

526. JEALOUSY is doubtful anger, struggling against faith and pity; it is a tenderness resisted by resentment of suspected injury; the nerves braced strong, imply determination of revenge and punishment; while, at the same time, a soft passive hesitation in the eye, confesses a reluctance at the heart, to part with, or efface a gentle and indulgent idea. Again, it is rage at a concluded infidelity; and then, the eye receives and flashes out sparklings of inflamed ideas, while the muscles, contracting the will's violence, from a repressive disposition of the heart, grow slack, and lose their spring, and so disarm and modify the enraged indignation. Now from this unsettled wavering in the balance of the purpose, when the heart and judgment weigh each other, and both scales alternately preponderate, is induced a glowing picture of jealousy.

Oh! what dam-ned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
O jealousy! thou bane of social joy!
Oh! she's a monster, made of contradictions!
Let truth, in all her native charms appear,
And with the voice of harmony itself
Plead the just cause of innocence traduc'd;
Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,
She sees, nor hears. And yet, let slander whisper,
Rumor has fever tongues than she has ears;
And Argus' hundred eyes are dim and slow,
To piercing jealousy's.

527. THE FRUITS. Men, instead of applying the salutary medicines of philosophy and religion to abate the rage, and recover the temper of their vitiated imaginations, cherish the disease in their bosoms, until their increasing appetites, like the hounds of Actæon, tear into pieces the soul they were intended to enliven and protect.

Jealousy—is like
A polish'd glass, held to the lips, when life's in doubt:
If there be breadth, 'twill catch the damp and show it.
Jealous rage—is but a hasty flame,
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

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 formed.

Where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And, in a peaceful hour, doth cry, kill, kill;
Disempering gentle love with his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so bless'd! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the
spider!



Anecdote. Lord Gadsby, over the entrance of a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed,—“Let nothing enter here but what is good.” Dr. Rennel, the master of the temple, who was walking over the ground, with much point asked—“Then where does your lordship enter!”

Everything Useful. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are designed for the nourishment, clothing, habitation, recreation, delight, protection and preservation of the human race; abuse does not take away use, any more than the falsification of truth destroys the truth; except, with those who do it. Everything which is an object of the senses, is designed to aid in developing the most external faculties of man; and what is of an economical and civil nature, and what is imbibed from parents, teachers, and others, and also from books, and reflections upon them all, is useful for perfecting the rational faculties of the mind: and all divine truths are designed to perfect the human mind, and prepare it for receiving a spiritual principle from the Lord, our Creator and Redeemer.

Varieties. 1. A fit Pair. A Dandy is a thing, in pantaloons, with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane, and white handkerchief, two broaches and a ring on his little finger. A Coquette is a young lady, with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants. 2. The sunshine of prosperity—has attractions for all, who love to bask in its influence, hoping to share in its pleasures. 3. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the beautiful ocean and the starry firmament are contemplated with pleasure, by every one, who has a soul. 4. A man should not be ashamed to own, that he has been in the wrong; which is only saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. 5. The love of truth and goodness, is the best passion we can indulge. 6. A woman's life, is the history of the affections; the heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire, and there she seeks for untold treasures. 7. The best and noblest conquest, is that of reason over our passions, and follies.

Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

Oh jealousy!
Love's eclipse! thou art in thy disease
A wild, mad patient, wondrous hard to please.

528. JUDGING—demands a grave, steady look, with deep attention, the countenance altogether clear from any appearance, either of disgust, or favor: the pronunciation slow, distinct, and emphatical, accompanied with little action, and that very grave.

JUDGING ACCORDING TO STRICT LAW.

If you refuse—to wed Demetrius—
Either must you die the death, or abjure,
Forever, the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, not yielding to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye—to be in a shady cloister mew'd;
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Take time to pause, and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship.)
Upon that day, either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else—to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest—
For aye—austerity—and single life.

Miscellaneous. 1. In opening a cause, give a general view of the grounds on which the charge is made, and of the extent, magnitude, tendency, and effect of the crime alleged. 2. There is some consolation for dull authors, that the confectioner may put good into their books, if they fail to do it themselves. 3. Uncle Toby's oath: “The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery, with the oath, blushed—as he gave it in; and the recording angel—dropped a tear upon it, and blotted it out forever. 4. Would not many persons be very much surprised, if their ideas of heavenly joys, should be exhibited hereafter, to show them their falsity? 5. Beauty is given, to remind us, that the soul should be kept as fair and perfect in its proportions, as the temple in which it dwells; the spirit of beauty flows in, only where these proportions are harmonious. 6. Can any one be a lover of truth, and a searcher after it, and yet turn his back on it, when presented, and call for miracles? 7. The aphorism, “Know thyself,” is soon spoken, but one is a long time in obeying it; Gracian—was placed among the seven wise men of Greece, for having been the author of the maxim; but never, replied the sage, was any one placed there for having performed it.

Who painted Justice blind, did not declare
What magistrates should be, but what they are:
Not so much, 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
In their just scales alike; but, because they,
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,
They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.

Justice, painted blind,
Infers, his ministers are obliged to hear
The cause; and truth, the judge, determine of it;
And not sway'd or by favor, or affection,
By a false gloss, or corrected comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true.

Anecdote. In the early period of the French revolution, when the throne and the altar had been overturned, a Benedictine monastery was entered, by a devastating band, its inmates treated with wanton and unprovoked cruelty, and the work of demolition and plunder going on,—when a large body of the inhabitants rallied, drove the spoilers away, but secured the ringleaders, whom they would have severely punished, had not the abbot, who had received the worst indignities from these very leaders, rushed forward to protect them. “I thank you, my children,” said he, “for your seasonable interference; let us, however, show the superiority of religion, by displaying our clemency, and suffering them to depart.” The ruffians were overpowered by the abbot's humanity, fell at his feet, entreated his benediction and forgiveness.

But yonder—comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,
He looks—in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that, burnish'd, plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring
High gleaming from afar. [streams,

Varieties. 1. Should we be governed by our feelings, or by our judgment? 2. Earths, waters, and atmospheres—are the three general elements, of which all natural things are made. 3. The human body is composed of all the essential things which are in the world of nature. 4. The three periods of our development are—infancy, including the first seven years; childhood—the second seven, and youth—the third seven; the close of which,—is the beginning of manhood. 5. Adolescence—is that state, when man begins to think, and act—for himself, and not from the instruction, and direction of others. 6. The cerebellum, and consequently, the voluntary principle of the mind, never sleeps; but the cerebrum, and of course, the reasoning faculty—does. 7. Beware of the erroneous opinion, that you must be remarkably original; and that to speak, and write, unlike anybody else, is a great merit.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read—in the eyes of others,
As feel—in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer.

He stood up
Firm in his better strength, and like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin, white hairs—had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impressed with the stern majesty of grief,
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.



529. MALICE, or Spite, is a habitual malevolence, long continued, and watching occasion to exert itself on the hated object; this hateful disposition sets the jaws and gnashes the teeth, sends blasting flashes from the eyes, stretches the mouth horizontally, clinches the fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner to the body; the tone of voice, and expression, are much the same as in anger, but not so loud; which see. These two engravings represent, the smaller one, revengeful hatred, and the other, abhorrence, fear, contempt, without power, or courage.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a christian,
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rates of usance, here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him—once upon the hip,
I will feed fat—the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
(Even there where merch'nts most do congregate),
On my bargains, and my well-won thrift;
Which he calls interest. Curs'd be my tribe,
If I forgive him.

530. MELANCHOLY, or Fixed Grief, is gloomy, sedentary, and motionless. The lower jaw falls, the lips are pale, the eyes cast down, half shut, the eyelids swollen and red, or livid tears trickling silently and unmixed, with total inattention to anything that passes. Words, if any, are few, and those dragged out rather than spoken; the accents weak and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of words and sentences.

There is a stupid weight—upon my senses;
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
After the tumult, and the noise of life. [like it;
Would—it were death; as sure, 'tis wondrous
For I am sick of living. My soul is peel'd:
She kindles not anger, or revenge,
Love—was the informing, active fire within:
Now that is quenched, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle—with its kindred earth.

The glance
Of melancholy—is a fearful gift;
What is it, but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near—in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality—too real!

Moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grief and comfortless despair.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.

MELANCHOLY—discloses its symptoms according to the sentiments and passions of the mind it affects. An ambitious man fancies himself a lord, statesman, minister, king, emperor, or monarch, and pleases his mind with the vain hopes of even future preferment. The mind of a covetous man sees nothing but his *re or spe*, and looks at the most valuable objects with an eye of hope, or with the fond conceit, that they are already his own. A love-sick brain adores, in romantic strains, the lovely idol of his heart, or sighs in real misery, at her fancied frowns. And a scholar's mind evaporates in the fumes of imaginary praise and literary distinction.

Anecdote. Routs. "How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called *routs*? Why, *rout*, formerly signified—the defeat of an army; and when soldiers were all put to flight, or to the sword, they were said to be *routed*." "This title has some propriety too," said an observer of men and things, "for at these meetings, whole families are frequently routed out of house and home."

Varieties. 1. *Agriculture*—is the true foundation of all trade and industry; and of course, the foundation of individual and national riches. 2. When the moon, on a clear, autumnal evening, is moving through the heavens in silent glory, the earth—seems like a slumbering babe, smiling in its sleep, because it dreams of heaven. 3. The truths of science are not only useful, in themselves, but their influence is exceedingly beneficial in mental culture. 4. Let your amusements be select and temperate, and such as will fit you for the better performance of your duties; all others are positively injurious. 5. Raise the edifice of your virtue and happiness, on the sure foundation of true religion, or love to God, and love to man. 6. That will be well and speedily done in a family or community, when each one does his part faithfully. 7. *Eloquence*—is the power of seizing the attention, with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, till the hearer has received the conviction, that the speaker intends.

That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death—is the privilege of human nature,
And life, without it, were not worth our taking;
Thither—the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthen's down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here, let me breathe my last.
Charmed, with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem—to my parting soul.

On the sands of life
Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves a print,
Time cannot wash away; while Joy trips by
With steps so light and soft, that the next wave
Wears his faint foot—falls out.
And coming events—cast their shadows before.

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And life, without it, were not worth our taking;
Thither—the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthen's down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here, let me breathe my last.
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More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
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531. PARDONING—differs from acquitting, in this—the latter—means clearing a person, after trial, of guilt; whereas, the former—supposes guilt, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from punishment; *pardoning* requires some degree of severity of aspect, and tone of voice, because the pardoned one is not an object of active, unmixed approbation; otherwise, its expression is much the same as granting; which see.

PARDONING A CRUEL PERSECUTION.
We pardon thee; live on, the state hath need of
Humility and gratitude for this our gift, [men.
May make a man of thee.

Great souls—forgive not injuries, till time
Has put their enemies within their power,
That they may show—forgiveness—is their own.
That thou may'st see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half—comes to the general state;
Which humbleness—may drive into a fine.

532. PERPLEXITY, IRRESOLUTION, ANXIETY, are always attended with some degree of fear; it collects the body together, as if for gathering up the arms upon the breast, rubs the forehead, the eyebrows contracted, the head hanging on the breast, the eyes cast downward, the mouth shut, the lips compressed; suddenly, the whole body is agitated, alters its aspect, as having discovered something; then, falls into contemplation as before; the motions of the body are restless and unequal; sometimes moving quick, and sometimes slow; the pauses, in speaking to another, long, the tone of voice uneven, the sentences broken and unfinished; sometimes talks to himself, or makes grimaces, and keeping half of what arises in the mind.

Yes; 'tis Emilia:—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high—ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What's the best?
If she come in, she'll speak to my wife.

Anecdote. Peter the Great made a law, in 1722, that if any nobleman beat, or ill-treated his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian be appointed, to take care of his person and estate. The great monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed, and died in a few days. Peter, on hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: I have civilized my subjects; I have conquered other nations; yet I have not been able to civilize and conquer myself.

There is no remedy—for time misspent,
No healing—for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor—is a punishment
Heavier than active souls—can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence—and discontent,
Not now—to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know—this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness;
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves—and serve mankind,
Life—and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better—than he seems:
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven!

Admiration and Love. There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects, and terrible; the latter on small ones, and pleasing; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.

Laconics. 1. Every one, who would be an orator, should study Longinus on the sublime. 2. Many of our books, containing pieces for declamation, remind one of a physician's leaving medicine with a patient, without directions how to take it. 3. Would it not be well for some competent person to compile a work, to be called "Songs of the People," for all trades and avocations? 4. Letters and words are like the notes of a tune, representative of sounds and ideas. 5. Descriptive speech and writing, are like landscape painting. 6. The natural world is an allegory, the meaning of which we may find in ourselves. 7. Were a spectator to come from the other world, into many of our congregations, he would regard the singing, and perhaps the worship, as any thing but devotional.

Varieties. 1. He, who will peep into a drawer, will likely be tempted to take something out of it; and he, who steals a cent in his youth, will be very apt to steal a dollar in manhood. 2. A great change in life, is like a cold bath in winter; we all hesitate to make the first plunge. 3. The farther you advance in any art, or science, the more will you be delighted with simplicity of manner, and less attracted by superficial ornament. 4. One of the grand objects of education is—to collect principles and apply them to practice; and when this is generally done, mankind will be brought nearer to equality. 5. It is as impossible for us to understand a thing, without having the image of it on the retina of the mind's eye, as it is to see any thing, without having its image on the retina of the bodily eye. 6. Is not the education of children, for time and eternity, the highest social, civil, moral and religious duty, we are called upon to perform?

PLEASURE OF PIETY.
A Deity—belov'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires:
Faith—builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man—in audience with the Deity.
Some—ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notions of the town;
They reason and conclude—from precedent,
And own stale notions, which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works; and then
Nor praise, nor blame the writings, but the men.

533. MODESTY—is a diffidence of ourselves, accompanied with delicacy in our sense of whatever is mean, indirect, or dishonorable, or a fear of doing these things, or of having them imputed to us. Submission is an humble sense of our inferiority, and a quiet surrender of our power to a superior. Modesty bends the body forward; has a placid, downcast countenance, bends the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character; the voice is low, the tone submissive, and the words few. Submission adds to them a lower bending of the head, and a spreading out of the arms and hands, downwards towards the person submitted to.

Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test of my metal,
Before so noble, and so great a figure,
Be stamped upon it.

O noble sir!

Your ever kindness doth wring tears from me;
I do embrace your offer, and dispose,
From henceforth, of poor *Claudia*.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines more bright;
Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all.

534. PRIDE. When our esteem of ourselves, or opinion of our own rank or merit is so high, as to lessen the regard due to the rank and merit of others, it is called *pride*: when it supposes others below our regard, it is contempt, scorn, or disdain. *Pride* assumes a lofty look, bordering on the look and aspect of *anger*. The eyes full and open, but with the eye-brow considerably drawn down, the mouth pointing out, but mostly shut, and the lips contracted: the words walk out and strut, and are uttered with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance; the hands sometimes rest on the hips, with the elbows brought forward in the position called a-kimbo; the feet at a distance from each other, and the steps long and stately. *Obstinacy*—adds to the aspect of *pride*.

Worcester! get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty—might never yet endure
The moody frontier, of a servant's brow;
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

Did'st thou not think, such vengeance must await
The wretch that with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes, irreverent, unprepared, uncalled, [him,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gifts?

Anecdote. One of the emperors of China met a procession, conducting some malefactors to punishment. On being informed of the facts, he burst into tears; when one of his courtiers endeavored to comfort him, saying, "In a commonwealth, there must be punishment; it cannot be avoided, as mankind now are." His majesty replied, "I weep not, to see those men prisoners, nor to see them chastised; I know the good must be protected from the bad; but I weep, because my time is not so happy as that of old was, when the virtues of the princes were such, that they served as a bridle to the people, and their example was sufficient to restrain a whole kingdom."

To recount Almighty works,
What words, or tongue, of seraph—can suffice?

Punishments. There are dreadful punishments enacted against *thieves*; but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing, and of being imprisoned, or dying for it.

Varieties. 1. Some politicians consider honesty excellent in theory,—and policy safe in practice; thus admitting the absurd theory, that principles entirely false, and corrupt in the abstract, are more salutary in their practical manifestation, than principles essentially good and true. 2. In public and private life, in the learned and unlearned professions, in scenes of business, and in the domestic circle, the masterpiece of man is decision of character. 3. The moral sense of the people, is the sheet-anchor, which alone can hold the vessel of state, amidst the storms that agitate the world. 4. True religion has nothing to fear, but much to hope, from the progress of scientific truths. 5. A writer or speaker should aim so to please, as to do his hearers and readers the greatest amount of good. 6. It is not the part of a lover of truth, either to cavil or reject, without due examination. 7. Ill manners are evidence of low breeding.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills, when sons of Dullness write.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,
And lasting diamond writes his name.

All jealousy

Must still be strangled in its birth: or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions [der,
Thro': men's hearts and faces are so far asun-
That they hold no intelligence.

Something heavy on my spirit,
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,
Sits on me as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself
'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between
And man, an everlasting mist. [man

SONNET.

Like an enfranchised bird, that wildly springs,
With a keen sparkle in his glancing eye,
And a strong effort in his quivering wings,
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky,—
So my enamour'd heart, so long thine own,
At length from Love's imprisonment set free,
Goes forth into the open world alone,
Glad and exulting in its liberty!
But like that helpless bird (confid'nd so long,
His weary wings have lost all power to soar),
Who soon forgets to trill his joyous song,
And feebly fluttering, sinks to earth once more—
So, from its former bonds released in vain,
My heart still feels the weight of that remember'd chain.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away,
While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

535. PROMISING is expressed by benevolent looks, a soft but earnest voice, and sometimes by inclining the head, or nod of consent; the hands open with palm upward, toward the person to whom the promise is made: *sincerity* in promising is express'd by laying the hand gently on the heart.

I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, it shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.

I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
The sad companion of this faithful breast;
While life, and thought remain.

Where'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee;
'Tis but my shadow, that I take away.

536. REFUSING,—when accompanied with displeasure, is done nearly the same way as *dismissing* with displeasure: *without it*—it is done with a visible reluctance, that occasions the bringing out the words slowly, with such a shake of the head, and shrug, as is natural on hearing something that gives us a screw of the shoulders, and hesitation in the speech, as implies perplexity between *granting* and *refusing*; as in the following example of refusing to lend money:

They answer—in a joint—and corporate voice,
That none—they are at fault—want treasure—cannot
Do—what they would; are sorry, (you are honorable)—
But yet they could have wished—(they know not)—
Something hath been amiss—(a noble nature
May catch a sorench)—would all were well—'tis pity;
And so intending other serious matter,
After distasteful looks—and other hard fractions—
With certain half caps, and cold-moving words—
They frozen me into silence.

Pride. The *disesteem* and contempt of others is inseparable from *pride*. It is hardly possible to overvalue ourselves, but by undervaluing our neighbors; and we commonly most undervalue those, who are, by other men, thought to be wiser than we are; and it is a kind of *jealousy* in ourselves that they are so, which provokes our *pride*.

They said, her cheek of youth was beautiful,
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the white rose there;
But grief did lay his icy finger on it,
And chill'd it—to a cold and joyless statue.

Anecdote. Garrick and Hogarth, sitting together one day, mutually lamented the want of a picture of *Fielding*; "I think," said Garrick, "I could make his face;" which he did accordingly. "For heaven's sake, hold," said Hogarth, "remain as you are a few minutes;" he did so, while the painter sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection: and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have of the admired *Tom Jones*.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives, contentedly, between
The little—and the great,—
Feels not the wants—that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues—that haunt the rich man's door,
Nor bittering—all his state.
The tallest pines—feel most—the power
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tower—
Comes heaviest—to the ground.
The bolts—that span the mountain side,
His cloud-capt eminence—divide;
And spread the ruin round.
Nature—is frugal, and her wants are few.

Laconics. 1. We must be instructed by all things of one thing, if we would know that one thing thoroughly. 2. The evolution of the natural sciences, amounts to the creation of a new sphere, in the human mind. 3. All truths, scientific, philosophical and theological, are in perfect harmony with each other. 4. The use, or effect, which produces the end, must be the first point of analytic inquiry; i. e. first the fact, or result, and then, the reasoning upon it. 5. When it is impossible, to trace effects to visible causes, the mental sight must take up, and complete the operation. 6. There is a universal analogy between all the spheres of creation, natural, mental and spiritual, and between nature, and all things in human society. 7. Nature—is simple and easy, it is man that is difficult and perplexed.

Genius. They say of poets, that they must be born such; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and so, indeed, must men of all denominations, or it is not possible that they should excel; but with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they still must be. Nature gives a bias to respective pursuits; and this strong propensity is what we mean by *genius*. Milton did not write his *Paradise Lost*; nor Homer his *Iliad*; nor Newton his *Principia*, without immense labor.

Light grief is proud of state, and courts compassion;
But there's a dignity—in careless sorrow,
A sullen grandeur, which disdains complaint;
Rage is for little wrongs—despair—is dumb.

Let coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shell'ring caverns fly,
And justly—dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky,
Protected by that hand, whose law,
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue—smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

Varieties. 1. When you can do it, without injury to truth and mercy, always avoid a quarrel and a lawsuit. 2. When the foundation of our hope is assailed, ought we not to contend, earnestly, for the faith once delivered to the saints? 3. When there is a right desire, and an untiring industry, there will, eventually, be the reward of light. 4. They, who understand most of a subject, will be very indulgent to those, who know but little of it. 5. If we are unwilling to do anything for ourselves, how can we expect others will do much for us! 6. Every deceiver, whether by word, or deed, is a liar; and no one, that has been once deceived by him, will fail to shun, if not despise him.

Whether present, or absent, you always appear,
A youth—most benevolently pleasant,
For when you are present, you're absent—my dear;
And when you are absent—you're present.
How charming—is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast—of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just nor brave;
But where religion doth—with virtue join,
It makes a hero—like an angel shine.

537. REMORSE, or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety; hangs down the head; draws down the eye-brows; the right hand beats the breast; the teeth gnashes with anguish, and the whole body is strained, and violently agitated: if strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition, the eyes are raised, (tho' with great appearance of doubting and fear,) to the throne of mercy, and immediately cast down again to the earth; then floods of tears are seen to flow; the knees are bended, or the body prostrated on the ground; the arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs and groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling. The engraving indicates a noble mind in distress.



The heart,
Pierced with a sharp remorse for guilt,
Disdains the costly poverty of hecatombs,
And offers the best sacrifice—*itself*.
Blest tears—of soul-felt-penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow—
Is felt the first,—the only sense—
Of guiltless joy—that guilt can know.
Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe,
By beauty—to repentance given,
Though bitterly—on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm—in Heaven!

538. SECURITY—diminishes the passions; the mind, when left to itself, immediately languishes; and, in order to preserve its ardor, must be every moment supported by a new flow of passion. For the same reason, despair, though contrary to security, has a like influence.

539. RAILLERY, in sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness, and sometimes a kind of simple laughter,—and the tone of voice is sprightly. With contempt or disgust, it casts a look *askant* from time to time, at the object, and quits the cheerful aspect, for one mixed between an affected grin and sourness: the upper lip is drawn up with a smile of disdain: the arms sometimes set a-kimbo on the hips, and the right hand now and then thrown out towards the object, as if they were going to strike one a back-handed blow; voice rather loud, arch and meaning; sentences short, expressions satirical, with mock-praise occasionally intermixed.

You have done that, which you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you,
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
No—Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring—
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold—to pay my legions;
Which you denied me; was that done, like Cassius?

Should I—have answered Caius Cassius thus?
When Marcus Brutus—grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal-counters from his friends,
Be ready—gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Anecdote. A young gentleman, (the son of his Majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Gibbon's works,) made his appearance, at an assembly, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, though he was not overstocked with sense, he attracted much attention, and a general murmur prevailed, to know who he was. A lady replied, loud enough to be heard by the stranger, "Oh! don't you know him? It is young Gibbon, bound in calf, and gilt; but not lettered."

Seeing Right. He, only, sees well, who sees the whole, in the parts, and the parts, in the whole. I know but three classes of men; those who see the whole, those who see but a part, and those who see both together.

Varieties. 1. He, who lives well, and believes aright, will be saved; but he, who does not live well, and believe aright, cannot be saved. 2. Let times be ever so good, if you are slothful, you will be in want; but let times be ever so bad, if you are diligent in the performance of duty, you will prosper. 3. The reptile, in human form, should be avoided with great care. 4. If the sun is to be seen by its own light, must not the truth be seen in like manner? The soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an empty head, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea will fall with equal velocity, in a vacuum. 5. As light has no color, water no taste, and air no odor, so, knowledge should be equally pure, and without admixture. 6. We should have a glorious conflagration, if all, who cannot put fire into their books, would consent to put their books into the fire. 7. The union of truth and goodness—is like that of water and fire, which nothing can resist.

As up the tower of knowledge slow we rise,
How wide and fair the opening prospect lies!
But while the view expands, the path grows steeper,
The steps more slippery, and the chasm's deeper:
Then why climb on? Not for the prospect's beauty,
Not for the triumph, but because 'tis duty.

What thing is love, which naught can countervail?
Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, tho' unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All gems of pure, and world-wide purposes.

O fortune! thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our hearts are tied,
And we can love by letters still, and gifts,
And dreams.

It is in vain, that we would coldly gaze—
On such as smile upon us; the heart—must
Leap kindly back—to kindness.

540. REPROVING—puts on a stern aspect; roughens the voice, and is accompanied with gestures, not differing much from that of threatening, but not so lively; it is like reproach, (which see,) but without the sourness and ill-nature.

ILLUSTRATION. What right have you, to waste your time, which is the state's; your health, which makes time *worthful*, and the life of goodness in you, which makes living all your acts? Answer me—what right have you to wrong yourself, and all the world?

How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot;
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion—for the name,
Of a night brawler? Give me answer to it.

RESIGNATION.

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul; [less?
For, are not thy transgressions great and number-
Do they not cover thee—like rising floods?
And press thee—like a weight of waters down?
Does not the hand of righteousness—afflict thee?
And who—shall plead against it? who shall say—
To Power Almighty, thou hast done enough;
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?
Wait then, with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time—of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down—in death.

Duties of Society. Every right produces a corresponding duty; hence, may be inferred the positive duty of society, to give every individual, born in its bosom, an adequate education. For if society has a right to the services of every one of its members,—this right necessarily involves some duties; and what can that duty more directly be, than that society should give to all its children, such an education, as will fit them for the services it intends to exact from them in after life! And if parents are unable to give their children such an education, it is the duty of society to assist them; and if they are unwilling, society ought to take the place of parents, and perform the duty of the parents. No one can violate the laws of God, nor the government of the world, with impunity; and the more sacred the trust, the more terrible will be the effects of a disregard of them.

Each substance of a grief—hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire—to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

Too Common. Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. How melancholy and heart-rending—to reflect upon the vast number of professing christians—of all orders, who show, by their deeds, that they are under the influence of these infernal passions; altho' in their sabbath devotions, they may pray against them with their lips, and entreat their Maker to enable them to keep the law which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Let a man of one branch of the church, leave it, even from the best of motives, and join another, which happens to differ from it in religious belief, and how soon the air is rent with the political cry, "Shoot the deserter." Nothing seems too bad for the disaffected to say about their marked

victim; whose departure from them tacitly calls in question the infallibility of their doctrines, and thereby wounds their self-love, which makes them care more for their party, than for the progress of truth. What is the character, business, peace and happiness of the supposed offender, to them, when bent on his destruction? Alas! how unlike the conduct of the true christian! Thus is seen the rottenness of "profession, without principle."

Dead Languages. That man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life.—Locke.

Anecdote. Dandies. As lady Montague was walking through a public garden with a party, she was very much annoyed by an impertinent coxcomb, who was continually making some foolish observation. On approaching one of the temples, over which there was a Latin inscription, she took advantage of it, to expose his ignorance, in the hope of putting him to silence. "Pray sir," said she, "be kind enough to explain that inscription to us." "Madam," said he, with an affected air, "I really do not know what it means, for I see it is dog Latin." "How very extraordinary it is," said lady Mary, "that puppies should not understand their own language."

IMAGINATION.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are, of imagination, all compact:
One—sees more devils, than vast hell can hold;
That—is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty—in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, [heaven;
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush—supposed a bear?
An honest soul—is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor—upon the occasion's calm;
But, when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way—with skill and majesty.

Varieties. 1. What is the difference between acute and chronic disease? 2. It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. 3. If we had it in our power to gratify every wish, we should soon feel a surfeit. 4. When anything below God—is the supreme object of our love, at some time or other, it will be an object of sorrow. 5. Truth—is its own witness, and fears not a free and impartial examination; it seeks to be seen in its own resplendent brightness. 6. By confessing our faults to others, we contribute very much towards putting them away, and confirming ourselves against them. 7. Which is worse—to worship the works of our own hands, or the creations of our own imaginations?

541. SCORN, is negligent anger: it insinuates therefore, by a voluntary slackness, or disarming of the nerves, a known, or concluded essence of all power in the united object, even to make the defence seem necessary: and the unbraced muscles are assisted in this show of contemptuous disregard, by an affected smile upon the eye, because slack nerves, if at the same time the looks were also languid, would too much resemble sorrow, or even fear; whereas, the purpose is disdain and insult: and tho' in more provoking serious cases, where scorn admits disturbance, it assumes some sense of anger, it must still retain the slack unguarded languor of the nerves, lest it should seem to have conceived impressions of some estimable and important weightiness, where its design is utter disregard and negligence.



Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods;
When went there by an age, since the sun shone,
But it was famed with more than one man?
When could they say, till now, who talked of Rome,
That her wide walls—encompassed but one man?

542. LANGUAGE OF FEELING. There is an original element in our natures, a connection between the senses, the mind and the heart, implanted by the Creator, for pure and noble purposes, which cannot be reasoned away. You cannot argue men out of their senses and feelings; and, after having wearied yourself and history, set your foot upon the spot, where some great and memorable exploit was achieved, especially, with those whom you claim kindred, and your heart swells within you. You do not now reason; you feel the inspiration of the place. Your cold philosophy vanishes, and you are ready to put off your shoes from your feet; for the place whereon you stand is holy. A language which letters cannot shape, which sounds cannot convey, speaks, not to the head, but to the heart; not to the understanding, but to the affections.

The player's profession,
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art,
The strong-felt passion bolts into his face;
The mind untouched, what is it but grimace!
To this one standard, make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret, learn to feel:
Or fool, or monarch, happy or distress'd,
No actor pleases that is not possess'd.
A single look more marks the internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthening oh!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloak me with a smiling ray,
And, in the depth of midnight, force a day.

Anecdote. To a man of exalted mind, the forgiveness of injuries, is productive of more pleasure and satisfaction, than obtaining vengeance. The Roman emperor, Adrian, who was skilled in all the accomplishments of body and mind, one day seeing a person, who had injured him, in his former station, thus addressed him, "You are safe now; I am emperor."

Braying. There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for, what's loud and senseless talking, huffing, and swearing, any other than a more fashionable way of braying?

Varieties. 1. *Idlers*—should leave the industrious to their labor, and visit only those who are as idle as themselves. 2. There are some minds, which, like the buzzard's eye, can pass heedlessly over the beauties of nature, and see nothing but the carcass, rotting in the corner. 3. He, is well constituted, who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices for that he has. 4. True ease in writing, speaking and singing, comes from art, not chance. 6. When once a man falls, all will tread on him. 7. The action should always keep time with the emphasis and the voice: it should be the result of feeling, not of thought.

His words were fire, both light and heat! At once
With zeal they warmed us and convinc'd with reason
I had read and heard of eloquence before, [son.
How 't is despotic—takes the heart by storm,
Where'er the ramparts, prejudice, or use,
Environ it withal; how, 'fore its march,
Stony resolves have given way like flax;
How it can raise, or lay, the mighty surge
Of popular commotion, as the wind,
The wave that frets the sea—but, till to-day,
I never proved its power. When he began,
A thousand hearers pricked their ears to list,
With each a different heart; when he left off,
Each man could tell his neighbor's by his own.

Rage—is the shortest passion of our souls.
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
Still, as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver—love—supplies its place.

VIRTUE THE BEST TREASURE.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n: a happiness—
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great nature's favorites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers; nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd. It is the only good—
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches—are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants
Are fete, and without opulence supplied.)
This noble end is—to produce the soul:
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
And make humanity—the minister
Of bounteous Providence.

I stand—as one upon a rock,
Environ'd—with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide—grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever, when some envious surge
Will, in his brinish bowels, swallow him.

543. SHAME—or a sense of appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders, covers it with blushes, hangs the head, casts down the eyes, draws down and contracts the eye-brows; either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say anything, in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, confounds his utterance, and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in countenance: all which only heightens his confusion and embarrassment.

Oh my dread Lord—
I should be guiltier—than my guiltiness,
To think—I can live undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes; then, good prince,
No longer session—hold upon my shame,
But let my trial—be my own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Hard Questions. In every step, which reason takes in demonstrative knowledge, must there be intuitive certainty? Does the power of intuition, imply that of reasoning, when combined with the faculty of memory? In examining those processes of thought, which conduct the mind, by a series of consequences, from premises to a conclusion, is there any intellectual act whatever, which the joint operation of memory, and what is called intuition, does not sufficiently explain? What is the distinction between the elements of reasoning, and the principles of reasoning? If the elements of reasoning are employed to connect the concatenations in an argument; and if an argument could not be made without the elements of reasoning; does it follow, that the elements of reasoning imply the principles of reasoning? If, in every step which reason takes in demonstrative knowledge, there must be intuitive certainty, does this necessarily imply anything more, than that, without the intuitive power, we could not know when one link in the chain was completed!

544. SURPRISE AT UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

Gone to be married; gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch these prove?
It is not so: thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard? [vices?
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be! thou dost but say 'tis so;
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
What means that hand—upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye—that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river—peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad sighs—confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word—whether thy tale be true?

Anecdote. To Cure Sore Eyes. "Good-morning, landlord," said a man the other day, as he stepped into a tavern to get something to drink. "Good-morning, sir," replied mine host; "how do you do?" "Oh, I don't know," said the man, raising his goggles, and wiping away the rheum; "I'm plagued most to death with these ere pesky sore eyes. I wish you'd tell me how to cure 'em." "Willingly," said the merry host. "Wear your goggles over your mouth, wash your eyes in brandy, and I'll warrant a cure."

Vice—oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,
And, in her honor'd form—escapes inquiring eyes.

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has, at the same time, a mind to exert himself. A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

Miscellaneous. 1. It is a striking feature in the present day, that men are more and more inclined to bring old sayings and doings to the test of questions, as these—what do they mean! and what for! and consequently, are beginning to awake from a long mental sleep, and to assert their right to judge and act for themselves. 2. Great hindrance to good is often found in the want of energy in the character, arising from an individual not having accustomed himself to try and do his best, on all occasions. 3. Whoever would become a person of intelligence and prudence, in any of the departments of life, must early accustom himself and herself to look for the meaning of his own and others' sayings; and consider well the end and object of his own, and others' doings.

For often vice—provok'd to shame—
Borroves the color—of a virtuous deed:
Thus, libertines—are chaste, and misers—good,
A coward—valiant.

That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
What clear renown—it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine—has been there.

A flush, [cheek,
(As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her
Then linger'd there forever) look'd like health
Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip;
Like the rich crimson—of the evening sky,
Brightest—when night is coming.

Wise men—ne'er sit and wait their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms,
What tho' the mast—be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry—and courage—might have sav'd?

Varieties. 1. It is wrong to affront anybody; and he who does it, must expect to be paid in his own coin. 2. Many persons, in easy circumstances, often ruin themselves, by attempting to vie with the rich. 3. Do not the works of God, as well as his Word—teach lessons of wisdom? 4. Everything tends to produce its likeness; the idle make their associates idle; the libertine—corrupts the innocent; the quarrelsome—create broils; gamblers—make gamblers, and thieves,—thieves. 5. Are thinking and motion—all the actions of which we can conceive? thinking—being an act of the mind, as motion is of matter? 6. Which invention is more important, that of the mariner's compass, or the art of printing? 7. When we truly love God, we shall also love one another.

The real patriot—bears his private wrongs,
Rather than right them—at the public cost.

545. SUSPICION: JEALOUSY. Fear of another's endeavoring to prevent our attainment of the desired good, raises our *suspicion*; and *suspicion* of his having *obtained*, or *likely* to obtain it, raises, or constitutes *JEALOUSY*. Jealousy between the sexes—is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety grief, pity, suspicion, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, sadness, and every other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore, to express it well, one should know how to represent all these passions by turns, and often *several* of them together: it shows itself by *restlessness*, *peevishness*, *thoughtfulness*, *anxiety*, and absence of *mind*. Sometimes it bursts out into piteous complaints and weeping; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile: immediately the face, clouded with general gloom, shows the mind over-cast again with horrid suspicions, and frightful imaginations; thus the *jealous*—is a prey to the most tormenting feelings, and is alternately tantalized with *hope*, and plunged into *despair*.

Who finds *her* dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak!

546. HANDS, FEET AND ARMS. Observe accurately, the different positions of the *feet*, *hands*, *arms*, &c. of the oratorical and poetical engravings, and that of the passions; and study out the various *causes*, or *subjects*, and states of *thoughts* and *feelings*, *prompting* them; and, in *imitating* them, there will often be suggested to you the appropriate feeling and thought. Each engraving should be made a particular subject of *study*; and there is more matter on a page of *engravings*, than on any *printed* page; but, in speaking, never *think* about making gestures; let them be the result of unrestrained *feeling*, and they will be more likely to be *right*: guard, sedulously against all *affectation*, and do nothing you do not *feel* and *think*. If these hints and suggestions are not of use to you, *more* would be of but little service; and to illustrate every *one*, and many *more*, you will find an *abundance* of examples in the *work*; which is designed for *those who think*.

Would he were *fatter*; but I fear him not:
Yes, if my name were *liable* to fear,
I do not *know* the man, I should avoid
So soon as this spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great *observer*, and he looks
Quite *through* the deeds of men.
He loves no *plays*; he hears no *music*;
Seldom he *smiles*; and smiles in such a *sort*,
As if he *mocked* himself, and scorned his *spirit*,
That could be *moved* to smile at *anything*.
Such men as *he*, be never at *heart's* ease,
Whilst they behold a *greater* than *themselves*,
And therefore, are they very *dangerous*.

Anecdote. Queen *Caroline*, having observed that her *daughter*, the princess, had made one of the *ladies* about her, *stand* a long time, while the princess was *talking* to her, on some trifling subject, was resolved to give her a suitable *reprimand*. Therefore, when the princess came, in the evening, to *read* to her mother, as usual, and was drawing a chair to sit down, the queen said to her,

No, my dear, you must not *sit*; for I intend to make you *stand*, this evening, as long as you made lady B—remain in the *same* position.

Laconic. There is no difference between *knowledge* and *temperance*; for he, who knows what is *good*, and embraces it, who knows what is *bad*, and *avoids* it, is *learned* and *temperate*. But they, who know very well what *ought* to be done, and yet do quite *otherwise*, are *ignorant* and *stupid*.

Varieties. 1. What is the difference between *possessing* the good things of life, and *enjoying* them! 2. In our *intercourse* with others, we should ascertain what *they* wish to *hear*; not what *we* wish to *say*. 3. *True* politeness may be cherished in the *hovel*, as well as in the *palace*; and the most *tattered* clothing, cannot conceal its *charms*. 4. Is not *true religion*—*eternally* the *same*, whatever may be the *conduct* of its *professors*? 5. *Humility*—learns the lessons from *itself*; while it never *scorns* the instructions of *others*. 6. *Beauty*—*gains* nothing, and *homelessness*—*loses* much, by *gaudy* attire. 7. *Music*—tends to *harmonize* and *melodize* the *affections* and *thoughts*, as well as to *animate*, and *lubricate* the *inventive* faculties. 8. *Everything* that originates in *order*, is *truth*, which *manifests* itself by *virtue* of its *inherent* light. 9. *The groves* and the *woods* are the *musical academies* of the singing *birds*. 10. *Time* and *space* are confined to *matter*.

As *Nature* and *Garrick* were talking one day,

It chanced they had *words*, and fell out;
Dame *Reason* would fain have prevented a *fray*,
But could not, for both were so *stout*.
Says *Garrick*, I honor you, madam, 'tis *true*,
And with *pride*, to your laws, I submit;
But *Shakspeare* paints *stronger* and *better* than *you*,
All critics of taste will admit.

How! *Shakspeare* paint better and stronger than *I*,
(Cries *Nature*, quite touch'd to the soul!)
Not a *word* in his volumes I ever could see,
But what from *my* records he stole.
And thou, wicked thief,—nay, the story I'll tell,
Whenever I *paint*, or I *draw*,
My *pencils* you *fitch*, and my *colors* you *steal*,
For which thou shalt suffer the *law*;
And when on the stage, in full *lustre* you shine,
To me all the praise shall be given:
The *toil* shall be *yours*, and the *honor* be *mine*,
So *Nature* and *Garrick* are even.

Foul jealousy, that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind, thou vilest art.
O, let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let love forever dwell;
Sweet love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar, and pure pleasure's well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.

The soul of man—
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the *trial*,—is intense *here*,
His being—hath a nobler strength in *heaven*.
O marriage! marriage! what a *curse*—is *thine*,
Where *hands*, alone, *consent*—and *hearts*—*abhor*.

247. TEACHING, INSTRUCTING. EXPLAINING, INCULCATING, OR GIVING ORDERS, requires a mild, serene air, sometimes approaching to an authoritative gravity; the features and gestures altering according to the age, or dignity of the pupil, or audience, and importance of the subject discussed. To youth, it should be mild, open, serene, and condescending. To equals and superiors, modest and diffident; but, when the subject is of great dignity and importance, the air and manner of conveying the instruction, ought to be firm and emphatical; the eye steady and open, the eyebrow a little drawn over it, but not so much as to look dogmatical; the voice strong, steady, clear; the articulation distinct; the utterance slow, and the manner approaching to confidence, rather peremptory.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect your *gilly-flowers* and *carnations*?

Per. I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating *nature*.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made *better* by no mean,
But nature *makes* that mean; so, over that art,
Which you say *adds* to nature, is an art
Which nature *makes*; you see, sweet maid, we
A gentler *scion* to the wildest stock; [marry
And make conceive a *bark* of baser kind
By *bud* of nobler race. This is an art
Which does *mend* nature, *change* it rather; but
The art *itself* is *nature*.

548. LANGUAGE OF THE FEET. The feet advance or retreat, to express *desire* or *aversion*, *love* or *hatred*, *courage* or *fear*, *dancing* or *leaping*,—is often the effect of *joy* and *exultation*; *stamping* of the feet expresses *earnestness*, *anger* or *threatening*. Stability of position and facility of *change*, general ease and grace of *action*, depend on the *right* use of the *feet*; see the whole length engravings, a large part of which is to be *imitated*, not with any specific *recitations* in view, but for the purpose of disciplining the *limbs* and *muscles*.



PITTABLE. TERROR.

The *bay-trees*, in our country, are all *wither'd*,
And *meteors*—fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced *moon*—looks *bloody* on the earth,
And lean-look'd *prophets*—whisper fearful *change*;
Rich men look *sad*, and *ruffians* dance and leap,
The *one*, in fear to lose what they *enjoy*,
The *other*, to *enjoy*—by *rage* and *war*.

Go to your *bosom*;
Knock *there*; and ask your heart what it doth *know*
That's like my *brother's* fault: if it confess
A natural *guiltiness*, such as *his* is,
Let it not sound a *thought* upon your tongue
Against my brother.

Laconics. 1. It is very easy, when a child asks a silly question, to show that it is so; and, if the question cannot be answered, it is better to say so at once; for a child has too much common perception to expect that his parent knows ev'ry thing; but to refuse to answer, without giving a reason, impresses the child, that his parent is unkind and unreasonable. 2. The very sight of a child ought to inspire a parent, or teacher, with the thought, "What can I say to be useful to him? or what can I say to please him?" 3. The habit of talking familiarly and usefully to his children, to each according to his capacity, is an invaluable quality in a parent, and its exercise will be delightful to both. 4. Let it be a rule with us, in all cases, never to charge want of charity, except where we can, from a want of justice.

Anecdote. Sir Isaac *Newton*—possessed a remarkably *mild* and *even* temper. On a particular occasion, he was called out of his study, to an adjoining apartment, when his favorite little *dog*, named *Diamond*, threw down a lighted *lamp* among his papers, and the almost finished labors of many *years*, were consumed in a few *moments*. Sir Isaac soon returned, and beheld, with great mortification, his irreparable *loss*; but he only exclaimed, with his usual self-possession, "O *Diamond*, *Diamond*! thou *little* knowest the *mischief* thou hast done."

You undergo too strict a *paradox*,
Striving to make an *ugly* deed look *fair*:
Your *words* have took such *pains*, as if they labor'd
To bring *manslaughter* into form, set *quarrelling*
Upon the head of *valor*; which, indeed,
Is *valor* *misbegot*, and came into the world
When *sects* and *factions* were newly *born*:
He's truly *valiant*, that can *wisely* suffer
The *worst*, that man can *breathe*; and make his *torments*
His *outside*; wear them, like his *raiment*, *carelessly*;
And ne'er prefer his *injuries* to his *heart*,
To bring it into *danger*.
If *torments* be *cuts*, and enforced, us *kill*,
What *folly* 'tis, to hazard *life* for *ill*?

Varieties. 1. Is toleration a duty for *others*, and not for *ourselves*? 2. One blessing of life, my dear friend, is—to *give*. 3. It is no proof of freedom from *error*, that we are acute in distinguishing the errors of *others*; this shows that *all* reformers, are men of like *passions* with *ourselves*. 4. *National industry* is the *principal* thing, that can make a nation *great*; it is the *vestal* fire, which we must keep *alive*, and consider that *all* our prosperity is coupled with its *existence*. 5. If we are fit for *heaven*, are we not fit for *earth*? 6. It is better to live *contentedly* in our condition, than to affect to look *bigger* than we are, by a *borrowed* appearance. 7. Give your children *education* rather than *fine clothes*, or *rich food*. 8. *Love*—never *reckons*; the *mother* does not run up a *milk* score against her *babe*.

Though I look *old*, yet I am *strong* and *lusty*:
For, in my *youth*, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious *liquors* in my blood;
Nor did not, with unashful forehead, woo
The means of *weakness* and *debility*;
Therefore, my *age*—is as a *lusty* winter,
Frosty, but *kindly*.

Give me that man
That is not *passion's* slave, and I will wear him
In my *heart's* core, ay, my *heart* of heart.

549. VENERATION. In religious veneration, the body always bends forward, as if ready to prostrate itself before the Lord of Hosts; the arms are spread out, but modestly, as high as the breast, and the hands are open; the tone of voice is submissive, timid, trembling, weak, suppliant; the words are brought out with a visible anxiety, approaching to hesitation; they are few, and slowly pronounced; nothing of vain repetition, haranguing, flowers of rhetoric, or reflected figures of speech; all simplicity, humility, lowliness, such as become a worm of dust, when presuming to address the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity; yet dwelleth with the meek and contrite spirit, that trembleth at His Word. In intercession for our fellow creatures, and in thanksgiving, we naturally assume a small degree of cheerfulness, beyond what is clothed in confession and deprecation: all affected ornaments in speech or gesture, in devotion, are very censurable. Example:

Hail, *Source of Being!* Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee—I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touched."

Almighty God,—'tis right,—'tis just,
That earthly forms should turn to dust;
But oh! the sweet—transporting truth,
The soul—shall bloom—in endless youth.

550. NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS. The hand—has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings: raising the hands towards heaven, with the palms united, expresses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them towards heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, solemn appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, pity, and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexing thought; laying the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right forefinger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence, &c. &c. In these, and many other ways, are manifested our sentiments and passions by the action of the body: but they are shown principally in the face, and particularly in the turn of the eye, and the eyebrows, and the infinitely various motions of the lips.

551. WONDER—is inquisitive fear: and as it is inquisitive, it is steadfast, and demands firm muscles: but as it is fear, it cannot be properly expressed without the mark of apprehension and alarm. Were this alarm too much disturbed, full of motion and anxiety, it would then be Fear instead of Wonder, and would carry no consistency, with braced muscles; it is therefore nerved, because inquisitive, with purpose of defence: and so, this application of alarm, with resolution to examine steadfastly, must constitute a nervous, awful, fixed attentiveness, and give the picture of the passion naturally. The effect of wonder is, to stop, or hold the mind and body in the states and positions in which the idea or object strikes us.

Says the earth to the moon, "You're a pilf'ring jade,
What you steal from the sun, is beyond all be-
Fair Cynthia replies, "Hold your prate, [lief;"
The partaker—is as bad as the thief."

Anecdote. The benevolent and immortal John Howard, a celebrated English philanthropist, having settled his accounts, at the close of a particular year, and found a balance in his favor, proposed to his wife to employ it, in defraying the expenses of a journey to London; or for any other amusement she might prefer. "What a pretty cottage," she replied, "would this build for a poor family." The charitable hint met his approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With av'rice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more,
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heav'n, has gold the pow'r!
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Varieties. 1. When we are polite to others, entirely for our own sakes, we are deceitful; for nothing selfish has truth and goodness in it. But there is such a thing as true politeness, always kind, never deceitful. 2. The outward forms of politeness, are but the expressions of such feelings, as should dwell in every human heart. 3. True politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart, and an observing mind. 4. Will the ruling propensities of the parent, be transmitted to the child, and affect, and give bias to his character? 5. Foolish people are sometimes so ambitious of being thought wise, that they often run great hazards in attempting to show themselves such. 6. Guilt may attain temporal splendor, but can never confer real happiness. 7. The principles, which your reason and judgment approve, avow boldly, and adhere to steadfastly; nor let any false notions of honor, or pitiful ambition of shining, ever tempt you to forsake them.

A TALE OF WONDER.

Now the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy
Who, who is so merry and gay? [wine flows;
Lemona is happy, for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lay hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, and, with tripping
Bruno danc'd thro' the maze of the hall; [so light,
Lemona retir'd, and her maidens in white,
Led her up to her chamber, and bid her good night,
Then, went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood—now extended his claws,
And from under the bed did he creep; [paws;
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out
To feed—on the angel—asleep. [his jaws,

He seiz'd on a vein, and gave such a bite,
And he gave, with his fangs, such a tug—
She shriek'd! Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright;
The guests follow'd after, when bro't to the light,
"O have mercy!" they cried, "WHAT A BUG!"
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so.

552. VEXATION, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame; and, besides expressing itself with looks, tones, gestures and restlessness of perplexity, adds to these complaint, fretting, lamentation, and remorse.

ON NEGLECTING ONE'S DUTY.

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 counsel,
That, from her working, all his visage warmed;
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 Hec-u-ba! What's Hec-u-ba to him, or he, to
That he should creep for her? [Hecuba,

553. LANGUAGE OF THE HEAD. Every part of the body contributes to express our thoughts and affections; hence the necessity of training the whole man. The head is sometimes erect, denoting courage, or firmness; at others, down, or reclined, expressive of sorrow, grief and shame; again, it is suddenly drawn back, with an air of disdain, or shaken, as in dissent; or brought forward in assent; sometimes it shows, by a significant nod, a particular object, or person; threatens by one set of movements, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by another. Private practice must make all involuntary.

As yet—'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious night,
And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sick'ning thought! And yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

554. LANGUAGE OF THE FACE. The face, being furnished with a great variety of muscles, does more in manifesting our thoughts and feelings, than the whole body besides; so far as silent language is concerned. The change of color—shows anger by redness, fear—by paleness, and shame—by blushes; every feature contributes its portion. The mouth open, shows one state of mind; closed, another, and gnashing the teeth—another. The forehead smooth, and eye-brows easily arched, exhibit joy, or tranquillity; mirth opens the mouth towards the ears, crisps the nose, half shuts the eyes, and sometimes suffuses them with tears; the front, wrinkled into frowns, and the eye-brows overhanging the eyes, like clouds fraught with tempests, show a mind agitated with pity.

There is a history—in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which, in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.

Lazury—gives the mind a childish cast.

Moderation in Disputes. When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly and with an air of contempt; but to lay open the truth, and with answers, full of mildness, to refute the falsehood.

Anecdote. An amiable youth, lamented deeply, the recent death of a most affectionate parent. His companion made an effort to console him, by the reflection, that he had always behaved towards the deceased with duty, tenderness and respect. "So I thought," replied the son, "while my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience, and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd—for all the dazzling gems,
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon: for hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball;
Away he hies, and clamors as he goes,
With glee, which causes him to tread on air.

Reason. Without reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us; whether it will dash us against a rock, or drive us into a quiet harbor.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he, but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience—with injustice is corrupted.

Varieties. 1. The dullest creatures are sometimes as dangerous as the fairest. 2. He, who puts a man off from time to time, is never right at heart. 3. What can reason perform, unassisted by the imagination? While reason traces and compares effects, does not imagination suggest causes? 4. Whenever we are more inclined to persecute than persuade, we may be certain, that our zeal has more of self-love in it, than charity; that we are seeking victory, more than truth, and are beginning to feel more for ourselves, than for others, and the cause of righteousness. 5. Is it possible, without divine aid, to obey the commandments? 6. As soon think of sending a man into the field, without good tools, as a child to school, without proper books. 7. What is more low and vile, than lying? and when do we lie more notoriously, than in disparaging, and finding fault with a thing, for no other reason, than because it is out of our power to accomplish it!

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy, why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed,
That nature boasts, to night's untimely damp.
There is no merit, when there is no trial;
And, till experience—stamps the mark of strength,
Cowards—may pass for heroes, faith, for falsehood.

555. The eyes, considered only as tangible objects, are, by their very forms, the windows of the soul—the fountains of life and light. Mere feeling would discover, that their size and globular shape are not unmeaning. The eye-brow, whether gradually sunk-en, or boldly prominent, is equally worthy of attention: as likewise are the temples, whether hollow, or smooth. That region of the face, which includes the eye-brows, eyes and nose, also includes the chief region of the will and understanding.

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time: Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes, And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper; And other of such vinegar aspect, That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

556. The images of our secret agitations are particularly painted in the eyes, which appertain more to the soul, than any other organ; which seem affected by, and to participate in all its emotions; express sensations the most lively, passions the most tumultuous, feelings the most delightful, and sentiments the most delicate. The eye—explains them in all their force and purity, as they take birth, and transmits them by traits so rapid, as to infuse into other minds the fire, the activity, the very image, with which themselves are inspired. It receives and reflects the intelligence of thought and warmth of the understanding.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind: Coop'd up he seem'd, in earth and seas confin'd; And struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about The narrow globe, to find a passage out: Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd The tomb, and found the straight dimensions wide. Death only, this mysterious truth unfolds, The mighty soul—how small a body holds.

557. LANGUAGE OF THE EYES. The eye is the chief seat of the soul's expression; it shows the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of mind, it appears differently: joy—brightens and opens it; grief, half closes, and drowns it in tears; hatred, and anger, flash from it, like lightning; love—darts from it in glances, like the orient beam; jealousy—and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts through the eyes; and devotion—raises them, or throws them back on the mind, as if the soul were about to take its flight to heaven.

From women's eyes—this doctrine I derive: They sparkle still—the right Promethean fire; They are the books, the arts, the academies, That show, contain, and nourish—all the world; Else none at all—in aught—proves excellent. Old age—is honorable; the spirit—seems Ready—for its flight—to brighter worlds,— And that strange change, which men miscall decay, Is renovated life. The feeble voice, With which the soul attempts to speak its meanings, Is like the sky-lark's note, heard faintest, when Its wing soars highest; and whose hoary signs, Those white and reverend locks, which move the Of thoughtless ribalds, seem to me like snow, [scorn Upon the Alpine summit,—only proving— How near it is—to heaven.

Anecdote. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. About the year 1720, there were two musical parties in England; one in favor of two Italians, Buo-non-ci-ni and At-ti-li-o, and the other admirers of Handel: and the contention running high, Dean Swift, with his usual acrimony in such cases, wrote the following epigram:

Some say, that signior Buononcini, Compared to Handel's a mere ninny: Others do swear, that to him—Handel Is hardly fit to hold a candle.

Strange—that such high contests should be 'Twixt tweedle-dum—and tweedle-dee.

True Phrenology—treats of the manifestations of man's feelings and intellect; his heart and his head; his will and understanding; and their related objects, physical and moral; principles, giving a knowledge of one's original character; of his excellencies and talents, and how to make the most of them; of his defects, and how to remedy them; of reasoning and persuading—of education and self-government: a system of mental and moral philosophy, challenging investigation.

Varieties. 1. All are modest, when they feel that they are estimated, at what they consider their just value; and incline to presume, in the proportion they feel they are slighted. 2. It signifies but little—to wish well, without doing well; as to do well, without willing it. 3. None is so great, but that he may one day need the help, or feel the unkindness—of the meanest of mortals. 4. The more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish: for he learns to economize his time. 5. A ready recollection of our knowledge, at the moment we have use for it, is a rare and important acquisition. 6. The passions are pleaders, and their violence sometimes goes directly to the heart. 7. As a vessel is known by the sound, whether it is whole or not, so, men are known by speeches and actions, whether they are wise or foolish.

All the souls that were, were forfeit once, And He, that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If He, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that, And mercy then, will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.

If pow'rs divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do,) I doubt not then, but innocence shall make False accusation—blush, and tyranny—Tremble at patience.

That happy minglement of hearts, Where, changed as chemic compounds are, Each—with its own existence parts, To find a new one, happier far.

We—ignorant of ourselves, Beg after our own harm, which the wise powers Deny us—for our good; so find we profit, By losing our prayers.

So very still that echo seems to listen; We almost hear the music of the spheres, And fancy that we catch the notes of angels.

High stations tumult, but not bliss create.

557. THE MOUTH. Who does not know how much the upper lip betokens the sensations of taste, desire, appetite, and the endearments of love! how much it is curled by pride or anger, drawn thin by cunning, smoothed by benevolence, and made placid by effeminacy? how love and desire, sighs and kisses, cling to it by indescribable traits. The under lip is little more than its supporter, the easy cushion on which the crown of majesty reposes. The chaste and delicate mouth, is one of the first recommendations we meet with in common life. Words are the pictures of the mind; we often judge of the heart by the portal; it holds the flaggon of truth, of love, and enduring friendship.

If there's on earth a cure

For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day To be the blest companion of thy way!— To hear thy angel eloquence—to see Those virtuous eyes forever turn'd on me; And, in their light, re-chasten'd silently, Like the stain'd web, that whitens in the sun, Grow pure—by being purely shone upon!

558. LANGUAGE OF THE ARMS AND HANDS. The arms are sometimes both thrown out; at others the right alone; they are lifted up as high as the face, to express wonder, or held out before the breast to show fear; when spread forth with open hands, they express desire and affection; or clasped in surprise on occasions of sudden grief and joy; the right hand clenched, and the arms brandished—threaten; the arms set a-kimbo, (one hand on each hip,) makes one look big, or expresses contempt, or courage.

As a beam—o'er the face of the waters—may glow, While the tide—runs in darkness and coolness below, So, the cheek may be tinged—with a warm sunny smile, Though the cold heart—to ruin—runs darkly the while. One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws Its bleak shade—alike, o'er our joys, and our woes; To which life—nothing darker, or brighter, can bring, For which joy—has no balm, and affliction—no sting! Oh! this thought, in the midst of enjoyment will stay, Like a dead leafless branch—in the summer's bright ray; The beams of the warm sun—play round it in vain, It may smile—in his light—but it blooms not again!

559. QUINCTILLIAN says, that with the hands, we solicit, refuse, promise, threaten, dismiss, invite, entreat, and express aversion, fear, doubting, denial, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession and penitence. With the hands we describe, and point all circumstances of time, place and manner of what we relate; with them we also excite the passions of others and soothe them, approve or disapprove, permit, prohibit, admire and despise; thus, they serve us instead of many sorts of words; and, where the language of the tongue is unknown, or the person is deaf, the language of the hands is understood, and is common to all nations.

Between two worlds—life hovers like a star, 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge: How little—do we know that which we are! How less—what we may be! The eternal surge Of time and tide—rolls on, and bears afar Our bubbles; as the old—burst, new—emerge, Lash'd—from the foam of ages; while the graves Of empires—heave, but like some passing waves.

Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpay all th't I can do.

Laconics. 1. There is no great necessity for us to be anxious about what good works we shall do, in order to salvation; because the business of religion is—to shun all evils as sins. 2. Never be so sinfully inconsistent, as to tell a child, that such and such things are naughty, and then, because his self-will is unyielding, leave him to persist in doing it; better, far better would it be, to let the poor child do wrong, in ignorance. 3. Every one should receive a scientific, civil, and religious education, and then he will be fitted for the life that now is, and that which is to come. 4. Teach children what is good and true, and lead them to goodness, by precept and example. 5. Gratitude is the sure basis of an amiable mind.

Anecdote. Right of Discovery. A gentleman, praising the personal charms of a very homely woman, before Mr. Foot, the comedian, who whispered to him, "And why don't you lay claims to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right—by the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights, The generous plan of power delivered down, From age to age, by your renowned forefathers, (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood;) O let it never perish in your hands, But piously transmit it to your children. Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls, And make our lives, in thy possession, happy, Or our deaths glorious—in thy just defence.

Varieties. 1. Will the time ever arrive, when the air will be as full of balloons, as the ocean now is with ships? 2. Reading history and traveling, give a severe trial to our virtues. 3. It is not right to feel contempt for any thing, to which God has given life and being. 4. Four things belong to a judge: to hear cautiously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to give judgment without partiality. 5. Regard talents and genius, as solemn mandates to go forth, and labor in your sphere of usefulness, and to keep alive the sacred fire among your fellow men; and turn not these precious gifts, into servants of evil; neither offer them on the altar of vanity, nor sell them for a mess of pottage, nor a piece of money. 6. The last war between the United States and England, commenced on the 18th of June, 1812, and continued two years, eight months and eighteen days; when did it end? 7. Let us manage our time as well as we can, there will yet some of it remain un-employed.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, When wealth accumulates, and men decay! Princes, and lords, may flourish, or may fade; A breath can make them, as a breath has made: But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

The kindest, and the happiest pair, Will find occasion—to forbear; And every day, in which they live, To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

Full many a shaft—at random sent, Finds mark—the archer never meant; And many a word—at random spoken, May soothe, or wound—a heart that's broken.