

# THE YOGI

*Published on the first day of every month*

**SYDNEY FLOWER, Editor**  
*Carson City, Nevada*

**GUY GUINAN, Publisher**  
*Carson City, Nevada*

Subscription Price, 5 cents a copy 50 cents a year, in advance

Vol. I

SEPTEMBER

No. III

## EDITORIAL NOTES

By SYDNEY FLOWER

[The editor of *THE YOGI* was arrested in Chicago, Jan. 15, 1910, on a charge of misuse of the mails in connection with mining stock. His experiences in a Chicago jail were given in the July number of *THE YOGI*.]

**A HEALTH RESORT** Carson City should be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as having the most perfect summer climate to be found under heaven. Its altitude, some 4500 feet above sea-level, ensures a dry, pure air that is death to the germs of tuberculosis, and it was contended by an army doctor (Dr. Guinan), who lived here for many years, that typhoid fever was an impossibility—that a true case of typhoid had never been found in this locality.

## THE YOGI

---

It would be a simple matter to double the population of this town from May to November of each year, but nothing has been done to present the claims of this city to the attention of the sick in the Eastern and Southern States. Who in the East knows anything of our days of continuous sunshine and our cool, fragrant nights?

**WHAT TO DO**—A one-inch advertisement should be placed in ten of the big eastern monthlies, to run six months. And here is the ad:—

### ARE YOU SICK?

The shining splendor of a summer  
in Carson City, Nevada,  
**WILL CURE YOU.**

Write for free literature to ———  
Carson City, Nevada.

Here the idea sought to be conveyed is an impressive simplicity enfolding a positive assurance. The "literature" should be an illustrated booklet giving facts regarding the cost of living in Carson, the unequalled climate, the purity of the water supply, the high standard of health enjoyed by our citizens, with half-tone cuts of some of our prettiest bungalows.

**THE COST**—Allowing an average cost of \$25 to each ad, one insertion, the advertising bill for six months would amount to \$1500. The booklet, 10,000 copies, would cost about \$500. The wages of one man to attend to correspondence, etc., for

## THE YOGI

---

one year, \$1200. Office rent, stationery and postage, say \$800. Total cost of job \$4000.

**GETTING ACTION**—If this matter were put in hand shortly, the ads to start running in October, this town would begin to fill up by next May, and an era of such recurrent prosperity dawn upon our merchants, hotel proprietors and property-owners, that Pharaoh's seven years of fatness would look lean beside it.

The co-operation of the V. and T. Railroad might be considered a certainty if this matter were placed before its officials in proper detail.

Furthermore, if it will help towards action, I should be glad to write the booklet free of charge.

**JAIL NOTES**—To those who know no more of a jail than they gather from its outside, life "behind the bars" suggests monotony. But it is, in fact, quite sufficiently varied. I speak, of course, of life in the Carson jail, which is the only one of its kind in the United States. It was our habit to allude to it in conversation affectionately as "The Diner's Home." After the exodus of prisoners, to serve their sentences in Virginia City and McNeill's Island, had taken place in June, following the sitting of the Federal Court, our boarders numbered no more than four, with the addition of an occasional Indian, or his squaw, pinched for inebriety. These four, "Sailor Jack," Murdoch, "Scotty," and myself, formed a harmonious quartette, having enough diversity of character in our

## THE YOGI

---

selves to promote fellow-ship. In all communities contrasts are necessary to bind the members together, and I have often thought that the conversation of Judas Iscarist must have greatly enlivened the society of the twelve Apostles, albeit Holy Writ is silent on the point.

As to ourselves, however, Sailor Jack had a genius for fussing with the hose, which was used for washing the floors and walls of our abode—he called it “swabbing the deck.” He was also the originator of the daily “Mulligan,”—a savory mess in the form of a stew, the ingredients being beefsteak (held over from breakfast), onions and potatoes. It was an instructive sight to watch Sailor Jack peeling and slicing onions after breakfast with the decrepit knife, which we were allowed to retain because its usefulness as a weapon of offense or defense had long ended; and he was altogether so efficient that the rest of us seldom thought of lending a hand.

Murdoch's contribution to the well being of the community took the form mainly of caustic remarks to and about Scotty. Sailor Jack was useful, but I never knew Murdoch do anything useful except once, when he washed some clothes for me. But he added to the hilarity of the gang by troubling Scotty something in this wise. Scotty, a fat young man, and formerly a trained nurse, was looking ruefully at his hands one morning at breakfast, and remarked innocently—he had a

## THE YOGI

---

horrible Scotch dialect—"Man, ma hands are mighty rough-like. I'm thinkin' I'll need tae veesit a manicure leddy," when Murdoch chinned in: "You! No, you don't want a manicure. What you need is to be shod in front!"

Scotty was an odd being, greedy, conceited, almost an imbecile, and hot-tempered; an engaging combination of qualities that never lost its charm. His work was to wash up the dishes after each meal, and mine, sometimes, to dry them indifferently well. However, a couple of Indian boys who were sentenced to serve three months in jail for stealing bicycles, relieved us of this job, we having explained to them that domestic service of this kind must lay the foundation for habits of sterling industry which could not fail to be of benefit to them in after years. So that, with the advent of the Indian boys, Scotty and I drifted into a life of leisurely ease and were as drones in the hive. Murdoch was not much better, though he would at times succeed in stirring up some dust with a broom, until Sailor Jack took it away from him, and said he would show him the knack of sweeping. But Murdoch was so dull at grasping the trick of it that after a little while he said he guessed he never could learn how to do it, and Sailor Jack swept in his stead. My work was, on the whole, not difficult. Upon the days when Sailor Jack decreed that the "decks needed swabbing," it was my habit to retire to my cell and smoke, lying upon the bed, and calling out a word

## THE YOGI

---

of encouragement now and again to the busy toilers without. I dare say this helped them a good deal. One never knows the good a hearty word of cheer may accomplish in this way, and I have often thought we are too sparing of these blessings as we go through life. I never spared them.

**WASH-DAY**--It was while noticing how Sailor Jack labored over the wash-tub one day that it occurred to me I would show him a better way, and with this end in view I asked my friend John Ellis to buy me five cakes of Fels-Naptha soap. When the soap arrived I made them a little speech. I said: "You fellows don't understand how to wash clothes. Instead of rubbing the skin off your hands you should let the soap do the work. And you don't need boiling hot water; warm will do. This afternocrn I am going to wash my union-suit. Follow me closely. After soaping the garment thoroughly I leave it to soak for an hour in the water. Then I rinse it under the tap, and it comes out white as the driven snow." This impressed them, and they all took an interest in the job. Afterwards, when the garment was hung up to dry, ringed with dark stripes something like a zebra, Murdoch asked me if that was my idea of the driven snow. But I explained that I had done my part by following the directions on the wrapper of the soap. If those directions were wrong, the manufacturers were to blame; not I. "More

## THE YOGI

---

over," I said, "when that garment is dry it will bleach considerably." However, I will own that it had not improved in color the next day, and Murdoch grumpily took it off the line and threw it in the tub with some of his own things, saying that it was a disgrace to the jail. After he had worked with the thing for an hour, and made himself very hot and uncomfortable, it did look a little better, and I told him so, for I am not one of those who cleave to an opinion regardless of its correctness. I went further and offered to let him wash several other things for me but he declined the effort.

To this day, "white as the driven snow" is a phrase used commonly in the Carson jail, with satirical intent.

**A LABOR OF LOVE** - However, there really was something I could do for the bunch, and that was to write letters for them to the judge. Some of those letters were distinctly works of art. At the time the Federal Court was in session I was approached by William, a youth who had been sentenced to McNeill's Island for a year and a day for selling whiskey to Indians, with the request that I should write to Judge Farrington and ask for an interview in which he would explain to the judge many things touching his innocence that had escaped his Honor's notice. I did so, and signed William's name to the document. The judge was very decent about it, and sent for Wil

liam to hear what he had to say. But it happened unfortunately that on the morning when he was sent for by the judge William was actually in Court as a witness on behalf of another prisoner, and in the course of his testimony for this prisoner William nobly took upon his shoulders all the crimes in the calendar, convicting himself of all kinds of infamy. He explained it to us afterwards by saying that he was "carried away like"! With that letter fresh in his mind it must have seemed to Judge Farrington that William was trying to make sport of the law, and, when the other case was over he called William before him. "I understand that you are not satisfied with your sentence," said his Honor, regarding William with a wintry eye: "You have been sentenced to one year and a day and a hundred dollar fine. I will amend that sentence to one year and a day and a TWO hundred dollar fine." Exit William.

Really he was a remarkable youth. He had a dull skin, much spotted, and his mouth carried teeth at all angles. I have seen the tombstones in an old, old graveyard look like William's teeth when he laughed. Murdoch said William's mouth had been jarred in the San Francisco earthquake. But he was absolutely the most good-natured boy that ever breathed. There was a look in his eyes that reminded you of a faithful dog. He almost wept when he left the Carson jail for his journey to McNeill's, and we all missed him.



## THE YOGI

---

**SCOTTY**—It would need a whole book to do justice to Scotty. His fondness for "a wee drap whuskey" was his undoing. He had been employed as a trained nurse in a prominent Carson family—the H——s, and, on the last day of his service, he went forth into the town and partook freely of the cup that queers. Returning to the house for his belongings he nipped a diamond ring belonging to Mrs. H——, and departed. At the depot he was arrested, and brought to the jail; the ring was found upon him and Scotty became one of us, awaiting his trial. Taking into account the amount of fun we got out of him, our hearts warmed to the fatherless bairn, and I wrote a most moving letter to the H——s signing Scotty's name thereto, and asking them not to prosecute, denying all knowledge of the theft, and maintaining irresponsibility under alcoholic influence. That letter would have melted a heart of stone. But it appeared that by this time the matter was out of private hands, and Scotty was answerable to the County. So we held a conference on Scotty's case inside the jail. The question up for debate was whether it was worth while to save him from the Penitentiary. I could not see what possible good sixteen months in the Pen. would be to him, while it might do him much harm. It would probably leave a scar on his mind— or what passed for his mind— that would never erase itself, and that part of him which was only idiot would come out criminal. It was better

## THE YOGI

---

for the world that Scotty should be returned to it a harmless imbecile, and so, partly for that reason, partly for the fun of it, I took the first steps to defeat Justice. Scotty's idea was to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court. You would hardly believe what a time it took to beat that notion out of his head. I argued with him fifty times a day in this wise:—

"This County has no money to fool away on a miserable specimen like you. You must plead 'Not Guilty' and demand a jury trial. That will cost them about \$500. They would rather let you go free than waste so much good money on you. The case will probably not come to trial at all, but if it does, your defense is 'Alcoholic Insanity.' You will ask to have your head examined by experts, although your looks alone should be sufficient to free you."

The days passed; he was called into Court, and pleaded "Not Guilty." A lawyer was appointed by the Court to conduct his defense and a date set for trial. "I should advise you," said the lawyer, "to plead guilty, and I think that you will get off with a light sentence." But when Scotty returned to our society we stiffened up his backbone again (he reminded me of an earthworm, he was so limp!) and painted awful word-pictures of life in the Penitentiary. Finally, after some weeks, his lawyer came to the jail one day and called Scotty out for conference. When he

returned to us his face was alight with hope. Not to weary you with his dialect it appeared that the charge had been reduced from Grand Larceny to Petit Larceny, which carried with it only a term of imprisonment in jail, and Scotty had agreed to plead guilty to the minor charge. He was sentenced to serve six months in the County Jail at Carson, was pardoned after three months, and is now in California somewhere. By one of those odd twists in the brain which are not uncommon, he had fully convinced himself inside of a week that he had engineered his own case in a masterly manner, and used to speak of himself as a man of dogged determination when his mind was made up.

**WATER CRESS.**—It was Murdoch who first told me about water-cress. I didn't believe him until I had put it abundantly to the proof. It is so remarkable that I prefer to call it Murdoch's Discovery. Water-cress eaten two or three times a day with meals will cure any case of dyspepsia, heart burn, indigestion, or acidity. Amazing. You don't believe it, of course, but it will cost you very little to prove it. Doubt as much as you like, but don't deny till you have tested it. Some day I am going to open a Sanitarium in which water-cress will be the only diet. The grounds will be surrounded by a high board fence to keep the patients from breaking out. There will be several acres of water cress within the fence, and

some bubbling springs. The Sanitarium will be filled with well-to-do patients who have, like Rockefeller, burned up their stomachs and digestive arrangements. Every morning at ten o'clock the patients will be herded down to the enclosure, each carrying a cup. All day they will eat water-cress and drink water. At night they will be herded back from the pasture and hustled to bed. After a long happy day in the meadow they will be ready for bed. They will pay from \$50 a week, up, according to their means. This looks very like money to me.

**THE EDUCTIVE METHOD**—Another discovery, which we made in jail, and which we tried with great success on Scotty, has to do with the cure of rheumatism in its acute stage. There is today no known cure for rheumatism in the acute or inflammatory stage to be found in any Pharmacopoeia—so that if we have that remedy we have something of value. I am willing to concede the water-cress to Murdoch, but this thing is my own, and I have therefore appropriately named it "Flower's Eductive Method for the Cure of All Blood Diseases." That looks rather well. Eductive from Ex-Ducere, meaning To-Lead-Out. Classical. You shall have it all in the October number of **THE YOGI**. It occurs to me that I have not space enough in this magazine to tell you half as much as I want to. Does it, perhaps, seem to you that **THE YOGI** is indeed rather small? Well, our family is growing in numbers,

## THE YOGI

---

but you might increase our circulation notably by each of you sending in at least one new subscriber this month. Don't subscribe for a year. We may all be dead before a year is out, but subscribe (25 cents) till the end of this year 1910. We will start all such subscriptions with the first number, July, and so give to each new subscriber a complete set of **THE YOGI**. Preserve your set complete for binding. Some day it will be worth its weight in diamonds. Don't forget—one new subscriber—25 cents. Read the ad on the back cover. Do it now. Act quick.

**OUT ON RAIL**—About July 15, the United States District Attorney, Sam Platt, courteously reduced my bail from \$5000 to \$3000, and immediately Messrs. Frank Wildes, Walter Chedie and Edward Sweetland went on my bonds in the sum of \$6000—that is to say, double the cash bail—and restored me to the sunlight. My heartfelt thanks to these gentlemen. The trial comes off in November. Murdoch's trial is set for Sept. 7. May we live happily ever after!

**FASTING**—A few months ago in one of the big magazines appeared an article by Mr. Upton Sinclair, telling how he had fasted for health's sake, and greatly benefited himself thereby. Wishing to prove it for myself I tried it in jail, and gave up food and tobacco for ten days, losing about ten pounds weight. But jail is not the place for such an experiment. You need an enormous sup-

ply of perfectly fresh air to do the thing properly, and sunlight. So I mean to do it over again, and do it right. About thirty days will tell me what I want to know. Elbert Hubbard makes caustic remarks regarding "the fasting fad," but the good Fra has ever been too wedded to his flesh pots. Moreover everybody who has tried this fasting stunt has missed the very kernel and heart of the matter, which is briefly, that the consumption of air—outdoor air—during the fast must be trebled and quadrupled. This enforced breathing should nourish the tissues. If it does, then this is the first step towards the higher evolution of man. If it does not, then man must continue to eat and digest his food after the manner of the other animals. But it is my belief that he will one day acquire the habit of living upon air. Say, in about a thousand years from now.

**"GLORIFIED MAN"**—Man is so much a creature of sentiment that he cannot breathe the atmosphere of Abstract Thought for long. He must clothe his idea in a form, he must shape it to something solid, recognizable, familiar, and therefore lovable, and so it has come about that man has moulded his idea of God into the form of a Glorified Man. This is the natural thought, the only possible result, when the human intellect reaches towards an understanding of the unknowable; when the evolving brain tries to grasp Evolved and Ultimate Truth. Man cannot conceive of God as an Essence, pervading all things:

he must envelop his idea in a concrete form, and since the highest form he can conceive is himself, he rests on this conception. Having given to God a human form man further endows him with human sympathies and emotions; and powers which if not strictly human are merely human plus. They are the kind of powers exercised by the kind of judgment that man expects his Glorified Man to possess and employ. Naturally reflection and experience have shown him that this God of his own creation falls far short of being satisfactory. His God is forever running foul of man's increasing knowledge. For example, man, by the aid of patient, plodding, sincere, painstaking and brave individuals of his species, with a passion for discovering facts, such as Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Haeckel, Agassiz, Tyndall, and the like, has discovered that Evolution is a Fact. He has discovered that the human race originated in a very minor form of life. Having accepted this tremendous conception as a truth, having proved it to the hilt to be a truth, he is instantly confronted with another problem arising out of his acceptance of Evolution as a fact. It is this. If man has evolved from lower forms of life; if he has moved up by slow and gradual stages to his present type- the human at what stage in his evolution did he come into possession of an immortal soul? Ha! Did the fish carry the immortal germ in itself? Did the monkey carry it? Does the monkey carry it yet? Is man alone the

possessor of this immortal part? And when did he become possessed of it? The problem that Evolution presents is—If man has an immortal soul WHEN did he get it? Hitherto Religions have answered this question by ignoring Evolution and maintaining Special Creation. But Evolution cannot be ignored and the problem still confronts us.

**RELIGION**—A man's religion is the measure of his brain and heart. Physiologically stated a man's religion gives the capacity of his cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous systems. Training and environment modify or extend somewhat, but you might say with truth that a man is born a Catholic, a Baptist, an Agnostic. His religion is truly himself. Carlyle has said it. So it is that if we take up the Bible and contemplate the God of the Israelites, as Moses drew the portrait, we know the brain and heart of Moses. Moses, a just, earnest man, full-blooded, but humble and sincere; and Moses' God, just, uncompromising, reserving his tenderness for them that worshiped him, and smiting his enemies hip and thigh. Our conception of God today is not the God of Israel, of Isaac and of Jacob. Four thousand years have not been lived in vain. But our debt to the Jews is beyond our liquidation. We owe them the inspiring spectacle, the lesson never to be laid aside, of a people following righteousness for its own sake. This is the greatest drama of history: the pursuit of the Ideal for the sake of the Ideal.



## THE YOGI

---

There is nothing greater than this steadfast quest in the history of man.

**THE CHRIST**—Two thousand years ago was born another Teacher, Jesus the Nazarene, and in his God as given in the New Testament, we find the loving tenderness of Jesus himself. The God of Jesus is a loving Father. Is this the last word? Is this the true portrait of God the Creator? Our age says yes, this portrait satisfies our hearts and minds. Our God is Love. This suffices. And it would seem that while humanity remains the humanity we know, while men are as men of today, this conception of God will suffice. A God of Love is the Ideal of our highest nature today.

**THE IMPERSONAL GOD**—But man cannot stand still. The man of today is not the man of a hundred thousand years hence. It does not seem possible to us now that there shall ever arise a race of human beings knowing neither love nor fear, but if that day ever comes, and it is just possible that it may come, then the God of that day will be an Impersonal God, neither to be feared nor loved. Surely a strange conception to us.

**THE STOICS**—We shall present to you in future numbers of **THE YOGI** the maxims of the greatest of the Stoics, the pith of whose philosophy is well worth applying today. It consists of this that man's desires, passions, opinions and conduct are wholly and entirely without any reservation

whatever, under the control of his will, and that Happiness is to be found only in the practice of Virtue, or right thought and right conduct. That no man is BORN to the practice of Virtue, but that all men may acquire it if they will do the work necessary. That all the good qualities, Courage, Truthfulness, Steadfastness, etc., are not inborn, but are habits, and are possessed through constant practice, and come into being exactly as an athlete develops for himself a strong arm or leg by practicing the exercises necessary. This is a healthy, worth-while philosophy, which bred wise and useful men:—a rather different idea from that weak-kneed conception of man as the instrument of his desires, or that leaden-visaged thing, dear to modern scientists, called Determinism, which maintains that man's conduct is fixed by his character, and this in turn is fixed by his ancestors, and his environment, so that responsibility for his action is shifted from his shoulders to his predecessors, and his free-will is negatived. It is an immense question this Determinism, and it will be worth our while to come to some positive conclusion regarding it. When men like Huxley and Nietzsche give their endorsement to a proposition it is not a thing that we can easily brush aside. But the Stoics held that man is a free agent to will and to do. Determinism says he is free to do, but he is not free to will. We will let the Stoics state their case in the vital words of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

## *The Heart of Seneca*

### THE HEART OF SENECA.\*

Lucius Annaeus Seneca. Born B. C. 3. Died  
A. D. 65.

True happiness is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for without finding it.

True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing. The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face, and bid it welcome; open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites; this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights.

\* Following chiefly the translation by Sir Roger L. Estienne, 1678.

whatever, under the control of his will, and that Happiness is to be found only in the practice of Virtue, or right thought and right conduct. That no man is BORN to the practice of Virtue, but that all men may acquire it if they will do the work necessary. That all the good qualities, Courage, Truthfulness, Steadfastness, etc., are not inborn, but are habits, and are possessed through constant practice, and come into being exactly as an athlete develops for himself a strong arm or leg by practicing the exercises necessary. This is a healthy, worth-while philosophy, which bred wise and useful men:—a rather different idea from that weak-kneed conception of man as the instrument of his desires, or that leaden-visaged thing, dear to modern scientists, called Determinism, which maintains that man's conduct is fixed by his character, and this in turn is fixed by his ancestors, and his environment, so that responsibility for his action is shifted from his shoulders to his predecessors, and his free-will is negatived. It is an immense question this Determinism, and it will be worth our while to come to some positive conclusion regarding it. When men like Huxley and Nietzsche give their endorsement to a proposition it is not a thing that we can easily brush aside. But the Stoics held that man is a free agent to will and to do. Determinism says he is free to do, but he is not free to will. We will let the Stoics state their case in the vital words of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

## *The Heart of Seneca*

### THE HEART OF SENECA.\*

Lucius Annaeus Seneca. Born B. C. 3. Died  
A. D. 65.

True happiness is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for without finding it.

True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing. The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face, and bid it welcome; open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites: this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights.

\*Following chiefly the translation by Sir Roger L. Eustrach, 1678.

## THE YOGI

---

As the body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety or measure.

There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty. If his fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it; if he has an estate, he will exercise his virtue in plenty; if none, in poverty; if he cannot do it in his country, he will do it in banishment; if he has no command, he will do the office of a common soldier. Some people have the skill of reclaiming the fiercest beasts; they will make a lion embrace his keeper. This is the case of a wise man in the extremest difficulties; let them be never so terrible in themselves, when they come to him once, they are perfectly tame.

The wise man neither fears danger nor provokes it; but from caution, not from cowardice; for captivity, wounds and chains he looks upon as unreal terrors.

There are three degrees of proficient in the school of wisdom. The first are those that come within the sight of it, but not up to it; they have learned what they ought to do, but they have not put their knowledge into practice; they are past the hazard of a relapse, but they are still in the clutches of disease; by which I mean an ill-habit.

## THE YOGI

---

that makes them over-eager upon things which are either not much to be desired, or not at all. A second sort are those that have conquered their appetite for a season, but are yet in fear of falling back. A third sort are those that are clear of many vices, but not of all. They are not covetous, but perhaps they are passionate; firm enough in some cases, but weak in others; perhaps despise death and yet shrink at pain. There are diversities in wise men, but no inequalities;—one is more affable, another more ready, a third a better speaker, but the felicity of them all is equal.

Virtue is that perfect good which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality.

When we come once to value our flesh above our honesty we are lost.

There is so wonderful a grace and authority in virtue that even the worst of men approve it, and set up for the reputation of being accounted virtuous themselves

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open. Virtue cannot lie hid, for the time will come that shall raise it again, even after it is buried, and

## THE YOGI

---

deliver it from the malignity of the age that oppressed it.

It was a long time that Democritus was taken for a madman, and before Socrates had any esteem in the world. How long was it before Cato could be understood? Nay, he was affronted, condemned and rejected; and people never knew the value of him until they had lost him.

When a man comes once to stand in need of fortune, his life is anxious, suspicious, timorous, dependent upon every moment, and in fear of all accidents. How can that man that shrinks at every motion of pleasure and pain, resign himself to God, and bear his lot, whatever it be, without murmuring, and cheerfully submit to providence? A good man is happy within himself and independent of fortune.

The physician may prescribe diet and exercise, and accommodate his rule and medicine to the disease, but it is philosophy that must bring us to a contempt of death, which is the remedy of all disease.

That which we see in high mountains we find in philosophers: they seem taller near hand than at a distance.

No man is born wise, but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.



## THE YOGI

---

What does it concern us which was the elder of the two, Homer or Hesiod, or which was the taller, Helen or Hecuba? We take a great deal of pains to trace Ulysses in his wanderings, but were it not time as well spent to look to ourselves, that we may not wander at all? What is it to me whether Penelope was honest or no? Teach me to know how to be so myself, and to live according to that knowledge. What am I the better for putting so many parts together in music and raising an harmony out of so many different tones? Teach me to tune my affections, and to hold constant to myself. Geometry teaches me the art of measuring acres. Teach me to measure my appetites, and to know when I have enough; teach me to divide with my brother, and to rejoice in the prosperity of my neighbor. You teach me how I may hold my own, and keep my estate; but I would rather learn how I may lose it all, and yet be contented. The astrologer tells me of Saturn and Mars in opposition; but I say, let them be as they will, their courses and their positions are ordered them by an unchangeable decree of fate. Either they produce and point out the effects of all things, or else they signify them. If the former, what are we the better for the knowledge of that which must of necessity come to pass? If the latter, what does it avail us to foresee what we cannot avoid? So that, whether we know or not know, the event will still be the same.

## THE YOGI

---

I will say to myself, what is it that I labour, sweat and solicit for, when it is but very little that I want, and it will not be long that I shall need anything?

It is easier to give counsel than to take it, and a common thing for one choleric man to condemn another.

He that would be truly happy must think his own lot best, and so live with men, as considering that God sees him, and so speak to God as if man heard him.

A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it.

Let us examine, watch, observe, and inspect our own hearts, for we ourselves are our own greatest flatterers.

We should every night call ourselves to an account. What infirmity have I mastered today? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift. Oh, pleased sleep that follows such a diary! Oh, the tranquillity, liberty and greatness of that mind that is a spy upon itself, and a private censor of its own manners!

It is my custom every night, as soon as the candle is out, to run over all the words and actions of the past day; and I let nothing escape me; for why

## THE YOGI

---

should I fear the sight of my errors when I can admonish and forgive myself? I was a little too hot in such a dispute; my opinion might have been as well spared; for it gave offense, and did no good at all. The thing was true; but all truths are not to be spoken at all times. I would I had held my tongue, for there is no contending either with fools or our superiors. I have done ill, but it shall be so no more. If every man would but thus look into himself it would be the better for us all.

Our fate is set, and the first breath we draw is only the first motion toward our last.

The foundation of true joy is in the conscience.

It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind; if he can, to many; if not, to fewer; if not to his neighbors, at least to himself. There are two republics a great one, which is human nature; and a less, which is the place where we were born.

Above all things we must be sure to keep ourselves in action; for he that is slothful is dead even while he lives

Whensoever he that lent me myself, and what I have, shall call for all back again, it is not a loss, but a restitution; and I must willingly deliver up what most undeservedly was bestowed upon me. And it will become me to return my mind better than I received it

## THE YOGI

---

God deals by us as a good father does by his children; he tries us, he hardens us, and fits us for himself. He keeps a strict hand over those that he loves, and by the rest he does as we do by our slaves—he lets them go on in license and boldness. As the master gives his most hopeful scholars the hardest lessons, so does God deal with the most generous spirits; and cross encounters of fortune we are not to look upon as a cruelty, but as a contest.

Fortune does like a swordsman; she scorns to encounter a fearful man; there is no honor in the victory when there is no danger in the way to it. Many a good man is afflicted, only to teach others to suffer; for we are born for example.

Calamity tries virtue, as the fire does gold. Nay, he that lives most at ease is only delayed, not dismissed, and his portion is to come.

When we are visited with sickness or other afflictions, we are not to murmur as if we were ill-used; it is a mark of the general's esteem when he puts us upon a post of danger.

To show now that the favors or the crosses of fortune, and the accidents of sickness and of health are neither good nor evil, God permits them, indifferently, both to good and evil men.

God loves us with a masculine love, and turns us loose to injuries and indignities. He takes delight

## THE YOGI

---

to see a brave and good man wrestling with evil fortune, and yet keeping himself upon his legs, when the whole world is in disorder about him.

It must be the change of the mind, not of the climate, that will remove the heaviness of the heart; our vices go along with us, and we carry in ourselves the causes of our disquiets.

Frequent changing of places or councils shows an instability of mind, and we must fix the body before we can fix the soul.

A great traveler was complaining that he was never the better for his travels. "That is very true," said Socrates, "because you traveled with yourself." Now, had not he better have made himself another man, than to transport himself to another place? It is no matter what manners we find anywhere, so long as we carry our own.

As levity is a pernicious enemy to quiet, so undue pertinacity is a great one, too. The latter changes nothing; the former sticks to nothing; and which of the two is the worse may be a question.

Nothing can be above him that is above fortune.

Place me among princes, or among beggars. The one shall not make me proud, nor the other ashamed.

I will not transport myself with either pain or pleasure, but yet, for all that, I could wish that I

## THE YOGI

---

had an easier game to play, and that I were put rather to moderate my joys than my sorrows.

Of all others, a studious life is the least tiresome. It makes us easy to ourselves and to others, and gains us both friends and reputation.

A voluptuous person can neither be a good man, a good patriot, nor a good friend; for his mind is unhinged by his appetites. A good man, like a good soldier, will stand his ground, receive wounds, glory in the scars, and in death itself, love his master for whom he falls; with that divine precept always in his mind, follow good.

We are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty. He that does this shall be free, safe and quiet.

The man that would be truly rich must not increase his fortune, but retrench his appetites.

Ambition aspires from great things to greater, and propounds matters even impossible when it has once arrived at things beyond expectation. It is a kind of dropsy—the more a man drinks, the more he covets. It is a rare thing for a man in great prosperity to lay down his happiness gently, it being a common fate for a man to sink under the weight of those felicities that raise him.