

tumultuate in a bosom into which one moral conception has never entered. For its excitement nothing more seems necessary than to thwart any desire however unreasonable, or to disappoint any one object which the heart may chance to be set upon. So far from a sense of justice being needful to originate this emotion—it is the man who, utterly devoid of justice, would monopolize to himself all that lies within the visible horizon, who is most exposed to its visitation. He is the most vulnerable to wrath from every point of the vast circumference around him—who, conceiving the universe to be made for himself alone, is most insensible to the rights and interests of other men. It is in fact, because he is so unfurnished with the ideas of justice, that he is so unbridled in resentment. Justice views the world and all its interests as already partitioned among the various members of the human population, each occupying his own little domain; and, instead of permitting anger to expatiate at random over the universal face of things, justice would curb and overrule its ebullitions in the bosom of every individual, till a trespass was made within the limits of that territory which is properly and peculiarly his own. In other words, it is the office of this virtue, not to inspire anger, but to draw landmarks and limitations around it; and, so far from a high moral principle originating this propensity, it is but an animal