







R I L E Y ' s

C H O I C E

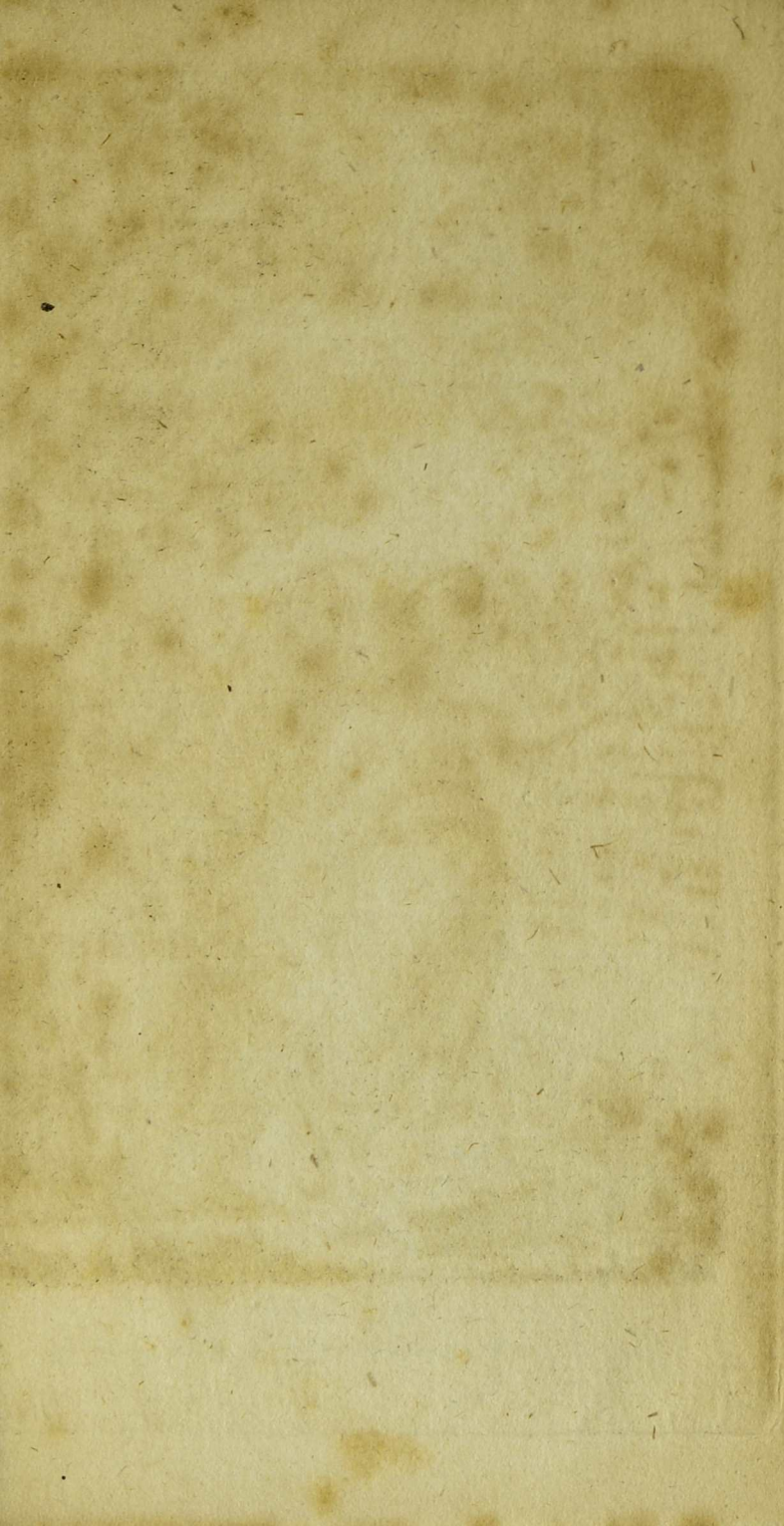
E M B L E M S.



E N T E R E D

A T

STATIONER'S HALL.





R I L E Y ' S

E M B L E M S,

NATURAL, HISTORICAL, FABULOUS,
MORAL, and DIVINE;

For the Improvement and Pastime of

Y O U T H :

Serving to display the BEAUTIES and MORALS
O F T H E
A N C I E N T F A B U L I S T S :

The Whole calculated to convey the Golden Lessons of
Instruction under a new and more delightful Dress.

For the Use of S C H O O L S .

Written for the Amusement of a Young Nobleman.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

“ Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
“ That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
“ Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
“ These *little things* are great to *little man*.”

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXI.

By J. CHAPMAN, Johnson's-Court, Fleet-Street.



TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

Lady ELIZABETH KERR,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF

The Rt. Hon. Lord ANCRAM.

MADAM:

YOUR Ladyship will immediately perceive, that the author of the subsequent Allegories has availed himself of the honor of your permission to this Dedication.

So gracious a condescension is still the more pleasing to him, as it gives a peculiar propriety to the address of this publication.--Elevated by nobility, and patronised by innocence, while it aims to recommend Religion, Morality, and all the Virtues.

NATURALISTS, my Lady, acquaint us, that the Rose, in its infant state, while in its bud, contains in epitome, all the native sweetness, bloom, and beauty, of maturity:--Those who best know your Ladyship, can never accuse me of flattery, while I presume to prophecy, from the evidence of
 your

your disposition, that the latent hereditary ornaments of your illustrious family, will, in you, one day shine out with superior brightness, and justly entitle you, not only a blessing to your inferiors, a glory to your sex, but, in a word, a pattern to the nobility, your cotemporaries.

THESE instructive EMBLEMS, written for the amusement of your noble brother, the Right Honorable the Lord Newbattle, claim a particular attention from your Ladyship, as they recommend the immediate paths to happiness, both here and hereafter.

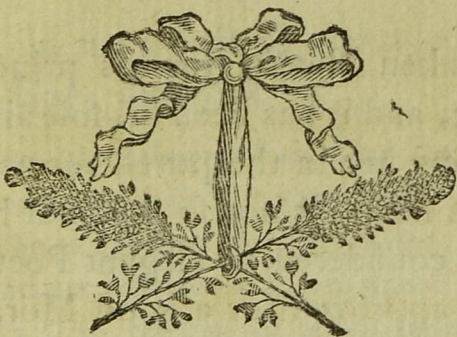
Be this ELIZA's care, let this
Her earliest thoughts engage ;
Be this the business of her youth,
And comfort of her age.

Attentive then, consult the Muse,
And each fair path pursue ;
Let's mend a world, by Precept I,
And by Example You.

Your Ladyship's sincere,
and most obedient
humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

I N T R O -



INTRODUCTION.

ALL the happiness and glory of a state, says a celebrated writer, depend on the Education of Youth; and, it may be added, there is not a more important duty incumbent on a parent, than the early cultivation of their tender offspring.—However little the following trifles may appear on the first view, it is humbly presumed, that, on their perusal, they will be found to contribute somewhat towards that great and desirable end. The author of the following sheets

has taken Nature for his principle guide, and it has been his sole aim to describe her in the purest forms; in which he has it not so much at heart to be considered an elegant Poet, as to be approved for a good Moralist.

FABLE has already employed many learned and ingenious pens, both ancient and modern; and, as the Emblematical Hieroglyphic Devices of the Hebrews, Egyptians, and other Ancients, seem to afford fit subjects for instruction, it has been the Author's endeavour to send many of these into the world under a modern habit---If some of them are found to be too puerile for the learned eye, it must be remembered, that they were written for the amusement of a young nobleman* not more than nine years old.—

* The Rt. Hon. Ld. Newbattle, now Ld. Ancram.

Yet,

Yet, in the words of the celebrated
Mr. Gay, does not

The daily labours of the Bee
Awake my soul to Industry?
Who can observe the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My Dog, the truest of his kind,
With Gratitude inflames my mind!
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray;
In Constancy and Nuptial Love,
I learn my duty from the Dove:
The Hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instruct me in a parent's charge.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the Toad and Serpent kind?
But envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation,
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A Virtuous Mind can Morals glean:

In short, many of the brute creatures seem so formed by instinct, as to make up an universal satire on mankind-----For where is the Undutiful Child but must be ashamed to see himself outdone by the Stork, in Filial Duty and Affection? the Faithless Servant, by the Fidelity of the Dog; the Sluggard, by the Lark; or the Man of Indolence by the Bee and Woodpecker?-----The False Friend, the Inconstant Lover, may here find proper lessons to copy from. In fine, there are scarcely any persons in life who may not find somewhat here to suit their particular situations, or inculcate in their minds the most necessary Virtues.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Addressed to the

Author of CHOICE EMBLEMS.

ACCCEPT, sweet Bard, the tributary Song;
To strains like thine, superior praise belong!
Warm from the heart thy pleasing Morals glow;
Warm from the heart these grateful Numbers flow:
The humble Muse assumes no higher claim,
Than still to follow in the Path to Fame.

O friend to Virtue, in a waning age,
Pleas'd still for Youth to pen th' instructive page;
Sure friend to Truth, of no proud title vain,
Thy EMBLEMS simple, as their Moral plain!
Labours like thine shall wear old Time away,
And live when lofty monuments decay!

Fam'd was the ancient Sage of other times,
Who brought his mystic lore to Grecian climes;
Who all the brevity of style possess'd,
And sacred Truth in various Fables dress'd;

Greatly

Greatly obscure, till more enlightened days
 Explain'd his Morals, and insur'd his praise.
 Not such thy aim, in each familiar line,
 Where sweet Simplicity and Virtue shine
 Alike conspicuous ; nought appears obscure,
 But plain thy Morals, as thy Dictates pure.

For *this*, O friendly Bard, thy *only* care,
 Just thy descriptions, as thy lessons fair :
 In thy instructive work each youth and maid,
 May view great Nature's volume wide display'd.
 Of Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Plants, the tribes may know,
 And scan the Heav'ns above, the earth below.
 Th' historic pages trace of ancient lore,
 And in few moments travel ages o'er.

Thus the wise Hebrew Prince, in Virtue's rule
 Train'd up and ripen'd in fair Wisdom's School,
 With curious search enquir'd of Nature's laws,
 And trac'd all beings to their first great cause.
 From the tall trees on Lebanon that rose,
 To humble Hyssop by the wall that grows ;
 From vast Leviathan's unwieldy size,
 To the small Emmet in the earth that lies,
 And treasures wintry stores ; all these he knew ;
 From this vast source his fund of knowledge drew :
 The most that man could boast in this abode,
 A gift indeed divine, and worthy of the God !

But *thou* proceed to form th' expanding mind,
 By Wisdom rais'd, by Sentiment refin'd

Proceed

Proceed instructive, nor the task forego,
While grateful *we* the just earn'd wreath bestow,
And with our honour'd worthies place thy name,
As just distinguish'd in the list of Fame.
While still thy precepts in thy writing's shine,
And ev'ry friend to e'vry Muse is thine.

Clapham,

D. S. _____

March, 10, 1775.

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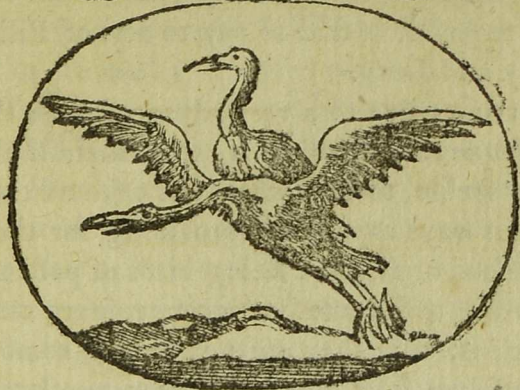
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EMBLEMS



EMBLEM I.

Of Filial Duty and Affection.

LO, the young STORK his duteous wing prepares
His aged Sire to feed with constant cares ;
O'er hills and dales his precious load conveys,
And the great debt of *Filial Duty* pays ;
Grateful return, by Nature's self design'd,
A fair example set to human kind.

M O R A L.

Should'st thou refuse thy parents needful aid,
The very STORK might the foul crime upbraid :
Be mindful how they rear'd thy tender youth,
Bear with their frailties, serve them still with truth :
So may'st thou with long life and peace be blest,
'Till Heav'n shall call thee to eternal rest !

B

T H I S

THIS bird is generally esteemed an Emblem of Filial Love ; infomuch, that it has ever acquired the name of *pious*, from the just regard it is said to pay to acts of Filial Piety and Duty.

STORKS live to a very advanced age : the consequence of which is, that their limbs grow feeble, their feathers fall off, and they are no ways capable of providing for their own food or safety. Being birds of passage, they are under another inconvenience also, which is, that they are not able to remove themselves from one country to another at the usual season. In all these circumstances it is reported their young ones assist them, covering them with their wings, and nourishing them with the warmth of their bodies ; even bringing them provisions in their beaks, and carrying them from place to place on their backs, or supporting them with their wings ; in this manner returning, as much as lies in their power, the care which was bestowed on them when they were young ones in the nest. A striking example of Filial Piety, inspired by instinct ; from which Reason itself needs not be ashamed to take example.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

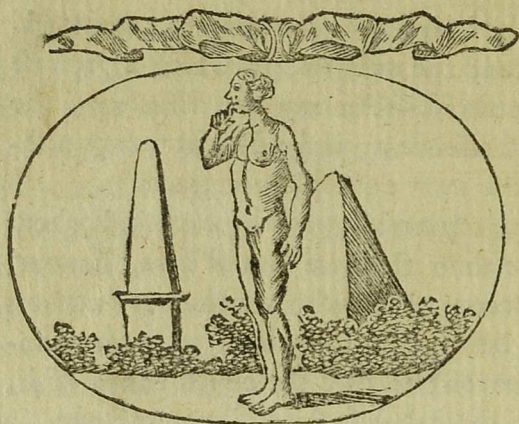
*Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy
God*

God giveth thee, was an exprefs commandment, and the only one to which a promise was annexed.—Among the Israelites, the flightest offence againſt a Parent was puniſhed in the moſt exemplary manner.

Certainly nothing can be more juſt or reaſonable than that we ſhould love, honour, and ſuccour thoſe who are the very authors of our being, and to whoſe tender care (under Heaven) we owe the continuance of it, during the helpleſs ſtate of our infancy.

Love, Charity, and an intercourſe of good offices, are what we undoubtedly owe to all mankind; and he that omits them is guilty of ſuch a crime as generally carries its puniſhment with it;—but to our Parents, more, much more than all this, is due; and, when we are ſerving them, we ought to reflect, that whatever difficulties we go through for their ſakes, we cannot do more for them than they have done for us; and that there is no danger of our over-paying the vaſt debt of gratitude they have laid us under.

In fine we ſhould conſider, that it is a duty moſt peculiarly inſiſted on by Heaven itſelf; and, if we obey the command, there is no doubt but we ſhall alſo receive the reward annexed to it.



E M B L E M II.

Of Silence.

L O! here the portrait of that ancient pow'r,
Which sway'd before the world's great natal hour;
SILENCE! the still companion of the wise,
That shrouds e'en Folly in its deep disguise:
" A living death that is of nothing made,
" In noon day's sun wrapt up in thickest shade;" }
Blush not good youth to court his friendly aid;
He shall your secrets keep, your friends retain,
Improve your honour, and secure your gain.

M O R A L.

Be not too rash in speech, lest others find
The depth and secrets of your inmost mind:
Silence may oft times make your sense extoll'd,
But utter'd words can never be recall'd.

SILENCE

SILENCE was a quality so much revered among the ancients, that their priests and philosophers tried their initiates and disciples by enjoining them Taciturnity for a certain stated period, teaching it as the first of all sciences.

They likewise paid divine honours to Silence, worshipping it as a deity, under the name of Harpocrates, who was represented as in the Emblem, and whose figure was sufficiently expressive of the moral they meant to inculcate.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

SILENCE is a sure friend in difficulties ; it is a charm against anger, and a kind of talisman which often gains its owner a knowledge of the thoughts of others, while it leaves him entirely master of his own. Though it is useful to those of weak parts, yet need not the wisest be ashamed of it. In effect, it has this best of qualities, that it may do much good, but is entirely incapable of harm.

How beautiful is a word in due season, says the wise man ; -but he who is perpetually talking is not likely to reap such praise, because he minds no season ; whereas, one

that knows how to keep Silence, may easily know also, by his observations on the discourse of others, when to speak; and his words being few, are likely to be the more properly applied, and will be the more esteemed by the hearers.—But, in a multitude of words there is often a multitude of errors; and to rule that little member, the Tongue, is often more difficult, than to govern a City.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M III.

Of the Danger of Pleasure.

BEHOLD the boy, forbidden sweets to prove,
With luckless hand the Honied Hive remove;
Strait with an angry hum that sounds to arms,
Forth rush the winged tribe in all their swarms;
Too late, alas! they make th' offender find,
That Pleasure's Honey leaves a sting behind.

M O R A L.

Learn hence, ye heedless train, who gaily glide
In youth's trim bark, down life's uncertain tide,
That death oft lurks beneath some gilded toy,
And poison mingles in the cup of joy.

THE thoughtless child overturns the Hive, in order to get at the Honey; he knows the Bees have Sweets, but he forgets that they have also Stings. When he has done the mischief, he perceives it too late; for the industrious people shew him that they will not be disturbed with impunity; and he finds it impossible to get the Honey, unless he were able to destroy those who guard it.

Amazed at the consequence of his action, he flies with precipitation, but is overtaken by the insects, who settling upon him, leave behind them their stings, the anguish of which may serve as a perpetual memorial of his rashness, and warn him how he attempts stolen sweets for the future.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

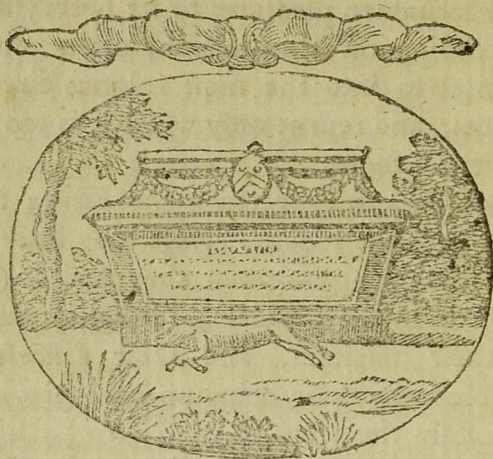
In many people of a more mature age, we see the Emblem verified; and though common experience might prevent the evil, yet so careless are some, that they will make use of no experience but their own, which is always dearly bought, and often comes too late to have the effect desired by every rational and thinking person.

The

The wild and unthinking always imagine forbidden pleasures to be sweet; and, proceeding on this maxim, often plunge themselves into the most ruinous circumstances, and repent only when it is too late to amend them.

But they will overturn the Hive; they must have the Honey, while they little expect the Sting:—when they feel it (like the Boy in the Emblem) surprize is added to their affliction, and their distress is doubled, by their being no ways provided to sustain the accident.

If you would be wise, take not the Honey while the Hive is swarming; let not your Pleasures be mixed with Guilt; and then you may rest secure that they will leave no Sting behind them.



E M B L E M IV.

Of Fidelity.

BEHOLD the faithful beast resolv'd to die,
Near where his much-lov'd master's ashes lies;
Emblem of Constancy, he yields his breath
For ancient love, and keeps his Faith by death.

M O R A L.

Hence learn Fidelity ;—with grateful mind
Repay the courteous ; to your friends be kind :
Whatever fortune on your life attend,
The best of treasures is a faithful friend.

T H E

THE Dog is of all animals the most faithful and sagacious. There are few things he may not be taught to serve his master ; and, if he be well used, there are fewer still he will not do to defend him.

We have many instances, both in ancient and modern history, of the Fidelity of these creatures, and of some of them having been the cause of discovering their master's murder by obstinately refusing to stir from his corpse. They have often saved men's lives, by interposing against those who offered them violence ; and have proved both useful and faithful guards to their persons and properties.

Homer tells us, that after Troy was destroyed by the Grecians, Ulysses, returning from the siege in mean apparel, having gone through various dangers, and been absent twenty years, was unknown to his queen, and every one in his palace, except his Dog, who recognized him.

—Forgot by all his own domestic crew,
The faithful Dog alone his master knew ;
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay :
Touch'd with resentment to ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again ;
Him when he saw, he rose and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd and lick'd his feet :
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

APPLICATION.

GRATITUDE and Fidelity to our friends, are the best qualities that can adorn our nature: the Emblem of the Dog is a very striking one in this regard, and is calculated to convey the severest satire on false friends, and ungrateful persons.

There is nothing in which a man should be more cautious and deliberate than in the choice of a friend; but, having once chosen him, he should repose in him all manner of confidence, and in his turn keep his secrets, and be ever ready to do him any service that is consistent with the rules of Religion and Virtue: he that requires any thing contrary to these, can never be a true friend; for, properly speaking, no friendship can exist that is not founded on a virtuous basis; it is only a connection of interest, which the first puff of adverse fortune will blow away, and scatter to the winds of Heaven.---But, when you have really got a true friend,

“ Grapple him to your soul with hooks of steel”;
Abide by him alike in prosperity and adversity, and let no change of circumstances alter your regards or services; so may you expect assistance in the hour of distress, and a comforter in the day of trouble.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M V.

Of Purity.

SO nicely fo m'd by Nature's hidden laws,
Lo! from the touch the conscious plant withdraws;
Emblem of Purity; which still retires
From the rude glowing of unhallow'd fires;
Yet still more weak the frequent touch it tries,
Droops in approaching, and by preffure dies.

M O R A L.

Shun Evil's first advance; be timely wise;
Shrink at th' *appearance*; fly the *name* of vice;
Like this fair plant, th'empoison'd touch avoid,
Nor be by too much confidence destroy'd.

THE

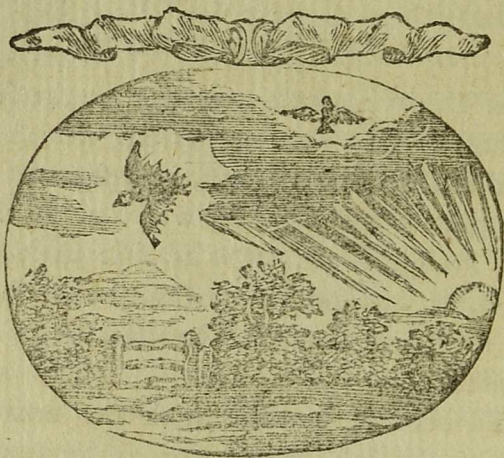
THE Sensitive Plant is so constructed by Nature, that it shrinks from the warmth of the human touch. A property so extraordinary, for which various causes are assigned by philosophers, occasioned some strange stories to be told of this wonderful vegetable; one of which was, that it would not bear the touch of any but chaste persons: however, the truth is, that it retires alike from the approach of any hand, as has been often experienced. Among some papers of a late celebrated poet, there is a fable concerning it, on the plan of that of Apollo and Daphne, in Ovid. He relates, that a certain nymph, flying from the embraces of Pan, the god of the woods, just as he was on the point of overtaking her, was changed into this plant, and still retained, in a vegetable, the same nice chastity for which she had been celebrated when a nymph. The story is pretty, and the metamorphosis aptly turned. This plant is to be found in the gardens of the curious, and is generally much esteemed by those who delight in enquiries into the nature of the vegetable world: But it is not allowed to be often handled, because frequent touching hurts its delicate texture, and in time, it is supposed, would quite destroy it.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

IN this vegetable we may see the symbol of a truly virtuous person, who shuns even the shadow of evil, and starts at the thoughts of vice. Those who stand in their own strength, can never be sure they shall not fall; and no distance can be too far to be removed from the habitations of the wicked.

To become familiar with the name of vice, is the first introduction to the practice of it; and to see ill actions unmoved, is the first step towards committing them.

Accustom yourself therefore, to shrink, like the Plant in the Emblem, whenever vice approaches you. Prevent evil in its first stage, and you will save yourself many periods of unhappiness. Assume a habit of virtue, and it will grow every day easier to you: so may you be enabled to resist temptation; for, be assured, you can never boast the least degree of freedom from any sin, till you shudder at the least shadow of an incitement to commit it.



E M B L E M VI.

Of Guilt.

SEE where, with drowsy wing, the bird of night
Bends from the rising sun her sullen flight:
Oppress'd and weaken'd by the morning ray,
She seeks in shades to slumber out the day:
While the blithe Lark, ascending, cheers the eye,
Sings as he mounts, and seeks the distant sky.

M O R A L.

Thus conscious Guilt its head detested hides,
Nor Heav'n's, nor man's, nor day's broad eye abides;
While virtue, still undaunted and serene,
With chearful brow, in open light is seen.

THE

THE Bat is a bird so much accustomed to Darkness, that it generally flies only by Night; and if at any time it is found abroad in the Day, impelling it towards the Sun, to whose beams it has a particular aversion, is a sure method of surprizing and taking it.

This creature partakes partly of the nature of a beast, and partly of that of a bird, its body being formed somewhat like that of a mouse, though it has wings wherewith it mounts in the air: but its flight is always sluggish and heavy, and its whole form is frightfully disagreeable.

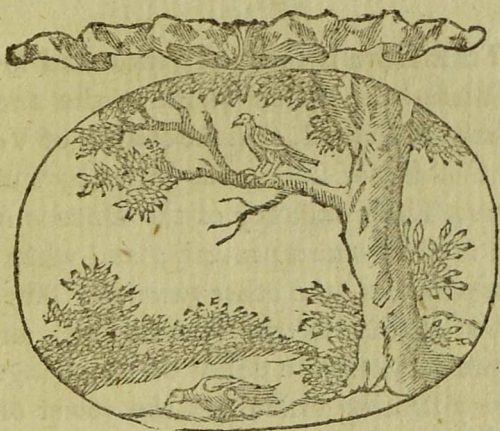
APPLICATION.

That the Bat, which in its first creation was formed a Bird of Night, should shun the sun shine, is by no means to be wondered at. It follows its nature, and consequently fulfils, in every point, the end for which it was made.

How much more do we admire the sprightly Lark, who, with his morning song awakes the day, and soars towards Heaven upon expanded wing!

Would

Would you apply the Emblem? In the Lark, behold the chearful openness of the virtuous and pious man, who is always found in the fair face of day, and (while the drunkard is retiring to his bed) is seen early risen to salute the morn; and after the due tribute rendered to his Maker, who preserved him through the perils of darkness, he goes chearfully about his temporal concerns, and never seeks the shade, but when repose invites him to it.



E M B L E M VII.

Of Constant Affection.

WITH plaintive cooings, lo! the Turtle-dove,
Laments the fate of his departed love:
His mate once lost, no comfort now he knows,
His little breast with inward anguish glows;
Nor lawns nor groves his throbbing heart can charm,
Nor other love his languid bosom warm:
Oppress'd with grief, he yields his latest breath,
And proves at last his Constancy in death.

M O R A L.

A proper lesson to the fickle mind,
An Emblem apt of tenderness refin'd;
Affection pure, and undissembled love,
Which absence, time, nor death, can ne'er remove.

THE Dove is the most gentle and loving of Birds—for which qualities the ancient Heathens feigned, that the chariot of Venus the Goddess of Love, was drawn by Turtle-doves. The Constancy of the Dove is such, that it is become a proverb; and when one of a pair dies, the other generally pines itself to death: so true is their love, and so far are they from a desire of changing. --- A very striking instance of the power of instinct, and an example worthy imitation.

The Dove and Lamb are so remarkable for their Gentleness, that they have been adopted as symbols of our most holy religion, and are always represented in the sacred writings, as the most perfect Emblems of Virtue and Innocence.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

Constancy, whether in Love or Friendship, is certainly one of the most striking proofs of a great and noble mind, as fickleness is of the contrary; Love is but a more refined, a more tender friendship; and when that love is strengthened by the more sacred ties of marriage, it ought to be equally lasting and inviolate.

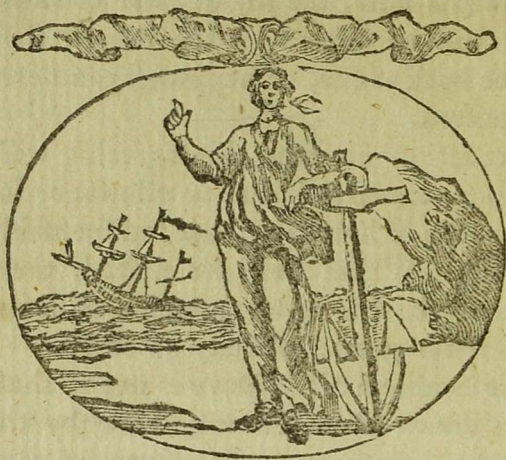
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In such a state, the joy or grief of either party must be shared by the other; they must be both as one, or happiness can never be expected.

In order to promote this agreeing will, constancy, tenderness, and an allowance for the frailties of humanity, are indispensably necessary. Where these are united, there may truly be said to be an union of souls, which is the greatest felicity on earth.

The Emblem of the Dove is one of those lessons drawn from Nature, whereby the best among us may profit; since we may well be ashamed to be outdone, either in constancy or tenderness, by any of the brute creation.

Then, like the Dove, let Constancy and Truth,
 And spotless innocence, adorn your youth;
 In every state the same blest'd temper prove,
 Be fix'd in *Friendship*, and be true to *Love*.



E M B L E M VIII.

Of necessary Confidence.

H O P E is the first great blessing here below,
The only balm to heal corroding woe :
It is the staff of age, the sick man's health,
The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth ;
The sailor's safety ; lasting as our breath,
It still holds on, nor quits us e'en in death.

M O R A L.

Encourage Hope, which heals all human care,
The last mad folly is a sad Despair :
If you are wise, that dreadful evil shun,
Nor fall unpity'd, by *yourself* undone.

IT is said in the old heathen fable, that when Prometheus stole fire from heaven, with which he animated mortal bodies, Jupiter, in anger to mankind, gave Pandora a box, which was close shut; but her curiosity (which the God foresaw) prompting her to open it, out flew a variety of plagues and evils, which immediately dispersed themselves over the world.—Confounded and astonished, Pandora at length shut the fatal box again, when all the rest of its contents being fled, Hope alone remained at the bottom, which proved the only consolation to mankind for the plagues that Jove had sent amongst them.

Hope, according to our system, is deemed one of the christian virtues, and is represented as in the Emblem, leaning upon an Anchor, whereby is aptly expressed her steadiness and trust.—In religious pictures she is, moreover, generally painted with her eyes turned up towards Heaven, in token of her confidence in that help which comes only from above, and which is indeed the only sure aid to trust to, when man forsakes us, and when the storms of this world beat hard upon our bark, and threaten to wreck it.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

ALAS! without Hope, of what value would our mortal existence prove? How should we be enabled to bear up under afflictions? What cordial should we have to oppose to the thousand heart-corroding cares which this frail life abounds with?

It is then we avail ourselves of this Anchor; and, of the three christian graces, are most relieved by Hope, which leads on, through Faith, to the promise of happier days here, or a better state hereafter.

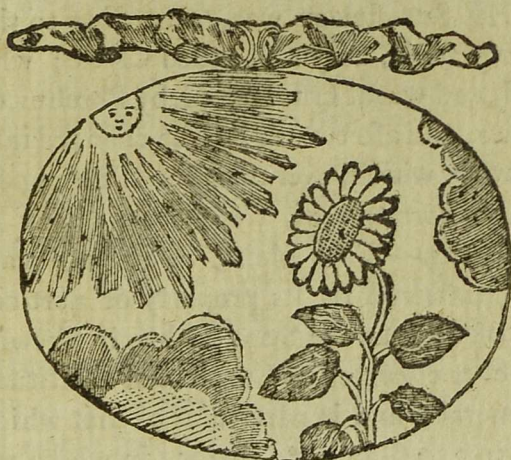
To be without Hope is the most dreadful of all earthly punishments: it is the refuge of the poor and needy, and renders the distribution of our lots below more equal. Since the high and low, the rich and poor, cannot, with justice, be deemed so widely different in their estates, when we consider, that

These are plac'd in Hope, and those in Fear.

Hope is, in short, our best companion here; it leads us as it were, by the hand, through all difficulties and dangers; and, it may justly be said of it, as has been observed of love; that it is

The cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M IX.

Of Zeal towards God.

LO! the to golden sun's enliv'ning rays,
The grateful plant it's op'ning leaves displays;
Rejoicing in his beams and radiance bright,
Expands, and opens with approaching light:
But when dim Night extends her dusky shade,
Its closing beauties sicken all, and fade!
The flow'r which Phœbus' warmth first bade to rise,
Lives in His beams, and in his absence dies.

M O R A L.

Each human breast may this example move
To acts of Gratitude and Heavenly Love,
To HIM who gives us all our hearts to raise,
Live in his light, and triumph in his praise.

THE Sun-flower was, according to the heathen fable, a nymph called Clytie; who loved, and was at first beloved, by Phœbus, or the Sun, and afterwards by him changed into a Flower, which, ever mindful of the regard she once bore to him, always turns itself to his beams.—This plant, as it has always been remarked for its property of particularly turning to the Sun, so has it likewise been ever esteemed an Emblem of Gratitude in general; and in particular of that which is owing to God our Creator, in whom we live and move, and have our being.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

MAN may learn gratitude from the brutes, and often even from the inanimate part of the creation; and, indeed, Nature herself does not fail to teach him this lesson, which he must take great pains to eradicate from his heart, before he can be so base as to become ungrateful.

Ingratitude (says the scripture) *is worse than the sin of Witchcraft*, which must be a heinous crime indeed, to be spoken of in such terms in the Sacred Writings.

He who can return Evil for Good, or who
can

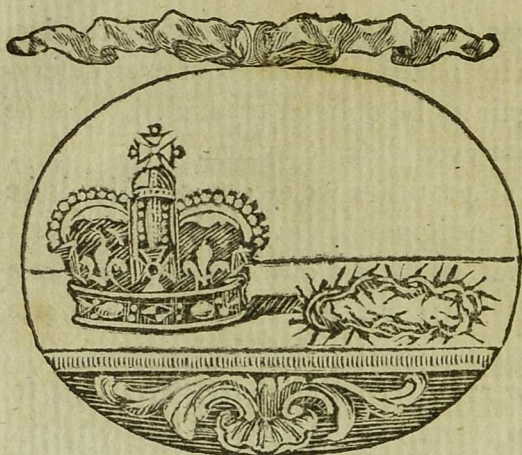
can even neglect to return a good office when it is in his power, is so far from ever deserving again to be obliged or assisted, that he does not even deserve to live.

If the gratitude we owe to our friends be such an indisputable duty, how much greater is that which we owe to God, to whose paternal care we are indebted for all we are, and all we ever shall be? —

How much does it behove us to turn to Him as to our Sun, in whose beams we live, and whose face being withdrawn, we should return to our primitive nothing.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, was the precept of the wisest of mortals; of one who well knew that this was not a fruitless duty, but such a one as would be returned by unnumbered blessings showered on the heads of those who attached themselves to it.

Then like the Flow'r which to the Sun displays
Its orient colours, and invokes his rays;
Still turn your heart to him who reigns above,
Whose yoke is Freedom, and whose tribute Love!



E M B L E M X.

Of the Cares of Greatness.

LO! where Ambition's Emblem fit appears,
That great reward which pays the toil of years;
Adorn'd with all the pomp of state, behold!
With jewels blazing rich, the Crown of Gold!
Near, ah! too near, its sure companion lies,
The dire attendant on the dazzling prize,
The Crown of Thorns, whose sharpest stings await
On the vain pageantry of Regal State.

M O R A L.

Care follows Greatness; guilt or fear annoys
The Scepter'd Prince, and all his peace destroys;
And he who to possess a Crown is born,
For ev'ry Glitt'ring Jewel finds a Thorn.

A M B I-

AMBITIOUS men can conceive no good or happiness but that which they imagine is derived from Greatness; yet he is often the object of their Envy, who (if the secrets of his heart were known) might more properly be said to deserve their Pity.

Of all the pursuits of Ambition, a Crown is reckoned the most noble and valuable; and, in the opinion of some men, all human felicity is centered in the circle of it.—But, were they exalted to the dignity they so much covet, it is certain they would soon find their error, and be compelled, by experience, to confess, that the Crown of Gold is inseparable from a Crown of Thorns, which is for ever galling the brow of Majesty, and poisoning all the joys a Monarch can expect to taste.

The reflections which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Prince Henry, (afterwards the great Henry V. who conquered the French at Agincourt) are very applicable to this purpose.—Seeing the Crown lying on his father's pillow, he breaks out into the following exclamation:

Why doth the Crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bed-fellow ?
 O polish'd Perturbation ! Golden Care !
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night !—He sleeps with't now !
 Yet not so sound, nor half so deeply sweet
 As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night.—O Majesty !
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn heat of day,
 That *scalds* with *safety*.

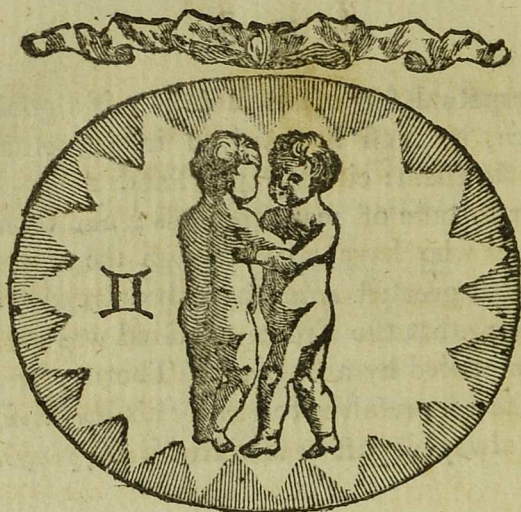
A P P L I C A T I O N.

THAT to be *great* is to be *happy*, is one of those errors which have almost in all ages prevailed among the generality of mankind. But, that to be *good* is to be *happy*, is a secret reserved for the wise and virtuous few, who are the grace and ornament of themselves, their friends, and their country.

An exalted station always brings with it a weight of cares ; and he is happier, who, in the humble vale of life, pursues his way in the paths of Reason and Virtue, than he who shares the favours of a Prince, or the applauses of a giddy multitude.

A monarch, if he is a tyrant, must be
 in

in perpetual *fear* of his subjects; if a good prince, he must be involved in perpetual *cares* for them: either way he stands a chance never to taste of real happiness; and those Princes who have gone through the world with the greatest *eclat*, have been ready to declare, that the Crown of Gold was ever accompanied by a Crown of Thorns; and that he who resolves to gratify his *Ambition*, must always expect to sacrifice his *Happiness*.



E M B L E M XI.

Of Brotherly Love.

BEhold the valiant twins, whose glorious name
 The poets consecrate to endless fame!
 Two bodies sway'd by one agreeing mind;
 Loving in life, and not in death disjoin'd.
 For feats of arms thro' all the world renown'd,
 For friendship *more*, the brother chiefs were found:—
 Thro' life's whole race one common fate they share;
 Alike united, or in peace or war;
 For POLLUX, CASTOR fights; in battle slain,
 POLLUX for CASTOR begs new life in vain:
 Yet half *his* days at length allow'd to give,
 Alternately they die, alternate live.

M O R A L.

Learn hence true Friendship and Fraternal Love;
 An off'ring grateful to the Throne above.

CASTOR

CASTOR and POLLUX are said to have been the sons of Leda; the former, being begotten by Tyndarus, was mortal; but the latter, being the offspring of Jupiter, shared in his father's immortality.

The strict Friendship, and more than Brotherly Love, which subsisted between these chiefs, was most remarkable. Whether in peace or war, they were always together; they had the same designs, the same pursuits, and were swayed by the same spirit---inasmuch, that none could be Pollux's friend without being beloved by Castor; none could be Castor's foe, without being also the enemy of Pollux.

These chiefs achieved together many noble adventures, and were the companions of Jason when he failed to fetch the Golden Fleece from Colchis; at which time, when the ship Argo was in danger from a storm, two strange fires were seen harmlessly playing round the heads of these youths; after which a calm ensued.---They took the city of Athens, and recovered their sister Helena, who had been stolen away by Theseus, being at the same time so merciful, that they spared all the citizens.---After this, in a battle they fought with Lynceus and Ida, the sons

of Alphareus, near the mountain Taygetus, Castor (the mortal brother) was slain by Lyncaeus, as Lyncaeus was by Pollux; who, not consoled by revenging his brother's death, begged of Jupiter to make him immortal; which request not being granted, he intreated that he might bestow half his own immortality upon him, so that they might live and die by turns; to which Jupiter assented; but they were both afterwards received into heaven, and ranked with the Gods; and, being placed among the stars, were known by the name of *Gemini*.*

Thus far the Fable, which has carried Friendship and Brotherly Love to the greatest height possible.—As to the truth of the story, it may seem, that these brother chiefs were remarkable for their agreement in every thing, and, by their union, performed many great exploits.---At length, Castor was slain in battle; and Pollux, having killed Lyncaeus, who slew him, finding it impossible to live without his brother, sought the first occasion of falling in war; and thus shared in his death, to whom all his wishes could not restore life, once departed.

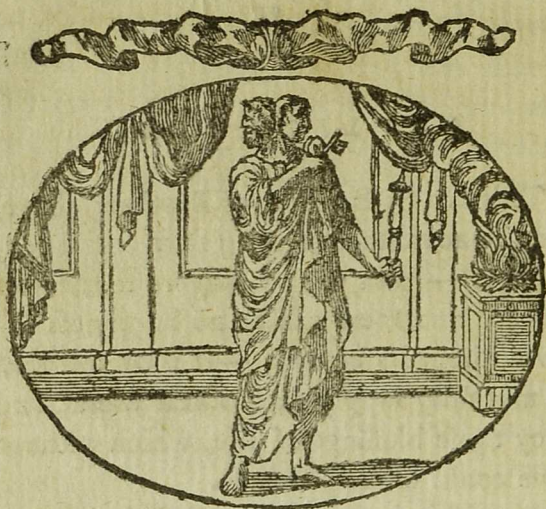
* Or the TWINS.

APPLI-

A P P L I C A T I O N.

This is a fit Emblem of Brotherly Love, and the advantages arising from social connections.—Man was by Nature framed for society, and there can be no happiness below without its benefits.—It is by this that we mutually supply each others wants, and enjoy those blessings of life, which without it we could never purchase.

Friendship is the dearest of all social ties, and adds the highest relish to these blessings. There is not in the world so unhappy a man as he who has not a Friend; while he who is possessed of such a jewel as a true one, may bear up under the storms of Affliction, and rise superior to the frowns of Fortune.



E M B L E M XII.

Of Foresight.

THE wary God with Double Front is grac'd;
One face surveys the Present, one the Past;
With equal looks his watchful eyes appear,
To mark th'expiring, and the rising year:
All plans of moment own his guardian care,
He shews to rule the doubtful chance of war;
Emblem of *Foresight*, still in danger known,
By which great actions are atchiev'd alone.

M O R A L.

Seek still that Prudence, which to Virtue join'd,
Makes the best treasure of the human mind;
Consider well each deed you mean to do,
But once resolv'd, with earnest zeal pursue.

T H I S

THIS figure is a good representation of Prudence and Foresight; which, by comparing the Past with the Present, is enabled to look forward to the Future, and thus to judge of the consequence of things; as for us, it is not within the compass of human power to do so.

Janus was an ancient deity, to whom the Romans in particular paid divine honours; his temple was always open in times of war, and shut in time of peace;—the latter circumstance happened but three times in the course of many centuries, the last, and most remarkable of which was in the reign of Octavius, better known by the name of Augustus Cæsar, in whose reign the Saviour of the World was born.

It is not certainly known who this Janus was; but, according to the best authors of him, it seems he was a king of Etruria, who was famous for his Wisdom and Prudence; and who, by the strength of his judgment, foresaw so well the events of many undertakings, both of his own and others, that he was supposed by many to possess some supernatural knowledge.

Though nothing of this kind was true, yet he was a very wise man, and a good prince. He taught his people the culture of the vine
and

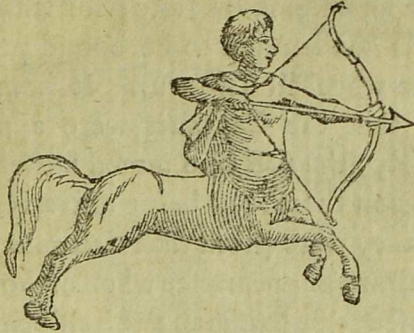
and olive, together with many other useful and necessary arts of life: he also instructed them to raise temples to the deity, whom they worshipped before on hills, and in groves. It is no wonder the heathens, who made gods of tyrants, should, after his death, pay divine honours to this prince, whose symbolical figure was designed to represent his great wisdom and extraordinary abilities.

APPLICATION.

It is a truth that can never be too much inculcated, that Prudence is a most proper guard to protect people through life. In youth, in maturer years, in old age, it is equally necessary; but it becomes particularly so to such as are engaged in any concerns of importance to others, who must otherwise suffer by their want of it, and will too late have occasion to repent the confidence they placed in them.

Though experience belongs properly only to Age, yet lessons of Prudence may be learned in Youth, and, indeed, they can scarcely be too early inculcated, as, with the Young, it must stand in the place of that experience, and is one of the best guides they can trust to, to conduct them through the dangerous road of life.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XIII.

Of Sensuality.

THAT monstrous shape behold, with threat'ning bow,
Whose ardent eyes with savage ardor glow ;
That double-form'd, whom neither race can claim ;
Who yet, presumptuous, scorns all sense of shame ;
Glorying in brutal strength and brutal deeds,
Till unexpected punishment succeeds.
Such as once Theseus dealt the savage train,
And sent them roaring to their wilds again ;
When at the Marriage Feast they dar'd intrude,
To stain the festive hall with streams of blood.

M O R A L.

If you would shun that punishment, their due,
Be timely wise ;—shun their Excesses too ;
Heav'n still with anger will your crimes regard,
Which soon or late will meet their sure reward.

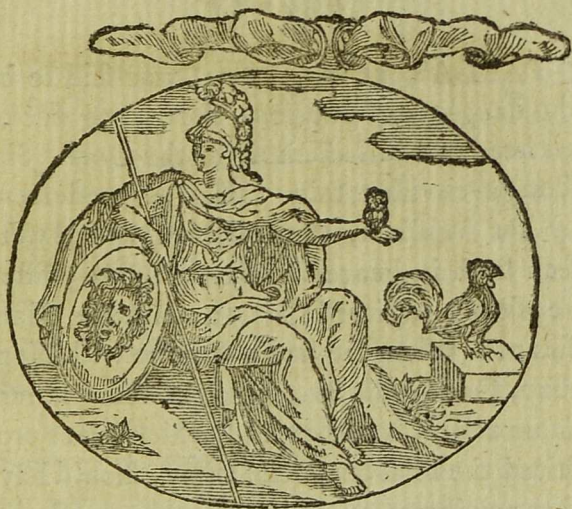
A N C I E N T

ANCIENT fable says the Centaurs were Monsters; the offspring of Ixion, by a Cloud, whom he mistook for Juno; for which crime he was condemned to be bound perpetually to a wheel in Tartarus. It seems, however, that the Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, the first who tamed horses so as to ride upon them; but being also a very brutal race, they were (from that circumstance, and their strange appearance when on horseback) supposed to be half man and half beast. Being invited to the wedding of Pirithoüs, one of them attempted to force away the bride; but being opposed by Theseus, the inseparable friend of the bridegroom, a skirmish ensued, which was succeeded by a war, wherein that hero, assisted by the Lapithæ, totally exterminated them, almost an age before the famous siege of Troy was undertaken by the confederate Greeks.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

Such are the effects of Drunkenness and Dissipation; such the reward of Cruelty and Brutality; which, though they may seem triumphant for a while, will at last certainly meet their doom, when they will remain, to the latest posterity, as dreadful monuments of the wrath of Heaven.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XIV.

Of Wisdom.

BEhold, with graceful mien, the heav'nly maid,
Shines forth in strong, and glitt'ring arms array'd!
The power of Wisdom in her looks she shews,
And stands the terror of an Host of Foes.

M O R A L.

Let PALLAS' arts your ev'ry action guide,
And more in *Wisdom* than in *Strength* confide;
If you with *Virtue*, and with *Prudence* arm,
No fraud can reach you, and no strength can harm:
Safe in yourself, your foes you may defy,
And *Vice* and *Folly* from your face shall fly.

PALLAS

PALLAS, or MINERVA, was said to be the daughter of Jupiter; she sprang out of his head in a full assembly of the Gods. She soon gave evident tokens of her divine descent by her Wisdom, the effects of which were seen both in heaven and earth. She assisted her father Jupiter in his war with the Giant Titan.—When she had a dispute with Neptune, God of the Sea, which of them should name a city, it was agreed, whichsoever produced the most beneficial thing, should have that privilege; on which Neptune presented them with a Horse, an Emblem of Strength and Courage; but Pallas gave them an Olive, an Emblem of Peace and Plenty; whereupon it was determined in her favour, and she called the city ATHENS.

Thus far the Fable;—the Moral is plain; Wisdom sprang from the Supreme Being; and by that Wisdom He overcomes Evil.—By Wisdom, Peace and Plenty flourish in cities and civil societies; and, by its means, private men may be enabled to enjoy domestic happiness.

APPLICATION.

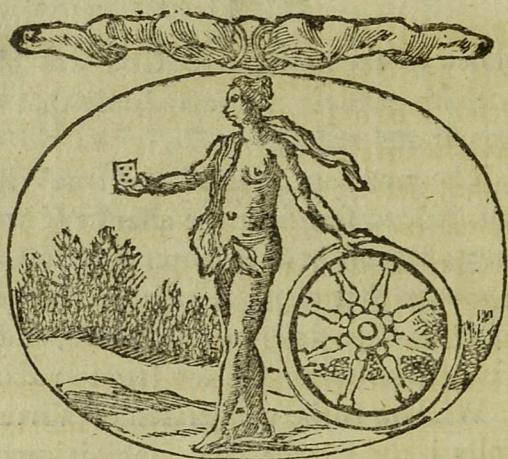
WHEN the Almighty gave king Solomon his choice of blessings, he asked for Wisdom and Length of days; Riches and Honour were

added to them, because God was pleased with his request, as he asked only that which was fit and necessary.

The man who is armed with true Wisdom, has little to fear from the assaults of his enemies; because he finds his resource in *himself*; while he that depends only on the help of *others*, is often deserted at his need, and finds his mistake when it is too late to rectify it.

Wisdom is the companion of Virtue, as Folly is the sister of Vice; but it is impossible for a Wicked Man to be truly wise: for if he were so, he would see the folly of his evil ways, and turn from them.---Wisdom is a Safeguard, and a Tower of Defence; and he that trusts to her, will never have reason to repent his confidence.

Be Virtuous, be Wise, and be Happy; for, in the true sense of the words, they are the same thing; from Virtue and Prudence, all the good we can hope for in this world is derived; without them we must expect nothing but Misery and Anxiety.



E M B L E M XV.

Of Instability.

THIS is the Syren, whose enchanting song,
Draws the unthinking multitude along ;
That feeds with faithless hopes, and luring bait,
The poor deluded wretch she means to cheat !
Men call her false, inconstant, cruel, vain,
Yet seek her favours with unwearied pain.
Th'unhappy bear her frowns, still led away
With expectation of a better day ;
Th'ambitious court her smiles ; but still the wise,
Do her, and all her gilded pomp, despise.

M O R A L.

Her fairy kingdom, her fantastic good
Avoid ; and by more certain hopes pursu'd
Trust not to fickle Fortune's partial pow'r,
But, timely wise, employ the present hour.

FORTUNE

FORTUNE was among the ancient heathens, of all powers represented as the most partial. The old Romans worshipped her as a deity; but at the same time it is to be observed, that they represented her as Blind, and standing on a Wheel. Her blindness represents her undiscerning Partiality, and the Wheel her Fickleness; just Emblems of her conduct in the distribution of those favours which the wise will always learn to contemn.

That the heathen world, who made deities of almost every thing, should ascribe divine honours to Fortune, is not all wonderful;-- but in this more enlightened age it is most ridiculous to make a Goddess of her; and yet, what less do they, who leave all to her power, and let the seasons pass away? day and night succeed to each other, without ever thinking how properly to employ them; trusting all to Fortune and Chance; forgetting that success attends an honest Industry; and that Poverty is the inseparable companion of Idleness.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

There is not a juster maxim, than that "Fortune is the Deity of Fools;" they worship only her; they leave every thing in her power; while the wise and good man, who
trusts

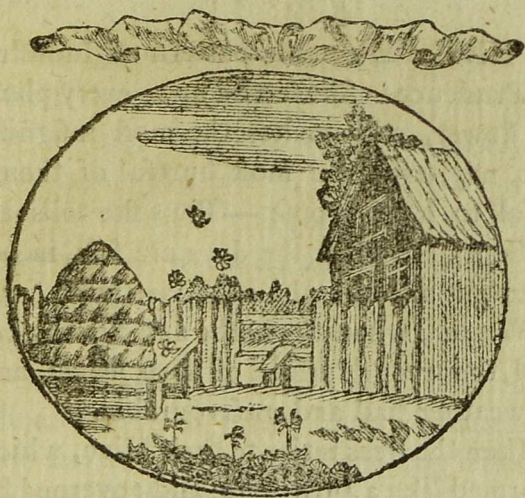
trusts nothing to her but what he cannot help, bears her smiles with equanimity, and her frowns with fortitude.

Fools, on the other hand, not only worship, but in some sense, according to the old adage, *make* Fortune; that is, they trust all to Chance, and then complain of those, whereof themselves are authors.

Those who would be candidates for success in life, should never rely on so fickle a patroness; in short, they should consider that there is no such thing as Chance, but that every thing depends on their own Industry, accompanied by the blessing of Providence, which generally attends the Wise and Virtuous; and is far more proper to trust to, than such a fickle friend as Fortune, who

Undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XVI.

Of Improvement.

THE wise industrious BEE employs the hours
In sipping fragrance from the various flow'rs:
No plant, no herb, that Nature's hand prepares,
But yields her Honey to reward her cares.

M O R A L.

Learn by the BEE, from each event to find
Some hint of use, or profit to your mind:
Nothing so small but you may draw from thence,
Improvement for your Virtue, or your Sense.
Honey like this life's evils will assuage,
And yield you Sweets in your declining age.

T H E.

THE Bee is a noble pattern of Industry and Prudence. She settles upon every plant and flower, and makes the most insignificant, nay, even the most hurtful of them, useful to her purpose.—Thus she toils all the Summer, while the days are fair, in order to get a stock, which she lays by to serve for Winter, when the herbs and flowers are dead, the trees deprived of their leaves, and the weather bad and unfavourable.

Then the Bees retire to their Hive, which is formed like a little state, and governed by a Queen, who dispenses justice to her subjects. It is said they bury their dead, punish criminals, and drive the Idle (which are called Drones) from their Hives.—They keep a regular order, whether in war or peace; and, as soon as their Queen dies, appoint another to succeed her, and rule their little state, which may serve as a pattern for a well-ordered community.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

The Bee is one of the aptest Emblems of Industry, and the art of extracting Good out of Evil, that can be found in Nature. It is endued with an Instinct, that Reason itself needs not be ashamed to copy; as its Perseverance is an admirable example for the wisest of us to follow.

As

As the Bee, in the Summer, provides for itself that which may serve for its support in Winter, so should we, in the Summer of our days, take care to lay in a store of profitable Virtues, and good qualities, which may render us justly admired in age, and enable us to set a good example to posterity.

Like that industrious Insect, likewise, we should learn to make every occurrence of life serviceable to us; for nothing is so small or minute but it may be made of use; nothing so bad in Nature, but we may draw from it some profit or instruction; and thus, by chusing the Good, and avoiding the Evil, we may purchase to ourselves, Peace here, and the Hopes of a brighter Reward hereafter.

D

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XVII.

Of Deceit.

Would'st thou, unthinking, to the beast draw near,
Caught by his plaintive Cry, and fraudulent Tear?
Ah! fly in time the dreadful stroke of Fate,
Nor stay to feel it, and be wise too late.

M O R A L.

Deceitful men, and all their mazes shun,
Nor by dissembled sorrows be undone:
If much they seem their actions to deplore,
Forgive their *crimes*, but trust their *words* no more.

THE Crocodile is reported to weep over its prey, and to send forth a piteous and distressful cry, in order to allure men or beasts to its haunts, that it may seize and devour them. This story is variously told—Some say it devours whatever it catches, all but the head, and then weeps because no more is left to satisfy its rapacious appetite. It is most likely, on comparing the different accounts, that this animal makes a noise, which other creatures take for a complaint, though probably it is only a sound it commonly sends forth over its prey, as the growling of a cat over a mouse. However that be, Crocodile's Tears are become a Proverb; and a moral of sound prudence may be drawn from the Emblem.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

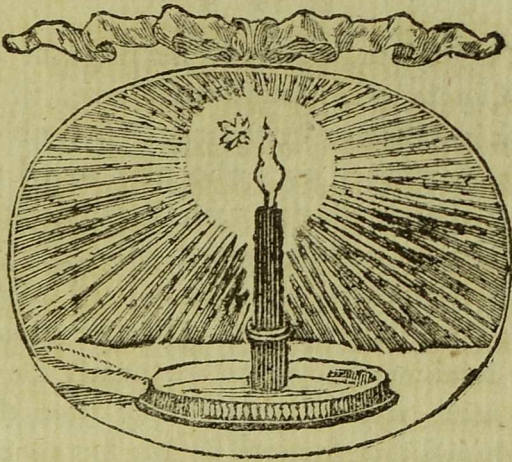
As it is man's greatest praise "to be Wise as a Serpent, and as Innocent as a Dove," so, he who suffers himself to fall into the snares of designing men, will quickly put it out of his own power to be of service to the good and virtuous.

No principle is more noble than that of forgiving injuries—nothing so wicked or

unprofitable as a rancorous revenge. Heaven itself commands us to forgive our enemies; but it is the height of folly to trust those who have injured us.

There are some people, who, like the Crocodile in the Emblem, will even seem to lament their former injuries, in order to have it in their power to do you fresh ones. Of such persons beware: Do *them* no harm, but take care not to put it into their power to do *you* any.

If you would pass through life with any degree of satisfaction, it is necessary that you be *good* and *prudent*. Wisdom is the sister of Virtue; join them both in your conduct; and, if it should happen that you do not *enjoy* all the felicity you might expect, you will at least have the comfort to *deserve* it.



E M B L E M XVIII.

Of Indiscretion.

THE busy insect hov'ring round the light,
Pleas'd with the taper's beams which gild the night,
Still round and round, in giddy circles flies,
Till caught within the scorching blaze, it dies.
Ah! silly thing, the source of all thy joy,
(A beauteous mischief!) shines but to destroy.
E'en so the youth who burns with wild desires,
Oft falls the victim of unhallow'd fires.

M O R A L.

Avoid the glitt'ring evil, shun the snare,
Which Sin and Guile for artless youth prepare ;
Lest with the Moth one common fate you prove,
And perish by th'excesses which you love.

THE Moth, allured by the Brightness of the Candle, plays round the Flame, till at last it is consumed by its heat. A fit Emblem of those unwary ones who play round the verge of Evil, till at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin.

The Fly, and many other winged insects, have the same propensity to hovering round any luminous body, and frequently die by the heat, which is inseparable from that brightness they so much desire; but none so frequently find their fate in the Blaze, as the Moth, which is almost as sure to perish by the Candle, as to perceive its light.—The Moth feeds chiefly upon cloth and woollen stuffs; and is an animal of so delicate a texture, that a slight touch crushes it to pieces; it is therefore the last creature in the world to sustain the attacks of so terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable destruction.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

What an unhappy state is theirs, who will not take warning by the end of others, nor avoid the mischiefs which have proved fatal to so many.

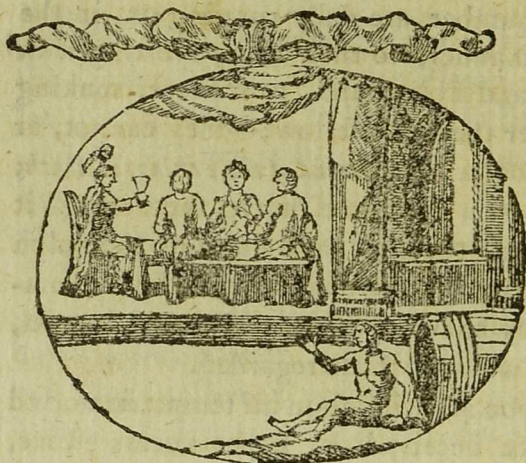
What numbers have experienced the same fate with the Insect in the Emblem! and yet
what

what numbers are daily running on, in the same manner, to their ruin, sporting with Vice and Folly, and, as it were, making Danger their playfellow;—they cannot, or will not see, *that the end of these things is death*; they go on from one step to another, till it is too late to recede, and sink into the gulph of misery, leaving behind them fresh examples of what was already well enough known, but always too little regarded.

If you are wise, shun all temptations, and be not deceived by appearances; Vice, Folly, and Danger, often lurk under the most inviting forms; but try the Tree; not by its appearance, but its Fruit, you shall know it.

Sweetest leaves the Rose adorn,
 Yet beneath them lurks the Thorn;
 Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
 Yet it hides the speckled snake.

Consider, and beware; for he who would avoid sorrow, must be wary in his steps; and he who would shun misfortune, must be careful to take Wisdom for his companion.



E M B L E M XIX.

Of Temperance.

WHILE drown'd in Luxury yon festal train,
Court this frail world's felicity in vain ;
Behold the Cynic from his Tub derides
Their idle mirth, and laughing shakes his sides !
He, who the world's great master* could contemn,
Might sit at ease, and laugh at Vice and them :
Few were his Wants, and therefore few his Woes ;
He who has nought to lose, no terrors knows :
Not riches, but Contentment, must procure
Our peace below, and make our blifs secure.

M O R A L.

Learn nought to covet ;—prize what is your own,
And you're more blest than he who fills a throne.

* Alexander the Great.

DIOGENES was a Grecian philosopher, who much admired Poverty, and placed his chief happiness in Content. His method of living, however, was extraordinary; for, instead of a house, he dwelt in a tub, from whence he laughed at the luxuries of the Great, and even went so far as to speak against the use of what are generally deemed the necessaries of life; almost all of which he contrived to subsist without; insomuch, that one day seeing a boy drink out of the hollow of his hand, he broke his pitcher, saying, that nothing was necessary to him which it was possible for any one to do without.

When Alexander, for his conquests surnamed the Great, the son of Philip, king of Macedon, once made him a visit, and asked him what he should do for him? "Nothing, replied the Cynic, but stand out of my sunshine, and do not deprive me of that which thou can't not give me."—In so little estimation did he hold princes, or their favours. To say the truth, his chief aim being Content, and his conduct being founded on the maxim, "That he who has least Wants is the happiest man," if his wants were really as few as the supplies he afforded

D 5

them,

them, he might, not unreasonably, be supposed to be as happy as any one.

He was a great declaimer against Vice in general, and Luxury in particular; and his raillery, and that of his sect, was so sharp, that their countrymen called them CYNICS, that is, Snarlers; and this is the appellation by which they are known, wherever their names are mentioned in history.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THERE can be no doubt, but that the happiness of every man must, in a great measure, depend on the disposition of his mind; else we should not every day see some people unhappy with every thing that, to all outward appearance, could contribute to their felicity, whilst others, scarcely possessed of necessaries, seem merry and happy.



E M B L E M XX.

Of False Friendship.

THE STAG once wounded, 'tis in vain he flies,
In vain to mingle with the herd he tries;
The herd avoid him as mark'd out for death,
Till in despair he draws his latest breath;
His wayward fate all friendly aid denies;
Deserted at his utmost need, he dies.

M O R A L.

So those false friends whom worldly int'rests sway,
When Mischief threatens will fly far away;
Bask in thy sunshine; but in evil times,
And low'ring days, seek out for warmer climes.
Chuse then with caution, if thou would'st succeed;
A Friend in Poverty 's a Friend indeed.

IT has often been remarked of the Stag, that, being wounded by the hunters, he attempts to take shelter among the first herd of Deer that he espies; while these, on their part, like false friends, as industriously avoid him; and, to keep off from danger themselves, abandon him to his fate. The desertion of his species is beautifully pictured by Shakespeare, in his play, called, *As you LIKE IT*; in the following lines;

—————“ A poor sequester'd Stag
 “ That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 “ Did come to languish there ;
 “ The wretched animal heav'd forth such
 groans,
 “ That their discharge did stretch his leathern
 coat,
 “ Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 “ Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 “ In piteous chace;—Anon a careless herd
 “ Full of the pasture, jumped along by him,
 “ And never stay'd to greet him.”

This creature, if he escapes the hunters, generally lives to a great age—Some authors say he attains to 300 years; but this seems to be a fable: however, that he is a very long-lived animal, is clear, from many
 circum-

circumstances incontestibly authenticated : Nature has endued him with a remarkable swiftness of foot, and the branches which vegetate from his head, are equally useful and ornamental.

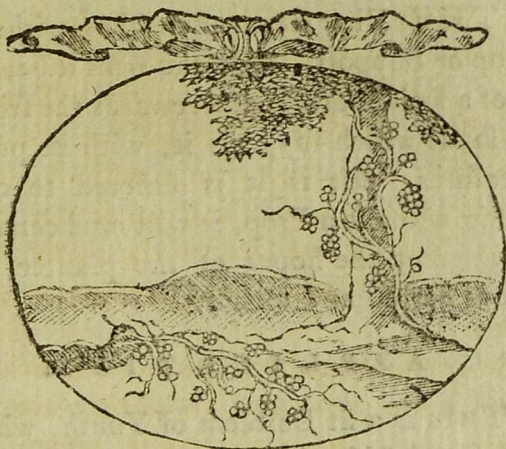
A P P L I C A T I O N .

There cannot be a fitter Emblem of False Friendship, than that which is here exhibited—The Stag is wounded ; he flies from his pursuers, who have marked him out for death ; he seeks, by mingling with the croud, to escape their notice. Where should he hope for shelter, but among his own kind — perhaps, the very herd of which he was once the leader ? he throws himself therefore upon their protection : but, alas, how vain are his designs ! resolved not to share in his misfortunes, they fly, and teach him, too late, how little he has to hope from their kindness.—He falls---the consequence of which is, that among all these, every one in his turn experiences the same treatment from his fellow.

Just so it fares with those Friendships which are founded only upon Interest, which have neither Piety, Virtue, nor mutual Benevolence for their basis.--In Prosperity,

riety, these men will be ever ready at your command, either because you do not want them, or because they know you will overpay their services. Change the scene to Adversity, and they change with it---they desert you---you will find no shelter with them; but like the Deer in the Fable, each will shift for himself, and leave you to your fate.

Be careful then how you chuse a Friend, which is the greatest of all earthly acquisitions; and, above all things, remember, that can be no real Friendship which is founded merely upon Interest.



E M B L E M XXI.

Of Education.

SEE in what evil plight yon Vine appears,
Nor spreading leaves, nor purple clusters bears ;
But if around the Elm her arms she throws,
Or by some friendly prop supported grows,
Soon shall the stem be clad with foliage green,
And cluſter'd Grapes beneath the leaves be ſeen.

M O R A L.

Thus prudent care muſt rear the youthful mind,
By Love ſupported, and with Toil refin'd :
'Tis thus alone the human plant can riſe ;
Unpropp'd, it droops, and unſupported, dies.

THE Vine never flourishes without a Prop or Support. Like the fruit it bears, it is of a social nature, and rewards the friendly shade which supports it, with its purple treasures. But if it is suffered to creep along without a Prop, it will most certainly disappoint the hopes of the planter, and prove barren and useless.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THIS is a fit Emblem of Youth, which, if left to itself, will never grow up in Wisdom or in Virtue.—To Education alone, must children be indebted for their Morals, and the Care of the Parents is always visible in the Conduct of their Offspring.

When a youth has received a virtuous and liberal Education, no gratitude can be sufficient to discharge the debt he owes to his parents; since he is not only obliged to them for his Being, but also, for all his hopes of peace here, and of eternal happiness hereafter.

On the other hand, he who has been neglected in his youth, has a heavy accusation to bring against those who reared him, when he comes to years of maturity. Evil inclinations, if not checked, will grow amazingly upon us, while good ones, if they be not properly encouraged,

encouraged, will fade and die away; and that will be too late deplored in age, which might have been remedied in our earlier years.

How careful then ought Parents and Guardians to be of their charge, of which they must one day render up an account, where no idle excuses will be admitted: no evasion, nor equivocation can avail them!

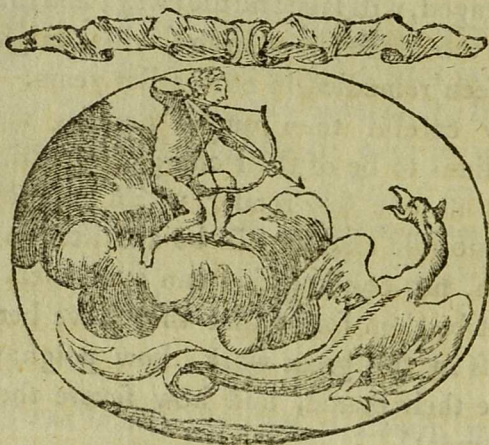
If it be then found that they have been careless in this great work, how poignant will be their shame, and how severe their punishment!

But if they have faithfully discharged this trust, committed to them by Heaven itself, how great will be their honour, how glorious the crown of their reward!

The Education of Children is indeed a matter of such consequence, that it concerns not only private persons, but the public in general; and that nation will always be the most virtuous, and the most respectable, whose youth are educated with the greatest care, and are earliest instructed in the duties of Men, and of Christians.

These like the generous Vine, will fully repay the pious care of the Planter; and, while they are known by their Fruit, will reflect honour upon the hands that reared them.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XXII.

Of resisting the Evil Principle.

BY great Apollo's arm the Python slain,
O'er many' a rood lies stretch'd upon the plain:
The world rejoices, from the Monster freed;
The Godhead triumphs in the glorious deed.
For feats like these, heroic chiefs of old,
In Fame's bright temple highest honour hold.

M O R A L.

With valiant heart proceed in Virtue's ways,
And gain the tribute of immortal praise;
The Monster Vice with all your pow'rs engage,
And rise the Phœbus of another age.

T H E

THE Serpent Python was a Monster, which, according to the fabulous account, sprung from the mud and stagnated waters that the General Deluge left behind.

This Monster, the God Apollo (who is also called Phœbus) engaged, and destroyed with his unerring arrows! for which service divine honours were paid him, and the Pythian Games were established. He had a celebrated temple at Delphos, where Oracles were delivered in his name, by a priestess called Pythia, and was, next to Jupiter, the most esteemed of all the Heathen Gods.

The Fable signifies, that the Deluge left behind it certain stagnate waters, and these produced pestilential vapours, which, however, at length, the beams of Apollo, Phœbus or the Sun, exhaled, and destroyed their noxious quality.

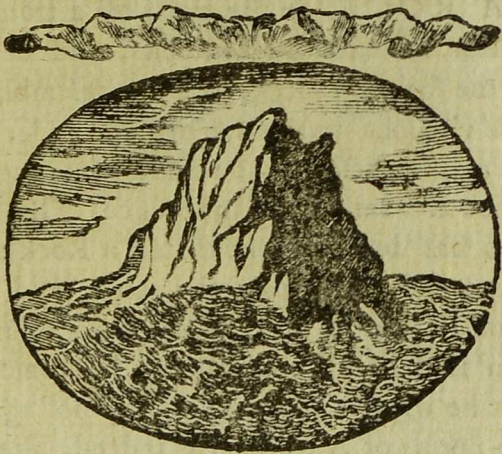
The Moral is, that Vice and Oppression ought to be courageously resisted; and that those who do good to their fellow creatures, deserve to receive public honours at their hands.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

If we mean to atchieve praise-worthy actions, we must not be daunted at difficulties,
nor

nor terrified by opposition. We must resolve to vanquish these obstacles which may arise, and this resolution will be half the victory.

We must, moreover, be ever ready prepared, on every occasion, to resist the Evil Principle, which, like the Python in the Emblem, lays all waste before him. Clad in the armour of Virtue, we must advance boldly to the combat; we must conquer all bad inclinations, and, with the assistance of the Divine Grace, make war upon the depravity and wickedness of our own nature. This is the conquest we shall find hardest to gain; but, when obtained, it will fully recompence our toils; since he that has his passions at command, is greater than he who rules a kingdom; the man that vanquishes himself, is greater than he who triumphs over an enemy.



E M B L E M X X I I I .

Of Fortitude.

SA FE in its strength, the Rock's broad base derides
The roaring Tempests, and the raging Tides ;
Unmov'd, tho' Boreas bluster from on high,
Or Ocean lift his Billows to the sky :
Its fix'd foundations, which by Heaven were cast
When Time began, with Time itself shall last.

M O R A L .

Be strong, be stedfast, in fair Virtue's cause,
Nor fear reproof, nor covet vain applause ;
Heed not of evil tongues the envious strife,
Nor the loud storms that rage thro' human life :
On Truth's firm basis let your Hopes remain,
And Seas may rage, and Tempests roar in vain.

A ROCK

A ROCK in the midst of a troubled Ocean, attacked by Tempests, and beaten by the foaming surge, is a just resemblance of a virtuous man bearing up under the storms of affliction, and resisting every temptation to abandon his innocence. This is he who has built his house on a Rock: the Rains and the Winds may come, and beat upon it, but in vain; because its Foundation is stedfast, and cannot be removed. But he whose Constancy is not proof against the storms of Adversity, is indeed, like one who has founded his house on the Sand, which the first Tempest will be likely to overthrow, and to sweep away its remembrance from under Heaven. To such a man, what avails it that he has been accounted virtuous, if he falls off in the day of trial; if at length, when he is weighed in the balance, he is found wanting? — His good deeds will be forgotten, but his offence will be had in perpetual remembrance.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

ADVERSITY is the test of Constancy; it is the fiery trial, which, when the virtuous have gone through, they are found as pure gold, neither diminished in weight nor value.

It is an easy thing for a man to possess himself

self in the summer and sunshine of life; it is easy for him to boast that Virtue which never yet was tried, and to exult in that Fortitude which he has never yet had occasion to exert; but true magnanimity and greatness of soul are found in supporting Evils with Resignation, and resisting Temptations with Resolution.

It is by the test of misfortune that the greatest and best of men have been proved; it is to their noble behaviour under it, that they owe the titles of Good and Great.—The saints and martyrs among the primitive christians, and Socrates among the heathens, dying for the testimony of truth, are characters which will ever be justly admired in this world, as doubtless they were rewarded in a better state.

Learn then to copy such great examples, and hold fast the Truth, even to death; this is to lay your Foundation on a Rock, which defies the Tempest, and stands secure amidst the Roaring Waves of the Ocean, which endeavour in vain to shake it, because its basis is stedfast and immoveable.



E M B L E M XXIV.

Of the Use of Self-Denial.

WITH hasty steps, at the first dawn of day,
The chearful traveller pursues his way ;
But tir'd at noon, he seeks a shady grove
Of lofty trees, whose branches meet above :
Conceal'd beneath the Grass the Serpent lies,
The swain draws near, and by his venom dies.

M O R A L.

Thus he, who leaving Virtue's sacred ways,
Securely thro' the paths of Pleasure strays ;
Wounded by Vice, his Peace and Honour lost,
Buys late experience at too dear a cost :
To him who *perseveres*, alone are giv'n
Fair fame on earth, and endless bliss in Heav'n.

A SER.

A SERPENT concealed in the Grass, is an apt Emblem of Fraud and Vice, concealed under specious appearances.—The Traveller goes on his road with chearfulness, during the morning hours ; he doubts not but he shall soon get to his journey's end, and expects not to meet with the least obstacle in his way.

But when he feels the heat increasing, his vigour begins to relax. When the hours of noon arrives, he is absolutely weak and faint. He beholds a wood spread its inviting shade ; he considers not that to enter is to deviate from his road ; he thinks not what danger he may encounter there : all his attention is taken up in relieving himself from a present inconvenience.

He enters the grove, and loses himself among its cool and agreeable windings. When he would return, he finds himself perplexed, as in a maze, and before he can regain the road, is bitten by a venemous reptile, which was concealed from his sight, among the grass.—He now wishes he had borne the heat of the day : his blood is consumed with fires more intolerable. He falters—sinks under his pains, and falls a victim to his own imprudence.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

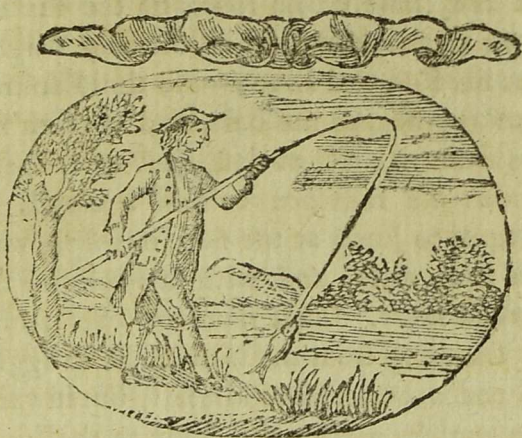
VIRTUE is never safe but when she is secured by the guard of Prudence: Discretion is her handmaid, and Wisdom her counsellor and instructor.

Caution is a necessary lesson to be learned by Youth; and Perseverance one of the best qualities they can be endowed with.

When Fortune smiles upon us, it is not so difficult to go on in the practice of Virtue:—a man may easily obtain the reputation of being *good*, when he is so circumstanced, that he must become a monster of Vice to be *wicked*.

But you who would attain to the end of your labours, be virtuous, and to your *virtue* join *prudence*; be prudent also, and to your *prudence* join *perseverance*; so shall you not fall into the Snares of Pleasure; nor feel the envenomed Stings of Guilt and Remorse, whose fangs are sharper than those of the Serpent, and whose poison is more deadly than that of the venomous Adder.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XXV.

Of the Danger of Temptation.

THE silly Fish, while playing in the brook,
Hath gorg'd and swallow'd the destructive hook.
In vain he flounces on the quiv'ring hair,
Drawn panting forth to breathe the upper air:
Caught by his folly in the glitt'ring bait,
He meets his ruin, and submits to fate.

O R A L.

Avoid base bribes ; the tempting lure display'd,
If once you seize, you perish self-betray'd.
Be slow to take when strangers haste to give,
Lest of your ruin you the price receive,

THE simple Fish sports on the surface of the clear streams, while the wily Angler plies his Rod and Line;—the timid animal often approaches the bait, and as often retires from it; till at last, just as the sun shrouds his radiance behind a cloud, he ventures to jump at the fictitious fly, swallows it at once, and with it swallows the bearded hook. That moment seals his ruin: smarting from the wound, he struggles and endeavours to free himself, but in vain. The angler, giving full play to the Line, permits him to run away with it. But this struggle only tends to make his ruin more certain. He is soon tired out, and then, being lifted out of the water, proves an easy prey to his foe. He pants, he expires in agonies, yet owes his destruction to a slender Hair: so often do seeming trifles tend to Ruin and Perdition.

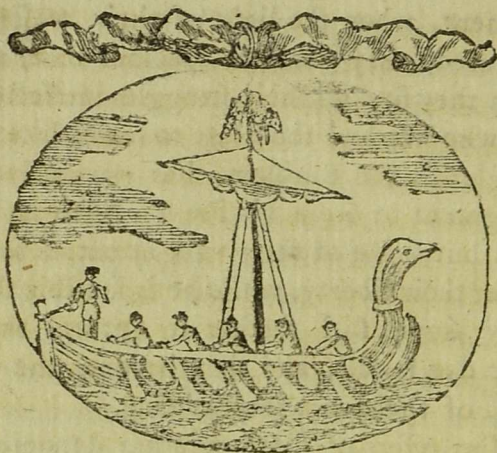
A P P L I C A T I O N .

What a fit Emblem is this of those heedless persons who suffer themselves to be deluded by Glittering Temptations, or drawn into snares by the artifices of the vicious and designing.

If, for a while, like the Fish, they play about the Hook, yet, in some unguarded moment,

moment, when the light of their reason is obscured, they seize the specious Bait, and then they find all their struggles ineffectual. He who has had the heart to *catch*, like the Angler in the Emblem, has generally the judgment to *secure* his Prey. Such an one will but smile at their vain attempts to recover their liberty, while he is sensible these only serve still farther to enthrall them. The dye is cast, and they become the victims of their own imprudence.

The offers of some men are dangerous; be not therefore led away by specious appearances: think before you act; and let the character of the Giver, and the conditions he is likely to exact, be well considered before you receive the gift. If it be the price of Vice or Folly, shun it, as you hope for Peace and honest Fame: each Temptation you have avoided, will, by reflection, strengthen you against the next: custom will make the most difficult self-denials easy, and by one victory, you will be enabled to gain another. You will thus be delivered from the snares of Vice, and Folly shall never triumph over your fall.



E M B L E M XXVI.

Of Perseverance.

JASON, a bold advent'rer, sail'd to claim,
 The precious prize which rais'd his country's fame:
 His vessel bore the flow'r of ancient Greece
 To Colchis' shore, to claim the Golden Fleece:
 But first the Brazen-footed Bulls he train'd,
 And with hard yokes their stubborn necks restrain'd;
 Sow'd Serpent's Teeth, from which immediate rose
 A grove of lances, and a host of foes;—
 And charm'd the Watchful Dragon to repose. }
 These toils o'erpass, in peace he ends his days,
 And gains the tribute of immortal praise.

M O R A L.

Be resolute in Good, and you will find
 All evils shrink before a Constant Mind.

THE Golden Fleece was said to be the skin of a Golden Ram which had been offered up to Jupiter, and was kept at Colchis; but on the condition of being surrendered to any man who could tame the King's Brazen-footed Bulls, which belched out fire and smoke; gain the victory over an Armed Troop that were to rise out of Serpent's Teeth, sown in the earth; and charm to sleep a Wakeful Dragon which guarded the splendid prize.

To atchieve this adventure, several Grecian heroes sailed for Colchis, the chief of whom was Jason, the son of Æson, a chief renown'd for Courage and Fortitude; who, by the assistance of certain charms which he received from Medea, the Colchian monarch's daughter, yoked the Bull, overcame the Armed Men by a stratagem, caused the Dragon to fall into a deep sleep, and brought away the Golden Fleece, together with the Princes who helped him to obtain it.

The vessel they sailed in was called Argo, from whence these adventurers were termed Argonauts. This is supposed to have been the first expedition of any consequence the Greeks ever undertook; and those who

were concerned in it, were some of the most famous heroes in fabulous history.

This is the tenor of the story, which is greatly mixed with fable. The truth seems to be that Jason and his companions failed to establish a gainful commerce at Colchis. In this their expedition they met with many obstacles from the savage manners of the people they had to deal with, but at last, by Perseverance, overcame them, and happily returned to their native country, crowned with all the success their warmest wishes could have induced them to expect.

APPLICATION.

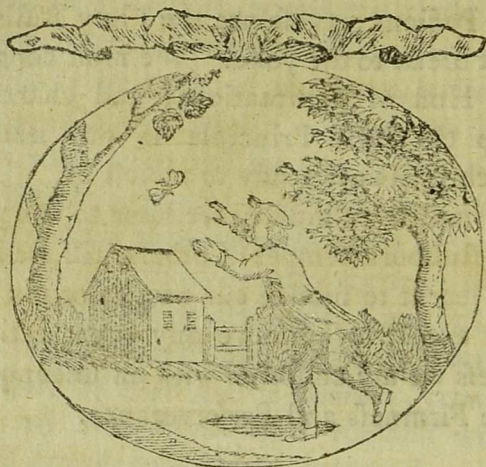
Examples like these, of Fortitude and Perseverance in all laudable undertakings, for the benefit of ourselves, our friends, or our country, carry their application with them, which can never be too much inculcated, or attended to.

If, like Jason, we would bear away the Prize, like him we must learn to deserve it: we must hazard ourselves against the Fierce; nor must we be afraid to oppose the Strong; when Virtue, and the duty we owe to Heaven and to our country, demand it. Above all things, we must learn to curb our immoderate

rate

rate Passions ; these are the Fiery Bulls we must break to the yoke. We must conquer the Host of Temptations, and charm to sleep the Evil Principle in our nature, which is always ready to molest us.

Finally, we must never hope to vanquish the stubborn temper of others, till we have first learnt to subdue our own ; nor must we ever expect to atchieve any great actions, unless we are endowed with an unconquerable Firmness and Perseverance.



E M B L E M XXVII.

Of Vain Pursuits.

FROM sultry noon, till night's dull shades descend,
Behold the Boy his fruitless chace attend !
To gain the Insect's painted wings he flies,
And pleas'd, at last, obtains the Gaudy Prize !
But whilst its beauties he surveys with joy,
Those hands which seize them, fatally destroy.

M O R A L.

Ev'n so those Pleasures which we wish to gain,
And sacrifice our quiet to obtain,
With gaudy flutt' rings tempt us to pursue,
But, while we grasp them, vanish from our view ;
Or gain'd, but ill reward our labour past,
Crush'd, as we seize them, by our eager haste.

T H E

THE simple Boy, smitten with the gaudy colours of the Butterfly, chases it from flower to flower, with the utmost eagerness. — The fluttering insect still flies before him, still eludes his pursuit. When he thinks he has it just within his grasp, it slips away, and soars aloft in air; at another time, it skulks behind the leaves of a plant, and hides itself from his curious search.

The hours slip away unperceived, and the wanton loses himself while he is pursuing his prey. — The chase began at noon; he sustains the heat of the meridian hours; the day declines, and he is not yet at the end of labour.

But, at length, just at the time of the sun's setting, he surprizes the gay fluttering insect in the cup of a blue-bell. Eagerly he hastens to catch it; he squeezes the sides of the flower together, to prevent the escape of his captive; he does, indeed, most effectually prevent it, but at the same time he defeats his own end, for he crushes the insect to pieces; and thus, by his own Eagerness, loses the fruit of his toil, and destroys that beauty which he coveted to possess.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

This is an apt Emblem of the Impetuosity of Youth, which, with a blind precipitancy, pursues vain pleasures, that never can afford any solid enjoyment.

Passion is ever fierce, headstrong, and regardless of consequences; it is ready to encounter all opposition, to run through every danger, for the most trifling acquisition; and its hurry often destroys the objects on which its wishes have been set, by no other means than its eagerness to possess them.

Passion thus indulged can never contribute any thing to Felicity; and he who knows not what it is to be moderate in the pursuit of Pleasures, will never know what it is truly to enjoy them.

And, moreover, we should ever

Avoid to take the life we cannot give,
Since all things have an equal right to live.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XXVIII.

Of Ambition.

W H Y would you Eagle proudly soar so high,
And strive to emulate the distant sky?
What? sees she not the weight and straight'ning band,
That all her pow'r with double force withstand!—
In vain, fond bird, your pinions you extend,
Check'd in your flight, to earth you must descend:
Ev'n so would mad Ambition widely tow'r;
Boundless his wish, but limited his pow'r.

M O R A L.

Remember all things have a certain bound,
Which, once attain'd, your *ne plus ultra's* found:
Ambition shun, if you would taste of peace,
For while its views extend, its sorrows still increase.

THE

THE Eagle is generally esteemed the chief of birds: it flies higher than all others, and builds its nest in the tops of the loftiest trees, or on high rocks, poising it with stones, in the former case, to prevent its falling. The long life, and sharp sight of this bird, have been much exaggerated: it has been reported to live more than a century, and to fly always directly against the sun, fixing its eyes on him in its greatest splendor. Thus much, however, is certain; that the Eagle possesses a very piercing sight, and lives to a great age. It is a bird of prey, like the Vulture, and others of that kind; and will, sometimes, even attack living quadrupeds.

The Eagle has ever been reckoned an Emblem of Ambition. It was esteemed sacred to Jupiter, among the heathens, as being set to carry his thunder; and was always represented as one of the symbols of that god.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

In the Emblem before us we have an apt representation of Ambition, which, in spite of all its towering, must still be confined to limits; a circumstance perfectly against its nature, and which never fails of administering cause of anxiety to its possessor.

Can

Can there be more striking instances of this truth, than those which are exhibited to us in the person of Alexander, surnamed the *Great*, son of Philip, King of Macedon? — This prince was contented to renounce his father, and travel over burning desarts, to get himself acknowledged the son of the god Jupiter. — The same prince, having over-run Persia and India, and most of those parts, known to the Greeks, wept, because he supposed there was no more to conquer. Ridiculous madness! insatiable Ambition! this son of the great Jove died of a surfeit at Babylon, in the bloom of his years; and, being too proud to admit that any one deserved to succeed him, he left his empire to be divided and torn with intestine broils, which, in a course of years, occasioned its becoming a prey to the Romans, who led the last King of Macedonia in triumph through the streets of Rome, and at length starved him to death in a dungeon.

Such are the fruits of Ambition! It was the first, and continues to be one of the greatest of follies---for, “by that sin fell the Angels;” how can man, then, ever hope to be a gainer by it?

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XXIX.

Of the Reward of Vice.

LO, here the nymph, by her own father's doom,
 Condemn'd alive to perish in her tomb,
 Because she yielded to a flatt'ring tale,
 And o'er her Virtue let her Love prevail;
 Her groans no pity from a parent claim,
 She sinks at once, bereft of life and fame.

M O R A L.

Those who quit Virtue, Heav'n itself forsakes,
 And of their suff'rings no compassion takes;
 Whom Heav'n forsakes, must seek relief in vain,
 From their own parents and their kindred train:
 Shunn'd like a thing accurs'd, in dust they fall,
 The dread of many, and the scorn of all.

LEU-

LEUCOTHOE, was the daughter of Orchamus, King of Persia. With her the god Apollo is said to have been in love. She was not virtuous or prudent enough to resist his solicitations, and they carried on a correspondence together, which they thought to be private; but this being discovered by one of Apollo's old favourites, the king, her father, was soon made acquainted with it. Being a haughty prince, he could not endure the disgrace which was put on his family by this accident; and therefore, notwithstanding all his daughter's prayers and tears, he commanded her to be buried alive. This terrible sentence was accordingly executed, without her receiving any relief from her lover. However, after her death, the fable says, Apollo, whose aid was too late to save her, caused the Frankincense Tree, which weeps perpetually, to spring out of her grave.

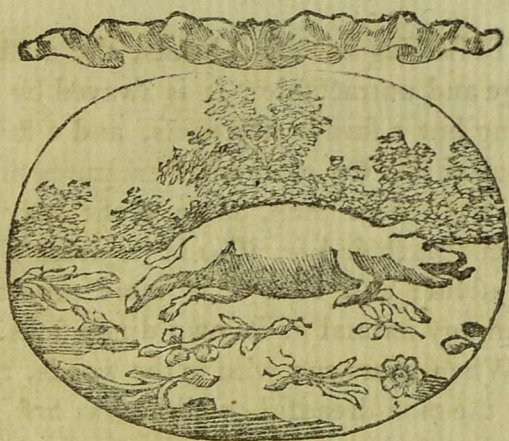
APPLICATION.

There is a fine contrast between Daphne's story, and this of Leucothœe: the former eluded the snares of Vice, and persevering in defence of her Virtue, was beloved and honoured in her end; but the latter yielding
to

to unlawful solicitations, perishes miserably, neglected and despised by all, at the express command of her father, without having received the aid she might have expected from her lover, who appears, but too late to save her, and only pays a sort of mournful tribute to her memory.

If we desire to be had in estimation by others, or assisted by them in time of distress, we must first learn what is due to ourselves, and act up to the dignity of our own Nature, by not being defiled with Vice; and so rendering ourselves unworthy of support and assistance.

Finally, if we expect or desire that Heaven should not forsake us, we should not forsake Heaven; and, if we shudder at the punishment of an offender, we should learn betimes to avoid the crimes which occasioned it.



E M B L E M X X X .

Of Brutality.

THE grov'ling beast, whose savage strength destroys
The flow'ry garden that the swain enjoys ;
Shews, that when in his beastly pastime slain,
His death alone can be his master's gain.

M O R A L .

The wicked selfish man, who gripes the poor,
And rates the injur'd orphan from his door,
Like the base Swine, his neighbour's peace destroys,
And all his pow'r in evil still employs ;
When all his riches he has left behind,
Dying, alone, he benefits mankind.

T H E

THE Hog is, of all beasts, the most savage and untractable; it is swayed by nothing but a savage fierceness, and a stupid Gluttony. Of most other creatures made for the use of man, some profit may be gained in their life. *This* in its death alone is useful; and then it is more profitable than any animal of its own dimensions.

When boars run wild in the woods, they are the most dreadful of all beasts; first, because of their great fierceness; and secondly, on account of their stupidity, which is so great, that it makes them disregard their safety, and rush on their own certain destruction, in order to accomplish that of those whom they engage with.—In short, it is become such a proverb, by which to express Obstinacy, Gluttony, and many evil qualities, that to be said to resemble a Swine, is the worst comparison a man can be subject to.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

NATURE seems to have set us examples of good and evil qualities even among the Brute Creation. Thus, the Lamb for Innocence; the Horse for Courage; the Ox for Patience; the Serpent for Deceit; and the Swine,

Swine, in the Emblem before us, for Fierceness and Sensuality.

It is a melancholy consideration, that some men seem to have taken pattern by this grovling beast, as they lead a life of Gluttony and Drunkenness, are entirely wrapped up in Self-love, and lost to every thought of Charity and Good-will to their neighbours.

Such men, indeed, can do no other good to the world, but by their deaths; when, if they have any riches, they may, perhaps, leave them to others, who will make a better use of those gifts than they have done.

Therefore, if you would have men wish you life and prosperity, live in such a manner, as to be serviceable to society; for, depend upon it, if you copy the manners of the Swine, you will share the same fate, that none will be sorry for your misfortune or your death, while they can reap nothing but injury from your life and prosperity.



E M B L E M XXXI.

Of Precipitation.

WHAT means that rash and heedless charioteer,
Down the steep rock to urge his mad career?
Sees he not round him various dangers grow,
High cliffs above, and yawning deeps below?
Yet down the dreary, dreadful path he hies,
Madly meets ruin, and despairing dies.

M O R A L.

So some wild youth to Passion gives the rein,
And buys short Pleasure with an age of Pain;
For him Destruction spreads the fatal snare,
He sinks in gulphs of mis'ry and despair.

THIS

THIS Emblem has formerly been adapted by Plato, the Greek philosopher. He used to say, that the soul or reason of man represented a Charioteer, and his passions wild horses, which it was his business to restrain, lest they should hurry him on to ruin and destruction.

Certainly it is but a sad consideration, that some men should not have so much government over themselves, as by habit they acquire over their beasts---these are seen generally to turn, to stand still, to proceed this way or that, or to stop in the midst of their career, as the driver would have them; and, if he be a skilful man, it is seldom that we have an instance of his falling in governing them.

But how many instances have we of mens passions not submitting to the government of their reason? A sad example of people's neglecting great matters to attend to small ones, who think it less worth their while to mind the management of themselves, than that of their horses.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

If you would ever wish to enjoy peace here or hereafter, you must learn that great
and

and useful lesson, to controul your Passions;--like *fire* and *water*, they are good servants, but terrible masters; if you do not learn early to command them, they will certainly command you; and, in the end, lead you to inevitable destruction.



E M B L E M X X X I I .

Of the Changes of Human Affairs.

THE beauteous Moon renews her faded light,
Not with her own, but borrow'd lustre bright;
Uncertain Planet! whose great Changes show,
Th'unstable state of all things here below:
Tho' now but half her radiant form she shows,
Her waxing lustre every moment grows;
Till to the Sun her glowing face she turns,
Drinks all his beams, and in full glory burns.

M O R A L .

Thus all things change with Time's revolving round,
And nothing permanent on earth is found;
Tho' now but half thy wishes thou can't share,
Succeeding times thy fortune may repair.
But whate'er chance on th' concerns await,
Scorn to do ill, in order to be great;
The meed of Virtue is as fix'd as Fate.

F

THE

THE Moon, though a beautiful and useful Planet, receives all her light from the Sun, and is but as a mirror or looking-glass to reflect his beams—yet she gives us light in his absence; rules the ebbing and flowing of the tides; and is particularly attended to by physicians in the treatment of their patients.

Her periods of Change in the Month, are divided into Four. The *first quarter*, when she shews but half her face, in the increase—The *full*, when she is entirely enlightened—The *last quarter*, when only half her face is again to be seen, in the decrease—And the *New Moon* begins immediately after her being entirely darkened.—All these are occasioned by her position with regard to the Sun; the more of his beams she receives, the more light she is in a condition of giving; and it is, consequently, when she turns her whole face exactly opposite to him, that she is said to be at the Full, and reflects the strongest lustre.

In the Emblem she appears as just before she enters the First Quarter; at which time, though she does not impart half the light of the Full Moon, yet she gives signs of her increase; from whence we may conclude, that we shall soon see her in her greatest glory.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

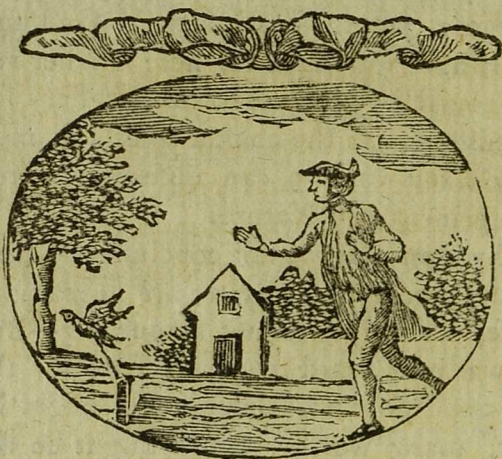
The Moon has ever been reckoned a
symbol

symbol of Inconstancy, from her perpetual Changes; yet these are such as God and Nature have appointed for her; and her various course is, doubtless, as necessary for the universe, as the constancy of the most steady fixed star we can observe, or any other principle in Nature.

Why then may we not conclude the same of Fate, whose partiality we are so ready to accuse, when it does not favour us?—But who was ever heard to accuse Fate for the good dealt to him, though, for aught he knew, many worthy people might be the worse for it?

On this Emblem we may find a system of rational philosophy, since it teaches those who possess much, not to be too proud of what they may soon be deprived of: it comforts those who have but little, that a day *may* come, when their sorrows shall have an end; and if not so, that Time certainly must, by its Revolutions, bring them ease, and change their condition and life together.

Despond not, therefore, though thou art not arrived to the possession of thy wishes—Think on these Morals, and be wise—Above all things, stick to Virtue, for that will be found unchangeable, and will certainly carry its reward with it, either here or hereafter.



E M B L E M XXXIII.

Of the Snares of Vice.

AH! see you yonder Bird, devoid of care,
Which sang and flutter'd near the Fowler's snare!
Too soon, alas! her state she will deplore,
Doom'd to a lonesome cage, to mount no more;
But plaintive notes, imprison'd still to try,
And wish in vain for Native Liberty.

M O R A L.

Beware of Vice, whose empire will controul,
The Native Freedom of a gen'rous soul;
Avoid her snares, where certain mischiefs wait,
Nor rush, unthinking, on destructive fate.

BEHOLD the silly Bird struggling in the Snare which the artful Fowler has contrived for its destruction. — Too late the poor flutterer finds its fatal error, too late repents its rashness, when confined in a wiry prison, and obliged to pour its complaints in solitude; fit Emblem of a Man, who, by his Vices or Follies, has forfeited that chief of all blessings, Heaven-born Liberty.

A celebrated English traveller in France, mentions a very peculiar story of a Bird in a Cage, which (just at the time when he was reflecting on the nature of Confinement) suddenly cried, “ I can’t get out.” — This so struck him, that it at once convinced him of the blessing of Liberty, which he was now disposed to give the poor Bird also, which still continued its note; and as the gentleman was complaining, that he could not open the cage, the Starling still cried, “ No, I can’t get out,” which still more confirm’d him in his love of Native Freedom.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

LIBERTY is, indeed, one of the most valuable blessings in the world; and Life itself

is of little worth without it. For this, wise men have argued, heroes have died, and left the glorious prize to posterity.

Yet, after all, it is in vain for any one to suppose himself Free, who is not also Virtuous; when once we give way to our Passions, like the Bird in the Emblem, we are caught in the fatal snare which must entangle us, and deprive us of our Real Liberty.

The slaves of Vice and Passion can never be deemed Free; and a Slave he ever will be, who suffers his own bad inclinations to get the better of him.



E M B L E M XXXIV.

Of Passion.

BEHOLD the furious beast, more fierce he grows,
When the clear stream his proper image shows!
Nor for his own the hideous figure knows.

M O R A L.

So could we see how Passion's dreadful storm,
And madding Fury all our souls deform;
Erase God's image planted in our breast,
And change the Man into a Savage Beast;
Ourselves we should abhor, the shape disown,
And hate the fiend that put *our* likeness on.

THE Lion, the Bull, and other fierce creatures, are particularly enraged at viewing their own shape in water, or a glass; it is a circumstance which doubles their Fury, since they there behold a distorted figure, which instinct impels them to war upon.

To the animals it is not given to know, that the shape they are so much offended with, is their own: they are not sensible that their own Rage makes them such frightful figures: they take the hateful image for another fierce creature, and immediately commence a fight with it.

Heaven not having bestowed on the Lion and the Bull, the sacred gift of Reason, their mistake is natural, as their fury is excusable. In both these points, they act just as they were ordained, and fill up that necessary part of the creation, which, for wise ends, they were created to occupy: Man alone is blameable when he runs counter to Reason, and reduces himself to the situation of the savage animal, whose Fury and evil qualities he is absurd enough to imitate.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

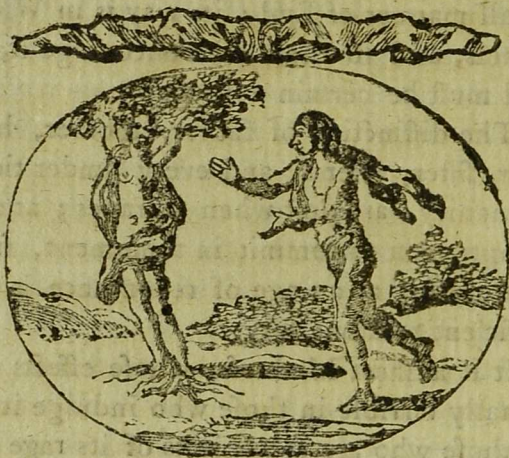
There is not a fiercer fiend than Anger, when indulged, nor a Passion so detestable
in

in the fight both of God and Man—It leads to all manner of Evil ; its way is in Wick- edness, and to those who encourage it, its end must be certain destruction.

The distinction of father, mother, brother, sister, friend, and every tender tie of humanity, are lost when it rages ; and it tempts men to commit in a moment, such enormities, as an age of repentance is not sufficient to atone for.

It is a short Madness, whose effects are equally terrible in those who indulge it, as in those who are the objects of its rage ; it has often led to real Madness, to Ruin, and to Death ; and he who gives way to it can no more answer for his actions, than if he were Drunk, or Lunatic, or possessed with an Evil Spirit, at the time he is angry and enraged.

In fine, Anger is a Vice of such a cast, that it debases God's image, which is stamped upon our nature, making us rather resemble Dæmons, than Human Creatures ; if passionate men could have a just and full view of themselves, in all their deformity, both of soul and body, they must hate themselves ; and, like the Lion in the Emblem, make War with their own Image ; than which nothing in Nature can be more hideous and detestable



E M B L E M XXXV.

Of Chastity.

DAPHNE, the fairest of the woodland train,
 Apolle long had woo'd, but woo'd in vain ;
 At length the God surpriz'd her in the shade,
 And strove to gain with promis'd gifts, the Maid ;
 Her, still resisting, o'er the plains he chac'd ;
 But when he thought the Nymph to have embrac'd,
 Instead of Daphne, bright in blooming charms,
 Surpriz'd, he clasp'd a Laurel in his arms.
 The Tree belov'd, still bears his honour'd name,
 Emblem of Conquest, and of deathless Fame.

M O R A L.

Avoid Temptation, tho' the Gilded Bait
 Be deck'd with all the pomp of Guilty State ;
 Nor with the Tempter strive to try your might :—
 Retire betimes ;—your Conquest is in flight.

DAPHNE

DAPHNE, fabled to be the daughter of the River God, Peneus, was so beautiful, that Apollo, or Phœbus, the God of Day, was smitten with her, and made her many offers if she would consent to his suit; but, she still resisting, he strove at last to accomplish by force, that which was denied to his request. But Daphne, finding his purpose, sought her security in flight. Apollo followed with a swiftness not to be matched by mortals, and was just upon the point of overtaking her; when, in the midst of her distress, she prayed most earnestly, that she might be enabled to preserve her Chastity—Her prayer was heard, and at the instant her pursuer came up with her, he found her changed into a Laurel.

Apollo, though disappointed of his purpose, could not but admire her Constancy; he therefore pronounced the Tree his own, and consecrated it as sacred to the reward of virtuous actions.---The Laurel has ever since been esteemed an Emblem of excellency, either in arms or arts, to those who were crowned with it: and what was once Apollo's love, has always been considered as his Tree.---So far the ancient fable.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THE application is plain and striking.

F 6 Nothing

Nothing ought to be held so dear as our Innocence; and, in some cases, we should be content to part even with our being itself, to preserve it.

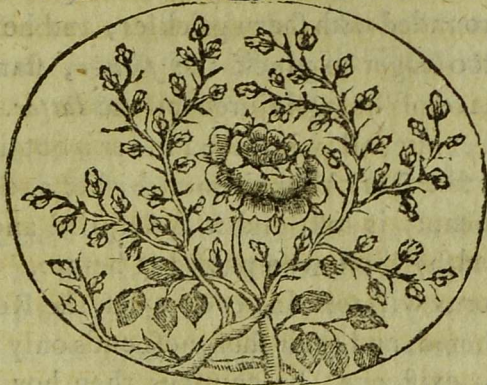
Daphne fled from Apollo: she lost her Life, but she preserved her Honour. Her fair fame survived her mortal body, and she remained a monument of Virtue to posterity.

She challenged respect even from him who was most disappointed; and, at the very time he found himself foiled, he bore testimony to her Honour, and rewarded her generous Constancy.

Even they who seek to draw us into the snares of Vice, cannot help secretly applauding us when they see, that in spite of all their arts, they still proceed in the paths of Virtue. The harder the trial, the greater will be the reward of those who persevere.

But above all things, it is necessary for us to fly from Temptation. There are none who stand so strong, but that it is possible they may fall: how unwise then is it for us to approach to the brink of a precipice, merely to try whether he can bear to look down from it with a steady eye! Those who seek a danger they may shun, deserve the consequences of their folly, when they meet it, and must fall unpitied, if the evil is of their own seeking.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XXXVI.

Of the Vanity of Pleasure.

BEHOLD the beauty of yon Damask Rose,
Joy of the eye, in gaudy pride it blows;
The setting sun shall see its bloom decay,
And all its boasted beauties fade away:
The envious Thorns its fragrant leaves surround,
Protect the Blossom, and th'unwary wound.
Pleasure must cost too dear when bought with Pain:
The Rose shall wither, when the Thorns remain.

M O R A L.

With cautious hand pluck the vain flow'r of Joy,
Lest Hidden Evil should your soul annoy.

THE

THE Rose, the pride of the garden, is surrounded with sharp prickles; and he who is too eager to pluck the *former*, stands a chance of being injured by the *latter*.

Yet after all, when the Flower is obtained, in a few short hours it must wither and die; its beauty is lost, and it is despised and rejected by those who prized it before. The Thorns will remain, even when the Rose is withered, and their sharpness ends only with their existence: be cautious then how you pluck the Flower, and forget not the Thorn which guards it.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

EVEN such, so transient, are the joys of life, which seem so inviting, and court us, as it were, to taste them: they quickly wither and die, but are surrounded with Thorns, whose smart is too often felt long after the sense of the pleasure is lost and extinguished.

Yet neither Virtue nor Prudence declare against the moderate enjoyment of the pleasures of life; but we are admonished, not to be too eager in our pursuit of them, lest we injure our health, our fortune, our reputation, or, which is still worse, our Virtue.

The

The difference between a moderate man, and one who pursues after pleasure to an extreme, is thus beautifully described by the poet; where he says, that

—Eager *this* its object would devour ;
That taste the Honey, but not wound the Flow'r.

Learn then to set no more than a due value on the things of this world; be not overhasty to gain them; and, when you possess them, be moderate in your enjoyment; so shall you be gratified with the beauty of the Rose, without wounding yourself with its Thorns; so shall you enjoy the Honey of Pleasure, while you avoid the Sting and Venom of Remorse.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XXXVIII.

Of the Improvement of Life.

TIME's an hand's-breadth ; 'tis a tale ;
 'Tis a vessel under sail ;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey ;
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight ;
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r ;
 'Tis a rainbow on a show'r ;
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day ;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream ;
 'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;
 'Tis the closing watch of night,
 Dying at the rising light ;
 'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh !—
 Be prepar'd, O Man ! to die.

TIME

TIME is the great destroyer of all things. There is nothing in this world, which must not sooner or later submit to his stroke; none strong enough to resist, so cunning as to evade his power.

Yet this great destroyer steals on us, as it were, unperceived: Days, Months, Years, roll on, while we content ourselves with saying "Time passes," without considering, that *our* time also passes with it, and that every Moment brings us nearer to Eternity.

How much more praise-worthy would it be to mark each day of our existence with some act of Religion or Virtue, the remembrance of which might live when we ourselves are departed, and make our memory dear to the good, and our deeds approved by Heaven.

Titus Vespasian, Emperor of Rome, (tho' a heathen) was a man of so good a disposition, that recollecting one night as he sat at supper, he had not done one good action that day, cried out "Friends I have lost a day." This prince was surnamed by his people, *The Delight of Mankind*. Happy are they who know so well the value of Time, and make so good an use of it.

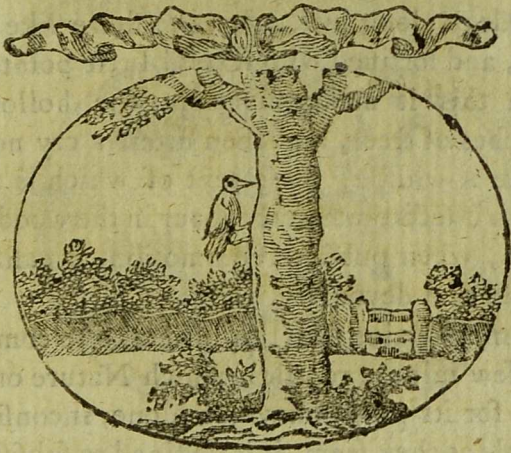
APPLI-

A P P L I C A T I O N.

How many are there amongst us, who are for ever exclaiming against the shortness of life, and yet are not ashamed, with the same breath, to complain, that their Time hangs heavy on their hands, and that they know not how to employ it?

But what an idle complaint is this, when we consider, that there cannot be any person, in whatsoever station of life, who has not an opportunity of spending his days in the exercise of something that is instructive or useful to himself or others!—*Go to the Ant, thou sluggard! Consider her ways, and be wise!*

E M B L E M



E M B L E M X X X V I I I .

Of Industry.

WITH what hard toil, with what unceasing cares,
The Woodpecker his scanty meat prepares:
Tho' small the feast that must reward his pains,
Sweet is that meal which honest Labour gains.

M O R A L .

Be Frugal, be Industrious, if you're wise,
The road to Plenty through these maxims lies.
The Idle to ill stars ascribe their state,
But Fools *make Fortune*, and deserve their Fate.

T H E

THE Woodpecker is a small bird, with short legs, long bill, a tongue sharp like a horn, and fortified with several little points. With this it makes holes in the hollow branches of trees, and then utters a cry not unlike a whistle, the intent of which is to disturb insects that may harbour in the wood; which, when put into commotion, it easily catches and devours.

So much pains does this bird take to come at a few minute reptiles, which Nature ordains for its prey; on which alone, inconsiderable as they seem, it is destined to subsist.

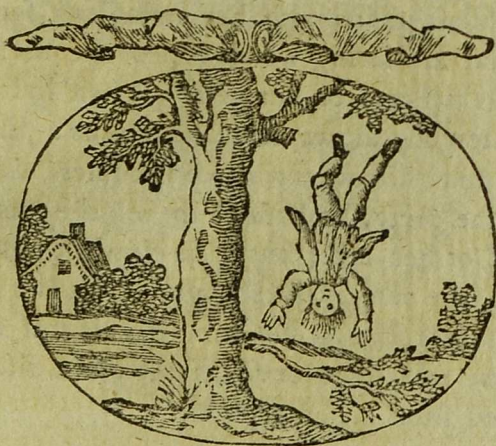
A pattern of Industry, and an example of Perseverance, which man need not be ashamed to copy; as the Idle may learn an useful lesson from the labours of this little animal.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

As Idleness is the root of Mischief, so is an honest Industry the source of the most laudable and ingenious undertakings.

It is to this principle chiefly that we owe those arts and manufactures which at this day flourish amongst us, and which add to the convenience and grandeur of the great, while they maintain numbers of the lower class of people, who without them, must be reduced to a starving condition, or have recourse to begging, in order to procure a subsistence.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XXXIX.

Of Evil, and its Punishment.

WHILE the sweet Bird chaunts forth its tuneful lays,
Her warbling throat the hidden nest betrays ;
Eager to seize it hastes the thoughtless boy,
And all the mother's comfort to destroy ;
When lo ! the faithless branch in pieces broke,
His limbs are shatter'd with the dreadful stroke.

M O R A L.

So, when we seek some dear-priz'd joy to gain,
And buy *our* Pleasure with *another's* Pain ;
Our slipp'ry steps to evil are betray'd,
We fall unpitied in the snare we made.

THE

THE sweet warbler of the grove hears the silent plains with her melodious song; —and answering woods repeat the harmonious trillings of her voice; when lo! the wanton boy draws near; he listens a while, and soon discovers whence it comes. Eager for the prize, he hastens to rob the mother bird of her nest; but as he climbs the lofty tree, the bough gives way, and throws him on the ground. He mourns his fall with tears, and is at once disabled and discouraged from his enterprize.

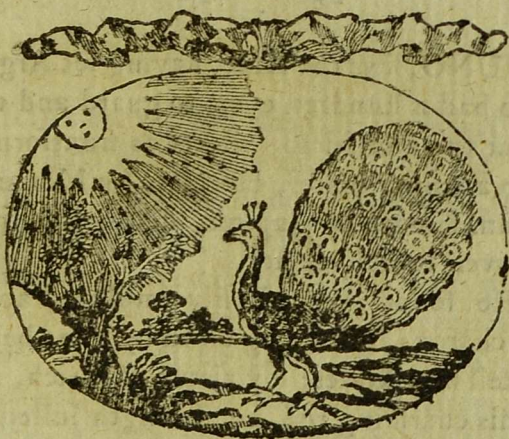
A P P L I C A T I O N.

THEY who seek their own good at the expence of that of others, often meet with a bitter disappointment, and lament too late the evils which themselves have occasioned.

If every man would do to others, as he would wish to be done by, Evil would be banished from the world; Peace and Righteousness would flourish; Man would draw nearer to the Divine Nature; and Earth would be a representation of Heaven.

But while people will follow their own evil inclinations, they have no right to complain of the ills they sustain; since, as Virtue makes Happiness, Vice must, at one time or another, end in Misery.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XL.

Of Pride.

BEHOLD that silly bird, how proudly vain,
Of the bright colours of his gaudy train!
Ev'n to a proverb grown his idle pride,
By outward shew alone in worth supply'd;
For no harmonious sound, no cheerful note,
Must ever issue from that hideous throat;
Nor of the Hundred Eyes that grace his tail,
Can one for fight, or real use avail.

M O R A L.

O son of Vanity! be wise in time!
Apply the Moral of this homely rhyme;
To *real worth* alone should praise be given,
And *real worth* inherits it from Heaven.

JUNO, says the fable, having set Argus, who had a hundred eyes, to guard and torment the damsel Iö, who was transformed into a young heifer, Hermes, (or Mercury) commissioned by Jupiter, descended from Heaven to deliver her.

He found Argus busily employed about his charge; but sitting down by him, began to tell him stories; by virtue of which, and of his charming rod, he at length lulled all his hundred eyes to sleep; which being done, he slew him, by cutting off his head.---On which Juno took the eyes of her servant, and placed them in the tail of the Peacock, a bird esteemed sacred to her, who was, in a great measure, the Goddess of Pride and Splendour.--So far Ovid.--As to the Peacock, it is a bird known in most countries for its fine plumage, which, indeed, seems to be all it has to boast of; for as to its voice, it is a most frightful one; and the flesh of it, though a rarity, is generally own'd to have no very delicate flavour. The pride this bird takes in its plumage, and the ill tone of its voice, are both become equally proverbs; and it is worth while to observe, that the former circumstance has served to make the latter more remarkable.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

LIKE the proud Peacock is the son of Vanity—and surely it is more ridiculous in a rational creature to indulge this pride, than in an unreasoning animal.

But what is the vain-glorious man proud of?—his dress?—surely the Peacock has more reason to be proud of what Nature gave her, than man of that covering, for which, at best, he is obliged to the brutes, or to the vegetable creation.

Is it of the beauties of his person any one is vain? Let him consider how shortly sickness or accident may, and how certainly old age *must*, if he attains it, deprive him of those. Let him consider, likewise, at best, how worthless they are, without the Beauties of the Mind.



E M B L E M XLI.

Of Applause.

“ FAME! that strange pow’r, which ev’ry moment
grows,
“ And gathers strength and vigour as she goes,
“ First small with fear, she swells to wond’rous size,
“ And stalks on earth, or tow’rs above the skies ;
“ Beneath her various plumes she ever bears,
“ A thousand piercing eyes and list’ning ears,
“ And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues
appears.”

M O R A L.

Lo! to this Goddess ev’ry mortal bends,
And still from pole to pole her tyrant race extends.
Wisdom and Virtue will for ever claim,
The deathless honours of an honest Fame :
Where these are wanting, weak is he who draws
His fund of glory from a Vain Applause.

F A M E,

FAME, as represented in the Emblem, was one of the deities of the ancients, who described her as a monstrous figure, and reported her to be the daughter of the giant Enceladus, who warred with Jupiter. They say, Terra, or the Earth, being angry with the gods for having destroyed her offspring, brought forth this last of monsters, which she sent into the world to publish their Vices.

Thus far the fable.—Of this fictitious Being the poets have given the most lofty and extraordinary descriptions—

——Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd,

Unlike successes equal merits found:

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune reigns;

And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

But it needs not be wondered at, that the Heathens, whose supreme Jupiter was defective, should suppose all the subservient deities to be imperfect.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THE LOVE of FAME is justly stiled the Universal Passion—All men seem possessed of it;

—but, in their pursuit of Applause, as in that of Happiness, it falls out, that various people take different roads to attain it.

In the desire itself there is certainly nothing amiss; it is implanted in our nature as an incentive to Virtue, and, doubtless, to this we owe many of the best and greatest actions which have been performed;—if it were taken away, the world would become worse than it is, as the force of example, in the cause of Virtue, would be far less prevalent.

But, as there is an excess, and likewise a perversion of all things, so it is in regard to Fame: men often mistake glaring characters for *virtuous* ones; and hence has arose the false glory which has been too often attributed to the destroyers of mankind. This is the perversion of Fame.—An excess in courting her favours is also an abuse too frequent.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XLII.

Of Oppression.

FROM airy heights the rav'nous bird survey
With matchless swiftness darting on her prey:
The helpless struggling victim strives in vain,
From such a foe, its freedom to regain;
Proudly secure, she skims the skies along,
And hastens home to feed her hungry young;
But when the wily Serpent's strength she tries,
And strives to bear aloft her scaly prize,
At once the victor, with the vanquish'd, dies.

M O R A L.

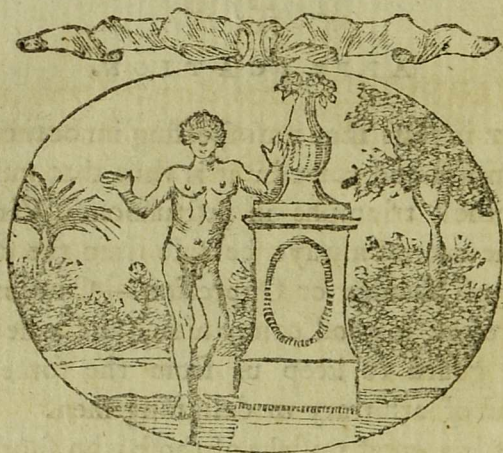
Beware of Vice with lawless might combin'd;
All ills are easy to a wicked mind:
But if an useful lesson you would prove,
Be *wise* as Serpents, *harmless* as the Dove.

THE Eagle, as we have already observed, is one of the strongest of the feathered kind;—it is likewise the most voracious.—It has been reported of the Lion, that he will not prey upon carcases; but the contrary is true of the Eagle, which, notwithstanding, is no less fierce in its attacks upon living animals.—Birds, Beasts, and even Serpents, are its prey; and if the Dove often falls a victim to this feathered tyrant, the Hare, with all its swiftness, cannot always escape its pounces: stooping, as it were from the clouds, the destroyer seizes on the timorous creature, and carries her off with incredible swiftness.—But when the Eagle and the Serpent meet, the combat is long and doubtful; for, though borne through the air by a force superior to his own, the wily reptile, struggling, curls his angry spires, and often, even in that situation, mortally wounds his conqueror: so that he either escapes, or both fall down dead together. Thus his cunning serves either to deliver or revenge him; while the poor innocent Hare falls an easy victim to the great oppressor.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

It is thus that unsuspecting innocence is often lost and ruined : it is thus that guilty greatness triumphs in destruction. Virtue alone cannot always be safe from the danger of Slander or Oppression.—Caution is therefore a good companion, and a necessary guard to keep us from the force or fraud of arbitrary or designing men.

It is a great mistake of those who suppose Prudence to be incompatible with Goodness.—A low and vicious cunning may indeed justly be deemed so : but some of the most virtuous characters that have graced humanity, have also been the most remarkable for Wisdom, which has been conspicuous in all their conduct, even to the end of their days, and transmitted in their writings to posterity.



E M B L E M XLIII.

Of Self-Love.

THE self-enamour'd fair Narcissus ift retires,
 When the warm sun darts forth meridian fires,
 To the clear fountain, there enraptur'd lies,
 In vain to catch the fleeting shadow tries,
 And smit with hopeless love, despairing dies.
 The Theban nymphs a rustic tomb prepare,
 Rend their fair garments, tear their golden hair:
 But to a Flow'r transform'd, the corpse remains,
 Which still his name and memory sustains.

M O R A L.

The Self-adorning Youth, whose weaker mind
 Is still to childish Vanity inclin'd,
 Will find too late, by the vain shew betray'd,
 He courts indeed, *the shadow of a shade.*

N A R-

NARCISSUS (according to Ovid) was a beautiful youth, who delighted in hunting, and was beloved by Eccho, then a nymph. However, he equally slighted her and all his admirers; at length, viewing his own face in a fountain, he fell in love with himself, and constantly resorted to the stream to court his own shadow.

But when he perceiv'd the beautiful form retire as often as he withdrew, and mock his pursuit when he stretched out his arms to embrace it, he fell into the greatest agonies of passion, and with vain prayers invoked the insubstantial form.

Though convinc'd at last of his mistake, and assured that the figure he saw was only the reflection of himself, yet he could not conquer his unhappy passion, but still continued to pine with a preposterous love of his own person.—Thus his form wasted, his beauty decayed, and the breath of life at last forsook him; but when his body was sought for to be interred, in its stead they found a flower, which still retains his name, and perpetuates his memory.

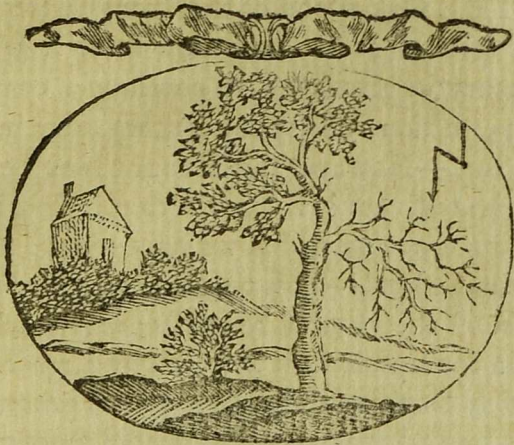
A P P L I C A T I O N.

THERE is not a greater Vanity or Folly than that of Self-admiration; he who in-

clines to it will court a vain shadow, and will ever, like the Youth in the fable, find himself disappointed.

But it happens to too many persons of weak minds, as it did to Narcissus, that they suffer themselves to be led away by such vanities, before they know that they are possessed by them, and are far gone in the intoxication of Self-love, before they are aware of it. The ill habit, strengthened by custom, thus grows too powerful for their reason; and the consequence is, that they often become the authors of their own misfortunes, only by loving themselves too well; and thus may be said, like Narcissus in the fable, to fall victims to their Self-admiration.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XLIV.

Of the Danger of Greatness.

WITH dreadful force the lofty Tree of Jove,
Is struck and rent by Lightning from above;
Mossy and old its shiver'd trunk appears,
The growth of ages, yet unhurt by years;
Long had it flourish'd, and with stately pride
The utmost force of fighting winds defy'd:
But yet in dust its honour's stretch'd at last,
In dreadful ruin by th'æthereal blast:
While the low Shrub, in far more humble state,
Unknown to Greatness, stands secure from Fate.

M O R A L.

Would you Security and Peace obtain,
Contented in a private state remain.

THE Oak is one of the strongest trees of the forest. It has been said to be a whole century in growing; to continue a century in perfection; and to be a century more in decaying.—However this account may be exaggerated, yet it is certain that it flourishes a long time; of which we have many instances in this land—This tree is generally found to resist the greatest tempests; except when, as in the Emblem, it is struck by Lightning, which sometimes cleaves it to the ground.

The Oak was esteemed sacred among the Romans.—It stood at Cæsar's gate, together with the Laurel, which was held in high veneration; and they even pretended to have some which delivered oracles.—The ancient Britons, the first inhabitants of these islands, also held it sacred, as they did the Mistletoe; and some of their Druids or Priests, are said to have delivered their lectures on the religion of their country, from the spreading branches of this lofty tree.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

THIS Emblem is well adapted to represent the dangers generally inseparable from Greatness, and the security of a private and
obscure

obscure station. To be Great, is to be set as a mark for all the shafts of misfortune, to be exposed to all the storms of adverse Fate, which generally delights in sporting with persons in exalted stations. Content dwells not with Power, neither is Security the child of wealth and honours. If thou wouldst taste the serene joys of life, fly far from Greatness, and make thy abode with the daughter of Simplicity.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XLV.

Of Heavenly Love.

THE tender Pelican with ceaseless cares,
 Protects her young ones, and their food prepares;
 From her own breast the nourishment proceeds,
 With which, as with her blood, her brood she feeds;
 Emblem of Heav'n's supernal graces known,
 And parents love to dearest children shewn.

M O R A L.

To God above, and to your friends below,
 Still let your breast with Zeal and Duty glow;
 Much to your Parents, more to Heaven, you owe.

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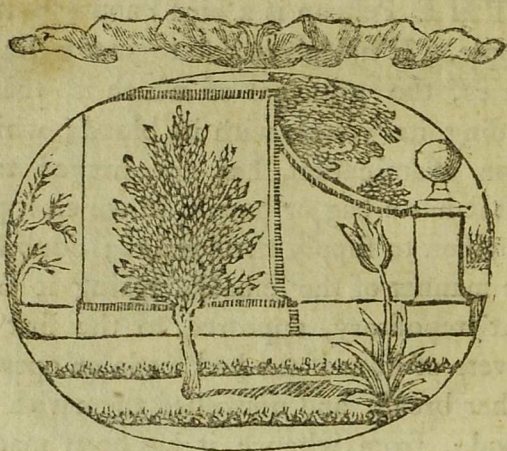
T H E

T H E Pelican is a bird known to most people. It has given rise to many strange stories, the principal of which is, that of feeding its young with its blood; which, upon examination, has not proved true. But it has a bag or pouch, in which it puts provision to supply their wants; doubtless, the manner of the female's taking it from that repository, appeared, to the first observers of it, as if she had made an opening in her breast, and nourished them with her blood; from whence it has been made a symbol of Christianity.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

I N this Emblem is expressed the state of dependance we are in, on the one hand, and the great goodness of God on the other, who sent his only Son to be a propitiation for our sins, who, as it were, nourished us with his blood, and *by whose stripes we are healed.*—The Pelican, indeed, if she had granted this supply from her own vitals, would have done it only to her brood; but the great author of our salvation did this for wicked offenders; he died even for his greatest enemies; and bore our sins to be made righteousness for us, that we might proceed from grace to grace, till at last we were made heirs of his glorious inheritance.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XLVI.

Of False Appearances.

SEE the gay Tulip, dipp'd in various dyes,
 Blooms in full pride beneath the vernal skies;
 But when the wintry clouds deform the year,
 How faded will that beauteous form appear!
 Not so the Myrtle, deck'd in chearful green,
 The humble plant among the flow'rs is seen;
 What tho' it boast no varied colours bright,
 That drink Sol's radiance, or reflect his light;
 Yet ever green, and fragrant it remains,
 Nor change of seasons, nor of time sustains.

M O R A L.

Emblem of real worth, whose gloomiest hour,
 Transcends the blaze of Pomp, excels the pride of Pow'r.

T H E

THE Tulip is reckoned by the florists one of the most beautiful flowers our gardens produce; its colours shining in the sun with all the glow of variegated beauty.—But this is only a short-lived excellence; it is not calculated to stand the change of seasons, neither has it any fragrance to boast of. Its worth consisting only in its hues, which fading, it is passed by unregarded, because it has nothing intrinsic to recommend it.

But the Myrtle disperses a sweet fragrance round about it; and though it produces no various coloured flowers to glitter in the sun-beams, yet it always preserves Nature's own hue, and flourishing an Ever-green through the year, is admired for its Constancy, that renders it preferable to all those gaudy tints of the Tulip, which only bloom to fade, and are equally devoid of Fragrance, as they are of Continuance.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

WE are not always to trust to appearances, nor to conclude on the merit of persons, or the worth of things, from their outward form and shew; since there is nothing more common in the world, than for people to affect
being

being what they are not; and those often make the greatest shew of worth, who have, in reality, the least to recommend them.

Not only Pomp and Splendour, Wit and Talents, but even Virtue and Religion, are too often affected, by such as are far from being possessed of either: and he who is led away by the dazzling appearance, in either of these cases, prefers the Tulip to the Myrtle, and must expect to succeed accordingly.*

* This subject is beautifully described in the Fable of Flowers.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XLVII.

Of War.

THE God of War, who wakes to loud alarms,
Stands here before you, terrible in arms :
Mark with what fires his savage eye-balls glow,
Comets presaging dire distress and woe !—
The pow'r of battles thus his force employs ;
Foe to sweet Peace, and all domestic joys ;
Hateful his mien, more hateful are the fires ;
With what contending bosoms he inspires ;
Arts, science, commerce, all fly far away,
And Death and Ruin mark his horrid way.

M O R A L.

Fly far from War, unless your country calls,
To stand a champion for your native walls ;
Strife is but evil ;—let all contests cease,
The real joys of life, are joys of Peace.

M A R S,

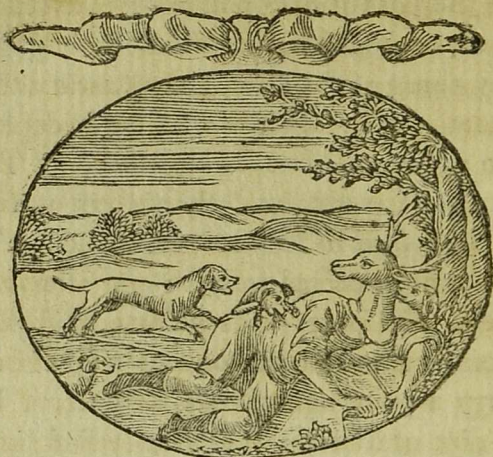
MARS, according to the Heathens, was the God of War: he was generally represented in complete armour, and his first temple is said to have been in Thrace; from the model of which the plan for all the rest were taken. His chariot was drawn by Lions, as symbols of his Ferocity: he was generally supposed to be preceded by the Furies, and followed by Terror and Famine, in order to shew the evil consequences of War, and its concomitants. Homer has been very diffuse in the description of this God, whom, however, notwithstanding his power, he has thought fit to represent as sometimes foiled, and even wounded by a mortal—Minerva, he has characterised as his particular opponent, and has always, in such cases, crowned her with success, which indeed is no more than just; as Wisdom is generally averse to entering into warlike contests at all, yet, when engaged, is likely to prevail over brutal force, and to bear off the Laurel and honours of the day.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

It should be the Policy, as well as Virtue, both of princes, and of private men,
never

never to enter into any mortal contests, when there is the least possibility of avoiding it; but having been unavoidably engaged in any thing of the kind, they should adopt Wisdom rather than Force, and depend not so much on Mars, as on Minerva. The events of War are, at best, always uncertain; but, next to Providence, Prudence alone can be expected to give any assurance of them. Disputes of a private kind partake of the same nature; and he who thinks to carry a point against his adversary, by mere dint of force, will generally find himself disappointed.—As in the dispute between Ajax and Ulysses, he will find that Minerva will bear away the Palm from Mars, and Wisdom prevail over Strength and Military Prowess.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M XLVIII.

Of Dissipation.

BEHOLD the man, who, as old fables tell,
By Dian's wrath, for his intrusion fell:
At noon retir'd from Phœbus' sultry beams,
He view'd her bathing in the limpid stream:
For this th'unhappy Hunter she disgrac'd,
And spreading antlers on his forehead plac'd;
Him, as a Stag, his own swift Hounds pursu'd,
Unknowing, seiz'd, and shed their master's blood:
Yet had their Lord not rear'd the Pack in vain,
Not Dian's self had stretch'd him on the plain.

M O R A L.

'Tis Dissipation that th'unwise annoys,
And, like Actæon's Hounds, Vain Pleasure still destroys.

T H I S

THIS is a fit Emblem of the evil effects of Extravagance and Dissipation, which will ever, sooner or later, bring the unwary to a fruitless repentance, when Fame, Pleasure, Fortune, and Health itself are lost; and they find they must at last fall the victims of their own folly.

ACTÆON (says the Fable) was a famous Hunter, who kept the finest hounds for his pleasure, which he pursued at all events, through woods, and at all hazards, alike, over hills and dales; no place was so dangerous that he would not attempt to pass, no recess so secret that he would not venture to explore, when in pursuit of this his favourite diversion.

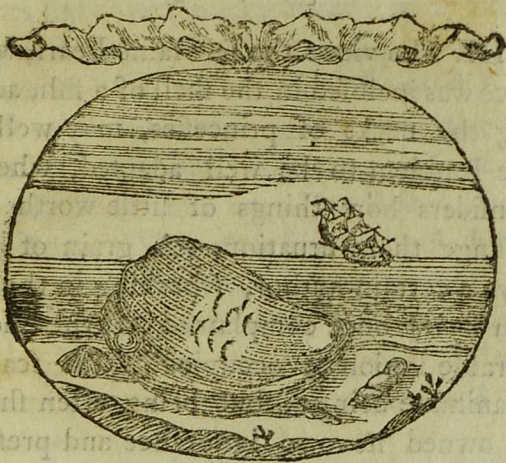
One day, retiring from the heat of the Chace, he strayed into a cool recess, where most unexpectedly, he surprized Dian, the Goddess of Hunting, with her nymphs, bathing in a clear fountain. The offended power was resolved first to wreak her vengeance upon him.—She therefore changed his form in such a manner, that horns grew upon his head, which resembled that of a Stag. Now, first struck with unusual fears, he flies when he hears the distant shouts of the Huntsman, and the cries of the

the Hounds; at length, surveying his form in a limpid stream, he too late discovers his change; yet to fly, was still all that was left him; his own domestics pursue him with his own pack of hounds; at length they overtake, and tear him in pieces, while he is in vain endeavouring to make them sensible that it is their Lord they are thus cruelly destroying.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THE extravagance of many has proved their ruin; nay, there have been those, who, like Actæon in the fable, have been eaten up by their own Dogs, *i. e.* have ruined their fortune to support them.—To all such, the Moral of the Emblem speaks for itself—When men run into excesses, they frequently are ruined by them; while those whom they formerly maintained, like the unhappy Hunter's Hounds and Dogs, know them no longer for their former benefactors, but are the first, without remorse, to join in accomplishing their destruction.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M XLIX.

The Oyster and Pearl.

PEARLS of great price from small beginnings rise,
Which seem of no account in vulgar eyes;
But yet, when ripen'd by th' indulgent clime,
Nurs'd by old Ocean, first matur'd by Time,
And polish'd by th' indrustrious artists hands,
Among the first of precious gems it stands;
By eastern beauties valu'd for its worth,
And chiefs renown'd throughout the spacious earth.

M O R A L.

How hard soe'er your present state you find,
Nought to th' indrustrious hand and virtuous mind
Is yet impossible: Heav'n still may raise
Your low estate, and bless your latter days,

HE who views the self same Pearl, which once was inclosed in the shell of a fish, adorning the necks of princeſſes, may well own the Emblem to be well adapted, when he conſiders how things of little worth often change their ſituation.—A grain of ſand, ſays a certain author, (ſpeaking in the Eaſtern ſtyle) once complained of the inconfiderable ſtation it occupied in the ſcale of inanimate beings; but being often ſhifted, it owned its own ignorance and preſumption; when at laſt, after frequent changes, it became a Diamond of the fineſt water, and was deſtined to adorn the crown of one of the greateſt Monarchs in the world.

The Pearl fiſhery is carried on in the Eaſt Indies, and is generally eſteemed a very valuable one: as to the Pearls themſelves, ſome have eſteemed them to be only a dew-drop, while others aſſert, that they are in reality a ſpecies of diſtemper in, or excreſcence of, the Pearl Oyſter. Theſe are generally taken by a man who dives for them, binding a ſtone five inches thick, and a foot long, under his body; each diver carrying with him alſo, a net to hold the Oyſters, one end of which is faſtened to the boat from which he deſcends, holding his breath, though ſome-
times

times sixty feet under water ; and, surpris-
 ing as it may seem, in this manner he con-
 tinues to tear the Oysters from the solid
 rock on which they grow, and put them
 into his net or bag ; then pulling the rope
 by which he has been let down, those in
 the boat, taking the signal, hoist him up
 again, and the work is compleated. The
 Pearls thus obtained, are of various
 lues : Tavernier mentions one for which
 the crown of Persia paid one hundred thou-
 sand pounds sterling.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

LEARN from this Emblem, that it is as
 highly improper, as it is impious, to com-
 plain of the dispensations of Heaven ; and
 that how low soever you may be, if you per-
 severe in Industry and Virtue, by the bles-
 sing of Heaven, you may still be rewarded
 and exalted.



E M B L E M L.

Of Truth.

SEE where fair Truth has made her glorious stand,
And bears the faithful Mirror in her hand;
The good man's boast, and fraud's eternal foe,
The best of gifts Heav'n can on man bestow,
Where *she* is found, bright Virtue still resides,
And equal Justice every action guides
In the pure heart and spotless mind she reigns,
And with mild power her happy sway maintains;
The Attribute of God himself confess,
That stamps his image on the human breast,

M O R A L.

Whate'er betides through life's dark dang'rous way,
If Truth directs, you cannot go astray.

OF all the qualities that adorn the human mind, Truth is the most respectable. It is a rich, though a simple ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will be for ever despicable in the sight of all the good and wise.

It is reported of Cyrus, when young, that being asked what was the first thing he learned, he answered, it was "to tell the Truth," which was indeed,

"Though no science, fairly worth the sev'n."

When the wise men were commanded by the king, to declare what was the strongest power upon earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss to answer; at length, one said Women, another declared for Wine; but neither of these answers proving satisfactory, the prophet Daniel was consulted, who, being endued with wisdom from on high, answered, that *Truth* was the strongest, and supported his assertion with such weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them; thus his understanding was approved by the king, and all the sages were humbled in his presence.

ENVY has ever been looked upon, by the wisest and best of men, in all ages, as a principle equally hateful and contemptible. The poets placed her in the infernal regions, and drew her as a hag wasted to a skeleton, with gloomy eyes and snaky locks, preying upon a human heart, pining at the good of others, and never enjoying a gleam of comfort, but such as arises from the misfortunes of mankind; a consideration, say they, which is of itself sufficient to make her hateful, both to Gods and Men.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

OF all the evil Dispositions that ever inspired the human breast, surely Envy is the worst, and produces the most uneasy sensations. The Envious Man is, in effect, the foe of all the world; he cannot therefore reasonably expect any where to find a Friend. He, contrary to the rest of mankind, is pleased only at his neighbour's misfortune; but this is a gloomy kind of pleasure, in comparison of which, the very afflictions of the virtuous may be termed felicity. But what are the feelings of this wretch, when any thing falls out to another's advantage; he is restless; he is tormented with a thousand anxieties,

anxieties, and pines, unpitied, in all the miseries of extreme despair. The ancient fabulist has well represented the nature of this passion, where he has represented the Envious Man, as being contented to lose one of his own eyes, on condition that his neighbour should lose both his. Of all the things in nature, sure such a temper must be most detestable; and he who encourages it, neither deserves, nor will gain any thing, but unhappiness in this world, and inevitable misery hereafter.

To avoid incurring these, indulge not an envious thought as to the estate of others, but be ever contented with your own; and you will never fail, in every situation of life, to meet with some kind of succour and consolation.



E M B L E M LII.

Of Melancholy.

LO! where the sweet-ton'd Nightingale complains,
Her music ecchoing thro' the lonely plains;
What time the Queen of Night her car has driv'n,
With solemn stillness, up th'ascent of Heav'n:
Sweet bird, her notes, tho' drawn from inward woe,
In loveliest melody are taught to flow;
And while she mourns in vain her ravish'd young,
"The pow'r of music dwells upon her tongue."

M O R A L.

Tho' worn by grief, and heart-corroding care,
Yet never should the Virtuous know despair;
Pour your due sorrows o'er the silent urn,
But still with Hope, with Moderation mourn;
For Heav'n with anger views immod'rate grief,
But to each heart resign'd imparts the wish'd relief.

THE

THE Nightingale was said to be once the daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. She was abused by Tereus, king of Thrace, who afterwards married her sister. This tyrant afterwards deprived her of her tongue, that she might not tell her griefs; but she found her way to his court, and worked the story in a sampler, which she presented to her sister Procne, who revenged her husband's barbarity, by killing the son she had by him. Philomela, after this, being pursued by him, who threatened her for being concerned in the death of his offspring, took wing, and was changed into a Nightingale; which bird, (says the poet) mindful of its former state, continues ever to sing mournful notes in solitary places.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

THIS is the fable of Philomela; the moral is such as shows the impropriety of desperate courses taken in times of misfortune, grief, or affliction.—The Nightingale laments, ever laments the loss of her young; but her lamentations are all in soothing strains, not in notes of terror and distraction: Pity indeed is often awaked by her song, but horror never.

— She all night long
 Chaunts to the list'ning woods her mournful
 tale ;
 but she chaunts it in such a manner, that
 — Night's fair Queen
 Listens attentive from her throne serene.

From this sweet Bird let us take our lesson ; at least so far as to moderate our complaining ; for though nothing is more humane than to dissolve in sorrow for the death or misfortunes of our friends or relations, yet nothing is more absurd than to let that sorrow degenerate into a disgustful gloom in our behaviour towards men, or a presumptuous arraignment of the dispensations of Heaven.

EMBLEM.



E M B L E M LIII.

Of Parental Affection.

HARK! loudly chaunting from the vernal spray,
The joyful Linnets pour the rustic lay!
Sweet, feather'd warblers of the vocal grove,
They strain their tuneful throats to sing of love.
Their tender brood they foster with delight,
Supply with food, and prune their wings for flight,
Wak'd by whose cries they quit their peaceful home,
And far abroad to seek provisions roam:
Nor stay in lawns, in groves, or verdant fields;
To taste the various sweets the season yields;
But to their young with eager haste repair,
And prove true Emblems of Paternal Care.

THE

THE Linnet is a bird of fine plumage, but yet more excellent note; it is justly esteemed one of the sweetest of the feathered warblers, and styled the English Canary bird. In the beautiful mornings of the Spring he makes the woods resound with his note, and heightens the vernal delight and joy by his rustic melody.

This bird breeds about the month of August, and is particularly tender of its young. There is something very remarkable in the attachment of the feathered creation to their offspring, which they nurse with the tenderest care, providing them with food at all hazards, and, if they think their nests are likely to be found out, decoying their pursuer to some other spot, and thereby saving what they hold dearer than their own lives. With such a powerful and sagacious instinct has Providence furnished them for the preservation of their species.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

THERE is scarcely any species of animals generally noticed by mankind, from whence something may not be learnt. The creation is a large book written by the hand
of

of God, wherein we may read, and scan his works. Scripture itself has bade us learn from the creatures; and surely this quality in the birds deserves our attention; whilst it is to be expected, that the Parent who copies the Linnet in their care for their offspring, will find the latter imitate the Stork * in Duty and Affection.

* See EMBLEM I.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M L I V .

Of Content.

HERE, far remote from cities, courts, and care,
 The Child of Nature breathes the balmy air;
 The rural scene, the field and shady grove,
 Which dryads haunt, and which the muses love
 Attract his wish, who seeks not to remain
 In pop'ulous cities, or the haunts of men.

M O R A L .

The simple swain his pleasing charge attends,
 Or o'er the brook in contemplation bends.
 Serene at op'ning dawn, or closing light,
 Calm are his thoughts by day, his dreams by night;
 No anxious doubts perplex his happy breast,
 His Conscience quiet, and his heart at rest.
 Content's best Emblem;—in all states resign'd,
 He lives and dies—a Pattern for mankind.

PHILOSOPHERS in all ages have generally concluded a rural state to be the most virtuous, and, consequently, most happy, Poets have agreed with them, and illustrated their maxims, by giving us the most enchanting pictures of the pleasures of a country life.

In the Golden Age in Saturn's reign, we are informed men lived in the greatest simplicity—they frequented groves and lawns, and had all things in common among them: then fraud and treachery were unknown, and men were happy, because they were good.

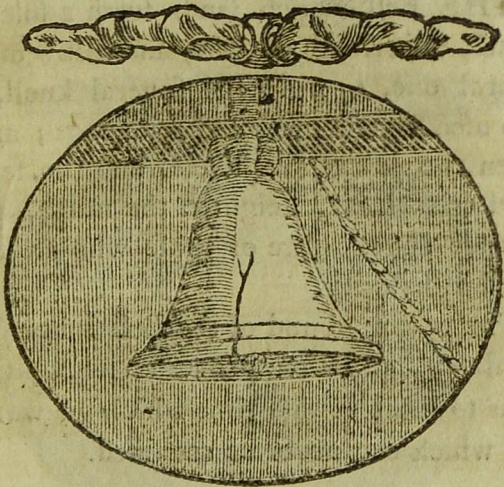
It is a melancholy truth, that great cities too much abound with great vices. A rural retreat is the nurse of contemplation, where, by frequently conversing with our own hearts we are most likely to gain a portion of that self-knowledge, which is justly esteemed the most valuable of all sciences.

Besides, if we compare all the beauties of Art with those of simple Nature, we shall find the former to be but faint copies of the latter: and, when put in competition with the works of the Great Architect, there is no wonder that they should sink in the comparison.

APPLICATION.

CONTENT, which is one of the greatest blessings on earth, is, above all, to be expected in sweet rural retirement. She flies from palaces and populous cities, to the scenes of simple Nature, where she abides with the simple swain, and the village maid. Here, too, the Philosopher may best woo her to his arms, and, by resorting to Nature's haunts, may embrace the felicity he admires.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LV.

Lost Reputation.

THE well-form'd Bell, which formerly was found
To charm the ear with its loud pealing sound,
Thus crack'd, no more can of its music boast,
Its pow'r of melody for ever lost:
Its notes no longer fill the ambient air
With sounds of joy, or call to sacred pray'r.

M O R A L.

Thus Reputation, while preserv'd, will raise,
The constant tribute of a well-earn'd praise;
Her fame, like sweetest music, far is borne,
And echoes pleas'd, the grateful notes return:
But slaw'd, or sully'd once, here ends her sway,
The notes surcease, the music dies away.

T H E

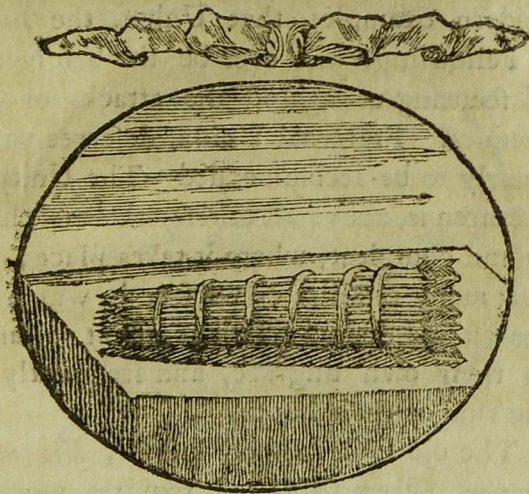
THE Bell, which sends forth a solemn sound, to invite to prayers, and a still more doleful one, to ring the funeral knell, is also used for triumphs and rejoicings; and, when the joyful fires blaze, and the festal bowl goes round, heighten the mirth, and increase the pleasure of those who are disposed to festivity.

The pealing sound of the Bell is heard at a distance, and often proves an admonition to us to think of that time which we waste, and which can never be regained.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

HE that sets lightly by his character, is generally a man little to be trusted; and he who cares not what the world says, will be likely to care little what he does. We should not be anxious about every idle report, but it becomes us all to endeavour to preserve our Reputation.

E M B L E M



E M B L E M LVI.

Unanimity.

UNITED thus in one well-chosen band,
And strongly grasp'd by the supporting hand,
The slender shafts all strength assails in vain,
Firm and unbroken still they will remain;
Forsaken by that hand, dissolv'd the Tie,
Strewn on the ground the glit'ring fragments lie.

M O R A L.

Fraternal Union thus will strength impart,
Sufficient to repel all force and art:
Yet still one head th' united band must claim,
And find protection from a parent's name.
Depriv'd of this, they lose their ancient boast,
Their Union breaks, and all their hopes are lost.

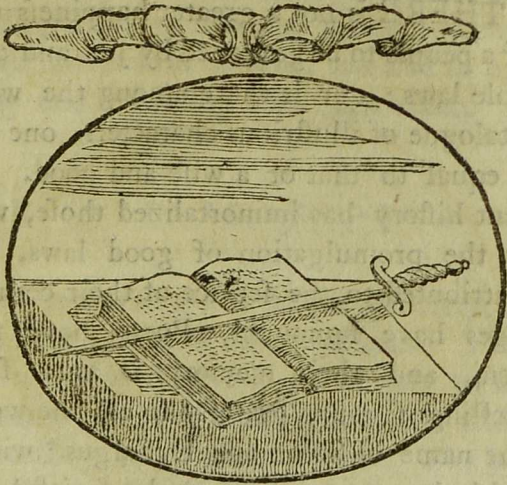
WE learn from ancient history, and from modern examples, that Union, the Bond of Fellowship, will ever be the best means of securing us against the attacks of our enemies. Fraternal Union deserves particularly to be recommended—The Unity of Brethren is, above all others, the most happy and compleat, where it takes place; yet how many families do we see, in which the nearest and dearest relations are at variance, to their own disgrace, and frequently to the ruin of their house.

The old fable is well known, *Vis unita fortior*, (strength united requires more vigour) is a plain lesson: but, in order to render their vigour more respectable, and to preserve the band inviolate, it is necessary to have a person to confirm the connection; where Brothers are concerned, who is so proper as a Parent, who may settle all their little disputes, and, with the blessing of Heaven, confirm their Unity in the Bond of Peace.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

If we take all these things into our consideration, we shall find, that a parent who properly discharges his duty to his children, is the only person to whom they can look up for protection, and forms the only Bond of their Fraternal Union.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LVII.

Obedience.

THE sacred Tables of the Law were made,
By all of mortal race to be obey'd ;
And but for these what were our hapless state,
The sport of Fortune, as the prey of Fate :
Well is it here, that in the righteous cause,
The pow'r of Justice can support her Laws.
For ever honour'd be her high behest,
Which awful bids all human kind be best :
And let the wicked dread th'avenging hand,
That punishes the breach of Virtue's Band.

M O R A L.

Who breaks her Rules, breaks Union, and will find,
The Sword must punish those no Laws can bind.

THERE

THERE is not a greater happiness than for a people to be governed by just and equitable laws; nor is there among the whole catalogue of illustrious characters, one that is equal to that of a wise and good. Ancient history has immortalized those, who, by the promulgation of good laws, have contributed to the service of their country. Sages have honoured, Poets have sung them, and their memory is as a sweet smelling favour, grateful to all the world. The name of Solon and Lycurgus* will be had in honour, as long as the fruitful page of the historian shall continue to transmit the catalogue of ancient worthies to posterity.

The harmony resulting from a well ordered state, has often been compared to the melody of fine music. Hence, perhaps arose the fable of Amphion's building the walls of Thebes, merely by playing on his harp†. He is represented indeed as a great musician; but the moral seems to indicate that he was rather a great law-giver, who

* See the Universal Hist.

† Amphion thus the loud creative Lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire.

drew men from their woods and wilds, and, by his persuasive manner, induced them to subject themselves to laws, and live in harmony and fellowship with each other.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

SUBORDINATION is the life of society, and must be enjoined by all good laws. Those who will not observe it are fit only to live in desarts, as they break that Union which is necessary in all communities. The idea that all men should be equal, is as pernicious as it is absurd. It tends to subvert all order; and where it takes place, for one instant of time, must be changed in another; since all men are neither equally strong, valiant, nor prudent. As to those restless spirits, who pretend to despise all laws, and excite others to resist the legal government, and break through the rules prescribed by the constitution of their country, the Sword, in the Emblem, is justly applicable to such, as it is better they should perish, than that, by their rashness, the whole community should be endangered.



E M B L E M LVIII.

Of Humility.

BENEATH the friendly far extended shade,
The lowly Vi'let lifts her blooming head ;
No swelling pride her gentle bosom knows,
Tho' rich in Spring's perfume she beauteous grows :
Content she views the lofty tree aspire,
Which gives her shelter from the Solar Fire ;
Averts the storms that threaten from on high,
And all the fury of th' inclement sky.

M O R A L.

Emblem of those, who in an humble state,
Stand shelter'd from the storms of adverse Fate ;
Who still submissive to superior sway,
Enjoy protection, and in Peace obey.

T H E R E

THERE is something very striking in this Emblem, which ought to be particularly attended to by young people, who are too apt to aspire, and frequently look with an eye of dislike on the very power that is used for their protection.

The Violet is one of the most fragrant children of the early spring, from which the Bee extracts the choicest sweets; and her fragrance is become a proverb. She boasts not the dyes of the Tulip, nor the variegated tints of the Carnation; yet her charms are acknowledged by all, nor is she disgraced by her Humility.

When she blooms in the shade, she is best protected from assailing tempests, yet she loses not any thing of her fragrance; she is still grateful to the sense, and is still admired by all those who prefer real worth to the pageantry of empty show.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

THIS is a proper Emblem of Humility, which will ever be honourable, and of that Submission, which will ever engage the protection of those whose place it is to afford it. Rulers, Parents, Kindred,
 I 2 Friends,

Friends, will alike respect this quality. Submission is the life of society: without this, neither public nor private tranquility can be established. Thus the headstrong youth is seldom known to become a good member of the Commonwealth. A submission to Rulers, Parents, and Teachers, should therefore be early taught, and strictly attended to by the pupil, who can never be the loser by the progress he makes in *Humility*, while he finds himself rewarded by that protection which is always to be expected by those who submit to the Rules of Subordination.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LIX.

Of Retirement.

A LAS! too oft the perfect, good, and fair,
 Mistaken here, prove cause of mortal care,
 The garden Lily, proud of outward show,
 Her bosom white as is the fleecy snow;
 Amongst sweet Flora's fairest train is found,
 And by her pow'rs with flatt'ring glories crown'd,
 And yet she droops, transplanted from the spot,
 Where once she found a humbler, happier lot.
 Ah! hapless Flower! no pomp can give relief
 To drooping health, or inward heart-felt grief.

M O R A L.

Attend the Moral, so the simple strain,
 Nor we shall pen, nor you pursue in vain.

THERE is nothing for which mortals are more remarkable, than for their wish to change their situation, not being contented with that lot which Heaven has assigned them, in order to fulfill that circle which is justly marked out for every created being.

The Lily, in the Emblem, is seen drooping in the Garden, where she seems to be the Queen of Flowers; but however justly esteemed, she droops; and being plucked, soon fades; and, consequently, is in a state by no means to be envied.

Thus do we often find a female, who might remain happy in a peaceful Retirement, running a thousand hazards for the sake of shewing, and the idea of improving her accomplishments. She has heard, that great cities are the places where people shine most—she conceives, that to shine, is to be happy—and entertaining these notions, there is no wonder that she should endeavour to put her favourite project in execution.

Thus influenced, she leaves the country; she quits the scenes of simple nature; flies to the capital; endeavours to see, and be seen, and to mix in all the trifling (if not criminal

criminal) pleasures of the gay world. If she has a fortune, she easily dissipates what, if well managed, might contribute to her happiness, and perhaps to that of numbers of her fellow creatures. If she has no such dependance, her case may probably be still more deplorable. She is likely, in this case, to sacrifice her health and reputation, to forego her claims to honour and fair name, from the idea of making herself more respected.—Her Vanity meets its reward, and ruin is the consequence of her rashness.

A P P L I C A T I O N .

INDEED, we generally find, that Splendor, noise, crowds, are not favourable to Virtue. She often flourishes even in a ragged soil, beneath an apparently inclement climate, yet droops beneath the influence of too warm a sun.

Let those who are not contented with their station, consider, that Providence is the best judge of their welfare; and they will not become like the drooping Lily, seeking an ideal happiness at the expence of their internal peace and tranquility.



E M B L E M LX.

Memorial of Virtue.

LO! where the Cypress with the Palm Branch
crown'd,
The truest Emblem of our end is found.
The mournful Cypress and the Palm unite;
For Virtue ne'er can sink in endless night:

M O R A L.

Thro' death's dark gates each mortal once must pass,
Frail our existence, for all flesh is grass:
Vain man's the pageant of a moment made,
Blooms but to *wither*, flourishes to *fade*.
But for the good all honest hearts shall mourn,
And "Palms eternal flourish round their urn."

AS the Cypress was the Emblem of Funeral Rites, so was the Palm the token of Victory. This latter being used in triumphs with the Laurel, “meed of mighty conquerors.”

No man is tried, no man can be said to be victorious or happy, till his end. The greatest heroes have sullied their Virtues, and those have turned to Vice and Folly, who once were remarkable for Religion and Virtue; but to those that persevere to the end, the Crown of Reward shall be given.

SCRIPTURE and Philosophy alike inform us, that Death is the Gate of Life, and that the Righteous shall always be had in remembrance. It is in this view that men can face Death with fortitude, as Martyrs, Heroes, Patriots, braving the King of Terrors, while they are obeying the dictates of Heaven, in fulfilling their duty to God, their Friends, or their Country.

To these the Funeral Shade has nothing really dreadful. The wicked and the foolish indeed may be afraid to venture into the gloom of the Grave.—Those who are conscious that they have behaved ill in life cannot be supposed ready to meet death.—But he who can look back on many years

well spent, confiding in Heaven's mercies, looks forward to a better state hereafter, and justly expects his memory to become dear to the Wise and Virtuous in this sublunary state.

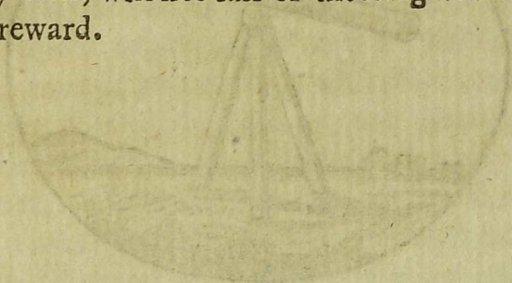
A P P L I C A T I O N .

THE Love of Fame, if kept within proper bounds, is certainly as useful, as it seems to be an universal passion; and the honours which the just receive after death, ought by no means to be contemned. Sages, Legislators, and the first of men in all ages have had some respect to this posthumous reward. There is a duty the survivors owe to those who have distinguished themselves, which cannot be better discharged than by paying a proper respect to their memory. As when the persons are deceased, interest is not supposed to interfere; and that must be the grossest of flattery indeed, which is carried beyond the grave.

Death, which at last stamps the bullion of nature with its real worth, as it precludes Envy, can have little to fear from adulation. But it is the part of every wise and righteous person, to perpetuate the memory of the worthy part of mankind, and by that method

thod

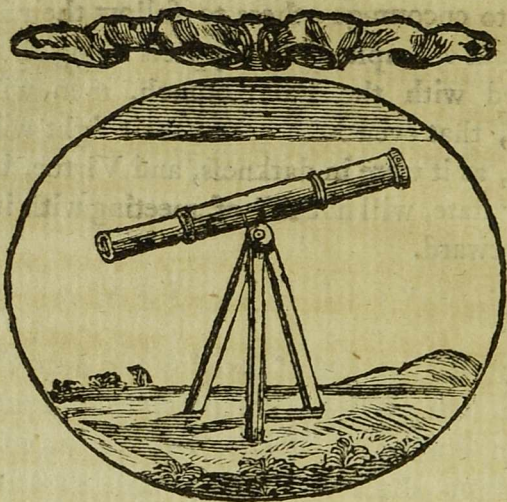
thod to encourage others to follow their illustrious example. The Cypress being thus twined with the Palm branch, men will learn, that even here below their light will shine, as it were in darkness, and Virtue, in every state, will not fail of meeting with its due reward.



E M B L E M

16 E M B L E M

THE



EMBLEM LXI.

Of Detraction.

THE Telescope, for noblest ends design'd,
Has help'd, with Science, to adorn the mind:
Brings distant objects full upon the view;
Explores one world, and points out thousands new,
Its use well known, with double pow'r indu'd,
T'enlarge or lessen ev'ry object view'd:
One end with forms enlarg'd, engage our eyes,
The other shews them of diminish'd size.

M O R A L.

Emblem of human judgment, weak and vain,
Which still must err where Passion holds the rein;
Partial to self, while life's dark maze we scan,
Small is the knowledge of mankind of man:
Whilst other's faults at once enlarg'd are shewn,
The chang'd Perspective scarcely marks our own.

THE

THE Telescope is amongst the most useful of modern inventions. By this we are enabled to travel through the vast fields of Æther, and become acquainted with other worlds. By this we are enabled to make observations on the heavenly bodies, which are useful to the inhabitants of the earth. The various phœnomena which we remark in the Cœlestial Regions, are always to be considered as the display of Almighty power, the volume in which we are to read his works; and the Divine Architect has so fully displayed himself in the great edifice he has erected, and

Has built

So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far
That men may know he dwells not in his own'

This amazing structure may well be termed glorious. How great and glorious then is he who built it?—The Telescope may be reckoned as the medium through which we are acquainted with his works, and as such deserves our particular attention.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

WITH regard to the Emblem itself, the Moral is clear enough. We are to apt to view
through

through the magnifying glass the faults of others, while our own are always seen thro' the diminishing end of the Perspective. Of all knowledge, self-knowledge is certainly the best, at the same time that we must own it the hardest to attain. Happy is he that can gain such an empire over himself, as to hold the rein of his passions, and to view his own faults in their true light, which is generally the first step towards amendment.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LXII.

Of Human Grandeur.

BEHOLD how sacred Majesty is torn
 With racking pains, with cares and anguish worn,
 While the poor Shepherd-boy the time beguiles,
 With rural sports and unaffected smiles.

M O R A L.

'Tis not in Grandeur peace of mind to give,
 Nor are those happiest who in Splendor live:
 Content alone those blessings can bestow,
 Which teach the mind with heart-felt joy to glow:
 Banish vain care, and all her dismal train,
 And give true pleasure, unallay'd by pain.

HAPPINESS is not to be bought with Gold, nor secured by the charms of Grandeur. Behold here the Queen oppressed with grief, flies to solitary and melancholy shades, where she sits, overwhelmed with Sorrow, and is almost persuaded to put an end to her own existence.—Her state divided by Factions, and her private Peace of Mind destroyed by public Cares, she remains a melancholy instance of the Troubles that attend on Greatness, and the Sacrifice those make, who exchange their Tranquility for Crowns and Sceptres, and their Peace for the Splendor of Dominion.

Not so the Shepherd-Boy; he, though poor, is contented; he rises in health, and he lies down in happiness.—The sun is now set; he has folded his flock, and returns home whistling over the plains;—Majesty beholds his rustic gaiety, and sickens at the sight. She cannot taste those Pleasures which dilate his breast, nor share in his Rustic Joy.—The event is, that she pines to death with sorrow, while he lives happy in rural simplicity, and in the enjoyment of his wishes, because all his wishes are moderate.

A P P L I C A T I O N.

FELICITY dwells not with Princes ;— she is not the guest of the great ones of the earth. It is long since she fled from palaces, and retired to the scenes of simple nature, to dwell in rural quiet, and become the companion of the harmless village swain.

Yet not there alone does she reside : Would you trace her dwelling, you must follow the footsteps of Content, and the track will lead you to her peaceful mansion.

But forget not, that as Content is never to be found except in the Paths of Virtue, if you deviate from *Her* ways, you must never expect to find the Road to Happiness :—you will become a Wanderer, and the Hope of your Pilgrimage will be lost.

For these three are as inseparable as fire, light, and heat ; where the one is, there you will find the others ; and the reward shall be such as will far transcend the pains you may be at in acquiring such an inestimable Treasure.

In the mean time, envy not the acquisitions of others ; for that is base and selfish ; neither say within yourself, “ Such an one is happy, whilst I am exposed to adversity.” For

For you know not the secrets of men's hearts; and it may be, that the person whom you esteem Happy, is a prey to corroding Grief, and pines in secret anxiety. At least, know this, That the State of no human being can be determined, till Death closes the scene;—and the last end of the *Good* only can be *Happy*. Emulate their virtues, and, doubtless, you shall share in their Felicity.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LXIII.

Of the Use of Time.

TRUE to the Sun the Dial still abides,
And points Time's course minutely as it glides ;
This bids us hasten to be wise, and show,
How rapid in their course the minutes flow.
Seize on the winged hours without delay,
Nor trust to-morrow while you live to-day.

M O R A L.

'Time well employ'd is a most certain gain,
Earnest of pleasure, remedy for pain ;
The chief of blessings on its course attends,
Since on its use Eternity depends.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD how true the Dial is to the Sun, and how exactly it marks the hours, whose course might otherwise pass unnoticed or unknown.

This useful invention we owe to the mathematicians of ancient days, who thus furnished men with the means of accurately distinguishing the different parts of the day, and dividing them into equal portions, whereby labour and rest, study and amusement, were better regulated, and the waste of time seen in a moment, without the trouble of tedious calculations.

The Romans (masters of the world) were at one time so ignorant of the use of Dials, that having taken one at the siege of an enemy's city, the consul ordered it, without any alteration, to be fixed up at Rome; but as it was not calculated for the meridian of that place, it went wrong, a thing which surpris'd every body; till at last, a mathematician told them the reason of it, and remedied the defect. Dials, and various other methods of marking the hours, were used in Rome ever afterwards.

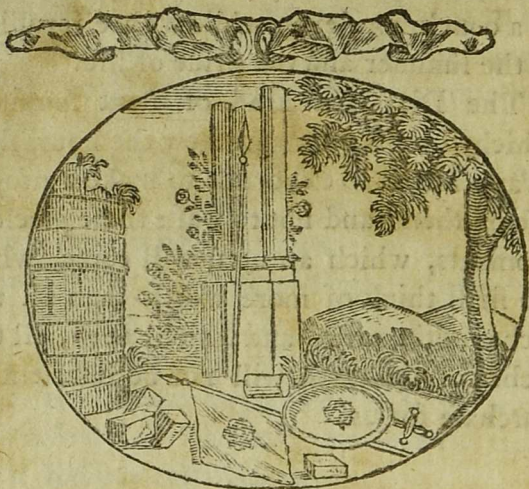
A P P L I C A T I O N .

NOTHING can be more useful to us than that which points out the swift flight of
Time,

Time, and shews us how our days draw on to a conclusion, even while we are revelling in the summer and the pride of life.

The Dial is a kind of silent monitor. which, by informing us how the hours fleet away, seems to exhort us to make a proper use of them, and not to waste those precious moments, which an hour will come, when we shall think of more worth than all the riches of the earth, and which, then, all the riches of the earth will not be sufficient to purchase for us.

EMBLEM



E M B L E M LXIV.

Of the Frailty of Sulunary Things.

THE lofty pile that rear'd its head so high
Aspiring still, and pointing to the sky,
The boast of ages, but their boast is vain:
O'erturned at last, and level'd with the plain.
So fall's the pride of life; so worlds must fall,
And one long, last oblivion, bury all.

M O R A L.

Time conquers all things; would you Time survive,
Be good, and in your virtuous actions live;
For Virtue shall resist the tyrant's sway,
And bloom, and flourish in eternal day,

THUS

THUS must the most lofty, and the strongest edifices decay! if they escape storms, tempests, and earthquakes, yet must they yield at last to Time, and their glories be buried in the dust.

Pyramids are justly reckoned the greatest instances of the folly and vanity of mankind.—The use for which those famous ones in Egypt were erected, was only for their kings to be interred in.—And it is even said by some writers, that a monarch, who had built one of them for this purpose, was not after death suffered to be laid in this his monument, because he had been a great tyrant in life; and, among other accusations brought against him, was that of having caused a number of innocent men to lose their lives in executing this magnificent plan;—a striking instance of the vanity of mens desires, who often defeat, by their vices and follies, those ends they are prompted to pursue by their ambition.

TAKE a view of the ruins of antiquity, and remember, O man, the frail state of thy mortality!—Art thou rich and great; is thy name known throughout the world; and do thy lofty buildings aspire to the clouds? Yet a little while, and thou shalt sink in dust!

They

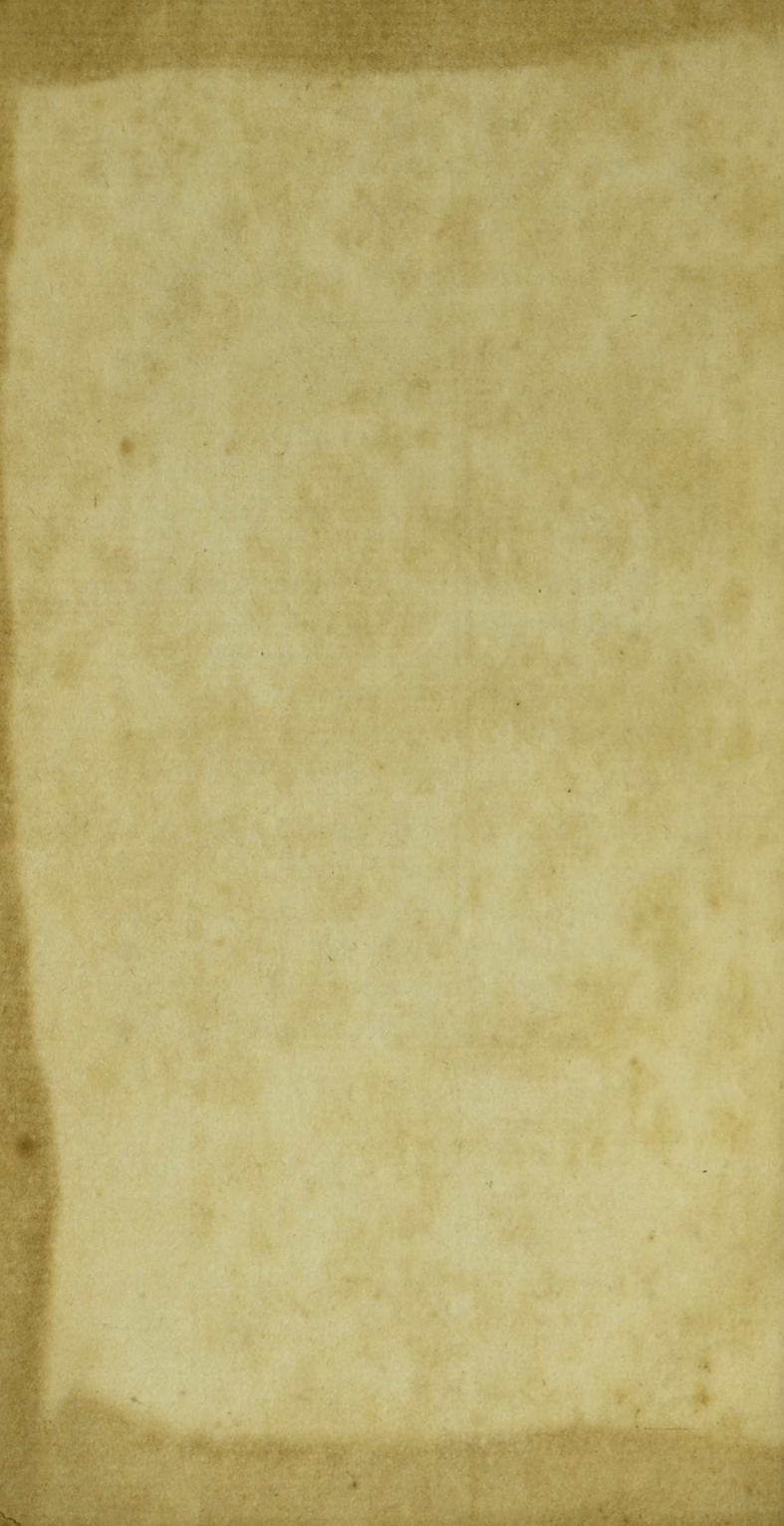
Thy edifices and thy monuments too, must
at length decay, and leave no traces behind
them!

Where now is Babylon? where is the
seat of Solomon? where is wise Athens?
and where ancient Rome, the mistress of the
world? where are those mighty cities, once
so famous upon earth?—Of some there is
not left even a stone upon a stone, and others
are remembered only in their ruins.

E'en as an insubstantial pageant faded

The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself;
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Be assured then, O man, who gloriest in
thy strength and might, that there is nothing
solid but peace of mind, nothing permanent
but Virtue: she alone shall last through
the ages, and grow brighter through the
endless succession of Eternity.

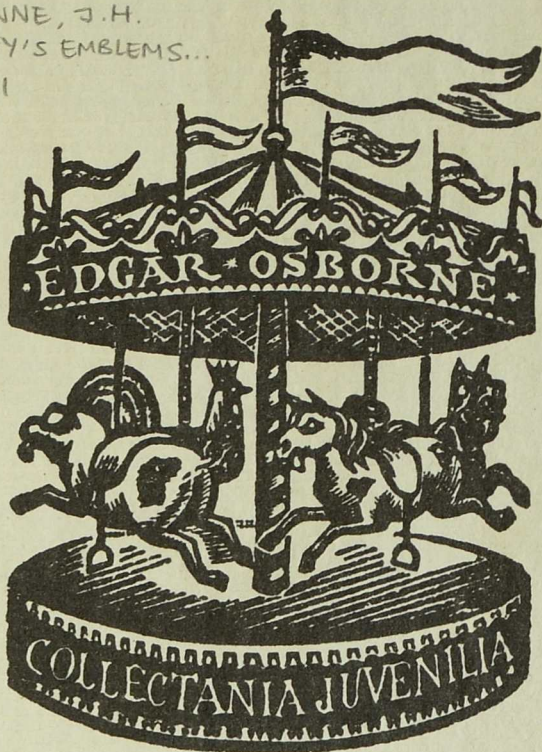


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