

joy, and seek not to vary or anticipate them. But Man, in striving to invent pleasure, only depraves nature ; in struggling to create sentiment, he perverts the intention of his being, and creates in his heart a vacuum which nothing can afterwards fill.

Everything good in love belongs to the brutes as well as to man, and even they, as if this sentiment could never be pure, seem to have a small portion of jealousy. Among us, this passion always implies some distrust of ourselves, some distant knowledge of our own weakness, while brutes are never jealous but in proportion to their strength, ardour for, and propensity to pleasure. The reason is, that our jealousy depends on our ideas, and theirs on sentiment. Having once enjoyed, they desire to enjoy again ; and feeling their strength, they drive away all that would occupy their place. Their jealousy is without reflection, they turn it not against the object of their love : of their pleasures alone are they jealous.

But are animals confined merely to those passions we have described ? Are fear, rage horror, love, and jealousy, the only durable affections they are capable of experiencing ? To me it appears that, independent of these passions, which arise from their natural feelings, they