

such general accusers, are always to be suspected. What does the *real* patriot want more than to feel conscious that he has done his duty towards his country; and that, if life should not allow him time to see his endeavours crowned with success, his children will see it? The impatient patriots are like the young men (mentioned in the beautiful fable of LA FONTAINE) who ridiculed the man of fourscore, who was planting an avenue of very small trees, which, they told him, that he never could expect to see as high as his head. "Well," said he, "and what of that?" "If their shade afford me no pleasure, it may afford pleasure to my children, and even to you; and, therefore, the planting of them gives me pleasure."

353. It is the want of the noble disinterestedness, so beautifully expressed in this fable, that produces the *impatient* patriots. They wish very well to their country, because they want *some of the good for themselves*. Very natural that all men should wish to see the good arrive, and wish to share in it too; but, we must look on the dark side of nature to find the disposition to cast blame on the whole community because our wishes are not instantly accomplished, and especially to cast blame on others for not doing that which we ourselves dare not attempt. There is, however, a sort of *patriot* a great deal worse than this; he, who having failed himself, would see his country enslaved for ever, rather than see its deliverance achieved by others. His failure has,