

The world is large, and a great part of it still uncultivated. Many hundred millions of acres in Asia, Africa, and America, are still a forest, and a great deal even in Europe. On a hundred acres of this forest a man might become a substantial farmer, and 100,000 men employed in clearing each his hundred acres, would hardly brighten a spot big enough to be visible from the Moon, unless with Herschell's telescope, so vast are the regions still in wood.

It is however some comfort to reflect, that upon the whole the quantity of industry and prudence among mankind exceeds the quantity of idleness and folly. Hence the increase of good buildings, farms cultivated, and populous cities filled with wealth, all over Europe: which a few ages since were only to be found on the

coasts of the Mediterranean; and this, notwithstanding the mad wars raging, by which are often destroyed in one year the works of many years peace. So that we may hope the luxury of a few merchants on the coast, will not be the ruin of America.

One reflection more, and I will end this long rambling letter. Almost all the parts of our bodies require some expence. The feet demand shoes; the legs stockings; the rest of the body cloathing; and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceedingly useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.

ON THE POWER OF THE PASSIONS.

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PASSIONS are in the moral, what motion is in the natural world. If motion creates, destroys, preserves, animates the whole, that without it every thing is dead; so the passions animate the moral world. It is avarice which conducts ships over the deserts of the ocean; it is pride which fills up valleys, levels mountains, hews itself a passage through rocks, raised the pyramids of Memphis, digged the lake Moeris, and cast the Colossus of Rhodes. Love, it is said, formed the crayon for the first designer. In a country where revelation had never penetrated, it was love which, to sooth the grief of a widow, rendered disconsolate by the death of her young spouse, intimated to her the system of the immortality of the soul. It was the enthusiasm of gratitude which classed the benefactors of mankind among the gods; which invented the false religions and superstitions; all of which, however, have not their source in such noble passions as love and gratitude.

It is therefore to strong passions that we owe the invention and wonders of arts; and consequently they are to be considered as the germ productive of genius, and the powerful spring that carries men to great actions. But before we proceed, it may be proper to fix the idea I intend to convey by the words strong passion. If men in general speak without understanding each other, it is owing to the obscurity of

words; to this cause may be attributed the prolongation of the miracle wrought at the tower of Babel. For instance, if the word red contains the several gradations from scarlet to carnation, let us suppose two men, one has seen only scarlet, and the other carnation; the first will very justly say, that red is a vivid colour; the other will be as positive that it is a faint colour. For the like reason, two men may pronounce the word will without understanding each other; for this word extends from the coldest to be the most vehement degree of volition, which surmounts all obstacles. It is with the word passion as with that of the understanding; its signification depends on the pronunciation. If a man, who in a society of shallow persons is considered as weak, may be concluded simple, it is otherwise with him who is looked upon as a person of tolerable parts by geniuses of the first class; the choice of his company proves his superiority to common men. Here he is a middling orator, but would be the first in any other society.

By the words strong passion, I mean a passion, the object of which is so necessary to our happiness, that without the possession of it life would be insupportable. This was Omar's idea of the passion, when he said, 'Whoever thou art that lovest liberty, desir'st to be wealthy without riches, powerful without subjects, a subject without