

thou first cause of all happiness, of all society! thou fertile source of every pleasure, of every delight! Love! why dost thou constitute the felicity of every other being, and bring misery alone to man?

The reason is obvious. Considered in a physical sense, this passion is good; in a moral one, it is attended with every evil. In what does the morality of love consist? In vanity; vanity in the pleasure of conquest, an error which proceeds from our putting too high a value upon it; the vanity of desiring exclusive possession, of which jealousy, a passion so base that we are ashamed to own it, is the constant attendant; vanity in the very mode of enjoying, or even relinquishing the object of our desires, if the wish of separation originates with ourselves; but if, instead of forsaking, we are forsaken by the beloved object, the humiliation is dreadful! and the discovery that we have been duped and deceived, not unoften hurries us into despair.

From all these miseries brutes are free. They seek not to obtain pleasure where it is not to be found: guided by sentiment alone, they are never deceived in their choice; their desires are always proportioned to their power of gratification; they feel as much as they en-