in the tempests of life, honor is not to be depended on, because she herself partakes of the tumult; she also is buffeted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and steadfast, because it is cast into heaven. The noble Brutus worshiped honor, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her a shadow and a name. But no man can purchase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose value must ever increase with the price it has cost us. Our integrity is never worth so much as when we have parted with our all to keep it.

Similitudes—are like songs in love;
They much describe, tho' nothing prove.

517. CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, BOASTING—is hope elated, security of success in obtaining its object; and **COURAGE** is the contempt of any unavoidable danger in the execution of what is resolved upon: in both, the head and whole body are erected rather gracefully, the breast projected, the countenance clear and open, the accents strong, round, full-mouthed, and not too rapid; the voice firm and even. **BOASTING**,—*exaggerates* these appearances by loudness, blustering and railing, what is appropriately called *swag-gering*: the eye-brows drawn down, the face red and bloated, mouth pouts, arms placed akimbo, foot stamped on the ground, large strides in walking, voice hollow, thundering, swelling into bombast; head often menacingly, right fists clenched, and sometimes brandished at the person threatened.

Base men, that use them, to so base effect:
But truer stars—did govern Proteus' birth:
His words—are bonds; his oaths—are oracles;
His love—sincere; his thoughts—immaculate:
His tears—pure messengers—sent from his heart,
His heart—as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

518. GIVING OR GRANTING,—when done with an unreserved good will, is accompanied with a benevolent aspect, and kind tone of voice: the right hand open, with the palm upward, extending toward the person favored, as if giving what he asks; the head at the same time inclining forward, as indicating a benevolent disposition and entire consent: all indicative of how heartily the favor is granted, and the benefactors joy in conferring it.

GIVING A DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE.

If I have too severely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live, whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heav'n,
I ratify this my rich gift: Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou wilt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Then—as my gift—and thine own acquisition—
Worthily purchas'd—take—my DAUGHTER.

Impatience. In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that, with regard to futurity, it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which He, by whom it is inflicted, will confer upon those who bear it well.

Anecdote. *Clemency.* Alphonso, king of Naples and Sicily, so celebrated in history for his *clemency*, was once asked, why he was so favorable to all men; even to those most notoriously wicked? He replied, "Because good men are won by justice; the bad, by clemency." Some of his ministers complained to him, on another occasion, of this clemency; when he exclaimed, "Would you

have lions and tigers to rule over you? Know you not that cruelty—is the attribute of wild beasts; clemency—that of man?"

Varieties. 1. There is no person so little, but the greatest may sometimes need his assistance: hence, we should all exercise clemency, when there is an opportunity, towards those in our power. This is illustrated by the fable of the mouse and the lion: when the lion became entangled in the toils of the hunter, he was released by the mouse, which gnawed asunder the cords of the net, in consideration of having been spared his own life, by the royal beast, on a former occasion. 2. It is a universal principle—that an essence cannot exist out of its form; nor be perceived out of its form; nor can the quality of a form be perceived, till the form itself is an object of thought: hence, if an essence does not present itself in form, so that its form can be seen in thought, it is totally impossible to know anything about, or be affected with, that essence. 3. The truths of religion, and the truths of science, are of different orders; though sometimes blended, yet never actually confounded: theology—is the sun, and science—the moon—to reflect its light and glory.

My Mother. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless, are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is, that we think of the mother we have lost.

The love of praise, how'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns—more or less, and glows—in every heart:
The proud—to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest—shun it—but to make it sure.

Think not the good,

The gentle deeds of mercy—thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily—own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heaven, and pull a blessing on thee.
Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visits pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions, flies from grief.
In Nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
Can chance of seeing first, thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things, which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first degree.

520. GRATITUDE—puts on an aspect full of complacency; (see Love;) if the object of it be a character greatly superior, it expresses much submission: the right hand is open with the fingers spread, and press'd upon the breast just over the heart, expresses, very appropriately, a sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation. The engraving represents the deep-felt emotions of a noble mind.



O great Sciolto! O my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,
(Forget—but 'tis impossible,) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason—
Be banish'd from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert, among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The midnight cold, and the noontide scorching heat,
To be the scorn—of earth, and curse of heaven.

521. A man is never the less an artist, for not having his tools about him; or a musician, because he wants his fiddle: nor is he the less brave, because his hands are bound, or the worse pilot, for being upon dry ground. If I only have will to be grateful, I am so. As gratitude is a necessary, and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue: so obvious, that wherever there is life, there is place for it: so cheap, that the covetous man may be gratified without expense: and so easy, that the sluggard may be so likewise without labor.

To the generous mind,
The heaviest debt—is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.

'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature.

When gratitude—o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received, propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgments as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.

Anecdote. The bill of indictment, preferred against John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, &c., was as follows: "John Bunyan hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church, to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king," &c., was convicted, and imprisoned twelve years and six months.

And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.

Views of Truth. We see truths through the medium of our own minds, as we see objects around us thro' the atmosphere; and, of course, we see them not as they are in themselves, but as they are modified by the quality of the medium thro' which we view them; and, as the minds of all are different, we must all have different views of any particular truth; which is the reason, that differences of opinion exist, and always will exist: hence, it is no argument against truth, that men have different views of it; and because they must have different views, it is no reason why they should quarrel about their opinions; for good uses, and not matters of opinion, are the touch-stone of fellowship. Thus it is, that the all of religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good, from a love of doing good. While we agree, and are united in doing good, we should not fight among ourselves, about mere matters of opinion; still, we must not be indifferent about them; for truth is necessary to give form to goodness; and every good person will naturally desire to know the truth, that he may regulate his conduct by it; and thus, acquire the greatest and highest degree of goodness.

Varieties. 1. The young—are slaves to novelty; the old—to custom. 2. The volume of nature, is the book of knowledge, and he becomes the wisest, who makes the best selections, and uses them properly. The greatest friend of truth—is time; her greatest enemy—prejudice; and her constant companion is humility. 4. The best means of establishing a high reputation is—to speak well, and act better. 5. Be studious, and you will be learned; be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich; be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy; be virtuous, and you will be happy. 6. He, who governs his passions, does more than he, who commands armies. Socrates, being one day offended with his servant, said, "I would beat you, if I were not angry. 7. The best mode of gaining a high reputation, is—to be—what you appear to be.

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes,
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten—as they take their flight!

Deep—as the murmurs of the falling floods;
Sweet—as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony, or swells, or dies!
The pulse of avarice—forgets to move;
A purer rapture—fills the breast of love;
Devotion—lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity—leaves a softer sigh.

I, solitary, court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
Of nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm, or brighten;—like that Syrian lake,
Upon whose surface, morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain; for all beneath is dead!

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

522. To act a Passion properly, we must never attempt it, until the *imagination* has conceived clearly and distinctly, a strong and vivid *idea* of it, and we feel its influence in our inmost soul; then, the *form*, or *image* of that idea, will be impressed on the appropriate muscles of the *face*, and communicate, instantly, the same impressions to the muscles of the *body*; which, whether *braced*, or *relaxed*, (the idea being either *active* or *passive*), by *impelling*, or *retarding* the flow of the affection, will transmit their *own* sensation to the *voice*, and rightly dispose the proper *gesture*.

COURAGE, DISTRACTION.

A generous few, the vet'ran hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight, with
Heroic fire, inspirited each other,
Resolved on death; disdainful to survive
Their dearest country. "If we fall," I cried,
"Let us not tamely fall, like passive cowards;
No; let us live, or let us die like MEN;
Come on, my friends, to Alfred we will cut
Our glorious way; or, as we nobly perish,
Will offer, to the genius of our country,
Whole hecatombs of Danes."
As if one soul had moved them all,
Around their heads, they flashed [Danes!
Their flaming falchions—"Lead us to those
Our country! VENGEANCE!" was the gen'ral cry!

523. PASSIONS. 1. The *passions* and *desires*, like the two twists of a *rope*, mutually mix one with the *other*, and twine *inextricably* round the heart; producing *good*, if *moderately* indulged; but certain *destruction*, if suffered to become inordinate. 2. *Passion*—is the great *moner* and *spring* of the soul: when men's passions are *strongest*, they may have *great* and *noble* effects; but they are then also, apt to lead to the greatest *evils*.

Anecdote. *Pungent Preaching.* An old man being asked his *opinion* of a certain *sermon*, replied, "I liked it very *well*, except that there was no *pinch* to it. I always like to have a *pinch* to every sermon."

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood.
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been, by need, to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For even that indigence which brings me low,
Makes me myself, and him above, to know;
A good which none would challenge, few would
A fair possession, which mankind refuse, [choose,
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'rest part of all, the eye.

Darkness—the curtain drops on life's dull scene.

Laconics. 1. When we behold a *full grown man*, in the perfection of *vigor* and *health*, and the splendor of *reason* and *intelligence*, and are informed that "God created man in his *own image*, after his *own likeness*;" we are attracted with tenfold *interest* to the examination of the *object*, that is placed *before* us, and the *structure* of his *mind* and *body*, and the *succinct developments* of the *parts* and *proportions* of each. 2. A *workingman* without *tools*, tho' he has the best *designs* and most perfect *practical skill*, can do nothing *useful*; without *skill*, his *design* could do nothing with the *best* of *tools*; and without *design*, his *skill* and *tools* would be both *inoperative*: thus again, three distinct *essentials* are seen to be necessary in *every* thing.

Mercy! I know it not,—for I am miserable;
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells,
This is her home, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night—sits screaming o'er the roof;
Grim spectres—sweep along the horrid gloom;
And naught is heard, but wailing and lamenting.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes! it totters!
And the nodding ruin falls to crush us!
'Tis fallen! 'tis here! I felt it on my brain!
A waving flood—of bluish fire swells o'er me!
And now, 'tis out; and I am drowned in blood!
Ha! what art thou! thou horrid, headless trunk!
It is my Hastings:—see! he wafes me on;
Away! I go: I fly: I follow thee!

Varieties. 1. Can actions be *really* good, unless they proceed from *good motives*? 2. By *doubting*, we are led to *think*; or, consider whether it *be so*, and to collect *reasons*, and thereby to bring that truth *rationally* into our minds. 3. The effects of *music*—are produced directly upon the *affections*, without the intervention of *thought*. 4. What shall we *do*, to obtain *justice*, when we are *injured*? Seek recompense at *law*, if at all. 5. Suppose a person *insults* us in such a manner, that the *law* cannot give us *redress*? Then *forgive* him. 6. In the *Lord*, are infinite *love*, infinite *wisdom*, and infinite *power* or *authority*,—which three essential *attributes*—constitute the *only* God of *heaven* and *earth*. 7. The *New Testament* was divided into *verses*, in 1551, by *Robert Stevens*, for the convenience of reference to a *Concordance*; and the *Old Testament* is supposed to have been divided into *verses*, about the same *time*; those *divisions*, of course, are of no *authority*; nor are the *punctuations*.

All live by seeming.

The beggar begs with it, the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming:
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service. All admit it,
All practice it; and he, who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In church, or camp, or state. So wags the world.

What is this world? Thy school, O misery!
Our *only* lesson, is—to learn to *suffer*;
And he who knows not that, was born for *nothing*.

524. DESPAIR. Shakspeare has most exquisitely depicted this passion, where he has drawn cardinal Beaufort, after a most ungodly life, dying in despair, and terrified with the murder of duke Humphrey, to which he was accessory. The first example is Despair, the second, Despair and Remorse.

If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasures,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
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 lime-twigs—to catch my winged soul;
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring in the strong poison, that I bought of him.
Henceforth—let no man—trust the first false step
To guilt. It hangs upon a precipice,
Whose deep descent, in fast perdition ends.
How far—am I plunged down, beyond all thought,
Which I this evening framed!
Consummate horror! guilt—beyond a name!
Dare not my soul repent. In thee, repentance
Were second guilt, and 'twere blaspheming heaven
To hope for mercy. My pain can only cease
When gods want power to punish. Ha! the dawn!
Rise, never more, O! sun! let night prevail.
Eternal darkness—close the world's wide scene:
And hide me—from myself.



525. GRIEF is disappointment, devoid of hope; but muscles braced instantly, imply hope strongly, and a spirited vivacity in the eye, is the effect of pleasure and elevation. They are inconsistent with a passion that depresses, which grief manifestly does; because depression slackens the nerves, and unbraced nerves deject the looks and air, necessarily; therefore, a relaxed mien, and languid eye, form the truest picture of natural sorrow. The smaller engraving represents vacant grief, and the other deep silent grief.

I'll go, and, in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child,—if he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; and shall not long survive;
'Tis for his sake, that I have suffered life,
Groaned in captivity, and outlived Hector,
Yes, my As-ty-a-nax! we will go together;
TOGETHER—to the realms—of night—we'll go.

Anecdote. *Lesson from a Spider.* King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitering the army, lay alone in a *barn*. In the morning, still reclining on his pillow of straw, he

saw a spider climbing up one of the *rafters*; the insect *fell*, but immediately made a *second* attempt to ascend; and the hero saw, with regret, the spider fall the *second* time; it then made a *third* unsuccessful attempt. With much interest and concern the monarch saw the spider baffled in its aim *twelve times*; but the *thirteenth* essay was *successful*; when the king, starting up, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me *perseverance*: I will follow its *example*. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On *one* fight more hangs the independence of my *country*." In a few days, his anticipations were *realized*, by the glorious victory at the battle of Bannockburn, and the defeat of Edward the Second.

Varieties. 1. The *bee*—rests on *natural* flowers, never on *painted* ones, however imitatively the color may be laid on; apply this to *all* things. 2. The rapidity with which the *body* may travel by *steam*, is indicative of the progress which the *mind* is about to make; and improvements in *machinery*—represent those which are developing in the art of *teaching*. 3. *Equal* and *exact* justice to *all*, of whatever *state*, or *persuasion*, *religious* and *political*. 4. What is *matter*? and what are its essential *properties*, and what its primeval *form*? 5. How much more do we know of the nature of *matter*, than we do of the essential properties of *spirit*? 6. What is the origin of the *earth*, and in what *form* did it originally exist,—in a *gaseous*, or *igneous* form! 7. Everything that exists, is designed to aid in *developing* and *perfecting* both *body* and *mind*: the *universe* is our school-house.

DESPAIR makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of *fear*, of *laziness*, and *impatience*; it argues a defect of *spirit* and *resolution*, and oftentimes of *honesty* too. I would not despair, unless I saw my misfortune recorded in the book of *fate*, and signed and sealed by *necessity*.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Constance*; I was *Goffrey's* wife;
Young *Arthur*—is my son,—and he is lost.
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were;
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief—I should forget!
Preach some *philosophy*—to make me mad,
And, cardinal, thou shalt be *canonized*;
For being not mad, but *sensible* of grief,
My *reasonable* part produces *reason*,
That I may be *delivered* of these woes,
And teaches me to *kill*, or *hang* myself;
If I were *mad*, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a bale of rags were he.
I am not mad; too well I feel
The diffused *plague* of each calamity.

Make thy demand on those, who own thy power;
Know, I am still beyond thee; and tho' fortune
Has stripp'd me of this train, this pomp of greatness,
This *outside* of a king, yet still—my soul
Fixed high, and on herself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal; and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.