

real fear; the animal flies with all its might, and frequently never returns to its usual abode.

Fear, then, is a passion of which brute animals are susceptible, though they have not, like us, rational or foreseen apprehensions. Of horror, rage, and love, they are also susceptible; but they have not our aversions, founded on reflection, our durable hatreds, or our constant friendships. These passions in brutes imply no knowledge, no ideas, and are founded solely on the experience of sentiment, or repetitions of pain and pleasure, and renovation of preceding sensations of the same kind. Fury, or natural courage, is remarkable in animals which have experienced and ascertained their strength, and found it superior to ours; fear is the portion of the weak, but love belongs to all. Love! thou innate desire! thou soul of nature! thou inexhaustible principle of existence! thou sovereign power, by which every thing breathes, and every thing is renewed! thou divine shame! thou seed of perpetuity infused by the Almighty into all which has the breath of life! thou precious sentiment, by which alone the most savage and frozen hearts are softened!

thou