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# TRAITS OF CHARACTER

AND

# NOTES OF INCIDENT

IN

# Bible Story.

BY

FRANCIS JACOX,

AUTHOR OF

"*Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts*," "*Bible Music*," "*Aspects of Authorship*," "*Cues from all Quarters*," &c.

"That from all books the Book of books may gain,
He mingle-mangles sacred and profane;
Quotes Swift with DANIEL; Byron with SAINT PETER;
EZEKIEL with the English Opium-eater;
Hood with HABAKKUK; Crabbe with ZECHARIAH;
Landor with JOB, and Lamb with JEREMIAH;
The prophet SAMUEL with his namesake Pepys;
Bunyan and Jean Paul with th' APOCALYPSE;
KING SOLOMON with Shakspeare, Scott, Racine:
ESTHER with Edmund Spenser's Faerie Queene;
With MOSES, Dryden, Dante, Doctor Donne;
'Accomplish'd St. John' with Divine SAINT JOHN."

NICIAS FOXCAR.

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# PREFATORY.

This volume may be described as, in effect, another and an enlarged series of *Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts.* What difference there is, consists mainly in something more like unity in the design and method in the arrangement. The NOTES OF INCIDENT are indeed interspersed with the TRAITS OF CHARACTER; but the order of time is, for the most part, observed throughout.

F. J.

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# TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

## *FELLOW-CREATURES WITH THE FIRST MAN.*

GENESIS ii. 19.

THE term Fellow-creatures is by prescriptive usage limited to those of human race. Our Fellow-lodgers, or some such patronising phrase, is the sort of term we apply to the brute creation. But at least the brute race are our fellow-creatures in having been created. And once upon a time the fellowship was closer than now. It is delicate ground, that of the Garden of Eden; and thankfully to be foreborne in these pages is all question of how far the sacred narrative is literal, and that, again, of the participation of animals in the result of man's fall. Enough, here and now, that we read of every beast of the field and every fowl of the air being brought to Adam, and of Adam giving to each a definite and abiding name. So far, at least, the narrative suggests conditions of intercourse hardly to be realised now. There is no hint of shrinking or mistrust on either side; none of any let or hindrance to frank and loyal intercommunication. We see his fellow-creatures with the first man, in fellowship amicable enough at any rate for him, presumably, to have so far studied the nature of each, as to give it an appropriate because characteristic name.

That in them he did find society of some sort, fellowship to some extent, is seemingly implied in the statement that of all to whom Adam had given names, there was not found an help-meet for him. Made a little lower than the angels himself, these, his other and humbler fellow-creatures, were made a little too low for him. Eve must be made to be on his level. Nevertheless, with these, his browsing, grazing, flying, fellow-creatures, he *had* fellowship of a sort.

He could not, for instance, have appreciated the point of Cowper's line about Alexander Selkirk finding their tameness a something shocking :

> "The beasts that roam over the plain
> My form with indifference see;
> They are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking* to me."

Whether the original instinct of brutes was to be afraid of man or familiar with him, Archbishop Whately would not undertake to say; though he avowed his belief that the fear of man is the implanted instinct; it being plain, at any rate, that either the one or the other—wildness or tameness—must be an implanted, and not an original instinct. He cited as universal the agreement of travellers, that when they have gone into a country hitherto apparently unvisited by man, neither bird nor beast exhibited fear, the birds perching familiarly on their guns, or standing still to be knocked on the head. "After the country has been for some time frequented, not only individual animals become afraid of man, but their offspring inherit that fear by instinct." Mr. Coventry Patmore's epistolary dame compares the way in which certain

---

* In Hood's poem of *The Haunted House*, we see the rabbits frisking about, leisurely and bold, as if they knew their enemy was banished; while—

> "The wary crow, the pheasant from the woods,
> Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness,
> Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
> Fed with a 'shocking tameness'."

As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of Arthur Philipson, lost among the Swiss mountains, in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*, remain bent on the lammergeier, or Alpine vulture, which sits and gazes at him from the pinnacle of a crag not four yards from the tree in which the young man holds his precarious station. The near approach of a creature not more loathsome to the human race than averse to come within their reach, may well seem ominous to him. Was it, he speculated, a native vulture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveller was soon destined to become its victim? And was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's blood ceased its course? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures? For there the obscene bird sat and gazed at him, without displaying any of the apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertain from the vicinity of man.

frank, unsophisticated natures, described by him, behave to that of the lower orders of creation on a desert island:

> "Greeting mankind, as I've heard say
> That wild things do, where beasts of prey
> Were never known, nor any men
> Have met their fearless eyes till then."

Gilliatt, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, alone on his barren rock, finds the sea-birds fearless of his presence. The very change in his face, says the author, with a touch of suggestive malice, "gave them confidence; he had lost resemblance to men, and taken the form of the wild beast." So with Robert Penfold, in Mr. Charles Reade's *Foul Play*: "The sea-birds walked quietly about him, and minded him not." He comes upon a roan-coloured pigeon, with a purplish neck, perched on his sick comrade's foot; the bird, shining like a rainbow, "cocked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards; but it soon appeared that fear had little to do with this movement, for after an airy circle or toss, he fanned Hazel's cheeks with his fast-flapping wings, and lighted on the edge of the baler, and was for sipping." Enoch Arden, stranded on an isle, the loneliest in a lonely sea, was not so badly off for sustenance: soft fruitage there was, nuts of the very biggest, and nourishing roots;

> "Nor, save for pity, was it hard to take
> The helpless life, so wild that it was tame."

It is for a Robert Burns, at the plough-tail, *not* on a desert island, to make his *amende honorable* to the field mouse he has disturbed, "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie," in such terms as these:

> "I'm truly sorry man's dominion
> Has broken Nature's social union,
> And justifies that ill opinion
> Which makes thee startle
> At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
> And fellow-mortal."

The fellow-creatureship is here, at least, frankly and humanely recognised.

The sight of a redbreast chasing a butterfly moved Wordsworth to the rather far-going reflection, that,—

> "Could Father Adam open his eyes,
> And see this sight beneath the skies,
> He'd wish to close them again."

This is in allusion to the penultimate book of *Paradise Lost*, where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle hart and hind pursued by their enemy. Wesley maintained that the very foundations of the nature of animals were turned upside down at the fall of man; whatever evils inferior creatures endure or inflict upon each other being assigned as a consequence to that catastrophe. He argued, that, as man is deprived of his perfection—his loving obedience to God, so brutes are deprived of their perfection—their loving obedience to man, the far greater part fleeing from his hated presence, others setting him at defiance and destroying him when they can, while a few only retain more or less of their original disposition, and still love and obey him. Nor only death, according to Wesley (præ-scientific, not prescient, in matters geological), came upon the whole creation in consequence of the first transgression, but all death's train of preparatory evils, pain, and ten thousand sufferings; and not only these, but all the irregular passions, all the "unlovely tempers," which in man are sins, and in brutes are sources of misery. "Inferior creatures torment, persecute, and devour each other, and all are tormented and persecuted by man." Byron's Lucifer reminds his Cain that—

> "—— war with all things,
> And death to all things, and disease to most things,
> And pangs, and bitterness, these were the fruits
> Of the forbidden tree.
>
> *Cain.* But animals,—
> Did they too eat of it, that they must die?
>
> *Lucifer.* Your Maker told ye, *they* were made for you,
> As you for Him. You would not have their doom
> Superior to your own? Had Adam not
> Fallen, all had stood.

*Cain.* Alas, the hopeless wretches!
They too must share my sire's fate, like his sons;
Like them, too, without having shared the apple;
Like them, too, without the so dear-bought knowledge."

An æsthetical critic objects to Sir Edwin Landseer's painting of Van Amburgh and his Beasts, as a bad subject in itself,—the shrinking, retreating, cowed animals forming an unpleasant study; for one would wish to see them in their wilder or nobler natures; and so poor a figure is made of the tamer, that one feels angry with the lions and tigers for being afraid of him. A happier subject is suggested for a picture of this kind in the hymn to Aphrodite, where the goddess descends on Ida, and all the savage beasts come fawning about her, when, with a motion of her hand, she dismisses them to pair in the forests. Such noble animals, crouching in obeisance and willing servitude to a divinity, to beauty, and to innocence, are materials for a picture of a finer sentiment; for this taming, the objector urges with some force, reduces the dignity of the brute, without raising the man.

Una, with her milk-white lamb and all but lamb-like lion, is a symbolical theme upon which we have all sorts of variations. Innocent girlhood, in friendly communion with creatures *feræ naturæ*, is a standard subject in suggestive literature. Now we have John Wilson, in his *Evening in Furness Abbey*, describing the ways and means of a darling daughter;

"——Thou from infancy
Hast loved the timid race; most sweet to thee
To stand and look upon the hind at play
In shady places with her fawns, and soon
They all will learn to look upon thy face
With fearless love, nor shun thy noiseless feet
Along the moss-sward underneath the boughs
So mossy of the over-arching oaks."

Now we have the author of the *Earthly Paradise*, in his tale of the fostering of Aslang, to the age of sweet seventeen bearing the buffets of a hard mistress in silence, and gladdening all about her as she goes forth goat-tending in the spring-tide :—

"——The red-throat jay
Screamed not for nought, as on her way
She went, light-laughing at some thought;
If the dove moaned, 'twas not for nought,
Since she was gone too soon from him,
And e'en the sight he had was dim
For the thick-budding twigs."

Markworthy in many ways is Wordsworth's Clifford, to whose

"—— side the fallow deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty."

The poet indited a sonnet to the address of the sparrow in the woods of Rydal which pecked at his lip, besides perching on his person, as he lay musing there.* Another sonnet he started from Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, upon whose form couched like some monumental figure, or upon whose dread bow unbent,

"Some wild bird oft might settle, and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment.
* * * * *
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel."

St. Francis † is duly commemorated in another of his poems

* In his notes, Wordsworth proposes as doubtful the question, whether the bird in this instance was aware that his attentions were bestowed upon a human, or even a living creature. But a redbreast, he adds, will perch upon the foot of a gardener at work, and alight on the handle of the spade when his hand is half upon it. This he had seen.

† Walter Savage Laudor has this passage in one of his letters about that favourite dog of his, and inseparable companion in trudging the streets of Bath, Pomero: "He barks aloud at all—familiarly, not fiercely. He takes equal liberties with his fellow-creatures, if indeed dogs are more his fellow-creatures than I am. I think it was Saint Francis de Sales who called birds and quadrupeds his sisters and brothers. Few saints have been so good-tempered, and not many so wise."—Forster's *Life of Landor*, ii. 433.

—how with beast and bird (stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—by casual outbreak of his passionate words, and from their own pursuits in field or grove drawn to his side by look or act of love humane, and virtue of his innocent life),

> "He wont to hold companionship so free,
> So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,
> As to be likened in his followers' minds
> To that which our first parents, ere the fall
> From their high state darkened the earth with fear,
> Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers."

The white doe of Rylstone will occur to many readers of Wordsworth,—stopping in mid career, from among the rushing troop,—drawing softly near to the Lady Emily, laying its head on her knee, and looking up into her face with a look of pure benignity, mindful of other years. Not that the Lady Emily partakes of the fawn-like nature of Hawthorne's Donatello; who, by the way, is described as growing up the playmate of all woodland creatures. Himself says, "You would have laughed to see the friends I had among them; yes, among the wild, nimble things that reckon man their deadliest enemy. How it was first taught me, I cannot tell; but there was a charm—a voice, a murmur, a kind of chaunt—by which I called the woodland inhabitants, the furry people, and the feathered people, in a language that they seemed to understand."* At an earlier period we have a glimpse of him in the

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* Of this he gives Kenyon a specimen, uttering a sound that seemed to fill the air, yet with no obtrusive clangour—the sound being of a murmurous character, soft, attractive, persuasive, friendly—a broad dialect, such as might have been the original voice and utterance of the natural man, before the sophistication of the human intellect formed what we now call language; and in which dialect, broad as the sympathies of nature, the human brother might have spoken to his inarticulate brotherhood that prowl the woods or soar upon the wing, and have been intelligible, to such extent as to win their confidence.

How the loss of this faculty is by Donatello himself ascribed to his fall from innocence,—is it not with subtle suggestiveness told in the romance of Monte Beni?

Again, of Dred, in another American book of note, we read, that the amusement of his vacant hours was sometimes to exercise his peculiar gifts

woods, lying at full length on the turf, while the green and blue lizards scruple not to scramble over him with their small feet, and the birds alight on the nearest twigs and sing their little roundelays, unbroken by any chirrup of alarm,—recognising him, may be, as something akin to themselves, or else fancying that he was rooted and grew there; for these wild pets of nature dreaded him no more in his buoyant life than if a mound of soil and grass and flowers had long since covered his dead body, converting it back to the sympathies from which human existence had estranged it.* No claim has Donatello to utter the lament of Shakspeare's Helena,

> "No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
> For beasts that meet me run away for fear."

But until he is overtaken with a fault,—nay, a crime,—he has little else than this creature-sympathy in common with the Margrave of *A Strange Story*, whom we see familiarizing himself with deer and cattle, which group round him quite tame, and feed from his hand.† Nor is Margrave the only criminal hero of Lord Lytton's to whom this congeniality is attributed. Of Eugene Aram, for instance, musing in tranquil

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over the animal creation, by drawing towards him the birds and squirrels from the coverts of the forest, and giving them food.

A more benignant exercise of the peculiar gift than is predicable of honest old Tiff, in the same story; at whose volition, all sorts of wild game, squirrels, rabbits, coons, and possums, appeared to come with pleasure and put themselves into his traps and springes; so that where another man might starve, Tiff would look round him with unctuous satisfaction, contemplating all nature as his larder, where his provisions were wearing fur coats, and walking about on four legs, only for safe keeping till he got ready to eat them.

* "A bird happening to sing cheerily,"—this is on yet another occasion,—"Donatello gave a peculiar call, and the little feathered creature came fluttering about his head, as if it had known him for many summers.—'How close he stands to nature!' said Miriam, observing this pleasant familiarity between her companion and the bird," etc.—*Transformation*, ch. ix. Cf. chapters viii. and xxvii., *passim*.

† "In another moment he was half hid under the drooping boughs of a broad lime-tree, amidst the antlers of deer that gathered fondly round him . . .. I think I see him now as I saw him then: a white doe, that even my presence could not scare away from him, clung lovingly to his side, looking up at him with her soft eyes."—*A Strange Story*, ch. xlix.

forest glades, we read that, as he roamed onward, "even the wild birds seemed to feel, by a sort of instinct, that in him there was no cause for fear," and therefore did not stir from the sprays that overhung his path. In salient contrast with the experience of Shakspeare's Helena is that of the laureate's Œnone:

> "Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday
> When I pass'd by, a wild and wanton pard,
> Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
> Crouch'd fawning in the weed."

Shakspeare himself is the subject of a modern poet's picture, in his *Plea for the Midsummer Fairies*, where wild things neither fear nor astonish him, even the timid hares going frankly near him, and the dappled does, without one start, and their fawns, in hereditary confidence,*—while neither wrens forsake at his footfall their nests among the leaves, nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart. So too when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor, that brown hermit brings his hoarded nuts,—

> "Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
> However he may watch their straw-built huts."

Manuel Phile, who takes a good place among the Greek Christian Poets of Mrs. Browning, has some verses on what his translator calls "a Philhellenic species of heron," with a nice ear for the Attic dialect; for,

> "If some barbarian bark approach the shore,
> They hate, they flee,—no eagle can outsoar!
> But if by chance an Attic voice be wist,
> They grow soft-hearted straight, philhellenist;

---

* As in the French *roman* of the Lady of Monsoreau, who was familiar, as a girl, with the deer in the vast forests of the Duke of Anjou,—some of them even coming to her call, and one, "a doe, my favourite, Daphne, would come and eat out of my hand.—One spring I had missed her for a month, and was ready to weep for her as a friend, when she reappeared with two little fawns. At first they were afraid of me, but seeing their mother caress me, they soon learnt to do the same."—Ch. xiii.

Press on in earnest flocks along the strand,
And stretch their wings out to the comer's hand."*

There is in the *Idylls of the King* emphatic record of a queenly nature, which not only drew, magnet-like, the rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts, but which beasts themselves would worship:

"—— camels knelt
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells."

The River-god, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, promises his sweet charge, Amoret,

"Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly."

And he bids the privileged maiden, likewise,

"Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod."

Wordsworth, in his *Prelude*, sketches one whom

"Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
Could they have known her, would have loved."

But the potential mood has a gratuitous aspect, when the indicative, with its actual verities, has been so well worked by him and by other poets. Lilian Ashleigh, in the prose romance, is pictured beneath a willow, the birds dropping

* A more auspicious greeting than the like semblance of it that welcomes Odysseus and his companions to Circe's realm,—

"Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magic tamed,) familiar to the dome:
With gentle blandishment our race they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet."

Not their own feet, as the structure of the other half of the line might imply, in the English of Mr. Pope's coadjutors.

from the boughs on the turf around her, so fearlessly that one alights amid the flowers in the little basket at her feet; and the picture is typical enough to be trite. The son of the painter of it gives us a younger figure, cast in the same mould. "I know now, little Ella," says he,

> "Why the blackbird in our laurel bowers
> Spake to you only; and the poor pink snail
> Feared less your steps than those of the May shower.
> It was not strange these creatures loved you so,
> And told you so. 'Twas not so long ago
> You were yourself a bird, or else a flower."

Mark again, in the typical instance of Gentleman Waife's child Sophy, how when her small foot once treads the sward, had she been really Queen of the Green People, sward and footstep could not more joyously have met together: how the grasshopper is said to have bounded, in fearless trust, upon the hem of her frock, and was tenderly caught by her, and how the gay insect, dear to poet and fairy, seemed to look at her from that quaint sharp face of his with sagacious recognition, resting calmly on the palm of her pretty hand; and how, when he sprang off, little moth-like butterflies, peculiar to the margins of running rivers, quivered up from the herbage, fluttering round her. Guy Darrell, in the same story, has, or seems to have, a spell of attraction over the swans on his lake, which claim his notice "with a low hissing salutation," sailing swiftly towards him when they descry him from afar; and while he communes with them, after his sort and theirs, a tame doe, catching sight of him from her covert at a distance, comes in light bounds to his side, and pushes her delicate nose into his drooping hand.* It is a young fawn that Mr. Disraeli makes

* When Lady Montfort pays her shrinking visit to the Manor-house, as she winds her way through the stillness of its venerable groves, a heavy sigh of hers is said to rouse from its bed among the fern the same doe that Darrell had tamed into companionship; and, stealing close to the saddened woman, the creature touches her very dress. "Doubtless, as Darrell's companion in his most musing hours, the doe was familiarised to the sound of sighs, and associated the sound with the gentlest notions of humanity."—*What will He do with It?* Book ix., chap. i.

the first to follow Essper George, when that quaint worthy amuses himself, if not Vivian Grey as well, by imitating the peculiar sound of every animal they meet. Various birds are attracted almost as soon, and even a squirrel perches on his horse's neck. When the two travellers come to a farm-yard, anon half-a-dozen horses follow Essper George in the road.* "How marvellous is the sympathy which exists between some persons and the brute creation!" exclaims another notable novelist, who professes to think, in the case of one heroine, early in a long series of heroines, that horses and dogs understood every word she said to them,—that they worshipped her from the dim depths of their inarticulate souls, and would have willingly gone to death to do her service. One interested gentleman observes all this with an uneasy sense of bewilderment, and takes to wondering whether these creatures are wiser than their masters, and so recognize some higher attributes in the girl. Were she mean, or cowardly, or false, or impure, he cannot believe the mastiff would love her as he does; nor can he think that in that case his thorough-breds would let her hands caress their velvet nostrils: the dog would snarl, and the horses would bite, as such animals used to do in those old days when they recognized witchcraft and evil spirits. "What an atmosphere of happiness she created about her wherever she went! How joyously the dogs barked and leaped at sight of her, straining their chains in the desperate effort to approach her! How fearlessly the thorough-bred mares and foals ran to the paddock-gates to bid her welcome, bending down their velvet nostrils to nestle upon her shoulder, responsive to the touch of her caressing hand!" The contributor to the *Saturday Review* of a series of essays

* "A dog rushed out to seize the dangerous stranger, and recover his charge; but Essper gave an amicable bark, and in a second the dog was jumping by his side, and engaged in earnest and friendly conversation." The pigs are next drawn to his side, and then three or four cows are seduced from keeping their appointment with the dairymaid. Broods of ducks and chickens are ready comers, while a flock of stately geese issue in solemn pomp from another gate of the farm-yard, and commence a cackling conversation with the delighted Essper.—*Vivian Grey*, Book vi., chap. ii.

on young womanhood, which won the attention they deserved, makes it a characteristic of the "nymph" that (like Essper George) she can imitate the sounds of animals for the most part with wonderful accuracy, and that she is fond of all animals, and fears none. We see her passing through a field thronged with wild-looking cattle without the least hesitation, and making friends even with the yelping farm-dogs that come snapping and snarling at her heels. In winter she is to be seen feeding the wood-birds by flocks, and always taking care that the horses have a handful of corn or a lump of carrot when she goes to see them, and that the cows are the better for her visit by a bunch of lucerne or a fat fresh cabbage-leaf. "The house beasts show their pleasure when they hear her fleet footsteps on the paved yard; and her favourite pony whinnies to her in a peculiar voice as she passes his stable door. These are her friends, and their love for her is her reward." The Yolande of the *Huguenot Family* is prettily sketched, making friends with the whole stock at Corner Farm, till the great mild Juno eyes of the oxen look into hers with a familiar greeting, and the plaintive bleat of the sheep becomes an appeal for sympathy, instead of an utterance of terror; and the fancy sketch goes on to show her intent on coaxing the Norfolk hawk from the "holt" of ash and alder, the bittern from the "lode," the gulls and terns from the nearest "broad." No attentive reader of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a book that requires and will repay more than one attentive reading, will have forgotten the hermit in his cave making friends of the little birds, and comforted in his great sorrow by their timely companionship, till his cell seemed illuminated by joy. A wonderful tamer too of animals, this Gerard Eliassoen,—of squirrels, hares, fawns; and in particular of one presumably untamable mule, supposed by the parish to be possessed with a devil. He encloses a paddock, from which he drives all the sons of Cain with threats of excommunication, for on this spot of ground there should be no murder, he resolved. He tames leverets and partridges, and little birds, and hares, and roe-deer. He finds a squirrel with a broken leg, which with infinite painstaking

he sets, and during the cure shows his patient repositories of acorns, nuts, chestnuts, etc.; and this squirrel gets well, and goes off, but returns to visit him in hard weather, and brings a mate, and next year little squirrels are found to have imbibed their parents' sentiments; and of all these animals each generation is tamer than the last; and herein is seen the clue to the triumphs of mediæval hermits in taming wild animals.

What struck Darsie Latimer most in the domain of his excellent Quaker friend, Joshua Geddes, was the quantity and the tameness of the game. The hen partridge, as Miss Geddes and Darsie drew near, scarce abandoned the roost at the foot of the hedge where she had assembled her covey, though the path went close beside her; and the hare, remaining on her form, gazed at them as they passed, with her full dark eyes, or, rising lazily and hopping to a little distance, stood erect to look at them with more curiosity than apprehension. In answer to Darsie's expression of surprise at the extreme tameness of these shy and timid animals, Miss Geddes tells him that their confidence is the result of protection in the summer and relief during the winter. "They are pets," she said, "of my brother, who considers them as the better entitled to this kindness that they are a race persecuted by the world in general. He denieth himself," she added, "even the company of a dog, that these creatures may here at least enjoy undisturbed security." Enjoy it accordingly they did; and in his enjoyed assurance of this, verily Joshua had his reward. And Scott was painting from the life when he painted both the man and the characteristic fact—crotchet, whim, hobby, call it what we please.

Rousseau piqued himself on the liking manifested towards him by the pigeons, and he would spend hours at a time in teaching them to trust him. A very difficult bird to tame and to teach confidence, he affirms the pigeon to be; and all the greater the *kudos* claimed by Jean Jacques for succeeding in inspiring his window visitors with such confidence in him that they followed him whithersoever he went, and

let themselves be taken whensoever he would. At last he could never make his appearance in the garden or yard but instantly two or three of them were on his shoulder or his head; and their attentions of this kind became so pressing, and *ce cortége* became *si incommode*, that he was obliged to check their familiarity. But he ever took a singular pleasure in taming animals—those in particular which are wild and timid. It seemed to him a charming thing to inspire them with a confidence which he never betrayed or abused.* His desire was to have them love him while they remained absolutely free. He carried on the like system of tactics with bees, and with like success. Mr. Froude declares "all genuine men" to be objects of special attraction to animals (as well as to children); and in his biographical sketch of Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, he recounts the "very singular instance" of the liking shown for that prelate by the big swan of Stone Manor, usually so unmanageable and savage: the bishop knew the way to his heart; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for bread crumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after, it is said, he seemed to know instinctively when the bishop was expected, and flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings; and on the arrival of his right reverend friend, he would strut at his side, and sometimes follow him upstairs. It was a miracle of course,† adds the biographer, to the general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

Coleridge is the "noticeable man with large grey eyes," who, in the well-read description by his brother bard, would

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* Tous les animaux se défient de l'homme, et n'ont pas tort; mais sont-ils sûrs une fois qu'il ne leur veut pas nuire, leur confiance devient si grande qu'il faut être plus que barbare pour en abuser."—Rousseau: *Les Confessions*, livre vi.

† Many were the miracles first and last imputed to Bishop Hugo; but he himself "thought little of miracles, turned his back on them for the most part, and discouraged them, if not as illusions, yet as matters of no consequence."—*A Bishop of the 12th Century.*

entice a congenial comrade to share his outdoor idlesse, the two together being as happy spirits as were ever seen:

> "If but a bird, to keep them company,
> Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
> As pleased as if the same had been a maiden-queen."

Professor Lowell would have made a happy third,—even if he had quizzed them afterwards, and himself. His essay on his *Garden Acquaintance* told us how all the birds looked on him as if he were a mere tenant-at-will, and they were landlords. "With shame I confess it, I have been bullied even by a humming-bird." Scarce a tree of his but has had, at some time or other, a happy homestead among its boughs. "I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers, and before (forgive the involuntary* pun) they had grown accustomed to man and knew his savage ways." Savage Landor had anything but savage ways with the creatures *feræ naturæ* on his estate, whether at Lanthony or at Fiesole; and proud he was to assert in octosyllabics his good fellowship with the good creatures in question, all and sundry:

> "Cares if I had, I turned those cares
> Toward my partridges and hares,
> At every gun and dog I heard
> Ill-auguring for some truant bird
> Or whiskered friend of jet-tipt ear,
> Until the frightened eld limpt near.
> These knew me, and 'twas quite enough."

Not that he had the sympathies, and so the insight, quite exceptionally developed in his contemporary, Dr. William Elford Leach, the distinguished naturalist, who succeeded so well in evoking affectionate trust from the brute natures he studied, and who was noted for his "power to tame the most savage beast or poisonous viper, with either of which he would play with impunity."† A recent biographer of Saint

* But was it, could it be, in the nature (and art) of it, involuntary?

† We are told of its being his constant habit at one time to have with him a wolf of a very ferocious temper, but which always obeyed and followed him in his walks, and which on one occasion, while in Paris,

Francis of Assisi, discussing the extraordinary power over the lower animals ascribed to him in all the accounts we have of him, observed that such a gift has certainly been possessed by many who laid no claim to supernatural powers, and is asserted in our day to be hereditary in her family by a personage so little like him as the famous novelist, Georges Sand. As though it were not all myth about Kilmeny making friends and associates of the wild beasts of the hill—the wolf playing blithely around her, the lordly bison lowing and kneeling to her, the hind tripping to her over the evening dew, and the dun deer wooing her lily hand, and buzzard and corby hurrying to the tryst, and blackbird and eagle together,—

> "And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
> The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
> And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young;
> And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
> It was like an eve in a sinless world."

That looks like Paradise regained; at least, it goes far to reproduce Milton's picture of what might be seen in Eden ere yet Paradise was lost, in his picture of the first fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league:

> "About them frisking played
> All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
> In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
> Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
> Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
> Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant
> To make them mirth, used all his might and wreathed
> His lithe proboscis."

Fellow-creatures with, and not without fellowship with, the higher than *primus inter pares*, the *facile princeps* of them all, the first man.

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remained waiting for three hours at the entrance of the Jardin des Plantes, with the fidelity of a common dog, while its master went into the grounds. Hardly the sort of loiterer which the local police would bid *Circulez donc, monsieur.*

## *DERIDED FOREBODERS.*

GENESIS xix. 14.

THE warning voice of Lot, assuring guilty Sodom of impending doom, was, even to those of his own house, by affinity, but as the event proved true sons of Sodom, and loyal to her to the last, a voice that croaked without occasion, a *vox et præterea nihil.* He seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law. It is the way of the world.

Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous to the ship of Adramyttium, which sailed for Italy with St. Paul on board, and certain other prisoners, in charge of Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band, off the fair havens, the Apostle admonished those in authority, and said unto them, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." Nevertheless, the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things which were spoken by Paul. It is the way of the world.

The ante-Diluvian world had its Noah, a preacher of righteousness, and heeded him not while the ark was a-building. Troy had its Cassandra; and a proper croaker and a veritable bore Troy thought her. Only a bewildered, distraught Œnone has a mind to

"—— rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men."

Her, in the words of Tryphiodorus, Apollo made to be a true prophetess, and yet to find none to believe her prophecies:

"—— Τὴν γὰρ Ἀπόλλων
Ἀμφότερον μάντιν τ ἀγαθὸν καὶ ἄπιστον ἔθηκε."

As Chamfort says, in his *Maximes et Pensées*, "Le rôle de l'homme prévoyant est assez triste; il afflige ses amis, en leur annonçant les malheurs auxquels les expose leur imprudence.

On ne le croit pas; et, quand ces malheurs sont arrivés, ces mêmes amis lui savent mauvais gré du mal qu'il a prédit." Cassandra goes into exile after Troy is fallen, but her fate is a dismal one. A critic has said of the *Agamemnon*, of Æschylus, that the masterpiece of that great tragedy is the introduction of Cassandra, who accompanies the king of men, and who, in the very hour of his return, amidst the joy and pomp that welcome him, is seized with the prophetic inspiration, and shrieks out those ominous warnings, fated ever to be heard in vain. Scarcely has the prophetess withdrawn, when we hear behind the scene the groans of the murdered king, and anon Clytemnestra is seen standing stern and lofty, by the dead body of her lord. The critics "have dwelt too much on the character of Clytemnestra—it is that of Cassandra which is the masterpiece of the tragedy." In a latter-day tragedy on the same subject, that *Clytemnestra* which was the first poem published by the son of the critic just quoted, the captive Cassandra figures imposingly and impressively :—

> "Her heavy-fallen hair down her white neck
> (A dying sunbeam tangled in each tress)
> All its nèglected beauty pours one way.
> Her looks bend ever on the alien ground,
> As tho' the stones of Troy were in her path,
> And in the painèd paleness of her brow
> Sorrow hath made a regal tenement."

In Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, she would have all Trojans cry, lend her ten thousand eyes, and she would fill them with prophetic tears :—

> "Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
> Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
> Add to my clamours! Let us pay betimes
> A moiety of that mass of moan to come."

But only Hector is wrought upon, or owns to be so, by these "high strains of divination" in his sister; and in an after scene he too is inexorable to her appeals, when Cassandra foresees his fall, and with it the fall of Troy; and when even Priam shares her foresight, and backs her entreaties, "like a prophet

suddenly enrapt," to tell him that the day is ominous. Says Troilus,—

> "This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
> Makes all these bodements."

A picture for all time is that painted by Josephus, of the son of Ananus, who, day and night in the narrow streets of the doomed city went along, repeating with a loud voice his burden of woe to Jerusalem and the Temple; who uttered no remonstrance when severely beaten, but still went on reiterating his fearful message of woe; who, when led before the Roman governor, Albinus, and scourged till his bones could be seen, uttered neither shriek of pain nor prayer for mercy, but raising his sad and broken voice as loud as he could, at every blow cried out—"Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" All the four years that intervened before the war, this rustic Jesus, son of Ananus, paid no attention to any one, nor even spoke, excepting the same words of "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" It was during the siege that he suddenly cried out, "Woe, woe to myself!" and was struck dead by a stone from a balista.

Heartily laughed at, according to the Scottish legend, was Thomas the Rhymer, for the prediction he had uttered that the sixteenth day of March, in a memorable year for Scotland, should be the stormiest day that ever Scotland had witnessed. All the heartier was the laughing when the day continued as it began, remarkably clear, mild, and temperate. The laughing was at its height, when an express brought to the Earl of March the news of King Alexander's death, from the stumbling of his horse on the sea-coast of Fife (betwixt Burntisland and Kinghorn, the spot being still known as the King's Crag). "There," said the derided seer, "that is the storm which I meant; and there was never tempest to bring worse luck to Scotland." The foreboding was not falsified, but all too truly confirmed the repute of the Rhymer as True Thomas.

Now, says Mr. Froude, describing the state of things in 1532, "the Nun of Kent grew louder in her Cassandra wailings." She had an interview with the King on his return through

Canterbury from the Continent, to try the effect of her Cassandra presence on his fears.

Many are they that set up for Cassandras. Even a Mistress Afra Behn inclined to claim* the dignity, when the frivolous court of Charles II. gave no credit to her discovery of the intention of the Dutch to sail up the Thames and Medway; a neglect to their fair envoy (at Antwerp) which made her renounce politics from that time forth. My Lord Chesterfield, writing, in 1759, on the gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany, remarks, not without cause to show for it, "I have, as you know, long foretold the now-approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra." Chateaubriand complacently records his prediction that France wished to imitate England, and that Lewis the Sixteenth would perish on the scaffold. "Ferron was struck by my prediction: it was the first I had ever uttered. Since that time, I have made a great many others quite as true, and quite as little listened to." None found he to adopt towards *him* the style of Hamlet to his father's ghost:—

> "If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
> Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid,
> Oh, speak!"

The historian of the United Netherlands, describing how difficult Germany was to rouse in behalf of the Protestant league, speaks of the "jeremiads" of old John of Nassau as growing louder than ever at this crisis, but his voice was of one crying in the wilderness: the wrath to come of that horrible Thirty Years' War, which he was not to witness, seemed to inspire all his prophetic diatribes; but there were few to heed them.

The history of the conquest of Granada commemorates the sensation produced in the Alhambra, at the time of the expedition of Muley Aben Hassan against the fortress of

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* Dryden's young favourite, Mistress Anne Killigrew, wrote a copy of verses, of which the concluding couplet is voted "excellent" by Leigh Hunt:—

> "I willingly accept Cassandra's fate,
> To speak the truth altho' believed too late."

Zahara, by a voice that rose from the midst of the obsequious crowd, and burst like thunder upon the ears of the Moorish monarch,—proclaiming, "Woe! woe! woe! to Granada: its hour of desolation approaches! The ruins of Zahara will fall upon our heads: my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand!" All shrank back aghast, and left the denouncer of woe standing alone in the centre of the hall. He is described as an ancient and hoary man, in the rude attire of a dervish: age had withered his form without quenching the fire of his spirit, which glared in baleful lustre from his eyes. By the Arabian historians he is called one of those holy men termed santons, who passed their lives in hermitages, in fasting, meditation, and prayer, until they attained to the purity of saints and the foresight of prophets; by Fray Antonio Agapida, "a son of Belial, one of those fanatic infidels possessed of the devil, who are sometimes permitted to predict the truth to their followers; but with the proviso that their predictions shall be of no avail." Like the stormy petrel of the song:—

> "O'er the deep, o'er the deep,
> Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
> Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
> The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
> For the mariner curseth the warning bird
> Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard.
> Ah! thus doth the prophet of good or ill
> Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
> Yet *he* never falters."

To the same hand that penned these lines we owe the picture of *The Prophet*:—

> "Time flew:—sad Wisdom from his heart arose,
> And touched his brain;
> And he stood up, 'midst all a Prophet's woes,
> And spoke,—in vain!
> He spoke:—men hearken'd to his piercing cry,
> With smiles, with scorn;
> But the dim Future felt his threatenings nigh,
> And shook,—unborn!"

What the stormy petrel is in Barry Cornwall's song, the

swallow is in Æsop's fable—the swallow that warns the other birds of the nets to be made of the flax sown in the farmer's field, if they haste not to pick up the seed, and destroy it. The swallow is slighted, and the flax appears above ground. Again she warns the feathered tribes of their impending danger, and would have them pluck the plant in the bud; but they neglect her warnings, and the flax grows up into the high stalk. Yet again she urges them to attack it, for even now it is not too late. "But all that she could get was to be ridiculed and despised for a silly pretending prophet." Hence came about the departure of the swallow from the society of unthinking birds, and her abode among the dwellings of men. La Fontaine does not omit to pair her off with Cassandra:—

> "Les oisillons, las de l'entendre,
> Se mirent à jaser aussi confusément
> Que faisaient les Troyens quand la pauvre Cassandre
> Ouvrait la bouche seulement."

The moral of the French fabulist is, that

> "Nous n'écoutons d'instincts que ceux qui sont les nôtres,
> Et ne croyons le mal que quand il est venu."

For only of application to the "simply meek" is Wordsworth's apostrophe to authentic presentiments:—

> "When some great change gives boundless scope
> To an exulting nation's hope,
> Oft, startled and made wise
> By your low-breathed interpretings,
> The simply-meek foretaste the springs
> Of bitter contraries."

Schiller has made Cassandra the subject of a ballad at once stirring and suggestive. Glad hands in Troy prepare the banquet, while her ear is spell-bound in dismay at the mournful steps of gods retreating, to return no more.

> "And men my prophet-wail deride!
> The solemn sorrow dies in scorn;
> And lonely in the waste I hide
> The tortured heart that would forewarn.
> * * * *

Cursed with the anguish of a power
  To view the fates I may not thrall,
The hovering tempest still must lower—
  The horror must befall."

—o—

## *OLD AGE NEXT NEIGHBOUR TO DEATH.*

GENESIS xxvii. 2.

IT came to pass, that when Isaac was old, and his eyes were dim, so that he could not see, he called Esau his eldest son, and said to him, "Behold now, I am old, I know not the day of my death." Because he was old, he knew that he might die any day. So indeed may the youngest. But the old have one foot already in the grave, simply because they are old; and they know that the end may come to-morrow, must come soon.

That Isaac was pensively disposed, constitutionally; that he was of a meditative habit even in early life; may be inferred from what is told us of him on the eve of marriage, that he went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.*

* Those who are familiar with the literature of the first Methodists may recall a passage in Whitefield's controversy with Wesley: "I have a garden near at hand, where I go particularly to meet and talk with my God at the cool of every day." The biographer of the Rev. William Grimshaw relates how zealously that rather eccentric pastor "endeavoured to suppress the generally prevailing custom in country places during the summer, of walking in the fields on a Lord's day, in the evening, in companies. He not only," writes his panegyrist, "bore his testimony against it from the pulpit, but reconnoitred the fields in person to detect and reprove the delinquents." For he no more gave them credit for being peripatetic musers in the gloaming, after Isaac's sort, than he would have done in Bosola's case, when that night-bird is asked, in Webster's tragedy, how he comes a-field in the dark, and answers, "I came to say my prayers." The aged Christian convert of Pompeii, in the classical romance of its last days, is more to the purpose: "And now," said he, rising at length, as the sun's last ray died in the west, "now, in the cool of twilight, I pursue my way towards the Imperial Rome." "But the night is chill for thine age, my father, and the way is long," etc. "Kind son, . . . night and solitude make the ladder round which angels cluster, and beneath which my spirit can dream of God. . . . The stars are the Scriptures of Heaven, the tokens of love, and the witnesses of immortality. Night is the pilgrim's day."

Of such a habit we have a type in Jonathan Edwards, whose deepest feelings are naturally expressed when he describes his pleasure in walking "in a solitary place in his father's pasture," and tells us how he often used to "sit and view the moon in continuance," and gaze his fill on the starry hosts, "to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the meantime singing forth with a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer." Wordsworth's autobiographical poem, the *Prelude*, is somewhere characterized by Mr. Frederick Robertson as a noble work, that had made his eyes fill again and again, not by its pathos, but by its lofty tone and translucent purity; a severe work, worthy of patriarchal times, when men went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, and disciplined their spirits by the pure influences of rock, hill, stream, forest, twilight, and darkness, and that too, as in Isaac's case, on the eve of marriage.

The father of the faithful, in the fulness of his faith in the promise, considered not his body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old. Isaac, his son, did consider his body as well-nigh dead, when he made provision for his son's birthright—considered it as well-nigh dead, for, being old, he knew not the day of his death; and that which decayeth, by waxing old, is ready to vanish away. Jeremy Taylor takes occasion to show, in a funeral sermon, that infancy is as liable to death as old age, and equally exposed to danger, and equally incapable of a remedy; with this only difference, that old age hath diseases incurable by nature, and the diseases of childhood are incurable by art; and both the states are the next heirs of death. This only difference, however, makes all the difference. A Maucroix at fourscore years old may well, and perhaps wisely, say of each day bestowed upon him by Heaven, that—

> "Il n'appartient pas plus aux jeunes gens qu'à moi,
> Et celui de demain n'appartient à personne."

But no such reasoning avails to weaken the force of what

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her letters, calls the "good English proverb," Young people may die, but old must. Gibbon demurs, in a foot-note to his autobiography, to Buffon's conclusion, drawn from our disregard of the possibility of death within the four-and-twenty hours, that a chance which falls below or rises above ten thousand to one, will never affect the hopes or fears of a reasonable man. The fact is true, he admits; but our courage he alleges to be the effect of thoughtlessness, rather than of reflection. If a public lottery were drawn for the choice of an immediate victim, and if our name were inscribed on one of the ten thousand tickets, should we, he asks, be perfectly easy? Among the secondary seeming distinctions that yet so sharply demarcate between youth and age, Elia forcibly dwells on age's jealousy of inroads on its dwindling allotment of time: it has fewer sands in its glass to reckon upon, and cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. "The growing infirmities of age manifest themselves in nothing more strongly than in an inveterate dislike of interruption." While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future; now, "we are reduced to a present pittance, and obliged to economize in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our ducats. We cannot bear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted into by moths." We feel all too feelingly the difference between the monosyllables *may* and *must*, in the matter of death, as defined in the adage already cited.

Vividly picturesque is Chaucer's image of Old Age, as indeed so much of his imagery is—"Eld the hoar, that was in the vauntward, and bare the banner before death." John Locke, in a letter written by him when turned of seventy, professes himself cheerful in his retrospect and prospect, and thus touches on the unknown residuum of his days: "Whether it be a month or a year, or seven years longer, the longest any one out of kindness or compliment can propose to me is so near nothing when considered, and in respect of eternity, that if the sight of death can put an end

to the comforts of life, it is always near enough, especially to one of my age, to leave no satisfaction in living." The *may* and the *must* of the proverb are indirectly discriminated by the bard of Olney in his letter to his cousin on Lady Cowper's death: "She had reached those years that are always found upon the borders of another world. . . . Your time of life is comparatively of a youthful date. You may think of death as much as you please (you cannot think of it too much), but I hope you will live to think of it many years."

In arguing that it is length of time that makes attachment, the late Frederick Robertson observed that we become wedded to the sights and sounds of this lovely world more closely as years go on; young men, with nothing deeply rooted, are prodigal of life; it is an adventure to them, rather than a misfortune, to leave their country for ever. But with the old man it is like tearing his own heart from him. "And therefore it is, that when men approach that period of their existence when they must go, there is an instinctive lingering [as when Lot quitted Sodom] over things which they shall never see again. Every time the sun sets, every time the old man sees his children gathering round him, there is a filling of the eye with an emotion which we can understand." Longfellow likens the shadows of the mind to those of the body: in the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; but in the evening they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not, then, he asks, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of evening. Yes, is the answer; "but morning shadows soon fade away; while those of evening reach forward into the night, and mingle with the coming darkness."

When Ion in the bloom of youth lets fall the significant sentence, whether he live or die,—"Die!" exclaims his father, "I am old." But Adrastus is assured,—

> "Death is not jealous of thy mild decay,
> Which gently wins thee his: exulting Youth

> Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
> And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
> His shivering prey at noontide."

Caraffa, again, in Landor's tragedy, is told that his days are numbered, and answers, "All men's are." Fra Rupert replies, "But some are not notcht off like schoolboy's days anxious to see his parent." Shakspeare's Gremio asks, "And may not young men die, as well as old?" but it does not go far to dispose of Tranio's objection concerning him, "That's but a cavil; he is old, I young." The comparative position of youth might be expressed in Hotspur's statement as to supply: "Looks he not for it?" the old man, for death. "So do we," says Vernon, as the young may say. But "His is certain, ours is doubtful." Hotspur rejoins, We that are young may die soon, and may live to be old. *He*, the greybeard, has lived to be old, and so has lived his life, and now lives under sufferance, with peremptory and prompt notice to quit. But the pithiest summary of the question is perhaps that in the four lines uttered, two apiece, by prince and abbot in *The Golden Legend:*

> "*Prince Henry.* We must all die, and not the old alone;
> The young have no exemption from that doom.
> *Abbot.* Ah, yes! the young MAY die, but the old MUST!
> That is the difference."

* * * * *

According to the accepted chronology, it would seem that Isaac himself lived some forty years after the time that he said he was old, and therefore knew not the time of his death, when it might overtake him on the morrow, or not for a few years yet. But he would be wise in time, and leave nothing unprepared. For he felt that he was failing, breaking; he felt the chill of age overshadowing him, and he knew from what quarter that cold wind blows; he knew that old age is next neighbour to death. Men vary, according to constitution or temperament and character, in their computations of the

commencing epoch of old age.* Burns, who died in his thirty-eighth year, is known to have felt the approach of age before he had reached the noon of life, and by a kind of presentiment of his own premature decline, he had noted down forty-five as the evening of life's closing day:

> "When ance that five-and-forty's speel'd,
> See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
> Wi' wrinkled face,
> Comes hostin', hirplin', owre the field,
> Wi' creepin' pace."

When Whitefield returned from America to England for the last time, Wesley is said to have been struck with the change in his appearance: "he seemed," says he in his journal, "to be an old man . . . though he has hardly seen fifty years; and yet it pleases God that I, who am now in my sixty-third year, find no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five-and-twenty,—only that I have fewer teeth and more grey hairs." Perthes writes:— "Certainly the age beyond fifty brings with it peculiar dangers . . . but I am still of opinion that a sterling man is not complete till old age. In my own case, I cannot complain of too much age, but rather of too much youth"; and he

* Asked what he calls the periods of decay, Cagliostro answers,—The natural periods: in a state of nature, man's strength increases until thirty-five years of age; it then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly till fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. But, "in our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, the decadence begins at thirty-five."

"After fifty," says Burke, "man becomes every year more sensible to the period of debility and decreptitude, and the maladies that precede a final dissolution.

"*Non sum qualis eram*," writes Swift from Dublin to Pope, in 1723. "I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours."

Six years added to forty-five "is not a trifle," protests Turner the painter, in one of his bargaining letters, respecting engagements in hand and the time they would take. "This baiting, my good friend," writes Carrick to Colman, in his worry and weariness, "is no joke after forty."

Sir William Farquhar emphatically assured the first Lord Malmesbury that Pitt died "of old age" at forty-six, as much as if he had been ninety.

declared that in presence of so many old young people, he often feared there was in him something of the wandering Jew. The author of an essay on Growing Old, specifies twenty-eight, thirty-five, and forty-eight as marked years, on reaching which one still feels young; and adds, "many men honestly think that sixty-five or sixty-eight is the prime of life." In another of his essays, having to deal with the welcome we are apt to accord to the month of October, when its early days are fine, pleasing ourselves with the belief that October is one of the finest months in the year, and that we have many warm, bright, still days before us, the same writer observes, that in all this we, of course, are conscious of practising upon ourselves a cheerful, transparent delusion; even as the man of forty-eight often declares that about forty-eight or fifty is the prime of life.

M. Charles de Bernard is at once eloquent and *malicieux* on the subject of the culminating point of life,—when first some light symptoms of decline play off a sort of prelude to that concert of gloomy *avertissements*, and sombre foreshadowings, that each succeeding year makes more sonorous, more menacing, more to be dreaded, and the last movement of which leads straight to the tomb. Wrinkles begin to furrow the brow, which expands as the locks become thinner all around; and, according to difference of temperament, the figure either insensibly *s'évide comme celle des médailles consulaires*, or waxes gross and double-chinned and rotund exceedingly. When a man has once put his foot on this *terrain incliné*, certain involuntary signs afford proof of his having all at once discovered a new horizon. For awhile, he every morning "passe en revue la douzaine de fils d'argent qui ornent chacune de ses tempes, en poussant, s'il croit s'apercevoir que le chiffre augmente, une interjection que je n'écrirai pas." He seems, like *il penseroso*, in one of Barry Cornwall's dramatic fragments, to confront Old Age, and look upon him, in himself, face to face; forecasting and foretasting that later stage when his lean limbs go tottering, and his tongue stammers forth sadness; when from his eyes the light of love and intellect is quenched and gone,—

> "And everything about him, body and mind,
> Tells a foul tale of Time."

*Hélas! hélas! j'ai cinquante ans*, is the refrain of a regretful chanson of Béranger's on his fiftieth birthday, in which he counts up his wrinkles (or rather they are too many for him), and complains that

> "A cet âge, tout nous échappe ;
> Le fruit meurt sur l'arbre jauni,"

and enumerates among the contingencies of *vieillesse* such *maux cuisants* as gout, and blindness, and deafness, that everybody makes fun of; and then,

> "Ciel! j'entends la Mort, qui, joyeuse,
> Arrive en se frottant les mains.
> A ma porte la fossoyeuse
> Frappe"—

with a knock that will make itself heard, will be answered,—will not be put off with a Not at Home.

Hasten, my friend, writes Landor to Sir W. Napier, the work begun,—

> "For daily dimmer grows our sun,
> And age, if further off from thee,
> Creeps on, though imperceptibly.
> Some call him slow, some find him fast,
> But all he overtakes at last,
> Unless they run and will not wait,
> But overleap life's flower-turned gate."

John Evelyn thankfully enters in his diary, on October 31st, 1665, this memorandum:—"I was this day 45 years of age, wonderfully preserved, for which I bless God for His infinite goodness towards me." He lived on for upwards of forty years from that birthday. So did Henry Crabb Robinson, who, some forty-seven years before he died, complained in his diary of a depressing sense of the early decay of his faculties,—with little reason enough. Thomas Hood writes in 1844:—"To-day is my birthday—forty-five—but I can't tell how old I *feel*, enough to be your grandfather at least, and give *you* advice," he tells his doctor. At the same age we find Wash-

ington Irving writing to Mr. Brevort:—"Your account of yourself is particularly encouraging, 'that you might pass yourself off for a fresh bachelor of 35.' . . . . I must confess I think I am beginning to wear old as doth a garment, and am gradually increasing in the belt. However, I begin to grow hardened and shameless in the matter;" which might be the worst sign of all.

As Robert Herrick has it, in perhaps the most familiar of his lyrics,—

> "That age is best which is the first,
> When youth and blood are warmer;
> But, being spent, the worse, and worst
> Time shall succeed the former."

We are old fellows, it is said, from the moment the fire begins to go out. And when is that? Forty-five is old age's accepted *terminus à quo*. "I don't mind much," says the medical Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, "those slipshod lines Johnson wrote to Thrale, telling her about life's declining from *thirty-five;* the furnace is in full blast for ten years longer." The Romans are accordingly said to have come very near the mark, in making the age of enlistment reach from seventeen to forty-six years.

Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* contain a realistic picture of the gradual onset of senescence. Forty-five plus one is the date.

> "Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
> When time began to play his usual tricks;
> The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
> Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
> The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
> And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
> I rode or walked as I was wont before,
> But now the bounding spirit was no more;
> A moderate pace would now my body heat;
> A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
> * * * * * *
> I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
> My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
> My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
> And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:

In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose."

The same is the tone of Colonel Morley's confession in the novel. He owns to beginning to decry the present and laud the past—to read with glasses, to decide from prejudice, to recoil from change, to find sense in twaddle,—to know the value of health from the fear to lose it,—to feel an interest in rheumatism, an awe of bronchitis,—to tell anecdotes, and to wear flannel. Alfred Hagart reverts with a sigh to the time when he thought a man old at thirty: now he strives to think that he is not old at sixty,—having himself slid into the zone of grey hairs and bald pates and portentous paunches; and he strives to make himself as comfortable as he can. "But it won't do. The afternoon may be pleasant enough, but it is nothing like morning." So with Hawthorne in his reflections on how early in the summer comes the prophecy of autumn—earlier in some years than others—sometimes even in the first weeks of July. There is a half-acknowledged melancholy, he goes on to say, resembling the feeling prompted by this recognition of the waning year, "when we stand in the perfected vigour of our life, and feel that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never idle fingers must be—to steal them, one by one, away." To apply Wordsworth's lines:—

"Summer ebbs;—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

"He who governs the creation,
In His providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind."

Alexander Pope, who had been, as one of his biogra-

phers has it, a precocious man and philosopher at sixteen, was, at forty-six, old, querulous, and decaying. "His health failed gradually, and infirmities crept upon him." His letters from that period onwards lay stress on the power every change of weather had to affect him; on his eyes failing him; on his being by evening, not dead, indeed, but stupid and somnolent, so that at the hours when most people indulge in company he was tired out, found the labours of the day sufficient to weigh him down, and was fain to hide himself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time. John Foster's letters during the closing year of his fifth decade and the opening ones of his sixth, are largely interfused with allusions to accumulating tokens of old age. Just on the turn of fifty he writes :—"It is sometimes only through the absolute force of dates, that I can believe I have advanced so far toward old age. But (should life be protracted) it will not be long before other mementoes than those of mere chronology will powerfully press upon me. Indeed, in the article of *sight* (so important especially to a person whose business is among books and writing), I am of late receiving strong admonition every day and hour." Later again : "Now that I have reached my fifty-third year, I am very often admonished and reminded of the decline of life. The mere *time* is such an admonition ;" but he also finds in the breaking, if not broken, health of the last two or three years, a strong and constantly returning re-inforcement of it.

The miscellaneous poems of the author of *Gebir* abound in such expressions as this :—

> "When we have panted past life's middle space,
> And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
> These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:
> 'Of all our fields how very few are green!
> And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie between
> Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy.'"

Walter Savage Landor had not overpassed by much the half of his long life's course, when he indited the epigram,

> "I, near the back of Life's dim stage,
> Feel through the slips the draughts of age.
> Fifty good years are gone: with youth
> The wind is always in the south."

But, once that five-and-forty's past, how apt the wind is to shift to due east, or east-nor'-east, and stick there!

—o—

## *A TALE OF TWELVE.*

GENESIS xlii. 13.

FROM the land of Canaan came Joseph's brethren to Egypt to buy food. Charged to tell Joseph who they were, to clear themselves of the suspicion of being spies come to see the nakedness of the land, "Thy servants are twelve brethren," was the answer of the ten,—"the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not." Benjamin absent, and Joseph dead, or believed to be dead. Yet the tale the ten men tell is a tale of twelve. We be twelve brethren, though one is not. There is a touch of patriarchal simplicity, of the childhood of the world's age, in this tale of twelve. Naturally, one is reminded of a famous ballad of modern times.

The word "death" never enters into the philosophy of Confucius, nor on common occasions is it used by the Chinese, as Barrow tells us. Mr. Dallas affirms that under the eye of heaven there is not a more touching sight than that presented by Oriental artists when they enter the tombs to protest against dissolution. Some of the elder races of the world, as he says, arranged the homes of the dead as if they were homes of the living, with panelled walls and fretted ceilings, elbow chairs, footstools, benches, wine-flagons, drinking-cups, ointment-phials, basins, mirrors, and other furniture. "By painting, by sculpture, by writing, they had the habit, as it were, of chalking in large letters upon their sepulchres, NO DEATH." And this he says in immediate reference to that little poem of

Wordsworth's, *We are Seven*,* which is founded on our natural inability to compass the idea of death.

"We are seven," was the persistent answer of the little girl whom Wordsworth met within the area of Goodrich Castle, in the year 1793, when the poet objected to the childish reasoner that two out of the seven in family being, on her own showing, dead and gone, she was out in her arithmetic, and ought to have returned five as the sum total. Eight years old was that little cottage girl, wildly clad, curly-headed, with a rustic, woodland mien, but altogether of a beauty that gladdened the poet who met her on the banks of the Wye; and there was real interest in the question he put to her, How many brothers and sisters had she? "How many? seven in all," she said.

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* Something more than a mere numerical resemblance to which may have been noted, by readers who frequent the byways as well as highways of current literature, in a little poem called *The Last of the Family*, by a sweet singer, with perhaps no great depth of voice, except that it comes from the heart:

> "Maggie was twenty-and-two years old,
> Her heart was cheerful and brave and strong;
> She'd bright brown eyes that sweet stories told,
> And voice as gay as a pleasant song:
> Yet Maggie was left in the world alone,
> With six dear names on a churchyard stone.
>
> "She often told me about her dead,
> With chastened voice but unclouded brow,
> As though from some holy book she read,
> Whose writer had grown more holy now;
> Yet her laugh rang out in our girlish mirth,
> As if there was not a grave on earth.
>
> "We parted last on a summer night,
> Under a sky like a golden sea,
> And as she gazed on the glorious sight,
> She softly said, 'What must Heaven be!'
> I think that the angels heard the sigh,
> For her morning brightened beyond the sky.
>
> "She'd worn her cross as it were a crown,
> And lo! a crown did the cross become:
> For none to leave in our little town,
> Was none to miss in the Heavenly Home—
> A perfect household before the Throne,
> And seven names on the churchyard stone."

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, 'Seven are we;*
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

Her numbers are wrong, and her questioner tries to put her right. If two are in the churchyard laid, then is five the right number, not seven. But the little maid persists in the full number; and shape his demur how he may, urge his objections how he can, the poet is met again and again with the assurance, as one who better ought to know, "O master, we are seven."

St. Paul would have said she was right, is the remark of Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrew's, in a sermon on "the Family in Heaven and Earth":—If you had asked the Apostle, how many there were in a Christian family of which five were in this world and two with Him of whom the whole family is named, *he* would have said, Seven. He would,† asserts his expositor, have sided with the little girl who, in reckoning up her brothers and sisters, did not forget the dead ones. In the earliest of George Eliot's *Scenes of Clerical Life*, there is a churchyard sketch of a poor curate's large family of little children gathered round their mother's open grave; and the sensations of the infant group are truthfully and tenderly touched upon. Patty, the eldest, is described as the only one of all the children who felt that mamma was in that coffin, and that a new and sadder life had begun for papa and herself: pale and trembling, she clasped his hand more firmly as the coffin went down, and

* How different in tone, accent, and import, though so nearly the same in words, is the strain of Byron's white-haired prisoner of Chillon,—

"We were seven, who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age."

† "It is quite certain that he thought, that though the dark stream of death parts believers on earth from believers in heaven, it breaks no tie of grace or of nature."—*Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of St. Andrew's*, p. 280.

gave no sob. Fred and Sophy, though but two or three years younger, and though they had seen mamma in her coffin, seemed to themselves to be looking at some strange show. What should they know of death? "They had not learnt to decipher that terrible handwriting of human destiny." Dicky had rebelled against his black clothes; and now, though he had heard Nanny say that mamma was in heaven, he had a vague notion that she would come home again to-morrow, and say he had been a good boy for submitting to the black clothes, and let him empty her work-box. "He stood close to his father, with great rosy cheeks and wide-open blue eyes, looking first up at Mr. Cleves," who was reading the burial service, and then down at the coffin, and thinking he and Chubby would play at that when they got home.

Children do not admire each other's simplicity, observes an essayist on that quality; but we admire it in them, because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child is full of meaning to us. In this writer's judgment, it was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating, "We are seven;" but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet.

Mr. de Quincey has remarked, that the child in this little poem, although unable to admit the thought of death, yet, in compliance with custom, uses the word: "The first that *died* was little Jane." But the graves of her brother and sister she is so far from regarding as any argument of their having died, that she supposes the stranger simply to doubt her statement, and she reiterates her assertion of their graves as lying in the churchyard, in order to prove that they were *living*. Beside those graves she would eat her supper of summer evenings, and knit her stockings, and hem her kerchief; there would she sit, and sing to them that lay below. That authentic voice, argued Wordsworth, "which affirms life as a necessity inalienable from man's consciousness, is a revelation through the lips of childhood." Elsewhere the little poem is recognised as bringing into day for the first time a profound fact in the abysses of human nature—namely, that the mind of an infant

cannot admit the idea of death, cannot comprehend it, "any more than the fountain of light can comprehend the aboriginal darkness." In the words (translated ones) of Leopold Schefer—

> "Easier to him seems life than A B C,
> So willingly he sees funereal trains,
> Admires the garland laid upon the coffin,
> Beholds the narrow, still, last house of man,
> Looks in the grave, and hears, without a fear,
> The clods fall down upon the coffin lid."

You may, as Rousseau observes, teach children the name of death, but they have no idea of what it is; they fear it neither for themselves nor others; they fear suffering, not death. There are exceptions, of course; such as one of Sydney Smith's children, in delicate health, who used to wake suddenly every night, "sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun;" and Mrs. Gore pictures one such in little Selina, wistfully watching beside her dying mother's bed, and forestalling the worst. "To children, the grave is usually too incomprehensible a mystery to be terrible. That those who are here to-day disappear to-morrow, strikes them no more than any common departure on a journey. But Selina had been more painfully instructed. Selina, having seen tears shed for weeks, and months, and years, over the image of one who, because he was dead, returned no more, understood the full force of the evil awaiting her." There is a little girl in one of Lord Lytton's fictions, whom her father visits at the French nunnery from time to time, and who, "whenever monsieur goes," one of the nuns records, "always says that he is dead, and cries herself quietly to sleep; when monsieur returns, she says he is come to life again. Some one, I suppose, once talked to her about death: and she thinks, when she loses sight of any one, that *that* is death." In the same story, we read of two brothers, the younger a mere child, that "Philip broke to Sidney the sad news of their mother's death, and Sidney wept with bitter passion. But children—what can *they* know of death? Their

tears over graves dry sooner than the dews." Addressing his daughter Edith, then ten years old, Southey says :—

> "Thy happy nature from the painful thought
> With instinct turns, and scarcely canst thou bear
> To hear me name the grave. Thou knowest not
> How large a portion of my heart is there!"

Second childhood, and something short of that, has its oneness of reckoning with the little maiden on the banks of the Wye. "But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet," says the grandmother in Mr. Tennyson's poem.

> "Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
> Patter she goes, my sweet little Annie, an Annie like you :
> Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
> While Harry is in the five-acre, and Charlie ploughing the hill.
>
> "And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :
> Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
> They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
> I am not always certain if they be alive or dead."

Ever has been, and will be, admired Steele's picture of a bereaved family, with the children sorrowing according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. "And what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did." Still more simply told and touching is Steele's own retrospect of earliest grief. This was on the occasion of his father's death, when little Dick was not quite five years old; and much more amazed he was at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with him. Sir Richard remembered how he went into the room where the body lay, and saw his mother sit, weeping, alone by it; how he had his battledore in his hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; having, he knew not how, some slight idea that papa was locked up there.

Mary Lamb illustrates the same topic in the first of her stories of *Mrs. Leicester's School*, where the little girl takes her newly-arrived uncle straight to the churchyard, as "the way to mamma." So does Caroline Bowles (Southey) in her

poem of the *Child's Unbelief*, where a heart-sore elder is troubled by the little one's prattling about the lessons to be learnt for a dead mamma to hear, when she comes by-and-by.

> "Yet what, poor infant, shouldst thou know
> Of life's great mystery—
> Of time and space—of chance and change—
> Of sin, decay, and death?"

Then, again, we have in John Galt a description of a child's first impression of death in the house. "On the bed lay the covered form of a mysterious thing, the sight of which filled my infantine spirit with solemnity and dread. The poor girl, as she looked on it, began to weep bitterly. I, too, wept, but I knew not wherefore; and I clung to her, overwhelmed with the phantasma of an unknown fear." Mr. de Quincey records the commencement of his acquaintance with mortality, in the removal of his nursery playmate and sister, Jane. Yet, in fact, he knew little more of mortality, he says, than that Jane had disappeared. She had gone away, but perhaps she would come back. "Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! I was sad for Jane's absence; but still, in my heart, I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?" In the *Old Curiosity Shop*, there is a suggestive picture of some children playing in a rustic churchyard. They have an infant with them, and they lay it down, asleep, upon a child's grave, in a little bed of leaves. "It was a new grave—the resting-place, perhaps, of some little creature, who, meek and patient in its illness, had often sat and watched them, and now seemed to their minds scarcely changed." A late clerical essayist, once frequent in his contributions to *Blackwood*, feelingly describes a village funeral—that of Farmer Q——'s good wife, the good mother to his large family; and how "the children, from sixteen years of age downward, were variously affected; the elder weeping; a middle one, probably a pet, sobbing loudly; others, below, with a fixed look, as if surprised at the strangeness of their situation. But the childish play of

the youngest, who could not, perhaps, conceive what death was, was such a vindication of the wisdom and goodness of Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, that I have often since had the scene before me." That poor child, Mr. Eagles reflects, required unconsciousness of this world's miseries, which, fully and deeply felt, would have torn its weak frame, and nipped the life in the bud; and, therefore, permanent sensibility was denied, and is denied to all such. He professes to have never seen the awfulness of death, and the newness and sportiveness of life, so brought together. "The occasion was death, and the child was at play with it, and unhurt; and I thought of the passage, 'The weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.'"

Take, again, Dr. John Brown's account of his earliest remembrance of household sorrow. He was taken to his mother's funeral, in the quiet little churchyard of Symington. He had been, he says, ever since the death, in a sort of stupid musing and wonder, not making out what it all meant. He knew that his mother was said to be dead; he saw that she was still, and laid out, and then shut up, and didn't move; but he did not know that when she was carried out in that long black box, and they all went with her, she alone was never to return. Then, too, we have a record, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of *his* first acquaintance with the shadow of death; his memory dimly recalling the image of a little girl, a school-mate, "whom we missed one day, and were told that she had died. But what death was, I never had any very distinct idea, until one day I climbed the low stone wall of the old burial-ground, and mingled with a group that were looking into a very deep, long, narrow hole, dug down through the grim sod, down through the brown loam, down through the yellow gravel, and there at the bottom was an oblong red box, and a still, sharp, white face of a young man seen through an opening at one end of it." When the lid was closed, and the gravel and stone rattled down pell-mell, and the mourners had gone, and left their dead one behind, then our boy-gazer felt he had seen death, and should never forget him. But this is a stage

in advance of the unbelief of childhood. More in keeping with the spirit of *We are Seven* is that passage in one of the *Twice-told Tales* of Dr. Holmes's gifted friend and compatriot, Nathaniel Hawthorne, where we see a comely woman, with a pretty rosebud of a daughter, come to select a gravestone for a twin-daughter, who had died a month before: the mother calm and woefully resigned, fully conscious of her loss; "but the daughter evidently had no real knowledge of what death's doings were. . . . Her feelings were almost the same as if she still stood side by side, and arm in arm, with the departed, looking at the slabs of marble. . . . Perchance her dead sister was a closer companion than in life." A twin-sister might thus be warranted in saying, in death as in life, "We are *one*."

> "Couldst thou believe me dead? Thy living sense
> Mistook itself. Howe'er the spirit deems,
> Death cannot lie in life's experience."

William Etty, the painter, describes in his diary a visit to the home of four little motherless children, one of whom wrung his heart by her eager inquiries why mamma did not come back. Told that she was gone to heaven, "Why does she not *write*, then?" asked the wistful little girl. Etty was as willing and cordial a consoler as one in Wordsworth, who

> "——patted tenderly
> The sunburnt forehead of a weeping child,
> A little mourner, whom it was his task
> To comfort. . . .
> . . . 'This blossoming child,'
> Said the old man, 'is of an age to weep
> At any grave or solemn spectacle,
> Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
> He knows not wherefore; but the boy to-day
> Perhaps is shedding an orphan's tears.'"

So with Duncan's orphans in *The Lady of the Lake*:—

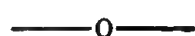
> "His stripling son stands mournful by,
> His youngest weeps, but knows not why."

The first in Mrs. Browning's fourfold aspect of life is of an

age when the worst recorded change was of apple dropped from bough; and of the shadow of death there was as yet not the shadow of a shade:—

> "Then the loving took you up
> Soft, upon their elder knees,—
> Telling why the statues droop
> Underneath the churchyard trees,
> And how ye must lie beneath them,
> Through the winters long and deep,
> Till the last trump overbreathe them,
> And ye smile out of your sleep . . .
> Oh, ye lifted up your head, and it seemed as if they said
> A tale of fairy ships
> With a swan-wing for a sail!—
> Oh, ye kissed their loving lips
> For the merry, merry tale!—
> So carelessly ye thought upon the Dead,"—

And so inconceivable at that epoch of existence was the bare imagination of Death.



## *A LIFE BOUND UP IN A LIFE.*

GENESIS xliv. 30.

JUDAH'S eloquence in pleading with his unknown brother Joseph, not to detain from their fond father the lad Benjamin, who was the darling of his old age, urged the too certain event of the patriarch's death of a broken heart, if Benjamin returned not safely to his roof. Those grey hairs would, all too surely, be brought down in sorrow to the grave, if the lad were kept from him,—"seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life." Take the one, and you take the other too. Even deprive Jacob of the daily sight and sense of Benjamin's life, and you take his own. The two are bound up together. Already had the brethren assured Egypt's viceroy that the lad could not leave his father; for if he should leave his father, his father would die. He *had* left him, at their

instance; but they felt that their father's very life was now in their hands, and that upon the viceroy's decision hung the final issue to Jacob of life or of death. For here was where he had

> "——garnered up his heart;
> Where either he must live, or bear no life;
> The fountain from the which his current ran,
> Or else dried up."

Apply Corneille's lines, "Que vivre sans vous voir est un sort rigoureux! c'est ou ne vivre point, ou vivre malheureux; c'est une longue mort." As with Gyges in ancient story, so devoted to, so wrapped up in, so absorbed by, the presence of his wife,—

> "That he no longer lived, save in the life"

which her full-flowing existence poured on his. Or, as with the subject-object of Shakspeare's sonnets,—"You are my all-the-world," "None else to me, nor I to none alive,"

> "You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
> That all the world besides methinks are dead.
> * * * * *
> "But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
> For term of life thou art assurèd mine;
> And life no longer than thy love will stay,
> For it depends upon that love of thine."

Imlac admonishes the pining and repining princess, in *Rasselas*, against increasing the burthen of life by a voluntary accumulation of misery; the weariness of life will continue or increase when her loss of Pekuah shall be forgotten: that she has been deprived of one pleasure is, he suggests, no very good reason for rejection of the rest. "Since Pekuah was taken from me," she replies, "I have no pleasure to reject or retain." To have no one to love or trust, is to have little to hope; it is to want the radical principle of happiness. Dr. Thomas Brown, in his analysis of the "Immediate Emotions," lays stress on the relation of the object lost to all the plans which have engaged us, and all the hopes which we have been forming, as a very abundant source of the misery which is felt in a recent

affliction. These plans and hopes seem now all frustrated, and our whole life, as it were, in those feelings which alone constituted life to us, suddenly rent or broken.

To be bereaved of his children was, to Jacob, to be bereaved indeed. Joseph he mourned as dead, though the death was not a positively ascertained fact. Benjamin, if detained in Egypt, he would mourn as absent; and it seems that to Jacob, in his old age, absence and death differed not with the difference a modern poet assigns to them. Wordsworth's Solitary, in his description of his own and his wife's feelings upon the decease of their children, exclaims—

> "Absence and death, how differ they!"

Absence and death—to apply another exclamation in Wordsworth—'like, but oh, how different!' Yet so like, in the estimate of some, that the distinction is practically without a difference. One of the biographers of Olympia Morata, expatiating on the pangs of that parting scene with her mother, whom she was never to see again, quotes a fragment from a letter of her old friend's, Curio Curone, written to the elder lady several years afterwards, in which he recurs to the sorrows of that time: "The pangs of that departure must have been even as the pangs of death, when you felt that probably in this life you would never see her again. And truly," he adds, "you might well feel that the separation of death was not very different from that caused by so great a distance." Painful partings of this sort are justly said to be always most painful to those who are left behind—the necessity of action, and the excitement of going forth to meet new scenes and new fortunes, bracing the nerves and giving diversion to the grief of those who are gone. A meditative poet has put this reflection into verse:—

> "Oh, you
> Are happier than I, for you have change
> And motion, and a prospect of things new
> Awaiting you wherever you may range;
> But I am left in the old spots of gladness,
> So desolate now, to fret myself to madness.

"Into this dead-house, for I call it dead
Now you are gone, you did put life and light,
And youthful laughter."

Mrs. Jameson professes to have had no friend worthy of the name whose absence was not pain and dread to her; "death itself is terrible only as it is absence." The presence of those whom we love, she hails as a double life; while absence, in its anxious longing and sense of vacancy, is as a foretaste of death.

In one of Southey's letters to his deaf friend, Grosvenor Bedford, the recent decease of an old fellow-collegian and endeared associate is thus referred to: "You will miss him in your thoughts, for deafness must make you live much with the absent, as I do because of my retirement. Probably you would be less in my mind were I to see you daily than you are now, when something or other continually leads me to recollections of which you form a part. Indeed, I have now attained an age, and, what is better, a state of mind, which makes me think of the absent and the dead with the same sort of feeling, the same complacency, the same affection; only with more tenderness of the dead." A couplet of Pope's will nearly express this state of feeling:—

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;
A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear."

Byron contends, in an unpublished poem, that

"The absent *are* the dead—for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless—or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth or sea."

Chateaubriand declares that the death of friends is to be reckoned, not from the moment when they die, but from that of our ceasing to enjoy their society. And Campbell exclaims—

"Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—
The pain, without the peace of death!"

It is noted of the wives of fishermen on the islands that fringe the west coasts of Holstein and Sleswig—"a hardy, simple-minded people, of Frisian extraction," and whose position and occupation have given a "somewhat serious cast to their character and habits"—that they generally attire themselves in black during the absence of their husbands, as though recognising the practical identity of absence and death. The lover in Mr. Coventry Patmore's poem indirectly argues to the same effect:—

> "I reached the Dean's. The woman said,
> 'Miss Churchill's out.' 'Had she been dead,'
> I cried, ''twere much the same to me,
> Who go this very night to sea.'"

But the majority of reflective minds, endued with ordinary sensibility, will acquiesce in the justness of Wordsworth's sharp-drawn line of demarcation, "Absence and death, how differ they!" As persons, to use a simile of Mrs. Inchbald's, enjoy the consciousness of having in their possession some valuable gem, though circumstances prevent, and ever will prevent, their wearing or airing it; so the assurance that a beloved friend is living, however far away,* and however unlikely to be ever seen again, is utterly distinct in its consoling tendency from the desolating conviction of his being dead and gone.

Still more does the distinction hold when there remains an indefinite hope of reunion between living absentees. A popular essayist accounts it sad enough when those who sat in infancy by the same fireside, and prayed at the same parent's knee, must fight the battle of life far apart, each bearing cares and knowing men that the other will never see nor know. And yet, he goes on to say, "though half the world be the space that parts them, and years have passed on since last they met, while they remain in this life the means of communication are

* Jane Eyre exclaims, on hearing Mr. Rochester spoken of as yet alive,—"Gladdening words! It seemed I could bear all that was to come—whatever the disclosures might be—with perfect tranquillity. Since he was not in the grave, I could bear, I thought, to learn that he was at the antipodes."—*Jane Eyre*, ch. xxxvi.

not cut off; and it is at least possible that they may meet again. But the parting which death makes is absolute and complete." Rousseau calls the idea of death, in this aspect, so terrible (*si affreuse*), that any and every other idea is mild in comparison; and such an idea is that of absence, however distant in space, and however prolonged in time.

One of the most eminent of American divines makes it clear how differed absence from death in his regard, when he writes to a friend, who, far away, is to him very present: "Do you not know what it is to have a kind of latent remembrance of friends, even when they are not directly present to the mind? We have a secret consciousness of their existence, which makes the world a brighter spot to us. A light comes from them, as from the sun, when other things are thought of." The reflection indeed is applicable, in a degree, to the absent dead themselves. Just as the absent may be considered as dead, by the sad and sombre-minded, so by the buoyant in hope and faith may the dead be considered as only absent. "Let us cease to be disquieted for their absence who have but retired into another chamber," says one of the mortal immortals in Landor's *Pentameron*. As Gabriel, hopelessly absent and undiscoverable, to Evangeline, now declining in the vale of years,—

"He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent,"

so to believing affection the dead and gone become as it were but living absentees. But this is only in some cases, not common ones; and perhaps possibly only in some minds, not common ones either.

Swift expresses the very sentiment of Wordsworth's distinction, so deep-drawn, between absence and death, when he writes from Ireland to Pope, touching the deaths of Gay and the Doctor, which, he says, "have been terrible wounds near my heart." "Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest"—in the shape of a letter at any rate once a year.

Pope, again, opens a paragraph in one of his letters with the words, "Absence is a short kind of death." But between the longest absence and death he would have been prompt to recognise how great the difference. So was another prince of letter-writers among our standard poets—William Cowper. In an epistle in prose to that Joseph Hill, Esq., to whom he addressed an ever-memorable epistle in verse, the bard of Olney thus expresses himself on the broad as deep distinction between absence and death: "While our friends yet live inhabitants of the same world with ourselves, they seem still to live to *us;* we are sure that they sometimes think of us; and however improbable it may seem, it is never impossible that we may see each other once again. But the grave, like a great gulf, swallows all such expectations; and in the moment when a beloved friend sinks into it, a thousand tender recollections awaken a regret, that will be felt in spite of all reasonings, and let our warnings have been what they may." Absence implies life, and while there's life there's hope. Absence may be, and is, a type of death—a foreshadowing of death. But to identify them is passable only by poetical licence.

Where a life is bound up in a life, broken confidence may be more veritably fatal than death itself. When love is razed out of life, the "ruins of all else loom dismal in the darkness;" all hope seems stricken from the future, as a man "strikes from the calculations of his income the returns from a property irrecoverably lost." When amidst the confidence of the heart, as a student of its passions has said, there starts up the form of perfidy, and he learns that, day after day, the life entwined with his own has been a lie and a stage-mime,—what he feels is less the softness of grief, or the absorption of rage, than a horror that appals. "The heart does not bleed, the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected; it is as if something that violates the course of nature had taken place." And in his home, the ablest man, we are sadly reminded, the most subtle and observant, can be as much a dupe as the simplest. Hawthorne says that the young and

pure are not apt to find out the miserable truth of the actual existence of sin in the world, until it is brought home to them by the guiltiness of some trusted friend. Some mortal, whom they reverence too highly, is commissioned by Providence to teach them this direful lesson; and Adam falls anew, and Paradise, heretofore in unfaded bloom, is lost again, and closed for ever, with the fiery swords gleaming at its gates.* Of all the agonies in life, that which another master of prose fiction declares to be most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time most annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organisation one lacerated, mangled *heart*—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love. "The moment the anchor snaps, the storm comes on—the stars vanish behind the cloud." We have cited lines (p. 45) in which Othello bewails the assumed treachery. Shakspeare's Leonato resembles him in his bitterness of grief, as well as in the delusion that has occasioned it :—

> "But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
> And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much
> That I myself was to myself not mine,
> Valuing of her; why she——oh, she is fallen
> Into a pit of ink !"

If equally clamorous, less sincere is the complainer in Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls*, who claims to have been stabbed through the heart's affections to the heart, seethed like the kid in its own mother's milk; and henceforth the course of life, that seemed so flowery to her with one for guide and master, only one, becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken short, and ending in a ruin—nothing left, but into some low cave to crawl, and there weep life away. Simpler and heartier is the utterance of another idyll :—

> "Not to be with you, not to see your face—
> Alas for me then, my good days are done."

* "Her dearest friend, whose heart seemed the most solid and richest of Hilda's possessions, had no existence for her any more ; and in that dreary void, out of which Miriam had disappeared, the substance, the truth, the integrity of life, the motives of effort, the joy of success, had departed along with her."—*Transformation*, ch. xxiii.

So with Talfourd's Halbert: must he give up all, and yet live on? No human hope remains for him, if this be blasted. Constancy he had sought among the rocks, and thought he had found it:—

> "One exquisite affection took its root,
> And strengthened in its marble;—if you tear
> That living plant, with thousand fibres, thence,
> You break up all; my struggles are in vain,
> And I am ruin!"

Robert South takes this to be the sure, infallible test of love, that the measure of its strength is to be taken by the fastness of its hold. "Benjamin was apparently dearest to his father, because he was still kept with him, while the rest of his brethren were sent from him. He was to him as the apple of his eye, and therefore no wonder if he could not endure to have him out of it." *Ni que je vive enfin si je ne vis pour toi*, and one might add, *si je vis sans toi.* Or, as Racine's Titus has it, "Je sens bien que sans vous je ne saurais plus vivre." Little avails it to moralize with an old English moralist on the fact, that certainly they can never live in quiet, who so entirely give themselves up to particular objects. When in one object we place all our hopes and cares, what do we, he asks, but, like foolish merchants, venture all our estate in one bottom? "It is not good to bring ourselves to that extreme necessity, that the failure of one aim should leave us destitute." Des Comines, in Scott's novel, essays in vain to reconcile the French king to an abandonment of the scheme on which his heart is set,—reminding him, to no purpose, that every wise man, when he sees a rock giving way, withdraws from the bootless attempt of preventing the fall. Lewis protests that this now imperilled scheme has been the favourite scheme of his whole life—that he has fought for it, watched for it, prayed for it, and sinned for it. He cannot, will not, forego it. "Philip des Comines,—think, man, think!—pity me in this extremity—thy quick brain can speedily find some substitute for this sacrifice—some ram to be offered up instead of that project which is dear to me as the patriarch's only son was to

him." Philip's pity is piteously implored,—for he, at least, should know, that to men of judgment and foresight, the destruction of the scheme on which they have long dwelt, and for which they have long toiled, is more inexpressibly bitter than the transient grief of ordinary men, whose pursuits are but the gratification of some temporary passion. The house built upon the sands, the loftier it is, and the more it has cost in the building, all the more emphatically great is the fall of that house, when the rains come down upon it and the floods rise against and, in Bible phrase, clap their hands against it, and fall it must. "Aussitôt l'édifice s'écroule, emportant tout le fruit de vos sueurs, tant de dévouement, tant de sacrifices, et votre cœur ni votre vie ne savent plus où se prendre." The contrast drawn by Lewis between his own chagrin, as presumably unique, and the transient grief of ordinary men, is a commonplace in the characteristics of our common nature. Cicero's answer, alike to Sulpicius and to all his friends, when they sought to rouse him from despondency almost to despair at the loss of Tullia, and reminded him of his own precepts for the afflicted, was, that his case differed from all the examples which he had been collecting for his own imitation, of men who had borne the loss of children with firmness; since they lived in times when their dignity in the State was able, in great measure, to compensate their misfortune. But *he* had lost the only comfort that was left to him. In the ruin of the Republic, he had still, in Tullia, somewhat always to recur to, in whose sweet conversation he could drop all his cares and troubles; but with her was gone all that made life yet worth the living. "All but this I could have borne," is the exclamation of Mackenzie's Savillon, when Julia is taken from him, as he believes, for ever; the loss of fortune, the decay of health, the coldness of friends, might have admitted of hope: here only was despair to be found, and he had found it. "She was so interwoven with my thoughts of futurity, that life now fades into a blank, and is not worth the keeping." How could Philip, in *The Mill on the Floss*, be resigned to the loss of the one thing which had ever come to him on earth with the

promise of such deep joy as would give a new and blessed meaning to the foregoing pain—the promise of another self that would lift his aching affection into the "divine rapture of an ever-springing, ever-satisfied want?" Catherine Earnshaw, in her wild way, or in Ellis Bell's (and that is Emily Brontë's) wild way, says of Heathcliff, that if all else perished, and *he* remained, she too in him should continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger; she no longer should seem a part of it. To live but for one, to dream of but one, to exist by the remembrance of that one, to listen for his very breath, because his breathing is more to your existence than your own; to devote, as another impassioned mistress of fiction words it, "your whole nature, your aspirations, your hopes, your thoughts, your whole soul"—to surrender all, to cast all at the shrine of one object, and to know that suddenly it is withdrawn from you, and you may never see it more,—whoso has been spared such an anguish, is assured that his or her burden in life has not been great. "Quand j'étais absolument seul," writes a devoted student of the heart,—of his own at least, and in particular,—"mon cœur était vide; mais il n'en fallait qu'un pour le remplir. Le sort m'avait ôté . . . celui pour lequel la nature m'avait fait. Dès lors j'étais seul; car il n'y eut jamais pour moi d'intermédiaire entre tout et rien." He was evidently all she had to love in the world, is Mr. Carlyle's comment on Friedrich Wilhelm's mother, when parting with her one son—that "rugged creature" being inexpressibly precious to her. For days after his departure she kept solitary, and soon afterwards she died; and among the papers she had been scribbling (for meanwhile she indulged in her own sad reflections without stint), there was found one slip with a *heart* sketched on it, and round the heart "PARTI" (gone): "My heart is gone," and with it her life. There either she must live, or have no life. So of Maynard Gilfil and his lost Caterina we read, in one of George Eliot's scenes of clerical life, that in her he had not lost the object of a few months' passion, but the being who was bound up with his power of loving, as

the brook we played by or the flowers we gathered in childhood are bound up with our sense of beauty. For years, the thought of her had to him been present in everything, like the air and the light; and now she was gone, it seemed as if all pleasure had lost its vehicle. Of Venetia's father we are told, when his heart melted to his daughter, after long estrangement and separation, that his philosophical theories all vanished, and he felt how dependent we are in this world on our natural ties: "nor did he care to live without her love and presence." For the affection of both wife and daughter his heart now yearned to that degree, that he could not contemplate existence without their active sympathy. Virginius, in the play, calls the tie of fatherhood a thing so twined and knotted round his heart, that, break it, and his heart breaks with it. Virginia has long before delivered herself of a parallel passage, when they try to make out Virginius not to be her father:—

> "Virginius, my dear father, not my father!
> It cannot be; my life must come from him;
> For, make him not my father, it will go
> From me. I could not live an hour an he were not
> My father."

In another play by the same dramatist we have the Prince of Mantua exulting in his return to his native city, and to the wife within its walls (*The Wife* is the name of that play):—

> "Dear Mantua, that twice has given me life;
> Once in the breath which first I drew in it,
> Now in the gift, without the having which
> That breath were given in vain! . . .
> For never speed me Heaven, if life seems life,
> Until I stand in her sweet sight again."

Young's Alonzo, in the *Revenge*, declares of his lost Leonora that to him she was all—his fame, friendship, love of arms, all stooped to her:—

> "Deep in the secret foldings of my heart
> She lived with life, and far the dearer she."

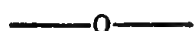
Milton's Adam protests in his hour of darkness, that should God

create another Eve, yet loss of this one would never from his heart. If death consort with her, death is to him as life. To lose her, were to lose himself. Had she not already, and all too lately, said of Adam,—

> "So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
> I could endure, without him live no life"?

That was at the dread crisis of the Fall. When the time came for that part of the penalty to be enforced which involved exile from Eden, her clinging to her husband was the same, if expressed in accents sadder and more subdued :—

> "—— But now lead on ;
> In me is no delay ; with thee to go
> Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay
> Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
> Art all things under Heaven, all places thou."



## *A FLOOD OF TEARS.*

GENESIS xlv. 2, 14, 15. LAMENTATIONS i. 16; ii. 18; iii. 48, 49.

WHEN Joseph, as Egypt's Viceroy, lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, he "made haste ; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother : and he sought where to weep ; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there." And when, soon afterwards, he made himself known unto his brethren, after those long years of cruel separation, he wept aloud, so that, although Joseph had taken the precaution of shutting out every stranger while he made himself known to his brethren, yet the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard the loud weeping of their lord. And when Joseph had ended his discovery of himself to those of his own blood, he fell upon his very own brother Benjamin's neck, and wept ; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. "Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them."

The tears of men were not thought unmanly in those old

times. A flood of tears, if only there was meet occasion for it, was accounted nothing to be ashamed of, but the reverse. To the Psalmist, his tears were his meat, day and night. Rivers of waters ran down his eyes because men kept not God's law. And were not his tears in the bottle of his Maker? The prophet Jeremiah's eyes wept sore, and ran down with tears, because the Lord's flock was carried away captive. Let his eyes run down with tears night and day, and let them not cease, for the virgin daughter of his people was broken with a great breach, and with a very grievous blow. "For these things I weep: mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water." "Let tears run down like a river day and night; give thyself no rest: let not the apple of thine eye cease." "Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people. Mine eye trickleth down, and ceaseth not, without any intermission." Esau, the rough hunter and robust man of the field, cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, when he found himself defrauded of his father's blessing; and lifting up his voice, he wept, as only strong men can weep, who are simple and natural as well as strong. When he and his supplanting brother met again, long years after, impetuous Esau ran to meet hesitating Jacob, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and they wept, both of them, and were not ashamed. When Joseph was reported dead, his father Jacob rent his clothes, and mourned for him many days, and would not be comforted by all his sons and all his daughters when they rose up to comfort him, but protested that mourn he would to the last. *Thus* his father wept for Joseph. How Joseph wept in after days we have seen. And the time would fail to tell, except by reference in passing, of King David's tears for Absalom; of Elisha's prophetic tears in presence of Hazael, who was moved to inquire, "Why weepeth my lord?" —of Hezekiah weeping sore, in prospect of death; of Peter weeping bitterly, in all the bitterness of remorse; of the elders of Ephesus all weeping sore, as they fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, and bade him, so reluctantly, so remonstrantly, a last farewell. And at the grave of His friend, "Jesus wept,"

*so* wept that the Jews could not help exclaiming, "Behold, how He loved him!" As Elisha, too, wept prophetic tears because he foresaw the evil that Hazael would do to the children of Israel, setting on fire their strongholds, and slaying their young men with the sword, and dashing their children against the stones; even so did the Son of Man, when He was come near Jerusalem, and beheld the city, weep over it, in prevision of the coming days when it should be laid even with the ground, and when not one stone of it should be left upon another. Tears, *idle* tears, He knew not what they mean; but tears, as from the depth of some divine despair, rose at His heart and gathered to His eyes, in thinking of what Jerusalem might have been, and in thinking that all too soon Jerusalem would be no more.

In Mrs. Browning's criticisms upon, and translated specimens of, the Greek Christian Poets, passing mention is made, and no more, of Nonnus of Panopolis, the poet of the Dionysiaca, a work of some twenty-two thousand verses, on some twenty-two thousand subjects, shaken together, who "flourished," as people say of many a dry-rooted soul, at the commencement of the fifth century. His paraphrase, in hexameters, of St. John's gospel thus *traduces* what his translator designates "the two well-known words, bearing on their brief vibration the whole passion of a world saved through pain from pain"—traduces them, consistently with his imputed gift of doing all that a bald verbosity can do or undo, to quench the divinity of that divine narrative:

> "They answered him,
> 'Come and behold.' Then Jesus himself groaned,
> Dropping strange tears from eyes unused to weep."

Mrs. Browning has no patience with such a paraphrase. "Unused to weep!" she repeats. "*Was* it so of the man of sorrows? O obtuse poet!"

Tears celebrated in story and song—the tears of strong men, brave men, rough and rugged men—some tiny efflux, in homœopathic globules, of the mighty whole, will more than fill, will overflow, a chapter such as this.

The first thing, it has been said, which astonishes an English schoolboy, on being introduced to Homer, is the abundant tears which are shed by the noblest heroes of the story; nor does this display of feeling appear to have been thought by their contemporaries then, or by their fellow-countrymen in after ages, as less suitable to their characters and positions, than to those of Andromache or Cassandra. Menelaus weeps. Ulysses weeps "on the smallest provocation." Achilles rises before us, pacing the beach, "bathed in tears of anger and disdain," as Pope ventures in his translation to call those tears of which, says he in his Notes, "a great and fiery temper is more susceptible than any other"—but which, with studied respect to the hero's dignity, Homer, it is assumed, makes him retire to shed where no eye shall see the effusion, no tongue blab of it. Agamemnon weeps, and that openly, profusely, before his assembled peers: "down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows." Phœnix weeps, ere appealing to Achilles to relent: "down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows." And when Patroclus to Achilles flies,

> "The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
> Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
> From the tall rock the sable waters flow."

An effusion so redundant as to excite his friend's curiosity concerning the grief

> "That flows so fast in these unmanly tears.
> No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
> From her loved breast, with fonder passion weeps."

Villehardouin, Joinville, and the old chroniclers generally, are similarly frank and explicit in recording the tears of their heroes. As Sainte-Beuve says of Joinville: "Toutes les fois que ses héros et chevaliers auront peur ou qu'ils verseront des larmes, il le dira."

Let us glance at some of the many instances to be found in Shakspeare of men in tears. Flavius, for example, faithful old steward of Timon, who is even moved by the sight. Timon at the mouth of his cave spurns visitors and suppliants

of every degree, and is for spurning Flavius with the rest—rejecting off-hand his profession of being "an honest poor servant" of Timon's. If that's what he is, then Timon knows him; never had honest man about him; all he kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

> *Flav.* "——The gods are witness,
> Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
> For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
> *Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then, I love thee,
> Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
> Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
> But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
> Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping."

That tragedy of the life and death of Timon of Athens closes with the reading of his self-written epitaph, on the grave-stone where he lies newly entombed "upon the very hem of the sea." Alcibiades reaches it, and thus apostrophises the departed:

> "Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
> Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
> From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
> Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
> On thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

Lear, deprived of fifty of his followers at a clap, within a fortnight of abdication, by the elder of the daughters in whose favour he abdicated, and otherwise insulted under her roof, is as mad with himself for weeping, as with her for giving him such cause to weep.

> "——Life and death! I am ashamed
> That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
> That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
> Should make thee worth them.—
> . . . . . . Old fond eyes,
> Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
> And cast you, with the waters that you loose,
> To temper clay."

This is but the close of the first Act. The second closes with the pronounced coalition of the sisters against their sire.

If Goneril had previously struck off fifty of his followers at a clap, she now demands of him what need he has of five-and-twenty, ten, or five. What need one? is Regan's adjoined query. And that breaks the father's heart. He appeals to the heavens to touch him with noble anger, not with melting tears:

> "O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
> Stain my man's cheeks!"

And anon, amid a paroxysm of stifling wrath and anguish, turning to his daughters, "unnatural hags," with incoherent, inarticulate threats of unheard-of revenges, Lear exclaims:

> "——You think, I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep:—
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
> Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool, I shall go mad!"

And he keeps his word. Mad he becomes, and the ravings of his madness move to tears the disguised Edgar and sightless Gloster:

> *Lear.* "If thou [to Gloster] wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
> I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
> Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
> Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
> We wawl, and cry . . . . .
> When we are born, we cry, that we are come
> To this great stage of fools."

Collatinus and Lucretius emulate each the other's passion first of words and then of tears:

> "This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
> Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
> At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.
> Then son and father weep with equal strife,
> Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife."

In the old ballad which tells of a bloody field as e'er was fought on summer's day, when, of King Arthur's "own party, only himself escapèd there," except Duke Lukyn and Bedevere

the butler—this expressive stanza catches (sometimes to dim) the eye:

> "And when the king beheld his knights,
> All dead and scattered on the mould,
> The tears fast trickled down his face,
> That manly face in fight so bold."

Tears are, however, accounted a phenomenon in men, which in women they most certainly are not. Mr. Slick calls it easy enough to stand a woman's tears, "for they weep like children, everlastin' sun-showers; they cry as bad as if they used a chestnut burr for an eyestone;" but, he adds, in his ironical way, "to see the tear drawn from starn natur' of man, startin' at the biddin' of generous feelin', there's no standin' that." But the tears of a man bring with them no comfort, as do those of the softer sex, remarks Mr. Trollope, when he flings Harry Norman on the sofa, "forgetting his manhood and bursting into tears. . . . He was a strong tall man, and it was dreadful to see him thus convulsed." The elderly lady who has to soothe him, has to play the same part by another manly or unmanly weeper, later in the tale, where we see the said Mrs. Woodward watching Charley Tudor for a while in silence, as she "saw big tears drop from his face on to the dust of the path on the further side. There they came rolling down, large globules of sorrow. Nothing is so painful to a woman as a man in tears, and Mrs. Woodward's heart was wrung to its very core." It may be easier work, dealing with a man who has no scruple about exhibiting his grief; like Voltaire, for instance, who "fondait bonnement en larmes" where Mme. du Châtelet giggled to stifle a good cry—"car il n'a pas de honte, lui, de paraître sensible." Not to his mind, in this respect, any more than to Rousseau's own, would be the avowal of the afflicted husband as pictured, by his wife's death-bed, in Jean-Jacques' super-sentimental fiction, when surprised into tears: "Je ne croyais pas mes yeux faits pour en répandre. Ce furent les premiers depuis ma naissance, ce seront les derniers jusqu'à ma mort." Tears of this critical, exceptional character it is that Lord Lytton puts into, or draws

from, the eyes of his Last of the Tribunes, at the collapse of his career:—"Tears, springing from no weak and womanish source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion; tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him, a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom, a father when his children rebel against his love; tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes, and relieved—but they changed—his heart." The differential element in tears, depending on temperament and occasion, character and circumstance, might be largely illustrated from the works of this author. Suffice it, at this stage of our zig-zag progress, to refer to one other example in another mood—that of Ernest Maltravers, newly fatherless. His face buried in his hands, he "sobbed like an infant. It was an easy matter to bring tears to the eyes of that young man: a generous or a tender thought, an old song, the simplest air of music, sufficed for that touch of the mother's nature. But the vehement and awful passion which belongs to mankind when thoroughly unmanned—this was the first time in which the relief of that stormy bitterness was known to him." We seem to recognise in him as much of a feminine disposition, as of a masculine one in the Marian Halcombe of a later fiction, whose tears (she bears record) flow less easily than they ought—coming almost like men's tears, with sobs that seem to tear her in pieces, and that frighten every one about her.

The tears of man, says Wordsworth, in various measure gush from various sources; gently overflow

"From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe
Some with ungovernable impulse rush;
And some, co-eval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre—coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathising heart."

But, in his admiration of the demeanour of young Edward VI., when constrained to sign the death-warrant of Joan of Kent, Wordsworth goes on to assert that—

"Nor these, not yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful monarchs driven
To pen the mandates nature doth disown."

Scott's preference among the varieties is for another kind:

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas a hero's eye that weeped."

"C'est une belle chose qu'un homme de bien et sévère, qui pleure," says Diderot, bethinking him of his own father, who welcomed him at the gate with tears, the day he returned from the Jesuits' college, laden with prizes. Byron, on the other hand, frankly opines that, as compared with women's tears,

"—— there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking:
A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture."

Not but that Byron's sternest heroes, such as they are, can weep on occasion: Conrad, for instance:

"—— his mother's softness crept
To those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
It was the very weakness of his brain,
Which thus confessed without relieving pain.
None saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
That useless flood of grief had never been—"

which reads rather like a bull: but let that pass. Scott's

heroes indulge in a good cry without much compunction, when the fit takes them. The veteran Douglas of another poem than that already quoted, makes a sort of attempt to resist what Sir Hugh Evans would call a great dispositions to cry; but soon gives in, and has it out:

> "In answer nought could Angus speak:
> His proud heart swelled well-nigh to break:
> He turned aside, and down his cheek
> A burning tear there stole.
> His hand the monarch sudden took,
> That sight his kind heart could not brook. . . .
> . . . And while the king his hand did strain,
> The old man's tears fell down like rain.
> To seize the moment Marmion tried,
> And whispered to the king aside:—
> 'Oh! let such tears unwonted plead
> For respite short from dubious deed!
> A child will weep at bramble's smart,
> A maid to see her sparrow part,
> A stripling for a woman's heart:
> But woe awaits a country when
> She sees the tears of bearded men.*
> Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
> When Douglas wets his manly eye!'"

As closed the sorrowful lay of Thomas the Rhymer,

> "Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak,
> Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
> But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
> Did many a gauntlet dry."

Tom Robinson, Mr. Reade's convict, who found it never too late to mend, was first won over to try, or (so to speak) was first moved to an amendment, by the tears that Mr. Eden, the chaplain, shed for him and with him. "The good man and the bad man mingled some tears through the massy [prison] door." Anon, "the bad man wept abundantly; to him old long-dried sources of tender feeling were now un-

* Of these two fine lines, a scholarly critic has said, that they would apparently have been unintelligible to the gallant besiegers of Troy.

locked by Christian love and pity. To both, these holy drops were as the dew of Hermon on their souls."

> "O lachrymarum fons tenero sacros
> Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
> Felix in imo qui scatentem
> Pectore te pia Nympha sensit."

Chateaubriand would make out that Savary became of sinister importance to Napoleon, simply from having seen the First Consul weep at Marengo. Men who stand alone in the world ought, this author contends, to mistrust their tears, which place them under the dominion of ordinary men. "Tears are one of those weaknesses by means of which he who witnesses them can render himself master of the resolves of a great man."

Andrea of Hungary, in Mr. Landor's trilogy, owning himself "unmanned" by the calamity that has cut off, so suddenly, amid their pranks and joyances, Caraffa and Caraccioli,—the queen-mother protests against the phrase, and reads him a lecture on the manliness of an honest man's honest tears:

> "——Speak not so, my son!
> Let others, when their nature has been changed
> To such unwonted state, when they are called
> To do what angels do, and brutes do not,
> Sob at their shame, and say they are unmanned;
> Unmanned they cannot be; they are not men.
> At glorious deeds, at sufferings well endured,
> Yea, at life's thread snapped with its gloss upon it,
> Be it man's pride and privilege to weep."

*Are* the tears of men unmanly? "Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim. I drop them ofttimes myself, cried my uncle Toby.—I know your honour does, replied Trim, and I am not ashamed of it myself." Milton speaks of "tears such as angels weep;" and in another place, describing the previsions the first man had of human maladies, calamities, and despair, he asks,

> "Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
> Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,

> Though not of woman born. Compassion quelled
> His best of man, and gave him up to tears."

Hartley Coleridge rules that tears seldom become a man, unless they come unbidden strangers to his eyes. A full-grown blubberer, he says, with great greenish-grey goggles, swimming in his own pathos, like half-cold calf's-foot jelly, soaked in his drizzling tenderness for his own dear self, makes one ashamed of humanity. But your Respectable, adds Hartley—who is treating of "your Respectable" in the capital essay, *Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman*—is seldom lachrymose. That is a remark which may serve as reminder of a passage in Mr. Dickens's Tale of the Marshalsea. "Still highly respectable at bottom, though absurd enough upon the surface, Young John took out his pocket-handkerchief, with a genuine absence both of display and concealment, which is only to be seen in a man with a great deal of good in him, when he takes out his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose of wiping his eyes." Young John is not respectable in Hartley's sense of the term, as initialised with a capital R.

Rosalind, in man's attire, *will* weep, let Celia say what she pleases; and "Do, I pr'ythee," rejoins Celia; "but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man." But there are plentiful passages in Shakspeare which go to prove it is no way unmanly to weep for a good or a great cause. Lewis the Dauphin expressly characterises as "honourable" the "dew" that "silverly makes progress" on Salisbury's cheeks, while yet avowing his wonder and concern at it:

> "My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
> Being an ordinary inundation;
> But this effusion of such manly drops,
> This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
> Startles mine eyes. . . .
> Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
> And with a great heart heave away this storm:
> Commend these waters to those baby eyes
> That never saw the giant world enraged," &c.

The death of the Duke of York among those who fought

with Harry on Saint Crispin's day, is described to the king with tears by Exeter, fresh from the field: it forced, the narrator says,

> "Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd,
> But I had not so much of man in me,
> But all my mother came into mine eyes,
> And gave me up in tears.
> *K. Hen.* I blame you not;
> For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
> With mistful eyes, or they will issue too."

Cranmer in tears is admired of a later Henry: "Look, the good man weeps! He's honest, on mine honour. . . . He has strangled his language in his tears," and is too full-hearted, therefore, to thank his sovereign.

Will Cæsar weep? is the whisper of bystanders and lookers-on, when Octavius is parting with his sister, the April in her eyes:

> *Eno.* "Will Cæsar weep?
> *Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.
> *Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
> So is he being a man.
> *Agr.* Why, Enobarbus?
> When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
> He cried almost to roaring: and he wept
> When at Philippi he found Brutus slain."

But Enobarbus has no notion of such goings-on. Antony was troubled with a rheum that year, and that was all. Never believe in anything beyond that, until he, Enobarbus, is caught weeping too. Well, the whirligig of time brings round its revenges; and, later in the play, Enobarbus *is* caught weeping, or something very like, by his own avowal. For, remonstrating with Antony in so taking leave of his followers that their eyes run over, the bluff veteran exclaims,

> "——What mean you, Sir,
> To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
> And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
> Transform us not to women."

Antony's own capacity for tears is indicated in the other tragedy, when he turns from his lament over Cæsar's body to receive a

messenger from Octavius, and notes the shock the man betrays at sight of the piece of bleeding earth :

> "Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
> Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
> Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
> Begin to water."

Friar Lawrence essays to check the tumults of Romeo's grief, by bootless appeals to his manhood. Nurse had previously tried to shame him, as he lay "there on the ground, with his own tears made drunk," and telling how she left Juliet lying in the same "piteous predicament," "blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man." While the Friar follows on with the reproach, "Thy tears are womanish;" and fairly styles him, on that account, "unseemly woman, in a seeming man!" But there is more of philosophy in Laertes's style, when told of his sister's death by drowning—the conceit in the first line rather marring the natural earnestness of the others :

> "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
> And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
> It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
> Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
> The woman will be out."

Adam Smith asserts that he always appears, in some measure, mean and despicable, who is sunk in sorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own; the weakness of sorrow never appearing in any respect agreeable, except when it arises from what we feel for others more than from what we feel for ourselves. But he allows that a son, upon the death of his father ("an indulgent and respectable father," at least), may give way to it without much blame—his sorrow being chiefly founded upon "a sort of sympathy with his departed parent;" into which humane emotion we readily enter. The Father of Political Economy could hardly do less, after austere Cato's approval of Juba's tears in such a case :

> *Juba.* "—— My father's fate,
> In spite of all the fortitude that shines

> Before my face in Cato's great example,
> Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
> *Cato.* It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee."

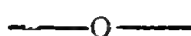
It is to the honour of gruff reprovers of an honest sorrow—to the honour of their feelings, not of their consistency—that they, sometimes in the act of blaming, are overcome too:

> "And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
> Of tear is on his manly face, . . .
> Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
> But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
> With haughty laugh his head he turned,
> And dashed away the tear he scorned."

By what Belford feels, at Clarissa's forlorn distress, which he so wishes Lovelace could have witnessed instead, he avows himself convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the woes of our fellow-creatures is "far from being disgraceful to a manly heart." "My heart and my eyes gave way to a softness of which (though not so hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before so susceptible." "Nay, my friend," says the stout sailor to Scott's Lovel, when the latter entrusts to him a farewell billet,—digesting a temporary swelling of the heart as he speaks,—"never be ashamed for the matter—an affectionate heart may overflow for an instant at the eyes, if the ship were clearing for action." Manly Colonel Guy Mannering could not restrain his tears at seeing the change in his old friend, the Laird of Ellangowan; and his evident emotion at once gained him the confidence of the else friendless Lucy Bertram. When Dominie Sampson, again, came to recognise in the full-grown stranger from the East his well-remembered little Harry Bertram, he threw himself into his arms, pressing him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which shook his whole frame,—sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief; Pleydell made wry faces, and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explo-

sions, exclaimed, "Deil 's in the man! he's garr'd me do that I haena done since my auld mither died."

Shallow judges of human nature, Lord Lytton pronounces those to be, who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome a man. Well did the sternest of romance writers, in his judgment, place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears. "Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew." But then the caveat is enforced, that when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred.



## *A CHOSEN BURIAL-PLACE.*

GENESIS xlvii. 29, 30.

WHEN the time drew nigh that Israel, a sojourner in Egypt, must die,—after seventeen years' sojourning there, out of the hundred and forty-seven of Jacob's whole life,—he called his son Joseph to him, and made him swear, with all formality and solemnity in the manner of the oath, that a last resting-place should be found for the patriarch in his own land and among his own kindred. "Deal kindly and truly with me; bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt. But I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place." And Joseph said, "I will do as thou hast said." And Jacob said to the Viceroy of Egypt, "Swear unto me." And he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head. He could now pray God to let His servant depart in peace. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us that by faith Jacob, when he was a-dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped upon the top of his staff; and immediately he adds that by faith Joseph,

too, when he was dying, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones. For Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, as his father had done of him, saying, "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." Faith in the covenant of promise, as touching the land of promise, appears to have been foremost in the thoughts and aspirations of both sire and son; but we may also credit both with a natural yearning to lay their bones beside the bones of their fathers, and to be at home at last.

Such was the natural yearning of aged Barzillai when he was for going a little way, and not more than a little way, over Jordan with the king, the day he was fourscore years old; and so soon as he should have gone that little way, he would fain know himself free to return: "Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother." It was a main point in the punishment denounced against the man of God that came from Judah to prophesy to Jeroboam, and that was deluded into disobedience in the discharge of his office, that his carcass should not come unto the sepulchre of his fathers. But the injunction of the remorseful old prophet by whom he had been misled, in regard to his own burial, bespoke anew the pangs of self-reproach as well as friendly interest which led him to mourn earnestly over the stranger he had buried in his own grave. "And it came to pass, after he had buried him, that he spake to his sons, saying, When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried; lay my bones beside his bones."

Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, as the Opium-eater has it, from public notice; they court privacy and solitude; and, even in the choice of a grave, will sometimes voluntarily sequester themselves from the general population of the churchyard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man: thus, in a symbolic language universally understood, seeking (in the affecting language of Wordsworth) "humbly to express a penitential loneliness." Curiously

various and whimsical enough are some of the instances of choice on record. Such as the choice by an ancient Scandinavian woman of the crest of the hill above Broadford in Skye, where a cairn of stones marks her burying-place, her wish being, local tradition says, to be laid high up there, that she might sleep right in the pathway of the Norway wind. But this was simply a genuine attachment to her Scandinavian home; and the wind that blew from it being the nearest thing to it she could secure at the last, secure *that* she would, to whistle or to wail, as the case might be, over her grave. Socrates, it seems, resented the affectionate concern of the friend who asked where he should deposit his remains,—as implying a dishonourable supposition that he could be so mean as to have regard for anything, even in himself, that was not imperishable. Not so Themistocles, whose monument indeed long existed in the forum of Magnesia, but whose bones are said, by his own desire, to have been borne back privately to Attica, and to have rested in the beloved land that exiled him from her bosom. My Lord Chesterfield, towards the close of his course, is quite Socratic in his indifference. "All I desire for my own burial," he writes to his daughter-in-law, "is not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, must be entirely indifferent to every rational creature." That highly irrational triumvir, the Roman Antony, left very particular directions that, if he died in Rome, his body should be carried in procession through the forum, and afterwards conveyed to Alexandria to Cleopatra. The bower of Laura was Petrarch's elect resting-place; "for never could my spirit find a stiller port after the stormy wind."

Mary of Gueldres, queen of James II. of Scotland, chose for a resting-place, as a sanctuary of safety and repose, the church she had founded in Edinburgh, in 1446, at the east end of the North Loch. For 400 years her ashes lay undisturbed in the beautiful church of the Holy Trinity; but that spot now resounds the noise and turmoil of a railway station, before which the royal foundation had, in this railway age, to give way. So with pious Lady Glenorchy, whose interment took

place, by her own direction, in the church she had founded, immediately in front of the pulpit: upon this spot she had fixed as "a place of security and safety, where her mortal remains might rest in peace till the morning of the resurrection." But there too the warning signal of the railway whistle was heard all too soon; the site of the church was in request for the North British Railway, and Lady Glenorchy's chosen last long home proved to be neither a last nor even a long one. Beatrice Cenci desired to be buried in the church of San Pietro in Montorio, at the foot of the high altar, adorned by Rafaelle's picture of the Transfiguration, which had been an object of so much interest to her in life. Elizabetta Sirani's wish is Englished in a recent poem: Guido Reni's tomb is before her mind's eye; and when the end is come,

> "There, by his tomb (our master's) let me lie,
> Somewhere, not too far off; beneath the dome
> Of our own Lady of the Rosary:
> Safe, where old friends will pass; and still near home!"

Stephen Harding enjoined that his remains should not rest in the vaults of his cathedral at Dijon, or any of the more stately abbeys of his land, where, as the historian of Latin Christianity words it, "there were lordly prelates or chapters of priests to celebrate daily the splendid masses with their solemn music for his soul:" his desire was, that they should rest in the humble chapel of Citeaux, blessed by the more prevailing prayers of its holy monks. In after ages Citeaux, become magnificent, was the burying-place of the Dukes of Burgundy; but it is a question with Dean Milman whether, over their gorgeous marble tombs, such devout and earnest supplications were addressed to Heaven as by the simple choir of Stephen Harding.

Few of our poets, it has been remarked, appear to have left any particular directions about their graves. Donne's design for his strange monument for old St. Paul's, is often quoted; and so is the Prior prevision: "Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care." Swift expressed a wish on paper to

be buried in some dry part of St. Patrick's * cathedral. Pope would *not* be buried in Westminster Abbey, but with or near his "dear parents at Twickenham." Gray desired to be laid by his "dear mother, in the churchyard of Stoke Pogeis . . . in a coffin of seasoned oak, neither lined nor covered." Beattie had early in life deprecated for himself the marble tomb within massive walls, darksome and desolate :

> "Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
> Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
> With here and there a violet bestrown,
> Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave ;
> And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave."

He must have had the churchyard at Lawrencekirk in his mind when he wrote these lines. Later in life he became fond of an ancient burying-ground near Peterhead, amid the links of St. Fergus, where he delighted to take his solitary meditative walks; and at this time he used to tell his friends that here he wished his remains might be laid. But after losing both his sons, and their interment at Aberdeen, his choice was to be laid beside them when his time should come, "rather than beside the greatest monarch upon earth." Francis Jeffrey, in one of his latest letters, described a visit he had just made to the Dean Cemetery (on the road from Edinburgh to his charming retreat at Craigcrook), and which he found "resonant with blackbirds," and looking invitingly peaceful and cheerful. "I rather think I must have a freehold there," he writes, "though I have sometimes had a hankering after a *cubiculum* under those sweet weeping willows at Amwell, if one should be called away from the vicinage." To a favourite niece he pointed out, within two months of his death, the very spot in the Dean Cemetery where he said it gave him pleasure to believe he should be laid. It was Ebenezer Elliott's prayer to be buried where the grass is green, where daises, blooming earliest, linger

* Yet a confidential letter of his to Dr. Sheridan contained the singula request that the Doctor would accompany his body as far as Holyhead, to see it interred there; "for I could not willingly lie in a land of slaves."

late to hear the bee his busy note prolong. Hartley Coleridge professed to have no particular choice of a churchyard; but he would repose, if possible, where there were no proud monuments, no new-fangled obelisks or mausoleums, heathen in everything but taste, and not Christian in that. Nothing that betokened aristocracy, unless it were the venerable memorial of some old family long extinct. "If the village school adjoined the churchyard, so much the better." His brother surmises that in writing this, Hartley had in his mind's eye an image of the quiet resting-place where actually he is laid, in the grave marked out by Wordsworth (close by his own), near a group of trees and a little beck that feeds the lake with its clear waters,—one entrance to the Grasmere churchyard being by a lych-gate, under which you pass to the village school. The clause in favour of children has its echo in the expressed hope of a living popular author, that, when he dies, he may be laid in a very quiet churchyard in Kent, known to him of old, where some one who cared for him has for long years past been mouldering away peacefully, where the clergyman's blind white pony will browse, and "where the children will come and have famous games—their silver voices and pattering feet upon the velvet turf" making out a pleasant noise. A clerical essayist tells us of a father, "an important member of a very strait sect of the Pharisees," whose child, when dying, begged to be buried, not in a certain foul old hideous churchyard, but in a cheerful cemetery that was dear to him; the request being made by the poor little creature with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strait Pharisee in question refused the dying request, pointing out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was buried, or what might be done with his body after death. Our clerical authority denounces the man roundly and soundly as an "unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch," whom he would like to see tarred and feathered. "The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakspeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but 'by faith,' that Joseph, when he was a-dying, gave commandment concerning his

bones." The father seems to have resembled little old Lady Lovat, if in nothing else, in her supreme indifference to the disposal of her remains. When asked by her son if she wished to be placed in the burial-vault at Beaufort, she said, "'Deed, Archie, ye needna put yoursel to ony fash about me, for I dinna care though ye lay me aneath that hearthstane." Human sympathies take more kindly to the old wife of the Glasgow shoemaker in Dean Ramsay's story, who held her husband by the hand, when she was dying, and appealed to him earnestly, as she had been a gude wife to him, to grant her last request: "John, ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Stra'von, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace amang unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just pit ye in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you syne in Stra'von." The old father in Hartley Coleridge's *Leonard and Susan*, is like-minded with the appealing deprecator of the Gorbals:—

"But my poor limbs—far from the reverend dust
Of my dead ancestry—without a chaunt,
Hatchment, or hearse, or green memorial sprigs
Of shivered box-wood, and sweet rosemary,
Must soon be earthed up in a vulgar grave."

During his sojourn in the West Indian island of Nevis, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge was gratified by the comparatively rural aspect of the Charlestown churchyard (recalling the "sweet solemnity of a country churchyard in England"), and the absence of any of those enormous vaults above ground, which, he says, disgrace the burying-places in the colonies, in beauty inferior to limekilns, and in pride beggaring a mausoleum. Vaults, whether above ground or below, are to many strong-minded as well as simple-minded folk, an offence and a mistake. Saint Swithin's last request was to be buried in the churchyard of Winchester, and so buried as to be trodden under foot of men and pervious to the dews and showers of heaven: "ubi cadaver et pedibus prætereuntium et stillicidiis e cœlo roranti-bus esset obnoxium." John Evelyn admired in his father-in-

law (Sir Richard Browne) the special injunction to be buried in the church*yard* under the south-east window of the chancel, —"he being much offended at the novel costome of burying every one within the body of the church and chancel, that being a favour heretofore granted only to martyrs and greate persons; this excesse of making churches charnel-houses being of ill and irreverent example, and prejudicial to the health of the living,"—as even then the denizens of populous regions were beginning to find out. Evelyn himself is emphatic in his expression of desire to "lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers," in what he calls "our dormitory in Wotton church," in his dear native county of Surrey.

It is a characteristic ending for the Man of Feeling, as Mackenzie portrays him, that he should desire to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness, says his author, but one universally incident to humanity: it is at least a memorial for those who survive: for some indeed a slender memorial will serve; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but, as this author somewhat oddly suggests, "on the paring of a nail." Harley was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard. "I have sat with him in it and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent towards us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look: perhaps it is foolish to remark it; but there are times and places when I am a child at these things." The Rev. Julian Young, in his memoir of his father, the celebrated tragedian, while describing the thirteen months of unbroken wedded happiness enjoyed by his parents, tells us how his mother's eye was caught, in one of their many country strolls, by a weeping birch-tree in Prestwich churchyard; and how, with a kind of prescience, the young wife (Julia Grimani, who counted five Doges of Venice on the family roll) begged to be buried under the shade of that tree. In his sixtieth year we find Washington Irving writing to

one brother his wishes as to the place of interment of another, as a thing that lay very near his heart, for he too hoped, some day or other, to sleep his last sleep in that favourite resort of his boyhood, the woody height adjacent to the old Dutch Sleepy Hollow church. Ten years pass, and he describes to a correspondent the scene he had thus secured, among the Beckman woods, and commanding one of the most beautiful views of the Hudson; the spot chosen being on the southern slope, with evergreens set out around it, and shaded by a grove of young oaks. There had he seen the remains of his family gathered together and interred, where they could not be disturbed; and a vast satisfaction he felt it to be, to have rescued them from the restless city, where nothing is sacred. Byron's lines had occurred to him when he was selecting this place of sepulture :—

> "Then look around,
> And choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest."

And now with serene complacency he was looking forward to being gathered at last to a family gathering-place, where his dust might mingle with the dust of those most dear to him.* Mary Russell Mitford writes to her life-long friend, Mr. Harness, in her last illness: "Swallowfield churchyard. . . . has only one objection—that my father and mother lie in Shenfield church, and that there is room left above them for me. But I greatly dislike the place where the vault is—just where all the schoolboys kick their heels." Walter Savage Landor took leave of Italy with a sigh at not laying his bones there :—

> "I did believe, (what have I not believed?)
> Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
> To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
> And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade . . .
> For we are fond of thinking where to lie
> When every pulse hath ceast, when the lone heart

* "I have marked out a resting-place by my mother's side, and a space is left for me there."—Letter to Mrs. Storrow, Sept. 29, 1853.

> Can lift no aspiration . . . reasoning
> As if the sight were unimpared by death,
> Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,
> And the sun cheered corruption ! Over all
> The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,
> And light us to our chamber at the grave."

Kellerman left his heart to be buried in the field of Valmy, where the first great battle was fought in 1792, in which the Allies were repulsed. Marshal Blücher's request was to be buried, without any parade, in a neighbouring field to his Silesian chateau, by the roadside, under three linden trees. (By the roadside it was Virgil's desire to be buried, on the Via Puteolana, at the second milestone from Naples.) Napoleon's dying request at St. Helena was that his body "might finally repose on the banks of the Seine, among the people he had loved so well." But meanwhile he desired to be interred in the small hollow, called Slanes Valley, where the waters of a fountain, shaded by weeping willows, meanders through verdant banks of *tchampas*—a plant which, says the Sanscrit Chronicle, notwithstanding its beauty and perfume, is no favourite, because it grows upon the tombs. Chateaubriand closes the introduction to his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* with an assured anticipation of reposing on the shore of that sea he had loved so dearly. Should he die out of France, he requested that his body might not be brought back to his native country until fifty years had elapsed from its first inhumation. The idea of a corpse travelling post filled him with horror; but dry and mouldering bones are easily transported. They would feel, he characteristically says, less fatigue on that last journey than when he dragged them hither and thither, burdened with the load of his cares and sufferings. The late Bishop Lonsdale disapproved and often, his biographer tells us, derided the carrying of bodies long distances to be buried, except where the person dying has expressed a strong wish for it, or where there are public reasons for having the religious ceremony of the burial of the dead performed in some particular place, out of consideration for those among whom a man of consequence has

lived; not because it signifies whether he leaves his body "to be turned into corruption" in one place rather than another.* He was just the man, however,—and in him the bishop never absorbed or exhausted the man,—to relish, as a story, what we are told of General Lee, that cashiered commander who died at Philadelphia in 1782, and who left this injunction in his will: "I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company while living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead." Something in the spirit of Timon of Athens, when professedly sick of this false world and on the point of leaving it:

> "Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
> Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
> Thy gravestone daily,"

George Glanville, Evelyn's brother-in-law, dying in the 84th year of his age, willed his body to be wrapped in lead and carried down to Greenwich, there put on board ship, and buried in the sea between Dover and Calais, about the Goodwin sands; "which was done on the Tuesday or Wednesday after [April, 1702]. This occasioned much discourse, he having no relation at all to the sea." Much discourse indeed might the whims of men provoke in this respect. Lord Camelford has his remains buried under an ash-tree on a Swiss mountain; and Sir Francis Bourgeois has a little mausoleum built for him in the college at Dulwich, where he once (as Hazlitt records the occasion) spent a pleasant, jovial day with the master and wardens. But these occasional fancies are excursive from the main line: the mass of men desire to lie where their early associations fixed their young regard. Etty's constant wish through life was to set up his rest within the confines of his beloved minster

* "It seems necessary to remind some people," Mr. Denison remarks, "that the person buried is not present at his own funeral, and that the Burial Service does not say 'We therefore commit *him*—but his *body*—to the ground;' and that that body will never be his again, but another, 'a spiritual body.'"—*Life of John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield*, ch. iii.

(York). And the author of *Caxtoniana* refers fondly to the little lake at the bottom of his own park, on the banks of which he loitered out his schoolboy holidays, and (could he but hallow their turf as Christian burial-ground) would desire to choose his grave.

Urn-burial has its Christian advocates; but it would lead us too far to enter on the vexed question of cremation. Suffice it here to quote a little poem from the Russian, happily rendered by Lady Charlotte Pepys :—

" In sculptured tomb I would not rest, with vain magnificence around,
Shut out from those I love the best, and trusted to the death-cold ground.
Nor would I be embalmed and lie a check on all their headless glee,
Of life a ghastly mockery, in annual spectacle to be.
Nor would I choose (though that were gain) 'neath the old yew beside the stream,
That spot where shadows of our fane fall 'thwart the moon-beams' silver gleam.
There, it is true, the thought of me oft in each gentle heart might rise,
And still, whene'er they came to pray, win a soft glance from those dear eyes.
I would not in their garden lie, though nearer to their daily life,
Though there, with sweetest minstrelsy from those dear lips, the air be rife.
No! let me rather shrink away, till by the spicy flame consumed;
Then let a hand belovèd lay mine ashes in a fold perfumed.
And this the warm and beating heart for ever on its pulses wear;
So might I still my loving part in all its joys and sorrows bear!"

Some there are, says Wordsworth's Solitary in the churchyard among the mountains, who, drawing near their final home, and much and daily longing that the same were reached, would rather shun than seek the fellowship of kindred mould. And that churchyard has its examples, lured thither even by the studied depth of privacy of the Genius of the hills,—whether "unhappy alien hoping to obtain concealment," or whatever other kind of fugitive from familiar fellowship. Mr. Browning's Paracelsus is a type in bold type, of this sad-hearted seclusiveness. In his farewell words to Festus the unhappy man says —and his words are unfathomably sad:

" I give the fight up! let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me.

I want to be forgotten even by God!
But if that cannot be, dear Festus, lay me,
When I shall die, within some narrow grave,
Not by itself—for that would be too proud—
But where such graves are thickest; let it look
Nowise distinguished from the hillocks round,
So that the peasant at his brother's bed
May tread upon my own and know it not."

——o——

## *UNSTABLE AS WATER.*

GENESIS xlix. 4.

UNSTABLE as water, how could Reuben excel? Excellence involves elements of constancy, conditions of stability. But what stability is there in water? The house built on the shifting sea-sands—we know what came of it. But the sands are more stable than the sea—than the waves of the sea, at least; and he that wavereth is like the waves of the sea. Unstable as that troubled water, he shall not excel.

In the great affairs of the world, especially in the revolutions which change its condition, the one thing needful, says Lord Brougham, is a sustained determination of character; a mind firm, persevering, inflexible, incapable of bending to the will of another, and ever controlling circumstances, not yielding to them. Cicero, for instance, could never have risen to eminence in the Revolution of France, any more than he could have mingled in the scenes which disgracefully distinguished it from the troubles of Rome. Decision of character is a topic of oft recurrence in the *Historical Sketches;* the want of it is illustrated in Lord Thurlow, for example, who in all questions of political conduct is characterized by the later Chancellor as "exceedingly irresolute;" so that Pitt found him a colleague wholly unfruitful in council, though always apt to raise difficulties, and very slow and undecided. "The Whigs, when he joined them, soon discovered how infirm a frame of mind there lay concealed behind the outward form of vigour and decision."

Eldon's far more pronounced repute for indecision, on the bench at least, is excused by his admirers as a frequent accompaniment of the most acute and penetrating intellect, which often seems undecided, not because it sees little, but because it sees so much, that instant decision is impossible. "Decision of character, the quality of all others the most important for success in life, often arises from the will being more powerful than the judgment; and the opposite side disregarded." Men and soldiers, as Mr. Carlyle says, love swift inflexible decision, even when they suffer by it. "As indee is not this fundamentally the quality of qualities for a man?" A quality which, he admits, taken by itself is next to nothing, since inferior animals, asses, dogs, even mules have it; yet, in due combination, the indispensable basis of all. Balzac ascribes to one of his heroes *cette vivacité méridionale* which forbids a Frenchman of the South to abide in any uncertainty whatever; a quality which they of the North call a defect: if, say they, it was the occasion of the brilliant fortune of Murat, it was also the cause of his death. Suvórov has been blamed for want of deliberation;* nevertheless he is one of the few generals on record who never lost a battle.

Pope Zephyrinus (A.D. 202–219), unstable as water, how could he excel in the pontificate? In *Latin Christianity* he is characterized as "of unsettled principles; embracing adverse tenets with all the zeal of which a mind so irresolute was capable." He was now a disciple of the Noetians (who held the extreme Monarchian doctrine, if not Patripassianism itself), now of Sabellius; and was constantly being driven back by his fears, or confusion of mind, to opposite tenets, and involved in the most glaring contradictions. So through his long episcopate there was endless conflict and uncertainty. The time was out

* His quickness of decision was incidentally observable in the short and laconic style of his orders; and a studied conciseness is said to have marked his conversation. He used to say that the whole of his tactics consisted in the magic words, *Stupai i bey!* "Advance and strike!"—an instance of the rhyming laconics he affected both in table-talk and letter-writing.

of joint, and that Holy Father was scarcely the Coming Man to set it right, nor was the hour at hand for the promulgation of the latter-day dogma of infallibility. The instability of Zephyrinus would have surrounded the dogma with difficulties not a few.

La Bruyère thinks it hard to decide whether irresolution makes a man most unhappy or contemptible; and a graphic sketch he draws of such a man,—not really a single character, but several, multiplying himself as often as his tastes and purposes change. At each moment he is what he was not the moment before, and will not be the moment after: he succeeds himself. And therefore, in another phase of the verb, he never succeeds at all. A late philosophic writer contrasts the career of those who preserve a steadiness of taste and purpose, not to be suddenly altered by any of the vicissitudes of life, with that of others who bend to every impulse, and fluctuate with every variation; who seem to possess a constant susceptibility of being influenced with ardour towards any object which happens to strike the imagination: for a short time the chase is kept up with a vigour and enthusiasm which amaze the ordinary class of mortals, and leave competition at a distance; but their preternatural energy soon relaxes, and ultimately dies away, till it is revived by some other caprice, and starts off in a new direction. Well says Samuel Bailey, that happiness must be held on a precarious tenure by a man who is thus subject to the opposite influence of inconsistent attractions, and who is continually liable to have his tranquillity ruffled and his purposes disturbed by some novel event or contact with some new character. "With a mind full of associations which can be acted upon by impulses the most contrary, he is the slave of circumstances, which seem to snatch the guidance of his conduct out of his own hands, and impel him forward till other events overpower their influence, and, having usurped the same ascendency, exercise the same despotism." The friends made by such a man are many, and hardly one of them kept. Friendship is with him an intermittent fever, and after the hot fits come the cold. Virtue only is stable, observes Dr. Thomas

Brown, because virtue only is consistent; and the caprice which, under a momentary impulse, begins an eager intimacy with one, as it began it from an impulse as momentary with another, will soon find a third, with whom it may again begin it, with the same exclusion, for the moment, of every previous attachment (so true is Rousseau's remark on these hasty starts of kindness, that he who treats us at first sight like a friend of twenty years' standing, will very probably, before anything like twenty years are past, treat us as a stranger, if we have any important service to ask of him).

> "Some fickle creatures boast a soul
> True as the needle to the pole,
> Their humour yet so various—
> They manifest their whole life through
> The needle's variations too,
> Their love is so precarious."

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the Opposition nominally had for its chief Frederick Prince of Wales; but the influence was nominal only; for, says Earl Stanhope, "so weak and fickle had been his conduct to all parties, that even the near approach of a throne could not make him an object of respect." The same historian refers to the parliamentary wit and rising statesman of that day, Charles Townshend,* as

* Whom Walpole in one letter stigmatizes as a "poor toad," to be pitied for the distracting effects upon himself of his own complex manœuverings, "all tearing him or impelling him a thousand ways, with the addition of his own vanity and irresolution" (Walpole to Lord Hertford, Jan. 27, 1765). In another he thus remonstrates with his friend Conway (and if ever Horace had a friend he cared for, it was Harry Conway): "Pray stay where you are, and do some good to your country. . . . You have engaged and must go through. . . . I have no patience with your thinking so idly. It would be a reflection on your understanding and character, and a want of resolution unworthy of you" (Nov. 29, 1765). It was going to Italy from which Walpole would dissuade the Marshal.

As editor of *Moore's Diary*, Earl Russell may have felt a passing inclination, if not to suppress, at least to take exception to, some passages in which the writer seems to impute as characteristic a tendency to vexatious irresolution on the part of his noble friend. Thus, Sept. 13. 1821: "Lord John came to take leave of Bessy. Told him that, as I knew he liked to change his mind, he must not be particular with me, as to his promise of going with me [to England, from Paris]; he seemed, however,

kept back by fickleness and unsteadiness of purpose. Of an entirely different complexion is the uncertainty complained of by Lord Brougham in Mr. Windham, as not only impairing the effect of his oratory, but diminishing his usefulness and injuring his reputation as a statesman. "For he was too often the dupe of his own ingenuity; which made him doubt and balance, and gave an oscitancy fatal to vigour in council, as well as most prejudicial to the effects of eloquence, by breaking the force of his blows as they fell." So his "hesitating disposition" *in*disposed him to be a leader, and tended to make him a follower, rather than an original thinker or actor; as if, says his critic, he felt some relief under the doubts which harassed him, in thus taking shelter under a master's wing, and devolving upon a less scrupulous balancer of conflicting reasons the task of trimming the scales and forming his opinions for him.

> "Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win,
> By fearing to attempt."

The Duke of Newcastle,—Smollett's duke, Walpole's, Macaulay's,—is a signal type of the forcibly-feeble irresolute man. He is pictured in 1757, at a ministerial crisis, in the agonies of irresolution; sometimes his ambition and sometimes his fears predominated; and whatever he said one day he was sure to unsay the next. Again, that Earl of Loudoun whom he sent to Canada as Commander-in-Chief, against Montcalm, for whom he was no match, shared all too largely in the duke's defect. Indecision, says Earl Stanhope, was the ruling fault of his, as of most weak characters. "He is like St. George upon the signposts," said a Philadelphian to Dr. Franklin, "always on horseback, but never advances." Gibbon depicts the dis-

decided upon it."—15th. "Had a note from Lord John to say he has changed his mind about going. This uncertainty rather a fault. . . . Called upon Lord John, who seemed, after a little conversation, to be half inclined to change again. Bid me, at parting, not give him up."—17th. "Saw Lord John, who says he is now determined to go, if I will wait for him till Saturday." On the 23rd, go he did.

tress of the Emperor Valens when no longer guided by the wisdom and authority of his elder brother, and required by the ambassadors of the Goths to give an instant and peremptory decision as to their appeal : "he was deprived of the favourite resource of feeble and timid minds; who consider the use of dilatory and ambiguous measures as the most admirable efforts of consummate prudence." Like the Greek sovran in a modern-antique play,—

> "He has a wavering nature, easily
> Unpoised, and trembling ever on extremes.
> * * * *
> The flower of his love never bloomed upright,
> But was a parasite that loved to lean
> On stronger natures, winning strength from them."

Schiller's English biographer discerns in him a consistency in action, and a firm coherence in character, which the changeful condition of his history rendered of peculiar importance : his resources, his place of residence, his associates, his worldly prospects, might vary as they pleased ; the purpose of his life did not vary, but was ever present with him, to nerve every better faculty of his head and heart, to invest the chequered vicissitudes of his fortune with a dignity derived from himself. "The zeal of his nature overcame the temptations to that loitering and indecision, that fluctuation between sloth and consuming toil, that infirmity of resolution, with all its tormenting and enfeebling consequences, to which a literary man,* working as he does at a solitary task, uncalled-for by any pressing tangible demand, and to be recompensed by distant and dubious advantages, is especially exposed." Unity of aim,† aided by ordinary vigour of character, will generally ensure perseverance ; a quality, adds Mr. Carlyle, "not ranked

* William Collins, the poet, is typical in this respect, His great fault, says Johnson, was irresolution ; many were the works he designed, but the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose.

† Rothschild's advice to young Buxton was, "Stick to your brewery, and you will be the great brewer of London. Be brewer, and banker, and merchant, and manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette*."

among the cardinal virtues, but as essential as any of them to the proper conduct of life." The weakest living creature, he asserts, can, by concentrating his powers on a single object, accomplish something; while the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.* In another of Mr. Carlyle's biographies a memorable picture is given of the irresolute "literary man," in the person of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—emphatically in his person, as indicative of character and mental habit. "The face was flabby and irresolute. . . . The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both." A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man: altogether what his critic elsewhere calls a foiled potentiality. Excel, in a manner, Coleridge undoubtedly did; but the excellence was ever of a kind to suggest how much greater it might have been, with stability at the base of his character. Being unstable, he did not, his genius and possibilities considered, excel. The excellence, of a rare degree and choicest kind, was potentially present; he had it in him; but the outcomings were shortcomings, the upshot was a mortifying disappointment of legitimately great expectations.

The latest gospel in this world, according to the Clothes-Philosopher of Weissnichtwo, is, "Know thy work and do it." Know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules. We have Mr. Emerson's word for it, that each

* "The drop, by continual falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind. Few men have applied more steadfastly to the business of their life, or been more resolutely diligent than Schiller."—*Life of Schiller*, Part II.

man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other. "Do your work. I have to say this often, but nature says it oftener." Blessed is he who has found his work, Mr. Carlyle exclaims, or proclaims; let him ask no other blessedness. "He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it." *Chanter, ou je m'abuse, est ma tâche ici-bas,* was Béranger's device.

> "——Pol meo animo omnes sapientes
> Suum officium æquum est colere, et facere,"

is the whole duty of man, or thereabouts, as understood by "the man in the play," as the phrase goes, in Plautus. Persius is philosophically didactic on the duty of sticking to one's ascertained duty; of having an object in life, and pursuing it.

> "Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum?
> An passim sequeris corvos, testâve, lutove,
> Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis?" *

That *ex tempore* living is just the converse of living for all time. Its objects change with every day of its fickle course. It turns with every turn of the tide. Unstable as water, one's name shall be written in water.

The Abbé d'Olivet says at the close of one of his artistic studies, that the fine arts attract large numbers of students and devotees, of whom by far the greater part, however devoted their application, will never achieve anything like excellence; while such as do excel, are able to do so in one kind only. Happy they who know what that one kind is! But he reckons it as rare, perhaps, to know one's talent as to have a really definite and defined talent at all. M. de Sacy winds up one of his critico-historical disquisitions with a characteristic *Courage*

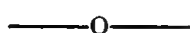
* Thus Englished by Dr. Brewster:

> "Say, hast thou fixed some certain mark in view?
> This, do thy levelled shafts alone pursue?
> Or vagrant follow'st thou, with pelting clay,
> Each random crow that fortunes in thy way?
> Does thy life one determined scope avow,
> Or looks thy thought no further than the now?"
>
> *Satires of Persius,* iii. 60.

*donc!* by way of self-communing, not to say self-satisfaction: Let me write criticism and biography; that is my vocation. And it is something to know what one can do, and to confine one's self to the doing of it—*de s'y renfermer.* So the late W. Lovell Beddoes sought to fortify himself in his literary pursuits by reflecting that a man must have an exclusive passion for his art, and all the obstinacy and self-denial which are combined with such a temperament, an unconquerable and always-enduring will, always working forward to the only goal he knows; and such a one, he insists, must never think that there is any human employment so good (much less suspect that there may be not a few better), or so honourable for the exercise of his faculties. "All my life long," says Philip van Artevelde,

> "I have beheld with most respect the man
> Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him,
> And from among them chose considerately,
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purpose."

A commentator upon which passage has remarked how true it is, that, attractive though versatility be, concentration of energies upon some one good work is the master-key to the honour and respect of our fellows.



## *WAVE-LIKE WAVERERS. A SEQUEL TO "UNSTABLE AS WATER."*

JAMES i. 6, 8.

THE self-designed epitaph of a modern poet, "His name was writ in water," might stand for that by which the name of Reuben is noted for all time,—unstable as water. The instability, and the similitude, may remind us of a precept and a similitude in a canonical epistle; where whoso lacketh wisdom is enjoined to ask it of God, and to do so "nothing wavering; for he that wavereth (διακρινόμενος) is like a wave

(κλύδωνι) of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed." Let not *that* man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. And the Apostle adds, that a double-minded man is *unstable* (ἀκατάστατος) in all his ways. The blight of Reuben is upon him, so that he shall not, cannot excel.

St. Paul uses the wave-like phrase, where he speaks of those who are tossed to and fro (κλυδωνιζόμενοι) and carried about with every wind of doctrine (Eph. iv. 14). The image is, as in the prophet Isaiah, of the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. Nay, a smooth sea has its ripples. The ebb and flow of the tide imply wavelets at least, and these imply perpetual unrest. The wavering mind may vary in degree with the degrees of agitation on the surface of the sea; and he that wavereth may be like the wavelet that just ruffles that surface, or he may be like a billow that is driven with the wind, and tossed. Either way a waverer, he is either way wave-like.

Irresolution is figured under images the most diverse. A victim to it likens himself, in an old play, to a heavy stone, rolled up a hill by a weak child: he moves a little up, and tumbles back again. We all, it has been said, feel a vigorous will to be a fine thing; and it is well called a stroke of nature in "the man in the play" (another man and another play), to hate a bird that does not know its own mind; so wearisome is it to be with people without any will of their own. "Volition is life: no one can be really great, whatever his other powers, without it." He shall not excel. Scott characterizes James the First as so utterly devoid of "firm resolve," which another Scottish bard has called "the stalk of carle-hempe in man," that even his virtues and good meaning became laughable, from the whimsical uncertainty of his conduct.* It is of

* In *Peveril of the Peak* Sir Walter lays stress on the capricious instability of character of the second Duke of Buckingham, and tells how discarded statesmen, and what would now perhaps be called Cave-of-Adullamites of all sorts, besides servile tools of administration and political spies, all regarded the Duke's mansion as neutral ground; sure, that if he was not of their opinion to-day this very circumstance rendered it most likely he would think with them to-morrow.

A more subtle if not elaborate study of the unstable man is seen in Sir

James the Second that Clarendon is writing when he says, comparing him with his elder brother Charles, that if the Duke, as he then was, seemed to be more firm and fixed in his resolutions, it was rather from an obstinacy in his will than from the constancy of his judgment, which was more subject to persons than to argument, and so as chaneagble at least as the King's; "And from this want of steadiness, and irresolution (whencesoever the infirmity proceeded), most of the misfortunes which attended either of them or their servants who served them honestly, had their rise and growth." On a later page Clarendon professes that what gave himself most trouble, and many times made him wish himself in any private condition separated from the Court, was "that unfixedness and irresolution of judgment" which was natural to all the royal family "of the male line," and which "often exposed them all to the importunities of bold, and to the snares of crafty men." His references to his own royal master in particular, the second Charles, are often couched in such terms as these: "The King seemed very much troubled and irresolute;"—"presenting to his Majesty his irresoluteness," his "receding from what he had so positively resolved to have done;"—he "promised them to be firmer to his next determination;"—"The King gave no other answer than that he had proceeded too far to retire, and that he should be looked upon as a child if he receded from his purpose," etc. Receded he had, more than once or twice too often, and already looked upon as a child he was, accordingly; for of this sovereign lord the king it was written, by an antedated epitaph, "Whose word no man relies on." How expressive is the account given by the Cardinal de Retz of the *faiblesse* of Monsieur, Gaston, Duke of Orleans. We are

William Ashton, in whose resolutions a stranger even, if at all observant, can scarcely fail to discover something vacillating and uncertain, though not until after long and intimate conversation with him on topics of pressing and personal interest: "an infirmity of purpose, arising from a cautious and timid disposition, which, as he was conscious of its influence on his mind, he was, from pride as well as policy, most anxious to conceal from others." Too distinctively his daughter inherits this infirmity of purpose; for thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

shown the various degrees and stages of it, and are as it were told to tell them off one by one : "Il y avait très-loin chez lui de la *velléité* à la *volonté*, de la *volonté* à la *résolution*, de la *résolution* au *choix des moyens*, du *choix des moyens* à *l'application.* Mais ce qui était de plus extraordinaire, il arrivait même assez souvent qu'il demeurait tout court *au milieu de l'application.*" The Regent Arran is another type of the utterly irresolute and therefore quite incompetent statesman. His infirm character rendered him a pliant instrument of the English policy; and he was described by English intriguers, episcopal and civilian, as "a soft God's man, that loved well to look on the Scripture." Coleridge somewhere asserts that indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence. Mr. Froude speaks of Arran as one "whose feeble understanding swayed under every transient impulse." "The imbecile Arran," he says on another page, could play no part but that of the wind-vane marking the changes in the air-currents. And elsewhere again: "Arran had the vice, so rare in a Scotchman, of weakness. The necessity for action paralysed in him the power to act." When urged to activity,* for instance, by Henry VIII., in 1543, he issued proclamations; he talked of raising twenty thousand men; he would bring the Queen into Blackness; he would meet the Cardinal (Beatoun) in the field; but, meanwhile, he did no one of these things: he sat still, and waited upon events, and laboured to inflict his own inaction on the English. The firm foot is that which finds firm footing, says Archæus; the weak falters, though it be standing upon rock. Necker, in whom, and to whom a characteristic *fonds d'indécision* was fatal, has himself retraced,

* Compare the account given by another historian, a Scotch one, of the vacillating and contradictory policy of our Edward II. with regard to Scotland, in 1308, which afforded every advantage to so able an adversary as Bruce. Orders for the muster of his army, which were not enforced; commissions to his generals, which were presently countermanded; promises to take the field in person, which were broken almost as soon as made; directions to his lieutenant in Scotland to prosecute the war with the greatest vigour, followed by instructions to purchase a truce;—such is the picture of the imbecility of the English king, as presented by the public records of the time, and from them copied by Mr. Tytler.

in one of his *Pensées*, the torments of irresolution, from which the irresolute man can only gain deliverance by submitting himself to haphazard or else to some whimsically devised rules which have at any rate the merit of being fixed. What he in the most pronounced way admired in the First Consul, to whom, on the road to Marengo, Necker was presented at Geneva, was that strength of will in which he was so deficient, and which he now declared to be the prime essential for the governor-in-chief of a great empire. Napoleon won his admiring, almost amazed, homage by his decision of character, and that *superbe volonté* which grasped all, governed all, subdued all, even itself.

Not many are ingenuous enough to confess with Montaigne, though with ampler cause for the confession than he had,—"I will not omit this further blemish, however unfit to be published, namely, my irresolution; a defect highly incommodious in the transaction of the affairs of the world." He avows himself to be good for nothing but to follow, suffering himself to be easily carried away with the crowd: "I have not confidence enough in my own strength to take upon me to command and lead; I am very glad to find the way beaten before me by others." A popular English essayist takes the most hopeless of confessedly undecided people to be those who appear totally unable to form any opinions of their own, and are therefore dependent upon those of others; and who are apt to refer each trifling difficulty, each doubtful question, to every fresh person with whom they come in contact, and are influenced in turn by each; so that no sooner have they heard and approved of one opinion, and, apparently, determine to act upon it, than they turn to the next person they chance to meet for his advice; and, as very naturally may happen, a different counsel being given, they are thrown on a precisely different track till a third adviser may again alter their course. Now, if "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," it must certainly, we are to bear in mind, imply these counsellors in full conclave, not singly and in succession. "There is nothing more dangerous than this dependence on every fresh opinion, and receiving the impression of each, just as water reflects every

successive object which passes over its clear surface, and retains no lasting image from any." The natural results of this perilous practice are shown to be complete destruction of self-dependence and self-respect, and a fatal inconsistency and changeableness of purpose and conduct. Such a character is designed in the Prefect Pompeianus in *Antonina*,—a short, fat, undignified man, on whose aspect was legibly impressed the stamp of indolence and vacillation: "You saw, in a moment, that his mind, like a shuttlecock, might be urged in any direction by the efforts of others, but was utterly incapable of volition by itself." It may probably, however, be true, as alleged, that indecision comes in for a good deal of undeserved contempt merely because few people are at the pains to discriminate between the two very different sources from which it springs; for there is an indecision of the moral and an indecision of the intellectual nature, and though the two are in themselves as distinct as they well can be, they are in their results so similar that they are too commonly confounded, and each has to bear the praise or dispraise really due to the other. The indecision which is due to a defect in the moral nature, is illustrated in the case of persons (especially, but not exclusively, young persons) whose whole happiness in life seems to hang upon the approbation of others,—even to the extent of their clothes. As an example, humorously exaggerated of course, we are referred to Mr. Toots and the overwhelming difficulty he experienced in deciding whether he ought or ought not to button the last button of his dress-waistcoat. "Having formed no fixed principles of art, or having at least no confidence in his ability to apply them to dress-clothes, Mr. Toots weakly took his tone from his fellow-guests, and, as each arrival displayed a fresh arrangement of buttons, was kept wildly playing upon his waistcoat, as if it had been a musical instrument." The sartorial illustration recalls a passage in the diary of the late Mr. William Collins, where he seeks to impress upon himself how great a waste of time the habit of determining the course of action would prevent; how great, too, is the debility of mind consequent upon the worries of continuous hesitation,—all rendered the more vexing from

the fact that, in general, the things about which the mind has the greatest doubt, are either above its powers or beneath its notice. For his instance of the latter: "A man orders a coat; he is in doubt about the colour; perhaps he says, 'I will wait a few days,'"—during which the execrable coat "so frequently interrupts his more useful cogitations, that he orders one at last of (most likely) a colour he hates, merely to get rid of the subject." Had he in the first instance, wistfully muses the moralizing painter, determined on it before he set about anything else, his mind would have been in a "more clear and proper state to receive other ideas." Indecision of this sort may well be rated as a poor sort of quality enough, deserving all the contemptuous pity which decided people heap upon it, and having its root in fear—the undue fear of what our neighbours may think or say of us. As from Dickens is quoted Mr. Toots, so from Macaulay is cited the vigorous sketch of another type of the character in Marshal Conway, who, "afraid of disobliging the King, afraid of being abused in the newspapers, afraid of being thought factious if he went out, afraid of being thought interested if he stayed in, afraid of everything, and afraid of being known to be afraid of anything," is presented as a laughable mixture of great physical courage with the weakest moral timidity. Another historian speaks of Conway as "at all times irresolute in his manner and tortuous in his phrases;" and remarks upon one celebrated speech of his, that it was "significant of his mental confusion, and his almost infantine helplessness." There was a well-invented story spread about to satirize Conway's "irresolutions," as his fast friend Horace Walpole has it, in whose *Last Journals* the story is to be found: it is, that Conway went with Charles Fox and others to Breslau, the conjuror, who told visitors what card they had thought of. He told all the rest directly; but when Conway presented himself, Breslau said, "Oh! here is something very odd! Sir, you have not fixed upon a card: you first thought of the knave of clubs, then of the ace of hearts, and then of the nine of diamonds, but you have not determined on which." Clarendon's character-study of Colepepper

includes the emphasized mention of his being so irresolute, and having a fancy so perpetually working, that after a conclusion made, he would the next day, in the execution of it, and sometimes after, raise new doubts and make new objections; which "always occasioned trouble and sometimes produced inconvenience." But in Sir John's case, the indecision may be perhaps more properly considered intellectual than moral; and there is an intellectual indecision which, as analysts of both kinds have discerningly explained, is related to the moral nature as the result of excessive conscientiousness, not of undue fear about the opinions of others. Rapid decision may be a proof rather of weakness than of strength; the mere faculty of keeping the mind fairly balanced between two or more courses implying a certain degree of intellectual power which some are wholly without. Whately complains that there are "persons who can no more refrain from deciding immediately, and with full conviction, on one side of a question, than they could continue to stand after having lost their equilibrium, like the famous tower of Pisa." Self-satisfied people, it has been said, decide easily, for the simple reason that, be their decision what it may, it is sure to please them. Goethe's English biographer notes in him a singular hesitation in adopting any decisive course of action—singular, in a man so resolute and imperious when once his decision had been made. This Mr. Lewes calls the weakness of imaginative men. However strong the volition, when once the volition is set going, there is, he observes, in men of active intellects, and especially in men of imaginative, apprehensive intellects,* a fluctuation of motives keeping the volition in abeyance, which practically amounts to weakness; and is only distinguished from weakness by the strength of the volition when let loose. Goethe, who was aware of this peculiarity, is

* As of purely intellectual indecision, Lord Eldon is the accepted type; so, of that indecision which is partly the result of a subtle intellect, partly the result of a self-torturing conscience, a Saturday Reviewer proposes Mr. Gladstone as a familiar instance.

said to have attributed it to his never having been placed in circumstances which required prompt resolution, and to his not having educated his will.* A habit of thinking for himself is one which may be acquired by the solitary student; but, Sir A. Helps maintains, the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study. Decision, he says, is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. "You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with." It is true, he agrees, that the formation of principles requires decision, but this of a kind which depends upon deliberate judgment; whereas, the decision which is wanted in the world's business must ever be within call, and does not judge so much as it foresees and chooses; and this kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on their own resources, or who have been brought up in great freedom.

While essay-writing lasts, there never will be wanting essays to point the moral of indecision of character, and to trace to this one fatal defect,—this vulnerable point, which, "like the heel of Achilles, renders the perfection of the rest of the organization of no avail,"—the melancholy spectacle of talents wasted, opportunities of rising in the world thrown away, and the fairest prospects blighted. Again and again, with one essayist on the subject, may we and do we see persons whose characters seemed adapted for posts of eminence, whose talents and energy and attractive qualities are alike fitted to win confidence and love, fail in the hour of trial, and sink into obscurity or disgrace, from the "weak vacillation of purpose which spoils the best-conceived plans, and disappoints the sanguine expectations which their known capabilities have justly excited." How much greater might Queen Elizabeth have been, but for that strangely vacillating temper which comes out so very strongly in Mr. Froude's History. Her life-long irresolution on the subject of her marriage may have been

* But his biographer believes the cause to have lain much deeper,—in the nature of psychological actions, not in the accidents of education.

only part of her general character; but in her treatment of Mary Stuart this fault is seen to come out with tenfold strength, because, as one severe critic allows, the circumstances were such that the wisest statesman might well doubt and change his mind. Even Cecil might almost in that matter have set up a plea to adopt the style of Ben Jonson's Kitely:—

> "I am a knave if I know what to say,
> What course to take, or which way to resolve.
> My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
> Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
> Filling up time; but then are turned and turned;
> So that I know not what to stay upon,
> And less, to put in act."

Fiction delights in full-length, kit-kat, profile, and other portraiture of irresolute people, in all their genera and species. It may be a life-likeness in a few simple strokes, with the characteristic coming out indirectly, as in the Mr. Woodhouse* of Miss Austen's *Emma*, or her Harriet Smith † in the same

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* For instance: "Mr. Knightley called, and sat some time with Mr. Woodhouse and Emma, till Mr. Woodhouse, who had previously made up his mind to walk out, was persuaded by his daughter not to defer it, and was induced by the entreaties of both, though against the scruples of his own civility, to leave Mr. Knightley for that purpose. Mr. Knightley, who had nothing of ceremony about him, was offering, by his short decided answers, an amusing contrast to the protracted apologies and civil hesitations of the other," etc.—*Emma*, chapter. viii.

† Witness her hesitations and vacillations in the milliner's shop, until Emma joins her at the "interesting counter," and tries, with all the force of her own mind, to convince her that if she wants plain muslin, it is of no use to look at figured; and that a blue riband, be it ever so beautiful, will never match her yellow pattern. At last it is all settled, even to the destination of the parcel. "Should I send it to Mrs. Goddard's?" the milliner asks. "Yes—no—yes, to Mrs. Goddard's. Only my pattern gown is at Hartfield. No, you shall send it to Hartfield, if you please. But then, Mrs. Goddard will want to see it. And I could take the pattern gown home any day. But I shall want the riband directly; so it had better go to Hartfield—at least the riband. You could not make it into two parcels, Mrs. Ford, could you?" "It is not worth while, Harriet, to give Mrs. Ford the trouble of two parcels," interposes Emma. "No more it is," assents Harriet. "No trouble in the world, ma'am," protests the milliner. "Oh, but indeed," exclaims Harriet, "I would much rather have it only in one. Then, if you please, you shall send it all to Mrs. Goddard's. I do not know—no, I think, Miss Woodhouse, I may just as

tale; or again the Anne Elliott pictured, however mistakenly, by Captain Wentworth, in the same writer's admirably finished story of *Persuasion.** Or, say, the Richard of *Bleak House*, vacillating between the study of medicine at Mr. Badger's, and that of law in Mr. Kenge's office: as soon as he has it in his power to leave Mr. Badger at any moment, he begins to doubt whether he wants to leave him at all. "He didn't know, he said, really. It wasn't a bad profession; he couldn't assert that he disliked it; perhaps he liked it as well as any other —suppose he gave it one more chance!" Whereupon he shut himself up for a few weeks, with some books and some bones, and seems to be acquiring a considerable fund of information with great rapidity. But his fervour, after lasting about a month, begins to cool; and when it is quite cooled, begins to grow warm again. His vacillations between law and medicine last so long, that the half-year is gone before he finally

well have it sent to Hartfield, and take it home with me at night. What do you advise?" "That you do not give another half-second to the subject. To Hartfield, if you please, Mrs. Ford." "Ay, that will be much best," says Harriet, quite satisfied; "I should not at all like to have it sent to Mrs. Goddard's."—Chapter xxvii.

* As the Captain walks with Louisa in the hedge-row, on a winter day, he expatiates on her superiority to her sister (Anne) in decision of character. It is the worst evil, he reflects, of too yielding and indecisive a character, that no influence over it can be depended on. You are never sure of a good impression being durable: everybody may sway it. "Let those who would be happy be firm. Here is a nut," said he, catching one down from an upper bough, "to exemplify: a beautiful glossy nut, which, blessed with original strength, has outlived all the storms of autumn. Not a puncture, not a weak spot anywhere. This nut," he continued, with playful solemnity, "while so many of its brethren have fallen and been trodden under foot, is still in possession of all the happiness that a hazel nut can be supposed capable of." Then returning to his former earnest tone—"My first wish for all whom I am interested in, is that they should be firm."—*Persuasion*, chapter x.

There comes a time, nevertheless, when Anne, the presumed victim of persuasion, who has overheard this hedgerow homily, wonders (see chapter xii.) whether it ever occurs to Captain Wentworth now, after new experiences of character, to question the justness of his previous opinion as to the universal felicity and advantages of firmness of character; and whether it might not strike him that, like all other qualities of mind, it should have its proportions and limits. It can hardly, she thinks, escape him to feel that a persuadable temper may sometimes be as much in favour of happiness as a very resolute character.

separates from Mr. Badger, and enters on an experimental course of Messrs. Kenge and Carboy; for all which waywardness he takes great credit to himself, as being determined to be in earnest "this time." Mrs. Gaskell, in *Ruth*, contrasts the excellent practical sense of Miss Benson with the intellectual indecision of her winsome, and devout, but (of the two) less masculine, brother; he being so often perplexed by the problems of life, that he lets the time for action go by; while she keeps him in check by her clear, pithy talk, which brings back his wandering thoughts to the duty that lies straight before him, waiting for action.* Quick, resolute action in the next step of Life is all she requires, while he deliberates, and trembles, and often does wrong from his very deliberation, when his first instinct would have led him right. To have made up one's mind, is asserted by the author of *Doctor Jacob*, with an exemplification accordingly, to be certainly one of the readiest specifics for mental serenity. Ulysses is cited as beyond question a miserable man while swaying between indulgence and duty in the island of Ogygia, but assuredly able to sleep soundly enough when he had once given the word, Off and away. Philip van Artevelde can give evidence as an expert, to the same effect :—

> "And take this with thee for thy comfort too—
> That man is not the most in tribulation
> Who, resolute of mind, walks his own way,
> With answerable skill to plant his steps.
> Men in their places are the men that stand,
> And I am strong and stable on my legs."

* A sufficiently differing contrast is that made out by Scott between the Earl of Leicester and his unscrupulous master of the horse, when the hour is come to decide on the fate of Amy Robsart. Varney professes attachment to "the noble, the lofty, the high-minded Leicester," as he has known him hitherto. But the abject lord who stoops to every adverse circumstance, whose judicious resolves are scattered like chaff before every wind of passion, him Richard Varney declines to serve; accounting himself as much above him in constancy of mind, as beneath him in rank and fortune. And Varney is alleged to speak thus without hypocrisy; for, though the firmness of mind which he boasted was hardness and impenetrability, yet he really felt the ascendency which he vaunted.—*Kenilworth*, chapter xxxvii.

## *GRATITUDE A SOURCE OF RESIGNATION.*

Job ii. 10.

OVERTAKEN with loss upon loss, sorrow upon sorrow, the man of Uz called to mind amid his calamities the redundance of bygone prosperity. Bygone it might be altogether; yet would he keep it gratefully in remembrance. Let *not* such bygones be bygones. This man had been in substance and success the greatest of all the men of the East. He was now in trouble, cast down very low, taking his session among the ashes, and scraping himself there with a potsherd. Yet his answers to the foolish woman, his wife, who urged him to repine and rebel, was the simple note of exclamation, What! should he receive good at the hand of God, and should he not receive evil?

A clerical poet, not very long since taken from among us, thus refers to the habit men have of reckoning up their troubles much oftener than their mercies, and of failing to balance accounts in any account-taking of this sort:

> "Dials count sunbeams—man, each cloud that lowers:
> Thou who complainest of life's stormy ray,
> Say, hast thou numbered thy serener hours—
> God's little kindnesses of every day,
> Which often blessed thee, e'en in thine own way?
> Thou hast not. Evil makes a mighty noise,
> But Good is silent. Yet 'twere well to weigh
> Remembered sorrows with forgotten joys:
> Oh, yet reverse thy plan! Restore Life's equipoise!"

The working out of that little sum in practice, in the practice of daily life, might make us practical arithmeticians to some purpose.

The days of joy, observes Henry Mackenzie, are not more fleetly winged in their course than the days of sorrow; but we count not the moments of their duration with so scrupulous an exactness.

In Hawthorne's suggestive allegory of the Christmas Banquet, the two trustees or stewards of the fund, to whom is

entrusted the duty of inviting the guests, are described as "sombre humorists," who made it their principal occupation to number the sable threads in the web of human life, and drop all the golden ones out of the reckoning.

Human nature, as Owen Feltham puts it, is more sensible of smart in suffering, than of pleasure in rejoicing, and "present endurances easily engross our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain; while we only smile for a great deal of contentment." The arithmetic of his quaint contemporary, "hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton," is not, nor ever has been, greatly in vogue, that whoever

> "—— has one good year in three,
> And yet repines at destiny,
> Appears ungrateful in the case;
> And merits not the good he has."

That benign scholar of the old school, Doctor Harrison, in Fielding's ripest and humanest fiction, closes a long letter of admonition and advice to the Booths by one exhortation to this effect: "Do not, my dear children, fall into that fault which, the excellent Thucydides observes, is too common in human nature, to bear heavily the being deprived of the smaller good, without conceiving, at the same time, any gratitude for the much greater blessings which we are suffered to enjoy."

Dr. Moore's Zeluco is at a loss to comprehend the philosophy of his reckless, easy-going, scampish acquaintance, Bertram, who takes his losses so quietly, or, indeed, complacently,—the loss, for instance, of four hundred dollars being declared by him to have been "one of the luckiest things that ever happened to me,"—for it obliged him to pinch so hard to make it up, that he has thought himself in affluence ever since. Zeluco tells him he is a philosopher, and bears misfortunes with great fortitude. He has hardly any misfortunes to bear, Bertram replies. True, he has lost nearly seven thousand dollars in the space of a month. But he could never have had the misfortune to lose, if he had not first

had the good fortune to win them. That is his way of looking at the matter; and even a blackleg may point a moral. That is not the usual way, Zeluco hints, in which men calculate their own misfortunes. It is the fair way, however, rejoins Bertram; "for the most fortunate man that ever existed will be proved to be unfortunate if you throw out all the lucky incidents of his life, and leave the unlucky behind." Strange, in the superlative degree, must have been the life-long destiny, or strange, and strangely sombre, the disposition and temperament of him or her who can say, with the octogenarian duchess in Shakspeare,—

> "Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
> And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen."*

Ovid tells us ("*Si numeres anno,*" etc.) that if we count the fine days and the cloudy ones throughout the year, we shall find that the sunny ones are in the majority. The keeping of a diary has been urged for this reason, among others, that it helps to prevent the diary-keeper from coming to believe himself an exceptional sufferer. The present worry or trouble that is weighing him down, seems to him of long standing; he believes his low spirits to date very far back, until, turning to his diary, he finds that only two days ago he was "merry as a cricket" with the friend that came to see him. "After heavy rain has fallen for four or five days, all persons who do not keep diaries invariably think that it has rained for a fortnight. If keen frosts last in winter for a fortnight, all persons without diaries have a vague belief that there has been frost for a month or six weeks." Hazlitt somewhere observes, that if our hours were all serene, we might probably take as little note of them as the sun-dial does of those that are clouded. It is the shadow thrown across, he says, that gives us warning of their flight; otherwise, our impressions would take the same undistinguishable hue, and we should scarce be conscious of our existence.

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* Grief.

Shelley once said to Leigh Hunt, during a walk together in the Strand, "Look at all these worn and miserable faces that we meet, and tell me what is to be thought of the world they appear in?" His companion's reply was, "Ah, but these faces are not all worn with grief. You must take the wear and tear of pleasure into the account; of secret joys as well as sorrows." In Auerbach's picturesque story of Christian Gellert, we have a grumbling rustic, in Duben Forest, rising before daybreak from his bed to go out and brave wind and rain, and we overhear his repinings at his lot,—bitter murmurs at so wretched an existence,—his broken rest by night, and by day a ceaseless round of strenuous toiling, while others fare so differently. But we see the weary woodman's wife cheerily light the fire and set about making ready her husband's porridge; and meanwhile he looks at a book lying open on the table, and this one verse in it he is fain to read again and again, till he has laid it to heart:

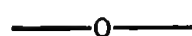
> "Accept God's gifts with resignation,
> Content to lack what thou hast not,
> In every lot there's consolation,
> There's trouble, too, in every lot."

"It is true," says the woodman softly to himself; and he adds aloud, "it's all there together, short and sweet." He takes off his cap, folds his hands, and repeats the words before eating his smoking porridge. His wife wonders at this grace. He calls the verse real God's words, and thinks they must be those of a saint of old. His wife tells him they are Gellert's, the great Professor, of Leipzig; and thereby hangs the tale of "Gellert's Last Christmas." To be counted by multitudes are they who turn away from the many blessings and compensations of their lot, "to dwell and brood upon its worries;" who, as it has been said, persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things. "Every petty disagreeable in their lot is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and exaggerated to the highest degree." They seem to find a grim satisfaction in sticking the thorn in

the hand further in; and although their lot has its innumerable blessings, at these they will not look. A homely moralist bids us try to define a worry, to measure its exact size, as a sure way to make it look smaller. He has great confidence in the power of the pen to give most people clearer ideas than they would have without it; accordingly, to one with a vague sense of a vast number of worries and annoyances in his lot, he recommends this course: to sit down, take a large sheet of paper and a pen, and write out a list of all his annoyances and worries. One so doing is assured that he will be surprised to find how few they are, and how small they look. "And if on another sheet of paper you make a list of all the blessings you enjoy, I believe that in most cases you will see reason to feel heartily ashamed of your previous state of discontent." The reminder is added, that even should the catalogue of worries not be a brief one, still the killing thing—the vague sense of indefinite magnitude and number—will be gone: almost all numbers diminish by accurately counting them.

So, in fine, the *simple sum in practice* of which this chapter treats, is the counting off of blessings against troubles, the balancing of accounts between worries and comforts. A practical summing up may be found in the words of good old Gonzalo, to shipwrecked prince and peers on the desert land:

> "—— then wisely, good sir, weigh
> Our sorrow with our comfort."



## *GIDEON'S THREE HUNDRED OUT OF THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND.*

JUDGES vii. 6.

MIDIAN was not to have it in her right to say that she had been subdued by a crushing force of overwhelming numbers, when Jerubbaal, who is Gideon, pitched the camp of Israel beside the well of Harod. The people he

led were too many, and he was divinely enjoined to bid every fearful soul in their ranks return, and depart early from Mount Gilead. Twenty-two thousand took the hint, and hied them away. Ten thousand remained. These were yet too many, their leader was instructed; and a sifting process was set in action, which was to reduce the grand total by nine thousand seven hundred more. Three hundred alone lapped of the water, putting the hand to the mouth, and these alone were the elect of war; the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water, and were rejected, disallowed, dismissed. "And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place."

There is no king, or kingdom, saved by the multitude of a host. Long before Gideon's time, the officers of the host had been enjoined to make the same appeal that he made, to faint-hearted and therefore unserviceable warriors, who were better away from the ranks they but helped to dishearten—"What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart."

Wishes Westmoreland, in the French wars and on the day of Agincourt, more men from England? Not so the King.

> "——No, my fair cousin;
> If we are marked to die, we are enough
> To do our country loss; and if to live,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
> * * * O, do not wish one more:
> Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, thro' my host,
> That he which hath no stomach to this fight,*
> Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
> And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
> We would not die in that man's company
> That fears his fellowship to die with us."

* Alexander, on entering Hyrcania with a detachment of his host, told such as desired to depart to do so, with his consent,—but at the same time

Bar-cochab is said to have had two hundred thousand men, who, to prove their boldness and courage, had cut off, each man, one of his fingers. "But how," was the query of one oracular in speech and in authority, "how will you try the prowess of these mutilated men? He who cannot ride full speed and pluck up, as he passes, a cedar of Lebanon by the roots, let him be discharged."

When the Carthaginians, under the command of Hasdrubal and Hamilcar, marched at furious speed against the Corinthians, intent on driving the Greeks entirely out of Sicily, the Syracusans were, by Plutarch's account, struck with such terror at their prodigious armament, that scarce three thousand, out of ten times that number, took up arms and ventured to follow Timoleon. The mercenaries were in number four thousand, and of them about a thousand gave way to their fears when upon the march, and turned back, crying out that Timoleon must be mad or in his dotage, to go against an army of seventy

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he called the gods to witness that they deserted their king when he was conquering the world for the Macedonians, and left him to the kinder loyalty of the few friends that would still follow his fortune. Eumenes, again, retiring to the fortress of Nora, with only a few hundred men left, gave free leave to all such as listed to depart, and dismissed them with marks of good-will. So, again, Cæsar, on undertaking the defence of the Gauls against the Germans, called together the young nobles who cared more for free living than hard fighting, and told them before all the army, they were at liberty to retire, and needed not to hazard their persons against their will. For his part, he would march with the tenth legion only against these barbarians, etc. See Plutarch, *Lives* of Alexander, Eumenes, and Cæsar.

Of Leonidas at Thermopylæ it has been said, that he was contented to possess the monopoly of glory and of death. The laws of the Spartans forbade them to fly from the enemy, however numerous. So Leonidas and his countrymen determined to keep the field; the Thespians alone *voluntarily* remaining to share his fate. If he detained also the suspected Thebans, it was rather as a hostage than as auxiliaries; and the rest of the confederates precipitately departed across the mountains to their native cities.

Myronides, resolved on confronting the Bœotians at Œnophyta with his comparatively small force, refused to delay his march until the arrival of reinforcements that were significantly slack to join him. In their delay he read an omen of the desire of the loiterers to avoid the enemy. And this general faith, as also his practice, was, "Better rely upon a few faithful, than on many disaffected."

thousand men with such a mere handful of braves. "Timoleon considered it as an advantage that these cowards discovered themselves before the engagement; and having encouraged the rest, he led them on" to battle, and to victory. The answer of Pelopidas, when told that Alexander of Pheræ was advancing against him with an overwhelming army, was, "So much the better, for we few shall beat so many the more." It became him to adopt the spirit as well as the style of the hero in Xenophon, who said that each and all must so exert themselves that each might consider himself the chief agent in victory: Οὕτω χρὴ ποεῖν, ὅπως ἕκαστος τις ἑαυτῷ ξυνείσεται τῆς νίκης αἰτιώτατος ὤν.

Bahram, hailed by popular prediction as the deliverer of Persia, when he found (A.D. 590) that no more than twelve thousand soldiers would follow him against the enemy, prudently declared, that to this fatal number Heaven had reserved the honours of the triumph. Alp Arslan, at the critical period of his struggle against the Emperor Romanus Diogenes (A.D. 1071), after a devout prayer, and tears freely shed at the loss of so many faithful Moslems, proclaimed a free permission to all who were desirous of retiring from the field.

"And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars, that will stand to us,"

is the counsel of Shakspeare's Clarence, on the battle-field of Towton; all in the spirit of the Fifth Harry, exultant in being "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;" and by his enthusiasm winning over wistful Westmoreland to wish no longer another man from England:—

"*West.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
*K. Hen.* Thou dost not wish more men from England, cousin?
*West.* God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!
*K. Hen.* Why now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better, than to wish us one."

Changarnier, at Mansourah, with his battalion reduced to three hundred men,—Gideon's number,—formed them into a

square, in front of the foe, and said, "Come, my lads, let us look those fellows in the face; they are six thousand, we are three hundred, so the game is equal." And he made his game accordingly, and won as he meant, though a ball reached him in the middle of his square.

> "What if our numbers barely could defy
> The arithmetic of babes, . . .
> Yields everything to discipline of swords?
> Is man as good as man, none low, none high?"

Only by Hibernian computation is one man as good as another, and better too.

Pizarro, refusing to obey the order of the new governor of Panama to return from his daring enterprise, drew a line on the sand with his sword, and desired such of his men as chose to remain with him to cross to his side; thirteen only of his hardy veterans had the courage to do so. But his was the sort of optimism that inspired D'Artagnan to prefer ten men to the twenty, and the thirty, and the forty, and upwards, he had previously reckoned upon associating with himself in a service of special hazard: "I reduce myself, then, to ten men; in this way I shall act simply and with unity; I shall be forced to be prudent, which is half success in an affair of the kind I am now undertaking: a greater number might, perhaps, have drawn me into some folly." "Monseigneur le Maréchal," was Condé's smiling reply to De Grammont's plaintive enumeration of their scanty disposable forces, "it is with small armies that great battles are won." Wordsworth's Norton is strong in faith that his very weakness shall be strong in the field:

> "How oft has strength, the strength of heaven,
> To few triumphantly been given!"

The dismayed query of Telemachus, can he and his sire alone in furious battle stand against that numerous and determined band? is answered off-hand by Odysseus: "What need of aids, if favoured by the skies?"

Froissart says of the Black Prince in his Spanish campaign, that he "might have had foreign men-at-arms, such as

Flemings, Germans, and Brabanters, if he had chosen it; but he sent away numbers, choosing to depend more on his own subjects and vassals than on strangers." When William of Normandy was pushing his way over the "backbone of England," through pathless moors and bogs, down towards the plains of Lancashire and Cheshire, his soldiers from the champaigns of sunny France, could not, in Canon Kingsley's words, "face the cold, the rain, the bogs, the hideous gorges, the valiant peasants. . . . They prayed to be dismissed, to go home.—'Cowards might go back,' said William; 'he should go on.' If he could not ride, he would walk. Whoever lagged, he would be foremost."* "Let them go all," exclaims Oroonoko in the play,—

> "We were too few before for victory,
> We're still enow to die."

The Earl of Leicester is favourably described by the historian of the United Netherlands, as taking a manful and sagacious course at starting, in his enterprise of 1585. Those who had no stomach for the fight he ordered to depart. Those who had the wish or the means to buy themselves out of the adventure he allowed to do so; "for the Earl was much disgusted with the raw material out of which he was expected to manufacture serviceable troops." Much winnowed, the small force might in time become effective. A later page in that history relates how the heart of the Dutch admiral, Jacob Heemskerk, danced for joy at sight of the Spanish fleet, so far superior to his own in size of vessels, weight of metal, and number of combatants. "The more he was over-matched, the greater would be the honour of victory." How then could he wish for one man more?

* Compare the style of the so-called Last of the English. Hereward harangues his followers:—"He that will depart in peace, let him depart, before the Frenchmen close in on us on every side and swallow us up at one mouthful." Not a man answers. "I say it again: He that will depart, let him depart." They stand thoughtful. Winter speaks at last for himself and Ramsay: "If all go, there are two men here who stay, and fight by Hereward's side as long as there is a Frenchman left on English soil," etc.—*Hereward*, chap. xxiii.

In preparing for the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, apprehensive of the behaviour of his troops, made a speech to them in person, telling them how grieved he was to make the supposition that there could be a man in the British army reluctant to fight. But if there were any here who would prefer to retire, whether from disinclination to the cause, or from having relations in the rebel army, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten thousand with a tithe who were lukewarm. An earlier crown prince, of Shakspeare's painting, in like tone harangues his troops on the plains near Tewkesbury, supposing the possible presence of a coward in their ranks, and yet scouting the supposition, as unworthy of them and of himself:—

> "I speak not this, as doubting any here:
> For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
> He should have leave to go away betimes;
> Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
> And make him of like spirit to himself.
> If any such be here, as God forbid!
> Let him depart before we need his help."

Just before restoring the combat, and repairing the effect of Scindiah's repulse, at Poonah, by finally routing the Peishwa's troops, the spirited Holkar bade all who did not intend to conquer or die, to return to their wives and children. On hearing of the proposal of some of his officers, instead of attempting the relief of Saragossa, in 1808, to retire to Valencia, Palafox assembled his troops, and after expatiating with fervour on the glorious task which awaited them of delivering their country, offered to give passports to all who wished to leave the army; but such was the ascendency of his intrepid spirit, that not one person, it is recorded, left the ranks. The Czar Alexander sought to animate the patriotism of his people, in 1812, by the assurance that they stood alone in the contest, and would share with none the glory of success. Napoleon, a week before the battle of Leipsic,—in the middle

of which three Saxon brigades went over to the enemy,—bade those of his troops who were inclined to withdraw from him, to do so at once. Wellington was in hourly expectation of a battle, when he (Nov. 12, 1813,) sent at once all his Spanish forces, except Murillo's division, which alone had behaved properly, out of France—depriving himself, by this vigorous and rigorous measure, of twenty-five thousand now experienced soldiers, at a time when he was in imminent need of them. But the effect, in the long run, if their loss, was his and his army's and his country's gain.

Told by one of his officers that some amongst his guard have fallen off at seeing him outnumbered thus, what says Philip van Artevelde in the play?

> "——Is't so?
> Why, wherefore should I wish that it were not?
> The more faint hearts fall off the better, sir;
> So fear shall purge us to a sound condition."

——o——

## *SUMMONED BY NAME.*

1 Samuel iii. 4–10.

THE child Samuel was laid down to sleep, when the divine summons by name reached him, and he, running to Eli, as though the voice had been Eli's, answered, "Here am I." Again the supernatural voice aroused him: "Samuel!" And again he arose, and went to Eli, and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord revealed to him. But it was now about to be revealed, and for that purpose was he again and again summoned by name. That summons by night, and by name, was never to be forgotten by him. Nor is it ever forgotten by those who read the story of his life. It is, as it were, the consecration, and the prophet's dream; only the dream is of God, from God: ὄναρ ἐστὶ Διός. Like an earlier seer, he heard the words of God, if not yet he saw the vision

of the Almighty. He heard a voice that Eli could not hear; and the time drew nigh for all Israel, from Dan even to Beer-sheba, to know that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord.

Fiction has made large use of the spell wrought on the fancy by a personal summons by name, mystical in accent, and to all semblance coming from afar. Milton makes impressive mention of—

> "—— aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Thomas Hood notes it as a curious fact, but one which must be familiar to almost every man's experience, that under circumstances of intense anxiety and excitement, the power of the organs of hearing (as well as of sight) will become extended to a very extraordinary degree. To the eager watcher and listener, he says, distant objects and sounds are distinctly perceptible, far beyond the range of any other eye or ear; and the expectant literally receives intelligence as supernaturally exclusive as the announcement to the mourner in the ballad:—

> "I hear a voice you cannot hear,
> That says I must not stay;
> I see a hand you cannot see,
> That beckons me away."

The wonders of the night season are the theme of another popular writer, who takes occasion to ask his reader if he never heard an unaccountable scream in the night—one sudden, piercing, agonizing shriek—coming whence, who can say? Was it caused, he speculates, by the sharp knife of the doctor, by the dagger of the assassin, by the word of doom, by the sting of long-suppressed remorse? Or is it but fancy—the reaction of nerves too quickly soothed—"a fancy such as musing in bed leads you to believe that your own name has suddenly been pronounced imperatively, sharply, distinctly, close to your very pillow, and when telling you of a weird companionship you feel conscious of complete isolation?" Mrs. Craik, in one of her tales, describes the seeming floating

above a heroine's storm of passion, of an audible voice, just as if the mind of one she knew to be thinking of her, then spoke to her mind, with the wondrous communication of sympathy in dreams: a communication which "appears both possible and credible to those who have felt any strong attachment, especially that one which for the sake of its object seems able to cross the bounds of distance, time," etc. The heroine in question has an experience of this kind, which neither at the time nor afterwards she can ever account for: "while she lay weeping across her bed, she seemed to hear distinctly, just as if it had been a voice gliding past the window," a sound of words which made a crisis in her life. Adam Bede calling to Dinah by name, as he stands within three paces of her on the hill side, is at first taken by her for a more spiritual, less palpable appellant: she starts without looking round, as if she connected the sound with no place. "'Dinah!' Adam said again. He knew quite well what was in her mind. She was so accustomed to think of impressions as purely spiritual monitions, that she looked for no material visible accompaniment of the voice." The late Alexander Smith, in his one work of prose fiction, pictured an aged spinster lady asleep in her easy-chair, her nephew writing a letter near at hand, in which employment he suddenly hears his aunt call out, "Yes. Coming!" and looking up, sees her sitting bolt upright, her shawl fallen off her shoulders, her hands trembling, and an alarmed look in her eyes. "Who called my name, John? Did you? Did you hear anything?" No one had called her, he says. But she had heard her name called distinctly, and the sound was ringing in her ears yet. "I was called by name as if from a great distance, and the voice was a voice I know, or have known. What can it have been?" John suggests that his aunt has been dreaming perhaps, and only fancied it. Miss Kate lies back again in the cushioned chair, and before long, instead of the look of alarm, a strangely serene smile covers her face; the eyes close, and an almost infantile repose smoothes the furrows of careworn age; and she may be overheard murmuring to herself, "I knew your voice, Richard, across the wastes of

seventy years. . . . I am coming, Richard." She tells others afterwards that she heard this voice calling her name as distinctly, that night, as she had heard him long ago calling it from the red sunset cliffs behind her home, or from the boats in the bay, in the years when she was happy. And she knew his voice, and awoke, crying, "Yes, I am coming." The mother, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, who is all but drowned in crossing the sands near Morecambe Bay, hears her baby crying for her at home, miles away, above the gurgling of the rising waters, as plain as ever she heard anything. Mr. Hawthorne, in his *Blithedale Romance*, makes much of Priscilla having the air, at times, of one who hears her own name spoken at a distance, and is reluctant to obey the call. "All at once she paused, looked round about her, towards the river, the road, the woods, and back towards us, appearing to listen, as if she heard some one calling her name, and knew not precisely in what direction. "'Have you bewitched her?' I exclaimed.—'It is no sorcery of mine,' said Zenobia; 'but I have seen the girl do that identical thing once or twice before. Can you imagine what is the matter with her?'—'No; unless,' said I, 'she has the gift of hearing those "airy tongues that syllable men's names," which Milton speaks of.'" On another occasion Priscilla is in full talk with Miles Coverdale, and suddenly, as before, there comes that unintelligible gesture which is indicative of her being a listener to a distant voice. The mysterious Professor is at the bottom of the mystery,* if we accept his

* Something after the sort of Lord Lytton's *Strange Story*, where Margrave's rod is by hypothesis charged with some occult fluid, that runs through all creation, and can be so disciplined as to establish communication wherever life and thought can reach to beings that live and think. So at least the mystics of old would presumably explain what perplexes the antobiographer; who is in possession of that slight wand, light as a reed in his grasp, by means of which Margrave sends his irresistible will through air and space; and by means of which its present possessor essays to summon Margrave, knowing not his whereabouts, but exercising a concentrated energy of desire that its influence shall reach him and command him; as it does. "And a voice was conveyed to my senses, saying, as from a great distance, and in weary yet angry accents—'You have summoned me! Wherefore?'" (Chapter lxi.)

alleged ability to make Priscilla hear the desert wind sweeping over the sands as far off as Arabia, the while she is sojourning in a New England village—hear too the icebergs grinding one against another in the Polar Seas, or the rustle of a leaf in an East Indian forest. In another, riper, richer book from the same pen, we have Kenyon the artist, on the battlements at Monte Beni, feeling a "strange pull at his heart-strings," a pull that could not have been more perceptible, if all the way between these battlements and Hilda's dovecote in Rome had stretched an exquisitely sensitive cord, which, at the hither end, was knotted with his aforesaid heart-strings, and at the remoter one was grasped by a gentle hand. "His breath grew tremulous. He put his hand to his breast; so distinctly did he seem to feel that cord drawn once—and again, and again,—as if there was an importunate demand for his presence. Oh for the white wings of Hilda's doves, that he might have flown thither, and alighted at the Virgin's shrine!" It is not until some eight chapters later in the story that we get to the other end of the cord. Then we read how one summer afternoon Hilda leaned upon the battlements of her tower, and looked over Rome towards the distant mountains, whither Kenyon had told her that he was going; and "Oh that he were here!" she sighed; "I perish under this terrible secret;* and he might help me to endure of it. Oh that he were here!" That was the afternoon, we are reminded, when Kenyon felt Hilda's hand pulling at the silken cord that was connected with his heart-strings, as he stood looking towards Rome from the battlements of Monte Beni. If it was not a summons by name, it was as good in effect.

On the night that Gerard, the father of Erasmus, in Mr. Charles Reade's fifteenth-century tale, throws himself into the Tiber, Margaret, his wife, and now newly a mother, lies weak and ill at Rotterdam, dispirited at the strange and strangely-prolonged absence of her husband. If only Gerard were here to see their first-born! She had endured well enough his absence

* Of Miriam's complicity in crime.

in her sorrow; but it seems to her so hard he should not share her present joy: "Prithee, prithee, come to me, Gerard! dear, dear Gerard!" And she stretches out her feeble arms.

Now Catherine, Gerard's mother, is tending her at the time; and at these words of piteous appeal she bustles about, but avoids Margaret's eyes; for she cannot restrain her own tears at hearing her own absent child thus earnestly addressed.—Presently, however, turning round, she finds Margaret looking at her with a singular expression. "Heard you nought?" "No, my lamb. What?" "I did cry on Gerard, but now." "Ay, ay, sure I heard that." "Well, he answered me." "Tush, girl; say not that." "Mother, as sure as I lie here, with his boy by my side, his voice came back to me, 'Margaret!' So. Yet methought 'twas not his *happy* voice. But that might be the distance. All voices go off sad-like at a distance." Be that as it may, the voice soothes Margaret, and makes her feel, with his boy by her side, new-born, as if she had never felt a pain or known a care.

Now the author winds up the chapter in question with these significant words: "That very night Gerard flung himself into the Tiber. And, that very hour she heard him speak her name, he cried aloud in death's jaws and despair's,

"'Margaret!'

"Account for it those who can. I cannot."

A parallel passage,—though relating this time to the sense of vision, not of hearing,—occurs later in the same work, where Margaret's father, the old physician, lies a-dying. Gerard's continued absence is an afflictive perplexity to them all; and the old man is suggesting feebly all sorts of faint conjectures as to his possible whereabouts. Gerard may be in prison, he hints, or forced to go fighting for some king, or sent to Constantinople to copy books there, or gone into the Church after all. "Ah, mother," whispers Margaret to Catherine, "he doth but deceive himself as we do." Ere she could finish the sentence, we are told, a strange interruption occurred. A loud voice cried out, what Mr. Reade prints in larger type—but in this place let italics serve: "*I see him. I see him.*" And the

old man with dilating eyes seemed to be looking right through the wall of the house. "*In a boat; on a great river; coming this way.* Sore disfigured; but I knew him. Gone! gone! all dark." The darkness is that of death. But the previous flash of light is to be understood as preternatural, and as revealing a true vision. Dying men are known to have a strange sight, Margaret says, in after days. And in point of fact, Gerard is to be understood as really being, at the time in question, in a boat, and on the Rhine, and "sore disfigured" from the Gerard of old times, by the tonsured head, emaciated frame, and distinctive vesture of a Dominican friar.

If we turn to Mr. Dickens for an illustration, we may find it in his latest completed work, when Lizzie Riderhood starts up abruptly from deep stillness, and opens the door, and says in an alarmed tone, "Father, was that you calling me?" And again, "Father!" And once again, after listening, "Father! I thought I heard you call me twice before!" No response. Words never to be answered, those, upon the earth-side of the grave. For anon we are told how the wind sweeps jeeringly over Father, whips him with the frayed ends of his dress and his jagged hair, running nimbly through that and his beard, as the corpse lies stretched upon the shore.

Better remembered, perhaps, for so much turns upon it, and so much is made of it, is the summons by name that reaches Jane Eyre in the moonlit room of the hill-side parsonage—the voice being that of her blinded, sick, suffering, mutilated old master, in his far-away home. Vividly is the story told how her heart was beating fast and thick, so that she heard it throb, when suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through, and passed at once to her head and extremities; the feeling, though not like an electric shock, was quite as sharp, as strange, as startling: it acted on her senses as if their utmost activity hitherto had been but torpor, from which they were now summoned, and forced to wake; and accordingly they rose expectant; eye and ear waited, while her flesh quivered on her bones. What has she heard? what does she see? her one companion in the room inquires. She has

seen nothing; but she has heard a voice somewhere cry—"Jane! Jane! Jane!" nothing more. What is it? she gasps; and she might have said, "Where is it?" for it did not seem to be in the room, nor in the house, nor in the garden; it did not come out of the air, nor from under the earth, nor from overhead. And it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice—that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe, wildly, eerily, urgently. "I am coming!" she cried. "Wait for me! Oh, I will come!" She flew to the door, and looked into the passage: it was dark. She ran into the garden: it was void. "Where are you?" she exclaimed. The hills beyond Marsh Glen sent the answer faintly back, "Where are you?"—She listened. The wind sighed low in the firs; all was moorland loneliness and midnight hush. "Down, superstition!" was her comment, as that spectre rose up black by the black yew at the gate: "'This is not thy deception, nor thy witchcraft: it is the work of nature.' She was roused, and did—no miracle—but her best." Next morning Jane tries to analyse the inward sensation of last night with all its unspeakable strangeness; she recalls the voice she had heard, again questioning whence it came, as vainly as before; it seemed in herself—not in the external world. She asks, Was it a mere nervous impression—a delusion? She could not conceive or believe: it was more like an inspiration. The wondrous shock of feeling had come, she says, "like the earthquake which shook the foundations of Paul and Silas's prison; it had opened the doors of the soul's cell, and loosed its bands—it had wakened it out of its sleep, whence it sprang trembling, listening, aghast; then vibrated thrice a cry on my startled ear, and in my quaking heart, and through my spirit." At a later period, when Jane Eyre and Rochester are reunited, the subject is mooted of that strange midnight summons; he tells how, one night, in the intensity of his longing for her presence, the words broke involuntarily from his lips, "Jane! Jane! Jane!" Aloud he spoke them; and if any listener had heard them, he must have thought the speaker mad, such was the frantic energy with which he pronounced

them. A New England author, not inferior to Currer Bell in popularity, to say nothing of power, surmises as a haply maybe, that souls once intimately related have ever after an abnormal gift of affecting each other—a gift that neither absence nor death can annul. How else, it is asked, can we interpret those mysterious hours, in which the power of departed love seems to overshadow us, making our souls vital with such longings, with such wild throbbings, with such unutterable sighings, that a little more might burst the mortal band? Is it not deep calling unto deep? the free soul singing outside the cage to her mate, beating against the bars within? But this is taking us beyond the veil; and absence and death, how differ they! as Wordsworth exclaims. The subject reminds us of another verse of his:—

> "Such rebounds our inward ear
> Catches sometimes from afar—
> Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
> For of God—of God they are."

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul strike through a finer element of her own? asks or suggests the laureate in his poem of *Aylmer's Field*:—

> "So,—from afar,—touch us at once? or why
> That night, that moment, when she named his name,
> Did the keen shriek, 'Yes, love; yes, Edith, yes,'
> Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,
> And came upon him half-arisen from sleep, . . .
> His body half flung forward in pursuit,
> And his long arms stretched as to grasp a flyer."

To Mary Scudder, in *The Minister's Wooing*, musing on the drowning of James Marvyn in the cruel sea, a vague shuddering of mystery gives intensity to her reverie: she has a kind of shadowy sense of a throbbing and yearning nature that seems to call on her—seems surging towards her with an imperative protesting force that shakes her heart to its depths. "Mary even for a moment fancied that a voice called her name, and she started, shivering. Then the habits of her positive and sensible education returned at once, and she came

out of her reverie as one breaks from a dream." This is no romance of Hero and Leander; nor indeed is the drowning man a drowned one after all, as in the story of old, by modern poet re-told, of Leander, when—

> "Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
> And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.
> * * * *
>
> "And hark!—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,
> Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea;
> Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,
> But shriller than Leander's voice should be,
> Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—
> Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.
>
> "For now, upon each brief and breathless pause
> Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls
> On Hero! Hero!"

Mr. Crabb Robinson repeats in his Diary a story told him by Charles Becher, of his being one night awakened by a sound of his brother's voice crying out that he was drowning, and it afterwards appeared that the brother was drowned that night. Of such cries, interpreted as warnings of the listener's own impending doom, story and history have many to tell; such mystic sounds as may be typified in a stanza of Wordsworth's,—

> "That unintelligible cry
> Hath left him high in preparation,—
> Convinced that he, or soon or late,
> This very night will meet his fate—
> And so he sits in expectation!"

That Napoleon was a Corsican born and bred should be taken into account when recalling what M. de Segur tells us of him at the date of the expedition to Russia, that often he was to be seen half reclining on a sofa, plunged in profound meditation—from which state of reverie he would suddenly awake with a convulsive start, and utter an exclamation, fancying he heard himself named, and crying out—"Who is calling me?" For the Corsicans, like all mountaineers, as Mr. Merivale observes, are superstitious; their solitary valleys are full of

visions, and omens, and "airy tongues that syllable men's names;" and the dead are believed to assemble at midnight under the windows of those about to die, in the spectral habit of the Frati della Misericordia, and go through the mimic show of raising and carrying a bier; and they will also call the living by name, but no one dares answer, for whoever answers is doomed soon to join them. The Corsican Buonaparte however did dare. Talfourd illustrates a like superstition in the Scottish Highlands, in his tragedy of *Glencoe.* In the first scene Donald hurries in, demanding,—

> "Is not Mac Ian here? I came to meet him,
> Roused from my bed by such a piercing cry
> As rarely syllables a human name."

Angus has the same tale to tell: a fearful summons from a shrill voice, between the tempest's gusts, has called him to meet his chief. So with Halbert, who "shivers as with ague," for he has "heard again old Moina's voice" as he walked in mist that clung round him like a shroud; each cliff, pillar, and cavern echoed back the words, till they appeared to fill the glen with sound: "'twas no delusion; surely as you hear my voice, I heard them." So in the Hellenics of Landor,—

> "A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
> Of Thallinos; he heard it not; his son
> Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood," etc.

Readers of Balzac's *Etudes Philosophiques* may remember how the antobiographer in *La Peau de Chagrin* seemed, at one crisis in his strange eventful history, to hear the voice of his dead mother, calling him by name: "Je ne sais quelle puissance faisait retentir vaguement mon propre nom dans mon oreille, au milieu d'un bruit de cloches." Are we not all familiar with the story of Samuel Johnson, under the influence of that disease which made his senses become morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active, at one time standing in fixed gaze on the town clock without being able to tell the hour; at another, distinctly hearing his mother, who was many

miles off,* calling him by his name? The pathetic *Adsum!* of fine old Colonel Newcome has its parallel in the "Here!" of Cooper's aged Leather-stocking, when the dying trapper, who had remained motionless for an hour, and whose eyes, when occasionally they opened, seemed to fasten their gaze on the clouds of a grand sunset, suddenly rose upright to his feet, supported on either side by his watchful friends, and then with a military elevation of his head, he uttered the monsyllable responsive to a summons audible to him alone. The dying May-Queen of Mr. Tennyson's poem, (which artfully suggests what is natural to account for the supernatural, and artistically blends the two,) all in the wild March morning has heard the angels call:—

> "It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
> The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
> And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.
> * * * * * *
> I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
> And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
> For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
> And up the valley came again the music on the wind."

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* Peter Pindar paraphrases the Piozzi version of a dead, not merely a distant, mother; Madame is made to say in the Town Eclogue,—

> "In ghosts the Doctor strongly did believe;
> And pinned his faith on many a liar's sleeve;
> He said to Doctor Lawrence, 'Sure I am
> I heard my poor dear mother call out "Sam!"
> I'm sure,' said he, 'that I can trust my ears:
> And yet my mother has been dead for years.'"
>
> *Bozzy and Piozzi*, part ii.

——o——

## *THE STRIPLING OF BETHLEHEM FLOUTED BY THE GIANT OF GATH.*

I SAMUEL xvii. 42.

OUT of the camp of the Philistines went their champion, Goliath of Gath; his height six cubits and a span; his head protected with a helmet of brass, and his person with a coat of mail weighing five thousand shekels of the same metal, and greaves of the same upon his legs, and a target of the same between his shoulders. Bold as brass, himself, emboldened by the dread his defiances caused in the camp of the Israelites, out he went from the camp of the Philistines, spear in hand, his shield-bearer going before him; for forty days, twice a day, he went forth and renewed his note of defiance. Let Israel choose a man for themselves, and let that man come forth like a man, and fight with him, Goliath of Gath. But all the men of Israel failed to find manhood enough for *that.* All of them when they saw the Philistine of Gath, and heard his challenge, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

But the day dawned for the youngest son of Jesse the Bethlehemite to accept the giant's challenge, stripling and mere shepherd though David might be. When the Philistine that day went out from the camp, what went he out for to see? A stalwart warrior, of inches equal to his own? No such thing. Not even a man, in age, or growth, or aspect. It was a man that Goliath challenged to come down to him, and behold a boy! So, when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. "Choose you a MAN for you," had been the terms of Goliath's challenge to the men of Israel, "and let him come down to me." "Give me a MAN, that we may fight together." This stripling, fresh from the sheepfold, with his pastoral staff in his hand, and his sling, and his smooth stones out of the brook in a shepherd's bag, and other arms of offence or defence absolutely none,—was this the nearest approach to a man that the men of Israel

could offer? Was the giant of Gath, then, a dwarf, that he was to be put off with a mere boy? Was he a dog, that that boy came to him with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

> "Ἀλλ' ἄνδρα χρὴ, κἂν σῶμα γεννήσῃ μέγα,
> Δοκεῖν πεσεῖν ἂν, κἂν ἀπὸ σμικροῦ κακοῦ,"

as the Grecian prince has it in Sophocles. Goliath's despised antagonist might greet him in the style of another warrior in the same play,—sling and stone allowed for,—

> "Κἂν ψιλὸς ἀρκέσαιμι σοί γ' ὡπλισμένῳ."

Tasso is mindful of the son of Jesse in his description of the Pagan champion in his sixth book:

> "There all alone Argantes took his stand,
> Defying Christ and all His servants true;
> In stature, stomach, and in strength of hand,
> In pride, presumption, and in dreadful show,
> Encelade like, on the Phlegrean strand,
> Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew."

The encounter is of a kind to remind one, *inter alia*, of the gigantic Gaul in the Volscian plains challenging* any one of the Roman youth to single combat, and finding the challenge readily accepted by M. Valerius, who, "by the side of the huge Gaul, looked like a mere stripling," and who was very materially aided in the fight by a crow that confounded the giant by flying in his face, striking him with its beak, and flapping its wings before his face, so that the young Roman had an easy conquest, and might well assume the name of Corvus, by which name he lives to this day. David's style to him of Gath is pitched in the same key with that of Milton's blind captive to the insulting Harapha:—

> "Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
> And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,

* Or, again, of the challenge of a huge Spanish chief, in the third Punic war, which no Roman ventured to accept, save young Scipio, who slew the bulky bully in single combat.

Vant-brace, and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times folded shield;
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more."

Or one is reminded again of a passage in Spenser's ante-penultimate canto, descriptive of one who

"—— had no weapon but his shephearde's hooke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will ;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonishèd he fell ;
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
And hewèd off his head."

De Quincey's monograph on Joan of Arc opens with the question, What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? "The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. . . . Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender ; . . . the boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah." Remember, says the Countess in Landor's *Siege of Ancona*, by what weapon fell the chief of Philistines :—

"—— Did brazen chariots, driven
By giants, roll against him ? From the brook
A little pebble stretched the enormous bulk
That would have filled it and have turned its course."

The aspiration of Home's young shepherd-hero, who disdains the shepherd's slothful life, and fain would follow to the field some warlike lord, is to distinguish himself as the son of Jesse had done at the outset of his career, and his onset with the Philistine :

> "May heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
> To give a bold defiance to our host!
> Before he speaks it out, I will accept,"

and, like a hero, conquer, or like one die. Triumphs in his own pastoral line of things, as a good shepherd that cared for his sheep, and that would risk his life for theirs, had young David to rehearse before King Saul: "Thy servant slew a lion and a bear." Applicable, in some sort to him, in the matter of Goliath, are the words imputed by Byron to Cain, in respect of a more grim and puissant foe:

> "—— Could I wrestle with him?
> I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,
> In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe."

But a rustic slayer of lions and bears was not the sort of foeman Goliath thought worthy of his steel. Give him a man; not a youth. Give him a man-at-arms, a man of war from his youth, like himself, albeit not a man of his inches, for that were hard to find.

But the encounter came off; and David lost nothing by his encounter with the giant, not even his temper. And a sore trial it is to the temper of the young, to be reproached with their boyhood—to be pooh-poohed as striplings, who cannot treat or speak on equal terms. The chronicles of Chivalry record a tragical transgression of it on the part of that young Achon, nephew of the Maréchal de St. André, who was provoked to stab behind his back the veteran Matas, for the disdainful words, uttered after Matas had disarmed his angry junior, "Begone, for a rash boy that you are." What growing Alcibiades can endure to be called to his face, *Neaniskos*, and *Kouridion*, and *Ta paidika?* What Alexander can forgive the Demosthenes that incites to war against him by the name

of *boy?* Aufidius has hit on the true means of infuriating Coriolanus when he calls him boy,—a boy of tears.

> "—— Boy! O slave! . . .
> Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
> Stain all your edges on me.—Boy!"

The adversaries of Cleomenes harped on the phrase "boy," or its equivalent in his case; and Aratus, says Plutarch, deemed it insufferable that a young fellow of mushroom growth should rob him at once of the honours and power that had been his for three-and-thirty years. Pompey was snubbed by Scipio and by Sertorius as a beardless youth, as a cockerell: "I would have flogged the boy well, and sent him back to Rome," quoth Sertorius, "if the old woman had not been here,"—meaning, by the latter personage, Metellus, before whom Sertorius had to decamp. Boyhood was cast in the teeth of Octavius by Mark Antony, with all the calculated force and breakage of a sling and a stone.

Many men, it has been remarked, honestly believe sixty-five or sixty-eight to be the prime of life; and are apt at that stage to call younger men (and not very young) *boys*,—uttering the word in a very spiteful tone, as though it were a term of great reproach. Dr. Boyd bids us remember how Sir Robert Walpole hurled the charge of youth against Pitt; but he mistakes his man: it was not Sir Robert, but Horace; and not *the* Horace, but Uncle Horace. We are also invited to remember how Pitt (or Dr. Johnson for him) defended himself with great force of argument against the imputation. By Pitt is here meant, of course, the elder Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. But the younger Pitt also was obnoxious to parliamentary taunts of the like Horatian character. The severest retort that he ever in his life received, according to his biographer, Lord Stanhope, was when Sheridan parried, or rather returned, a stage-thrust, by calling him, in reference to Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*, "the Angry Boy." The phrase was a delight to all who were jealous of the precocious start and success of the young Minister, so soon to be the young Prime Minister, "a junior barrister who had received but very few briefs—a

stripling who [on becoming First Lord of the Treasury] had not quite attained the age of twenty-four." Fox was keen in his invective that year (1783) against "boys without judgment, without experience," etc. Next year we find Pitt, with lofty calmness, interrupting a speech of General Conway's, and concluding by an apt quotation of some words, in which Scipio, as a young man, rebuked the veteran Fabius for his intemperate invectives: *Si nullâ aliâ re, modestiâ certe et temperando linguæ adolescens senem vicero.* In the contest of the India Bill, the public are said to have beheld with astonishment the boy, as his adversaries loved to call him, wage this unequal conflict almost single-handed. When Pitt, that same year, was a candidate for the University of Cambridge, Paley suggested as a fitting text for a sermon at St. Mary's, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" A year later, and we have in the *Rolliad* this couplet, commemorative of Mr. Pitt as *jeune premier*:—

> "A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
> A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy's care."

But let us vary the range of our illustrations, such as they are.

Scott's veteran crusader, Ralph Genvil, has the right, and freely exercises it, to scout the opposition and remonstrances of a protesting page. "Menace not me, Sir Boy, nor shake your sword my way." For he can tell Amelot, that were their weapons to cross, never flail sent abroad more chaff than he would make splinters of Sir Boy's hatched and gilded toasting-iron. "Look you, there are grey-bearded men here that care not to be led about on any boy's humour." But there are few more disgusting sights, affirms the reverend author of a Discourse of Immaturity, than the envy and jealousy of their juniors, which may be seen in sundry malicious common-place old men; and he avows the exasperation he has felt in his time at hearing men of more than middle age and less than middling ability speak with contemptuous depreciation of the productions and doings of men considerably their juniors and vastly their superiors, describing them as "boys" and as "clever lads,"

with looks of dark malignity. There are few terms of reproach, he says elsewhere, which he has heard uttered with such looks of deadly ferocity; as again there are not many which excite feelings of greater wrath in the souls of the young men concerned, or "concerning" whom he sympathetically writes.

Creôn, in Sophocles, is for snubbing in peremptory style the remonstrances of such a boy as Hæmon; but the quasi-boy comes off not second-best in the war of words:

> ΚΡ. *Οἱ τηλικοίδε καὶ διδαξόμεσθα δὴ*
> *Φρονεῖν πρὸς ἀνδρὸς τηλικοῦδε τὴν φύσιν;*
> ῞ΑΙ. *Μηδὲν τὸ μὴ δίκαιον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ νέος*
> *Οὐ τὸν χρόνον χρὴ μᾶλλον ἢ τἄργα σκοπεῖν.*

The most popular author of his day somewhere makes a sour oldster essay to put down a spirited youngster by calling him "a boy;" and remarks that the word is much used as a term of reproach by elderly gentlemen towards their juniors, probably —the ironical surmise is made—with the view of impressing society with the belief that if they could themselves be young again, they would not, on any account. But a young man can better put up with the vocative affront from an old one than from a co-æval of the other sex. Witness the effect upon Mr. Disraeli's Cadurcis of Venetia's tirade against him, to the tune of "passionate and ill-mannered boy!" She is off and away at the last word; but him it roots to the spot, and he mutters the word "boy!" to his heart's *dis*content. Henceforth he will have none of her. "Woman," he apostrophizes her in return, "when you spoke I might have been a boy: I am a boy no longer." Oliver's arrogantly disdainful "What, boy!" addressed, in *As You Like It*, to his younger brother, is by him caught up and resented with spirit: "Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this." The old Count's exclamatory *Jeune présomptueux!* addressed to Don Rodrigue in "Le Cid," is by him complacently turned to account:

> "Je suis jeune, il est vrai; mais aux âmes bien nées
> La valeur n'attend point le nombre des années."

Much as the student turns on his senior in *Le Nœud Gordien*,

when the latter, regarding him with the look of pity that a lion might cast on a bellicose roebuck, observes that his pastors and masters have educated him badly, and that, had the speaker a rod at hand, he would repair their negligence. It is not a question of rods, the student replies in a white heat of anger, but of swords; and for cold steel he is ready, whensoever the other may please. "Vous mériteriez encore une férule pour ce propos," returns the elder man, whose *sang-froid railleur* seems to increase with the exasperation of his antagonist. The war of words resembles that between Antonio and the sensitive young poet in Goethe's *Torquato Tasso:*

> "*Ant.* Thou'rt still so young that wholesome chastisement
> May tutor thee to hold a better course.
> *Tasso.* Not young enough to bow to idols down,
> Yet old enough to conquer scorn with scorn."

## *ABSALOM: BEAUTIFUL AND BAD.*

2 SAMUEL xiv. 25.

GOOD looks, as well as grace of manner, and the studied artifice of winning words, may well be supposed to have aided Absalom in stealing the hearts of the men of Israel. From his father he stole them, and gloried in the theft. As beautiful as bad, seems to have been this son of David. In all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Absalom for his beauty: from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him. No skin-deep blemish. Spots and blemishes of a moral sort there were upon him, enough and to spare. In that respect, perhaps, the language of the prophet would not be too severe to describe his tainted frame: "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." Outwardly he was, beyond his fellows, right fair to see. And what appears to have been accounted the crowning glory of the crown of his head, was the long hair that hung so thick

and heavy across his shoulders. "When he polled his head, (for it was at every year's end that he polled it: because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it:) he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight." Probably, in his pride and pomp of beauty, he would, if he could, have had the very hairs of his head all numbered, as well as weighed. In a fatal sense, and too literally, they were a snare unto him at the last, when his mule carried him, in the panic of a lost battle, through the wood of Ephraim, under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth, and the mule that was under him went away, and the darts of Joab pierced him to the heart, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. A different story had that tree to tell from that of another royal oak of later times. One remembers, however, that in Charles the Second's days it was the fashion of the court-gallant to let his hair, if it would, fall over his shoulders in luxurious ringlets. Mr. Pepys is *naïf*, as usual, on the subject, when he records in his diary (May 11, 1661), a visit to the hairdresser's, and the result,—"in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much."* According to Plutarch, the Lacedemonian custom of wearing long hair was derived from the institution of Lycurgus, who said that it makes the handsome handsomer still, and to the ugly gives the advantage of looking imposingly terrible. Homer shows us the martial sons of Eubœa,

> "Down whose broad shoulders falls a length of hair."

Milton is careful to give Adam a wealth of hair, but not too long; for whereas Eve is pictured with dishevelled golden tresses, down to the slender waist descending, as a veil; *his*

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* Sir Andrew Ague-cheek puts the same remark interrogatively:
"*Sir And.* O had I but followed the arts!
*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.
*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?
*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.
*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?"
*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 3.

> "—— hyacinthine locks,
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad."

The same poet's Agonistes has full Scripture warrant for all the store he sets by his locks unshorn, the pledge of his unviolated vow—his "boisterous locks," as the insulting Harapha calls them, no worthy match for valour such as his, the blustering giant's, to assail, but by the barber's razor best subdued; while Manoah, on the other hand, fondly bethinks him of Samson as he looked in his prime,

> "And on his shoulders waving down those locks
> That of a nation armed the strength contained."

The poet Ion is quoted by Plutarch in his portraiture of Cimon, as showing that hero to have been of handsome person, tall and majestic, and with an abundance of hair which curled adown his broad shoulders. Cincinnatus was the name said to have been bestowed on the Dictator, Lucius Quinctius, because he wore his hair in long curling locks (*cincinni*)—as long and full, but not quite so straight and limp, as the hair of Chaucer's Pardoner, who

> "—— hadde heer as yelwe as wex,
> But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex;
> By unces hynge his lokkes that he hadde,
> And therwith he his schuldres overspradde."

Chaucer, by the way, was observant of such matters; the subject had its capillary attraction for him. Contrast his Arcite, boasting of

> "My berd, myn heer that hangeth longe adoun,
> That never yit ne felt offensioun
> Of rasour ne of schere,"

with the Reeve whose

> "—— heere was by his eres neighe i-shorn,
> His top was dockud lyk a preest biforn."

It is on record that Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, went so far as to pronounce an anathema of excommunication on all

who wore long hair, for which pious zeal he was much commended; and again, that Serlo, a Norman bishop, acquired great honour by a sermon which he preached before Henry I. in 1104, against long curled hair, with which discourse the king and his courtiers were so much affected, that they consented to sacrifice the flowing ringlets* of which they had been so vain. The prudent prelate is said to have given them no time to change their mind; for incontinently he pulled forth from his sleeve a pair of shears, and performed the operation with his own hand. A canon was lately quoted as still extant, of the date of 1096, importing that such as wore long hair should be excluded from the Church while living, and denied her prayers when dead. Yet Dr. Wynter tells us how very much long hair was respected during the "dark ages;" how at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks; and how in our own island it was equally esteemed: the Danish officers quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, are said to have won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, "which they combed at least once a day." That the clergy wore their hair short, an exception to a rule, is regarded as a token of mortification. Their endeavour to impose the like penance on the laity, and so to make the exception the rule, was strenuous from time to time, being fitfully renewed at sundry times and in divers manners, and expressed in ordinances so complex and conflicting that a derisive critic counselled the continued wearing of long hair until the Church should have settled what short hair really was. Modern dissertators on the vexed question still draw on Dr.

* The Ettrick Shepherd of the *Noctes* stoutly avers that a man cannot have too much hair on his head, provided always it does not grow straight and without a curl in it. When Christopher North quizzes him on having such a crop as he never saw in his life, "It's verra weel," retorts the shepherd, "for you that's bald to talk about a crap o' hair. But the mair hair a man has on his head the better, as lang as it's touzy—and no in candlewick fashion."—*Noctes Ambrosianæ*, i. 353.—Those who have once seen the leonine head of Professor Wilson, can scarcely forget his flowing mane. It was one of the sights of the streets of Edinburgh, that wealth of tawny hair.

Hall's treatises, published in 1643, on the "Loathsomeness of Long Hair;" and the virulence of protesting Roundheads was at least equal to what had been that of the mediæval priests.

If in this medley of annotations we refrain from entering upon the question of St. Paul's precept respecting long hair masculine, it is, perhaps, mainly——because of the angels.

But the tangle of Absalom's *capillatium* may account for, if not excuse, with so vagrant a pen as the present, a few more random notes by the way *de capillatis.*

The little head, *gaie, ironique et satyresque,* of the President de Brosses, is described by Diderot as lost in the immensity of a forest of hair which "obfuscated" it. A big head was Mirabeau's, but proportionally bigger still was the *énorme chevelure* which crowned and covered it—that *chevelure immense* said to have been endowed with such vitality that, towards the close of his last illness, the doctor on entering his bedroom would, before he felt his patient's pulse, first of all inquire of the valet how his master's hair was to-day,—*comment était ce jour-là la chevelure de son maître;* whether it was crisp and curling of itself (*si elle se tenait et frisait d'elle-même*), or soft, limp, and depressed. Long hair, more or less disorderly, has been thought a characteristic of the dreamy poet; whether of the growth favoured by Shenstone, who, like Southey in a later generation, was noted at the University* for what was then accounted the odd practice of wearing his own hair—which

* So Wesley at Oxford, in *his* day, would not be at the expense of having his hair dressed; he wore it remarkably long, and flowing loose upon his shoulders. His mother objected to this as bad for his health, and urged him to have it taken off; but he demurred to the expense, which would lessen his means of relieving the needy. But was there not a middle course for John, between wearing it at such effusive length, and having it taken off altogether? Samuel suggested as a middle course the having it cut shorter, "by which means the singularity of his appearance would be lessened, without entrenching upon his meritorious economy;" and for once John complied.

In a curious letter written by Wesley in 1769, to one of his Irish preachers, this bit of advice or direction is given: "Do not cut off your hair; but clean it, and keep it clean." The venerable father of Methodism practised each clause of the precept. His flowing white locks were a distinctive part of him: he cut them not off, but cleaned, and kept them clean.

being (says the biographer) "coarse in quality, little tended or dressed by its owner, and floating down over a large ungainly person, excited some ridicule;" or like Coleridge's, as Hazlitt describes it, in his younger days, black and glossy as the raven's, and falling in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is alleged to be peculiar to enthusiasts.* Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter to "the picture of our Saviour with long hair," wherein indeed, judges the expositor of vulgar errors, "the hand of the painter is not accusable, but the judgment of the common spectator; conceiving He observed this fashion of His hair, because He was a Nazarite; and confounding a Nazarite by vow, with those by birth or education." John Wesley's answer to remonstrants against his overgrowth of unshorn hair, was, that to adopt the prevailing fashion would curtail his means of almsgiving to the poor; and "I am much more sure," he protested, "that what this enables me to do is according to the Scripture, than I am that the length of my hair is contrary to it." The royal fashion of long hair, says Gibbon, in his account of the Merovingian dynasty, was the ensign of their birth and dignity; their flaxen locks, which they combed and dressed with singular care, hung down in flowing ringlets on their back and shoulders, while the rest of the nation were obliged, either by law or custom, to shave the hinder part of their head, and comb their hair over their forehead. Mr. Thackeray, in his Legend of the Rhine, just reminds his readers of the great estimation in which the hair was held in the North; how nobles only were permitted to wear it long; how, when a man disgraced himself, a shaving was sure to follow; and what penalties were inflicted upon villains or varlets who ventured on ringlets.† In Absalom's case it would seem that, let every man in the realm wear his

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* Hazlitt speaks of it as "traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ;" and adds: "It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach 'Christ crucified;' and Coleridge was at that time one of those."—*Winterslow Essays*, p. 7.

† See the works, with dry gravity he gives the reference, of Aurelius Tonsor; Hirsutus de Nobilitate Capillari; Rolandus de Oleo Macassari; Schnurrbart Frisirische Alterthumskunde, etc.

hair at full length, the prince's would still be a phenomenon, unique, *sui generis*, beyond parallel. The old dramatist George Peele makes King David fondly expatiate on the matchless beauty of that hair,—as when he gives his captains charge to respect the young man's life in battle:

> "—— Touch no hair of him,—
> Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
> Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
> Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
> And make sweet bowers in every golden tress,
> To sing their lover every night asleep.
> Oh, spoil not, Joab, Jove's [Jehovah's] fair ornaments,
> Which He hath sent to solace David's soul!"

Joab himself describes Absalom elsewhere in the play in notes of almost the same pitch:

> "A beautiful and fair young man is he;
> In all his body is no blemish seen;
> His hair is like the wire of David's harp,
> That twines about his bright and ivory neck;
> In Israel is not such a goodly man."

But for proper extravagance, a judicious mixture of the Oriental and of the Elizabethan drama, commend us to what Absalom is made to affirm of himself, as one that

> "——in his face
> Carries the final purpose of his God,
> That is, to work him grace in Israel . . . .
> His thunder is entangled in my hair,
> And with my beauty is His lightning quench'd."*

So mouths it the rebel son, in King Cambyses' vein. The style is in salient contrast with the Old Testament narrative, of which Dr. Rowland Williams has said that it makes us seem to know all the people; the natural manners and vivid outbursts of feeling make the scene stand out with a kind of homely poetry. "We see the stripling Absalom with his youthful grace, priding himself on the beauty of his long hair.

* The Tragedy of Absalon: as It hath been divers Times played on the Stage. Written by George Peele. London, 1599.

We sympathise with his anger at the double outrage on his favourite sister, and hardly stay to blame the bloody fierceness of the revenge with which he blotted out her wrong. We are more inclined to blame the intrigue which he carries on against his indulgent father; but even this interests us against our will." Then again, the sitting in the gate, and inquiring each suitor's business, the air of friendly interest in the story, and the wish that each might obtain redress, all sealed by a familiar kiss, are characterized as touches true to life; nor are we surprised when the plot comes to head in rebellion—the people of Israel, or the prominent persons who claimed to represent them, changing their allegiance in the first hour of revolution, in a way to remind us of "the falling of England throughout court and city, at almost a moment's notice, from James II. to William III." Joab is described by the Broadchalke Sermon-essayist as a tower of strength, amidst this formidable nucleus of resistance, and little trusting the revolution which "a capricious stripling (like the Stuart Monmouth) was to lead." Small need to say that in Dryden's great poem the Stuart Monmouth *is* Absalom:

> "The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
> With wonder late posterity shall dwell
> On Absalom and false Achitophel."

Of David and his rebel son was the Emperor Frederick II. thinking, if not of them only, when he wrote to the States of Sicily, after the death of his son Henry, unreconciled: "I am not the first who has suffered injury from disobedient sons, and yet wept over their graves." That equally renowned Kaiser, Henry IV., was at least equally afflicted; and there is something of the impulsive fondness of David in that gush of feeling on the father's part, when the two Henrys met in arms on the banks of the Moselle, and the elder threw himself at the feet of the younger, and adjured him by the welfare of his soul to desist from his unnatural strife. He knew, he said, that his sins deserved the chastisement of God: "But do not thou sully thy honour and thy name. No law of God obliges a son to be the instrument of divine vengeance against his father."

No difficult task was it for such unscrupulous intriguers as the disaffected Scottish nobles of the fifteenth century, to work upon the youthful ambition of James, Duke of Rothesay, not yet midway in his teens, to join their party and favour their designs against his father, James III.; who, in his anxiety, as Tytler says, to avoid a mortal contest, permitted the son who had usurped his kingly style, and the subjects who were in rebellion, to negotiate on a footing of equality with himself. Violent, eventually, was that son's remorse. "What," exclaims South, in his hearty downright way, "made that ungrateful wretch Absalom kick at all the kindnesses of his indulgent father, but because his ambition would needs be fingering the sceptre, and hoisting him into his father's throne?" In another sermon, the next in printed order, the same outspoken preacher has his fling at Absalom, for inviting his dear brother to a feast, hugging and embracing, courting and caressing him, till he had well dosed his weak head with wine, and his foolish heart with confiding credulity; "and then in he brings him an old reckoning, and makes him pay it off with his blood." To say that Dr. South has his fling at the rebel prince and fratricide, is but to give him the credit of doing metaphorically what is done literally in the valley of Jehoshaphat to this day; for Eastern travellers tell us of the very conspicuous tomb by tradition allotted to Absalom, that Jewish fathers, as they walk past it with their children, bid their boys each cast a stone there, to mark their displeasure at the son who rebelled against his sire; and some years ago it was reported as nearly full of such stones. The old Elizabethan dramatist already quoted, in due course of the tragedy hangs Absalom by the hair, and extorts from him in that position this soliloquy:

> "What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
> Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
> And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
> Hath Absalon* no soldier near his hand

* So George Peele consistently spells the name. Dryden so spells it inconsistently, just when and only when the exigencies of rhyme constrain him, or might seem to do so; and not always then. Within the first score

That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
O God, behold the glory of Thy hand,
And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
Fit for the axe and ready for the fire!
Since Thou withhold'st all ordinary help
To loose my body from this bond of death,
Oh, let my beauty fill these senseless plants
With sense and power to loose me from this plague,
And work some wonder to prevent his death
Whose life Thou madest a special miracle!"

The young man's pride in his beauty is made prominent enough; a sort of ruling passion strong in death. His appeal to Joab for help is summarily dismissed by that rough and ready (yet in Peele's version rather too rhetorical) soldier:

"Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth!
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father and my sovereign lord?
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree *
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant.
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard
The beauty whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st His grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape
Of goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
Is stuff'd with nought but pride and stubbornness?"

One hardly recognises the Joab of the Book of Samuel in

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of lines in the *Absalom and Achitophel* we come, for instance, upon this couplet:

"Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon."

But midway in it we have, unless the variation be due to the printers,—

"Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom."

Towards the close of the second part the *n* for *m* recurs:

"Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalon,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone."

* In Henslowe's Diary, under the date October 1602, this entry occurs: "Pd. for poleyes and workmanship for to hange Absalome, xiiijd."

this didactic homilist and his platitudinary paraphrases. But let that pass. He at least recognises Absalom's surpassing beauty, and that must have been some compensation or consolation at the last. From other parts of the play have been cited various lines in which Absalom himself or others assert this pre-eminence. Here is another hyperbolical passage, Absalom the speaker:

> "Whose beauty will suffice to chase all mists,
> And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
> Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
> Or be offended with a lowering day."

But let the king's favourite son be once for all entangled by his hair, and in that helpless position be stabbed by ruthless Joab, and the king's soldiers will come and deride the dying man, calling one upon another to see where the rebel in his glory hangs, and uttering such mocking queries as—

> "Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?
> Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
> Or be in love with that thy golden hair,
> Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
> And cords prepared to stop thy father's breath?"

The fatal gift of beauty,—to man as well as to woman has that expression sometimes applied. And that personal beauty may be associated with baseness of character, with scoundrelism, with utter heartlessness, with flagitious criminality, there are examples on record enough and to spare, in the literature of all times as well as in that for all time.

Homer's Paris is "as smooth of face as fraudulent of mind," —a goodly apple rotten at the core. Boethius signalizes Alcibiades as the goodliest person of his day, *quo ad superficiem*, but with a *corpus turpissimum interne*—a soul superlatively the reverse of his outward seeming. The wish of the gnomic poet is honest:

*Δύσμορφος εἴην μᾶλλον ἢ καλὸς κακός.*

*Deformis sim potius quam pulcher malus.*—One of Fielding's handsome scoundrels is thus described: "Nature had certainly

wrapt up her odious work in a most beautiful covering." Historians of Scotland stigmatize the Master of Gray, the favourite of young James VI., as carrying a heart as black and treacherous as any in that profligate age, under an exterior which was pre-eminently beautiful, though too feminine to please some tastes.* A perfect traitor should, according to the painter in *Romola*, have a face which vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard. Without taking upon him to say, at first sight, that the young stranger, Tito, is a traitor, the painter does say that Tito has a face which would make him a more perfect traitor if he had the heart of one, which is saying neither more nor less than that he has a beautiful face, informed with rich young blood, that will be nourished enough by food, and keep its colour without much help from virtue. "Say what thou wilt, Piero," replies Nello, as the bright-faced young stranger takes leave of them, "I shall never look at such an outside as that without taking it as a sign of a loveable nature. Why, thou wilt say next that Lionardo, whom thou art always raving about, ought to have made his Judas as beautiful as St. John!" The barber would have been all for rehabilitating Cæsar Borgia: and, simply as barber, how could he have withstood Absalom and his head of hair? Mr. Herbert Spencer avows himself unable ever to have accepted the commonly expressed opinion, that beauty of character and beauty of aspect are unrelated; and he objects to those who hold this theory the incompleteness of their conviction, inasmuch as whenever they find a mean deed committed by one of noble countenance, they manifest surprise—a fact he takes clearly to imply that underneath their professed induction lies a still living conviction at variance with it. But

* Tytler says of him, at the last: "None lamented his disgrace; for although still young in years [1587] Gray was old in falsehood and crime. Brilliant, fascinating, highly educated, and universally reputed the handsomest man of his time, he had used all these advantages for the most profligate ends."—*History of Scotland*, vol. iv., ch. vi.

Zeluco may be taken as a type of only too numerous a class. "His person," says his author, "was finely proportioned; and although some people who pretended to skill in physiognomy asserted that they could detect the indications of ill-nature and of a vicious disposition in his countenance; yet, in the general opinion . . . he was a very handsome man." Particularly of that opinion was the Signora Rosolia,—described as one of those young ladies who, when they greatly approve of a man's face and figure, are inclined to believe that every other good quality is added thereunto. Like Zeluco's mother, she saw his mind in his visage; "and as this was fair and regular, she fondly believed it to be a faithful index of the other." Whereas Zeluco stands forth the most unmitigated rascal, perhaps, in universal fiction.

The rebuke of Odysseus to Antinoüs begins with this very proper personality:

> "—— souls, like that in thee,
> Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity."

Than Milton's Belial, "a fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed for dignity composed and high exploit; but all was false and hollow," and his thoughts were mean, and himself to vice industrious, but to nobler deeds timorous and slothful. In Dante's image of Fraud,

> "His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
> So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
> The rest was serpent all."

Mr. Wingrove Cooke tells us of a notorious American criminal whose trial he witnessed at Hongkong for piracy and murder, that while his name, Eli Boggs, would do for a villain of the Blackbeard class, he was in form and feature like the hero of a sentimental novel. The face of the handsome lad whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy, was one "of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip; large lustrous eyes; a mouth, the smile of which might woo coy maiden; affluent black hair, not carelessly parted; hands so small and so

delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia: such was the Hongkong pirate, Eli Boggs." Virtue is beauty, says one of Shakspeare's Antonios—the sea-captain of Illyria, not the merchant of Venice:

> "—— but the beauteous-evil
> Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil."

It is in the same play (*Twelfth Night*) that Viola thus addresses another sea-captain, whom, after inspection, or by intuition, she has made up her mind to trust:

> "And though that nature with a beauteous wa
> Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
> I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
> With this thy fair and outward character."

The first two lines have a flavour of the *Rara est adeo concordia formæ Atque pudicitiæ* of Juvenal. Or compare the lines of Prudentius:

> "Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro,
> Si mallet laudare Deum; cui sordida monstra
> Prætulit, et liquidam temeravit crimine vocem."

To Shakspeare again. "O Hero! what a Hero thou hadst been," exclaims the abused if also abusive Claudio, "if half thy outward graces had been placed above thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But fare thee well, most foul, most fair!" The Antonio of Venice moralizes on a villain with a smiling cheek, like goodly apple rotten at the core: "O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" Juliet has a flood of abhorrent apostrophes for the slayer of her cousin:

> "O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
> Did ever a dragon keep so fair a cave?
> Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
> Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
> Despisèd substance of divinest show!
> Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
> A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!—
> O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
> When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
> In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

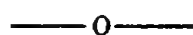
> Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
> So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
> In such a gorgeous palace!"

Very flat after such an outburst will sound the lines of Clarice in Corneille:

> "Le dedans paraît mal en ces miroirs flatteurs;
> Les visages sont souvent de doux imposteurs.
> Que de défauts d'esprit se couvrent de leurs grâces!
> Et que de beaux semblants cachent des âmes basses!"

But we are getting far away from Absalom, and of him it is time to take leave. Be this done in a couplet from Dryden, of which the phrase in Shakspeare about "paradise of sweet flesh" reminds us: it is from the *Absalom and Achitophel*, and descriptive of the beautiful rebel—call him David's son or the tuart's, which you will:

> "His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And Paradise was opened in his face."



## *LONGING FOR REST.*

PSALM lv. 6, 7.

WITH a heart sore pained within him, with open war against him in front, and treacherous friends behind his back, the Psalmist's weariful aspiration is, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off and remain in the wilderness." So would he hasten his escape from the windy storm and tempest. Versed in those statutes which were his songs in the house of his pilgrimage, he must have appreciated to the full every recurring promise to the footsore wanderers in the desert, that the Lord their God would give them rest; that a sabbatical rest remaineth for the people of God; that His presence should go with them, and Himself give them rest; that the day should come when they might offer sacrifices of rest to

Him who had given them rest from their enemies, rest for the sole of their foot, rest for jaded limb and weary heart. The rest wherewith He causeth the weary to rest. The rest which satisfies those who hitherto have gone about seeking other rest and finding none. For they which have believed do enter into rest; they not only enter in but abide, dwell, in resting-places. There the weary be at rest. This is our rest for ever, say they, and here will we dwell. This is the rest wherewith He who alone can, causeth the weary to rest. Well may they long for it, and for the dove's wings that might carry them to it; for then at once, and then and there once for all, flying away, they would be at rest. Then are they glad when, at last, and because, they are at rest; and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

De Quincey somewhere speaks of that vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Father Newman is eloquent on that "very abyss of peace" into which Christ, as our forerunner, has entered, "that place of peace which is all in all," where is no voice of tumult or distress, but a deep stillness—stillness, that greatest and most awful of all goods which we can fancy—that most perfect of joys, the utter, profound ineffable tranquillity of the Divine essence. Here are we tossing upon the sea, he says, and the wind is contrary. But the Master has entered into His rest. And, "oh, how great a good will it be, if, when this troublesome life is over, we in our turn also enter into that same rest; if the time shall one day come when we shall enter into His tabernacle above, and hide ourselves under the shadow of His wings!" Many are the days when, as another divine, equally in earnest, but of an utterly different school, expresses it, the spirit gives way, and we wish "that all were over—that we could lie down tired, and rest like children, from life—that the hour was come when we could put down the extinguisher on the lamp, and feel the last grand rush of darkness on the spirit." The poet confesses

to having once adored the bright unwearied sleepless sun, and to have wished to emulate his course, undisturbed and uninterrupted by rest or night:

> "But *now*,—since I have heard and seen
> The many cares that trouble life,
> The evil that requiteth good,
> The benefits not understood,
> Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
> The hate, the tie, the bitter jest,
> I feel how sweet are night and rest!"

Apostrophizing the happy season of childhood, Herr Teufelsdröckh speaks of the young spirit as awakened out of Eternity, and ignorant of what we mean by Time, untaught as yet in the secret of Vicissitude: in a motionless universe it tastes, what afterwards in this quick-whirling universe is for ever denied us, the balm of rest. "Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: 'Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?'" The day dawns quite soon enough when our Clothes-Philosopher has to pitch his tent under a cypress-tree, and records the stern experiences of life, planted down by memory in his imagination, and rising there to a whole cypress-forest; and thus his musings wander towards and linger with those who have left him behind in the world of strife and struggle, not forgetting others left behind with him still: "O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye who, wide-scattered, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot henceforth harm us any more!" The very weary can sometimes, in the extreme of weariness, incline to favour the doctrine of Buddhism, that existence is,

upon the whole, a restless, insecure, unhappy thing, to escape from which is the consummation of felicity, albeit the only way of escape that Buddhism professes to teach is the path to Nirvana.

Probably few men live as long as Leigh Hunt, and work anything like as hard, who do not, at some time or other in their course, feel something of what he expresses in a letter to an intimate friend, where he says that he has suffered so much of late that, what with biliousness in his blood and sorrow at his heart, he often seems as if he had nothing to do but to lie down, and sleep himself, if he could, away. That, however, may not be, he adds: his duties, his cheerful principles and religion, everything, forbid it. The old man is like young Jane Eyre, when, looking back at the bed she had left, and hopeless of the future, she wished but this—that her Maker had that night thought good to require her soul of her while she slept; and that her weary frame, absolved by death from further conflict with fate, had now but to decay quietly, and mingle in peace with the soil of the wilderness she was in. Life, however, was yet in her possession, with all its requirements, and pains, and responsibilities: the burden must be carried, the want provided for, the suffering endured, the responsibility fulfilled.

In quitting St. Ebbe's, Oxford, for Trinity Chapel, Brighton, in 1847, the late F. W. Robertson professed to be going to a place from which he shrank, but was resolved on trying to do his work. His life, if he might judge by the decline he felt of mental accuracy and strength, and the weakening of nerve, had got more than half-way, and the rest was down-hill. The half-way house seemed behind him; and if Brighton were to be but another form of the Cheltenham he had discarded, home could not, he felt sure, be very far off—the last, long home. He was getting very tired. And the complexion of his spontaneous thoughts at his time he described as increasing the contemplation of rest. "Rest in God and Love. Deep repose in that still country where the mystery of this strange life is solved and the most feverish heart lays down its load at

last."* Elsewhere he speaks of that deep awful rest which is the most endearing of all the attributes of the life that shall be —the rest which is order instead of disorder—harmony instead of chaotic passions in jar and discord, and duty instead of the conflict of self-will with God's loving will.

The intense torture of his last illness (imputed to an abscess in the cerebellum) must have quickened his longings for the rest he could describe so well. His biographer tells us where he was laid to rest,—in a hollow of the Downs he loved so dearly, where the sound of the waves may be heard in the distance; a sound that, to one standing by his grave, may seem a fair and fitting requiem; for if the inquietude of the sea was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace in the peace of God.† A friend once observed of him in his prime, that his very quietude was like the quietude of the ocean, seemingly at rest, but traversed and stirred by a thousand currents. His very calm was a hurricane, Lady Byron used to say of him.‡ Sir Walter Scott incidentally remarks that the undisturbed repose .of which we are so tenacious when duty or necessity compels us to abandon it, is precisely what we long to exchange for a state of excitation, as soon as we may prolong it at our own pleasure. In effect, you have only to say to a man, "remain at rest," and you instantly inspire him with the love of labour. To work, ever to work, is the

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* Some years later he writes down his sense of gratitude to an author, one of whose books had afforded him refreshment and solace in a season of weariness and depression—had "soothed and invigorated one day of a way-worn, tired being in his path to the Still Country, where the heaviest-laden lays down his burden at last, and has Rest."—*Life and Letters*, vol. i., p. 251.

He goes on to thank God that there is rest—many an interval of saddest, sweetest rest—even here where it seems as if evening breezes from that other land, laden with fragrance, played upon the cheek and lulled the heart.

† "He sleeps well; and we, who are left alone with our love and his great result of work, cannot but rejoice that he has entered into his Father's rest." —*Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson*, vol. ii., p. 239.

‡ In an exposition by him of Genesis xxii. (Abraham's trial), one paragraph runs: "Trials do not become lighter as we go on. '*After these things*.' What! no repose? Is there no place of honourable repose for the Emeritus? No. Harder, and yet harder trials. For the Christian soldier there is no rest except in the grave.—Vol. ii., p. 340.

primary law of some natures—of Sainte Aldegonde, for instance, who in earliest youth adopted the device *Repos ailleurs*, Rest in the world to come, not in this; and was faithful to it all his days. Mr. Lothrop Motley's account of the indefatigable Marnix, whom death surprised at hard work, closes with this sentence: "At the age of sixty he went at last to the repose which he had denied to himself on earth—'*Repos ailleurs.*'" The idea of action is indeed so essential to our notion of pleasure, that Hobbes, while he places the felicity of this life in action, denies it repose, and declares that the joys of the next world are to us upon earth utterly incomprehensible, partaking so much of rest, as in Scripture they are said to do. And of course, as Mr. Dallas agrees, Hobbes is quite right, if by repose we are to understand what the Malmesbury philosopher understands—the stoppage of movement—"desire at an end, sense and imagination at a stand." But this is scarcely the Scriptural or a sensible idea of rest. *Repos ailleurs* meant something more than that to Mendelssohn when, towards the last, he only replied to entreaties to spare himself, instead of labouring on with eager haste and burning zeal, after serious illness had set in, "Let me work on—for me too the hour of rest will come." And again: "Let me work while it is day. Who can tell how soon the bell may toll?" Meanwhile, the law of labour was his law of love.

Novalis gives expression to his *Sehnsucht nach dem Tode* in words like these:

> "Gelobt sey uns die ew' ge Nacht,
> Gelobt der ew' ge Schlummer!
> Wohl hat der Tag uns warm gemacht,
> Und welk der lange Kummer.
> Die luste der Fremde ging uns aus.
> Zum Vater wollen wir nach Haus."

To such a *sehnsucht* Luther gave frequent expression in his closing days. In December, 1544, for instance, he speaks of himself as old, useless, and very weary: "I have finished my journey. . . . I am weary of life, if this can be called life." Later again: "There is nothing *in totâ vitâ* which gives me

pleasure: I am utterly weary of life. I pray the Lord will come forthwith, and carry me hence." To his dear Probst he writes that, although overwhelmed with age and weariness, old, cold, and half blind, he is not permitted as yet to take his repose, but longs for it wearily. Prompted by other motives were the similar longings for the last rest uttered, while comparatively young and lusty, by Robert Burns; as where he writes to his father, as early as 1781, that he is quite transported at the thought, that ere long, perhaps very soon, he shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this mortal life; "for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it." Seven years later he makes this entry in his common-place book: "I am such a coward in life, so tired of the service, that I would almost at any time, with Milton's Adam, 'gladly lay me in my mother's lap, and be at peace.'" Later again his longing finds utterance in the pathetic cry of the old ballad—

> "O that the grave it were my bed,
> My blankets were my winding-sheet,
> The clocks and the worms my bedfellows a',
> And O sae sound as I should sleep!"

The negress in the American story catches at the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," calling them good words, and asking who said them, and venting a wish that she knew where to find Him: "I would go; 'pears like I never should get rested agin. . . . At nights it's 'most midnight 'fore I can get my supper; and den 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes 'fore I hear de horn blow to get up, and at it again in de mornin'." The dying factory-girl in Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South* used to think once, that if she could have a day of doing nothing, to rest her—a day in some quiet place like that Margaret Hale tells her of—it would maybe set her up. But now she has had many days of enforced idleness, and is just as weary of them as she used to be of work. "Sometimes I'm so tired out I think I cannot enjoy heaven without a piece of rest

first. I'm rather afeard o' going straight up there without getting a good sleep in the grave to set me up." As though to recover her strength, *after* she was gone hence, and should be no more seen.—Madge Wildfire is sad to think of her "puir bit doggie," as she saw it lying dying in the gutter: "But it's just as weel, for it suffered baith cauld and hunger, when it was living, and in the grave there is rest for a' things—rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn, and me." Rest for all things. *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* began the lines Goethe wrote in pencil on the walls of the wooden hut at Ilmenau, in the prime of life; and they end with,

> "Warte nur, bald
> Ruhest du auch."

Just before he died he re-visited the hut, and read the lines over again, and recalled the past, and wiped the tears from his eyes at the recollection, and repeated the last line, *Ja, warte nur, bald ruhest du auch*—Yes; wait but a little, thou too wilt soon be at rest. The rest, says his biographer, was nearer than any one expected. There was not long to wait. *Denn auch über eine kleine Weile so wird kommen, der da kommen soll, und nicht verziehen.* Is it not so written in the Epistle to the Hebrews? Mr. Thackeray's fine old French Comtesse declares for her part, in a calm old age, that when the end comes with its great absolution, she shall not be sorry. "One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded; ah, when shall they be over?" Romola is described towards the end of her troubled course as weary of this stifling crowded life, and longing for that repose in mere sensation which she had sometimes dreamed of in the sultry afternoons of her early girlhood, when she had fancied herself floating naïad-like on the waters; and afterwards we read of the imagination of herself gliding away in a boat on the darkening waters as growing more and more into a longing, as the thought of a cool brook in sultriness becomes a painful thirst. When Mr. Charles Reade takes leave of his Triplet, in a brief sentence recording the year of his death, he does so in the expressive words,—

"And I, who laugh at him, would leave this world to-day, to be with him; for I am tossing at sea—he is in port." What says Mr. Browning's art-philosopher among old pictures in Florence?—

> "When a soul has seen
> By means of Evil that Good is best,
> And through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene,
> When its faith in the same has stood the test—
> Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,
> The uses of labour are surely done.
> There remaineth a rest for the people of God,
> And I have had troubles enough for one."

Bidding Gordon good-night, Schiller's Wallenstein suggestively says,

> "—— I think to make a long
> Sleep of it; for the struggle and turmoil
> Of this last day or two was great. . . .
> Take care that they awake me not too early."

That is in the fifth act of a tragedy, and the tragedy is *Wallensteins Tod.* The worn-out warrior's injunction is of a kind to recall the strain of quite another speaker, of clerical origin,—

> "I am as one
> Whom an officious hand disturbs in sleep,
> When he lies drinking rest after long toil,
> And panteth for the slumber of a year
> To wipe away some heavy day's turmoil."

Who, it has been asked, has not felt his heart echo to that saying of the brilliant Frenchwoman's, half intended as a point, but carried by nature, against the very will of the speaker, into a homely and most touching truth: "At times I feel the want to die as the wakeful feel the want to sleep"? Worn, wearied, and sated, who has not felt the want expressed by this "the justest of similes"? Charlotte Smith, looking for *repos ailleurs*, is fain to fancy it in the moon, whose mild and placid light sheds a soft calm upon her troubled breast, and evokes a sonnet from it:

> "For, oft I think, fair planet of the night,
> That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;

The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
  Released by death to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
  Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
Oh that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene."

Drawing a long sigh, the dying woman in *Dred* says thoughtfully, dwelling on the word of promise Tiff has read to her from the gospel,* "Rest, rest, rest! Oh, how much I want it! . . . Don't talk to me any more now, I'm getting sleepy. . . . There, there, now give me rest, *please* do." Of Margaret, in *Land at Last*, we read that "Rest, only rest," that was her craving: let her once more be restored to her ordinary strength, and then let her rest until she died. "Ah, had she not had more than the ordinary share of trouble and disquietude, and could not a haven be found for her at last?" *De profundis* is the draught of sighs in Mrs. Browning's poem, of that name,—the sighings of a life-prisoner for release from life's prison-house—asking and praying

"Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon,
 (Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
 Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
 Till days go out which now go on.

"Only to lift the turf unmown
 From off the earth where it has grown,
 Some cubit space, and say, 'Behold,
 Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
 Forgetting how the days go on.'

"What harm would that do? Green anon
 The sward would quicken, overshone
 By skies as blue; and crickets might
 Have leave to chirp there day and night
 While my new rest went on, went on."

Crabbe has a crabbed sketch of the worn-out hedger and ditcher, who asks why yet he lives, when he desires to be free

* It is a repeat of a parallel passage on the same text, in fact, and from the same pen, in another tale, already cited (p. 153).

at once from life and life's long labour: friendless he believes himself to be, and he can help none; then let his bones beneath the turf be laid, and men forget the wretch they would not aid:

> "Thus groan the old, till, by disease oppress'd,
> They taste a final woe, and then they rest."

God sends His servants to bed when they have done their work, is one of Fuller's quaint sayings. And this is a subject upon which, as Southey has remarked, even Sir Richard Blackmore could write with a poet's feeling, in the lines beginning, "Thou dost, O Death, a peaceful harbour lie,"—and which go on to tell how in Death's arms the weary lie down to rest:

> "Cripples with aches* and with age opprest,
> Crawl on their crutches to the Grave for rest.
> Exhausted travellers that have undergone
> The scorching heats of life's intemperate zone,
> Haste for refreshment to their beds beneath,
> And stretch themselves in the cool shades of death.
> Poor labourers who their daily task repeat,
> Tired with their still returning toil and sweat,
> Lie down at last; and at the wish'd-for close
> Of life's long day, enjoy a sweet repose."

Did the reader, the general reader, ever read Sir Richard Blackmore before?—if indeed he has read him now.

Not more weary the veteran field-labourer of Blackmore and Crabbe, in his way, than monarchs many, in theirs, than grandees many more, in theirs. The old king in *Ethwald: A Tragedy* feels himself sinking under the burthen of years and cares: full many a storm on that grey head has beaten, and now, on his high station he stands—

> "Like the tired watchman in his air-rock'd tower,
> Who looketh for the hour of his release.
> I'm sick of worldly broils, and fain would rest
> With those who war no more."

* A word of two syllables; as in the disputed yet scarcely disputable line, by John Kemble's pronunciation made so noteworthy, in Shakspeare's *Tempest*.

King Edward II., in Marlowe's historical drama, tells the Abbot,

> "—— Good father, on thy lap
> Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
> Oh might I never ope these eyes again,
> Never again lift up this drooping head,
> Oh never more lift up this dying heart!

The Revolution had not yet asserted its hour and power of darkness when Louis the Sixteenth exclaimed, on leaving the grave of his attached minister, Vergennes, "Happy were I, might I repose in peace beside him!" What says the old king on the tower in Uhland's ballad?

> "My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone;
> My sword it resteth upon the wall;
> Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
> When shall I rest me once for all?
>
> "O blessed rest! O royal night!
> Wherefore seemeth the time so long,
> Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
> And list to their loudest song?"

So, but with a pagan difference, does Wordsworth glance, in one of his sonnets, at the veteran Sertorius, that great leader, sick of strife and bloodshed, who so longed in quiet to be laid in some green island of the western main. What poet, indeed, excels Wordsworth in the impressiveness of his tributes, first and last, to the sublime attractions of rest? For instance, there is his mountain recluse, confessedly aweary of the traverses and toils of life, its perplexing labyrinths, abrupt precipitations, and untoward straits, all which the earth-born wanderer having passed, he must again encounter, just as the river, that other earth-born wanderer, must, after brief respite here and there:

> "—— Such a stream
> Is human life; and so the spirit fares
> In the best quiet to her course allowed;
> And such is mine,—save only for a hope
> That my particular current soon will reach
> The unfathomable gulf where all is still."

And elsewhere what other yearning, asks he, was the master tie of the monastic brotherhood, upon airy rock or in green secluded vale, collected from afar in undissolving fellowship? —what but this,

> "The universal instinct of repose,
> The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
> Inward and outward; humble, yet sublime:
> The life where hope and memory are as one;
> Where earth is quiet and her face unchanged
> Save by the simplest toil of human hands
> Or seasons' difference; the immortal Soul
> Consistent in self-rule; and heaven revealed
> To meditation in that quietness!"

To the wilderness the Psalmist would wing his flight, were the wings of a dove his. "Lo, there would I get me away far off, and remain in the wilderness." The isolated calm of the desert, its even savage seclusion, were as a spell to that troubled spirit, tossed with tempests and not comforted. Not of the wilderness thought he as we think of it when we read how Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil—albeit when the devil leaveth Him, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him; or again, when we read how the possessed Gadarene, which had devils long time, and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs, was driven of thed evil into the wilderness. Rather the Psalmist thought of it as the Son of David did, when He said to the disciples in the flush of excitement and exertion, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile;" for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat. And so they departed into a desert place by ship privately.

How often the Latin poet's aspiration is breathed by other lips—

> "—— O quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?"

"Ah, Montalais! Ah, Malrome!" sighed a worn-out French

marshal, "Quand m'envelopperai-je tout entier de votre quiétude si douce, loin des affaires, des soucis et des hommes !" Southey breathes the wish, in his earlier days, "Oh for a snug island in the farthest of all seas, surrounded by the highest of all rocks, . . . secluded from the worst of all possible monsters, man!" In his Hymn to the Penates he had versified and diversified the wish:

> "And loathing human converse, I have strayed
> Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howled the blast,
> And gazed upon the world of waves, and wished
> That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
> In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace."

Cicero had his retreat at Astura, that little island so sequestered and solitary, covered with a thick wood, in whose shady aisles he used to find repose when aweary of the strife of tongues, his own included. You may make a solitude and call it peace, if you like, some one has shrewdly said; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the result of such a choice of life would be discontent, irritation, and immovable gloom. The time is past when men who were grieved with the iniquities of their kind, disgusted with the hollowness of society, or perplexed with the enigmas of human destiny, followed the "fashionable or pious usage" of quitting so unsatisfactory a scene, and retiring to solitude and meditation. Mrs. Agassiz, in the book on Brazil which bears on the title-page her husband's name conjointly with her own, speaks more than once of the melancholy which is produced by the magnificent scenery she describes; and a reviewer on this side of the Atlantic allows that the vast impenetrable forest solitudes are no doubt oppressive after a time; but he is fain to add, that a poor cockney, who upon the whole has abundant opportunities of familiarity with his own race, feels his mouth water for a moment, and has a temporary misgiving as to the advantages of civilization. "He is conscious of a half-desire to pack up his portmanteau and be off, to sling his hammock in the midst of the forests and beside the inexhaustible streams of the

mightiest river on earth" (the Amazons). Overwrought minds in failing bodies now and then

> "Dream of such spots, when they have said their prayers,—
> Or some tired parent, holding by the hand
> A child, and walking tow'rds the setting sun."

Even a gentle recluse poet, whose views of the world were but glimpses through the loop-holes of retreat, could sigh forth his "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, a boundless contiguity of shade!" Pope follows, that is imitates, Dr. Donne, when he satirically prays to be borne quickly hence, to wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense, where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings. If age had tamed the passions' strife, and fate had cut his ties to life, the author of *Marmion*, at the time of writing that poem, would have thought it passing sweet to dwell by lone St. Mary's silent lake, and rear again the chaplain's cell,

> "Like that same peaceful hermitage
> Where Milton longed to spend his age.
> 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
> On Bourhope's lonely top decay," etc.

In some such mood, but in another tense, or time of life, spoke Wordsworth's Youth from Georgia's shore, when he talked to Ruth of green savannahs, and endless lakes, each with its fairy crowd of islands, that together lie as quietly as spots of sky among the evening clouds: "How pleasant, then," he said, "it were, a fisher or a hunter there, in sunshine or in shade to wander with an easy mind, and build a household fire, and find a home in every glade!" But he wanted a companion, as definitely and as explicitly as Childe Harold, when uttering *his*—

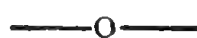
> "Oh that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister!"

and when dilating on the pleasure there is in the pathless woods, and the rapture there is on the lonely shore. Earlier stanzas in the *Pilgrimage* depict a soft quiet hamlet of a kind that seems made for those who have felt their mortality, and sought

a refuge from the cares of life, "in the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade," living henceforth in a sort of calm languor, which "hath its morality," though it may look like idlesse to the superficial observer; for,

> "If from society we learn to live,
> 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die."

Dr. Channing found the greatest attraction of his summer retreat to consist in the shelter it secured him from all the collisions of life; and sometimes, when embosomed in that entire seclusion, seeing nothing around him but the beautiful order of nature, and hearing only its sweet sounds of winds, and woods, and waters, he would say, "It is good to be here," feeling as if a paradise were spreading around him, so that he shrank from the thought of entering again the field of strife and opening his ear to new notes of discord. But then he would remind himself that the virtue which flies to the shade when God gives a work to be done in the world, which puts away anxiously every painful sight and sound, is not the virtue of Christianity; nor was it his belief that the greatest happiness, even in this life, is secured by escaping from its conflicts. Well he knew, and taught, that Christianity indeed recommends and promises peace to its followers; but he also knew and taught that this peace is of inward origin, growing from the root of a vigorous piety; not that which is infused into us by scenes of outward tranquillity—a peace the world cannot give, even less than it can take away.



## *OLD KING DAVID IN THE FIELD.*

2 SAMUEL xxi. 17.

KING DAVID was old and within a year or two of his death, when his presence in the field, to wage war against the Philistines, at serious risk to his life, to say nothing of his failing strength (for in this last campaign David "waxed faint"), occasioned a peremptory protest on the part of his

attached followers against his ever again imperilling in battle a life so dear to them and to Israel at large. In this battle the aged monarch was all but despatched by the "new sword" of the giant, and giant's son, Ishbi-benob; who, if he veritably called Goliath his father, must have exulted in dealing a mortal stroke that should, after long years, avenge his death. Mortal the stroke of Ishbi-benob, with his new sword, and his spear of three hundred shekels of brass in weight, must infallibly have been, had not the stalwart arm of Abishai the son of Zeruiah interposed, to succour David and to slay the Philistine. "Then the men of David sware unto him, saying, Thou shalt go no more out with us to battle, that thou quench not the light of Israel."

The sight of an aged prince eagerly heading his army and jealous of leadership, not loving his life to the death, but prompt to be foremost in the fray, is safe to challenge interest wherever it is to be met with in history, sacred or profane—mythical, classical, mediæval, or modern. There is King Tarquin himself, despite his burthen of years, riding in front of the Latins in full armour; and when he descries the Roman Dictator marshalling his men at the Lake Regillus, riding at him,—only to be wounded in the side by Postumius, but rescued by the Latins. There is the old King of Numidia, Massinissa, when past ninety years of age, charging like a boy of nineteen at the head of his cavalry. Poorly would that indomitable greybeard have thought of the Caliph in Tasso, who, when he

> "—— grew unfit for war through age,
> Then sheathed his sword, and laid aside his shield;
> Though yet his warlike mind he laid not down,
> For his great thirst of rule, praise, and renown."

It was after Agesilaus was eighty years old that he led an army into Egypt, to assist the Egyptians in their revolt against the Persian king. Antigonus was much of the same age when he determined to fight that decisive battle against Lysimachus which, however, was not then to come off. Seljuk, founder of the Tartar dynasty that went by his name, is said (but what would Sir Cornewall Lewis say, or Mr. Thoms?) to have been

killed at the age of 107, in a skirmish on the frontiers of Samarkhand. Quoting Béranger's dictum, that almost all the good workmen live long, Mr. Emerson adds, that if the life be true and noble, we have quite another sort of seniors than the "frowzy, timorous, peevish dotards who are falsely old,"—namely, the men who fear no city, but by whom cities stand; who appearing in any street, the people empty their houses to gaze at and obey them: as at "My Cid, with the fleecy beard," in Toledo; or Bruce, as Barbour reports him (but what thinks Mr. Freeman of Barbour, and of Barbour's Bruce?); or as blind old Dandolo, elected Doge at eighty-four years, storming Constantinople at ninety-four years, and after the revolt again victorious, and elected at the age of ninety-six to the throne of the Eastern Empire, which he declined,—dying Doge at ninety-seven. John of Brienne stands forth in Gibbon a stalwart presence, kindling the expectation of Greeks and Latins as commander of the army of the Church; so much they "admired his martial aspect, his green and vigorous age of four-score years." Abu Jahl is a name of note in the biographies of Mahomet—a warrior of the desert, of three-score years and ten, who still retained the fire, and almost the vigour and activity of youth, combined with the rancour of old age. To the same times belongs that still more ancient and far more decrepit warrior, Doraid, the chief of the Joshmites, alleged to have been upwards of a hundred years old; meagre as a skeleton, almost blind, and borne in a litter on a camel's back. Andrew Doria at eighty-five sallied out to sea* again, to attack his old enemies the Turks, who were ravaging the coast of Naples.

Then again there is the King of Bohemia, at Crécy, old and blind, charging on horseback with his knights, a forlorn hope.

* Christian Drakenberg was only sixty-eight when he was captured on a voyage from Hamburg to Spain by Algerine pirates; but then, after continuing in slavery for sixteen years, the old gentleman, now aged eighty-four, made his escape from Aleppo, and went home to take part in the war between Denmark and Sweden. And take part in it he did, to some purpose. Nor did he take leave of the Danish navy until he had numbered his ninety-first year.

The famous Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was upwards of eighty when he attacked the French entrenchments at Chatillon in 1452, and so feeble, says Monstrelet, that he was obliged to ride a small hackney, when all the rest of his force had dismounted; but riding from rank to rank he inspirited his men to fresh efforts, till a ball from a culverin struck down his horse, and a Frenchman slew him as he lay beneath it. D'Aubusson, the grand master of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, was far advanced in old age when he undertook the command of the league against the Sultan.

The historian of the conquest of Peru graphically sketches the veteran Carbajal sleeping in his saddle, as well as eating and drinking there, at eighty years of age, and seeing his followers tire one after another, while he urged on the chase of war, like Bürger's Wild Huntsman, as if endowed with an unearthly frame, incapable of fatigue. Another American historian tells us how reluctant were the Spaniards to march, in 1593, except under old Mondragon, who was nearly of the same age as the century, and had done much of the hardest work of it, and fought in most of its battles; and how, being now turned of ninety, he thought best to keep house in Antwerp Castle. But not for good. He might be characterized in Racine's words as—

> "Ce cœur nourri de sang, et de guerre affamé,
> Malgré le faix des ans."

Writing of him two years later, when intent on trying a fall with Prince Maurice, who was in his cradle after the now wizened little Christopher had come to be known as the "good old Mondragon," Mr. Motley observes: "Christopher Mondragon was now [1595] ninety-two years old. Not often in the world's history has a man of that age been capable of personal participation in the joys of the battle-field, whatever natural reluctance veterans are apt to manifest at relinquishing high military control. But Mondragon looked not with envy, but with admiration, on the growing fame of the Nassau chieftain, and was disposed, before he himself left the stage, to

match himself with the young champion." His announced intention of crossing the Rhine was scouted by his army as a foolhardy scheme; but the general had not campaigned a generation before, at the age of sixty-nine, "at the bottom of the sea," and waded chin-deep for six hours long of an October night in the face of a rising tide from the German Ocean and of an army of Zeelanders, to be frightened now, as his officers and men alike seemed to be, at the "summer aspect of the peaceful Rhine." A picturesque figure the "wizened little old man" presents, walking with difficulty by the aid of a staff, but armed in proof, with plumes waving gallantly from his iron headpiece, and with his rapier at his side, making for the river's edge,—then taking his seat in a chair placed there for the purpose, and swearing not to rise from it till the last man of all his host should have crossed the stream. Alone he planned his expedition across the country from Antwerp, alone he insisted on crossing the Rhine, alone he outwitted the famous young chieftain of the Netherlands, counteracting his subtlest policy, (and Maurice could be very subtle,) and setting the counter-ambush by which the prince's choicest cavalry were cut to pieces, and one of his bravest generals, Count Philip, slain. "So far could the icy blood of ninety-two prevail against the vigour of twenty-eight." This was Mondragon's last feat of arms; within three months of it he died.* One might say of him, with Shakspeare's Kent, "The wonder is, he hath endured so long: he but usurped his life." But there was in him a fund of vitality resembling that ascribed to

* "Strange to say, this man—who had spent almost a century on the battle-field, who had been a soldier in nearly every war that had been waged in Europe during that most belligerent age, who had come an old man to the Netherlands before Alva's arrival, and had ever since been constantly and personally engaged in the vast Flemish tragedy which had now lasted well-nigh thirty years—had never himself lost a drop of blood. His battle-fields had been on land and water, on ice, in fire, and at the bottom of the sea, but he had never received a wound." Nay, more; he had been blown up in a fortress (Danvilliers), where all perished save his wife and himself,—the "ancient couple" being dug up from the ruins without a bruise or a scratch.—Motley, *History of the United Netherlands*, vol. iii., p. 342; cf. pp. 259, 336, 341.

Cooper's veteran hero, who seemed to bid defiance to all the usual attacks of human infirmities; and whose attenuated frame, though evidently so near its dissolution, still stood like the shaft of seasoned oak, dry, naked, and tempest-riven, but unbending and apparently indurated to the consistency of stone. To how many of the hoary warriors we have been citing, would apply what York says of aged Salisbury, when he calls him—

> "That winter lion, who in rage forgets
> Agèd contusions and all brush of time;
> And like a gallant in the brow* of youth,
> Repairs him with occasion."

Recklessness in personal exposure to peril in battle, whatever the age of the commander, is a topic admitting of copious illustration. Godfrey's impetuosity and recklessness of risk, in Tasso, are the occasion of grave remonstrance on the part of aged Raimond, who deprecates his eagerness to be first to scale the breach, and his forgetfulness of the ruin that loss of him might bring upon his host:

> "My lord, your life with greater care protect,
> And love yourself because all us you love;
> Your happy life is spirit, soul, and breath
> Of all this camp; preserve it then from death."

To all which the royal crusader answers, that a secret vow is upon him,

> "Not as a captain here this day to stand
> And give directions, but with shield and sword
> To fight, to win, or die for Christ my Lord."

*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*—not war, at least, in the sense a general is expected to take and follow out. There was something more of logic in the plea proffered by Gustavus Adolphus, when tenderly reproached by his great Chancellor, Oxenstiern, for the rashness with which he exposed his own person (but his army also) to superior numbers: "Far be the charge of rashness from me, on whom rest so many souls, and a cause so important. But the time will come when

* That is, height.

duty will command me to follow the caution and wearying delays of a Fabius;" and what better means, he argued, of suppressing the impatience, without cowing the courage of his army, could he furnish, than a proof positive from his past character, that foresight and a commanding genius must have dictated his forbearance; for that timidity could have no share in it? Joan of Arc, in Schiller, is even more proof against remonstrance than Godfrey in Tasso, as relying on a Divine inspiration which follow blindly she may, and obey implicitly she must. La Hire in vain implores her to be satisfied with pointing out the path of conquest to the host, and, if she will, to bear the banner before them; but not to wield arms herself, and so tempt a fatal stroke in the *mêlée*. He is peremptorily silenced:

> "Who dares impede my progress? Who presume
> The Spirit to control which guideth me?
> Where danger is, there must Johanna be."

In an after scene the Maiden is missed by her fellow-soldiers; and one chieftain answers another's inquiry by telling how, not long before, he saw her banner wave amid the thickest of the hostile ranks; and Dunois exclaims,

> "Alas! where is she? Evil I forebode:
> Come, let us haste to rescue her. I fear
> Her daring soul hath led her on too far;
> Alone she combats in the midst of foes,
> And without succour sways before the throng."

To recur to the salient historical instance of Gustavus Adolphus. His intemperance of courage, in exposing his person in action is accounted by Mr. Herman Merivale a greater sin than his intemperance in anger: no prayers, no representations, could wean him from his constant habit of taking the foremost place in time of danger. And yet, like the Napiers, he scarcely ever went into serious action without being hit. His fate at Lützen is therefore described as only in accordance with this habitual disregard of sterner duty: he perished in a blaze of glory, which by its very excess of light dazzles the historical inquirer, and "converts into a martyrdom

that which was in truth both an error and a crime." There have been generals, the same writer observes, as prudent as brave, who have nevertheless risked their lives by daring exposure, deliberately, because the rallying of a broken army, or the necessity of personal presence at a menaced spot, seemed to require it. But Gustavus, it is contended, had no such excuse; his Smalanders needed no such prodigality of life to encourage them in the charge; his place was not at their head, but at that of his whole army. "He ran on almost certain death, in the mere animal spirit of valiant intoxication, like the Berserkar of old, or the savage Malay. 'Died Abner as a fool dieth?'" The visitor to Lützen, as he stood by the Swedes' Stone, is supposed to put this question, and to feel his enthusiasm damped by the reflection that Gustavus, had he survived the victory, might probably have brought the war at once to a successful termination; and that the sixteen years of misery which followed were due to that momentary yielding to the furious impulse of a noble but uncontrolled nature. Personal rashness, observes another historical critic,—in his comment on the lamentable results of the death of Gustavus,—is generally regarded with tolerance; but no man has a right unnecessarily to expose the cause of his country to the risk of an encounter which might become a private or a subaltern. "Many a noble undertaking has collapsed with the fall of some indispensable representative." Apart, however, from this grave contingency, let us glance at some of the names of note in story, whose personal valour was unduly personal in its self-assertion.

There is Cyrus at the battle of Cunaxa, rejecting the entreaty of Clearchus to keep to the rear, and committing what Plutarch calls the error of rushing into the midst of the greatest danger without care or caution. There is Pyrrhus charging with the most dashing vigour, and personally foremost in the hottest of the engagement. There is Lysander, in Plutarch's phrase, throwing away his life ingloriously, like a common soldier or desperate adventurer. There is Chabrias, exposing his life "with a boldness ungoverned by discretion," and so losing it at last. There is Callicratides, disregarding the

soothsayer's appeal, and telling him Sparta was not bound up in one man; whereas he did virtually comprehend the whole force in himself, as commander, "so that he was no longer a single person, when such numbers must perish with him." There is Pelopidas, in his last battle, sacrificing both his safety and his duty as a general, by giving way to passion, and springing forward a great way before his troops, too far for them to rescue him alive. There is Marcellus again, without any urgent occasion, and without that enthusiasm which often hurries men beyond the bounds of reason in time of danger, unadvisedly exposing himself, and dying, "not like a general, but like a spy," by the hands of mercenary scouts. There is Mardonius at Platæa, on his white horse, foremost of a band of a thousand chosen Persians, too conspicuous by his valour; for "at length the rash but gallant leader of the Asiatic armies received a mortal wound," and his death was the general signal of defeat and flight. There is Constantine at Verona, victorious, indeed, and congratulated by his officers on so important a victory, but also by them addressed with what Gibbon terms some respectful complaints, such as the most jealous monarchs will listen to without displeasure. "They represented to Constantine, that, not contented with performing all the duties of a commander, he had exposed his own person with an excess of valour which almost degenerated into rashness; and they conjured him for the future to pay more regard to the preservation of a life in which the safety of Rome and of the empire was involved." There is Julian before the citadel of Perisabor, signalizing his personal valour amid extreme peril, to a degree which "can seldom be exerted by a prudent general." At a later day the like exposure cost him his life—that day of battle when, foremost in every danger, he animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures,—his trembling guards in vain reminding their fearless sovereign that he was without armour, and conjuring him to consider himself, spare himself, save himself. There is the Emperor Manuel at the siege of Corfu, standing aloft on the poop of his galley, opposing his buckler against volleys of darts and stones; nor could he have escaped inevitable death,

had not the Sicilian admiral enjoined his archers to respect the person of a hero.

It is a Scottish historian who, in describing the desolating progress of Edward I. beyond the Forth in 1304, is prompt to record the fact that the English king, although his advanced age might have afforded him an excuse for caution, exposed his life with an almost youthful rashness.* Ten years later, when a second Edward was in the field, Bruce was earnestly remonstrated with by the Scottish leaders for the rash manner in which he courted a fatal stroke; but his estimate of the remonstrances would appear to resemble that of Tasso's hero again, in like case, when veteran counsellors uttered the entreaty,—

> "But lest you be endanger'd, hurt, or slain,
> Of all your cares take care yourself to save;
> By you this camp doth live, doth win, doth reign.
> Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave?"

A dashing figure the Kurfürst Albert, that "Achilles of Germany," makes in Mr. Carlyle's records of the House of Brandenburg—a tall, fiery, tough old Elector, plunging in alone, his Ritters being rather shy, in one of his eight victories, or "furious successful skirmishes,"—laying about him hugely, and hanging by a standard he had taken, till his life was nearly beaten out. Of James IV. at Flodden, history tells how, in his ardour, he forgot that the duties of a commander were distinct from the indiscriminate valour of a knight; how he placed himself in the front of his lances and billmen, and charged, and fell. While Surrey, in the opposing centre, "mindful of his duty," kept himself as much as possible out of the deadly brunt of the conflict, and was able to watch its progress and to give each division his instant help, the Scottish king is blamed as acting the part of Richard or Amadis, more intent

* Upon one occasion, when the king's horse backed and fell with his master, some of the soldiers, seeing his peril, ran in and forced Edward down the hill towards the tents. This was during the siege of St. Andrews.

on the display of his individual bravery and prowess, than eager for the defeat of the foe.

While awarding great praise to Alexander Farnese for his exertions at the battle of the Kowenstyn, and the attack upon the bridge, in 1585, Philip of Spain censured him affectionately for so rashly exposing his life. Professing to want words to render due thanks for all the Duke of Parma had been doing, his sovran recommended him earnestly, however, to take better care of his personal safety, "for that is of more consequence than all the rest." Next year, Farnese had a narrow escape at the siege of Neusz, twenty miles below Cologne, when he impatiently advanced to the battery of the Italian regiment, and a shower of balls rattled about him, so that his men were terrified at the danger, and a cry arose in the town that "Holoferneso," as they nicknamed him, was dead,—though, strange to relate, as the historian of the United Netherlands relates the matter, Alexander was quite unharmed, and walked back to his tent with dignified calmness and a very frowning face. So with Prince Maurice, who, very frequently, in the course of his early campaigns, was formally and urgently requested by the States-General not to expose his life so recklessly, and who, before he was twenty-five, had received wounds which, but for fortunate circumstances, would have proved mortal, because he was unwilling to leave special operations on which much was depending to other eyes than his own.* In the annals of the same war figures Henry of Navarre, "forgetting as usual, in his eagerness for the joys of the combat, that he was not a young captain of cavalry with his spurs to win by dashing into every mad adventure that might present itself, but a king fighting for his crown, with the welfare of a whole

* "Although his method of war-making differed as far as possible from that of the Béarnese [Henry IV.], yet the two had one quality in common, personal insensibility to fear. But in the case of Henry, to confront danger for its own sake was in itself a pleasure, while the calmer spirit of Maurice did not so much seek the joys of the combat as refuse to desist from scientific combinations in the interests of his personal safety."—J. L. Motley, *History of the United Netherlands*, vol. iii., p. 101.

people depending on his fortunes." In the remarkable skirmish of Aumale (1592), the King of France, by his constitutional temerity, and what Mr. Motley terms his "almost puerile love of confronting danger for the danger's sake," was on the verge of sacrificing himself, with all the hopes of his house and of the nobler portion of his people, for an absolute nothing. At St. Seine, in 1595, we see him again flinging himself, like a young lieutenant, with a mere handful of cavalry into the midst of the fight, "by one of those mad reckless impulses which made him so adorable as a soldier, and yet so profoundly censurable as a commander-in-chief." The Marquis Spinola, again, was the subject of frequent animadversion on the part of the Spanish Government and the royal generals commanding-in-chief, for his reckless habit of exposing himself to unnecessary danger. Sir Walter Scott has remarked, in the case of that Marquis of Argyle whom he "dare not stigmatize with poltroonery," remembering the composure and dignity of his death, that when the still voice within a man's own breast which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men more habitually daring than Argyle, who have consulted self-preservation when the incitements to it were so powerfully increased. The young Prince of Orange, our William III., so conducted himself in the defeat at Seneffe, in 1674, as to win from the veteran Condé the generous testimony, that in everything he had acted like an old captain, except only in risking his life too much like a young soldier.

Addison apostrophizes an appeal to Marlborough, amid the storm and stress of his *Campaign:*

"Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confused in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou livest not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

> Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
> And Europe's destiny depends on thine."

Prince Charles Edward, at Preston, was bent on going foremost into the enemy's lines; and though, as Dr. Chambers said, his courage has been "most absurdly challenged," it required urgent remonstrance to dissuade him. At Falkirk, too, he had to be implored by the army not to hazard his person by that active collision with the enemy for which, as at Preston, he was eager. Frederic the Great was with difficulty persuaded to quit the field at the lost battle of Kolin, when his troops, again and again driven back with frightful carnage, could no longer be led to the charge. His staff-officers were constrained to expostulate with him: "Does your majesty mean to storm the batteries alone?" On the other hand, at his first battle (Molwitz), losing his self-possession, he had listened all too readily to those who urged him to save himself.

At the defeat at Kunersdorf, in 1759, Frederic the Great had been urged to quit the field before the rout became universal; but he resisted the entreaty, and made it a matter of duty to remain. Two horses were killed under him that day, and a gold case which he carried in his pocket was crushed by a musket-ball. Of Washington, in 1777, one of his officers writes: "Our army love their general very much, but they have one thing against him, which is the very little care he takes of himself in any action." At the battle of Novi it was the complaint, or the boast, of both sides, that their commanders themselves, regardless of life, could not refrain from leading in person to the charge, as if their duty had been that of merely heading grenadier battalions. Nelson at Trafalgar would not be dissuaded from displaying on the quarter-deck those insignia on his breast which, his officers urged, must obviously expose him to certain death from the enemy's marksmen. Ney at Elchingen seemed to court death throughout the day: happier had he found it then, and thus. At Caldiero, Massena and the Archduke of Austria respectively charged at the head of their reserves, exposing themselves as freely as the commonest soldiers. Mortier, at Dürrenstein, was in vain implored by his

officers to get on board of a bark on the river, and make his way to the other side. Leave his comrades he would not; and his personal safety, while repeatedly encompassed by the Russian grenadiers, he seems to have owed to the vigour and dexterity with which, as an English historian says, he wielded his sword. At the battle of St. Pierre, Soult hurried to the front, and exposed his life like the meanest of his followers. At that of St. Rothière, the Emperor Alexander hazarded his life in the thickest of the fight. At that of Vauchamps, Blucher stood in the front of the squares, in hopes of falling before he saw utter defeat. He was induced to turn his horse's head by the appeal of one of his aides-de-camp: "If you should be killed here, do you really think history will praise you for it?" At Montereau, Napoleon rejected the remonstrance of his old cannoneers of the Imperial Guard, who, when the whistle of the Austrian balls sounded close over their heads, besought the Emperor to retire from the front,—with the assuring assurance (*courage, mes amis!*) that the bullet which had its billet for him was not cast yet.

Only, perhaps, a Frenchman could have hit on so characteristic a device,—and only, perhaps, Frenchmen can appreciate to the full the success of it,—as that by means of which M. de Jaucour prevailed on Marshal Broglie to withdraw from bootless peril. In vain had all the Marshal's friends used every effort to induce him to retire, and no longer to *affronter un danger inutile.* At last M. de Jaucour drew near, and whispered in his commander's ear: "Monsieur le maréchal, bear in mind, bethink that if you are killed, it is M. de Routhe who will take the command." Now M. de Routhe was *le plus sot* of his lieutenants-general. M. de Broglie, struck with the peril which thus menaced the army, at once withdrew. And this, of course, he would do with grace, and not like the old king in Mr. Tennyson's Medley, when, clashing his iron palms together with a cry, he declared himself intent on mingling in the *mêlée*:

> "But overborne by all his bearded lords
> With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce
> He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur."

It is stirring to mark how some choice spirits, in their capacity as leaders in the field, will never leave the field till life leaves them, or at least until their strength utterly fails them; and then it is not flesh and heart that fail them, but flesh only; heart remaining so strong, and spirit so willing, when flesh is so weak. If they can no longer stand, or sit on horseback, they will be borne in litter to the fray, like Shakspeare's "stout Pendragon," who,

> "—— in his litter, sick,
> Came to the field, and vanquishèd his foes."

Or like Shakspeare's "courageous Bedford," who, himself "sick, in a chair," cites that example, and inspirits himself by it, "undaunted spirit in a dying breast," when Talbot would fain bestow the old regent-duke in some better place, "fitter for sickness and for crazy age" than the battlements of beleaguered Rouen. We turn back to old times to think of Agesilaus, prostrate with his wounds at Chæronea, but refusing to retire to his tent, till he had been carried through all his battalions, and had seen the dead borne off upon their arms. And of Nicias forcing himself, as Plutarch says, beyond what his health would allow, to attend most of the actions in person,—though often, "when his distemper was very violent," obliged to keep his bed in the camp. Or of Camillus, "unable to contain himself," leaping from his bed to rally his routed forces. Or again, of Alexander, all but mortally wounded in ndia, but, while carried in a litter, subduing a large tract of country, and taking a number of cities. So with Eumenes, "extremely ill, and forced to be carried in a litter," but even thus carrying all before him, and it,—for we must not forget that formidable litter, any more than Antigonus could, who made it a jest indeed, yet in sad earnest; for the look of it was almost enough, as a "caution" to those whom it concerned. Perseus has due, or more than due, credit in Plutarch for refusing to absent himself from action when disabled by the kick of a horse and altogether in a bad way; mount another he would, and charge, without a breastplate, at the head of the

phalanx which Paulus Æmilius had to confront. Of Severus, and his invasion of Britain, history tells how, notwithstanding his advanced age (for he was above threescore), and his gout, which obliged him to be carried in a litter, the Emperor transported himself in person to that remote island, and endured the austerity of a Caledonian winter, at the cost too of some fifty thousand of his Romans, upon whom the concealed ambuscades of the Caledonians so fatally told. Gibbon makes proper mention, in his narrative of the Lazic war, of that Persian generalissimo, distinguished among the heroes of the East by his wisdom in council and his valour in the field—Mermeroes, whose advanced age, and the lameness of both his feet, could not diminish the activity of his mind, or even of his body; "and whilst he was carried in a litter in the front of battle, he inspired terror to the enemy and a just confidence to the troops, who, under his banners were always successful." A foeman worthy of his steel he found in that Roman general, Bessus, who, seventy years old, was the first of six thousand Romans who mounted the scaling-ladders at the second siege of Petra (A.D. 551). Then again one calls to mind Richard Cœur-de-lion in the camp of the Crusaders, himself borne down by a grievous malady, and carried to the trenches in a litter, but animating all around him to vigour in onslaught. Debilitated as Edward I. was towards the last, to the last he kept to the field in his litter, or only quitted the litter for horseback, under the delusion that he was better, and that he might, as he did, offer up that litter in the cathedral at Carlisle—a delusion fatal in its effects, for within a few days the stern soldier-king breathed his last. About the same time his arch-foeman, the Bruce, was also carried in a litter, being too weak to mount his horse; and when, excited by what seemed a military affront on the part of the Earl of Buchan, he insisted on rising from his litter and called for his horse and arms, despite his friends' remonstrance he mounted his steed, and, supported by two men on each side, led on his soldiers in person to a furious and successful attack on Buchan in full force. David II., at the disastrous battle of Durham (1346),

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after being grievously wounded by two arrows,—one of which pierced deep, and could not be extracted without great agony,—persisted in remaining on the field and inciting to further efforts and endurance the few that were left around him. One-eyed Ziska lost his remaining eye at the siege of Raby; but for all that he continued to head his troops,* in front of whom he was carried in a cart, he arranging the order of battle according to the description of the ground made by his officers. Cervantes was suffering from intermittent fever at the time of the battle of Lepanto—he being then a volunteer under Colonna, who commanded the Papal forces against the Turks; but he took an active part in the combat, which left him maimed for life. That Emperor of Morocco whose territories Don Sebastian of Portugal so memorably invaded, Muly Moluc, was at that time wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew to be incurable; so far spent indeed he was with sickness, as Addison tells the story, that he did not expect to live out the whole day when the last decisive battle was given; but, to avert fatal contingencies to his realm, in case of his dying before the war should be ended, he commanded his principal officers, in case of his expiring during the engagement, to conceal his death from the army, bidding them ride up to the litter in which his corpse would be carried, as if to receive orders from him, just as usual. Before the battle opened he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, and exhorted them, as they stood drawn up in array, to fight valiantly for their faith and their homes. When he found the battle going against him, the dying man threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge, with a vigour that turned the tide of success, and ensured a complete victory to the Moors. But as soon as ever he had secured a rally, finding himself utterly spent, he was

* Two Spartans of the three hundred of Thermopylæ, Eurytus and Aristodemus, had been allowed to sojourn at Alpeni, as suffering from a severe disorder in the eyes; but Eurytus, hearing of the contest, made his helot lead him into the field, and with the immortals under Leonidas he too fell.

replaced in his litter; then laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his staff, he died within a few moments, in that significant posture.

Raleigh, at the storming of Cadiz, had to be carried on shore with a splinter wound in the leg which lamed him for life; but he returned on board within an hour, despite the agony of pain, for there was no admiral left to order the fleet. Alexander Farnese, at the siege of Caudebec, near Rouen, received a musket-ball between the wrist and the elbow, and the wound bled profusely; but for some time the Duke kept the matter concealed, not indicating by a word or by the movement of a muscle that he had been hurt, so intent was he upon carrying out the immediate object in view. The result was a dangerous fever, with symptoms of gangrene; and a new commander became necessary for the nonce. About the same time we read of old Prince Ranuccio having himself dragged out of bed, suffering as he was, and brought on a litter into the field, where he was set on horseback, "trampling on wounds and disease, and, as it were, on death itself," says the historian, that he might by his own unsurpassed keenness of eye and quickness of resource protect the army which had been entrusted to his care. Historians dispute with vivacity whether Wallenstein at Lützen was in a litter or on horseback, with his stirrup wrapped up in silk to alleviate the pressure on his gouty limb. Dear to old salts used to be the memory of that Admiral Benbow, whose right leg was smashed to pieces in action by a chain-shot, and who was carried below, but very soon ordered his cradle to be brought up on the quarter-deck, so as to keep up his interest in the fray, if not his entire control of it. At the battle of Fontenoy, the French general-in-chief, Marshal Saxe, though suffering from dropsy, for which he had undergone the operation of tapping three days before, was borne in a litter to the scene of strife; and we English know only too well what came of it. A generation previously, Marshal Villars, at the battle of Malplaquet, had been wounded early in the day, and endeavoured to direct the troops from a litter, but fainted, and was borne from the field.

During the whole of the dreadful retreat from Prague, in 1742, Marshal Belleisle, crippled with rheumatism, and unable to either walk or ride, was carried in his coach or sedan to all parts where his presence was necessary. Personally he reconnoitred and pointed out the roads, and superintended all the details of the march. Colonel Gardiner was so weak that he had to be carried forward from Haddington in a post-chaise, when he urged an instant attack on the Highlanders (at Prestonpans). Dr. Stevenson made a name by the enthusiasm with which he insisted on sitting for days together, in his armchair, as one of the guards of Edinburgh, at the Netherbow Port, bedridden though he long had been from age and disease. "I could easily," said brave old Lord Balmerino, in his last speech, "have excused myself taking arms on account of my age; but I never could have had peace of conscience if I had stayed at home, when that brave Prince was exposing himself to all manner of dangers and fatigues both night and day."

At Hochkirchen, Marshal Keith, whom the first roar of the guns roused from sleep, and who was instantly in the front of the battle, received a dangerous wound, but refused to quit the field; and the "noble exile," as Macaulay calls him, was in the act of rallying his broken troops, when an Austrian bullet terminated his chequered and eventful life.

Count Diebitsch, at Austerlitz, was badly wounded in the right hand, but would not quit his place, and took his sword in his left, for which the Czar gave him a sabre of honour. At Eylau, where he commanded the left of the French, Marshal Augereau, though seized with sudden illness and fever, had himself tied upon his horse, and remained to the last in action. At Laval, during the Vendean war, M. de Lescure, then lingering on the bed of death, insisted upon being carried in a litter through the Breton ranks, and sharing in the perils that confronted them. His example told: at Savenay, soon after, all the wounded who could sit on horseback were led out to the fight. At the battle of the Nile, Admiral Bruéys was nearly cut in two by a cannon-ball, but refused to be carried below, and died on his quarter-deck, exhorting his men to fight to the

last.* At Kinburn, the Russian troops fell into disorder and panic when they missed Suvarrow, who was wounded; but that energetic commander leapt from the litter in which he was being carried, mounted, all bleeding as he was, on horseback, and exclaiming, "My children, I am yet alive," rallied them to renewed resistance and conquest. During the passage of the Danube in 1809, Massena was grievously bruised by a fall from his horse; and the army was fearful, says Pelet, that his powerful aid would be wanting on the field of battle (Wagram); but he appeared there on the following day in an open carriage, and then it was that Napoleon, seeing his endurance of pain and exposure to the fire, exclaimed, "Who would fear death when he sees how the brave are prepared to die!" Prince Bagrathion was severely wounded at Borodino, and forced to dismount, but refused to quit the field, and was an eager and excited spectator of the action while life remained. At the battle of Vittoria, the Spanish general, Murillo, was wounded, but kept his ground; while Colonel Cadogan, after receiving his death wound, insisted on remaining on the field, to watch with dying eyes the advance of his Highlanders along the ridge whose summit he had just reached when he fell. At Busaco, in 1811, Sir Charles Napier was terribly wounded in the face; and memorable was his meeting, in his bandaged condition, with the litter of branches, covered with a blanket and borne by soldiers, which contained his brother George, with a broken limb, and anon another litter, in which lay his brother William, declared to be mortally hurt. "Charles looked at the spectacle which met him at the end of a ninety miles' ride, and rode on into the fight." It has been well said, that well might Wellington relish talking of "my colonels" the Napiers. General (then Captain) Changarnier, in one of his battles in Algeria, was struck by a ball on the shoulder, and supposed to be mortally wounded; but he would not quit the field: alight-

* We read in Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, of Andreas Miaulis, on a critical occasion, when the sailors refused to embark, ordering himself to be carried in his litter, ill as he was, on board his brig; and the men at once followed.

ing for a moment, he had the ball extracted, again led his column, and led them to victory.

If the army of old King David in the field were loth to see him expose a life so precious, and therefore urged entire retirement now that he was stricken in years, none the less must they have ever prized in him, and been drawn towards him by, his readiness to share their hardships, and fare alike as they fared, and risk what they risked, and be as one of them,—a soldier every inch of him, if also every inch a king. He was the man to admire that refusal of Bathsheba's grievously wronged husband, to live delicately, even for the nonce, while the army he belonged to were roughing it. Uriah would not take his ease under his own roof,* while Israel and Judah abode in tents, and his lord Joab and other servants of King David were encamped in the open fields. Uriah would not go down to his house, to eat and drink and be well lodged, while his brethren-at-arms were enduring hardships as good soldiers; but he must needs approve himself a good soldier too, and sleep at the door of the king's house, not so much as enter within his own. Plutarch is observant of Artaxerxes, that the gold and purple and jewels which he wore (valued at twelve thousand talents) were no let or hindrance to his bearing the same fatigues and hardships with the meanest soldier in his army. So with Agesilaus: among so many thousands of soldiers as he had, there was scarce one who had a worse or a harder bed than he. Alexander, in dire distress with thirst, would not drink from a helmet filled with water in which those around him, alike bearing the burden and heat of the day, could not share. In his Life of Caius Marius, the most genial

* Compare what Gibbon relates of Amir, the son of Aidin, in the fourteenth century: "By a peculiar strain of delicacy, the gentle barbarian refused, in the absence of an unfortunate friend [Cantacuzene], to visit his wife, or to taste the luxuries of the palace; sustained in his tent the rigour of winter, and rejected the hospitable gift [of rich apparel and a hundred horses], that he might share the hardships of two thousand companions, all as deserving as himself of that honour and distinction."—*Roman Empire*, ch. lxiv.

of biographers takes, or rather finds, occasion to remark that to a Roman soldier no pleasanter sight could there be, than that of his general eating the same dry bread which was his fare, and lying on a mean bed, and helping his men in drawing a trench or throwing up a bulwark. It inspired his troops with new courage when they saw Pompey, at the age of fifty-eight, going through the whole military discipline, in heavy armour, on foot. Cato (Uticensis) won the hearts of his men by marching with them afoot over the sands of Africa, or rather before them, for he was ever foremost. Cæsar, at the head of his army, walked oftener than he rode; no doubt, as De Quincey says, by way of example, and to express that sympathy with his soldiers which gained him their hearts so entirely. It was commonly on foot that the Emperor Hadrian was to be seen, throughout his progresses, at the head of his legions, marching steadily with them twenty miles a day, and always bareheaded, and careful to make himself familiar with their black bread, their lard and cheese, their sour wine or vinegar. Severus, as Gibbon words it, "insinuated himself into the confidence and affection of his troops" by marching on foot, and in complete armour, at the head of his columns,—well satisfied to share the hardships of the meanest among them all. That other Severus, Alexander, shared whatever fatigues he was obliged to impose (for the luxury of the army itself imposed such obligations). Zenobia would sometimes march for miles together on foot with her men. The Emperor Carus, when the Persian ambassadors obtained an audience, was found by them seated on the grass, at supper, composed of a piece of stale bacon and a few hard peas. The reluctance of his troops to cross the Rhine a third time, is said to have soon yielded to the persuasive eloquence of a leader who, as Julian did, himself shared whatever fatigues and privations he imposed. "In every useful labour, the hand of Julian was prompt and strenuous; and the imperial purple was wet and dirty, as the coarse garment of the meanest soldier." He always contented himself with such food as a hungry soldier would have disdained. The Emperor Majorian led the way across the Alps in a severe

winter, himself on foot and in complete armour, sounding with his long staff the depth of the ice or snow, and encouraging the Scythians, who complained of the extreme cold, by the cheerful assurance that they should find heat enough in Africa by-and-by. The Emperor Manuel, when in the field, slept in the sun or in the snow with equal indifference—effeminate and self-indulgent as he seemed in time of peace; on a campaign he tried in the longest marches the strength of his men and horses, and "shared with a smile the abstinence or diet of the camp." The Norman duke, Robert Guiscard, was uniformly the foremost in every danger, as in every fatigue the last and most patient. Of him might his men well say what is said of Basil, in the first of Joanna Baillie's Plays on the Passions:—

> "*3rd Soldier.* How pleasantly he shared our hardest toil!
> Our coarsest food the daintiest fare he made.
> *4th Sold.* Ay, many a time i' the cold damp plain has he
> With cheerful count'nance cried, 'Good rest, my hearts!'
> Then wrapp'd him in his cloak, and laid him down
> E'en like the meanest soldier in the field."

The soldiers who followed William of Normandy from the plains of sunny France across pathless moors and bogs to the plains of Lancashire and Cheshire, could ill face the cold, the rain, the bogs, the hideous gorges, and prayed to be dismissed, to go home. "Cowards might go back," William said, "he should go on." If he could not ride, he would walk. Whoever lagged, he would be foremost. And cheered by his example, as Mr. Kingsley pictures the advance, the army at last debouched upon the Cheshire flats. Had not William made himself one of them, and the hardiest of them all? When Edward I. encamped on the heath near Linlithgow (1298), each soldier slept on the ground, using his shield for his pillow, and the King lay down with the rest,—the horses beside them, as Hemingford graphically puts it, tasting nothing but cold iron, champing their bits.

> "The rudest warrior, when he sees his King
> Bear hardship and privation like the meanest,
> Will patiently endure his own hard lot,"

says a martial spirit in Schiller. "Why should I complain of danger, when I see the crown of my sovran as much exposed as my cap!" was the exclamation of the grenadiers whose confidence Kaiser Joseph won by his sharing their hardships and fatigues, as well as dangers; for he too slept on the bare ground, and led reconnoitring parties, and skirmished with the advanced posts. In one of the despatches of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, from the Netherlands, in 1585, describing the very hard work of his men in building forts under fire (and under water too, sometimes), we read of the fatigue and anxiety being incredible, not a man being able to sleep at night, not an officer or soldier but was perpetually mounting guard: "But they are animated to their hard work by seeing that I share in it, like one of themselves." So with the Marquis Spinola, who, nearly twenty years later, commanded in Parma's place. Accustomed though he had been, his whole life long, to beds of down, he was as ready now to "lie in the trenches, with a cannon for his pillow, as the most iron-clad veteran in the ranks," and became at once noted as seeming to want neither food nor sleep. Balboa was noted for always taking the lead in danger and fatigue, and being the last to enjoy rest and comfort. In the disastrous retreat of 1635, Turenne, who had sold his plate to procure provision for his men, kept up their spirits by mixing familiarly with them, and sharing his provisions with them. Had it come to a limited helmet-ful of water, he would have done what we have seen Alexander do in Asia, or what Addison makes Cato the younger do in Africa, as he and Sempronius together remind the revolting ranks:

"*Cato.* Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste? . . .
Who was the first to explore the untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long, laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlooked-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

*Sempr.* If some penurious source by chance appeared,
Scanty of waters, when you scooped it dry,
And offered the full helmet up to Cato,

> Did he not dash the untasted moisture from him?
> Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun
> And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
> In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?
>
> *Cato.* Hence, worthless men, hence! and complain to Cæsar
> You could not undergo the toils of war,
> Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore."

Peter the Great, during that ineffective campaign of his in Shirvan, which cost him so many men from the intolerable heat, was at least sedulous in sharing their fatigues, trudging at the head of them in a dimity waistcoat and white night-cap. Mr. Carlyle's account of Friedrich Wilhelm in the Rhine campaign of 1734, includes emphatic record of his declining Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in head quarters, under a roof and within built walls, preferring a tent among his own people, and taking the common hardships; with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.* Whatever the army of the Young Chevalier had to bear, Prince Charlie took a share in their privations: he lived hardly, slept on the heather by their side, marched at their side across moor and hill, watched late and rose early, as the chroniclers testify, like a man to the manner born. On his way south, traversing the long plains cheerily on foot (for he had given up his carriage to an aged follower), sometimes at the head of one clan, sometimes of another, in the Highland dress, and with his target slung over his shoulder, he "would not even stop to eat, but snatched his dinner when he could, threw himself lightly on whatever bed might be possible —the open field, if no better was to be had—and slept till four o'clock in the morning, when he was astir again." It was the boast of his adherents, that the Prince could eat a dry crust, sleep on pease-straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five. General Elliott lived eight days on four ounces of rice a day, during the siege of Gibraltar, it being his constant rule to submit himself to whatever privations had to be borne by others.

* "About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away,—health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations," etc.—*Hist. of Fred. II.*, vol. ii., pp. 517, 520.

Æsthetically disposed as may have been the usual life of Joseph II. at Vienna, when he was out with his troops he surpassed them all, we are told, in activity: rain, tempests, long and fatiguing marches, he disregarded alike. Even in the "desperate circumstances," as Alison calls them, which terminated the military operations of the siege of Genoa, Massena by his firmness kept up the spirits and overawed the murmurs of his men; eating the same coarse and scanty fare (a daily pittance, say, of four or five ounces of black bread, made of cocoa and rye, and odd pilferings from the ransacked shops), and, as the soldiers said, keeping his boots in reserve as a real *pièce de résistance*, to be fairly shared with them, ere ever he would hear talk of surrender. Old Platoff would sleep sound on the damp earth, or on a layer of snow, and never think of quarrelling with his quarters. Napoleon lost ground with his men by the contrast observable during the Moscow campaign between their privations and his comforts; for although he could, on occasion, share and share alike with them, and although during the Moscow retreat he relinquished his carriages to the wounded, and marched on foot in the midst of his staff, these were the exceptions to a rule; for, as a rule, the Emperor's personal comforts during a campaign were studied and ensured to a fastidious degree of precision. Marshal Lefebvre, in the same expedition, for the most part accompanied his corps on foot, sharing every suffering and exposing himself to every danger in common with the private soldiers. But Napoleon, earlier in his career, distinguished himself by the same community of endurance; in 1805, for instance, during the Austrian campaign, he shared in the rudest weather the rudest fare of his rudest recruit: in vain, says Bignon, was he expected by the authorities at Augsburg, and magnificent preparations made for his reception; he slept in the villages, surrounded by his staff, in the humble cottages of the peasants. So again in 1806, on the eve of the battle of Jena, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and shared the frigid bivouac of the soldiers on the summit of the Landgrafenberg. The Duke of Brunswick of that stirring time won the hearts of his followers

by his fulness of fellowship in their fatigues and privations. Such example is very telling, very taking, with rank and file. When Shakspeare's Harry the Fifth, at Agincourt, bids good morrow in the camp to old Sir Thomas Erpingham, but suggests, with kindly consideration for age, that a good soft pillow for that good white head were better than a churlish turf of France,—"Not so, my liege," the cheery veteran replies; "this lodging likes me better, since I may say, Now lie I like a king." Like the king, his king. It is of a later king of England that, in another play of Shakspeare's, the note of interrogation is put,—and it is a note of admiration too,

> ". . . But why commands the king
> That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
> While he himself keepeth in the cold field?"

## *JEZEBEL: BOLD, BAD WOMAN.*

1 KINGS XXI. 5 sq.; 2 KINGS IX. 30 sq.

JEZEBEL shines in her very wickedness beside the weaker wickedness of her hesitating husband, Ahab. She is every inch of her a bad queen; while he, as a byword among bad kings, is yet a poor creature after all. She can will resolutely, and carry out her will unflinchingly; which he can not. Of her one is reminded by the Carathis in *Vathek:* "This princess was so far from being influenced by scruples, that she was as wicked as woman could be; which is not saying a little, for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition." Even in the hall of Eblis, nothing appals the dauntless soul of Carathis; and Eblis himself welcomes her as a princess whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in his empire. Jezebel, as posterity reads and accepts her character in Scripture, has her historical types in such perversions of womanhood as Gibbon depicts in the wife of Gallus, the Empress Constantina,—though *she*, indeed, is described as not a woman, but one of the infernal furies,

tormented with an insatiate thirst of human blood; instead of employing her influence to insinuate the mild counsels of prudence and humanity, she exasperated the fierce passions of her husband; and as she, in genuine Gibbonese, "retained the vanity, though she had renounced the gentleness of her sex," a pearl necklace was esteemed an equivalent price for the murder of an innocent and virtuous nobleman. Worthy to rank with her, and yet above her, was the famous Brunehaut—against the vices of whose court Columban had to wage a noble strife, in the spirit of Elijah against Jezebel. Brunehaut is described by Milman as ruling the young king Thierri, of Burgundy, through his vices; and as ruling her grandson's realm by the ascendency of that strong and unscrupulous mind which for above forty years had raised her into a rival of that most famous, or infamous, Fredegonde, her rival in the number of her paramours and the number of murders which she had perpetrated. To Jezebel she may be compared even in the piecemeal disposal of her remains, for, exposed on a camel to the derision of the camp of her enemy, King Clotaire, Brunehaut was tied to the tail of a wild horse, and literally torn to shreds.* Of Ahab Dr. Chalmers cannot but think, that, with all his wickedness, he had a certain susceptibility or facility of temperament, which somewhat serves to abate our indignation against him. His mild treatment of Elijah, and his yielding compassion for Benhadad, are quoted as instances. The heaviness or dejection of spirit which came upon Ahab after the denunciation of the prophet, is noted as another manifestation of his susceptibility. Chalmers holds him to have been the subject or victim of a resistless pathology, which, while it made him the slave of the worst, also brought him occasionally under the sway of the better emotions. This view of Ahab's character is taken to be confirmed by the narrative of his dealings with Naboth. There is covetousness, for instance, to which he gave way; there is

* "What wonder," exclaims the historian of Latin Christianity, "that in such days men sought refuge in the wilderness, and almost adored hermits like Columban!" Another reminder of Elijah.

also wounded pride, to the mortifying sense of which he gave way in deep and helpless dejection, there being within him no counteractive energy by which to surmount and get the better of it. With no energy on the side of conscience to overcome his covetousness, neither had he energy on the side of daring and aggressive wickedness, to revenge himself for the affront which he had suffered and enable him to trample on the offender. But this energy which he wanted, Dr. Chalmers goes on to say, "was abundantly made up for by Jezebel. She got his consent to use his name for anything. In his passiveness he laid no obstacle in the way of the most enormous atrocities, though he had no aggressiveness for the perpetration of them." Ahab only permitted, Jezebel perpetrated. She it was who wrote the letters, and sealed them, and sent them, and all to compass a most diabolical iniquity—in which, too, she succeeded by the subornation of false witnesses—so that, as the author of *Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ* sums up the indictment against her, Jezebel, with unfaltering step, through the fourfold guilt of deceit, and perjury, and robbery, and murder, got Ahab installed in full possession of the vineyard upon which his heart was set.

As there are Shakspearean commentators who take Lady Macbeth, from certain incidental allusions, to have been a small, slight creature in her physical presence, so has the speculation been hazarded, that Ahab's energetic wife was a little woman. As a rule, we are told, the little woman is brave. When the lymphatic giantess falls into a faint or goes off into hysterics, *she* "storms, or bustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand." Judith and Jael, it is allowed, were probably large women: the work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and toughness of sinew. But "who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn-haired Lady Audley of her time," full of the concentrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type? Regan and Goneril, according to the essay on Little Women, might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern.

Why should Ahab's spirit be so sad, and he eat no bread,

because the refusal of Naboth the Jezreelite to part with his vineyard sent the king home heavy and displeased? Why should Ahab be cast down and put about by such a trifle as that? If he had no spirit, had he not a wife? And was not that wife a woman of spirit? Had she not a will of her own, and a way of her own, in all such matters? And where there was a will of hers, would there not easily be a way? *She* would give him the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. Pity but he had the dash and daring of his wife! "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" And if not, why not? Art thou a king then? King or no king? No king at all, unless thou govern as well as reign. Jezebel will show how Naboth may be disposed of straightway. So, "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry. *I* will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." The self-accusing prince in Shakspeare avows such

> "A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
> I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
> Desire his jewels, and this other's horse;
> And my more-having would be as a sauce
> To make me hunger more; that I should forge
> Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
> Destroying them for wealth."

And this was Jezebel's cue. As in Rome's day of trouble and proscription under Sulla, when the many sacrifices to resentment and revenge were few compared with those who fell on account of their wealth; so that it was a common saying, "His fine house was the death of this man, and his gardens of that."

There is about Lady Macbeth a more than shadowy resemblance to the unscrupulous wife of Ahab; and her "Are you a man?" is a proper parallel to Jezebel's "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel?" To apply the remonstrant appeal of another Shakspearean woman of spirit,* though in this case, happily, not of the same spirit,—

> "Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
> That makes thee strangle thy propriety,"

* Or of one, again, in Landor's *Gebir:*
"And canst thou reign? . . . Yield empire, or comply."

or, disown thy property; for Ahab's property, to all intents and purposes, Jezebel already accounted the Jezreelite's vineyard to be. "Oh that you bore the mind that I do!" exclaims another reckless instigator, impatient of a shilly-shallying superior. *Si vir es, i.* Gibbon tells us of the trembling Emperor Justinian, when his competitor, Hypatius, supported by the multitude, had the means to expel him from place and power, and when a secret resolution was already formed, in the Byzantine palace, to convey to some safe retreat the Emperor and his family, in one of the vessels that lay ready at the garden stairs,—that Justinian was lost, if the bold bad woman "whom he raised from the theatre, had not renounced the timidity as well as the virtues of her sex." For, in the midst of a council then held, where Belisarius himself was present, Theodora alone displayed the spirit of a hero; and she alone could save the Emperor from the imminent danger, and from his unworthy fears. If flight, she said, were the only means of safety, yet should she disdain to fly! And the firmness of the woman restored the courage to deliberate and to act. Compare again what we read of Anna Comnena,—that, stimulated by ambition and revenge to conspire against the life of her brother, when the design was prevented by the fears or scruples of her husband, she passionately exclaimed, that nature had mistaken the two sexes, and had endowed Bryennius with the soul of a woman.* Cicero got to be very tired indeed of the appeals to his manliness, against overwhelming dejection,—especially when it was his wife that sought to rouse his courage, *ut animo sit magno.* Terentia, indeed, was a woman whose "masculine energy," as the Dean of Christchurch puts it, must have been oppressive to his less resolute character. Addison, in a number of the *Freeholder*, quotes with a relish the traditional words of Boadicea to her

* M. Philarète Chasles accredits Anna with a pronounced faculty for expressing herself, on occasion, *avec une franchise brutale.* "On n'ignore pas que, mécontente de la froideur et de la lâcheté féminine de son mari, Nicéphore Bryennius, elle lui reprocha ce défaut d'énergie virile en termes si naïfs et si nets, que nous rougirions de les rapporter."—*Études sur l'Antiquité:* Des Femmes Grecques.

men of war, "I, who am a woman, am resolved upon victory or death; but as for you, who are men, you may, if you please, choose life and slavery." When Henry, the last of the Valois, on the memorable day of the Barricades, sat crying from morning to night in the Louvre, the Queen-mother scolded him for his tears and his indecision. "This is no time for crying," said Catherine. "And for myself, though women weep so easily, I feel my heart too deeply wrung for tears. If they came to my eyes, they would be tears of blood." Of equally masculine spirit was the Princess of Cambray, who, in 1595, after her husband (Balagny) had fled, endeavoured to arouse the mutineers to a sense of duty or shame—she who night and day had gone the rounds of the ramparts, to animate the garrison, and with her own hands had fired the cannon against the enemy's works. This heroic Renée was sister of Bussy d'Amboise; and Mr. Lothrop Motley refers to Balagny as a poor creature with a heroine for a wife. When all was lost at Cambray, it was with bitter reproaches on her husband's pusillanimity, with tears and sobs of rage and shame, that, spurning the idea of capitulation, Renée refused all food, and there an end.

Ægisthus, in the *Clytemnestra* of Owen Meredith, is for flight, though the queen taunts him bitterly with rank cowardice:

> "Now, by Apollo, be a man for once!
> Be for once strong, or be for ever weak!"

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible, in the words of Shakspeare's York; but *she* stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless: "O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!" The chronicler of celebrated crimes tells us of Beatrice Cenci, far as she was from the Jezebel or Clytemnestra type, that when the sbirri shrank from slaying her sleeping father, she indignantly reproached them with their womanish scruples: their cowardice nerved her hand, she said, and she, puny girl, would undertake what was too much for them, to the manner born and bred. "Go, coward," said Ali Pacha's mother to the young man, when he returned to Tepelene one day without either spoil or arms, from an expedition in which he had been

forced to fly: "Go and spin with the women,"—and she held out to him a distaff as she spoke,—"that suits you better than the use of arms." *She* had long before this equipped herself in warrior's array, and, heading the chiefs of the Albanian mountains, after losing her husband, gave battle to the enemies of her house. In the veins of this energetic woman the blood of Scanderbeg is said to have flowed. As a gentler and more refined type of imperial or imperious womanhood, shining by contrast with the irresolution and weakness of male kindred who ought to command, the last Queen of the French may be named, Marie Amélie, who, when the crash came, and the last of the Bourbon kings displayed a weakness which, says a friend of the House of Orleans, "was all but abject," thus shone by contrast, in all the dignity of a woman and the daughter of a hundred kings. We may, it is admitted, be sceptical as to the heroic words, of which more than one version is recorded, by her addressed to the trembling and disheartened Citizen King; but there can be no question that, in whatever form the protest was spoken, the Queen of the French, in her last hour of sovereignty, passionately and indignantly combated the notion of abdication. "In that melancholy collapse of spirit and duty, the only man in the Orleans family was a woman." Not, however, that she is represented as being, either by nature or taste, a heroine of the melodramatic form associated with the name of the Queen of Naples; for at least she held her own place to be on her knees, but she would have a man do a manly part, and a king a kingly.

Typical of a homelier order of domestic relations are George Weston and his wife in the novel, where we see the former, for instance, at an agitating crisis, collapsing under the shock, and tremulously wiping the perspiration from his bald forehead, while he shakes his head to his wife with a piteous gesture, as if to declare his inability to comprehend her. With an effort Mrs. Weston recovers herself—such an effort as only great women or wicked women are capable of,—and then her outcry is, "Oh, you men! What big silly babies, what nervous creatures you are!" It is the style of Juletta in Beaumont and

Fletcher's Amazonian play, where Clarinda speaks of certain men's "base poor fears:"

> "Ay, that makes me hate them too:
> —If they were but manly in their sufferance!"

Compare the style of a latter-day tragedy, in which a Roman citizeness warns Roman citizens, should a deprecated event ensue, never more to expect from their wives and sisters the titles of husbands and brothers,

> "Or anything that doth imply the name
> Of men—except such men as *men* should blush for."

In miscellaneous fiction we may glance at Esther, in the *Prairie*, demanding, "Have I a man among my children?" and following it up by showing her stalwart sons "what the courage of a frontier-woman can do." The Anne of Austria of *Vingt Ans après* bids Mazarin "Leave me! You are not a man!" and his muttered response comes, "It is you who are not a woman;" much in the spirit of Smollett's terrified painter, "I do behave like a man; but you would have me act the part of a brute." Mrs. Proudie's appeal to the bishop is, "Why do you not rally, and go to your work like a man?" And elsewhere: "I'll tell you what it is, my lord; if you are imbecile, I must be active. It is very sad that I should have to assume your authority——." "I will not allow you to assume my authority," he plucks up spirit enough to assert. But she resumes her argument: "I must do so, or must else obtain a medical certificate as to your incapacity. . . . I, at any rate, will do my duty." She seems to ask, with Wordsworth's Oswald, "Are we men, or are we baby spirits?" Divest her of her professionalism, and she might have been the heroine of that story, familiar among lawyers, which tells how an Old Bailey barrister was challenged by a learned friend in consequence of a dispute in court; and, being unable to muster resolution either to fight or refuse to fight, he invented the expedient of leaving the letter of challenge on the table of a room which he quitted as his wife entered it. Returning hastily, he picked up the letter, and hoped that his wife had not read it. Yes, she had; and he must fight, she said.

We have seen, in the opening paragraph of this paper, how Beckford takes occasion to point his description of Carathis as being as wicked as woman could be, by the comment how much is implied in such a saying, since "the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition." Albany has some reason to tell Goneril that

> "Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
> So horrid as in woman,"—

for already have she and Regan wrung from him the exclamation, "Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed!" Note, again, that when cruel Cornwall bids fetch forth the stocks, and vows that as he has life and honour, there shall Kent sit till noon,—"Till noon!" echoes the more cruel Regan; "till night, my lord; and all night too." Had it been one of the elder daughters of Lear, King of Britain, instead of the one daughter of Cymbeline, King of Britain, with whom Leonatus Posthumus had had to do, a better right he might have claimed to rail as he did at the supremacy of womankind in miscellaneous naughtiness:—

> " —— For there's no motion
> That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
> It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
> The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
> Ambitions, covetings, changes of pride, disdain,
> Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
> All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
> Why hers in part, or all; but rather, all."

Margaret of Anjou has her measure taken much after the same pattern by captive York: she wolf of France,* he calls her to her face, but worse than wolves of France:—

> "Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
> How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
> To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
> Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

* Constance, wife of Robert le Sage (or le Dévot), is sometimes compared with Margaret, just as King Robert is with Henry VI. Constance it was who, with characteristic ferocity, struck out the eye of one of the sufferers condemned for heresy, in A.D. 1022,—formerly her own confessor,—as he passed her on his way to the stake.

> But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
> Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
> I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush."

La Bruyère says, "Les femmes sont extrêmes: elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes." Prison warders of their own sex declare female prisoners of the worst kind to be far more wicked than the male criminals; and it is held that, were it not for their comparative incapacity to organize concerted action, the management of them would probably be beyond the power of man or woman either. Such books as the Prison Matron's *Female Life in Prison*, with its records of woman brutalized by crime, savagely ferocious, furiously and violently vindictive, slily and coldly malicious, brazened and hardened irreclaimably, teach us how *un*divine a thing a woman may be made; and they go far to justify some of the scathing lines of Juvenal, about modern instances of Medea and Procne and the like:—

> "Minor admiratio summis
> Debetur monstris, quoties facit ira nocentem
> Hunc sexum; et rabie jecur incendente feruntur
> Præcipites: ut saxa jugis abrupta," etc.

In another satire his argument is, that vindictiveness is an essentially feminine quality, since it implies a basely timorous spirit: woman joys to wreak the keenest vengeance; for the sex is weak: *vindictâ nemo magis gaudet, quàm fœmina.* The Agamemnon of the Odyssey is made to say, in English at least:—

> "O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
> Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend!"

A couplet almost reminding one of the closing stanza of *News* in the poems of a Wanderer:—

> "The Devil, my friends, is a woman just now;
> 'Tis a woman that reigns in hell."*

* Compare the exclamation of Molière's Sganarelle, *en sortant de l'accablement dans lequel il était plongé:*—

> "Cette ruse d'enfer confond mon jugement;
> Et je ne pense pas que Satan en personne
> Puisse être si méchant qu'une telle friponne."

The Ebenezer Elliston whose last speech and dying words are preserved in Smith's Miscellanies, bore testimony, in sight of the gallows, of the sort of women who had been his ruin, that "they are ten times more bloody and cruel than men."* Has not Cicero said that many motives will urge men to one crime, but that one passion will impel women to all crimes? True, the Alceste of Molière is a misanthrope, indeed is *Le Misanthrope*, misogyny included (*bien entendu*); but this is his style of assurance to Célimène :—

> "Que le sort, les démons, et le ciel en courroux,
> N'ont jamais rien produit de si méchant que vous."

Prince Charles Edward in his latter days professed to have studied men closely, and to know them so well, that, were he to live and study till fourscore, he could scarcely know them better; "but as for women," he adds, "I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable."† The wizards in Goethe's Walpurgisnacht are made to say, by an odious comparison of themselves with the witches,—

> "Like house-encumber'd snail we creep,
> While far ahead the women keep.
> For when to the devil's house we speed,
> By a thousand steps they take the lead."

Nor can we, with some, give Goethe credit for penning in another of his plays a vindication of women, touching the charge of cruelty, by the eloquent lips of Pylades,—inspired perhaps by the presence and the influence of his friend's sister, Iphigenia in Tauris :—

> "A man, the very best, with cruelty
> At length may so familiarize his mind,

* The atrocities of the Reign of Terror in France give horrible confirmation of this. Witness Prudhomme's *Crimes de la Révolution*, iv. 69: "La plupart de ces atrocités furent commises par des femmes;" it is to the mutilation of corpses, the exposing them to kitchen fires, the disembowelling them, etc., etc., that he, a Republican eye-witness, refers. So again Duval: "Et c'étaient des femmes qui avaient exécuté sur ces cadavres là étendus ces dégoûtantes mutilations."—*Souvenirs de la Terreur*, ii. 129.

† Ungenerous and ungrateful words, these are deemed by Earl Stanhope; who says that surely, as the Prince wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his hand.

His character through custom so transform,
That he shall come to make himself a law
Of what at first his very soul abhorr'd.
But woman doth retain the stamp of mind
She first assumed. On her we may depend
In good or evil with more certainty."

For the drift of the argument rather is, that woman may be more steadfastly cruel than man, if cruel she be at all. If cruel at all, he seems to say, then cruel altogether, and once for all. What did the wanton say? muses Merlin in the *Idylls of the King*, in reference to Vivien's words about his sex not mounting as high as hers :—

" 'Not mount as high !' we scarce can sink as low :
For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell."

In another of the Idylls we have a description of some, " whose souls the old serpent long had drawn down, as the worm draws in the withered leaf and makes it earth," and who—

" —— hiss'd each at other's ear
What shall not be recorded—women they,
Women, or what had been those gracious things,
But now desired the humbling of their best."*

Cicero's oration for Cluentius lays open what has been called

* Like the wretched railer in *Aurora Leigh*, whom we see, and overhear, cursing at a window, herself rouged upon the angular cheek-bones (so far Jezebel-like in point of place, posture, and paint), kerchief torn, thin dangling locks, and flat lascivious mouth ; to whom, in return, Aurora looks up, and only replies, " The dear Christ comfort you. . . . You must have been most miserable to be so cruel." How cruel a refined, fastidious woman can be, the same poem intimates in a subsequent description of Lady Waldemar :—

" —— How she talked
To pain me ! woman's spite ! You wear steel-mail ;
A woman takes a housewife from her breast,
And plucks the delicatest needle out
As 'twere a rose, and pricks you carefully
'Neath nails, 'neath eyelids, in your nostrils," etc.

Mrs. Browning could have written by the page with equal vigour on Mr. Thackeray's text, that there are some meannesses which are too mean even for man : " woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them." Many women, good women, never will forgive the author of *Vanity Fair* his addiction to apophthegms of this flavour.

a scene of such complicated villany, by poisons, murder, incest, suborning witnesses, corrupting judges, as the poets themselves have never figured in any one family; all contrived by the mother of Cluentius against the life and fortunes of her son. "But what a mother!" Cicero exclaims; "a woman hurried along blindfold by the most cruel and brutal passions; whose lust no sense of shame restrains; . . . who acts with such violence that none can take her to be a woman; with such cruelty, that none can take her for a mother; one who has confounded not only the name and the rights of nature, but all the relations of it too; in short, who has nothing left in her of the human species but the mere form." In connection with his vehemence of invective against womanhood practically unsexed, one recalls, in regard of the vindictive spirit she displayed, Fulvia's treatment of the head of the murdered orator. Cicero had denounced the iniquities both of Clodius, her late husband, and Antony, her present one; and Fulvia, when Cicero's head and hands, hewed off by Antony's band of ruffians, arrived at Rome, drove her hair-pin through the tongue that had been unsparing of the guilty. Her very womanish display of very unwomanly spite is worthy of that Marchioness of Argyle who, with her son's (Lord Lorne) marriage party, stood out on the balcony of Moray House to see the great Montrose pass, on his way to death, and who while her companions shrank back in discomposure before the serene gaze of the doomed nobleman, so far forgot herself, and tried to ruffle him, as to spit upon him as the executioner's cart moved on below.

The women of Rome, observes Dean Milman, with an eye to the infamous Theodora, seem at successive periods seized with a kind of Roman ambition to surpass their sex by the greatness of their virtues and of their vices. In man, says Hartley Coleridge, many virtues sometimes consort with a giant vice, as we read in the book of Job that there was a meeting of the sons of God, among whom Satan found entrance; but in woman, the dominance of any one evil passion is as "the abomination of desolation sitting where it ought not;" or as

the unclean spirit in the empty house, that took thither seven spirits worse than itself, and dwelt with them. A critic of Lady Macbeth, who regards her as a female shape of her husband,—his shadow in the other sex, an example of the different effects produced upon the differing sexes by the same passion, —remarks, "The better the sex, the worse are the evil consequences;" and that even as a female infidel of the scoffing sort, or a female debauchee, is incomparably worse than one of the masculine gender, so is it with a female murderer—one drained of all the feelings of humanity by the prevalence of a bad ambition. Ἶσον λεαίνης καὶ γυναικὸς ὠμότης, one Greek *gnomè* has it; and another runs, Θηρῶν ἁπάντων ἀγριωτέρα, κακὴ γυνή. It was a Queen of France that, at the time of the battle of Courtrai (A.D. 1302), urged the French, when they were killing the Flemish boars, not to spare the sows. She would have them spear the men, and *spit* the women: *Ut apros quidem, hoc est viros, hastis, sed sues verutis confoderent.* This royal wife of Philip the Fair is the heroine of the horrible Tower of Nesle legend; by whom the students she lured thither were flung into the river beneath. Worthy of such parentage was Isabella, the murderous wife of our Edward II. Froissart gives the revolting details of her behaviour in making Spencer undergo, before the windows of her palace, those fiendish mutilations which preceded the executioner's *coup de grace.* The "savage Agnes," daughter of the Emperor Albert I., gazed with transport on the beheading of sixty-three retainers of a family concerned in, or believed to have connived at, the assassination of her father; and during this slaughter she is said to have repeatedly exclaimed, in words taken from the Legend of Saint Elizabeth, "Now I bathe in May-dew!" a proverb expressing the most rapturous delight. It was with great difficulty she could be prevailed upon to spare the lord of Eschenbach's infant child, whom the soldiers of her party, moved by wailings *she* heard unmoved, rescued from her hands at the instant she was about to strangle it. There are passages in history, ancient and modern, that go far to enforce acquiescence in Chaucer's graphic assertion,—

> "There nys i-wis no serpent so cruel,
> When men tred on his tail, ne half so fel,
> As womman is, when sche hath caught an ire;
> Vengeans is thanne all that they desire."

An old chronicler tells us of the women of Liége, that, armed and dressed like men, they harassed and oppressed Treit and the neighbouring districts "more than ever men did." When we come to the French Reign of Terror, we are constantly meeting, in the pages of even the Revolution's most pronounced admirers, with such sentences as these: "Fifty women, freed from the Conciergerie, lent their hands to these tortures, and surpassed the men in their ferocity." The women of the people were the first to applaud the shamelessness of Hébert. "If the women do not mix in it," said Mirabeau to the emissaries of the insurrection of October 5, "there will be nothing done." He knew, observes Lamartine, that the fury of women, once inflamed, rises to excess, and seeks an outlet in profanations which surpass the audacity of men. Observers of character and incident in France in the troublous days of 1871, agreed in describing the women, both in Paris and at Versailles, when violent at all, as more cruel and violent than the men; and the recent experience of France has been taken to show that the acrimony of political contests would be greatly increased if women were invited to take part in the struggle. "Les femmes," says Sabbatier de Castres, "sont encore plus extrêmes que les hommes quand l'esprit de cabale les conduit." Men, says a Saturday Reviewer, are the gentler sex, except in dealing with domestic and private calamities. We know of old *furens quid femina possit.* And "whether your unsexed female is disporting herself by firing the first shot at an Orange procession in New York (1871), or pouring petroleum into houses full of women and children at Paris," she is "sure to be more violent and more mischievous than the worst of her male accomplices." The same French historian who most frequently and forcibly exposes the loathsome cruelty of the lowest order of Frenchwomen during the Revolution, is emphatic in recording the implacable vindictiveness of a higher class of them at

the Restoration. He describes some of the highest rank as insatiable in their demands for blood: it would seem, he says, that generosity is the companion of force, and that the weaker the sex is, the more it is pitiless.*

The administrators of the law are often heard to say that no offenders brought before them are so audacious as depraved women; † and it has passed into a proverb, Mrs. Gore reminds us, that "A shameless woman is the worst of men." Readers of *The Last of the Barons* may remember the bad eminence occupied in that historical fiction by a choir of timbrel-girls, upon whose bronzed faces the ineffable, unmistakable seal of vice had been set, and to whose eyes had never sprung the tears of compassion or woman's gentle sorrow; whose very voices half belied their sex—so harsh they were, and deep, and hoarse. "Womanless, through the worst vices of women," they seemed to stand between the sexes like foul and monstrous anomalies, made up and fashioned from the rank depravities of both. There is a scene of violence and riot in which they take the leading part—described as a scene the she-fiends revelled in; for dear are outrage and malice, and the excitement of turbulent passion, and the thirst of blood, to "those everlasting furies of a mob—under whatever name we know them, in whatever time they taint with their presence—women in whom womanhood is blasted." The Caxtonian essayist discusses the popular saying that a bad woman is worse than a wicked man; and, "if so," partly he takes it to be because women, being more solitary, brood more unceasingly

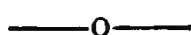
* If Marie could have *her* way, that plague of a child, Topsy, should be sent out and thoroughly whipped: "I'd have her whipped till she could not stand." "I don't doubt it," is St. Clare's reply. "Tell me of the lovely rule of women! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant either, if they had their own way with them,—let alone a man." *Par est leœnæ et mulieris crudelitas.*

† After paying a tribute to the character of Irishwomen of the lower class, such as carry on street traffic in London, as unquestionably more chaste than the corresponding rank of English birth and breeding, the author of *London Labour* has this remark to add: "When the uneducated Irishwoman, however, has once fallen into licentious ways, she is, as I once heard it expressed, the most 'savagely wicked' of any" (i. 458).

over cherished ideas, whether good or evil; partly also for the same reason that makes a wicked gentleman, who has lost caste and character, more irreclaimable than a wicked clown, low-born and low-bred—namely, that in proportion to the loss of shame is the gain in recklessness; but principally, perhaps, because in extreme wickedness there is necessarily a distortion of the reasoning faculty; and man, accustomed from the cradle rather to reason than to feel, has that faculty made more firm against abrupt twists and lesions than it is in woman; where virtue may have left him, logic may still linger; and he may decline to push evil to a point at which it is clear to his understanding that profit vanishes and punishment rests; while woman, once abandoned to it, finds sufficient charm in its mere excitement; and regardless of consequences, where the man asks, "Can I?" raves out, "I will!" Thus man, as Lord Lytton reads him, and differentiates him, may be criminal through cupidity, vanity, love, jealousy, fear, ambition; rarely in civilized, that is, reasoning life, through hate and revenge; for hate is a profitless investment, and revenge a ruinous speculation. "But when women are thoroughly depraved and hardened, nine times out of ten it is hatred or revenge that makes them so." And so made, too nearly do they justify the misogynic adage—*feris omnibus immanior, mala mulier.*

Richardson has made a point, in each of his three fictions, of urging the fact that bad and cruel women are, as such, worse and more cruel than men of that character. As a student of character he indites the reflection; and he piqued himself on being an advanced student of woman's character in particular. He makes his Pamela exclaim, in consternation at the wickedness of Mrs. Jewkes, "Oh, what a black heart has this poor wretch! So I need not rail against men so much; for my master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this woman." Miss Grandison, again, lifts up her hands and eyes as she reads the letter of Mrs. O'Hara, and declares her to verify the words of the wise man, "There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman." Of the treatment of Clarissa Harlowe by her degraded, derisive, utterly depraved house-

mates, the narrator indignantly exclaims, "Insolent devils!—how much more cruel and insulting are bad women even than bad men!" and later on, another correspondent has only too good reason for the remark, "By this letter of the wicked man it is apparent that there are still wickeder women." When Jeanie Deans is brought by the footpads to the old barn by night, and the hag who admits them wants to know of the fellows what, in the name of all that is unnameable, they have brought the wench there for, and why they did not strip her and turn her abroad on the common,—"Come, come, Mother Blood," says one of the men, "we'll do what's right to oblige you, and we'll do no more; we are bad enough, but not such as you would make us—devils incarnate." Meg Murdockson is one instance in Sir Walter of surpassing wickedness in woman, so that men of her own grade cry shame upon her. In Lady Ashton he elsewhere paints an almost equally hard, unscrupulous, and unrelenting woman, in another class of life, and therefore of manners. And her he describes as surviving all the unhappy persons whose ruin was the effect of her implacable resolve, and as never to the last evincing the slightest symptom of either repentance or remorse.



## *HEZEKIAH'S EXPOSITION OF HIS TREASURES.*

ISAIAH xxxix. 1, 2.

THE King of Babylon's envoys, charged with a message of congratulation to the King of Judah, on his recovery from an almost fatal sickness, were welcome to, and cordially welcomed by, the royal convalescent. "And Hezekiah was glad of them, and showed them the house of his precious things, the silver, and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures: there was nothing in his house, nor in all his dominion, that Hezekiah showed them not." Evidently his heart was in the display of his treasures; and the strangers

would become tired of seeing, before he would be of showing, them.

Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. Good king, exceptionally good king, as Hezekiah was, his heart was, in this matter, not right in the sight of God; and a dreary doom upon his house was the penalty of his complacent pomp.

And who shall say how far that intense deprecation of death, that passionate clinging to life, to which he had given pathetic utterance in his prayer for recovery from sickness—may not have been influenced by the delight in worldly pomps and vanities, and the cherished indulgence in a taste for treasures, which came out so signally, and, for his descendants, so disastrously, on the occasion of Merodach-baladan's mission?

What said Dr. Johnson to Garrick, when the prosperous actor was taking him over his mansion and showing him all the rich accumulation of treasures, whether in the way of present or purchase, it contained? "Ah, Davy, Davy, these are the things that make a death-bed terrible!" We are told of that great Mahmoud the Gaznevide, who was the first Mohammedan conqueror to enter India, that in the last days of his life, when a mortal disease was consuming him, and he himself knew that no human means could arrest its course, he ordered all his costliest apparel, and his vessels of silver and gold, and his pearls and precious stones, the inestimable spoils of the East,* to be displayed before him—the latter so numerous as to be arranged in separate cabinets according to their colour and size. "It was in the royal residence which he had built for himself in Gazna, and which he called the Palace of Felicity, that he took from this display, wherewith he had formerly gratified the pride of his eye, a mournful lesson; and in the then heartfelt conviction that all is vanity, he wept

* "The Orientals exceed the measure of credibility in the account of millions of gold and silver, such as the avidity of man has never accumulated; in the magnitude of pearls, diamonds, and rubies [for instance, a ruby of six pounds three ounces], such as have never been produced by the workmanship of nature."—Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. lvii.

like a child. 'What toils,' said he, 'what dangers, what fatigues of body and mind have I endured for the sake of acquiring these treasures, and what care in preserving them, and now I am about to die and leave them!'" In this same palace, adds Southey, he was interred, and there it was that his unhappy ghost, a century afterwards, was believed to wander.

Wordsworth has an occasional Sonnet on perilous times, such as

> "—— strike monied worldlings with dismay;
> Even rich men brave by nature taint the air
> With words of apprehension and despair . . .
> —— Riches are akin
> To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death."

Father Newman explains death to be an unwelcome topic to the rich and powerful, because it takes from them those comforts which habit has made necessary to them, and throws them adrift on a new order of things, of which they know nothing, save that in it there is no respect of persons. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, in a letter to a clergyman, quotes Wesley's saying, on being called upon, by Act of Parliament, to give an account of his plate, in order to be taxed, "I have five silver spoons; they are all I have, and all I mean to have, while my poor neighbours want bread." That, adds the baronet, is the spirit which becomes a minister. "Will you say, twenty years hence, to Death, when he pays you a visit, 'I built this house—by the confession of all men a parsonage in the purest taste; I selected these pictures; observe the luxuriance of the trees I planted; just do me the favour to notice the convenience of this library, and the beauty of the prospect from that window'?" etc. Swift's True and Faithful Narrative contains more than one characteristic hit on "the reverend clergy," and their demeanour in time of peril: "the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less according to their ranks and degrees in the Church"—the higher their rank, and the richer their benefice, the greater was their fear. And among the Dean's minor poems is a copy of verses entitled *The Parson's Case*, in which a poor curate, in rent cassock and

threadbare gown, deep in debt, overwhelmed with nursery demands, hungry and cold, is well-nigh wishful for the grave.

> "But now should Fortune shift the scene,
> And make thy curateship a dean;
> Or some rich benefice provide,
> To pamper luxury and pride;
> With labour small, and income great;
> With chariot less for use than state;
> With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
> And licence to reside in town;
> * * * * *
> With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
> With plenteous meals and generous wine;
> Would'st thou not wish, with so much ease,
> Thy years as numerous as thy days?"

Adam Smith's theory of sympathy is effusive on such a topic as this. What pity, we think, that anything should spoil and corrupt so agreeable a situation! We could even, says he, wish these happy proprietors immortal; and it seems hard to us that death should at last put an end to such genuine enjoyment. "It is cruel, we think, in nature, to compel them from their exalted stations, to that humble but hospitable home which she has provided for all her children." And if we think so, much more they: if we, by mere force of sympathy, as spectators,—much more they, by sheer personal interest, as principals. All vast possessions,—to apply Pope's imitation of Horace,—just the same the case whether you call them villa, park, or chase; alas, will they avail?

> "Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
> Enclose whole towns in walls, 'tis all a joke!
> Inexorable Death shall level all,
> And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall."

And the greater the fall of the farm, the greater the fear of the farmer. Epictetus, in the Imaginary Conversation with Seneca, pointedly tells that wealthy philosopher, that where God hath placed a mine, He hath placed the materials of an earthquake. "A true philosopher," replies Seneca (himself, on Landor's showing, a sham one), "is beyond the reach of

fortune." "The false one thinks himself so," rejoins Epictetus: "Fortune cares little about philosophers; but she remembers where she hath set a rich man, and she laughs to see the Destinies at his door." "Ease and pleasure," said Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, when near his end, "quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved."

The opening paragraph of M. Jules Simon's elaborate treatise on *La Religion Naturelle*, concerns those who are taken up with the ways and means of good living, of getting the most they can out of life, this life,—all but ignoring another, any other: "ils s'occupent de bien vivre et de ne pas songer à la mort;" thus occupied, death takes them off their guard, overtakes them unawares, and finds them pre-occupied with the "good things" that make it sweet to live and terrible to die. "La dernière heure les trouve tout remplis de la pensée, de l'amour des stériles biens qui vont leur être ravis pour jamais." No man, as South has it, can transport his large retinue, his rich furniture, and his sumptuous fare, into another world: nothing of all these things can continue with him then, but the memory of them. "And surely, the bare remembrance that a man was formerly rich or great, cannot make him at all happier there, where an infinite happiness or an infinite misery shall equally swallow up the sense of these poor felicities." It may indeed, adds the preacher, contribute to the man's misery, and heighten his anguish, to reflect upon his abuse of all that wealth with which the good providence of God had entrusted him. Applicable to rich worldlings in general is what a Spanish poet says of a Spanish grandee in particular—

> "The countless treasures of his care
> Hamlets and villas green and fair,
> His mighty power,—
> What were they all but grief and shame,
> Tears and a broken heart,—when came
> The parting hour!"*

* Manrique, as Englished by Longfellow. Is it hypercritical to note the seeming ambiguity of green villas?

Madame de Sévigné commends her daughter as having, in her last letter, said something "incomparable" on the freedom taken by death in breaking in upon worldly prosperity; and she finds a solace for those who are not among fortune's favourites, since to them death is less bitter. "C'est ce qui doit consoler de ne pas être au nombre de ses favoris; nous en trouverons la mort moins amère." Musing on the comparative bluntness and unreserve with which the poor tell the sick poor, at once and without any circumlocution, that they will never get over it—whereas to the richer, and above all to the very rich, the proximity of death is a tabooed topic,—an ecclesiastical essayist asks, "Is it that the shock is less to the poor, that they have fewer objects in this world for which life might be desirable?" As Montaigne says of the poor—à propos of one "now digging in my garden that this morning buried his son"—how many desire to die, or at least die without alarm or regret! The very names by which they call diseases "sweeten and mollify the sharpness of them: the phthisic is with them no more than a cough, the dysentery but a looseness, a pleurisy but a cold; and as they gently name them, so they lightly endure them." L'Abbé Galiani says, "on n'est attaché à la vie qu'en proportion des plaisirs qu'elle nous procure. J'entends à présent pourquoi les paysans meurent tranquillement et voient mourir les autres stupidement." It is a Mazarin who holds on to life with the frenzied grasp of one whom death is coming to rob of all he counts dear. Sainte-Beuve describes the dying Cardinal as *tenant à la vie* by all the thousand ties of the *possesseur vulgaire* who clings fast to the treasures he has amassed.* Brienne relates how he one day saw and heard moribund Mazarin in his gallery of art, bewailing the advent hour of separation. Brienne heard him approaching, by the sound made by his slippers, the feeble

* Mazarin's great predecessor, Richelieu, wrote of Luynes, that his death "lui sembla d'autant plus rude, qu'outre qu'elle est amere, comme dit le Sage, à ceux qui sont dans la bonne fortune, il prenait plaisir à savourer les douceurs de la vie, et jouissait avec volupté de ses contentements."

shuffle of one in mortal languor. Brienne hid himself behind the tapestry, and listened as the master of the palace moaned forth a querulous *Il faut quitter tout cela!** Then turning to gaze on another object of art, the dying prince of the Church added,—"And *that*, too! I must leave *that*, as well! Oh, the pains I have been at to collect these things! How can I resign them without regret?—I shall never see them where I am going." *Je ne les verrai plus où je vais.* Brienne professes to have heard these piteous words very distinctly, and to have been so touched by them that he could not refrain from a deep sigh, which betrayed his presence to Mazarin. "Who's there?" asked his Eminence,—and on finding who it was, the Cardinal, in his furred night-robe, and with night-cap on head, bade Brienne help him along to his library, where, resuming the train of thought which now absorbed him, and refusing to enter upon affairs of state, he thus addressed, partly his companion, partly his beloved pictures: "Look, my friend, at this beautiful piece by Correggio, and this Venus of Titian's, and this matchless Deluge by Carracci. . . . Ah! *mon pauvre ami*, I must take leave of all these. Farewell, dear pictures, to me *so* dear, and that have cost me so much!" His Eminence is eminently a trite text for the moralist who, with Blair, contemplates the Grave:

> "How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
> To him that is at ease in his possessions;
> Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
> Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come.
> In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
> Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
> . . . How wishfully she looks
> On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!"

* A French critic finds or takes occasion in his review of the career of Madame Pompadour, who died at forty-two, to contrast her demeanour in the prospect of death with that of Mazarin. "Quand il lui fallut, à l'âge de quarante-deux ans, quitter ces palais, ces richesses, ces merveilles d'art amoncelées, ce pouvoir si disputé, si envié, . . . elle ne dit point comme Mazarin avec soupir, *Il faut quitter tout cela!* Elle envisagea la mort d'un œil ferme," etc.

## *A KINGDOM'S PEACE INSURED FOR A KING'S LIFE.*

ISAIAH xxxix. 7, 8.

HEZEKIAH'S pride went before a fall; but the catastrophe was deferred. All the treasures he had been so eager to display before admiring envoys were to be carried away by the foreign spoiler, and nothing left. His sons too should be taken away, to become the degraded creatures of the king of Babylon. And the glory of Judah should depart, and that fair realm at large be desecrated by the stranger. It was a gloomy prospect. But the king took comfort in the assurance that not till after he was gone should the kingdom be brought low. The kingdom's peace was insured for the king's life; and, however selfishly or narrow-sightedly, the king was therewith content. "Then said Hezekiah to Isaiah, Good is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken. He said moreover, For there shall be peace and truth in my days." The piety of submission may underlie the king's speech. But near the surface there runs a current of complacency not the most generous or patriotic.

Though good men are often taken away from the evil to come, says old Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Christian Morals*, and "though some in evil days have been glad that they were old, nor long to behold the iniquities of a wicked world, or judgments threatened by them; yet is it no small satisfaction unto honest minds, to leave the world in virtuous well-tempered times, under a prospect of good to come, and continuation of worthy ways acceptable unto God and man. Men who die in deplorable days, which they regretfully behold, have not their eyes closed with the like content; while they cannot avoid the thoughts of proceeding or growing enormities,* displeasing

* The venerable Chancelier de l'Hôpital, on the eve of the St. Bartholomew massacres, said of, or to, them to whom his hoary head was a bore—*que ma vieillesse ennuie*,—"Quand je regarde tout autour de moi, je serais bien tenté de leur répondre, comme un bon vieil homme d'évêque, qui portait, comme moi, une longue barbe blanche, et qui, la montrant, disait: 'Quand

unto that spirit unto whom they are then going, whose honour they desire in all times and throughout all generations." *Après moi le déluge*,—a *mot* ascribed to Prince Metternich, but due to Madame de Pompadour,—is a saying the reverse of divine in inspiration and purport; but well in keeping with a time and a people when,

> "As each new surge o'er some old landmark broke,
> Wit smiled, and took the deluge as a joke."

Henry III. of France, in the words of Mr. Lothrop Motley, "lived a life of what is called pleasure, careless of what might come after, for he was the last of his race." The English ambassador, Stafford, expressed much compassion for the French in the plight in which they found themselves: "Unhappy people! to have such a king . . . who careth not what cometh after his death, so that he may rove on while he liveth." Mr. Froude holds it to have been impossible that visions of a troublesome future should not float at times before the minds of such men as Warham and Fisher: they could not, to his thinking, have been wholly deaf to the storm in Germany, and they must have heard something of the growls of smothered anger which for years had been audible at home, for all who had ears to hear. "Yet if any such thoughts at times did cross their imagination, they were thrust aside as an uneasy dream, to be shaken off like a nightmare, or with the coward's consolation, 'It will last my time.'" John May, the historian, says of one class, in his account of the state of the nation after Charles the First's dissolution of his third Parliament,—"Another sort of men, and especially lords and gentlemen, by whom the pressures of the Government were not much felt, who enjoyed their own plentiful fortunes with little or insensible detriment, looked no further than their present safety and prosperity, while other kingdoms were embroiled in calamities, and Germany sadly wasted by a sharp war," etc. Clarendon has a

cette neige sera fondue, il n'y aura plus que de la boue.'" The prevision was sad as the Apostle's, who knew this, that after his departure should grievous wolves enter in among the Ephesian fold, not sparing the flock.

Spanish Charles in hand when he writes, "But the drowsy temper of that monarch . . . . extended so far only as to prepare a stock of peace that would last during his own time,* that, he saw, would be very short, and to leave his dominions and his infant son to shift for themselves when he was dead; and it was an unhappy maxim of that State, that it was the best husbandry to purchase present peace and present money at how dear interest soever for the future." It takes a Charles the Great to at once foresee and deplore the ills that shall come when he is gone. The story runs, that, towards the close of his life, Charles the Great one day gazed, from the sea-shore, on the far-away ships of the Normans, and found his eyes dim with tears as he gazed. For these pirates seemed to him the destined destroyers of the gigantic task he had spent his life in accomplishing. His apprehension was, that, after him, Europe must fall again into the chaos from which he had with so much labour drawn her; and his previsions were, in part, realized by the conflicts which ensued on his decease, and by the disintegration of his vast empire. Sir Arthur Helps considers that almost the greatest test of wise men being in power, is that they are anxious to provide successors. This loving care for futurity he takes to be an equal proof of their goodness and their sagacity; while, as regards their own renown, surely that man's life must be pronounced a great failure whose purposes die with him. "This is why many a potent conqueror seems now so small a person in our eyes." Alcidon, in D'Urfé's *L'Astrée*, is

* Lord Macaulay makes it a special point of censure in his review of the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, that knowing, as that minister did, the state of the Scotch Highlands, and constantly predicting, as he was, another insurrection in that part of the empire, yet, during his long tenure of power, he never attempted to perform what was then the most obvious and pressing duty of a British statesman, to break the power of the chiefs, and to establish the authority of the law through the furthest corners of the Island. "Nobody knew better than he, that, if this were not done, great mischiefs would follow. But the Highlands were tolerably quiet in his time. He was content to meet daily emergencies by daily expedients; and he left the rest to his successors." The result being, that they had to conquer the Highlands in the midst of a war with France and Spain, because he had not regulated the Highlands in a time of profound peace. *Ne songer qu'à soi et au présent, source d'erreur dans la politique,* La Bruyère writes.

taxed with having, by his intercourse with princes, caught their natural trick of caring for the present only, and of being indifferent to what may occur after they are gone, always provided their own lease of power runs smoothly out. "Vous ne vous souciez guère de ce qui peut advenir lorsque vous n'y serez plus, pourvu que, tant que vous y demeurerez, vous y serez sans incommodité." M. Arsène Houssaye, who alleges of womankind in general that they live emphatically in the present, and that their reign is from day to day, affirms of such women of genius in particular as have sought to govern the world, that never have they contemplated the clouds of a distant horizon, but have confined their outlook to their own immediate surroundings, and have never been able to fix their eyes on what was remote from their cherished present. "Madame de Pompadour disait comme Louis XV., *Après moi le déluge!*" In which celebrated saying of Mdme. de Pompadour, however, Sainte-Beuve descries at any rate an uneasy recognition of the storms that were gathering over her head.*

The real, if not the avowed, principle of the constitutional changes wrought by Sylla, is declared by Dean Liddell to be, "A quiet life while I last, and after me the Deluge." Once, it is said, when the line before quoted by Tiberius, "After my death perish the world in fire," was recited to him; "Nay, in my life-time," was what Dean Merivale calls his fiendish reply. Ben Jonson preserves, after his scholarly or pedantic wont, the original quotation, when he makes Tiberius say to Sejanus, in the tragedy named after the latter,—

> "While I can live, I will prevent earth's fury:
> Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί."

Mr. Pearson, in his History of England during the Middle Ages, affirms of our King John, that never, probably, was there an English sovereign who would "more cordially have endorsed the Roman tyrant's wish:—'When I am dead, let the earth be consumed in fire.'" Gibbon says of Caracalla, whose

* "Il semblait que la marquise eût le sentiment de tout ce qui s'amoncelait d'orages là-haut sur sa tête, quand elle disait: *Après moi le déluge!*"

prodigality left behind it a long train of ruin and disorder, that if that worthless tyrant had been capable of reflecting on the sure consequences of his own conduct, he would perhaps have enjoyed the dark prospect of the distress and calamities which he bequeathed to his successors. Too many there may be, Sir Thomas Browne says, of Nero's mind, who, if their own turn were served, would not regard what became of others; and when they die themselves, care not if all perish. "But good men's wishes extend beyond their lives, for the happiness of times to come, and never to be known unto them." Herr Sauerteig (we know the man and his communication) is fervid in denouncing what he calls the foul sluggard's comfort, "It will last my time." Here is one of his vehement apostrophes to such sluggards—conceived in the spirit of that prophet who was among the herdmen of Tekoah, and who denounced woe to them that were at ease in Zion, and that put far away the evil day,—"Thou foul sluggard, and even thief (*Faulenzer, ja Dieb*)! For art thou not a thief, to pocket thy day's wages (be they counted in *groschen* or in gold thousands) for this, if it be for anything, for watching on thy special watch-tower that God's city (which this His world is, where His children dwell) suffer no damage; and, all the while, to watch only that thy own ease be not invaded,—let otherwise hard come to hard as it will and can? Unhappy! It will last thy time; thy worthless share of an existence, wherein nothing but the Digestion was real, will have evaporated in the interim: it will last thy time; but will it last thy eternity? Or what if it should *not* last thy time, but take fire, and explode, and consume thee like the moth?" Sauerteig and his *Springwürzel* are full of such obstinate questionings, suggestive at all seasons of the world's history, but specially so at some.

One of Bishop Berkeley's biographers, rating the Walpole Government for their cold obstruction to his Bermuda College scheme,—"What was that to Walpole, or to the slumbrous prosaic nation over which he ruled?"—a college scheme, transatlantic and transcendental, with only ideal advantages, mere possibilities of influence and evangelization,—this admirer of

the philosopher and censor of the minister gives expression to the conjecture, that a generation later (with the North American provinces in a state of revolt), that Utopia in the Summer Islands, had it been planted, might have been of use to England. "But there have been few statesmen in our island of more generous temper than that of the Jewish king, who was satisfied that there should be peace in his time."

Bolingbroke has his fling at "those of the clergy who make religion a trade, who regard nothing more than the subsistence it affords them, or in higher life the wealth and power they enjoy by the means of it," and who, accordingly, may and do "say to themselves, that it will last their time." Like the Turks, in the matter of house-building, as described by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose letters from the East explain that every house at the death of its master being at the grand-signior's disposal, no man cares to make a great expense, which he is not sure his family will be the better for. "All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and they are very indifferent if it falls down the year after." Or like the farmer in Mr. Peacock's *Melincourt*, whose practical philosophy finds this idiomatic expression: "Things be in a consumption, zure enough, but they'll last my time vor all that; zo I eats my beef-steak, and drinks my ale, and lets the world slide." Philosophic poetry idealizes this coarse realism into a more refined type, but the difference is mainly on the outside:

> "He who performs the journey of to-day
> Cares not if yesterday were shower or sun:
> To-morrow, let the heavens be what they may,
> And what recks he?—his wayfare will be done:
> Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
> He lives his life, to whom this life is all."

——o——

## *INSATIABLE.*

ISAIAH lvi. 11; PROVERBS xxx. 15.

IN the greatest of the greater prophets we read of "greedy dogs which can never have enough." Among the words of Agur the son of Jakeh we read of the horse-leech having two daughters, whose insatiate, insatiable cry is, "Give, give." Shakspeare's Iachimo characteristically speaks of the cloyed will as

> "That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
> That tub both filled and running."

As with the "ingrate" in Lucretius,—*ingratam naturam pascere semper, Atque explere bonis rebus, satiareque nunquam.* Out and outspoken is the style of the great Emperor Frederick II., upbraiding the Pope (Gregory IX.) with his illimitable greed: "But thou having nothing, and yet possessing all things, art ever seeking what thou mayest devour and swallow up; the whole world cannot glut the rapacity of thy maw, for the whole world sufficeth thee not." Gregory might be bracketed, for this bad eminence of his, with Philip the Fair of France, whose coffers were always filling, never full, and who, for purposes of plunder, respected wealthy Christians no more than wealthy unbelievers: his "insatiable rapacity" is a commonplace in history. As Milman says of him, every race or community possessed of dangerous riches having in turn suffered the extortionate persecutions of Philip, that avarice which had drained the Jews, the Lombards, and laid his sacrilegious hands on the Church, was only too prompt, when temptation offered, to confiscate the riches of the Templars. He seemed a most unroyal exemplar of "that beast" at whom Dante exclaimed,

> "So bad and so accursed in her kind,
> That never sated is her ravenous will"—

the will of ravening dogs, such as, in the Psalmist's phrase, go about the city, there wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied,—which they never are, never can be; it is the nature of the beast.

> "All wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
> Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
> Unsated, through mad appetite for more;
> Gorged to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still."

Herodotus in his liveliest way tells us how Alcmæon, being invited to the coast of Sardis, and granted leave by Crœsus to go into the treasury and take as much gold as he could carry away on his person at one time, put on the largest tunic he could find, so as to make a capacious fold, and (as Mr. Swayne words it) the roomiest buskins; how he first stowed his boots with the gold dust, and then packed his clothes with it, and then powdered his hair with it, and lastly took a mouthful of it, and came out of the treasury, "dragging his legs with difficulty, and looking like anything rather than a human being, as his mouth was stopped up, and everything about him in a plethoric state." It was like Crœsus to be highly amused,* and to give his grasping guest what he had taken, and as much again.

Mary of Guise, as Dowager Queen Regent, "dealing with" the Earl of Angus for citadels, plied him with pleas as he sat feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, until, addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application, he muttered, "The deil's in this greedy gled; she will never be fu'." Without seeming to notice the hint, the Queen continued to press her importunities until she got a very uncourtly rebuff, once for all.† Amyot is virtually forgiven his rapacity for his

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* Had the good-natured prince given his guest a lesson at all, one can fancy it would have been in the easy-going vein of the Ingoldsby moral:—

> "Learn not to be greedy; and when you've enough,
> Don't be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff, . . .
> Nor turn every thought to increasing your store,
> And look always like Oliver asking for more."

† Dodwell, the learned non-juror, possessed an estate in Ireland, the main income from which he generously allowed a kinsman to enjoy, only reserving for himself such a moderate maintenance as sufficed for his inexpensive habits of life—the frugality of plain living and high thinking. But his kinsman got to grumble at the subtraction of even this pittance; and a proper lesson he was taught, by his benefactor resuming his property and marrying.

wit in excusing it, when, upon asking from Charles IX. yet another abbacy, in addition to several already held by him, the king demurred to granting the application: "Did you not once assure me that your ambition would be quite satisfied with a revenue of a thousand crowns?" "True, sire," replied the Bishop of Auxerre, Grand Almoner of France, and abbacy-holder wholesale, "but there are some appetites which grow as you feed them." Man's heart, moralizes Young,

> "—— eats all things, and is hungry still;
> 'More, more!' the glutton cries, for something new
> So rages appetite."

There are those unreasoning, or at least unreasonable, askers, of whom Pope says that,

> "Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
> God gives enough while He has more to give."

Inveterate wolf! is Dante's apostrophe to Avarice, "whose gorge ingluts more prey than every beast beside, yet is not filled, so bottomless thy maw." One woe denounced by Micah the Morasthite is, "Thou shalt eat, but not be satisfied." As with the *improbæ divitiæ* of the heathen poet: *crescunt; tamen . . . nescio quid semper abest.*

> "—— Te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido."

In a sermon on the odious sin of ingratitude, South affirms the only voice of that sin to be, Give, give; but when the gift is once received, he adds, then, like the swine at his trough, it is silent and insatiable. In a word, he defines the ungrateful person as a monster which is all throat and belly, a kind of thoroughfare, or common sewer, for the good things of the world to pass into; and of whom, in respect of all kindnesses conferred on him, may be verified the observation on the lion's den—plenty of footmarks betokening an abundant entrance, not one of egress. Mr. Motley's portrait of that crapulous, licentious, shameless commander, the Duke of Mayenne, is of one "covetous and greedy beyond what was considered decent even in that cynical age,"—the duke receiving subsidies and alms with both hands from those who distrusted and despised

him, but could not eject him from his advantageous position, that of ostensible leader of the League. This was the man who was notorious for spending more time at table than the Béarnese in sleep, and who was so fat that he was said to require the help of twelve men to put him in the saddle again whenever he fell from his horse—an approximate resemblance to the desperate case of Humpty-Dumpty in the nursery-ballad, in whose instance all the king's horses and all the king's men were of no avail. The historian of the United Netherlands declares of the "infinite capacity for pecuniary absorption," manifested by the grandees of that age, that it makes one's brain reel, and enlarges one's ideas of the human faculties in certain directions. Philip of Spain knew his man when he thus wrote to the Archduke Ernest with reference to Mayenne: "You must try to keep him dependent on me, not giving him any more money than is necessary to prevent him from falling away entirely; for to content his appetite completely, there is not a fortune in the world that would suffice." He was just the sort of man of whom it might be said, as of quite another insatiable spirit it has been said, that were you to make him a present of the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, all of your own mere grace and favour, purely and simply a free gift, he would be instant with a request to have the Isle of Man thrown in too, for a potato garden. There are Irishmen, an English publicist said, when discussing the prospects of the Land Bill as a healing measure, who, if England gave them the whole terrestrial globe, would swear by the harp of Erin that they would go off into space unless they got the moon too.

Some take by sea and some by land, quoth old Dunbar, and never from taking can hold their hand till they be "tyit up to ane tree." Some would take all their neighbour's gear, disdainful of Dunbar's cautionary refrain, *In taking should discretion be.*

> "Some wad tak' a' this warld on breid; *
> And yet not satisfied o' their need,
> Thro' heart unsatiable and greedie."

* In the whole breadth of it.

There cannot be a greater plague, says an old divine, than to be always baited with the importunities of a growing appetite. "Beggars are troublesome, even in the streets as we pass through them; but how much more when a man shall carry a perpetually clamorous beggar in his own breast, which shall never leave off crying, Give, give, whether a man has anything to give or no." Such a one is likened to a man with a numerous charge of children, with a great many hungry mouths to be fed, and little or nothing to feed them with. What greater misery than for a man to have a perpetual hunger upon him—his appetite growing fiercer and sharper amidst the very objects and opportunities of satisfying it? This is to have such a "dropsy upon the soul," that the more it takes in, the more it may; like a drunkard that drinks himself athirst, and is driven to drink more because he has already drunk too much. Graphic after his wont is South's picture of Covetousness, as so great and voracious a prodigy, that it will not allow a man to set bounds to his appetite, though he feels himself stinted in his capacities; but impetuously pushes him on to get more, while he is at a loss for room to bestow and a heart to enjoy what he has already. The preacher pictures men with open mouth flying upon the prey, and catching with such eagerness as if they could never open their hands wide enough, nor reach them out far enough, to compass the objects of their boundless desires. "So that, had they (as the fable goes of Briareus) each of them one hundred hands, these would all of them be employed in grasping and gathering, and hardly one of them in giving or laying out; but all in receiving and none in restoring; a thing in itself so monstrous, that nothing in nature besides is like it, except it be death and the grave,—the only things I know which are always robbing and carrying off the spoils of the world, and never making restitution." The prophet Habakkuk speaks of one who enlargeth his desire as hell, or the grave. The grave is one of the things signalized by Agur as never saying, It is enough, and that cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people. The traditional figure of Alexan-

der the Great is a stereotyped text in the matter of conquering the world, and then weeping for want of other worlds to conquer. He is a type for all time with the satirists: now Butler:—

> "The whole world was not half so wide
> To Alexander, when he cried,
> Because he had but one to subdue,
> As was a paltry narrow tub to
> Diogenes."

Now Byron:—

> "Though Alexander's urn a show be grown
> On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown—
> How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear
> The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear!
> He wept for worlds to conquer—half the earth
> Knows not his name, or but his death and birth
> And desolation; while his native Greece
> Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
> He 'wept for worlds to conquer!' He who ne'er
> Conceived the globe he panted not to spare!
> With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
> Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne."

To Anaxarchus is ascribed the occasion of these tears, he having instructed Alexander in his doctrine of an infinity of worlds; "whereby Alexander, it seems, was brought out of opinion with his geography, who before that time thought there remained nothing, or not much, beyond his conquests;" which puts another gloss on the *raison d'être* of the tears—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Addison, in his Italian travels, remarks upon "a beautiful bust of Alexander the Great," in the famous gallery at Florence, "casting up his eyes to heaven with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three other antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds." In one of his *Spectators*, Addison moralizes on ambition as perhaps filling the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under

it, and does less to satisfy the present thirst than to excite fresh desires, and set the soul on new enterprises.* For how few ambitious men there are who have got as much fame as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation as it was before they became known and eminent among men! "There is not any circumstance in Cæsar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which Cicero tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, 'That he was satisfied with his share of life and fame.'" *Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam, vixisse.* Like one object in Wordsworth's musings near Aquapendente,

> "—— upon its front
> Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
> Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
> Struggling against the stream of destiny,†
> But with its peaceful majesty content."

Fontenelle's Phryne tells Alexander, that if he had only conquered Greece, the neighbouring islands, and perhaps some part of Asia Minor, and constituted them into one State, nothing could have been better contrived or more reasonable; but to be always running without knowing whither, to be always taking cities without knowing why, has—well, Phryne puts it mildly—"displeased many sensible persons." Such a sensible person was Seneca, who, in his chapter (in the *Morals*) on a happy life, puts the question, What matters it how far

* "An ambitious man," writes Horace Walpole, "must be divested of all feeling but for himself. The torment of others is his high road to happiness. Were the transmigration of souls true, and accompanied by consciousness, how delighted would Alexander or Crœsus be to find themselves on four legs, and divested of a wish to conquer new worlds, or to heap up all the wealth of this."—*Letters*, vol. vii., p. 400.

† Of the Alexander of our nineteenth century, as Napoleon is often called, M. Villemain observes, in reference to his implied necessity *de recommencer une campagne aggressive*, that "ce jeu terrible d'accumuler les ennemis et les obstacles, pour les abattre d'un plus grand effort, n'est pas toujours heureux. Il ne va pour ainsi dire qu'à la jeunesse du génie et de la fortune; et probablement il se serait usé pour Alexandre lui-même, si le vainqueur de la Perse et de l'Inde eût duré plus longtemps."—Villemain: *Souvenirs Contemporains*, p. 325.

Alexander extended his conquests, if he never got to feel satisfied with what he had? Every man wants as much as he covets, and labour lost it is to pour into a vessel that will never be full. Ambition of the Alexandrine metre "propounds matters even impossible when it has once arrived at things beyond expectation." "Alexander," says the same old master of morals in another place, "was possessed with the madness of laying kingdoms waste. Beginning with Greece, where he was brought up, he enslaved Lacedæmon and silenced Athens; and not satisfied with destroying the cities which his father, Philip, had either conquered or bought, he "made himself the enemy of human nature, and like the worst of beasts, he worried what he could not eat." This may be a culpably and calumniously one-sided and distorted view of him men call the Great; but it is only with the mere fact of his insatiate and insatiable nature that we are here concerned. He is a type of his kind. And so, of the self-same kind, however differing in degree, is the Joab Hunter commemorated by the Clockmaker of Slickville, who—that is Joab, not Samuel—"whipped every one that darst try him, both in Slickville and its vycinity, and then sot down and cried like a child, 'cause folks were afeard of him," and there was nobody left for him to fight. And, of course, with him, to fight meant to whip.

> "Si les hommes pouvaient s'entendre!
> Mais non: tant qu'il trouve un voisin,
> Tout homme a le cœur d'Alexandre,
> Et, prince ou bourgeois, veut étendre
> Ou son royaume ou son jardin."

So muses the modern French poet, Lebrun. So too, in one of his Divine Poems, that not too divine poet, Edmund Waller:—

> "The world's great conqueror would his point pursue,
> And wept because he could not find a new;
> Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
> To make him work until a third he spied."

——o——

## *A GARDEN GRAVE.*

2 KINGS xxi. 18, 26 ; ST. JOHN xix. 41.

WHEN the time came for Manasseh, King of Judah, to sleep with his fathers, he was buried in the garden of his own house, in the garden of Uzza. Some think this was the place where Uzziah was buried—who, sleeping with his fathers, was buried with his fathers in the field of the burial which belonged to the kings ; for they said, He is a leper. Bishop Patrick echoes the surmise of the speculative, that penitent Manasseh may have desired to be buried here, as unworthy, because of his manifold sins, to be laid in the common sepulchre of the kings of Judah. Amon, his son, however, who walked in all the bad ways that Manasseh had walked in, but failed to follow him in the paths of penitence and peace, was also buried in the sepulchre in the garden of Uzza ; without any token of the choice or motive attributed to his father. Be there choice in either case, or not—be there motive as alleged, or none—the incident is in itself markworthy, and by the chronicler of the two kings' reigns is evidently considered such, that alike Manasseh, King of Judah, and Amon his son and successor, were buried out of the ordinary course, in a garden grave.

Naturally the place of burial reminds one of the most memorable of all interments. The New Testament as well as the Old has its signal record of a garden grave. He that was wounded for our transgression, and bruised for our iniquities, —He, the despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—is said by the prophet to have made His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death. The reference is assumed, rightly or wrongly, to point, in the last clause at least, however the penultimate one may be interpreted, to that rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple, and who begged of Pilate the body of Jesus, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. So St. Matthew tells us ; and from St. John we learn, that in the place where Jesus was crucified there was

a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation-day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

"This is no place of graves," exclaims Dr. Hanna, as he looks around; "here rise around us no memorials of the dead; you see but a single sepulchre, and that sepulchre in a garden." He calls it a strange mingling, this, of opposites, the garden of life and growth and beauty circling the sepulchre designed for death, corruption, and decay. "Miniature of the strange world we live in. What garden of it has not its own grave? Your path may, for a time, be through flowers and fragrance; follow it far enough, it leads ever to a grave."* Henry Melvill expatiates on the choice of the spot by Joseph of Arimathea, as a highly significant circumstance. He might, in constructing a tomb for himself, have done so in some distant place, which he only occasionally visited; whereas he constructed it in a garden, to which he would frequently resort —in which he took his daily walk, and wherein he was wont to calm and refresh his mind with the rich foliage of the trees and the sweet blossom of the flowers. "He prepared his own tomb in a garden; a garden—nature's grave" (for if flowers bud and blossom, they also wither and die)—"a garden, the scene of nature's resurrection." What a mixture does it present—a garden in the place of crucifixion, and a sepulchre in the garden! "Strangely are joy and grief blended in human life, and in Christian experience. 'I will sing,' saith the Psalmist, 'of mercy and judgment.' Of mercy, 'in the place where he was crucified there was a garden.' Of judgment, 'and in the garden a sepulchre.'" The text admits of fanciful applications as well as of practical improvement; but what further notes on the general topic may here be added, will touch simply on

* "But this sepulchre in this garden suggests other and happier thoughts. It was in a garden once of old—in Eden, that death had his first summons given, to find there his first prey; it is in a garden here at Calvary that the last enemy of mankind has the death-blow given to him—that the great Conqueror is in his turn overcome."—*The Last Day of our Lord's Passion.* By Wm. Hanna, LL.D., fifth edition, pp. 330.

what is implied of rural tranquillity and repose in the mere fact of a garden grave.

Laid to rest within the then lonely and romantic cemetery of the Protestants in Rome,—an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies,—the poet of *Endymion* was taken leave of by a greater poet with the reflection, that it might make one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place. In a letter written from Abergavenny, early in his life, Sir Samuel Romilly describes with much interest, as entirely novel to him, the "very poetical and very affecting" custom the poor people had there, of visiting the churchyard on Palm Sunday morning, with a little harvest of violets and primroses gathered at dawn, to strew over the graves of their kinsfolk gone before; while some who had happily lost no near relation or friend, decked the graves of strangers; so that hardly a grave was without its decoration of affection or respect. "I came here soon after this ceremony had been observed, and was surprised, on walking through a churchyard, to find in it the appearance of a garden." The dearer it made to the visitor from our great city this dear island home, with such memorials of what Sydney Dobell calls—

> "the unforgotten dead,
> In quiet grave-yards, willowed seemly round,
> O'er which To-day bends sad, and sees his face,"

as in some unfathomed lake, for ever calm. Round the church above the Lake of Lucerne there is a burying ground skirted by cloisters, through the arches and apertures of which, as Mr. Trollope has described the scene, they who walk or sit there look down immediately upon the blue water, and across the water upon the frowning menaces of Mount Pilate. "It is one of the prettiest spots in that land of beauty; and its charm is to my feeling enhanced by the sepulchral monuments" around. Pointed is the contrast Nigel's raw-boned Scotch serving-man draws between even a city churchyard such as St. Cuthbert's and those of London." "There are dainty green graffs in

St. Cuthbert's kirkyard," quoth Richie Moniplies, who had often, lang syne, made his night-quarters there when he came home late, and found the West Port closed,—" where ane may sleep as if they were in a down bed, till they hear the laverock singing up in the air as high as the castle, whereas, lo and behold, these London kirkyards are causeyed with through-stanes, panged hard and fast thegither. . . . Dead folks may sleep yonder sound enow, but deil haet else." As for squalid churchyards, north or south, a north country divine is emphatic and iterative in his denunciation of the "mangy, weedy, miserable-looking pound" which was until recently a too familiar type; "ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots," he elsewhere calls them, "where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep." Mr. Dickens was more than equally emphatic, outspoken, iterative, and reiterative on the subject. In one of his earliest books he pictures a poor, mean burial-ground in London—a dismal place, raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet-wall and an iron railing; a rank, unwholesome,* rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed, in their frowsy growth, to tell that they had sprung from paupers' bodies, and had struck their roots in the graves of men sodden, while alive, in steaming courts and drunken, hungry dens. "And here, in truth, they lay, parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—lay thick and close—corrupting in body as they had been in mind—a dense and squalid crowd." In a much later work, he glances shudderingly at a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the living. "Into a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would

* Coleridge, in *The Friend*, refers to the churchyards in most of the German cities, and too often, he feared, in those of our own country, as not less injurious to morality than to health—their darkness and loneliness tempting worse spirits to roam in them than those whose nightly wanderings appalled the believing hearts of our brave forefathers. A horrible incident of this sort darkens his pathetic narrative of the sorrows of Maria Schöning of Nüremberg.

reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brothers departed,* to receive Christian burial." With houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate—with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on life—in such a spot "they lower our dear brother down a foot or two: here sow him in corruption, to be raised in corruption: an avenging ghost at many a sick-bed side: a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together." And among his later miscellaneous essays may be remembered a characteristic one by the same writer, entitled "The City of the Absent,"—city churchyards being avowedly a favourite retreat with our uncommercial traveller; and at all times of his life a favourite theme, however repulsive in itself, and however loathsome the details on which he elected to dilate. One such churchyard, he calls that of Saint Ghastly Grim; and he owns to the attraction of repulsion it had for him, by midnight and in bad weather, as well as in the full, remorseless, glaring, blabbing light of day. Such a yard it is not that Mr. Charles Reade describes, "in that part of London called 'the City,'"—in one of the shady little streets that look like pleasant retreats from the busy, noisy world; yet are strongholds of business: "Here, in the heart of the City, was wedged a little rustic church, with its churchyard, whose bright green

* "He was put there," says Jo, the crossing-sweeper, to the veiled lady visitor who peers after nightfall through the locked iron gate, to the bars of which Jo is holding, as the two look in. "Where? Oh what a scene of horror!"—"There!" says Jo, pointing. "Over yinder. Among them piles of bones, and close to that there kitchin winder. They put him in wery nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to get it in. I could unkiver it for you with my broom, if the gate was open. That's why they locks it, I s'pose," giving it a shake. . . . "Is this place of abomination consecrated ground?" the lady asks after a while.—"I don't know nothink of consequential ground," says Jo, staring hard at her.—"Is it blessed?"—"WHICH?" says Jo, in the last degree amazed.—"Is it blessed?"—"I'm blest if I know," says Jo, staring more than ever; "but I shouldn't think it warn't. Blest?" repeats Jo, something troubled in his mind. "It aint done it much good, if it is. Blest? I should think it was t'othered myself. But *I* don't know nothink!"—*Bleak House*, ch. xvi.

grass first startled, then soothed and refreshed the eye, in that wilderness of stone; an emerald set in granite." A sufficient and exceptional contrast, this last, to the type stigmatized by John Evelyn, at Norwich, just two centuries before, where he observed that "most of the churchyards (tho' some of them large enough) were filled up with earth, or rather the congestion of dead bodies one upon another, for want of earth, even to the very top of the walls, and some above the walls, so as the churches seemed to be built in pits." Not these the kind to attract and retain as frequent visitors such haunters of churchyards as the elder Humboldt, whose "great affection" for them, he avows, never let him willingly pass one without visiting it.* Especially was he fond of those planted with large old trees; and in even one large old tree on such a spot he found a great charm. The sight of the fresh blooming life blended to his solace and delight with the thought of the dead slumbering beneath.† Leigh Hunt says of the dead, in a small sequestered village, that they seem hardly removed from their own houses; the last home seems almost a portion of the first: the clergyman's house often has the churchyard as close to it as the garden; and when he goes into his grave, he seems but removed into another room; gone to bed, and to his sleep. He has not "left." He lies there with his family, still ready to waken with them all, on the heavenly morning. This, however, as the author of *The Old Court Suburb* remarks, in his comment on the aspect of the (old) parish churchyard of Kensington, abutting so closely on the public way, is a feeling which

* The taste is common to divers and diverse natures. O'Keeffe, the dramatist, was as pronounced a haunter of churchyards as Wilhelm von Humboldt; but the main interest to him was to take note, or notes, of the ages recorded on the tombstones; for, "the healthiness of the place may be guessed at by the longevity of its inhabitants. . . . I remember at St. Peter's, a village about three miles from Margate, I saw the greatest number of seventy, eighty, and ninetys."—*Recollections of John O'Keeffe*, ii. 184.

† "The most beautiful churchyard of this kind, which I have seen, was one in Königsberg, in Prussia, in which there are long avenues of large and beautiful lime-trees," etc.—*Baron W. von Humboldt's Letters to a Lady*, No. lx.

it is difficult to realize in a bustling town. "In some moods of the mind, the juxtaposition is very painful. It looks as if death itself were no escape from the turmoils of life,"—as if the noise of carts and cries were never to be out of one's hearing; and he is convinced upon the whole, that, whether near to houses or away from them, the sense of quiet is requisite to the proper idea of the churchyard; quiet,—the thing farthest removed from cities, and what we imagine to pervade all space, and the gulfs between the stars,—is requisite to make us feel that we are standing on the threshold of heaven.

> "The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres;
> And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
> Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
> * * * * * *
> "And mingling with the still night and mute sky,
> Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.
>
> "Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild,
> And terrorless as this serenest night:
> Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
> Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
> Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
> That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep." *

Of such a spot writes Southey, in *The Doctor*, that a hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting-place. Of such a spot writes Mr. Austen-Leigh, in describing what was for twenty-five years the residence of his gifted aunt,—Steventon, with its "little spireless fane, just seen above the woody lane," standing alone, far from the hum of the village, and within sight of no habitation, except a glimpse of the grey manor-house through its circling green of sycamores,—the consecrated ground teeming, beneath its south wall, with sweet violets, both purple and white; "one may imagine," he says, "for how many centuries the ancestors of those little flowers have occupied that undisturbed, sunny nook; and may think how few living families can boast of as ancient a tenure of their land:" large elms protrude their rough

* Shelley: *A Summer-Evening Churchyard.* (Lechdale, Gloucestershire.)

branches, old hawthorns shed their annual blossoms over the graves; and there is a hollow yew-tree, at least coeval with the church of the eleventh century; a spot, in short, that altogether "has in it something solemn and appropriate to the last resting-place of the silent dead." The garden aspect is paramount in Campbell's vignette of a Gothic church, with its beautiful though sepulchral surroundings,—

> "For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
> But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb."

Of field-flowers it is, or rather to them, the same poet says, in the last line of his stanzas to those wildings of Nature, "I wish you to grow on my tomb." Green is Wordsworth's typical Churchyard among the Mountains, beautiful and green, ridge rising gently by the side of ridge, a heaving surface, almost wholly free from interruption of sepulchral stones, and mantled o'er with aboriginal turf and everlasting flowers. In his sonnets on the River Duddon, the Kirk of Ulpha suggests the thought, "how sweet were leisure! could it yield no more than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline, from pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine; or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine, soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar." A burying-ground near Langholme, on the banks of the Esk, is pictured by him in another sonnet, where—

> "Proud tomb is none; but rudely sculptured knights,
> By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
> Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
> Union not sad, when sunny day-break smites
> The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
> With *Jubilate* from the choirs of spring!"

Nor was Wordsworth the man to grudge the sound of gladsome voices ascending from the rural school, close to the silent neighbourhood of graves, in his *Prelude* picture of a grassy churchyard that hung upon a slope above the village school. He *was* the man, however, to deprecate right earnestly the crowding together of our dead in the "busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town," which he would contrast,

to its cost, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the groves of cypress in which it is embosomed. He insisted, indeed, that when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind.

The cemetery at Woking was made Judge Haliburton's text for a disquisition on the comparative merits of the modern cemetery. Approving of it, he cannot admire it. He considers it a necessary provision for the relief of a great city, since intramural burials are found to be destructive of health; but there is nothing of the attraction of the old rural churchyards; and the more you decorate these modern cemeteries, the more repulsive they become,—rare exotic trees and shrubs, gay flowers, and the tricks of landscape gardening being out of keeping with the place. These trickeries of art may avail to make us forget that we are wandering through the city of the dead, the last resting-place of mortality; and yet there is something in the tombs, urns, and tablets around us, that destroys the illusion of ornamental pleasure-grounds. "It is neither a burial-place nor a garden: it is too gay and smiling for the one, and too lonely and melancholy for the other. Our reflections are diverted by the gaudy parterres, and our enjoyment destroyed by the mementoes of death. Bridal flowers desecrate the tomb; and headstones, with learned or rustic inscriptions, label the rhododendrons and azaleas." Mr. de Quincey once remarked upon the cathedral cemetery at Bangor, as the most beautiful in the whole kingdom; but the beauty was scarcely appropriate: it was the beauty of a well-kept shrubbery, and not of a cemetery: it contrived to look smiling and attractive by the entire dissembling of its real purposes. Hawthorne makes his New Adam and Eve visit the cemetery of Mount Auburn, and with light hearts tread along the winding paths, among marble pillars, mimic temples, urns, obelisks, and sarcophagi, sometimes pausing to contemplate these fantasies of human growth, and sometimes

to admire the flowers wherewith kind Nature converts decay into loveliness. Writing to Southey from Tours in 1814, Walter Savage Landor says: "I live in a tower, with a large and shady garden, where I intend to be buried, if I die here." Allan Cunningham's wish was, to be laid where he should "not be built over;" where the wind should blow and the daisy grow upon his grave. As he would not be built over, so neither would he be bricked in. No vault for him, and such as him. It was after a visit to Westminster Abbey, that Burke, describing in a letter the awe he felt among the tombs, went on to say, "Yet after all, do you know I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets." He adds a wish, however, that his dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, "family burying-ground," had something pleasing in it to him. His aspiration is echoed by a country parson of note, who asks, What can surpass the beauty of green grass and green trees? and exclaims, "Amid such things let me live; and when I am gone, let green grass grow over me. I would not be buried beneath a stone pavement, not to sleep in the great Abbey itself." The Miriam of *Transformation* declares it to be a good state of mind for mortal man, when he is content to leave no more definite memorial than the grass, which will sprout kindly and speedily over his grave, if we do not make the spot barren with marble. And she thinks it will be a fresher and a better world, when it flings off this burthen of stony memories, which the ages have deemed it a piety to heap upon its back. George Herbert, on the text of church monuments, preaches to the same effect: he is one who will "gladly trust," he says—

> "My body to the school, that it may learn
> To spell his elements, and find his birth
> Written in dusty heraldry and lines;
> Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
> Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
> These laugh at Jet and Marble, put for signs,
> To sever the good fellowship of dust,
> And spoil the meeting."

The ideal pictured by James Montgomery, of the burying-

place of the Patriarchs, in *The World before the Flood*, is a scene sequestered from the haunts of men,—the little heaps ranged in comely rows, with walks between, trodden by friends and kinsfolk, who dressed with duteous hands each hallowed sod:

> "No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
> His praises whom the worm devoured beneath;
> * * * * *
> There no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
> No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb;
> But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
> The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers;
> Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
> Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound.
> 'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
> It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer."

Speaking of city graveyards, where the mounds, covered with rank grass, rise high above the level of the flags,—and with which last homes no feeling of rest is connected, lying as they do in the midst of life-traffic,—Holme Lee can yet imagine some, wishful to think that they have not quite done with the stir and the turmoil, the loves and hopes of existence, preferring to moulder where old acquaintance may give their tombstone a thought and a glance in passing by, rather than in a still country nook, where the sun, and winds, and rains of heaven can alone light upon them for evermore. Such a secluded spot, for example, as the deserted kirk-yard on the east end of Lochlea, where lies the Scottish poet Ross, author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*,—a fortunate shepherd he, too, in finding such a resting-place, exclaims a critic who is familiar with it, and who lovingly describes the trees that cast their "calm or musical shadows" over the graves,—the old castle near at hand, "silent in its age;" the dark lake, with the bare mountains sinking sheer down upon its waters; only two human habitations in sight; and all combining to make the scene the "very loveliness and grandeur of desolation." Mr. Thackeray somewhere describes a convent cemetery with its many hillocks, the gentle daisies springing out of the grass over them, while beyond the walls you have glimpses of life and the world, and the spires

and gables of a city; a bird alights on a grave, and flies away presently with a leaf in its mouth; and the visitor anon takes a little flower off the hillock, and kisses it, and goes his way, like the bird, back into the world again,—musing on that silent receptacle of death, with its tranquil depth of calm, out of reach of tempest and trouble. Not away flies the bird in a parallel passage of an American story, which glances from a little churchyard to the river below, and to hills cut in purple distance melting far into the east; the air thick with perfume; golden bees hanging giddily over the blush in the grass: in the low branches that sweep one grave, the object of the visit, a little bird has built her nest. The bird-dweller completes the rural aspect of the scene; and to some lookers-on, worn and torn with the wear and tear of city life, such a bird, however homely and common in itself, might seem a bird of paradise, and that garden of graves a Garden of Eden, in despite of the graves; suggestive at least of Eden restored, of Paradise regained as well as lost.

A very garden of graves is the ideal churchyard of the *Chronicles of Clovernook*: there are no cypresses, no weeping willows, no "undertaker yews," but sweet, ordorous shrubs and orange-trees, with bud, blossom, and the ripe fruit; types of those who lie below. To a garden grave, Southey commits Monnema, in his *Tale of Paraguay*:

"They laid her in the Garden of the Dead;
Such as a Christian burial-place should be
Was that fair spot, where every grave was spread
With flowers, and not a weed to spring was free;
But the pure blossoms of the orange-tree
Dropt like a shower of fragrance on the bier;
And palms, the type of immortality,
Planted in stately colonnades appear,
That all was verdant there throughout the unvarying year."

—o—

## *DUST TO DUST: UNWEPT, UNHONOURED.*

JEREMIAH xxii. 18, 19.

JEHOIAKIM, the son of Josiah, king of Jerusalem, of a bad life was to make a bad end. For this was to be the ending of it as the prophet foretold, with the emphasized warrant or authority of a "Thus saith the Lord." When the time should come for Jehoiakim to die, none should lament for him, saying, "Ah, my brother!" or "Ah, lord!" or "Ah, his glory!" Unwept he should die, and unhonoured should his burial be—even the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.*

That man is esteemed to die miserable, says Jeremy Taylor in the *Holy Dying*, for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear, or pays a solemn sigh. "I desire to die a *dry death*, but am not very desirous to have a *dry funeral:*† some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely; and a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beast." Jeremy the Christian preacher would have been of one mind with his namesake the Hebrew prophet, in that respect.

> "But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
> That none for them can, when they perish, grieve,"

says Edmund Waller in a translation of some French lines on fading flowers as a type of frail humanity,—we dying in our autumn, as the flowers in theirs; and as their leaves lie quiet on the ground, missed only by those who loved them, "so in the grave shall we as quiet be, missed by some few that loved our company," unless indeed like thorns and nettles we have lived, and then to be missed is only in the sense of relief.

Now and then in history we come upon an instance of such

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* Into the historical difficulties connected with a literal fulfilment of this prediction, we may here well decline to enter. See the commentators on the passage, or avoid seeing them,—whichever may be best.

† Italics *in orig.*

a bad ending as that of Pompeius Strabo, hated by all parties for his selfish rapacity, whose body the Senate allowed to be dragged through the streets with a hook. Of Cinna, one historian of Rome writes, that "he died, disliked rather than detested by most men, regretted probably by none." Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, perished like a wretched outcast: "There was none, even," in the expressive language of the old chronicler (Gomara), "to say, God forgive him!" When Charlotte Corday had struck Marat to the heart, the piercing cries of his mistress were an astonishment to her, so incredible had she deemed it that such a man could be loved or regretted by a single fellow-creature. But Byron's note of exclamation, "Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!" has its echoes in history:—

> "When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
> Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
> Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
> Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,
> Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:
> Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
> Of feeling for some kindness done, when power
> Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour."

But even here the mourning itself was secret, the mourner unseen, unknown. Dean Swift, in his *History of England*, gives all proper emphasis to the bad ending that William Rufus made *—how the Red King's corpse was carried to Winchester in a cart, hurriedly and ignominiously, there to be buried the next day, "without solemnity, and, which is worse, without grief." Remembering the prestige attached to the great name of Gustavus Adolphus, it is almost startling to be told of *him* —not by any cynical Dean of St. Patrick's, or publicist of the Louis Veuillot type, but by soberest of sober historians, that albeit the hero-king died esteemed by all, even by his enemies, he was lamented by no one, not even by those whom he had saved: the Roman Catholics rejoiced over the fall of their

* "Few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill beloved or so little lamented."—Swift, *Hist. of England.*

powerful adversary; and the Protestants, who now thought themselves strong enough without his help, were glad to be freed from a master whom they envied and suspected. One might apply, under reserve, the words of La Bruyère in describing a certain dignified and impressive but unlamented decease: "Il a commencé par se faire estimer, il finit par se faire craindre. Cet ami, si ancien, si nécessaire, meurt sans qu'on pleure." But between the political application and the personal the distinction is one not without a difference that may be felt.

A presumably inveterate gambler, and prospectively a ruined one,* is reminded by a caustic philosopher at the close of an unsparing epistle, that if he cannot live, he can die; and that dying, he will have this consolation: if he has steadily and inexorably vindicated the character of a gamester, his death will inflict no pang upon a single creature left behind him; and he may find pleasing solace in the reflection that he never did the world a greater service than in now quitting it. Of handsome, useless, worthless James Conyers we hear in the story which describes his violent death, that of all who read an account of it in the newspapers, there was not one who shed a tear for him, not one who could say, "That man once

* The ruined one in Mr. Thackeray's grim story, who shoots himself in bed, and is found lying there in a great pool of black blood, has this for his epitaph, and this only: "Regardez un peu," said his landlady to the lookers-on, "messieurs, il m'a gâté trois matelas, et il me doit quarante-quatre francs." This was all his epitaph: he had spoilt three mattresses, and owed the landlady four-and-forty francs. In the whole world there was not a soul to love him or lament him. His best "friend" and intimate owns with shame that for this old school acquaintance, the chum of his early days, the merry associate of his recent ones, he had "not a tear or a pang." And mark the significant ending, the *post mortem*, of the Gambler's Death: He was nailed, testifies Michael Angelo Titmarsh, "into a paltry coffin, and buried at the expense of the arrondissement [Paris], in a nook of the burial-ground beyond the Barrière de l'Etoile. . . The three men who have figured in this history acted as Jack's mourners, . . . *and were almost drunk* as they followed his coffin to its resting-place. . . . After the ceremony was concluded, these gentlemen were very happy to get home to a warm and comfortable breakfast, and finished the day royally at Frascati's."—*Paris Sketch Book.*

stepped out of his way to do me a kindness." Ellis Bell's Catherine exclaims to Heathcliff: "You are miserable, are you not? Lonely, like the devil, and envious, like him? *Nobody* loves you—*nobody* will cry for you when you die! I wouldn't be you!" Catherine spoke with a kind of dreary triumph. Not many chapters later we come upon the grim record of Heathcliff's death, who, after all, has one mourner, and that is "poor Hareton, the most wronged. . . . He sat by the corpse all night, weeping in bitter earnest. He pressed its hand, and kissed the sarcastic, savage face that every one else shrank from contemplating." Hawthorne has a suggestive tale of an elderly man, harsh in features and expression, who ordered a stone for the grave of his bitter enemy, with whom he had waged warfare half a lifetime, to their common misery and ruin. The secret of this phenomenon is explained to be, that hatred had become the sustenance and enjoyment of the poor wretch's soul; it had supplied the place of all kindly affections; it had been really a bond of sympathy between himself and the man who shared the passion; and when its object died, the unappeasable foe was the only mourner for the dead.

Only too cheap and plentiful are such types of character as Mr. Thackeray gave us in Captain Prior, with his coarse swagger and his Jeremy Diddlerism in the matter of petty loans, for whom, when he died, only two people in the world were sorry, his daughter Elizabeth, and his wife, who still loved the memory of the handsome young man who had wooed and won her. Mr. Trollope's Attorney-general, Sir Abraham Haphazard, bright as a diamond, and as cutting, but also as unimpressionable, is described as knowing every one whom to know was an honour, but without having a single friend, the meaning of which word was unknown to him except in its parliamentary sense: as a man of wit, he sparkled among the brightest at the dinner-tables of political grandees; glittering sparkles fell from him everywhere indeed, as from hot steel, but no heat; no cold heart was ever cheered by warmth from him, no unhappy soul ever dropped a portion of its burden at

his door. "And so he glitters along through the world, the brightest among the bright; and when his glitter is gone, and he is gathered to his fathers, no eye will be dim with a tear, no heart will mourn for its lost friend." The gentlemanly George Pauncefort of another novelist of note, utters in the handsomest of rooms and surroundings, and to the best-bred of good listeners, the lament: "There is scarcely a ruffian who ever went out of the debtor's door who has not been regretted more truly by some one or other than ever I shall be regretted." The Scrooge of Mr. Dickens's first Christmas story is badly off in the same way, though on other accounts; and when he dreams of himself as dead, it is only to hear pleasantries in chit-chat at his expense, such as one chatterer's comment on its being likely to be a very cheap funeral, "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?" Which another jester won't mind doing if a luncheon is provided; but he must be fed, if he makes one. Further on we read how the old miser, by hypothesis a corpse, lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, woman, or a child to say, he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone: "What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think." But in an agony he implores the shadowy presence that attends him to show one living creature, if one be there, that feels emotion caused by his death. Is he to be an exception to the rule of our old English proverb, that when the devil is dead, he never wants a chief mourner?

In James Montgomery's picture of the ideal burying-place of the Patriarchs, it is noteworthy that

> " —— not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
> By one dishonour'd, or by all forgot:
> To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
> From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear."

But this was in the World before the Flood; and many of us

now-a-days would incline to say, *nous avons changé tout cela.* It is a commonplace in modern biography, such a passage as this in a letter of Malone about the late Lord Southwell (1766): "So worthless a man, that I believe he has not left many wet eyes after him. It appears pretty plain how friendless he must have been," etc. Or such as Southey's memento of Miss Trewbody as entombed in the Cathedral at Salisbury, with a panegyrical epitaph, inscribed on a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, shedding marble tears larger than grey peas, and something of the same colour: "These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern." Or such as the notice written by Frederick Perthes of the funeral of Duke Augustus of Saxe-Gotha, half a century ago,—"a melancholy spectacle, no sympathy shown by high or low, town or country. The domestic servants the only mourners, and the duke's favourite cock, which was almost always with him night and day, alone looked solemn and tragical." What says that brawny spearman, Earl Doorm, in one of Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian idylls, to the drooping damsel he finds in tears in a corner of his hall, and whom to see weeping makes him mad:—

> "Good luck had your good man,
> For were I dead who is it would weep for me?"

Or what, again, the tyrant Adrastus, in Talfourd's tragedy, when Ion stands by his couch, knife in hand, and bids him, if there is a friend whom he would, dying, greet by word or token, to speak his last bidding:—

> "*Adras.* I have none on earth.
> If thou hast courage, end me!
> *Ion.* Not one friend!
> Most piteous doom!"

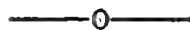
Agolanti, again, in Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence*, is roughly forewarned of a coming day when he shall take to his bed, friendless and forlorn; when even—

> "The nurse that makes a penny of your pillow,
> And would desire you gone, but your groans pay her,

Shall turn from the last agony in your throat,
And count her wages."

Out of that bad dream of his, in his tent, on the eve of Bosworth field, Shakspeare's Richard starts in affright, and counts *his* wages :—

"—— Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me :—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself."



## *GEDALIAH: FATALLY UNSUSPECTING.*

JEREMIAH xl. 16; xli. 2.

IT might almost be called a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, for the remnant of His captive people, the short time of Gedaliah's rule over them. He encouraged them to dwell in the land. Jeremiah the prophet came to Gedaliah, and dwelt with him among the people that were left in the land. And in answer to the good-hearted governor's summons to all and sundry, to rest with confidence under his protection, and to cultivate their garden-grounds in peace, none daring to make them afraid, we read that "even all the Jews [that were in Moab, and among the Ammonites, and in Edom, and that were in all the countries] returned out of all places whither they were driven, and came to the land of Judah, to Gedaliah, unto Mizpeh, and gathered wine and summer fruits very much." But it was all too brief a gleam of summer-tide. Ishmael the son of Nethaniah was bent on taking the governor's life; and the design was fully made known to the governor by one who besought his sanction for anticipating the blow. Not merely was Gedaliah peremptory against Johanan's offer to cut off the would-be assassin, but he pooh-poohed the existence of any such project of assassination. He seems to have thought, good easy man, too kindly of

human nature in general, and of Ishmael in particular. Why should Ishmael owe him a grudge? Or, if he did, or fancied he did, yet what ground was there for suspecting the man, beyond Johanan's heated fancy? So "Gedaliah the son of Ahikam said unto Johanan the son of Kareah, Thou shalt not do this thing: for thou speakest falsely of Ishmael." As though this Ishmael were like the typical one of old, against whom was every man's hand; but unlike him in his hand being against every man,—or indeed against any man,—at all events, against the one man whose life, Johanan alleged, he was bent on taking. Let Ishmael alone; there was no harm in him. Johanan might mean well; but neither did Ishmael mean ill. To suspect him of foul play, was to do him foul wrong.

Whether, if Gedaliah had given credence to Johanan's word of warning, he would also have connived at Johanan's device of bloodshed, secretly and swiftly to be carried out, may be, and may here remain, an open question. Enough for the purpose of these notes, that he would lend no ear to the warning, that he would give no heed to what he accounted a false alarm; and that the generous incredulity was fatal to him. Free access to him was still, as before, the privilege of Ishmael and his conspirators; and at once they made use of it. They ate bread together in Mizpeh. And it would appear as if the conspirators took that opportunity of slaying their host. For, "then arose Ishmael the son of Nethaniah, and the ten men that were with him, and smote Gedaliah the son of Ahikam with the sword, and slew him whom the king of Babylon had made governor over the land." And it was the second day after the slaying of Gedaliah before any man knew of it.

To be slain at table, whether as host or as guest, adds even a blacker shade to the black shadow of death by violence. The perfidious advantage taken of the confidence then and there pledged, by the mere fact of sitting at the same board together, and together breaking bread, and perhaps pledging each the other in cups of wine that maketh glad the heart of man,—other murder may be strange, and must be foul; *this*,—

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But *this* most foul, strange, and unnatural."

At table fell worthless, wicked Amnon, at the signal of his brother, worthless, wicked Absalom. With confidence came the doomed libertine to the sheep-shearing feast in Baal-hazor, to which Absalom, to make sure of *him*, had invited all the king's sons. "Now Absalom had commanded his servants, saying, Mark ye now when Amnon's heart is merry with wine, and when I say unto you, Smite Amnon; then kill him, fear not; have not I commanded you? be courageous, and be valiant." Evidently their master was prepared for at least some show of reluctance to fulfil such a behest as this. But they were compliant; and the servants of Absalom did unto Amnon as Absalom had commanded.

So again with Elah, the son of Baasha, who reigned over Israel in Tirzah for two years. His servant Zimri, captain of half his chariots, conspired against him as he was in Tirzah, drinking himself drunk in the house of Arza, steward of his house in Tirzah, where Zimri went in and smote him, and killed him, and reigned in his stead. Had Zimri peace, who thus slew his master?

It was at a banquet in Jericho that Ptolemy, the son-in-law of Simon the Maccabee, contrived basely to assassinate him and his elder son; the younger, John Hyrcanus, eluded the assassin's toils, and by escaping frustrated his devices, much as the escape of Fleance marred the manœuvres of Macbeth.

Sesostris, after his return from his conquests in Asia and Europe, was invited by his brother, whom he had left viceroy in Egypt, to a banquet, together with his family; and wood being heaped all round the building, the host set fire to it; and if Sesostris effected a very narrow escape, it was only by sacrificing two of his six sons, as Herodotus tells the story, and using their bodies to bridge the circle of flame. In Herodotus too we read of the seven ambassadors sent from Persia by Megabazus to the Macedonian court of King Amyntas, who were by that sovran entertained at a feast, and there, while heavy with wine, assassinated by his son.

The prince, like Absalom, believed himself to have good cause to show, and would have justified himself in the tone of Sciarrha in the play:

> "*Flo.* And in your crownèd tables
> And hospitality, would you murder them?
> *Sci.* Yes, and the reason wherefore they were murder'd,
> Shall justify the deed to all posterity."

In his cups slew Alexander Cleitus in his cups. To a feast was Sertorius invited by Perpena, who saw no possibility of openly attacking one who never appeared without an armed body-guard; to that feast, ostensibly given on account of some victory gained by one of his lieutenants, Sertorius went, and at it he was treacherously murdered by the conspirators. Amleth, prince of Jutland, nominally the original of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, at the feast which was given in honour of his return after prolonged absence, kept himself sober, while zealously plying all the nobles with drink; and while they lay about, he is said to have loosed a curtain made by his mother which hung about the hall, and, letting it fall on their prostrate bodies, fastened it tight by pegs to the ground, and set the building on fire. When Gibbon has to relate how the too credulous prince, Gabinius, king of the Quadi, was persuaded to accept the pressing invitation of Marcellinus, "I am at a loss," he says, "how to vary the narrative of similar crimes; or how to relate, that in the course of the same year [A.D. 374], but in remote parts of the empire [under Valentinian], the inhospitable table of two Imperial generals was stained with the royal blood of two guests and allies, inhumanly murdered by their order, and in their presence;" the fate of Gabinius and of Para being the same, although the cruel death of their sovran was resented in a very different manner by the servile temper of the Armenians, and the free and daring spirit of the Germans. In the case of the royal Armenian, it was to the subtle prudence of Count Trajan that the execution of the bloody deed was committed; by him Para was invited to a Roman banquet, which had been prepared with all the pomp and sensuality of the East: the hall resounded with cheerful

music, and the company was already heated with wine, when the count retired for an instant, drew his sword, and gave the signal of the murder.* It was as he rose from supper that Gratian, the brother of Valentinian (who made vain entreaties, "pious and pressing," for the corpse), was delivered into the hands of the assassin by the agent of Maximus (A.D. 383). Milman expatiates on the crime of Leo the Thracian, in treacherously murdering Aspar the Patrician, and his son, to whom he owed his throne: the murder took place at a banquet in the Imperial palace,—the "execrable perfidy" being vindicated to a large part of the Emperor's subjects, because Aspar was an Arian. Odoacer, again, either the victim of treachery, or, as the historian of Latin Christianity admits the alternative, his own treacherous designs, but anticipated by the superior craft and more subtle intelligence of Theodoric, was assassinated at a banquet.† After a reign of thirty days on the throne of Carthage, Gontharis was stabbed at a banquet, by the hand of Artaban (A.D. 545). Fourscore of the Moorish deputies, who, at Leptis, sought to renew the alliance of their tribe with Rome, were massacred at the table of Sergius, the governor. The voice of fame, as Gibbon words it, has accused the second Otho of a perfidious and bloody act, the massacre of the senators, whom he had invited to his table under the fair semblance of hospitality and friendship.‡ Midway in the previous century, the

* "A robust and desperate barbarian instantly rushed on the king of Armenia; and though he bravely defended his life with the first weapon that chance offered to his hand, the table of the Imperial general was stained with the royal blood of a guest and an ally."—Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. xxv.

† "After some days had been devoted to the semblance of joy and friendship, Odoacer, in the midst of a solemn banquet, was stabbed by the hand, or at least by the command, of his rival."—Gibbon, chap. xxxix.

‡ This bloody feast is described in Leonine verse in the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo, whose evidence, however, is, as Gibbon allows, "reasonably suspected" by Muratori. One of Gibbon's editors notes how the story, having once found its way into Chronologies, is repeated by them for authentic fact. In that of Blair, for instance (1844), "Otho II. massacres his chief nobility at an entertainment to which he had invited them" (sub anno 981).

voice of fame commemorates, or the stigma of infamy brands, the promiscuous massacre of fourscore of the Ommiades, who, yielding to the faith or clemency of their foes, were invited to a banquet at Damascus: the board was spread over their fallen bodies, and the festivity of the guests, we are told, was enlivened by the music of their dying groans. It was at supper-time that the Caliph Motawakkel was "cut into seven pieces" by the alien guards whose service he had enlisted. Dante introduces, in the *Inferno*, that Friar Alberigo who, having quarrelled with some of his brotherhood (the *Frati Godenti*, Joyous Friars), under pretence of a wish to be reconciled, invited them to a banquet, at the conclusion of which he called for the fruit—a signal for the assassins to rush in and despatch those whom he had marked for destruction.* Celebrated in papal history is the sumptuous repast at which Benedict XIII. entertained (1403) the trembling Cardinals, who dared not disobey his summons. The story goes, that in the midst of the festivity was heard the clang of arms, and soldiers were seen with their gleaming halberds taking their stations in silence. "The Cardinals sat in speechless terror. But Benedict desired only to show his power; at a sign they [the soldiers] withdrew. The feast went on; but if a dark tradition be true, his mercy confined itself to churchmen. Two centuries and a half afterwards the ruins of a hall were shown, in which the Pope had given a banquet of reconciliation to some of the principal burghers of Avignon, and then set fire to the building and burned them all alive."† Only too famous,—and that means infamous,—in Scottish history is the inveigling of the Douglas brothers to Edinburgh Castle, as guests of the young king, James II., himself unaware of the design of his unscrupulous guardians; at whose bidding the head of a black bull was placed on the table,—known by the Douglases for a sure menace of imminent death; and in vain the Earl and his

* Hence the proverbial saying in Italy, of one who has been stabbed, that he has had some of Fra Alberigo's fruit (Cary).

† Bouché, Hist. de Provence, ii. 432; Sismondi, Hist. de France, xii. 380.—Milman, Hist. of Lat. Christ., vi. 49.

brother sought to escape their fate by leaping from the table in the desperation of dismay. Not actually slain at table, they were hurried to the court-yard after a helter-skelter mock trial, and beheaded off-hand. A proud descendant of the Douglases is made, in *The Abbot*, to cast it in the teeth of her prisoner at Lochleven, Mary Stuart, that the captive Queen's ancestor, the second James, in defiance of the rights of hospitality and of his own written assurance of safety, poniarded the brave Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and within two yards of the social board, at which he had just before sat, the King of Scotland's honoured guest. This was at Stirling, in 1452, when that King was no longer under tutors and governors, but his own master, though in another sense (and a deeper one) *not* master of himself.

In the penultimate act of Schiller's *Wallensteinstod* one of the conspirators against the Duke of Friedland and his associates thus dismisses one dark design for another and a darker:—

> "We meant to have taken them alive this evening,
> Amid the merry-making of a feast,
> And keep them prisoners in the citadel.
> But this makes shorter work."

The last act opens with these instructions from the same Imperial agent to his subordinate:

> "Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,—
> Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
> And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
> And cry—'Who is loyal to the Emperor?'
> I will overturn the table, whilst you attack
> Illo and Terzky, and despatch them both."

At supper was Charles of Duras secured by Louis of Hungary. At dinner was Count Egmont (so often warned and in vain) made prisoner, together with Count Horn, by their unscrupulous host, the Duke of Alva. Lost labour was the love's labour of William of Orange to save his friend. A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.

But to turn from the manner of Gedaliah's death, to the

manner of the man himself as conducing to it,—his unsuspecting spirit, that εὐήθεια which betokens no guile, and which may signify in excess the characteristic of the dove, when that excess becomes, as such, a defect. For, to be wise as serpents is equally enjoined by Divine monition with the being harmless as doves. *Difficilè aliquem suspicatur malum qui bonus est*, says a remembrancer of St. Chrysostom's remark, that no good man is inclined to think evil of another.

> "Un cœur noble ne peut soupçonner en autrui
> La bassesse et la malice
> Qu'il ne sent point en lui."

Sir Peter Teazle can enforce the sentiment in his credulous appreciation of Joseph Surface: "Oh, my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself." And Joseph, whose whole stock-in-trade of morality is made up of cut-and-dried sentiments, is of course ready with a ditto to match: "Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery." Such a knave as this maxim-monger would probably be included in that category of knaves of which Dr. Whately affirmed, that they can, by the nature of them, form no notion of a nobler nature than their own*—like the goats in Robinson Crusoe's island, who saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them; so that Crusoe could never get at them from the valleys, but when he came upon them from the hill-top, took them quite by surprise. An honest man, Bacon's Annotator contended, has this advantage over a knave, that he understands more of human nature: for he knows that *one* honest man exists, and

* A cunning man is generally a suspicious one, in Judge Haliburton's judgment, and is as often led into error himself by his own misconceptions, as protected from imposition by his habitual caution. The Old Judge, as he called himself, illustrated this in the instance of Mr. Slick, who always acted on a motive, and never on an impulse, and who, concealing his real objects behind ostensible ones, imagined everybody else to be governed by the same principle of action; and therefore frequently deceived himself by attributing to others designs that never existed out of his own fancy.

concludes that there must be more; and he also knows, if he is not a mere simpleton, that there are some who are knavish; but the knave can seldom be brought to believe in the existence of an honest man. "The honest man *may* be deceived in particular persons, but the knave is *sure* to be deceived whenever he comes across an honest man who is not a mere fool." And impossible of belief as it may be to the successful knave, the honest man he has victimized would not, even at the worst, exchange dispositions with him. Better trust and be betrayed, than never trust at all. Though far from dove-like or guileless is the speaker in Schiller's trilogy, what he says is to the purpose:

> "True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
> Never by such suspicion t'have affronted
> The human form, oh may that time ne'er come
> In which I shame me of the infirmity! . . .
> This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
> T'was not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
> A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honest one.
> No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungedst
> Thy weapon in an unprotected breast—
> Against such weapons I am but a child."

Plutarch winds up his account of Agis, the first king of Lacedemon put to death by the ephori, with the comment, that his friends had more reason to complain of him than his foes, for saving Leonidas, and trusting his associates, in the undesigning generosity and goodness of his heart.

> "By the pattern of his own heart he cut out
> The purity of theirs,"

as Perdita has it. The man who is himself void of malice, and cherishes a conscience void of offence, is the slower, as St. Gregory Nazianzen says, to suspect ill of others: τὸ γὰρ κακίας ἐλεύθερον, καὶ ὑποφορᾶσθαι κακίαν ἀργότερον. The selfish man thinks all pretences to benevolence and public spirit to be mere hypocrisy or self-deceit, just as the generous and open-hearted "believe fair pretences too easily, and are apt to think men

better than they really are."* Shylock has his fling at those

> "Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
> The thoughts of others."

It is well said to be consoling, to feel assured that, dreadfully wicked and weak and deceitful as we all are, for so our satirists and cynics tell us, the keen observer who explains everything beforehand by reference to some sinister impulse, is sure to be out in his reckoning at least a dozen times as often as the simpler being whose first impression is to assume that men wish to do well. Of Walter Waston, for example, we read in Mr. Justin McCarthy's tale, that "perhaps his most fatal snare in life was his incapacity to believe in, or even to realize, the idea of human truth and goodness." In salient contrast with whom consider the Sir Peregrine of *Orley Farm*, in whose instance Mr. Trollope invites us to reflect how strange it was that that old man should have lived so near the world for seventy years, should have taken his place in Parliament and on the bench, should have rubbed his shoulders so constantly against those of his neighbours, and yet have retained so strong a reliance on the purity of the world in general. "Here and there such a man may still be found, but the number is becoming very few." Two portraits at least has Shakspeare given us of this credulous native nobility; in each case, of a brother who by brother has been betrayed. Edmund, the wily adventurer, in *King Lear*, characterizes Edgar as

> "—— a brother noble,
> Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
> That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
> My practices ride easy."

And the outcast Duke in *The Tempest* has to tell of the evil nature awakened in his false brother, how it wrought ruin to Prospero :—

> "My trust,
> Like a good parent, did beget of him
> A falsehood, in its contrary as great

* Reid, Intellectual Powers, bk. vi., chap. viii.

> As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
> A confidence sans bounds."

That thought is bounty's foe, sententiously says the old steward Flavius of his master, in *Timon of Athens;*

> "Being free itself, it thinks all others so,"

and Timon suffered accordingly. In one of his financial letters, Swift lays stress on the "inconveniency" of having too simply and severely honest a management,—knavish men being so much fitter to deal with others of their own breed, while those who are honest and well-intentioned may be the instruments of as much mischief to the public, for want of cunning and shrewd mistrust, as the greatest knaves; nay, of more, because of the charitable opinion which they are apt to have of others. Elsewhere the Dean writes, "Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on." He tells Lady Betty Germaine of his fast friend Pope, that, being a man of "very extraordinary candour, he is, consequently, apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course;" much as their common friend, accomplished St. John, speaks of himself as having been apt to confound friends and acquaintances together, "at that age of life when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys." In a number of *The Examiner,* Swift describes Queen Anne as gifted with admirable discernment of character, and "only capable of being deceived by that excess of goodness which makes her judge of others by herself." There is a degree of perfidy so extreme that, as a French author argues, pure and upright minds are unable to comprehend the possibility of it; and he compares the effect upon a lofty spirit of looking down into an abyss of evil, to the being seized with giddiness, that disables the gazer for distinguishing one object from another. Another student of character avows entire incapacity to believe that the honest man, however pure and single may be his mind, however simply trustful his nature, is ever really deceived by falsehood;

there must be, it is contended, beneath the voluntary confidence an involuntary distrust, not to be conquered by any effort of the will.

Philosophize as one may in the matter, examples of fatally misplaced confidence are common even to commonplace. History is rife with such instances as that of Germanicus, whose frank and open nature was no match for the wily intrigues of his enemies. There are things that

> "—— toughly task credulity
> In all men's natures, but the soldier's most;
> Whose noble wont is never to expect
> The blow that stabs behind."

To be now and then met with even out of poetry, is such a nature as that of the "towering warrior" painted by Landor:

> "The low and envious he past by
> With scornful or unseeing eye:
> From tales alone their guile he knew,
> Believing all around him true,
> And fancying falsehood flourish'd then
> When earth produced two-headed men."

There is indeed what Dr. Russell calls an utter unfitness of mind for understanding falsehood—not the mere falsehood of words, but of purpose and character—which lays one fatally open to the stratagems of others.

Dean Milman finds "unaccountable" in certain dealings of Theodoric with the Eastern Emperor, his magnanimous confidence, bordering on simplicity, that for his own uninterrupted exercise of justice, humanity, and moderation he had a right to expect the return of fidelity and gratitude. Sir Walter Scott aptly and pithily contrasts the dispositions respectively of two Regents of Scotland, Murray that was, and Morton, that was to be, when they differ (in the *Monastery*) as to the trustworthy aspect and accents of Halbert Glendinning. Murray sees truth written on that stripling's brow, while Morton utters a cynical wish that the inside of the manuscript may correspond with the superscription; adding, "Look to it, my lord, you will one day lose your life by too much confidence,"—in saying which, Morton was right. "And you," Murray retorts, "will

lose your friends by being too readily suspicious,"—in saying which neither was Murray wrong. Of a rarer type than either of them was Sir John Eliot, in so far as one historian of the civil war describes him—himself disinterested in a high degree, he seemed to have, along with this quality, an instinctive perception of the existence of meaner and lower motives in others who passed with the world at large for disinterested patriots. Mr. Sanford speaks of Pym as less severe than Eliot in his judgment on the follies of the world around him, but also having less of his "instinctive recognition of baser motives." What Mr. Carlyle calls the Black Artists who practised upon his favourite Friedrich Wilhelm, considered his Prussian Majesty a mere rotatory clothes-horse for drying the imperial linen on, and to have no intellect at all, "because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all," in which they are shown to have been very much mistaken indeed.

King Realmah, in Mr. Helps's primæval history, freely and easily disposes of the warnings as to conspiracy against him, which his more suspicious brother imparts. "Dear Omki, I cannot take all the trouble about my life that you would have me. I should be thinking of nothing else but my life; and the life would become not worth having." Realmah is, however, represented as a man who was sedulous in taking certain assured precautions, and at the same time as a very fearless man; no inconsistency this, but eminently characteristic of him: he foresaw danger, provided in some measure against it, and then troubled himself no further in the matter. The type of character is rarer than that of the modern Greek chieftain, eulogized by Mr. Landor,—one who, enthusiastic and devoted in friendship, thought other men as sincere as himself, if they had sworn it, ignorant that those alone are dangerous. Shakspeare's Hastings is a commoner type still,—the self-satisfied trifler who dismisses as discomforting the warning counsels of wiser men; he will not believe ill of Richard, because the crook-back shows it not in his face. Scotland's James I. is noted for his high light-hearted neglect of the solemn warnings of his impending fate; but in his case, accident after accident

seems to have occurred to foil the purpose of those bent on forewarning him; as when "the faithful Highland woman" who had already urged precaution, followed the court to Perth, and there earnestly besought an interview: "It was a moment on which his fate seemed to hang, but his evil genius presided; he bade her call again and tell her errand on the morrow,"—he, for whom to-morrow was to be (as indeed, in another sense, to which of us is it not?) a *dies non.* Campobasso's offer to Lewis the Eleventh, to rid him of the Duke of Burgundy, was duly conveyed by way of warning to the duke by the king; but Charles, true to his designation, the Rash, despised the message, and utterly refused to credit the charge. Two days before the storm burst over his head, the Regent Morton (whom we have seen impatient of Murray's confidingness) had been warned, while out hunting, of the imminent danger he incurred; but he derided those who would have put him on his guard. Like Arden of Feversham in the tragedy, when Franklin expostulates,

> "You're credulous, and treat my serious doubts
> With too much levity. You vex me, Arden.
> *Arden.* Believe me, friend, you'll laugh at this hereafter."

Or like Schiller's Wallenstein, repelling Terzky's misgivings of "that fox," the elder Piccolomini; repelling them again and again, and finally forbidding the expression of them, with impatient scorn:

> "The old tune still! Now, once for all, no more
> Of this suspicion—it is doting folly."

Sterne describes his father, the smart little Lieutenant of Handaside's regiment, who was run through the body by a brother officer at Gibraltar, as being, notwithstanding a somewhat hasty temper, of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one: "so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose." In one sense of the word εὐήθεια, and that the proper sense of good morals, the light-hearted original of Uncle Toby might

not be too absolutely an impersonation of it; but rarely well he represented it in the secondary and common sense of freedom from guile, or as one of Lucian's commentators explains the word, that kind of simplicity which makes an honest man think every other as undesigning as himself, and which therefore has a mixture of folly in it. Folly may be a main ingredient in the compound; as in that "poor creature" of Fielding's drawing, Mrs. Miller, who, he says, might indeed be called simplicity itself,—she being one of that order of mortals who are apt to believe everything that is said to them; to whom nature has neither indulged the offensive nor defensive weapons of deceit, and who are consequently liable to be imposed upon by any one who will be at the expense of a little falsehood for that purpose. Elsewhere Fielding enters upon the discussion whence it is that the knave is generally so quick-sighted to those symptoms and operations of knavery which often dupe an honest man of a much better understanding. It is only, he concludes, because knaves have the same things in their heads, and because their thoughts are turned the same way. A later Fielding, as some love to account a late novelist of his school, speaks of that heart where self has found no place and raised no throne, as being slow to recognize its ugly presence when it looks upon it. "As one possessed of an evil spirit was held in old time to be almost conscious of the lurking demon in the breasts of other men, so kindred vices know each other in their hiding-places every day, when Virtue is incredulous and blind." Fielding is ironical on his foremost hero's blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, "in which he was highly worthy of censure." And we are significantly instructed that there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality (of distrust)—the one from long experience, and the other from nature; of which two the latter is "infinitely the better," not only as we are masters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive; for a man who has been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest; whereas, he who receives certain necessary ad-

monitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. Rousseau says bitterly of Grimm, "Il a sondé son propre cœur, et n'a estimé les hommes que ce qu'ils valent. Je suis faché, pour l'honneur de l'humanité, qu'il ait calculé si juste." Misanthropic Jean Jacques might have come in time, despite his cherished theories of original sinlessness and ultimate (if not proximate) perfectibility, to have chimed in with that Captain Waters of a popular fiction, the habit of whose life it was to assign to every human creature with whom he associated, the worst, the most selfish motives possible. "My lot has been cast among bad specimens of humanity," the captain would say, candidly, in adverting to his own cynicism. For more years than he could count, the worst people in the worst Continental towns had been his study; and when by accident he has to deal with the really good and virtuous, he mechanically applies the same low standard to them as to the rest. "And it is really curious to remark," he would add, putting up his eyeglass, and looking languidly in his listener's face, "curious, very, to remark how nicely the same measure seems to fix everybody after all!" Take Rousseau's estimate of himself, and he was the most gullible of gifted spirits, the most easily duped of master minds, the most credulous and unsuspecting of great men. "Sans art, sans dissimulation, sans prudence, franc, ouvert," etc.,—"n'imaginant pas même que personne eût intérêt, ni volonté," to cross his schemes of benevolence, or to undermine his reputation as a social benefactor, and all that. Again and again, in the Confessions, he prides himself, albeit pitying himself too, on the *naturel pleinement confiant* with which he was born. If he had had better eyes, he must have seen what a serpent he was cherishing in his bosom—this is his plaint on the subject of the manœuvres he alleged to be practised against him by Mme. La Vasseur, in common with the Diderot, Grimm and D'Holbach clique; but his blind confidence, serenely self-assured, was, on his own showing, so sublimely supreme, that he scouted the mere notion of any one having it in him to

injure another who had claims on his regard. He professed, and he was a great professor, to judge others by himself.

> "For they who credit crime, are they who feel
> Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
> Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
> O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
> To thee the sad denial still held true,
> For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew."

In some half-dozen words Laura Fairlie is said to have unconsciously given Walter Hartright the key to her whole character; to that generous trust in others which, in her nature, grew innocently out of the sense of her own truth. The old Italian savant in his cell at the Château d'If tells Dantes, the new comer, when unravelling the web of conspiracy that has made a prisoner of him, "It is clear as daylight, and," shrugging his shoulders, "you must have had a very ingenuous and good heart not to have guessed the state of the case from the first." As the detective process becomes more and more convincing, "You make me shudder," exclaims Dantes to the Abbé; "is the world then peopled with tigers and crocodiles?" Faria's answer is, "Yes; only tigers and crocodiles with two feet are more dangerous than any other kind." The John Mellish of another popular romance is ticketed in large plain figures as unsuspicious as a child, who believes that the fairies in a pantomime are fairies for ever and ever, and that the harlequin is born in tinsel and mask. Never having an *arrière pensée* himself, he is described as looking for none in the words of other people, but supposing every one to blurt out their real opinions, and so to offend or please their fellows, as frankly and blunderingly as himself. Harry Cockburn tells us of Francis Jeffrey (to drop for once the handle to the name of each as Scottish lords of session), that his own constant sincerity and reasonableness made him always incredulous of the opposite quality in others; and that hence his having more charity for cunning enemies, than toleration for honest friends, was an infirmity that too often beset him. Seigneur, he might have been addressed, by his courtesy title, in Racine's

style, but not in Racine's sense, by those who would caution him against this unwary confidence in a crafty foe,—

> "Seigneur, ne jugez pas de son cœur par la vôtre ;
> Sur des pas différents vous marchez l'un et l'autre."

The worst that Macaulay can impute even to Bellamont, who had drawn in all the rest, in the matter of the Adventure Galley and Captain Kidd, is, that he had been led into a fault by "the generosity of a nature as little prone to suspect as to devise villanies." Endless would be this chapter of instances, were our poets and playwrights at large examined for them. Chaucer would detain us with his—

> "Allas ! yonge Gamelyn, nothing he ne wiste
> With which a false tresoun his brother him kiste."

Milton would show us the false dissembler unperceived by Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held the sharpest sighted spirit of all in heaven ; for,

> "—— oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
> At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
> Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
> Where no ill seems."

And Young would give us Zanga's query in the *Revenge*—

> "Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious,
> Honest than subtle, above fraud himself,
> Slow, therefore, to suspect it in another ?"

——o——

## *PAINED REMEMBRANCE OF PLEASURES PAST.*

LAMENTATIONS i. 7.

IT is written in, and it is one of, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, that Jerusalem remembered, in the days of her affliction and of her miseries, all the pleasant things that she had in the days of old. So did it embitter the present misery of Job, to recall the days when the candle of his Maker shone upon his head, when he washed his steps with butter, and the

rock poured him out rivers of oil; when his root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon his branch.

> "O woe is me!
> To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

So mourns one of Shakspeare's heroines. And we may apply the words of another, quite another, of them:

> "Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
> To torture thee the more, being what thou art."

The apprehension of the good, as his Bolingbroke phrases it, gives but the greater feeling to the worse. *Miserum isthuc verbum et pessimum est, Habuisse, et nihil habere*, says Plautus. Dante's famous passage affirming that greater grief there is none, than to remember days of joy, when misery is at hand, is supposed to have been suggested by Boëtius, *De Consol. Philosoph.*, a book that had early and specially engaged the Tuscan poet's attention: "In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii *fuisse felicem et non esse.*" And Dante has had his imitators by the dozen. Thus Marino:

> "Che non ha doglia il misero maggiore,
> Che ricordar la gioia entro il dolore."

So Fortiguerra, quoted by Cary: "Rimembrare il ben perduto Fa più meschino lo presente stato." So Chaucer, in the *Troilus and Creseide:*

> "For of Fortune's sharp adversite
> The worste kind of infortune is this,
> A man to have been in prosperite,
> And it remember when it passèd is."

Homer's Penelope is Popishly sententious to this effect, that pleasure past supplies a copious theme for many a dreary thought and many a doleful dream. Malesherbes has said in French what Mr. Tennyson has memorably Englished,

> "—— This is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Does the reader not know, inquires Mr. Carlyle in *Past and*

*Present*, the history of that Scottish iron misanthrope? how the inmates of some town mansion, in those northern parts, were thrown into the fearfullest alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition-wall; for, ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarring, growling, and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song: "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable! Clack, clack, clack, gnarr-r-r, whuz-z: Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable!" The perturbed spirit in question being an unfortunate rusty meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work; and this, in Scottish dialect, is said to be *its* Byronian musical Life-philosophy, sung according to ability.

In the Induction to Sackville Lord Buckhurst's Mirror for Magistrates, we have a picture of Old Age, who all for nought his wretched mind torments "with sweete remembrance of his pleasures past." The declaration that "to *have been* happy is the excess of misery," is enforced in the old Hebrew drama, *Migdal Oz*—one of the speakers in which is made to exclaim:

> "When I recall the present time's great grief,
> Then is the memory that I once was happy
> A scorpion's sting, a viper's bite, a drop
> Of wormwood in my cup."

Baptista, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, speaks of a remembered rapture as involving in the remembrance "little less than ever captive suffered." He tells Mariana,

> "—— To have been happy, Madam,
> Adds to calamity, and the heavy loss . . .
> Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
> Which grief would have forgotten."

George Wither, after enumerating some of the delights of poetical reminiscence, sighs to think that "of all those pleasures past, nothing now remains at last

> "But Remembrance, poor relief,
> That more makes than mends my grief."

Though Montreal in the romance professes to have not yet survived *all* his youth, yet somehow or other the strains that once pleased his fancy now go too directly to his heart, and so, though he still welcomes jongleur and minstrel, he bids them sing their newest conceits: he cannot wish ever again to hear the poetry he heard when he was young.

> "—— O! *then* the longest summer's day
> Seemed too, too much in haste; . . . 'twas happiness
> Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
> Not to return, how painful the remembrance!"

So muses Robert Blair, beside the Grave. And in a fellow-feeling Goldsmith taxes Memory with unkindness,—calls her fond deceiver, still importunate and vain, to former joys recurring ever, and turning all the past to pain:

> "Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
> Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
> And he who wants each other blessing,
> In thee must ever find a foe."

The *pensée* is pensive Henry Mackenzie's, that they who have never known prosperity, can hardly be said to be unhappy; it is from the remembrance of joys we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed. Must we then, the query suggests itself, tremble in the possession of present pleasures, for fear of their imbittering futurity? or does Heaven thus teach us that sort of enjoyment of which the remembrance is immortal? Does it point out those as the happy who can look back on their past life, not as the chronicle of pleasure, but as the record of virtue? To the fallen archangel "the happy place," as Milton puts it, imparts no happiness, no joy; "rather inflames thy torment; representing lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,"—so that *he* is never more in hell than when in heaven. Young "strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past; in quest of wretchedness perversely strays; and finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts of his departed joys, a numerous train!" His *Complaint* runs—(with rolling r's),

> "I rue the riches of my former fate;
> Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament, . . .
> And every pleasure pains me to the heart."

Byron sings that "Past pleasure doubles present pain, to sorrow adds regret." Keats can envy in a drear-nighted December the too happy, happy tree, whose branches ne'er remember their green felicity; and the too happy, happy brook, whose bubblings ne'er remember Apollo's summer look:

> "Ah! would 'twere so with many
> A gentle girl and boy!
> But were there ever any
> Writhed not at passèd joy?
> To know the change and feel it,
> When there is none to heal it,
> Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
> Was never said in rhyme."

But something very much like it has been said in rhyme by rhymesters of all dimensions, as these pages from a parallel-passage book go to prove. Wordsworth has this simile in one of his sonnets:

> "So joys, remembered without wish or will,
> Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
> On the crushed heart a heavier burden lay."

Hood says of the Moon, in his Ode to Melancholy,

> "For so it is, with spent delights
> She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad."

Tears from the depth of some divine despair, says Mr. Tennyson, rise in the heart and gather to the eyes, "in looking on the happy Autumn-fields, and thinking of the days that are no more"—so sad, so strange, the days that are no more; deep as first love, and wild with all regret: "O Death in Life, the days that are no more." Landor's Pericles begins a letter to Alcibiades with the reflection, that the remembrance of past days that were happy, increases the gloominess of those that are not, and intercepts the benefit of those that would be. Lamartine describes the captive Dauphin in the Temple as avoiding, with a tact beyond his years, any recurrence to the

happy days of family greatness, as if he had guessed that the memory of bygone happiness gives a bitterness to present degradation.

> "—— The desolate
> Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
> It was not always desolate."

And yet Paganism had something to say for that fixed article in its creed, that to have seen some happy days is a solace for all time; that there is a permanent fund of consolation in the reflection, by those in sorrow, that they have had a share in the common enjoyments of this chequered life. M. Guizot emphatically avows in his Memoirs that he does not agree with Dante in the famous passage,

> "—— Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria;"

for he thinks, on the contrary, that the reflection of a light upon the places it no longer illuminates is a precious enjoyment; and when Heaven and time have availed somewhat to quiet the soul in its rebellion against calamity, it pauses and gratifies itself in contemplating, through the haze of the past, the blessings and advantages it has had to give up. One of our foremost masters of fiction says, that to remember happiness which cannot be restored is pain, but of a softened kind: our recollections are mingled with much to be deplored; but in the most chequered life there are, he contends, so many little rays of sunshine to look back upon, that he cannot believe that any mortal (unless he had put himself without the pale of hope) would deliberately drain a goblet of the waters of Lethe, if he had it in his power. Says Nicusa to Sebastian in *The Sea-Voyage*, in deprecation of his despairing tone,—

> "Oh, Uncle, yet a little memory
> Of what we were, 'twill be a little comfort
> In our calamities;
> When we were seated in our blessed homes,
> How happy in our kindreds, . . . all our fortunes."

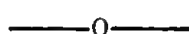
Count Basil, in Miss Baillie's tragedy, is content to have

loved as he has done, though all that remains to him of life be pain and misery:

> "Pain! Were it not the easing of all pain,
> E'en in the dismal gloom of after years,
> Such dear remembrance on the mind to wear,
> Like silv'ry moon-beams on the 'nighted deep,
> When heaven's blest sun is gone?"

And Alfred de Musset couches his lance full tilt against Dante's dictum as flat heresy,—thus apostrophizing the great poet, and denying point-blank the creed of *nessun maggior dolore:*

> "Dante, pourquoi dis-tu qu'il n'est pire misère
> Qu'un souvenir heureux dans les jours de douleur?
> Quel chagrin t'a dicté cette parole amère,
> Cette offense au malheur?
>
> "En est-il donc moins vrai que la lumière existe,
> Et faut-il l'oublier du moment qu'il fait nuit?
> Est-ce bien toi, grande âme immortellement triste,
> Est-ce toi qui l'as dit?
>
> "Non, par ce pur flambeau dont la splendeur m'éclaire,
> Ce blasphème vanté ne viens pas de ton cœur.
> Un souvenir heureux est peut-être sur la terre
> Plus vrai que le bonheur."



## *MORDECAI: UNBENDING BEFORE UPSTART POWER.*

ESTHER iii. 2.

HAMAN being advanced by King Ahasuerus, and set above all the princes that were with him, all the king's servants that were in the king's gate duly bowed, and reverenced, or did their reverences to (assiduously made their obeisances to), the promoted Agagite. "But Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence." Insomuch that the king's servants remonstrated with the sturdy stiff-backed Hebrew, asking how he dared transgress the king's commandment. As for Haman

himself, when he saw that Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence, he was full of wrath, and at a later stage of his rapid rise, flushed with the pride and pomp of power, joyful and glad at heart as Haman was that day when he went forth from the royal presence, yet when Haman saw Mordecai in the king's gate, that he stood not up, nor moved for him, he was full of indignation against Mordecai, and went moodily home, breathing threatenings and slaughter against him and his. The unbending Jew was of the stock of those who, in the Maccabeean oratorio, swell the choral strain, "We never will bow down." Of such is the William Tell of tradition, whom nothing can induce to join the servile throng in bowing and bending before Gesler's hat. To be stiff-necked is not always and altogether a fault. In some, and at some times, it is a virtue of the rarest. Quite otherwise, for the most part, is the way of the world.

To keep bowing is Sir Pertinax MacSycophant's Whole Duty of Man. It is his entire Philosophy of Life. He is that Philosophy teaching by Experience. He is Auld Pheelosophorum improving doctrine by practice.

Thus he initiates his son into the secret of his success as the Man of the World: "Why ye see, sir, I ha'e acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune, and hoow do ye think I ha'e raised it?" The young gentleman civilly replies, "Doubtless, sir, by your abilities." "Dootless, sir, ye are a blockhead," is the knight's disdainful retort:—"nae, sir, I'll tell ye hoow I raised it, sir; I raised it by boowing; by boowing, sir; I never in my life could stand straight i' the presence o' a great mon; but always boowed, and boowed, and boowed, as it were by instinct." How does he mean by instinct? "Why, sir, I mean by—by —by instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind, sir: it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable, nay, what an infallible influence, boowing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature." We cannot follow Sir Pertinax in detail through the review of his rise and progress. Suffice it to advance him to a good smart place in the Treasury, and a seat in Parliament, and at that stage resume his personal narrative. "Sir, I boowed, and watched, and

attended, and dangled upo' the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence—hah ! got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery-tickets, and a' the poleetical bonuses ; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a boowing to. And was na that boowing to some purpose, sir, ha?" It was, indeed, sir, Egerton replies. And Sir Pertinax pertinaciously rejoins, "But are ye convinced of the gude effects, and of the uteelity of boowing?" Egerton professes himself to be convinced, thoroughly, sir, thoroughly. "Sir, it is infallible," is MacSycophant's ultimatum. *Keep boowing*, and you carry all before you. Stoop to conquer, and conquer you must, if only you stoop low enough, and long enough at a time. Bow perseveringly to right and left, and prosper you must, if only you keep on bowing.

Sir Pertinax really practised what he preached, and was noway like that "inexplicable cousin" of incomparable Elia's, Bridget's brother James, of whom that prince of essayists so pleasantly bears record, "He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover, and has a spirit that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary."

The inexplicable cousin, inexplicably inconsistent, belying precept by practice, would not have emulated the "slender courtsie" even of Argantes, let alone the bending lowlinesss of Aletes :

> "A slender courtsie made Argantes bold,
> So as one prince salute another would.
>
> "Aletes laid his right hand on his heart,
> Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low;
> And rev'rence made with courtly grace and art,
> For all that humble lore to him was know,"

and by him was assiduously practised.

In Russia the proverb says that no man can rise to honour who is cursed with a stiff backbone. There is what Hazlitt

calls the climbing genus in man as well as plants: "they aspire through servility." Manfred tells the Abbot, "I could not tame my nature down, for he must serve who fain would sway; must soothe, and sue, and be a living lie." Mr. Tennyson's defrauded city-clerk, watching the gait and gestures of his defrauder, "read rascal in the motions of his back, and scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee." Thomson has his denunciation of those who, for their sinister ends, "wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile;" and elsewhere, of those who, "louting* low, on upstart fortune fawn." We may apply to the same purpose the description in a subsequent stanza, of a too pliable people: "their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace; as lithe they grow as any willow-wand." Kit Marlowe, in his tragedy of *King Edward II.*, speaks of "making low legs to a nobleman, and looking downward with your eyelids closed," as the recognised means of advancement. One of Balzac's cynical philosophers goes off with a will on the subject of thus stooping to conquer: "Vouloir être grand ou riche, n'est-ce pas se résoudre à mentir, *plier*, . . . n'est-ce pas consentir à se faire le valet de ceux qui ont menti, plié, rampé? avant d'être leur complice, il faut les servir." When Henry, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*, protests that never will he "stoop" to act or to speak contrary to his feelings, "Then you will never be a great man," Cousin William assures him; "Nor ever desire it, if I must first be a mean one," is Henry's prompt

* It has been remarked of that backward sweep of the foot with which the conventional stage-sailor accompanies his bow—a movement which prevailed generally in past generations, when "a bow and a scrape" went together, and which, within the memory of persons still or quite recently living, was made by boys to their schoolmaster with the effect of wearing a hole in the floor—that it is pretty clearly a preliminary of going on one knee. A motion so ungainly could never, Mr. Herbert Spencer contends, have been intentionally introduced, even if the artificial introduction of obeisances were possible. Hence he would "regard it as the remnant of something antecedent; and that this something antecedent was humiliating may be inferred from the phrase 'scraping an acquaintance,' which, being used to denote the gaining of favour by obsequiousness, implies that the scrape was considered a mark of servility—that is, of *serf*-ility."—*Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative*, by Herbert Spencer, p. 126. First Series.

reply. "There are they who bow to no man, and call no man master," whispers the Abbot, of Hereward's men; and so they were, the author of *Hereward* tells us, and so are their descendants of Scotland and Northumbria, unto this very day. Reuben Medlicott promises his constituents to resemble (as Sir Edward Coke said every member of the House of Commons should resemble) "that noble animal, the elephant," in the quality of inflexibility,—recalling what Shakspeare says of the same generous quadruped, that "he has joints, but not for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure:"—so Reuben pledges himself to use *his* to stand upon in the House, not for bowing at the levée, or cringing at the Treasury. "When nature formed me,"—hear the self-assertion of Professor Krug of Leipzig, in his *Lebensreise*,—"she made my backbone very stiff, so that bowing and cringing are by no means accomplishments in which I excel." He would echo another commonplace philosopher's protest, that a more humiliating sight there can hardly be, than that of a man who is always squeezing himself together like a whipped dog whenever you speak to him,—grinning and bowing, and (in a moral sense) wriggling about before you on the earth, and begging you to wipe your feet on his head. Such a preposterous personage, for instance, as Captain Marryat caricatures in that obsequious sycophant who cannot help bowing; who had been seen to bow to his horse, and thank him after dismounting; to beg pardon of a puppy for treading on his tail; and one day, when he fell over a scraper, to take his hat off, and make a thousand apologies for his inattention.

Benjamin Franklin, in his seventy-ninth year, wrote from Passy to Dr. Mather of Boston, who was in his seventy-eighth, and mentioned a visit he had paid in 1724 to the doctor's father, who, on Ben's taking leave, showed him a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. "Stoop! stoop!" cried the old man, as Ben neared the beam. "I did not understand him," writes Franklin, "till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me—'You are young, and have the world

before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

Franklin's philosophy of life has its resemblance, always with a difference, to that of Sir Pertinax, as a type of the Scots stigmatised by Churchill, who "by low supple arts successful grown," only "fawn more surely to devour;"—and to whom may be applied the same satirist's description of a prosperous adventurer—

"Brought up to London, from the plough
And pulpit, how to *make a bow*
He tried to learn; he grew polite,
And was the great man's parasite."

Macaulay virtually makes a MacSycophant of Lord Bacon himself, for whom, he says, wealth, precedence, titles, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet, large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets, had as great attractions as for any of the courtiers who dropped on their knees in the dirt when Elizabeth passed by, and then hastened home to write to the King of Scots that her Grace seemed to be breaking fast. "For these objects he had stooped to everything and endured everything. For these he had sued in the humblest manner, and, when unjustly and ungraciously repulsed, had thanked those who had repulsed him, and had begun to sue again." Indeed, Macaulay brackets Bacon with Waller, in so far as another noble historian ascribes to that supple poet "an insinuation and servile flattery to the height the warmest and most imperious nature could be contented with."

Ingeniously the author of "Hudibras" discusses the art of bowing, in one of his fragmentary *pensées poétiques*:—

"Those that go up-hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep:

So those at court that do address
By low, ignoble offices,
Can stoop to anything that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour."

Take, again, Doctor Wolcot's philosophy of bowing:—

"Bows are a bit of *bienséance*
Much practised too in that same France;
Yet called by Quakers, children of inanity;
But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
The souls and faces of mankind like dough."

Mrs. Piozzi, none too charitably, says of Doctor Burney, who had so cultivated elegance of manner, that "those who knew but little of the *man*, fancied he had great flexibility of mind,"—that it was mere pliancy of body, after all, and a perpetual obsequiousness, by bowing incessantly as if acknowledging an inferiority, which nothing would have forced him to confess.

The Doctor's lecture to his son, in Fielding's *Amelia*, is a pendent to that of MacSycophant to Egerton in Macklin's play. "Tom," says he, "how can you be such a fool, to undo by your perverseness all that I have been doing? Why will you not learn to study mankind with the attention which I have employed to that purpose? . . . How do you expect to rise in the church, if you cannot temporise, and give in to the opinion of your superiors?" Tom don't know what is meant by his superiors. "Tom," cries the old gentleman, "till thou gettest the better of thy conceit, I shall never have any hopes of thee. If thou art wise, thou wilt think every man thy superior, of whom thou canst get anything; at least, thou wilt persuade him that thou thinkest so, and that is sufficient. Tom, Tom, thou hast no policy in thee."

There is an old Scotch proverb which rules that "It's aye guid to be ceevil, as the auld wife said when she *beckit* to the deevil."

Mrs. Gore's Jonathan Wilson is the younger son of a younger brother, who, after examining, with a curious eye, the turnpike

roads which lead to the Temple of Fortune, such as industry, talent, and so forth, has decided upon the by-path of Plausibility; and, as coachmen diminish the steepness of a hill by a zig-zag course, he insinuates himself up the steep ascent by a serpentine career, *bowing* and smiling on either side, as the sinuosities of his pathway seem to justify.

Something in the style and spirit of Crabbe's attorney Swallow, that able practitioner in the art of louting low to those he meant to fleece—

> "He kindly took them by the hand, then *bow'd*
> Politely low, and thus his love avow'd—
> (For he'd a way that many judged polite,
> A cunning dog—he'd fawn before he'd bite)."

Uriah Heep may be classed with cringing MacSycophants of the venomous breed. So may Freytag's Veitel Itzig, "writhing and grinning in his ludicrous endeavours to be polite"—and though "there was something that sounded like scorn in the humble tone assumed by Veitel, and the baron felt in his heart the seriousness of his position," yet "Veitel went bowing and backing to the door like a crab,"—or say, like Hood's Sir Jacob, who

> "—— thought he bow'd like a Guelph,
> And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,
> And would gladly have made a bow to himself,
> Had such a bow been feasible."*

Among Mr. Thackeray's Club Snobs we have a glimpse of old Fawney stealing round the rooms, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and you know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it, but "he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of

* The Golden Legend of Miss Kilmansegg.
How characteristic it is of Hood, as well as of Sir Jacob, that, some scores of stanzas later, when Sir Jacob has to die, his poet should record the fact in the old figurative style, by saying that

> "—— the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
> To Death—with his usual urbanity."

slimy flattery after him wherever he goes." We are warned of our ignorance of what is working under that leering tranquil mask: we have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns us we are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all Fawney's soul is a secret to us. But he keeps bowing; and that cannot, as it will not, come to good.

With the Uriah Heeps and Veitel Itzigs may be reckoned the scoundrel scrivener in Scott's *Nigel*, who, if he does not exactly keep bowing, does as bad, or worse, in a Pertinaciously Sycophantish spirit. "According to his sense of reverence and propriety, he kept his body bent and parallel to the horizon from the moment that he came in sight of the company." George Heriot bids him "Look up, man, and see us in the face as an honest man should, instead of bearing thy noddle charged against us thus, like a battering-ram." The scrivener does look up accordingly, with the action of an automaton which suddenly obeys the impulse of a pressed spring. But his chronic tendency is, to depress his skull, and to go slouching on his dark and perilous way.

To such a grovelling reptile—reptile in nature as well as mien—may be applied a couplet of Glorious John's, designed in reality for quite another guess sort of man:

> "To every face he cringes while he speaks,
> And when the back is turned the head he breaks."

It is highly amusing, Geoffrey Crayon observes, to watch the gradation of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. "While beating up against wind and tide, they are the most complaisant beings in the world; they keep 'booing and booing,' as MacSycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright."

Observe a Great Unknown in Little Pedlington—how he honours every one he meets with a very low bow—lifting his hat, at arm's length, from his head, and stooping so as almost to sweep the ground with it. "His hat was never out of his hand, and no sooner on his head than off again." For a time

he disappears. But anon he turns up again, "bowing and bowing and bowing, as before." The author inquires of his Pedlingtonian friend who that is. "*That*, my dear sir, is our celebrated Hoppy." With becoming reverence Mr. Poole looks after this celebrated personage till he has "bowed himself out of sight." A man surely born to greatness, or at least qualified to achieve greatness, if there be truth in the MacSycophant philosophy, or in that propounded by a distinguished Professor of Natural History attached to the University of Moscow—who very gravely remarked, that his brother Waldemar made the best bow of any boyard in the government of Simbersk, and added: "*Ce garçon là fera son chemin;*"—and indeed that is a country where, on Mr. Sala's showing, by dint of continuous and assiduous bowing, you may make surprising way in fortune and dignity. "If you will bow low enough you may be sure to rise high in the Tchinn; and if you don't mind grovelling a little on your stomach, and swallowing a little dust, there is no knowing to what imperial employment you may aspire. I think that Alexis has a secret admiration and envy of Genghis Khan, owing to the profoundly graceful bows that Tartar chieftain is so frequently making."* In another chapter this author styles the Russians the greatest hat-lifters in the world, and tells how the humblest moujik, meeting another as humble as he, takes off his hat and bows low. "If very drunk, he not only takes off his hat and bows lower, but positively refuses to be covered till the interview be terminated, and continues bowing and bowing like the Chinese Tombolas we used to see on mantel-pieces." Or like Sir Pertinax himself. Or like Theodore Hook at Hatfield House—where he perplexed Lady Salisbury by a succession of bows made without any apparent object

* "I don't mind low bows. Perhaps if I knew an English duke I should be inclined to make him very low bows myself—at all events I have compatriots who would; but it is inexpressibly painful and disgusting to a western traveller in Russia, when he happens to be on a visit at a gentleman's country-house, to see stalwart bearded men positively falling down and worshipping some scrubby young seigneur."—*A Journey Due North*, ch. xi.

during the whole course of dinner; and when her ladyship ventured, at last, to ask an explanation of behaviour so eccentric, "The fact is," replied Hook, "I have been accustomed all my life to those social recognitions at table which are now interdicted by fashion; and, as I can't quite get out of the habit, I usually 'take wine' with the epergne and bow to the flowers." Or like the young American lady commemorated by Miss Martineau, at a large evening party at Cincinnati, who kept her eyes earnestly fixed on the guests as they entered, "bowing unconsciously in sympathy with every gentleman who bowed, and curtseying with every lady who curtseyed. She must have been well practised in salutation before the evening was over, for the party was a large one." Or like the two ancient clerks in Tellson's bank, who were always seen by the public in the act of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in. Or like Mr. Perch, the messenger of the house of Dombey and Son, who, "coming in on tiptoe, bent his body at every step as if it were the delight of his life to bow." One can see and hear the man, as he glides in,

> "—— bends low, and in a bondman's key,
> With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,"

delivers his message. To think that a creature thus elastically backboned should be of the same flesh and blood with a Caius Marcius, from whom it is so hard to extort the slightest approximation to a bow! How scornfully that antique Roman, though a candidate for popular favour, repudiates the indispensable formula of bending and bowing to the electors:

> "—— and my arm'd knees,
> Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
> That hath received an alms!—I will not do't:
> Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
> *And by my body's action, teach my mind*
> *A most inherent baseness.*"

True, Aufidius has in after days a tale to tell of him as one who, having an end in view,

"—— to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free ;

but a Volscian thereupon interposes with

"—— Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
*By lack of stooping*—

an interposition cut short by Tullus, who is not disposed to hear others dilate on stooping to conquer.

After quoting, with due emphasis of admiration, a celebrated passage from Novalis, about the reverence due to man as a Revelation in the Flesh—the body of man being a Temple—and thus "we touch Heaven, when we lay hands on a human body"—Diogenes Teufelsdröckh characteristically adds, that, on this ground, he would fain go further than most do; and that whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel hat, he, Diogenes of Weissnichtwo, would bow to every man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever;—for is not every man, on the mystic transcendentalist's showing, a Temple; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity?—Yet to carry out this principle consistently, would be to keep bowing with a vengeance. And indeed, on second thoughts, Teufelsdröckh recognises the impracticable tendency of any such doctrine, and owns, with an alas, that "such indiscriminate bowing serves not. For," he continues, "there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a Divinity; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*. It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest phasis of the Devil, in these times); therefore must we withhold it."

——)——

## A WOULD-BE EXTERMINATOR.

ESTHER iii. 6.

HAMAN was magnificent in his scheme of massacre. His statesmanship, such as it was, was to be, in Strafford's phrase, thorough. Having a spite against a Jew, he was for making a clean riddance of the Jews. His will was to improve them off the face of the earth—or so much of it, at least, as came under his malign influence. For when Haman saw that Mordecai the Jew bowed not, nor did him reverence, then was Haman full of wrath. So full, that he "thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone; for they had showed him the people of Mordecai: wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus, even the people of Mordecai." All, and at one fell swoop.

The earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor, consists of a sermon on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason, the preacher being then a young man, just commencing his ministry under the auspices of Archbishop Laud; and in the course of this sermon—of which Charles Lamb affirms that, from the learning and maturest oratory it displays, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by time into a bishop and father of the Church—after detailing instances of wholesale massacre from sacred story and profane, none of them equal in atrocity, on the preacher's showing, to the design of Guy Fawkes, the homily includes this sentence: "Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king; but that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and rush and root, should die at once (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head), was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as a centre." The antithesis about willing to slay the people, but sparing the king, is a little confused or overstretched, and scarcely denotes the mature divine as recognized by Elia; but let that pass. Accurately enough, for all practical purposes

and intents, is the volition of Haman, coupled with the aspiration of Caligula,* that the Roman people had but one neck, and he the slicing of it. Ben Jonson characterizes this wish of the emperor's as "worthier a headsman than a head." "But he found, when he fell, that they"—the people of Rome, for whom he desiderated a single neck—"had many hands." Haman's wish is expanded by Racine into a number of sonorous lines, duly expressive of the vindictive dues of *un homme tel qu'Aman*:

> "Il faut des châtiments dont l'univers frémisse;
> Qu'on tremble en comparant l'offense et le supplice;
> Que les peuples entiers dans le sang soient noyés.
> Je veux qu'on dise un jour aux siècles effrayés:
> Il fut des Juifs; il fut une insolente race;
> Répandus sur la terre, ils en couvraient la face:
> Un seul osa d'Aman attirer le courroux;
> Aussitôt de la terre ils disparurent tous."

*Toute la nation fut ainsi condamnée.* "I would there were more Romes than one to ruin!" exclaims one of the Catiline conspirators,—and "More Romes! more worlds!" is the echo, reduplicated, of another of the crew. So Catiline himself, in the fine, if all-but-forgotten tragedy which bears his name, is made to utter the wish,

> "That I could reach the axle, where the pins are
> Which bolt this frame, that I might pull them out,
> And pluck all into chaos!"

Gibbon says of Justinian II., when describing how that vindictive emperor planted a foot on each of the necks of the two usurpers, prostrate and in chains, Leontius and Apsimar,—that the universal defection which he had once experienced might provoke him to repeat the wish of Caligula, that the Roman people had but one head. But the historian "presumes to observe" that such a wish is unworthy of an ingenious

* M. Ch. de Bernard, in one of his books, ascribes the *mot* to Nero,—where he makes an angered hero declare, of the objects of his ire, "Mais en ce moment je suis comme Néron, je voudrais qu'elles n'eussent qu'une tête."

tyrant, since his revenge and cruelty would have been extinguished by a single blow, instead of the slow variety of tortures which Justinian inflicted on the victims of his anger.

*Avidus communis exitii*, are the words of Boethius, in recording Theodoric's eagerness to involve the whole Senate in one common ruin.* Timon of Athens, now a confirmed man-hater, railing at mankind from his cave in the woods, utters the wish, in eating a root he has grubbed up from the earth, "That the whole life of Athens were in this! Thus would I eat it." Lear, in his first fury of maddening imprecation, would have the "all-shaking thunder strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world, crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once, that make ingrateful man!" So bereaved Northumberland, in a strained passion that, as Travers tells him, does him wrong, would have

> "—— one spirit of the first-born Cain
> Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
> On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
> And darkness be the burier of the dead!"

Sicinius denounces Coriolanus as a viper, that would depopulate the city, and be every man himself. Volumnia, in the same Roman tragedy, would have the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, and occupations perish. Menenius is candid enough, in his crabbed cynical candour, to declare, respecting her son, and Rome's usage of him, that "If he could burn us all into

* Caligula's wish may have been all the more present in the mind of Boethius, from his declaring that had he known of a conspiracy against the king, he would "have answered in the words of a noble Roman to the frantic Caligula: You would not have known it from me."

Robert Burns, in one of his hot and heterodox letters, is so far from mealy-mouthed as regards the opponents of Dr. M'Gill, of Ayr, that he indites this Caligulan passage to their address, as the French say: "Creation-disgracing *scélérats* such as they, God only can mend, and the devil only can punish. In the comprehending way of Caligula, I wish they all had but one neck." The odium theologicum is noway limited to divines.

Ecclesiastical history tells how Athanasius lived to triumph over the ashes of a prince who—though Julian was no Caligula—in words of formidable import had declared his wish, that the whole venom of the Galilean school were contained in the single person of Athanasius. Voltaire's *écrasez l'infame* might seem a latter-day echo of Julian's aspiration to crush the Galilean.

one coal, We have deserved it." Hood's Saturn—but that the peopled world is too full-grown for hunger's edge—would fain "consume all youth At one great meal, without delay or ruth!" *Tous les pauvres mortels, sans nulle exception,*—are all, Philinte asks Alceste, comprised in his misanthropic malevolence?

> "*Phil.* Vous voulez un grand mal à la nature humaine!
> *Alc.* Oui, j'ai conçu pour elle une effroyable haine."

The comprehensiveness of it touches on the grotesque, which Harpagon overpasses, when, raving about his lost treasure, and asked whom he suspects, he categorically and accumulatively replies, "Tout le monde; et je veux que vous arrêtiez prisonniers la ville et les faubourgs." Grotesque in its malevolence is the optative mood of M. Veuillot, in one of the stanzas of his *Bonsoir* to Paris—*

> "Vers toi s'envole la fumée;
> Qu'elle t'étouffe! . . . ."

In bequeathing to Quentin Durward the secret of his enterprise, the Bohemian, Hayraddin, leaves it free to him to sell the intelligence to King Louis or to Duke Charles, "I care not—destroy whom thou wilt; for my part, I only grieve that I cannot spring it like a mine, to the destruction of them all!" Less savage the invocation even of Ajax flagellifer:

> "Ἴτ', ὦ ταχεῖαι ποίνιμοί τ' ἐρίννυες,
> Γεύεσθε, μὴ φείδεσθε πανδήμου στρατοῦ."

What, all? did he say all? and, like Caligula,† at one fell

* Les Couleuvres. 1869.

† Caligula's wish is used up as a commonplace in literature, by way of illustration of topics the most miscellaneous. Coleridge, for instance, avails himself of it in a political diatribe against William Pitt, whom, in his inextinguishable hate, he accuses of attacking Thelwall because he, Pitt, knew Thelwall to be the voice of thousands; so "he levels his parliamentary thunderbolts against him with the same emotion with which Caligula wished to see the whole Roman state brought together in *one* neck, that he might have the luxury of beheading it at *one* moment."—Essays on his own Times, vol. i., p. 70.

Mr. de Quincey, again, has this characteristic reference to Bentley's prosecutors and persecutors, all and sundry: "Of his prosecutors and judge, on the other hand, with a slight change in Caligula's wish, any

swoop? As distinctly, and comprehensively,* as the Veiled Prophet, in *his* malign utterance:

> "Oh for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
> Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king
> To darkness in a moment, that I might
> People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night!"

Benevolence, too, has its comprehensiveness of range. Aspirations are on record agreeably antithetical to Caligula's. Shakspeare's Antony cordially protests to his adherents, when parting from them,

> "I wish I could be made so many men,
> And all of you clapp'd up together in
> An Antony; that I might do you service."

Pope enforces the extended exercise of love from self to neighbours; and then,

> "Is this too little for the boundless heart?
> Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
> Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense
> In one close system of benevolence."

"Ah! would to Heaven all the poverty in this huge city stood

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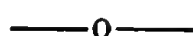
honest man might desire for the whole body one common set of posteriors, that in planting a single kick he might have expressed his collective disdain of them, their acts, and their motives."—De Quincey's Essay on Richard Bentley.

And what a commonplace are analogous aspirations, in modern sensational fiction! As with the *utinam* of the too famous, which means infamous, Miss Forrester, as regards her foes, severally and collectively,—"Oh that they had one life—all of them—and that for a moment I had a man's arm, and might strike!" In fiction, if not in fact, ample is the affinity to that Marat, who was incessantly demanding three hundred thousand heads for the vengeance of the nation, and lamenting his want of time to immolate them. To those so pressed by time, and so keenly realizing the value of it, Caligula's wish is conveniently compendious and comprehensive.

* A sufficiently prosaic parallel occurs in the person of Mr. Trollope's George Vavasor, when that reckless scoundrel is disappointed of his designs on 'Change, and when the city declines to take his bills. "George Vavasor cursed the city, and made his calculations about murdering it. Might not a river of strychnine be turned on round the Exchange about luncheon time?" There is nothing retail about this wholesale dealer in cursing and swearing.

here in thy person," exclaims the kindly gentleman to the squalid street-sweeper in Lord Lytton's book, "and we could aid it as easily as I can thee!" Pre-eminent as representative man of all-expansive* good-will to men, would be the subject of one of Crabbe's kindliest sketches,—but for the fatal flaw of a patriotism too pronounced:

> "The wish that Roman necks in one were found,
> That he who form'd the wish might deal the wound,
> This man has never heard; but of the kind
> Is that desire which rises in his mind;
> He'd have all English hands (for further he
> Cannot conceive extends our charity),
> All but his own, in one right hand to grow,
> And then what hearty shake would he bestow!"



## ESTHER'S "IF I PERISH."

ESTHER iv. 16.

WHO knew whether Esther was come to the kingdom for such a time as this,—a time of deadly peril to the Jewish people, from which her prompt intercession with the Persian prince might avail to save them? The time was out of joint; it might be no "cursed spite" that ever she was born to set it right. So, let her speak to the king, speak straightway, for there was no time to lose; and speak out, for the crisis forbade trifling. What though it was notorious that whosoever, whether man or woman, should come into the inner court, who was not called, incurred the penalty of death, unless indeed the king should hold out the golden sceptre, and let the intruder

* Dr. Thomas Brown, physician and metaphysician, warms to his work in describing "that almost divine universality of benevolence, in a whole virtuous life," to which every moment is either some exertion for good or some wish for good, which comprehends within its sphere of *action*, that has no limits but physical impossibility, every being whom it can instruct, or amend, or relieve, or gladden, and, in its sphere of generous *desire*, all that is beyond the limits of its power of benefiting.—See his forty-first Lecture on the *Philosophy of the Human Mind*.

live? and what though for these thirty days past Esther had had no summons to the royal presence? Let her run the risk, Mordecai earnestly advised her; let her not hold her peace, in the vain hope of escaping in the impending calamity of wholesale slaughter—the dread issue of Haman's plot of extermination. Let her accept the perhaps forlorn hope, and prove her patriotism in asserting her right to plead. And Esther consented to run the risk and dare the penalty. Let her people keep a solemn fast; and she too would fast, with her maidens, neither eating nor drinking for three days, night and day; and thus prepared—so ran the message of his fair cousin to Mordecai,—"so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish."

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were not careful to answer king Nebuchadnezzar's query, who was that God that should deliver them out of his hands. If they perished, they perished; but their lives were in the hands of the Most High, and they were quite sure He was able to deliver them from the burning fiery furnace, and from the hands of the king of Babylon. So they were not careful to answer contemptuous questionings, or to solve absolutely hypothetical contingencies. Enough for them that they were at the disposal of the Judge of all the earth; and should not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Jahaziel spake by inspiration when he told Jehoshaphat and all Judah, on the eve of battle, "The battle is not yours, but God's." If they perished, they perished; but this was not their business. Their business was to fight; to trust in God and keep their steel sharp. With God are the issues of life and death; His the decree of failure or success.

We fail—what then? argues Romney Leigh in the poem, satisfied that God will have His work done, and that the Leighs need not be disturbed too much for Romney Leigh or others having failed:

> "—— A man may well despair
> Who counts himself so needful to success.

I failed. I threw the remedy back on God,
And sit down here beside you, in good hope."

All disappointment is discipline; and it has been said that heaven is a place for those who failed on earth. The greatest hero, by the conjecture of a clerical essayist on Success, is the man who does his very best, and signally fails, and still is not embittered by the failure; and a life here below, in which you fail of every end you seek, yet which disciplines you for a better, is affirmed to be assuredly not a failure. It is not, reminds us the special analyst of heroes and hero-worship, by what is called their effect on the world, by what *we* can judge of their effect there, that a man and his work are measured. "Effect? Influence? Utility? Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of Another than he." Applied in Esther's sense of "If I perish," there is tolerable philosophy and even divinity in the words of poor Chazet, in the French satire,—

"Si je tombe partout,
Est-ce ma faute, hélas! Du ciel, malgré moi-même,
J'accomplis, en tombant, la volonté suprême."

We are, and shall be, in this life, mutilated beings, as Margaret Fuller phrases it; but, in her peculiar style she goes on to say, "there is in my bosom a faith that I shall see the reason, . . . and a feeling, ever elastic, that fate and time shall have the shame and the blame, if I am mutilated. I will do all I can,—and, if one cannot succeed, there is a beauty in martyrdom." If I perish, I perish. If I fail, I fail. *Voilà tout.* In exhorting every man to bide his time, not indeed in listless idleness, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to it, the author of *Hyperion* adds: "And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether you, or I, or another man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done!" When John Wesley, in his young days, once confessed to William Law how dejected he felt at seeing so little fruit from his labours, Law told him he was reversing the proper order of things; that he

was to follow the divine light, whithersoever it led him, in all his conduct, and that God alone could give the blessing: "I pray you always mind your own work, and go on with cheerfulness; and God, you may depend upon it, will take care of His."* Compare the expostulation of Festus with Paracelsus, in Mr. Browning's dramatic poem: None, he tells him,

> "Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours
> Remain'd implied in it; but now you fail,
> And we, who prate about that will, are fools!
> In short, God's service is establish'd here
> As He determines fit, and not your way.
> And this you cannot brook! Such discontent
> Is weak."

Schleiermacher follows up his argument that no human being finds himself except through himself, everything that comes from without being merely impulsion, by the remark, that we have, however, the right to rejoice in that which we thus effect by the unpremeditated action of our being on the free development of others, and derive from it consolation for the fact that the most of what we designedly endeavour to effect by the exertion of our powers, proves a failure. Schleiermacher was just the man to ratify the discriminative sexual analysis in one of the preludes to the *Angel in the House*, where woman is described as succeeding where man fails, and failing more graciously than he succeeds,

> "Her spirit, compact of gentleness,
> If Heaven postpones or grants her prayer,
> Conceives no pride in its success,
> And in its failure no despair."

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* Doctor Hopkins, feeling it his duty to rebuke an influential member of his congregation, is cautioned by a wary adviser not to offend so potent a personage. Why! the great man has subscribed for twenty copies of the Doctor's "System of Theology." What has his "System of Theology" to do with it? the Doctor demands.—"Why," said Mrs. Scudder, "it's of more importance to have right views of the gospel before the world than anything else, is it not?—and if, by any imprudence in treating influential people, this should be prevented, more harm than good would be done." "Madam," said the Doctor, "I'd sooner my system should be sunk in the sea, than it should be a millstone round my neck to keep me from my duty. Let God take care of my theology. I must do my duty."—*The Minister's Wooing*, ch. ix.

Life in a sick-room taught the writer of the essays so named, that there is no hurry, no crushing, no devastation attending Divine processes; gave her new insight to see how things are done; led her to gravely smile to see that it is by every man's overrating the issues of his immediate pursuit, in order that he may devote all his energies to it,—without which nothing would ever be done,—smile, too, with another feeling presently, on perceiving how an industry and care from above are compensating to every man his mistake by giving him collateral benefits when he misses the direct good he sought,—by giving him and his helpers a wealth of ideas, as often as their schemes turn out, in their professed objects, profitless. Man comes to know, in the language of Julius Hare, that, however untoward the immediate aspect of things may appear, "whenever he is labouring in the cause of heaven, the powers of heaven are working with him; that, although the good he is aiming at may not be attainable in the very form he has in view, the ultimate result will assuredly be good." The most fitting sick-room aspiration, said Miss Martineau in her essays, "is to attain a trusting carelessness as to what becomes of our poor dear selves, while we become more and more engrossed by the vast interests which our Father is conducting within our view, from the birdie which builds under our eaves, to the gradual gathering of the nations towards the fold of Christ, on the everlasting hills." Since that was written, the writer's phases of faith have culminated in a negation of faith, which would give a significant and tragical emphasis of literalism to Esther's words, "If I perish, I perish."

Hannah More is told, early in her life, by Horace Walpole, late in his, that she ought to continue writing, for she does good by her writings, or at least means it; "and if a virtuous intention fails, it is a sort of coin, which, if thrown away, still makes the donor worth more than he was before he gave it away." Dr. Channing's letters and journals contain frequent passages about his consciousness of defective authorship, and at the same time his freedom from discouragement by such thoughts. He must do what he can, and be grateful if he can

do but little. "I am not sanguine, yet hopeful. I have something to say, yet I feel I may not be spared to do it;—nor shall I count my life's labour lost if I fail;" for all our action here he regards but as the child's preparation for the spiritual manhood which awaits us, and in ripening for which we live gloriously, though we produce no perceptible outward effect now. Years later we find him writing: "I form plans, however, only to see them fail; . . . accomplishing hardly anything which I propose. I do not, however, repine. I am not needed by God. That I am suffered to do anything, I owe to His goodness, and that goodness, I trust, is leading me onward wisely, by disappointment, privation, as well as success, to spheres of action beyond all imagination and hope." And once more, shortly before his end: "As to effects, they are not in our power, or only to a limited degree. We know in general that there is an energy in truth and justice, and that he who manifests them calmly, brightly, will not live in vain; but having done the duty of a man, we must leave events to a higher power." *Est quoddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.* And then there is often such a soil* on success:

> "Earth's Success, at the purest, with stain of the earthy
> Leaves the white worth of Truth, where it touches it less;
> But what worth has Success in the cause that's unworthy?
> We have fail'd? Be it so! We are pure of Success."

Who noble ends by noble means obtains, ("every schoolboy knows" Pope to the purpose,) or failing, smiles in exile or in chains, like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed like Socrates, that man is great indeed. Has not every earnest poet a faith

> "—— that still perceives
> No rose can shed her leaves,
> Far less, poet fall from mission—
> With an unfulfill'd fruition"?

I work my work, says one of them, in a prologue to strains in

* "Ne crains point de succès qui souille ta mémoire :
Le bon et le mauvais sont égaux pour ta gloire."
—*Corneille*: "*Cinna*." i. 3.

every mood, but claiming to work as in his great Taskmaster's eye, and with Him to leave the issue:

> "I work my work. All its results are Thine.
> I know the loyal deed becomes a fact
> Which Thou wilt deal with: nor will I repine
> Although I miss the value of the act.
> Thou carest for Thy creatures, and the end
> Thou seest."

There was the pride that apes humility, or rather, perhaps, the conceit that is apish after another fashion, in Rousseau's *rêveries* on his life as mostly a failure; by no fault of his, he reckons, with a degree of complacency that *he* thought nearer to the sublime than to the ridiculous (but then the two are so near!): "Au moins, ce n'a pas été ma faute, et je porterai à l'auteur de mon être, sinon l'offrande des bonnes œuvres qu'on ne m'a pas laissé faire, du moins un tribut de bonnes intentions frustrées, de sentiments sains, mais rendus sans effet." Jean-Jacques acquits himself of the burthen of responsibility almost as comfortably as the conscious dullard whose suddenly acquired consciousness of being dull, after long persuasion to the contrary, is affirmed by a latter-day philosopher to be one of the most tranquillizing and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal's mind. For all our failures, he argues, all our shortcomings, our strange disappointments in the effect of our efforts, are then lifted from our bruised shoulders, and fall, like Christian's pack, at the feet of that Omnipotence which has seen fit to deny us the pleasant gift of high intelligence.

When we are veritably humble, says a masterly foreign divine, we look for nothing of ourselves, but for all of God. We are simple instruments; but it is of His glory. Let Him break us and cast us into a corner as a tool for which the artisan has no further need; so be it, so that His kingdom come. So be it, if only so His will be done. Whatever we ought to do, we can do; or there is no meaning in ought. His command to us being to go forward, our part is to go forward, without calculation, or hesitation, or looking back. Luther's words at the Diet of Worms,—"Here am I; I can

do no otherwise," are admired as a typical text of intrinsic humility. The Imperial might would very quickly have crushed the wretched Wittemburg monk, who would tremulously have stammered forth a retractation, had he been there in his own name, and had he been thinking of his own many failings. But Brother Martin knew himself to be too frail for the present question to turn on his personality, with its good points or its bad. He was nothing; and that qualified him to be the *chargé d'affaires* of the King of Kings. To Kestner, warning him of the perils that awaited him at Augsburg, from the subtlety and skill of the Italian doctors he would have to confront, and try to confute, there, Luther simply answered by a profession of faith in his Lord God: "If he maintain His cause, mine is maintained; but if He will not, assuredly it is not I who shall maintain it, and it is He who will bear the disgrace." Bold words, as Luther's so often were. To apply others in a poem by Mr. Browning,

> "—— Did not he throw on God
> (He loves the burthen)—
> God's task to make the heavenly period
> Perfect the earthen?"

Every reflecting worker together with God (in apostolic phrase) is well said to feel more and more, the longer he lives and works and reflects, that the world is going God's way, and not his, or any man's; and that if he has been allowed to do good work on earth, that work is probably as different from what he fancies it as the tree is from the seed whence it springs. Such a man will grow content, therefore, not to see the real fruit of his labours; because, if he saw it, he might likely enough be frightened at it, and what is very good in the eyes of God would not be very good in his: and content, also, to receive his discharge, and work and fight no more, sure that God is carrying on the work and the fight, whether his servant be in hospital or in the field.

> "Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
> Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
> *   *   *   *

> I thought, All labour, yet no less
> Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
> Look at the end of work, contrast
> The petty Done the Undone vast,
> This present of theirs with the hopeful past!"

Quite early in life Sir Samuel Romilly tutored himself well in "a very useful lesson of practical philosophy," not to suffer his happiness to depend upon his success. Late in life he had frequent occasion to jot down in his diary such parliamentary experiences and inferences as this: "There seems now to be no prospect that the time will ever come when I or my friends shall be in power; and the only task that is likely ever to be allotted me is, to propose useful measures with little hope of being able to carry them. Some good, however, may be done by such unsuccessful attempts, and I shall therefore persevere in them." As Owen Feltham says for himself of fame, he means, if he can, to tread the path which leads to it, and if he finds it, he shall think it a blessing; if not, his endeavour will be enough for discharging himself within, though he miss it. "God is not bound to reward me, any way: if He accepts me, I may count it a mercy." Feltham avows a liking for the man who does things which deserve fame, without either seeking or caring for it. Felix Holt declares himself proof against that word, failure. He has seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear, he says, is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. As to just the amount of result a man may see from his particular work—that is a tremendous uncertainty: "the universe has not been arranged for the gratification of his feelings." As long as, in Felix Holt's philosophy, a man sees and believes in some great good, he will prefer working towards that in the way he is best fit for, come what may.

How strongly the late Arthur Hugh Clough could feel all the nobleness and romance attached to the then falling cause of Italy, remains on record in that little poem of his, often quoted, which assures the men of Brescia that not in vain, although in vain, on the day of loss past hope he heard them bid their "welcome to the noble pain."

"You said, 'Since so it is,—good bye
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, "The Lombard feared to die!"'

* * * *

"And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

"This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
''Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'"

In the battle 'twixt Evil and Good, writes a bard of later date, who has seen what that earlier one longed to see, and which to have seen would have made him glad,—

"Heed not what may be gain'd or be lost
In that battle. Whatever the odds,
Fight it out, never counting the cost,
Man's the deed is, the consequence God's."

——o——

## *MALIGNANT MISCHIEF-MAKERS.*

Psalm lii. 3–5.

NOT peculiar to the Psalmist's time is the embodied type of malignant slander, whom he stigmatizes with such scathing words of abhorrent reproach: "Thy tongue imagineth wickedness, and with lies thou cuttest like a sharp razor. . . . Thou hast loved to speak all words that may do hurt, O thou false tongue!" Like the ungodly man in the Book of Proverbs, who diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is as a burning fire; like the froward man, that soweth strife, and the whisperer, that separateth chief friends. Among the six things denounced as an abomination to the Most High, are the heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, as coupled with feet that be swift in running to mischief; a false witness

that speaketh lies; and he that soweth discord among brethren. There is a mischief-making malignity so fertile in its inventions, so remorseless in its efforts to do harm, so ingenious in its devisings to give pain, that the adept in it may almost say of himself and of his victims, in apostolic words, wrenched and wrested utterly from the apostolic meaning, "If I make you sorry, who is he that maketh me glad, but the same which is made sorry by me?" For he *loves* to speak all words that may do hurt, that may breed mischief, that may engender strife, that may cut like a sharp razor, does this false tongue.

> "Peut-il être des cœurs assez noirs pour se plaire
> A faire ainsi du mal pour le plaisir d'en faire?"

*Le Méchant* of Gresset is a systematic answer in the affirmative. Lisette paints him to the life:—

> "Je parle de ce goût de troubler, de détruire,
> Du talent de brouiller et du plaisir de nuire:
> Semer l'aigreur, la haine et la division,
> Faire du mal enfin, voilà votre Cléon."

Dr. Thomas Brown is assured that were it within the power of the calumniator to rob his victims of the one thing which happily is *not* within his power,—the consciousness of their innocence and virtue, he would all too gladly exercise it; so impossible is it to doubt that he who defames, at the risk of detection, would, if the virtues of others were submitted to his will, prevent all peril of this kind, by tearing from the heart every virtue of which he must now be content with denying the existence, and thus at once consign his victim to ignominy and rob him of its only consolation. So hateful, indeed, to the wicked,—affirms our moral philosopher,—is the very thought of moral excellence, that, if even one of the many slanderers with whom society is filled had this tremendous power, there might not be a single virtue remaining on the earth.

A pretty picture is that preserved in the Maloniana, of Bishop Percy's painting, after Samuel Dyer, of no less noteworthy a person than Sir John Hawkins. The blackest colours

are used, to give the world assurance of "a most detestable fellow,"—"a man of the most mischievous, uncharitable, and malignant disposition," instances being alleged of his setting husband against wife, and brother against brother, "fomenting their animosity by anonymous letters." With respect to what Sir J. Hawkins has thrown in, that he "loved Dyer as a brother," this, the bishop said, was inserted from malignancy and art, to make the world suppose that nothing but the gross vices of Dyer could have extorted such a character from him; while, in truth, Dyer is declared to have been so amiable that he never could possibly have lived in any great degree of intimacy with the other at any period of his life. It would seem that any little offence, where none was meant, where cause for offence there was and could be none,

> "Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
> As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
> A little bitter pool about a stone
> On the bare coast."

Perhaps the Don John of Shakspeare is the purest specimen extant of causeless malignity in mischief-making. He is ready to devise cruel calumnies against all comers. *Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere sævus.* Swift's portraiture of the Marquis de Guiscard has a smack of the Shakspearean Don, in so far as he accredits him with "an early, an undoubted propensity to mischief and villany, but without those fine parts useful in the cabinet;" "an engine fit for the blackest mischief; . . . his aspect gloomy and forbidding, no false indication of the malignancy within. Nor could the evil in his nature be diverted by benefits." Malice is no doubt a power in the world, says a modern essay-writer on the subject, who describes as the occupation of some persons, the working towards a neighbour's downfall, for the disinterested satisfaction of seeing him fall; and who goes on to characterize persons guilty of the tragic forms of malice as the highest or the lowest among men; on the one hand, kings and conquerors, statesmen pitted against one another at a crisis, heads of faction who must crush one another with a plot; on the

other hand, the clown pulling up his parson's tulips, or firing his neighbour's stackyard, the operative scarring the pretty girl's face with vitriol, or blowing up the non-unionist's house and household. It is argued that people's attention must be fixed long on a single object, their passions concentrated, their thoughts restricted to a narrow circle, for malice to achieve its triumphs, just as venom intensifies itself in dark holes and obscure corners, among ruins and waste places of the earth. But society is shown to find a substitute for malice—"a domestic, creditable, neighbourly form of the great vice"—in spite; for though we may scruple to call anybody malicious except in history or the newspapers, with spite we are on more familiar terms. The varnish of goodness in society, as one of Balzac's reviewers has observed, and especially in English society, where goodness is universal, either in the reality or the counterfeit, is apt to make us forgetful of the truth that, as there are in the animal world creatures which have venom, and which will bite and sting on the slightest real or imaginary provocation, so there are in the human world beings whose nature it is to take a positive and permanent delight in the misfortunes of others, especially when jealous of their advantages. And "the step from taking pleasures in other people's misfortunes to taking an active share in bringing those misfortunes about, is not very difficult when events and circumstances are favourable." Like as, in Spenser's likeness of unlikes, the gentle heart itself bewrays in doing gentle deeds with frank delight,

> "Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
> In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
> For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting sleight
> Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
> Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
> To work by wicked treason wayes doth find,
> By such discourteous deeds discovering his base mind."

In a previous canto the poet had piteously set forth the character of the wounds inflicted by the blatant beast; for that beast's teeth are so exceeding venomous and keen,

"made all of rusty yron ranckling sore," that, where they bite, "it booteth not to weene with salve, or antidote, or other mene, it ever to amend." Can the effects of slander be better represented, asks M. Léon Feugère, than by the old French poet, Gui du Faur de Pibrac, when he says of Calumny, much as Spenser of the blatant beast,—

> "Quand une fois ce monstre nous attache,
> Il sait si fort ses cordillons nouer,
> Que, bien qu'on puisse enfin les dénouer,
> Restent toujours les marques de l'attache."

Only fling filth enough, and some of it must stick.

Dr. South has a discourse on the phenomenon of certain dispositions that do really delight themselves in mischief, and love to see all men about them miserable. He explains it to be what the Greeks call ἐπιχαιρεκακία, that vile quality which makes them laugh at a cross accident, and feed their eyes and their thoughts with the sight of any great calamity; and indeed (morally speaking) they cannot do otherwise. "It is meat and drink to them to see others starve; and their own clothes seem then to sit warmest upon them, when they behold others ready to perish with nakedness and cold; like Ætna, never hotter than when surrounded by snow." "Fancy poisoning a fellow out of envy—as Spagnoletto did!" exclaims Clive Newcome; who can, however, bethink him of some brother artists whose admiration takes that bilious shape. But let us bestow yet another glance on the blatant beast, who will, as erst at Sir Calidore, open wide his mouth for the occasion, and display to the full his twin ranges of iron teeth, appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim.

> "And therein were a thousand tonges empight
> Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
> Some were of dogs, that barkèd day and night;
> And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
> And some of beares, that groynd continually;
> And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren
> And snar at all that ever passèd by:
> But most of them were tonges of mortall men,
> Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

> "And them amongst were mingled here and there
> The tongues of serpents, with three-forkèd stings,
> That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
> At all that came within his ravenings, . . .
> He either blotted them with infamie,
> Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury."

And in spite of Sir Calidore's brilliant success against the monster, it was Spenser's fate to declare the blatant beast still rampant and rampagious,—"barking and biting all that do him bate, albe they worthy blame or clear of crime." Own sister, or something disagreeably like it, to this perennial monster, is the same bard's personification of Slander; and advisedly he fixes on the sex. Of course we understand that slander of her own sex is a woman's privilege, quoth Mr. Roland Landsell, who ironically withdraws, however, his tribute to Lady Gwendoline's talent for scandal, when he professes to find her so mere a novice in that subtle art, as not to distinguish between stories that are *ben trovati* and those that are not—"their being true or false is not of the least consequence." Ben Jonson's Compass, in *The Magnetic Lady*, characterizes (or stigmatizes) Goody Polish to her face, as one

> "That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
> That can perplex or trouble a business thoroughly."

And the next scene opens with this exchange of confidences between Rut and Sir Moth Interest:—

> "*Rut.* 'Tis such a fly, this gossip, with her buzz,
> She blows on everything, in every place.
> *Sir Moth.* A busy woman is a fearful grievance."

In a recent lament over the inefficacy of good books and sermons to check the baneful gossip of "female or quasi-female tongues," the slaughter of characters is said to go on as merrily as it did in the days of Mrs. Candour; and the existence is recognised of those who seem ordained to feed on scandal, as the scavenger-turkey is ordained to feed on dirt; who, in taking

away their neighbours' characters, are only acting after their kind; whose mendacity in so doing is "glorious and picturesque." The spectacle of half-fashionable women whose tongues have made them nearly friendless, but whose pungent tongues retain for them a certain amount of contemptuous lies, going about manufacturing lies which, if they had any effect at all, would poison for ever a maligned life—such a spectacle, "unhappily no rarity," may well be called "one of the most revolting which our artificial state of society can furnish." Every day, complains the Caxton Essayist, we see venerable spinsters who delight in the moral murder of scandal, and guillotine a reputation between every cup of tea, though full of benignant charities to parrots, or dogs, or cats, or monkeys; which inveterate scandal-mongers were, no doubt, once fond-hearted little girls, and, while in their teens, were as much shocked at the idea of assassinating the character of winsome women, and poisoning the honour of unsuspecting hearths, as they now are at the "barbarity of pinching Fidele's delicate paw, or singeing Tabitha's inoffensive whiskers." Mr. Thackeray professes, in a parenthesis, his admiration of the conduct of ladies towards each other, with what smiles and curtsies they stab each other, with what innocent dexterity they can drop the drop of poison into the cup of conversation, hand round the goblet, smiling, to the whole family to drink, and make the dear domestic circle miserable. Does not an apostle call the tongue an unruly evil, full of deadly poison? The deadliest poisons, a commentator on that text remarks, are those for which no test is known; there are poisons so destructive, that a single drop insinuated into the veins produces death in three seconds, and yet no chemical science can separate that virus from the contaminated blood, and show the metallic particles of poison glittering palpably, and say, "Behold, it is there!" In the drop of venom which distils from the sting of the smallest insect, or the spikes of the nettle-leaf, there is concentrated the quintessence of a poison so subtle that the microscope cannot distinguish it; and yet so virulent, that it can inflame the blood, irritate the whole constitution, and convert day and

night into restless misery. "In St. James's day,* as now, it would appear that there were idle men and idle women, who went about from house to house, dropping slander as they went; and yet you could not take up that slander and detect the falsehood there. You could not evaporate the truth in the slow process of the crucible, and then show the residuum of falsehood glittering and visible. You could not fasten upon any word or sentence, and say that it was calumny; for in order to constitute slander, it is not necessary that the word spoken should be false—half truths are often more calumnious than whole falsehoods." It is not even necessary, as Mr. Robertson reminds us, that a word should be distinctly uttered; a dropped lip, an arched eyebrow, a shrugged shoulder, a significant look, nay, even an emphatic silence, may do the work; and when the light and trifling thing which has done the mischief has fluttered off, the venom is left, to work and rankle, to inflame hearts, to fever human existence, and to poison human society at the fountain-springs of life. Very emphatically was it said, he adds, by one whose whole being had smarted under such afflictions, "Adder's poison is under their lips." The Lady Blast of the *Spectator* has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. The Miss Brabazon of *A Strange Story*, by anonymous letter-writing conveys to innocent ears and sensitive hearts, "in biting words which female malice can make so sharp," poison that, in the case in question, destroys mind though not life: "The heart that took in the venom cast its poison on the brain, and the mind fled before the presence of a thought so deadly to all the ideas

* It is not without interest to observe in those remote times, and under a social system so widely different from the modern,—observes a dissertator of another kind,—the same small causes at work to ruffle and to ruin which operate so commonly at this day; the same inventive jealousy, the same cunning slander, the same crafty and fabricated retailings of petty gossip. Hence the writer pauses to describe the "mechanism of those trivial and household springs of mischief, which we see every day at work in our chambers and at our hearths. It is in these, the lesser intrigues of life, that we mostly find ourselves at home with the past."

which its innocence had heretofore conceived." The Miss Limejuice of a clerical essayist is made the text for a homily on there being something to be said for even the most unamiable and worst of the race; for he takes the case of this sour, backbiting, malicious, wrong-headed, lying old woman, who gives her life to saying disagreeable things and making mischief between friends; and he pleads on her behalf the unknown degree of physical irritability of nerve and weakness of constitution which the poor creature may have inherited, or the singular twist of mind which she may have got from nature and from bad and unkind treatment in youth. Not only of bitter judgments of men, but of a disposition to sow strife, and in short of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, is the remark made, that possibly they come out of a bad heart, but certainly out of a miserable one. The Miss Cynthia Badham of Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel*, is perhaps a compromise of the two; six of the one, and half-a-dozen of the other. The Lady Penelope Penfeather of *St. Ronan's Well* is, to some extent, painted, if not tarred, with the same brush. The Miss Gussy Marks of *Archie Lovell* is bitterly spiteful; her carefully-worded equivocations being deliberate, cold-blooded murders; murders with malice aforethought: she belongs to the class who whispers about versions, more or less blackened, of other people's vilifications; who supply all missing links in other people's evidence; and yet, "such an agreeable companion! such unfailing spirits!" is the good word strangers have to say of her, until, at least, they cease to be strangers. Spenser's embodiment has no such superficial or transitory grace to qualify her utter loathsomeness: from the first she is—

> "A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
> And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
> For she was stuff'd with rancour and despight
> Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
> It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
> Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
> Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe;
> Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
> And wickedly backbite; her name did Sclaunder call."

## *LIKE THEM THAT DREAM.*

PSALM cxxvi. 1; ACTS xii. 9.

WHEN the Lord turned the captivity of Sion, the returned captives were like them that dream. Could it be true? Were they dreaming or awake? So with St. Peter, when roused from prison-sleep by the angel, and the chains fell off from his hands, and he girt himself in haste, and bound on his sandals, just as he was bidden, all in a sort of dazed stupor of bewilderment. And the angel saith unto him, "Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me." And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. Not until they were past the first and the second ward, and through the iron gate leading to the city, that opened to them of itself, and thence had come to the end of one street, when and where the angel left him—not until then did Peter come to himself, and feel assured that it was no dream, but a most real deliverance. From sleep, and no doubt from dreaming, he had been abruptly roused by his miraculous deliverer, who indeed had to smite the sleeper, so fast was he asleep. The poet of the *Christian Year* speculates on what may have been the captive's dreams that night: haply the "gracious chiding look" of his Master; or wafted back in vision to his native lake, to converse with Jesus, as in that solemn evening walk which was the last of all; or perhaps of the *vultus instantis tyranni*,—

"His dream is changed—the Tyrant's voice
Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
Not Herod but an Angel leads.

"He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
Glancing around his prison room—
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
That fills up all the ample gloom.

* * * *

Touch'd, he upstarts—his chains unbind—
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool moonlight air.

"Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touch'd, the martyr's palm,
He turns him to his task below."

He was come to himself: *ὁ Πέτρος γενόμενος ἐν ἑαυτῷ*, and no longer *ἐδόκει ὅραμα βλέπειν*. Till then, from the moment of drowsy awaking to that of the angel departing from him, the captive Apostle, whose captivity was thus turned, was consciously like them that dream.

Curious enough in psychology is the fact of our sometimes even dreaming that we dream. Mariana in the South, sleeping at noon, seemed knee-deep in mountain-grass, and heard the runlets babbling down her native glen; but,

"Dreaming, she knew it was a dream."

Coleridge discusses the manner in which we so confound the half-waking, half-sleeping, reasoning power, that we actually do pass a positive judgment on the reality of what we see and hear, though often accompanied by doubt and self-questioning, which, as he had himself experienced, will at times become strong enough, even before we awake, to convince us that it is what it is—namely (as he spells it), the "night-mair." Edgar Allan Poe somewhere remarks, that when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion never fails to confirm itself, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused. So Novalis, "We are near waking when we dream that we dream." Bernard Barton has a little poem called *A Dream*, of which the second stanza runs thus:

"But all seem'd real—ay, as much
As now the page I trace
Is palpable to sight and touch;
Then how could doubt have place?
Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.
I felt I *did*."

Dante, in the thirtieth canto of the *Inferno*, has a simile, "as a man that dreams of harm befallen him, dreaming wishes it a

dream." A popular French writer says, there is hardly any one but has said to himself, amid the oppressions of a suffocating nightmare, and by the help of that light which still burns in the brain when every human light is extinguished, "It is nothing but a dream, after all." But then, in the words of an equally popular English one, what is more terrible than the agony of a dream? "even though in the sleeper's breast there lurk a vague consciousness that he is only the fool of a vision." Rayner, in Joanna Baillie's tragedy of that name, lost in a conflict of emotions, gives voice to their perplexity; around him, he says,

> "All seems like the dark mingled mimicry
> Of feverish sleep; in which the half-doubting mind,
> Wilder'd, and weary, with a deep-drawn breath,
> Says to itself, 'Shall I not wake?'"

Montaigne puts into a parenthesis in one of his most discursive essays the *confidence au lecteur*, "I am apt to dream that I dream." Pascal has the simile in one of his *Pensées*, "comme on rêve souvent qu'on rêve, en entassant songes sur songes." Dr. Abercrombie treats as "a very peculiar state," what he nevertheless supposes to have "occurred to most people,"—the co-existence of a distressing dream with an impression that it probably is only a dream. And he refers to some of the "very singular facts on record," of the reasoning powers being applied to dreams for the purpose of dissipating them; to Dr. Beattie, for instance, who, in a dream, once found himself standing in a very critical position on the parapet of a bridge, when, recollecting that he never was given to pranks of this kind, he began to fancy it might be a dream, and determined to throw himself headlong, in the belief that this would restore his senses; which restoration happily ensued. So with that more masculine metaphysician of the same Scotch school, Dr. Reid, who thus cured himself of a tendency to frightful dreams, with which from early years he had been tormented: he strove to fix strongly on his mind the impression that all such dangers in dreams are imaginary, and determined, in Beattie's style, to fling himself headlong in every case of precipice, so

to dispel the vision; by perseverance in which method *he* is said to have "so removed the propensity," that, for forty years, he was never sensible of dreaming at all, to say nothing of dream within dream, or dreaming that he dreamt. John Banim has a benison to bestow on that rapid and mysterious self-relief which, by an exercise of mind or soul too subtle and complex for waking recollection, gives, "in the thick horrors of some hellish dream," the blessed assurance of our being only fettered in the "pains of sleep," which, after a time of tyranny, shall leave us free and unharmed. The memory of an actual and real life we all, says George Sand, retain, when, in afflictive dreams, we are transported into another life,—that of fiction and undefinable visions; and we occasionally struggle against these fantasies and terrors of the night, assuring ourselves that they are merely the effects of nightmare, and making efforts to awake; though on such occasions, despite Dr. Reid, a hostile power too often appears to seize upon us at every effort, and to plunge us again into a horrible lethargy, where hideous spectacles, ever growing gloomier and gloomier, close in upon us and around us, and where griefs the most poignant rend our heart of hearts.

It is meet and right enough that in such a book as the "Arabian Nights" we should be very frequently coming across obstinate self-questionings as to sleeping or waking. So Beddreddin Hassan, "rubbing his eyes," to aid in solving the enigma, "Am I asleep or awake?" So Abon Hassan, hailed Commander of the Faithful, himself meanwhile "in the most inexpressible confusion and amazement, and looking upon all he saw as a dream," and anon "verily persuaded [by the tone of Mesrour's discourse] that he was neither asleep nor in a dream," yet equally embarrassed what steps to take;—presently, again, appealing to a bystander to come and bite his finger, to convince him whether he is asleep or awake, which being done with a will on the biter's part, the bitten puzzle-pate snatches back his hand in violent pain, and is clear that he is not sleeping. Yet so he goes on between dreaming and waking to the end of the chapter, that is to say of the story—the Story

of the Sleeper Awakened; which end is not reached until to biting in earnest has succeeded beating in earnest, with livid weals to show for it next morning, when he piteously desires those whom it concerns to judge whether these strokes could have come to him in a dream. Michael Perez, the Copper Captain, cries out, as if in an effusion of perplexity, to Leon, "Are not we both mad, and is not this a fantastic house we are in, and all a dream we do?

"Will you walk out?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into the wall there for a chimney-piece."

Massinger's Marrall can only ejaculate, "This is some vision!" when he sees how beggared Wellborn is welcomed in high life. Schiller's Don Carlos can only vent his bewilderment at the misleading letter that is finally the undoing of him, in a series of such sentences as—

"I am not in a dream, I do not rave,—
This is my right hand, this my sword—and these
Are written words. 'Tis true—it is no dream."

And the same true German poet's rather German Maid of Orleans, after her main achievements, and re-united to her own kinsfolk, is made to ask,

"Where am I? Tell me! Was it all a dream,
A long, long dream? And am I now awake?
Am I away from Domremi? Is't so?
I fell asleep beneath the Druid tree,
And I am now awake; and round me stand
The kind familiar forms? I only dream'd
Of all these battles, kings, and deeds of war,—
They were but shadows which before me pass'd;
For dreams are always vivid 'neath that tree.
How did you come to Rheims? How came I here?
No, I have never quitted Domremi!
Confess it to me and rejoice my heart.

*Louis.* We are at Rheims. Thou hast not merely dream'd
Of these great deeds—thou hast achieved them all."

At the battle of Preston-pans, when Edward Waverley,

appropriately ill at ease in his anti-English surroundings, hears the English trumpets and kettle-drums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed, and hears the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding-officer, for whom he had felt so much respect, and then, looking around him, sees the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, hears their whispers in an uncouth and unknown dialect, and looks upon his own dress, so unlike what from his childhood he had worn,—he longs wistfully to "awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural." A fragment of versification composed by Sir Walter for motto to a chapter in one of his later stories, works out a corresponding idea :—

> "We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
> Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
> Which to the slumberer seem realities ;
> And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
> As set at nought the evidence of sense,
> And left them well persuaded they were dreaming."

Contarini Fleming professes a sort of half-belief, although the suspicion may be a mortifying one, that there is only a step between his state who indulges in imaginative meditation, and insanity ; and he dilates on his own psychological experiences and sensations—how he was not always assured of his own identity, or even existence ; for he sometimes found it necessary to shout aloud to be sure that he lived ; and he alleges the habit he had of very often at night taking down a volume and looking into it for his name, to be convinced that he had not been dreaming of himself. No wonder if he thinks it too good to be true when he finds himself actually at Venice, the Venice of his dreams, whether by day or by night. Was it possible ? Was it true ? Was he not in a reverie gazing upon a drawing in his artist-friend's studio ? "Was it not some dream —some delicious dream, from which, perhaps this moment, I was about to be roused to cold dull life ? I struggled not to wake, yet, from a nervous desire to move and put the vision to the test, I ordered the gondolier to row to the side of the

canal, jumped out, and hurried to the bridge." It *was* the Rialto. Yet each moment he expected that the broad thick arch would tremble and part, and that the surrounding palaces would dissolve into mist,—that the lights would be extinguished, and the music cease, and that he should find himself in his old chamber in his father's house. "I hurried along; I was anxious to reach the centre of the bridge before I woke. It seemed like the crowning incident of a dream, which, it is remarkable, never occurs, and which, from the very anxiety it occasions, only succeeds in breaking our magical slumbers." Wordsworth used to say, that at a particular stage of his mental progress he was so frequently rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas, that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and that he had to convince himself of its existence by "clasping a tree" or something (not to say somebody) that happened to be near him.

Bewildered by the cruel treatment of his eldest daughter,—for he has not yet found Goneril's match in Regan,—the exclamation of King Lear, now fast lapsing into madness, is,—"Does any one here know me?—Why, this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking? Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?" Shakspeare's contemporary, Heywood, in the best known of his plays, has a man just as exultant as Lear is distracted, putting to himself the question—"Is this a dream? Or do my waking senses apprehend the pleasing taste of these applausive news?" Goethe's Tasso has to revolve the obstinate self-questionings, vanishings, fallings from him, as Wordsworth might word it,—

> "Art thou awaken'd from a dream, and is
> The fair delusion suddenly dissolved?
> In the fruition of the highest joy
> Has sleep o'ermaster'd thee, and does it yet
> Torture and bind thy soul with heavy chains?
> Ay, thou'rt awake and dreamest."

Joanna Baillie's Edward, rightful heir to the crown, is told that usurping Ethwald has been hailed as king, and exclaims,

"What words are these?
I am as one who in a misty dream
Listens to things wild and fantastical,
Which no congruity nor kindred bear
To preconceived impressions."

Compare the passage in *Clytemnestra*, where the Chorus announces the death of the king, and Phocian exclaims, "Do I dream?" and Electra ejaculates in broken utterances, the whirling wild reply,—

"Such dreams are dreamt in hell—such dreams—oh no!
Is not the earth as solid—heaven above—
The sun in heaven—and Nature at her work—
And men at theirs—the same? Oh no! no dream!
We shall not wake—nor he; though the gods sleep!"

There is a degree of bewilderment, Victor Hugo has said, which abstracts the mind entirely from its fellowship with man: the forms which come and go within your room become confused and indistinct: they pass by, even touch you, but never really come near you: you are far away; inaccessible to them, as they to you. "In despair, we take cognizance of the world only as something dim and far off: we are insensible to the things before our eyes; we lose the feeling of our own existence. It is in vain, at such times, that we are flesh and blood; our consciousness of life is none the more real: we are become, even to ourselves, nothing but a dream." Gilliatt, in the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, is thus distraught: all the circumstances of his position on the lonely rock conspire to produce the effect of a vision: hallucinations seem to surround him: the vagueness of night increases this effect, and he feels himself plunged into some region of unrealities. "He asked himself if it were not all a dream? Then he dropped to sleep again; and this time, in a veritable dream, found himself at the Bû de la Rue. . . . He heard Déruchette singing: he was among realities. While he slept he seemed to wake and live; when he awoke again he appeared to be sleeping." In truth, from this time forward, Gilliatt lived in a dream. When he had accomplished his purpose on the rock, it was for him to be appealed to by the jubilant witness of and gainer by it, old

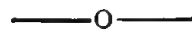
Mess Lethierry, who could scarcely believe his eyes: "Give me your word that I am not crazy. Assure me of that. What a revolution! I pinched myself to be certain I was not dreaming." Smollett's hero (by Sir Archibald Alison in one memorable passage dubbed a knight) regards the letter which announces him wealthy as a mere illusion of the brain, and a continuation of the reverie in which he had been engaged. He reads it ten times over, without being persuaded that he is actually awake; rubs his eyes and shakes his head, to rid himself of the drowsy vapours that surround him; hems thrice with great vociferation, snaps his fingers, tweaks his nose, starts up from his bed, and opening the casement, takes a survey of the well-known objects on each side of his habitation; and as everything seems congruous and connected, he can but come to the conclusion, "Sure, this is the most distinct dream that ever sleep produced." Twice at least in the physiological romance of *Elsie Venner* is the hero, Bernard, at a loss to decide whether he be dreaming or waking: once, after the escape from the deadly *crotalus*, in that strange adventure on The Mountain; and next, after his stunned escape from Dick Venner's murderous slip-knot: "It was all a dream to him as yet. He remembered the horseman riding at him, and his firing the pistol; but whether he was alive, and these walls around him belonged to the village of Rockland, or whether he had passed the dark river, and was in a suburb of the New Jerusalem, he could not as yet have told." How much Mr. Dickens made of Affery Flintwinch's perplexities between dreaming and waking, readers of *Little Dorrit* may perhaps remember, in repeated instances, elaborately worked out. If any readers of his can also, by any admissible hypothesis, at this time of day, have been (in their time) readers also of Mrs. Brunton's *Discipline*, they may recall the heroine's note of exultation at getting clear of the "asylum"; how confident her persuasion that never did harp and viol delight the ear like the sound of the heavy gate which closed upon her departing steps—while she paused for a moment to ask herself if all was not a dream,—then leant her forehead against the threshold,

and wept the thanksgiving she could not utter. In the last chapter, too, when she and Graham stand together beside the calm lake, "How often, both sleeping and awake, have I dreamt of this!—and even now, I can scarcely believe that it is not all a dream," he says. George Geith has the same incredulity over the letter that has made a free man of him: he covers his face with his hands, and sits with his eyes shut, to assure himself, on opening them again, that he has not been dreaming; and we are made to note his joy when, next morning, he satisfies himself by another perusal of his letter that the liberty which had come to him last night was not a dream. Or glance at Silas Marner's discovery of the sleeping child on his floor—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head: could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he, the Weaver of Raveloe, was a small boy without shoes or stockings? "That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment—*Was* it a dream?" The weaver's epileptic experiences may suggest a sort of parallel in the hero of the *Princess.* For Mr. Tennyson's readers will easily remember the case of his Prince, who has "weird seizures, Heaven knows what," so that on a sudden in the midst of men and day, and while he walks and talks as heretofore, he seems to move among a world of ghosts, and feel himself the shadow of a dream. When he is thrust out at the gates,—he and his companion, by order of the resentful Princess,—they cross the street and gain a petty mound beyond it, whence they see the lights and hear the voices murmuring.

> ". . . While I listen'd, came
> On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt:
> I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts;
> The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard,
> The jest and earnest working side by side,
> The cataract and the tumult and the kings
> Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
> With all its doings had and had not been,
> And all things were and were not."

Once more, and only this once. The discrowned king, Robert of Sicily, in the metrical legend, thrust from the hall as an impostor, and decked with cap and bells, to the tune of the tittering of pages and the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,—

> "Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
> He said within himself, 'It was a dream!'
> But the straw rustled as he turn'd his head,
> There were the cap and bells beside his bed; . . .
> It was no dream; the world he loved so much
> Had turn'd to dust and ashes at his touch!"



## 'ABOUT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.'

St. Luke iii. 23.

NOT until He "began to be about thirty years of age," did Jesus of Nazareth begin His public career. Even a few years beyond thirty may be comprised in the indefinite expression; some chronologists insist that they must be. About thirty years of age, is a term expressive of the departure of youth.

It has been objected to that scene in Mr. Longfellow's *Divine Tragedy* which dramatizes the marriage at Cana in Galilee, that youthfulness is assigned to the principal figure, in disregard of convention and chronology. "Who is that youth with the dark azure eyes?" asks the governor of the feast. Elsewhere, it is further objected to the same work, a Pharisee denominates Him "a stripling without learning," while another notes that—

> "Never have I seen so young a man
> Sit in the teacher's seat,"—

expressions characterized as incompatible alike with reading one's Bible and with any acquaintance with the world's masterpieces of pictorial art.

The author of the *New Phædo* considers thirty years of age the epoch for the departure of youth; by which he does not, of

course, intend to signify incipient decay, our frames being as young as they were five years before, while the mind has been ripening; by youth he means the growing and progressive season, the departure of it being visible only inasmuch as we have become, as it were, fixed and stationary. The qualities that peculiarly belong to youth—its "quick thronging fancies," its exuberance of energy and feeling, cease, by his reckoning, to be our distinctions at thirty. We are then still young, but no longer youthful. A distinguished American author writes a chapter about a birthday; and of a woman who that day is five-and-thirty years old, we read that, "To-day she turned her back upon her youth; it was all behind her now; she set her face, of compulsion, downward over the hill of life; she had passed the crest; the waters flowed the other way; they came no longer, springing from sweet fountains, to meet her; they ran from, and outran her." Maynard, in the play, speaks of himself as almost thirty—"warning thirty." Warning thirty? repeats his companion, half-mockingly, half inquiringly. The other explains, "'Tis half the journey, Tom. Depend on't, after thirty, 'tis time to count the milestones." At the age of thirty, according to Lord Lytton, the characters of most men pass through a revolution: the common pleasures of the world have been tasted to the full, and begin to pall; we have reduced to the sober test of reality the visions of youth; we no longer chase frivolities or hope for chimæras; and we may now come with better success than Rasselas to the Choice of Life. Chamfort quotes a friend who moralized to him on the alleged fact, that, in France, men are more honest in youth and up to thirty years of age, than after that period; the reason he assigns being that not until a man is turned of thirty is he *détrompé*, or comes to see that the evils under which his country groans are irremediable. Up to that time a man is compared to a dog that defends his master's dinner against other dogs; after it, he is the same dog, taking his share with the rest. Sainte-Beuve expatiates on the existence within us of *une certaine fleur de sentiments*, a certain *rêverie première*, which soon exhales amid the prosaic realism of life, and expires amid the occupations of this worky-

day world. In three-fourths of us, he affirms, there is a poet that dies young, while the man survives. Millevoye he proposes as the impersonated type of this young poet who is not to have length of days, and who dies at thirty or sooner in each one of us.*

A north-country divine shrewdly comments on the custom men have of postponing, year after year, the point at which people cease to be young; and on the pleasure we have in finding people talk of men above thirty as young men; on his own remembered gratitude, indeed, to Mr. Dickens, for describing Tom Pinch, in an advertisement for insertion in the morning papers, as "a respectable young man, aged thirty-five." Sir Robert Peel is cited as describing the late Lord Derby at forty-five, as a man "in the buoyancy of youth"—to the secret elation of all forty-fivers who read the words. And Lord Lytton is cited for his practice, as he himself grew older, of making the heroes of his novels grow older *pari passu;* his earliest heroes being lads of twenty; his latest, always sentimental men of fifty. If unsuccessful, or over-burdened, overdriven, lightly esteemed, with much depending upon him, and little aid or sympathy, a man may, as an essay on Growing Old reminds us, feel old at thirty-five; whereas, if there be still a house where he is one of "the boys"—if he be living among his kindred and those who have grown up along with him; if he be still unmarried; if he have not lived in many different places, or in any place very far away; if he have not known many different modes of life, or worked in many different kinds of work—then at thirty-five he may feel very young. Temperaments strangely vary. A maxim-monger of the Rochefoucauld school has a reflection to this effect: We talk much of the madcap ways of twenty years, *la folie de vingt ans;* but what about those of five-and-thirty, which are equally pronounced and equally common? Alceste after Werther. Rousseau "n'a

* It was in reference to this passage that Alfred de Musset addressed to Sainte-Beuve what the latter, in his pleasure and pride, calls some *très-aimables vers.* See the *Pensées d'Août.*

écrit qu'après cette seconde folie et a continuellement mêlé les deux en un même reflet." Macaulay denied that any work of the imagination of the very highest class was ever, in any age or country, produced by a man under thirty-five: whatever powers a youth may have received from nature, the historian affirmed it to be impossible that his taste and judgment can be ripe, that his mind can be richly stored with images, that he can have observed the vicissitudes of life, or studied the nicer shades of character. Of all the good books now extant in the world, more than nineteen-twentieths, by the same computation, were published after the writers had attained the age of forty. It was in his fortieth year,—"that eventful period in Oriental life," as Dean Milman calls it,—that Mohammed began to listen to the first intimations of his divine mission. It was when Moses was full forty years old, that it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel, supposing they would have understood how that God by his hand would deliver them. Some intended analogy with Moses might naturally be inferred in the case of Mohammed; but we are to bear in mind that forty is the indefinite number in the East, and no doubt in many cases it has been assumed to cover ignorance of a real date.

The turn of forty is an age in which, according to Cowley, there is no dallying with life. "Your lateness in life," writes Swift to Gay (*cujus octavum trepidavit ætas Claudere lustrum*), "might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the oldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you." Socrates thought that inward peace was not to be attained until a man had reached his fortieth year; and Confucius appears to have placed the goal still further forward. Marcus Aurelius says, that a man who has lived forty years has seen everything that is to be seen in the world: it is suggested by an octogenarian essayist, that he was only forty years old when he wrote this; and that if he had written it in the last years of his life, he would have allowed a little longer time for

seeing everything. A now unread author used to say that life was like a journey down into the country, and that the further one left the capital behind, the more intolerable the discomforts of each stage became: the dust was thicker, the posting worse, the ruts jolted more cruelly, the road-side accommodation grew scantier, till at last the weary traveller came thankfully to an end. But "resignation is the virtue of the old and weak, and no man has a right to it on this side of forty." The Forty Thieves, Hood called his *quarante ans*, for they had stolen all his youth and health, he said. When the *Examiner* professed to perceive in Moore's newest copy of verses the coming on of age in the calmer fires of the modern Anacreon, "Alas! it is but too true," the poet confesses in his journal; "my eighth lustrum is within little more than a year of being completed." Frederick Perthes at that age writes: "I enter again into the world—into a new and unknown world. . . . But resignation to the will of God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love and youthful feeling, truth and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me." Mr. Trollope, in one of his books, discusses the question what may be the most enviable time of life with a man; and he inclines to think that it is at that period when his children have all been born but have not yet begun to go astray or to vex him with disappointment; when his own pecuniary prospects are settled, and he knows pretty well what his tether will allow him; when the appetite is still good and the digestive organs at their full power; when he has ceased to care as to the length of his girdle, and before the doctor warns him against solid breakfasts and port wine after dinner; while he can still walk his ten miles, and feel some little pride in being able to do so; when his affectations are over, and his infirmities have not yet come upon him. His affectations over: *les prétentions*, observes a French *pensée*-writer, "sont une source de peines, et l'époque du bonheur de la vie commence au moment où elles finissent." Dr. Holmes describes his Dudley Venner, the father of Elsie, as stronger in thought and tenderer in soul than in the first freshness of his youth, when he counted but half his present years;

he had entered that period which marks the decline of men who have ceased growing in knowledge and strength: from forty to fifty a man must move upward, or the natural falling oft in the vigour of life will carry him rapidly downward.*

Luther pronounced one's thirty-eighth year a specially evil and dangerous one, bringing many heavy and great sicknesses, for which he had astrological and transcendental reasons to allege. For his own part, he, in another place, as he "came nearer and nearer to forty years," thought with himself, "Now comes an alteration." He had mystical interpretations of the fact that neither St. Paul nor St. Augustine preached above forty years. That same forty is a note-worthy number in holy writ. Isaac was forty years old when he married, and so was his elder son, Esau. At forty Moses returned to Egypt. At forty was Ishbosheth made king. *La crise de quarante ans* is a pet theme with literary Frenchmen in general, and French physiologists in particular. "C'est, pour les deux sexes, un véritable âge climatérique," says Cabanis, of the turn† of forty. Just turned forty, the late Earl of Dudley was able to report to his intimate correspondent, the Bishop of Llandaff, his gradual recovery from a dismal state of nervous depression and agitation: life was no longer a burthen, and he had recovered sufficient self-command not to be a burthen to others. But notwithstanding this partial recovery, he could not help suspecting that a somewhat darker shade was to be spread

* "At a period of life when many have been living on the capital of their acquired knowledge and their youthful stock of sensibilities, until their intellects are really shallower and their hearts emptier than they were at twenty. . . . At this time his inward nature was richer and deeper than in any earlier period of his life," etc. *Elsie Venner*, ch. xx.

† "Vers la quarante-deuxième année il se fait, pour l'ordinaire, un changement qui dissipe en grande partie les maladies dominantes jusqu'alors, et qui les remplace par des maladies nouvelles."—*Rapports du Physique et du Moral*, t. i. § iv.

As a familiar illustration of the former set of changes, take what Sir Samuel Romilly says of himself in a letter to Mr. Roget: "My physician tells me that I shall have better health as I advance further in life: so that, unlike most men, I may regard the revolution of time and the approaches of old age as desirable."—*Letters of Sir S. Romilly*, vol. i. let. 4.

over the remainder of his life. "Up to a certain period hope triumphs over experience—after that, experience gradually extinguishes hope. One sees pretty clearly the best that can come of this life—and that this best is not very good." The life of each individual, in Michelet's words, has its autumn, its warning season, when all fades and withers; a sort of spurious maturity that often comes sooner than *ripe* age; and at this point it is that man sees obstacles multiply around him, his hopes failing, and the shadows of the future enlarging by degrees in the waning day. Arrived at the confines of middle age, says Lord Lytton, there is an outward innovation in the whole system; unlooked-for symptoms break forth in the bodily and in the mental frame. He calls it "that period of existence when a man's character is almost invariably subject to great change; the crisis in life's fever, when there is a new turn in our fate." From his youth onwards Rousseau had fixed on his fortieth year as the signal for retirement from active life; and when the time came he found that *une grande révolution venait de se faire* in him, and that a new moral world revealed itself to his gaze. Bernardin de St.-Pierre experienced a like *crise;** and so did M. Daunou, in the shape of one of those nervous maladies which, "coïncidant avec un âge qui est critique aussi pour l'homme," are apt to effect a change in the tone of character and to *briser quelque chose en nous.* Léopold Robert, says a biographer, was attacked, like other choice spirits (*natures d'élite*), by the so-called "maladie de quarante ans," and succumbed to it. Madam Dudevant has been said to give us to understand very plainly, that after the age of at most forty, people have nothing better to do than go and hang themselves; middle life, with her, being a period when the craving for pleasure continues without the power of gratifying it. The many interests, aspirations, and alacrities of youth, its keen pursuits and its fresh friendships, which fill up the

* Concerning which M. Sainte-Beuve discourses in the *Portraits Littéraires*, telling us of the *maladie misanthropique*, the *misérable état* which St.-Pierre describes, that "c'est la crise de quarante ans, que bien des organisations sensibles subissent." (ii. 120.)

measure of life, and make the single heart sufficient to itself—it is when these things have partly passed away, observes Sir Henry Taylor, and when life has lost something of its original brightness, that men begin to feel an insufficiency and a want; and he quotes the remark made to him by a Roman Catholic priest, as the result of much observation of life among his brethren, that the pressure of their vow of celibacy was felt most severely towards forty years of age.

Well may Boileau take critical account of the opening of his ninth lustre, as he reckons it: "maintenant, que mon âge.

"Bientôt s'en va frapper à son neuvième lustre."

Falstaff indeed speaks of "us youth," despite his unwieldy paunch and his white hairs. But forty * is by some accounted distinctively within the range of absolute youth; and it is a little piquant to find the old author of *The Book of Quinte Essence* declaring of that invaluable spirit, that it will bring back the old feeble man to the "first strengthe of youthe," and thus dating the epoch of that first strength: "Withinne a fewe dayes he schal so hool that he schal fele him selfe of the statt and the strengthe of xl yeer, and he schal have greet ioie that he is come to the statt of youthe." But nothing can bring back the hour of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower, as in life's morning march when our bosoms were young. The Hebrew prophet's cry is, Woe is me! when they have gathered the summer fruits; his soul desires the first ripe fruit; and better in some respects the bud than the fruit, the blossom than the bud.

"When I was young?—Ah, woeful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
* * * * *
O! the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty,
Ere I was old.

* "My youth is waning, and has been nigh upon these seven years, I being now in my forty-eighth," says Sir Thomas Lucy, in Landor's *Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare.*

> Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere,
> Which tells me Youth 's no longer here!
> O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
> 'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
> I'll think it but a fond conceit—
> It cannot be that Thou art gone!"

We say, with Paracelsus, "Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream." 'Tis the mere echo of time; and he whose heart beat first beneath a human heart, whose speech was copied from a human tongue, can never recall when he was living yet knew not this. Nevertheless, long seasons come and go, till some one hour's experience shows what naught, he deemed, could clearer show; and ever after an altered brow, and eye, and gait, and speech attest that now he knows the adage true, "Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream."

Pisistratus Caxton ends a chapter of his memoirs with the record of a crisis in his career, when he felt a revolution in his existence, and knew that it was his youth and its poet-land that were no more, and that he had passed, with an unconscious step, which could never retrace its way, into the hard world of laborious man. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum.* Swift indeed has declared that no wise man ever wished to be younger; and a French *maxime* says, "Il est des hommes qui mènent un tel deuil dans leur cœur de la perte de la jeunesse, que leur aimabilité n'y survit pas." To apply a line of Keble's, "The Man seems following still the funeral of the Boy," and always *en deuil* for it.

There are some people, Mrs. Gaskell has remarked, who imperceptibly float away from their youth into middle age, and thence into declining life, with the soft and gentle motion of happy years; while others there are who are whirled, in spite of themselves, down dizzy rapids of agony away from their youth at one great bound, into old age with another sudden shock; and thence into the vast calm ocean where there are no shore-marks to tell of time.

> "We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
> Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
> Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulfs

Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us ; then we think
Ah ! thus it is with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight ; hour follows hour, the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,
And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while, and then . . . Ah ! stay with me !
When thou art gone, Life may go too ; the sigh
That follows is for thee, and not for Life."

If there was a day marked on which youth ceases and age commences, Walpole would call that the day of one's death; the first would be the death of pleasure, the other is only the death of pain; and is that such a grievance? the gouty Epicurean asks.

Life is too short, complains Madame de Sévigné in one of her letters; scarcely have we taken leave of youth when we find ourselves in old age. Ten years later, in another letter, Madame strenuously forbids her daughter to speak of *her* youth as gone,* for that is to make Madame Mère *too* old. Sainte-Beuve observes of Madame Necker, that, unlike most women, she was untroubled by regret for youth when fled or beauty faded; yet one day we overhear a sigh escape her, when she counts her years as thirty-five, and seems to find herself in a new world, and is at a loss to decide whether her departed youth has been a dream, or whether it is now that the dream of life is beginning. But in her case the resources of mature life were already prepared. Not to such as her would apply Mrs. Gore's reflections on eight-and-thirty as so terrible an epoch in the life of a woman of fashion; the struggle between departing youth and coming age being then of agonizing intensity: "a little older, and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty, she gives up the field, allowing that Time has

* "Je vous défends de parler encore de votre jeunesse comme d'une chose perdue ; laissez-moi ce discours ; quand vous le faites, il me pousse trop loin, et tire à de grandes conséquences."—A Mme. de Grignan, 17 juin, 1685.

the best of it. But, for the five preceding years, those years during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may be still handsome, the tug of war is terrific."* A woman, we are assured, never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never appreciates the full value of raven locks until it is enforced by the contrast of the first grey hair. Hawthorne's Monsieur du Miroir is an allegory to the purpose, of masculine application; the writer's double in the mirror being his excellent friend and frequent associate until youth is on the wane, when the two become estranged: if they chance to meet, and it is chance oftener than design now, each glances sadly at the other's forehead, dreading wrinkles there, and at temples whence the hair is thinning away too early, and at the sunken eyes, which no longer shed a gladsome light over the whole face. Hartley Coleridge accounts it but the captious inference of witlings and scoffers, that attributes to mere sexual vanity that superstitious horror of encroaching age, from which the wisest are not always free: it may be that they shrink from the reflection of their wrinkles, not as from the despoilers of beauty, but as from the avant-couriers of dissolution. Happy they who see through these tokens of autumn into another life's unfading springtide. Like Evangeline, when

"Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead—
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

M. Arsène Houssaye somewhere speaks of *cette heure mauvaise du soleil couchant*† *de la jeunesse;* when, as Gray words it,

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* In the writings of George Sand we have a beauty watching the decay of her charms, as line by line, and tint by tint, they fade before her very eyes, and screaming, as well she may, observes a cool English critic, at the sight of a wrinkle; and we have others greedily reckoning the period that remains to them for possibly inspiring passion, and flying from life when the hope leaves them.

† It was while contemplating a magnificent sunset in Rome that Henri Beyle (De Stendhal) was afflicted as by some sudden calamity by the re-

"On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone."

Youth, averred one of Madame d'Arblay's favourite equerries, is the only season of possible happiness, and, that once flown, nothing but pain, mortification, and sorrow remains for mortal man. Walter Savage Landor insists that

"The days of our youth are not over while sadness
Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart."

The author of *Cecil* is forward to allow that some men at five-and-thirty are, like oaks and yews at a century, still in their infancy; but a Cis Danby, a rake in his teens, becomes at forty "a very foolish fond old man," more foolish and more fond than Lear at double the age. Horace Walpole at fifty writes to George Montagu, "I can bear the loss of youth heroically, provided I am comfortable, and can amuse myself as I like." A year later again, to the same correspondent, he says he "can submit to it with a good grace. There is no keeping off age by sticking roses and sweet peas in one's hair, as Miss Chudleigh does still." M. de Tocqueville at forty-seven cannot describe to a friend "the melancholy reflections that occur to me on youth that has passed away so quickly, and on old age which is approaching." "With what ill-omened rapidity," he exclaims in another letter of an earlier date, "life is beginning to pass! If I am not mistaken, this is a proof that youth is fled for ever, and that the impressions produced on the mind are becoming fainter; for life is measured by the number of impressions that remain graven on the memory." Byron makes this entry in his Journal: "I shall soon be six-and-twenty. Is there anything in the future that can possibly console us for not being always *twenty-five?*

"O Gioventu!
O Primavera! gioventu dell' anno.
O Gioventu! primavera della vita!"

membrance that in three months' time he would be fifty years of age; so entirely was he of one mind with the Greek poet, that "Bien insensé est l'homme qui pleure la perte de la vie, et qui ne pleure point la perte de la jeunesse."

At five-and-twenty Jane Taylor regretted the departure of youth; but another decade of years quite reconciled her to being as old as she then was, though "many a gay lady of five-and forty retains more of youth than I do." She would once have relished, though perhaps she could never have written them, the Wanderer's stanzas on his twenty-fourth year; some of them at least, such as—

> "What a thing! to have done with the follies of Youth
> Ere Age brings *its* follies!—tho' many a tear
> It should cost to see Love fly away, and find Truth
> In one's twenty-fourth year.
>
> "The Past's golden valleys are drain'd. I must plant
> On the Future's rough upland new harvests, I fear.
> Ho! the plough and the team! Who would perish of want
> In his twenty-fourth year."

To Aurora Leigh there came a morn when she stood upon the brink of twenty years, and looked before and after—

> "And, old at twenty, was inclined to pull
> My childhood backward, in a childish jest
> To see the face of't once more, and farewell!"

Too veritably a poetess to be really old at twenty; though by that age, for some, youth has all but departed; long before they are, in Byron's phrase, getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood," that horrid equinox, that hateful section of human years, that half-way house, that rude hut, whence wise travellers drive with circumspection life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary frontier of age, and, looking back to youth, give *one* tear. (The rhyme tells, albeit the verse be printed as prose.) "Of all the barbarous Middle Ages, that which is most barbarous s the middle age of man," Byron elsewhere affirms:

> "Too old for youth—too young, at thirty-five,
> To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore,—
> I wonder people should be left alive;
> But since they are, that epoch is a bore."

As different as the man Wordsworth from the man Byron,

is the strain of *The Prelude* from that of *Don Juan*, in reference to the age in question:

> "Four years and thirty, told this very week,
> Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
> By sorrow not unsmitten; yet for me
> Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,
> Her dew is on the flowers."

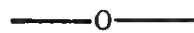
One of Charlotte Brontë's letters begins, "I shall be thirty-one next birthday. My youth is gone like a dream; and very little use have I ever made it. What have I done these last thirty years?" The plaint is in the tone of that symbolical autobiographer in Hawthorne's looking-glass story, who gazes on his mirrored self, that other self, as a record of his heavy youth, wasted in sluggishness, for lack of hope and impulse, or equally thrown away in toil that had no wise motive and had accomplished no good end; and who perceives that the tranquil gloom of a disappointed soul has darkened through his countenance, where the blackness of the future seems to mingle with the shadows of the past, giving him the aspect of a fated man. In *Romola*, only a keen eye bent on studying Tito Melema, after his return to Florence, can mark the certain amount of change in him which is not to be altogether accounted for by the lapse of time: it is that change which comes from the "final departure of moral youthfulness." The lines of the face may continue soft, and the eyes pellucid as of old; but something is gone—something as indefinable as the changes in the morning twilight.

> "Time has not blanched a single hair
> That clusters round thy forehead now;
> Nor hath the cankering touch of care
> Left even one furrow on thy brow. . . .
> But where, oh! where's the spirit's glow,
> That shone through all—ten years ago!
>
> 'I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
> Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
> And youth, and health, and visions high,
> Melt like a wreath of snow away.

"Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Ah! how unlike ten years ago!"

But the reminder is wholesome, that the recollection of the spring of life being gone, occasions melancholy only because our views are so much confined to this infancy of our existence; and that to cultivate an intimacy with the circumstances relating to its future stages is the only wisdom; for this alone can reconcile us to the decaying conditions of mortality. Frederick Perthes somewhere says, that between youth and age there is a wall of partition, which a man does not perceive till he has passed it; the transition being generally made in middle life, but passing unnoticed amid the necessary cares and labours of one's calling. Rightly he takes the discovery to be a stimulus to action, not a plea or pretext for languid reverie and unavailing regrets.

Ever to be noted is the pregnant fact, that when our Lord began to be about thirty years of age, then began His work in earnest, His ministry in public. To many, that age is the signal for selfish indulgence in regrets. To Him it struck the hour of hard work—work that should cease but in death.



## *PRETENCE-MADE LONG PRAYERS.*

St. Mark xii. 40.

IN the audience of all the people was this warning given, to beware of the scribes, by One who taught as having authority all His own, and not *as* the scribes,—to beware of them, the long-robed, smooth-spoken, self-seeking, pretentious dissemblers, "which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers." Short work they made of widows' houses; and their way of compensation was to make their prayers long.

Dryden's great satire has a vigorous couplet to the purpose:

> "Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
> Among the Jews, which was—to cheat and pray."

In another part of it we come upon another portrait of a like professor:

> "Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
> So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
> Ishban, of conscience suited to his trade,
> As good a saint as usurer ever made."

La Bruyère holds that "l'on peut s'enrichir dans quelque art, ou dans quelque commerce que ce soit, par l'ostentation d'une certaine probité." Let the probity be piety, and things go better still—for a time.

> "Why should not piety be made,
> As well as equity, a trade,
> And men get money by devotion,
> As well as making of a motion," etc.,

asks Butler in his Miscellaneous Thoughts. *He* is full of such *pensées*. A godly man that has served out his time in holiness—this is another of them—may set up any crime; "as scholars, when they've taken their degrees, may set up any faculty they please." More familiar are the lines in *Hudibras:*

> "Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
> More moderate than these by far:
> For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
> To get their wives and children meat;
> But these will not be fobb'd off so,
> They must have wealth and power too;
> Or else with blood and desolation
> They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation."

Worthy of study, on ethical grounds as well as entomological, is that species of the Mantis family of purely carnivorous insects, which rejoices in the name of *Mantis religiosa*, being regarded with religious reverence by the natives of the countries it inhabits, on account of its occasionally assuming the attitude of prayer. This, however, naturalists tell us, is the position in which it lies in wait for its prey; the front of the thorax being

elevated, and the two fore legs held up together, like a pair of arms, prepared to seize any animal that may fall within their reach.

> "Holy Will, holy Will, there was wit in your skull,
> When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
> The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
> Wha should swing in a rape for an hour."

So judges the author of *Holy Willie's Prayer*. Swift pitches one stanza of his *Newgate's Garland* in much the same key:

> "Some by public revenues, which pass'd through their hands,
> Have purchased clean houses and bought dirty lands:
> Some to steal for a charity think it no sin,
> Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.
> But if ever you be
> Assign'd a trustee,
> Treat not orphans like masters of the Chancery;
> But take the highway, and more honestly seize."

In a memorable ode, Thomas Hood invites us to behold yon servitor of God and Mammon, who, binding up his Bible with his ledger, blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,

> "A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
> Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
> Against the wicked remnant of the week,
> A saving bet against his sinful bias—
> 'Rogue that I am,' he whispers to himself,
> 'I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,
> But who on earth can say I am not pious?'"

Mr. Thackeray's John Brough, managing director of the Independent West Diddlesex Insurance Company, is punctilious about having his family to prayers every morning at eight precisely; not that his author (who was even severe against hasty charges of hypocrisy) would call him a hypocrite because he had family prayers: "there are many bad and good men who don't go through the ceremony at all, but I am sure the good men would be the better for it, and am not called upon to settle the question with respect to the bad ones;" and therefore a great deal of the religious part of Mr. Brough's behaviour is designedly passed over: suffice it, that religion was always on

his lips; that he went to church thrice every Sunday, for a show making long prayers. He belonged to what Molière calls "ces gens qui, par une âme à l'intérêt soumise, font de dévotion métier et marchandise." A pronounced example figures in Mr. Tennyson's *Sea Dreams*—that story of a city clerk whose face would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,

> "And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
> To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine;"

which oily rogue the impoverished dupe in vain strove to bring to an account, and in vain plied with the demand to be shown the books:

> "When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)
> Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
> And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
> All over with the fat affectionate smile
> That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,
> Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he;
> 'And all things work together for the good
> Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
> Gript my hand hard, and with 'God-bless you' went.
> . . . My eyes
> Pursued him down the street, and far away,
> Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
> Read rascal in the motions of his back,
> And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

So false, he partly took himself for true; whose pious talk when most his heart was dry,

> "Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
> Who, never naming God except for gain,
> So never took that useful name in vain;
> Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
> And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
> Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
> And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
> And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
> Arising, did his holy oily best,
> Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
> To spread the Word by which himself had thriven."

A younger poet has painted for us a banker, well-known as

wearing the longest-phylacteried gown of all the rich Pharisees England can boast of—who "knew how to quote both the stocks and the Scriptures, with equal advantage to himself and admiring friends, in this Cant Age." Cynics have nothing better to call him than "that specious old sinner, who would dice with the devil and yet rise up winner"—and before the smash comes, one shrewd observer is convinced that old Ridley's white waistcoat, and airs of devotion, have long been the only ostensible capital on which he does business.

> "But Heaven forgive me, if cautious I am on
> The score of such men as, with both God and Mammon
> Seem so shrewdly familiar."

Such men, in a lower range, as Elder Stephen Grab, of Beechmeadows,—"a pious man; at least he looked like one, and spoke like one too," as far as the looking it and speaking it can be enforced by "a face as long as the moral law, and p'rhaps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone," with a tongue moving so "ily on its hinges, you'd a thought you might a trusted him with ontold gold," at least if you didn't care whether you got it again or no. But the Elder is a representative man, at best, of those who "believe in special ways o' prayin' an' convartin';"

> "The bread comes back in many days, an' butter'd, tu, for sartin;
> I mean in preyin' till one busts on wut the party chooses,
> An' in convartin' public trusts to very private uses."

Macaulay once asked pardon for detaining the House of Commons with the story, from a Spanish novel, of a wandering lad, a sort of Gil Blas, who is taken into the service of a rich old silversmith, "a most pious man," who is always telling his beads, who hears mass daily, and observes the feasts and fasts of the Church with the utmost scrupulosity. The silversmith is always preaching honesty and piety. "Never," he constantly repeats to his young assistant, "never touch what is not your own; never take liberties with sacred things." Sacrilege, as uniting theft with profaneness, is the sin of which he has the deepest horror. One day, while he is lecturing after his usual fashion, an ill-looking fellow comes into the shop, with a sack

under his arm. "Will you buy these?" says the visitor, and produces from the sack some church-plate, and a rich silver crucifix. "Buy them!" cries the precisian: "No, nor touch them; not for the world. I know where you got them. Wretch that you are, have you no care for your soul?" "Well, then," says the thief, "if you will not buy them, will you melt them down for me?" "Melt them down?" responds the silversmith, "that is quite another matter." He takes the chalice and the crucifix with a pair of tongs; the silver, thus in bond, is dropped into the crucible, melted, and delivered to the thief, who lays down five pistoles, and decamps with his booty. The young servant stares at this strange scene. But the master very gravely resumes his lecture. "My son," he says, "take warning by that sacrilegious knave, and take example by me. Think what a load of guilt lies on his conscience. You will see him hanged before long. But as to me, you saw that I would not touch the stolen property. I keep these tongs for such occasions. And thus I thrive in the fear of God, and manage to turn an honest penny." And no doubt the silversmith enjoyed among his neighbours a reputation equal to that ascribed by the goldsmith in Shakspeare to a presumably most honest adventurer:

> "*Merchant.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
> *Angelo.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,
> Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
> Second to none that lives here in the city;
> His word might bear my wealth at any time."

Scott's Trumbull of Annan is in semblance a perfect specimen of the rigid old Covenanter, who will not admit Alan Fairford on Saturday night till prayers are over. "They're at exercise, sir," the visitor is told, and he overhears from within the uplifting of a Scottish psalm. When Mr. Trumbull at last presents himself, it is with his psalm-book in his hand, kept open by the insertion of his forefinger between the leaves; and he austerely demands the meaning of this unseasonable interruption. A secret sign, or password, is enough to relieve the old dissembler of all this fatigue of dissimulation, while it moves him

to utter or mutter "a plague of all fools that waste time,—could you not have said as much at first?" What cares John Selden to see a man run after a sermon, if he covets and cheats as soon as he comes home? "I'm not sure, after all, about this religion," says Mr. Shelby to the slave-trader; "the country is almost ruined with pious white people; such pious politicians as we have just before elections—with pious goings on in all departments of Church and State, that a fellow does not know who'll cheat him next." "Truth is very beautiful, no doubt," moralizes Mr. Isaac Smirk, "but if stark-naked truth was always to stand behind a counter, I should like to know who'd go into the shop. I know the value of truth as well as any man. . . . As for what you stupidly call lies, I always looked upon them as necessary tools for business. . . Six days for business, and the seventh for religious duties. . . . I always proved that the false weights had been substituted by a malicious servant. The fines were certainly never returned to me; but there was not one well-disposed person of the Sunday congregation—and twice a day did I appear in my pew, reserving my evening of rest to look over my books—not one of them who did not believe in my innocence." The Pious Editor's Creed in the *Biglow Papers* includes this clause, or article:

> "I du believe in prayer an' praise
> To him that hez the grantin'
> O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
> But most of all in cantin';
> This doth my cup with marcies fill,
> This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
> I don't believe in princerple,
> But, O, I *du* in interest."

As for "princerple," of the kind glanced at, "comment," as Aurelly exclaims in Beaumarchais, "un principe d'honnêteté les arrêterait-il, eux qui n'ont jamais fait le bien que pour tromper impunément les hommes!" Must we believe, with Michelet, in regard of Lewis the Eleventh and his charitable donations, that speculating in devotion, often taking the saints and Our Lady for partners, keeping an open account with

them, and trading for mutual profit or loss, he thought by charities of the kind, by petty sums in advance, to secure their interest for some capital stroke? Ferdinand of Aragon's Catholic faith was observed to be marvellously efficacious in advancing his temporal interests: Brantôme, Guicciardini, and Machiavelli alike glance at this trait of *dévotion par ypocrisie;* and Prescott shows how scrupulously the king's most objectionable enterprises were covered with the veil of religion. Says Waller,

> "Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
> That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
> But where religion does with virtue join,
> It makes a hero like an angel shine."

South refers to the Pharisees of our Saviour's time as by Him represented as "the very vilest of men, and the greatest of cheats": we have them, says he, amusing the world with pretences of a more refined devotion, while their heart was all the time in their neighbour's coffers. And the "great tools, the hooks or engines, by which they compassed their worst, their wickedest, and most rapacious designs, were long prayers. Prayers made only for a show or colour; and that to the basest and most degenerous sort of villany, even the robbing the spital, and devouring the houses of poor, helpless, forlorn widows. Their devotion served all along but as an instrument to their avarice, as a factor or under-agent to their extortion. A practice which, duly seen into, and stripped of its hypocritical blinds, could not but look very odiously and ill-favouredly; and therefore, in come their long robes, and their long prayers together, and cover all." And South takes the plain truth of it to be, that neither the length of the one nor of the other is ever found so useful, as when there is something more than ordinary that would not be seen. This was the gainful godliness of the Pharisees; and he avows his belief, after good observation, that we shall hardly find any like the Pharisees for their long prayers, who are not also extremely like them for something else.

The length of the prayers which rapacious scribes made for

a show, is obviously mentioned as rather an aggravation than a mitigation of their offence. To pray without ceasing is an apostolic injunction; but what it enjoins is, that ever prayerful spirit which is quite compatible with a deliberate impatience of prolix utterances and diffuse verbiage. Long prayers may be an abomination to Him that heareth the prayer. God is in heaven, and man upon earth; therefore let man's words be few. The Son of Man, who passed whole nights in prayer to God,—whatever interpretation we may put on the original words,—uttered this pregnant caution in His Sermon on the Mount: "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him."* And then came a form of prayer, provided for all

* The rule is of obvious application in the matter and manner of what we call "saying grace." Half a dozen words, or fewer, heartlessly gabbled over, or apologetically mumbled under one's breath, may be essentially formal—a mere form, and nothing better, without a particle of devotion about them, without the faintest spirit of thanksgiving. But so, in effect upon others, if not in the intent and purpose of the spokesman, may be half a dozen sentences, spun out into what is known by tradition as a long grace. Good taste goes for something after all in society, when the interests of true piety are concerned.

In his discourse "against long extemporary prayers," Dr. South remarks that a person ready to sink under his wants, has neither time nor heart to rhetoricate or make flourishes: "No man begins a long grace when he is ready to starve: such a one's prayers are like the relief he needs, quick and sudden, short and immediate: he is like a man in torture upon the rack, whose pains are too acute to let his words be many, and whose desires of deliverance too impatient to delay the thing he begs for, by the manner of his begging it." Elia's famous essay on Grace before Meat suggests a seeming impertinence in interposing a religious sentiment when the ravenous orgasm is upon you: "it is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters." Would Elia then have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? No, he would have them, he protests, sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. "Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes." What he maintains is, that gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving—that the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not recondite dainties; the means of life, and not

time,—"After this manner therefore pray ye,"—even in the terse, compact, comprehensive form of the Lord's Prayer.

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the means of pampering the carcase. It is in some sort a parallel passage to the one just now quoted from South, that in which Elia professes to be theoretically no enemy to graces, but practically owning that (before meat especially) they seem to him to involve something awkward and unseasonable—the moment of appetite being, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise.

Montaigne on his travels found matter for note-taking and book-making in the fact that when he dined with the Cardinal de Sens, "the blessing and the grace, both very long, were said by two chaplains, who made responses to each other, in the same way as in the Church Service." Monsignor's grace before meat was pitched in a quite different key from that, the key-note of which Ben Jonson struck in perhaps his most characteristic comedy of manners, where we have "an old elder come from Banbury," who "puts in at meal tide, to praise the painful brethren," and "says a grace so long as his breath lasts him." "Dost thou ever," quoth Quarlous to Winwife, "think to bring thine ear or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as long as thy table-cloth ; and droned out . . . till all the meat on thy board has forgot it was that day in the kitchen?" In the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, of Stratford-upon-Avon, occurs this entry: "Because conventicles were forbidden in Scotland, one there said grace of an hour and a half long, so couching a conventicle in it." The national usage of long graces, at least in some quarters, is a subject of frequent allusion by Burns ; as in the verse—

"The auld Guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gies them't like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.'

Or as in the Dedication to Gavin Hamilton : "Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces, wi' weel-spread loaves, an' lang, wry faces." Or as in the first stanza of the Address to a Haggis, "Weel are ye worthy o' a grace as lang's my arm"—at which words Sir Walter Scott, in repeating them, would extend his arm over the haggis, a dish after his own heart in the days of his prime. In those days it was, at a dinner of the Abbotsford Hunt, that Dominie George Thomson (himself an eager sportsman) would, as Mr. Lockhart describes it, "favour us with a grace, in Burns's phrase, 'as long as my arm,' beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary, that Scott, who had been fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had everything but the view holla!'" In the Haggis poem of Burns it is observable that when grace is said after meat, the very shortest possible form is muttered by the over-crammed master of the feast :

"Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
*Bethankit* hums."

The one word in Burns's italics is seemingly identical with the two which Mrs. Gore indicates in small capitals, when she thus writes of a dinner in

unwonted company, and of a grace of unwonted longitude, in her *Memoirs of a Peeress:* "Unaccustomed to the jargon of people of their class, I confess that their familiar adaptation of scriptural language appeared to me little short of blasphemy; nor could I help admiring by what copious replenishments of Sir Obadiah's East India Madeira, Mr. Bumptext repaid himself for the grace in many sections, wherein is diffused the simple thanksgiving before meat, expressed IN TWO WORDS by wiser Christians." Dr. Holmes is careful to make one of his venerable pastors eschew all verbiage when summoned at a dinner-party by that "peculiar look which he understood at once, as inviting his professional services;" the good old man is described as uttering a few simple words of gratitude, very quietly, —much to the satisfaction of some of the guests, who had expected one of "those elaborate effusions, with rolling up of the eyes and rhetorical accents, so frequent with eloquent divines when they address their Maker in genteel company." It is of New England the Doctor is treating, be it remembered; not of Old. And perhaps it should be added, of New England when it was newer than it is now; that is to say, older; only not Old. Edward Irving says in an Ordination charge, "Our fathers would not break bread without a solemn word of prayer which would weary a congregation in these times." The Presbyterian chaplain at Sir Duncan Campbell's castle of Ardenvohr, delays Dugald Dalgetty's assault on the huge piece of beef that smokes on the board, until the conclusion of a very long grace, betwixt every section of which the famished Rittmaster handles his knife and fork, as he might have done his musket or pike when going into action, and as often resigns them when the prolix chaplain commences another clause of his benediction. When Old Mortality is with difficulty prevailed upon to join his host, Jedediah Cleishbotham, (is it not written in the Tales of my Landlord?) in a single glass of liquor, and that on condition that he shall be permitted to name the pledge, he prefaces the latter (to the memory of Kirk martyrs) with a grace of about five minutes. When Lady Peveril in person marshals Major Bridgenorth and Alice to the separate room where ample good cheer is provided for them, it is emphatically noted that she "had even the patience to remain while Master Nehemiah Solsgrace pronounced a benediction of portentous length, as an introduction to the banquet,"—her presence indeed tending to make his prolusion last the longer, and become more than usually intricate and involved, inasmuch as he felt himself debarred from rounding it off with his wonted petition, pungently alliterative, for deliverance from Popery, Prelacy, and Peveril of the Peak. Dominie Sampson, called upon by his patron to say grace, "did accordingly pronounce a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Mannering had yet heard him utter." (According to Miss Mannering, some twenty years later, the creature "pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackarel.") Old Joseph, in *Wuthering Heights*, shrewdly conjectures that Catherine and Heathcliff are staying away from the supper-table in order to avoid hearing his protracted blessing: "And on their behalf he added that night a special prayer to the usual quarter of an hour's supplication before meat," and would have tacked another to the end of the grace but for a decisive interruption. The veteran was a relic of what Scott calls the righteous period,

"When folks conceived a grace<br>
Of half an hour's space,<br>
And rejoiced in a Friday's capon."

Not that the eighteenth century, or its immediate predecessor, monopolized this conception—conception is a blessing, as Hamlet says. The author of *Harold*, describing a banquet under the royal roof of Edward the Confessor, is careful to tell us that, hungry as were the guests (William of Normandy and Odo of Bayeux included), it was not the custom of that holy court to fall to without due religious ceremonial. The rage for psalm-singing was then at its height in England; psalmody had excluded almost every other description of vocal music; and it is even said that great festivals on certain occasions were preluded by no less an effort of lungs and memory than the entire songs bequeathed to us by King David. "This day, however, Hugoline, Edward's Norman chamberlain, had been pleased to abridge the length of the prolix grace, and the company were let off, to Edward's surprise and displeasure, with the curt and unseemly preparation of only nine psalms and one special hymn in honour of some obscure saint, to whom the day was dedicated." This performed, the guests resumed their seats, while Edward murmured an apology to William for the strange omission of his chamberlain, thrice repeating to himself, deprecatingly, "Naught, naught—very naught."

The late Mr. Irving has been cited in the foregoing paragraph, as glancing at the impatience of degenerate to-day's men with what our fathers looked for as a matter of course. Of him a story is told by the Rev. Edward Craig, formerly of Edinburgh, who met him at a supper-party, some of the guests at which had three miles to walk home after that meal; before the commencement of which, however, the host requested the great preacher, then lionizing in the North, to read the Bible and expound. This he did, and without a sign of nearing an end until midnight. "The supper was of course either burnt up or grown cold. When the clock struck twelve, Mr. P. tremblingly and gently suggested to him that it might be desirable to draw to a close. 'Who art thou,' he replied, with prophetic energy, 'who darest to interrupt the man of God in the midst of his administrations?'" He pursued his commentary, it seems, for some time longer, then closed the book, and waving his long arm over the head of his host, uttered an audible and deliberate prayer that his offence might be forgiven him. But possibly Mr. Craig did not care to paint his picture in faint water-colours.

In his inimitable way, Elia relates his once drinking tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, one of whom, before the first cup was handed round, put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to "say anything." The reverend brother replied that it was not a custom known in his church (before *tea*); and in this courteous evasion the other acquiesced for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, so that the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. Lamb speculates on the spirit with which Lucian might have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice—the hungry god, meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

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## *FEARLESS AND DEFIANT.*

ST. LUKE xviii. 2, 4.

HEAR what the unjust judge saith: "I fear not God, nor regard man." Fearing nothing, is his device. Few things are nobler than fearlessness proper. But there is such a thing as fearlessness improper, fearlessness to a fault. It is the devout man alone who can be bold—be bold and be not too bold; fearless in a good cause, but defiant only of evil; so that he may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." He both fears God and regards man; but he so fears God as not to regard the menaces or machinations of wicked men. To fear God, is the first article in the whole duty of man. And he is best prepared to fear not what man shall do unto him, who makes it his law of life, and a law of love, to serve God with reverence and godly fear. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? . . . Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." Fearlessness like this comes of the fear of God, and depends for very existence upon it; grows with its growth, strengthens with its strength, declines with its decline.

Fearlessness that is not the result of godly fear, may discover or assert itself in a variety of forms. Besides the defiant recklessness of the unjust judge, there is the fearlessness that arises from sheer stolidity, from mere incapacity to realize the nature or the extent of imminent peril. Dr. Croly observes of the singular presence of mind found in some men in the midst of universal perturbation,—which is one of the most effective qualities of our nature, and is commonly attributed to the highest vigour of heart and understanding,—that it is not always deserving of such proud parentage; it is sometimes the child of mere brute ignorance of danger, sometimes of habitual ferocity, sometimes of madness—of the fierce energy that leads the maniac safe over roofs and battlements.

> "Quand plus d'un brave aujourd'hui tremble,
> Moi, poltron, je ne tremble pas."

But that may only indicate how inferior the *poltron* is to the *brave* in clearsightedness as well as in constitutional courage. There may be, as Mr. Carlyle says, an absence of fear which arises from the absence of thought or affection, from the presence of hatred and stupid fury: "We do not value the courage of the tiger highly. . . . The tiger before a *stronger* foe—flies: the tiger is not what we call valiant, only fierce and cruel." In another of his works the same writer recognizes in a certain notorious French adventuress "a strength of transcendent audacity, amounting to the bastard-heroic," yet accounts her the furthest in the world from a brave woman. Without intellect, imagination, power of attention, or any spiritual faculty, how brave were one, he exclaims,—"with fit motive for it, such as hunger!" How much might one dare, by the simplest of methods, by not thinking of it, not knowing it! Shakspeare's Orleans will not accredit the English with any but stupid brute courage: if they had any apprehension, they would run away from him; and his reply to a companion's remark, that the island of England breeds very valiant creatures, their mastiffs being of unmatchable courage, is the exclamatory, "Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may just as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion." "Just, just," assents the Constable of France,—it is on the eve of Agincourt,—"and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives." One of Byron's battle pictures includes the figure of

> "—— a mere novice, whose
> Mere virgin valour never dream'd of flying,
> From ignorance of danger, which indues
> Its votaries, like Innocence relying
> On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews."

Discoursing of the possibility of some virtues coming to a

man through personal defects, Montaigne instances firmness in danger and contempt of death, as often to be found in men for want of well judging of such matters, and not apprehending them for such as they are. Want of apprehension, and sottishness, he goes on to say, are apt to counterfeit virtuous effects; and he quotes what an Italian nobleman once said in his hearing, to the disadvantage of his own nation: that the subtilty of the Italians and the vivacity of their conceptions made them far foreseeing of danger, and prudently precautionary in guarding against it; whereas the Germans and Swiss, a heavier and thicker-skulled race, had not the sense to look about them, even then, when the blows were falling about their ears. "Raw soldiers rush into danger with much more precipitation than after they have been well beaten." A pretty kind of valour, exclaims Ben Jonson's Practice, in the discussion on certain varieties of that virtue, real or reputed; such a valour as is due merely to "an indiscreet presumption," or again to

> "—— a dull, desperate resolving,
> In case of some necessitous misery, or
> Incumbent mischief; narrowness of mind,
> Or ignorance, being the root of it."

Coleridge philosophizes somewhere on the scope of the proverb that fortune favours fools; as where safety and success are the actual result of ignorance of danger and difficulty; which ignorance precludes the despondence that might have kept the more foresighted from undertaking the enterprise, as well as the depression which would retard its progress, and those overwhelming influences of terror in cases where the vivid perception of the danger constitutes the greater part of the danger itself.* Captain Booth is probably speaking for Fielding himself when he professes to think, after much personal observation, that the courage as well as cowardice

* As where, to take Coleridge's own illustration, men are said to have swooned and even died at the sight of a narrow bridge, over which they had ridden the night before in perfect safety; or at tracing their footmarks along the edge of a precipice which the darkness had concealed from them.

of fools proceeds from not knowing what is or what is not the proper object of fear; so that he would account for the extreme hardiness, or fool-hardiness, of some men, in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a bugbear: the child knows not but that the bugbear is the proper object of fear, the blockhead knows not that a cannon-ball is so.

The courage of despair is another illegitimate variety. Milton's Moloch, the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair, rather than be less than the greatest, cared not to be at all; with that care lost,

> "Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
> He reck'd not."

Satan's fearlessness is of another type. Hell trembles at the stride of Death: the undaunted Fiend what this new monster may be, admires, not fears. Created thing he fears not. When Rosinberg asks Frederic, in the play, "Hast thou no fear?" and to the question in return, "What dost thou mean?" rejoins, "Hast thou no fear of death?" the younger man's reply is,—

> "Fear is a name for something in the mind,
> But what, from inward sense, I cannot tell.
> I could as little anxious march to battle,
> As when a boy to childish games I ran.
> *Ros.* Then as much virtue hast thou in thy valour
> As when a child thou hadst in childish play.
> The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
> For that were stupid and irrational;
> But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
> And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

Do we not know, to apply the image of another dramatist, the noble steed will start aside, scared lightly by a straw, a shadow, a thorn-bush in the way, "while the dull mule plods stupidly down the dizziest paths?" There are such things as fears of the brave,* as well as follies of the wise. That great

* Porthos, "the bravest of the brave," is fain to own that every man has his day, and that there are certain days when one feels less pleasure than upon others in exposing oneself to a bullet or a sword-thrust. Not

active courage in opposing danger, and great repugnance to passive endurance and unknown change which are independent of our exertions, are perfectly consistent, is a point which Joanna Baillie has taken pains to illustrate in more than one of her Plays on the Passions. As she reminds us in a preface, soldiers who have distinguished themselves honourably in the field have died pusillanimously on the scaffold, just as, on the other hand, men brought up in peaceful habits, who, without some very strong excitement, would have marched with trepidation to battle, have died under the hands of the executioner with magnanimous composure. "A man actively brave, when so circumstanced that no exertion of strength or boldness is of any avail, finds himself in a new situation, contrary to all former experience; and is therefore taken at a greater disadvantage than men of a different character." In her prose tragedy of *The Dream*, men marvel at the change wrought within so short a time on the bold and gallant Osterloo, and speculate as to the cause of it. "Have I not told thee, Morand," says a monk, "that fear will sometimes couch under the brazen helmet as well as the woollen cowl?" "Fear, dost thou call it?" answers Morand: "Set him this moment in the field of battle, with death threatening him from a hundred points at once, and he would brave it most valiantly." Benedict prevents the monk from replying, with a "Hush, brother!" and the soldier, with a "Be not so warm, good lieutenant; we believe what thou sayest most perfectly. The bravest mind is capable of fear, though it fears no mortal man.

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that he believes he shall ever die from either of these. In that case, a friend submits, Porthos is afraid of nothing: ah, but water perhaps? No; Porthos swims like an otter. Of a quartan fever, then? Not at all. But there is one thing of which, he confesses, he is "horribly afraid," and that is politics. He dreads Cardinal-Ministers and their manœuvres, for he has known both Richelieu and Mazarin of old.

So with the Dagobert of an equally popular French *roman*. "I have never feared death—I am not a coward—and yet I confess, yes, I confess it, these black robes frighten me." Of Marshal Simon, in another volume, we read, that in spite of his natural intrepidity, so nobly proved by twenty years of war, the ravages of the cholera overwhelmed him with involuntary dread.

A brave man fears not man; and an innocent and brave man fears nothing." "Ay, now you speak reason," quoth Morand; "call it fear then, if you will." Not so ready to acquiesce in Benedict's reasoning is the Imperial ambassador, who will not hear of Osterloo and fear coupled together, until he shall find the lion and the fawn couching in the same lair. He would have been as impatient, haply, to hear a latter-day divine declare it to be pure nonsense to talk about being incapable of fear; for though you may regard fear as unmanly and unworthy, and may repress the manifestations of it, the state of mind which follows the perception of being in danger, is fear; and as surely as the perception of light is sight, so surely is the perception of danger fear. The thoughtful man recognizes the peril, admits that he shrinks from it, and takes pains to protect himself, but will run risks whenever duty requires it. "*This* is the courage of the civilized man, as opposed to the blind, bull-dog insensibility of the savage. *This* is courage—to know the existence of danger, but to face it nevertheless." It appears in manfully facing risks which are inevitable, but not in running into needless peril, with "young rifleman foolhardiness." Uncle Toby is told by Trim, "Your honour fears not death yourself," and answers, "I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, but the doing a wrong thing." And the Corporal caps Obadiah's praise of his Captain as a kindly-hearted gentleman, with a heart as soft as a child for other people, by affirming him to be as brave a one too as ever stepped before a platoon; one who would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the touch-hole.

M. Edgar Quinet, in an appreciative analysis of one of the old *chansons de geste* about Roland and Oliver, "deux paladins de Charlemagne," especially admires "le tremblement de ces deux hommes invincibles devant le séraphin désarmé." Scott makes Contay, "brave as he was in battle," tremble outright at the frantic rage exhibited by Charles of Burgundy. In *Woodstock* he describes Colonel Everard, who so often had braved death in the field of battle, as experiencing the agony which fear, indefinitely caused, imposes on the brave man,

acute in proportion to that which pain inflicts when it subdues the robust and healthy. It being found impracticable to arrange a personal meeting between Elizabeth of England and Henry IV. of France, shortly before her death, the rumour ran that the great king, whose delight was in battle, and who had never been known to shrink from danger on dry land, was appalled at the idea of sea-sickness, and even dreaded the chance of being kidnapped by the English pirates.

The boast of Gestas, the "mauvais larron" or bad thief, as contrasted with the "bon larron," the good or penitent one, in the old French Mystery of the Passion, starts very much in the style of the unjust judge, in his soliloquy:

"Je ne crains rien, ni Dieu, ni diable,
Ni hom, tant soit épouvantable."

It is the bad eminence of Jehoiakim and his retainers, that when the words of the roll were read, and burnt, they were not afraid, nor rent their garments, neither the king nor any of his servants that heard all these words. The Sea-king, in the Saga of King Olaf, contemptuously rejects the offer of the latter: "Neither fear I God nor Devil; thee and thy Gospel I defy;" and defiantly he dies—bitten to death by the adder his foemen force to glide between his distended jaws:

"Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died."

Evelyn cannot record in his Diary without something of admiration, in the older and larger sense of the word, the unconcerned way in which Col. Vrats, the "execrable murderer" of Mr. Thynn, "went to execution like an undaunted hero;" and how "Vrats told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deale with him like a gentleman. Never man went so uncon-

cerned to his sad fate." Odysseus could not have more complacently chanted his couplet,

> "Let ghastly death in any form appear,
> I see him not, it is not mine to fear."

Balfour of Burley, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell at Drumclog, and a third time transfixing him with his sword, bade him "Die, wretch, die! die, blood-thirsty dog! die as thou hast lived! die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing," "And FEARING nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter the defiant last words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken. Bertram in Maturin's tragedy is rated by the Prior much as Bothwell in Scott's novel is by the Puritan:

> "Oh, thou art on the verge of awful death, . . .
> But terrors move in thee a horrid* joy,
> And thou art harden'd by habitual danger
> Beyond the sense of aught but pride in death."

It is the distinctive trait of the celebrated *Treize hommes* in Balzac, that they are "inaccessibles à la peur, n'ayant tremblé ni devant le prince, ni devant le bourreau, ni devant l'innocence." Adrastus in the tragedy fires up at the bare mention of fear:

> "—— Fear! dost talk
> Of fear to me? I deem'd even thy poor thoughts
> Had better scann'd their master. Prithee tell me
> In what act, word, or look, since I have borne
> Thy converse here, hast thou discern'd such baseness
> As makes thee bold to prate to me of fear?"

In Macaulay's poem of *Tirzah and Ahirad*, when a strange horror comes on all present at the marriage feast, and the far-famed harp of gold drops from Jubal's trembling grasp, and the bride clings to the bridegroom, frantic with dismay, "and the corpse-like hue of dread Ahirad's haughty face

* *Horrid* is so well-worn a phrase in the dramatic works of Maturin's time, and earlier, as to be a worn-out one. The constant use of it is a blemish in Joanna Baillie's Plays on the Passions.

o'erspread," even the tigers to their lord retreat, and couch and whine beneath his feet;—

> "All hearts are cowed save his alone
> Who sits upon the emerald throne; . . .
> For on the soul of the proud king
> No terror of created thing
> From sky, or earth, or hell, hath power."

*Craignez encor la foudre*, says Corneille's Dom Arias to the Count, who replies, *Je l'attendrai sans peur;* and a further menace only produces the line: "Qui ne craint point la mort ne craint point les menaces." Gibbon says of the bold declaration made by Honorius, that his breast had never been susceptible of fear (*nec me timor impulit ullus*), that it did not probably obtain much credit, even in his own court. That emperor was not altogether of Philaster's temperament, who never yet saw enemy that looked so dreadfully, but that he thought himself as great a basilisk as he; nor beast that he could turn from; and who, besought to hide himself from a redoubtable and hostile prince, so indignantly scouts the suggestion:

> "—— Hide me from Pharamond!
> When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
> Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not."

Of him is testimony borne to the arrogant princess, "Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is." Admiral Lord Howe once said, but perhaps it was in his haste, "Frightened, sir! I never was frightened in my life." The word "fear" was not in his vocabulary, says the Countess Brownlow of Lord Castlereagh. It has been said of the Napier brothers, five in all, that, strong as was the family likeness among them in every salient point of intellectual and moral character, the one quality which chiefly marked them all, and separated them from the rest of the world, was their absolute fearlessness of nature. Admiring critics regret in them the want of that repose of nature which ought to accompany fearlessness. But each brother of the five might set up as sound and strong a claim as John Knox himself to the eulogium uttered over that

reformer's grave, "There lies one who never feared the face of man." They would, either of them, all of them, have been hail fellow, well met! with that Dutch colonel, Van Gieselles, of whom the historian of the United Netherlands quaintly says, that, in his defence of the Polder Fort, he was ready to fight the west wind, the North Sea, and Spinola at any moment, singly or conjoined.

Catherine II. of Russia has been spoken of as fearing nothing, not even madness, and gentle from that very absence of fear. Romancers revel in reproducing "souls feminine" of this masculine order. Miss Manuel, in *Never Forgotten*, answers grave warnings with a flash of fire from her eyes direct to the forewarner's face, and with the reply: "I have a strong constitution, and fear nothing." Mrs. Ireton Bembridge, in *Black Sheep*, avows herself "not at all clever," "only courageous—'plucky,' your English ladies call it, I think, in the last new style of stable and barrack-room talk. I am that; I don't think that I could be afraid of anything or any one." When Henry Warden admonishes Queen Mary to work out her salvation with fear and trembling, "I cannot fear or tremble," replies the Queen; "to Mary Stewart such emotions are unknown." "I don't know what fear is," Miss Forrester assures the Count; "It would be well for some men if they could say the same." And we are told of the Count, that, although no coward,—there she wronged him,—a cold instinctive shudder did, nevertheless, come across him as, walking away, he recalled the expression of that woman's eyes.

Woman's appreciation of absolute fearlessness on man's part, and her impatient scorn of any womanish weakness of spirit in him, is illustrated in Beaumont and Fletcher's Amazon play, *The Sea-Voyage*, where Crocale expatiates on the indomitable manliness of her prisoners, who meet all sorts of cruelties like pleasures. "Have they not lives and fears?" asks Clarinda. And Crocale's answer is,—

"Lives they have, Madam;
But those lives never linkt to such companions
As fears or doubts are."

An altar, for human sacrifice apparently, is reared, and "horrid music" is heard, "infernal music, fit for a bloody feast," and the prisoners deem it prepared to kill their courage, ere soul from body is parted. But let the dispensers of death do their worst: "They that fearless fall, deprive them of their triumph." Each prisoner is primed to say with Seleucus in another of the partners' plays,—

"If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale."

The Argantes of Tasso's epic confronts the last enemy with like assurance—defiant in death, and against it:

"Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,
But as he furious lived he careless dies;
Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce, and void of fear,
His motions last, last looks, last speeches were."

In this resembling the dead warrior, of whom we have a glimpse in a later canto—when Vafrino finds the grass besmeared with drops of blood, and him whose life has thus drained away:

"—— his face to skies
He turns, and seems to threat, though dead he lies."

A face to gaze on with less of horror, but perhaps equal interest, is that of Crescentius, as depicted in a modern lyric—in whose eye there was a quenchless energy,

"A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake."

Moore's Mokanna is among the sinister specimens of the fearless and defiant: "He knew no more of fear than one who dwells beneath the tropics knows of icicles." Shall we heap together a mass medley of miscellaneous samples from prose fiction? There is Mr. Trollope's Burgo Fitzgerald, for instance, of whom, as he quietly boasts, no one could say that he was afraid of anybody or of anything. From Sir Walter Scott come examples by the dozen. Michael Turnbull tells De Walton, in *Castle Dangerous*, that he has no more

fear in facing whatever that English governor can do, than he has in levelling to the earth it grows upon, the sapling which, suiting the deed to the word, he strikes with his battle-axe from a neighbouring oak-tree. "Fear!" exclaims El Hakim, in *The Talisman*, when Sir Kenneth asks him in the desert what he fears from yonder Christian horsemen: "Fear!" repeating the word disdainfully, "The sage fears nothing but Heaven." The parting words of the Hermit of Engaddi to the Grand Master are,—"And for thee, TREMBLE!" "Tremble!" replied the Templar, contemptuously, "I cannot if I would." That other Templar in *Ivanhoe*, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is characterized by Cedric, on the word of returning warriors from Palestine, as a hard-hearted man, who "knows neither fear of earth nor awe of heaven." Front-de-Bœuf alleges of him that he recks neither of heaven nor of hell. With a volley of Dutch oaths Dirk Hatteraick swears it shall never be said that *he* feared either dog or devil. To Bertram's whisper to Dandie Dinmont, in the same story, not to be afraid of Meg Merrilies in her cavern, "Fear'd! fient a haet care I," says the dauntless farmer, "be she witch or deevil; it's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont." Cleveland tells Norna, in *The Pirate*, to call forth her demon, if she commands one;—"I have been long inaccessible both to fear and to superstition." A man that, like him, has spent years in company with incarnate devils, can scarce, he takes it, dread the presence of a disembodied fiend. One other example of Sir Walter's fearless wrongdoers we have in the titular Earl of Etherington, who thus touches on his correspondent's allusion to possible misgivings and disquietude: "Do I not fear the future? Harry, I will not cut your throat for supposing you to have put the question, but calmly assure you, that I never feared anything in my life. I was born without the sensation, I believe; at least, it is perfectly unknown to me." Lord Lytton endows his Guy Darrell with "that superb kind of pride, which, if terror be felt, makes its action impossible, because a disgrace," and bravery a matter of course, simply because it is honour. Mr.

Kingsley pictures his Hereward, "the last of the English," standing staring and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all virtues save humility, and capable, too, of all vices except cowardice.

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## *PONTIUS PILATE, THE GOVERNOR.*

St. Matthew xxvii.; St. John xviii., xix.

PONTIUS PILATE, the governor, is in some sort a representative man as ruler who rules *et qui ne gouverne pas.* The late Lord Brougham, in his inaugural address to the Social Science Congress in 1862, illustrated by several historical examples the proposition he strenuously enforced, that the gravest offence which rulers can commit, is the yielding of their own opinion to the pressure of the multitude. After relating how a prince, the most accomplished warrior and statesman of his time, Bedford, tarnished his great reputation by yielding to public clamour, and sacrificing the Maid of Orleans to its fury, well aware that she had committed no offence, and was a prisoner of war, after rendering services beyond all price to her sovereign, the duke's ally; the aged orator went on to say, "But a yet more memorable instance of this heinous crime, vainly sought to be disguised under the name of weakness, is the great Sacrifice, suffered, nay designed by Providence, acting as ever through second causes, the giving up our Saviour by a governor who thrice over declared his belief in the innocence, nay in the Divine mission of Jesus, but unable to resist the clamour of the mob, when referring to Cæsar, and using his name as well as the high priest's—a Church and King mob; and when we hear sceptics, or rather unbelievers, commending Pilate for his fairness in declaring the mob's victim guiltless, and his courage in standing up against the priests, their leaders, it is exactly that which works his condemnation, and of which he himself distinctly expressed

his shame, ascribing it to his blameable weakness, as all do who have acted this atrocious part, when the danger is over which they have escaped by their baseness." Lord Brougham adds, that Pilate in truth confessed himself guilty of murder, and dismisses him with a glance at the "universal and merited contempt" into which he fell, at the removal of him from his government, and at his alleged death by his own hand.

A branded name, for all time, is that of Pontius Pilate, the governor.

> "—— Ignominy and shame
> Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!"

is the sort of wish that seems to have attached to him, and blighted his career, and blasted his credit. To be nameless in worthy deeds, says Sir Thomas Browne in his *Urn Burial*, exceeds an infamous history; and after citing the Canaanitish woman as living more happily without a name than Herodias with one, who, he asks, "had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?" When Simeon Stylites, in the Laureate's poem, would avow with unsurpassable emphasis the flagrant wickedness of his nature, he couples Pilate with Judas as saintly in comparison:

> "From my high nest of penance I proclaim
> That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
> Showed like fair seraphs."

Commenting on Spenser's consignment of Pilate to the "loathly lakes" of Tartarus, Leigh Hunt indulges in a fancy of the astonishment of this Roman Governor of Jerusalem, could he have foreseen the destinies of his name. "He doubtless thought, that if another age spoke of him at all, it would treat him as a good-natured man who had to rule over a barbarous people, and make a compromise between his better judgment and their laws and prejudices." Whereas, in point of fact, no name, except Iscariot's, has received more execration from posterity. "Ce Ponce-Pilate . . . ne se doutait guère de l'immortalité qu'il se préparait en faisant mettre en croix un juif obscur," says M. Sylvestre de Sacy, in his review of

Salvador's *Domination Romaine en Judée.* It is markworthy that in the old mystery plays of the Passion, the actor who took Pilate's part made a point of speaking in a hoarse, gruff voice, calculated to set every one against him* as a matter of principle and a matter of course. Hence the allusion in Chaucer to the rude rough miller who swore by blood and bones, and who

"—— in Pilates voys began to crye."

As procurator, Pilate must be got by instant pressure and urgent importunity to ratify the condemnation of the Sanhedrim, which, since the occupation of the Romans, as historical critics explain, was no longer sufficient;—not that the procurator was invested, like the Imperial legate, with the disposal of life and death; but Jesus was not a Roman citizen, and it only required the authorization of the governor for the sentence pronounced against Him to be carried out. "As always happens, when a political people subjects a race in which the civil and the religious laws are blended [or confounded], the Romans had been brought to give the Jewish law a sort of official support;" and thus, although neutral in religion, the Romans very often sanctioned penalties inflicted for "religious" faults. As to Pontius (presumably surnamed Pilate from the *pilum*, or javelin of honour with which he or one of his ancestors had been decorated), indifferent to the internal quarrels of the Jews, he only saw,—an apologetic expositor contends,—in all these movements of sectaries, the results of

* On the other hand, at the Ammergau Mystery, the character of Pilate, as described by a competent spectator, is in dignity and gravity second only to that of Christ; and the true historical tact of nature has enabled the peasant players to catch the grandeur of the Roman magistrate. Every movement is intended to produce the impression of the superiority of the Roman justice and the Roman manners to the savage, quibbling, vulgar clamours of the Jewish priests and people. "His noble figure, as he appears on the balcony of his house, above the mob—his gentle address—the formal reading of the sentence—the solemn breaking asunder of the staff, to show that the sentence has been delivered—are bold delineations of the better side of the judge and of the law, under which the catastrophe of the sacred history was accomplished."—*Macmillan's Magazine*, ii. 474.

intemperate imaginations and disordered brains: in general, he did not like the Jews, and the Jews detested him: they thought him hard, scornful, passionate, and, as we learn from Philo, accused him of improbable crimes. Eventually he became involved in sanguinary repression of revolts (like that of the Galileans mentioned in the Gospel), which tended to, and ended in, his recall. The experience of many conflicts had rendered him what M. Renan calls "very prudent in his relations with this intractable people." The procurator is accordingly described as seeing himself with extreme displeasure led to play a cruel part in the case of Him of Nazareth, for the sake of a law he hated; aware that religious fanaticism, when it has obtained the sanction of civil government for some act of violence, is afterwards the first to throw responsibility on the government, which it all but charges with being the author of the act. "Pilate then would fain have saved Jesus." Certain it is that he was prepossessed in His favour. He questioned Him not unkindly, and with an obvious desire of finding an excuse for sending Him away exculpated absolutely and for good. In George Herbert's poem of *The Sacrifice*, He whose wailing note rings at the end of every stanza "Was ever grief like Mine?" is made to say,—

> "Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
> Mine own dear people, cry, Away, away!"

And the voices of *these* prevailed. Pontius was confused and disquieted by the accusing and accepted title of King; yet he held out wistfully for a while against the popular tumult; he proposed a release, but the tumult increased; he ordered the Accused to be scourged, the usual preliminary to crucifixion, in the possible hope (as some surmise) that the preliminary might here suffice; but all this time the frenzy of riot was gathering force; to gain time he tried, but at least nothing else was gained; he began to fear for his office; and so at last he gave way, yielding a compliance which "was to deliver his name to the scorn of history," and symbolically washing his hands in the presence of the multitude.

Twice at least in Shakspeare the exculpatory act of washing of hands is referred to; as where one of the murderers of Clarence exclaims, *ex post facto*,—

> "A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
> How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
> Of this most grievous guilty murder done!"

And the unhappy, offcast, discrowned King Richard II. is made to tell the revolted nobles,—

> "Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
> Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
> Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
> And water cannot wash away your sin."

Believing Jesus to be innocent, for the Roman governor to give Him up to death was to take a large share of the criminality upon himself; and yet he thought, or—as the washing of hands may indicate, he tried to think,* that when he got the Jews to take that criminality upon them he had relieved himself, mainly, if not wholly, of the irksome responsibility. He tries to regard himself, an impartial expositor has said, as one coerced by others; and when these others are quite willing to take on themselves the entire weight of the wrong-doing, he imagines that this will go a great length in clearing him. And so he washes his hands. In which eternalized act he is seen by Spenser's Guyon in another world:

> "But both his handes most filthy feculent, . . .
> And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
> Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,

* In reference to the directors of a certain bubble company hastening as soon as ever the bubble burst, to "wash their hands of the whole affair," a plain-spoken reviewer observed, that to him this same washing of hands had always seemed so difficult an operation, that he often wondered how people came to take up the phrase, especially when we remember its associations. "Pontius Pilate, so far as we know, was the original proprietor of the patent; and his success was hardly such as to encourage imitators." It is smartly put, that whenever we hear of a person washing his hands of anything, the only points on which we may feel assured are—first, that they are unusually dirty; and next, that he is not likely to mend the matter by the process.

But rather fouler seemèd to the eye ;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

"The knight, him calling, askèd who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answer'd thus :
'I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas !
And most unjust ; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquite a murd'rer felonous ;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule impurity.'"

The Swiss guide in Scott's historical fiction, crosses himself devoutly as he recounts to the younger Oxford the popular legend of Mount Pilatre—whose gloomy height seems the leviathan of the huge congregation of mountains assembled about Lucerne; that legend being, that here the wicked ex-governor found the termination of his impious life; having, after he had spent some years in the recesses of the mountain which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. Whether water refused to do the executioner's duty upon "such a wretch," or whether, his body being drowned, his vexed spirit continued to haunt the place where he committed suicide, Antonio did not pretend to explain; but a form was often, he said, seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his hands; and when he did so, dark clouds of mist gathered first round the bosom of the Infernal Lake (such it had been styled of old), and then wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presaged a tempest or hurricane, which was sure to follow in a short space.*

That a weakness of the heart should produce more misery,

* In Locke's Journal of his Residence in France, we come upon this entry (Nov. 30, 1675): "About half a league from St. Vallier, we saw a house, a little out of the way, where they say Pilate lived in banishment. We met with the owner, who seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but told us there was mosaic work very ancient in one of the floors." The closing words half remind one of the logic of Smith the weaver, in Shakspeare, as regards the bricks and the building of Jack Cade's house.

more both to self and others, and be more severely chastised than a deliberate wickedness, is a fact which made Robertson of Brighton "often ponder." And, by way of example, he would turn from "weak Eli,—only a little too indulgent," with the result of a country's dishonour and defeat, two profligates, a deathbed of a widow and mother on which despair sits, and the death of a wretched old man, for whom it would have been a mercy if his neck had been broken before his heart,—to Pilate, of whom the characteristic is, "only irresolution—the result, the ruin of the Holiest." By Martin Luther, Pilate was pronounced a more just and honest man than "any papist prince of the empire"—many of whom Doctor Martin could name, who were in no degree comparable with Pilate; for *he* kept strictly to the Roman laws. He would not that the innocent should be executed and slain without hearing, and he availed himself of all just means whereby to release Christ; "but when they threatened him with the Emperor's disfavour, he was dazzled, and forsook the imperial laws, thinking, It is but the loss of one man, who is both poor and contemned;* no man takes his part; what hurt can I receive by his death? Better it is that one man die, than that the whole nation be against me." The catching at a chance of shifting the responsibility of condemnation from himself to Herod, is characteristic. The mere mention of Galilee is enough to set Pontius asking if the accused Man be a Galilean, and, having ascertained that fact, to send Him to Herod, as belonging to Herod's jurisdiction—Herod being in Jerusalem at the time. A proper theme for rather bitter reflection is the sequel, that the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together; for before they were at enmity between themselves. Pilate, all too ready to deliver up an innocent prisoner; and Herod, at one moment eager to see miracles wrought at his bidding, and the next,

* Elsewhere, in his familiar *Tischreden*, Luther comments on Pilate's rejoinder to the Divine Prisoner's claim to a kingdom not of this world: "Doubtless Pilate took our Saviour Christ to be a simple, honest, ignorant man, one perchance come out of a wilderness, a simple fellow, a hermit, who knew or understood nothing of the world, or of government."—§ xxii.; cf. § dcclxv.

disappointed, joining with his men of war in setting Jesus at nought, and mocking Him, and arraying Him in a gorgeous robe; a friendship struck up between these twain, and for such an occasion, may well point a moral, with a sting in it. These spurious reconciliations are often a blot on human nature. Of such was that between Cyril of Alexandria and the prefect Orestes. "A rumour was spread among the Christians," writes Gibbon, "that the daughter of Theon was the only obstacle to the reconciliation of the prefect and the archbishop; and that obstacle was soon removed." That is to say, Hypatia was murdered. So with Frederick Barbarossa and the Pope, in the matter of Arnold of Brescia: "In the balance of ambition, the innocence or life of an individual is of small account; and their common enemy was sacrificed to a moment of political concord." The historian may well and advisedly write "a moment;" for it is but for a moment, a peace so hollow in fabric, and based on a foundation so treacherous as this. No friendship will abide the test, says Cowper, if merely

> "—— such as may awhile subsist
> Between the sot and sensualist,
> For vicious ends connected."

The application is sufficiently obvious. It was a bad look-out for their inferiors when, in the fable,

> "L'aigle et le chat-huant leurs querelles cessèrent,
> Et firent tant qu'ils s'embrassèrent."

A bad look-out for the commonalty, as in Butler's Hudibrastic phrase,

> "When Bel's at union with the Dragon,
> And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon."

And significantly suggestive are Dryden's lines on those

> "—— by common guilt made friends;
> Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their creed,
> I' the point of treason yet were well agreed."

Dean Milman's reading of the character of Pilate is of a man not naturally disposed to unnecessary bloodshed, but

stern, decided, and reckless of human life, when the peace of his province seemed to be in jeopardy—on all other occasions by no means regardless of ingratiating himself in the popular favour. The Christian Historian of the Jews takes Pilate to have been perhaps awed by the tranquil dignity of Jesus, or at least to have seen no reason for apprehending danger to the Roman sovereignty from a person of such peaceful demeanour; and credit is given him for detecting the malice, though he might not clearly comprehend the motive, of the accusation brought forward by the priests and populace: he shrank, however, from the imputation of not being "Cæsar's friend," and could not think the life of one man, be he never so innocent, of much importance in comparison with the peace of the country, and his own favour at Rome.* Bishop Horsley explains the procedure of Pilate by selfish policy alone—petty, pusillanimous: the procurator, he takes it, afraid of further unpopularity in his province, and dreading the jealous temper of the Emperor Tiberius (ever ready to listen to complaints against his provincial governors, and ever cruel and implacable in his resentments),—thought the present opportunity was not to be missed of doing the Jews a pleasure, by throwing away the life of a seemingly inconsiderable, friendless man, who, when once he was gone, would never be inquired after. To these motives of "selfish cunning and guilty fear," Bishop Horsley traces Pilate's extorted consent, "against the remonstrances of his conscience and the warnings of Heaven," to our Saviour's death.

Now, by Mr. de Quincey it is strenuously asserted, that justice has never been done to the procurator. That man he declares to have little comprehended the style and manner of the New Testament who does not perceive the "demoniac earnestness" of Pilate to effect the liberation of Christ, or who fails to read the anxiety of the several evangelists to put on record his profound sympathy with the prisoner. So again

* "Rather than Pilate will be counted Cæsar's enemy, he will pronounce Christ innocent one hour, and condemn Him the next."—South, *Sermons*, iii.

Archbishop Whately remarks, that any one of Bacon's acuteness, or of a quarter of it, might easily have perceived, had he at all attended to the context of the narrative, that never was any one less in a "jesting" mood than Pilate, on the occasion of putting his query concerning truth. He was anxious to release Jesus; and Whately takes him to have been sufficiently aware of the superhuman power of Him he had to do with, to be filled with dread of the consequences of doing any wrong to such a Person, while he may have cherished a hope of furthering some ambitious views of his own, by taking part with One whom he (in common with so many others) expected to be just about to assume temporal dominion, and to enforce His claim by resistless power.

What is Truth? What is *the* Truth? that of which He who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life was speaking, when Pontius interposed the query.

> "When Pilate's hall that awful question heard,
> The heavenly Captive answer'd not a word."

He who, in the words of Thomas de Quincey, reveals a body of awful truth to a candid and willing auditory, is content with the grand simplicities of truth in the quality of his proofs. And truth, we are reminded, where it happens to be of a high order, is generally its own witness to all who approach it in a spirit of childlike docility. "But far different is the position of that teacher who addresses an audience composed in various proportions of sceptical inquirers, obstinate opponents, and malignant scoffers." Less than an apostle, it is added, is unequal to the suppression of all human reactions incident to wounded sensibilities,—scorn being too naturally met by retorted scorn. And then again, the light of absolute truth is "too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness." *Pilato interroganti de veritate, Christus non respondit*, which is Englished by Bishop Taylor, "When the wicked governor asked of Christ concerning truth, Christ gave him no answer"—he being not fit to hear it. It is in a

sermon preached before the University of Dublin that the same fervent prelate recognizes his position in "an auditory of inquisitive persons, whose business is to study for truth," that they may find it for themselves, and teach it to others: "I am in a school of prophets and prophets' sons, who will ask Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'" They look for it in their books, the great preacher tells them,—much as his Great Master told the Jews they searched the Scriptures; they tugged hard for it in their disputations, and they derived it from the cisterns of the fathers, and they inquired after the old ways, and sometimes were taken with new appearances, and they rejoiced in false lights, or were delighted with "little umbrages and peep of day." They had examined all ways but one, all but God's way: let them, having missed in all the other, try this. "Let us go to God for truth; for truth comes from God only. . . . If you ask 'What is truth?' you must not do as Pilate did—ask the question, and then go away from Him that only can give you an answer; for as God is the author of truth, so is He the teacher of it." And if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or no.

There is something of the Strawberry-hill sneer in Horace Walpole's jaunty avowal to my Lady Ossory: "I have often been of opinion that it was not designed we should be able to distinguish certainly *what is truth*. Pilate asked the Person most likely to resolve him, and received no answer." In another epistle to the same fair correspondent, professing his ignorance of the verity as touching the king's recovery (in 1789), he adds: "I am still less qualified to answer, when you ask me where is Truth? I reply, how should I know it, even if I could tell where it is? When Pilate asked what it was, I do not find that he was informed. Dr. Beattie may know better, perhaps." This, of course, is a fling at Beattie's Essay on Truth.

Poets Young, of the *Night Thoughts*, and Cowper, of *The Task*, each has his fling at Pontius Pilate the governor. "The coward flies," says Young;

> "Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;
> Asks, 'What is truth?' with Pilate; and retires."

Cowper's text is, that as the only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue, so the only lasting treasure is truth.

> "But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
> To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
> And wherefore? will not God impart His light
> To them that ask it? Freely—'tis His joy,
> His glory, and His nature to impart.
> But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
> Or negligent inquirer, not a spark."

It has been remarked, that while Gallio is put forward as the type of people who, on the whole, are sceptical about the advantage of entering upon the discussion of religious controversy, it is somewhat significant that this should form part of the burden of the indictment against Pilate, who "is thought to have displayed an improper incredulity* as to the possibility of arriving at abstract 'truth.'" Gallio and Pilate, observes an essay-writer on the typical character of the former, were both of them, as far as one can judge, sceptics in the metaphysical sense of the word, though Gallio seems to have been exempt from the criminal weakness which has rendered the latter an object of infamy to all time.

> "'—— What is truth?' jesting Pilate
> Ask'd, and passed from the question at once with a smile at
> Its utter futility."

"What is truth?" says the reverend and revered guide, philosopher, and friend of Tremaine, was once asked with fearful curiosity, on an awful occasion. "*We*, at least, will not be so cruelly and criminally indifferent to it afterwards, as he who asked it proved to be; and we will not, with him, wash our hands, and by that act think we may leave the world to its horrors."

* It often happens in a judicial investigation that a great many questions have to be asked in order to obtain a direct answer to a very simple inquiry. And a caustic commentator on this fact suggests, that it was probably Pilate's judicial experience which led him to ask so sarcastically, What is truth?

"But even Pilate," urges Tremaine, "was anxious . . ." "He cared not to inquire," interrupts Evelyn: "truth came not of its own accord; and finding it troublesome to pursue it, he plunged into sin and blood, from mere indolency and weakness of character." Very many, on the good rector's showing, are of the same complexion.—On the other hand, one of Mr. Disraeli's contemplative spokesmen, apparently speaking for his author, protests against Lord Bacon's "greatly misrepresenting" Pontius Pilate, in the celebrated passage which describes him as the "jesting" governor, who would not wait for an answer. "Let us be just to Pontius Pilate, who has sins enough surely to answer for. There is no authority for the jesting humour given by Lord Bacon." Pilate, it is contended, was evidently of a merciful and clement disposition, and was probably an Epicurean. His question is accordingly taken to have referred to the declaration immediately preceding it, that He who was before him came to bear witness to the truth. "Pilate asked, What truth?"

When two of the Reforming doctors debated in Luther's company the question why Pilate asked, What is truth—*Was ist Wahrheit?*—the view taken by Luther was, that Pilate meant, Why wilt thou dispute concerning truth in these wicked times? Truth is here of no value. Thou must think of some other plan; adopt some lawyer's quiddity, and then, perchance, thou mayest be released.* Dr. Hanna takes the procurator's question to have been put, not sneeringly or scoffingly, but rather sadly and bitterly, so far as Pilate himself is concerned, having come to regard all truth as a phantom; and with a kindly, tolerant, half-pitying, half-envious feeling towards Jesus. Quite different is Currer Bell's impression of the manner of the man, in a poem called *Pilate's Wife's Dream:*

> "I do not weep for Pilate—who could prove
> Regret for him whose cold and crushing sway

* On the same occasion Luther maintained that Pilate scourged Christ out of sheer compassion, that he might still thereby the insatiable wrath and raging of the Jews.

No prayer can soften, no appeal can move;
Who tramples hearts as others trample clay,
Yet with a faltering, an uncertain tread,
That might stir up reprisal in the dead.

"Forced to sit by his side and see his deeds;
Forced to behold that visage, hour by hour,
In whose gaunt lines the abhorrent gazer reads
A triple lust of gold, and blood, and power;
A soul whom motives fierce, yet abject, urge—
Rome's servile slave, and Judah's tyrant scourge."

Much more refined and subtle, as well as vigorous, are the lines in which another poetess,—happily living, and writing still, and, as some critics think, able to enforce a claim to the highest rank of the sisterhood,—thus represents Pilate in his meditative speculations about the great Deliverer whom he has handed over to the Jews:

"—— But why waste thought
To beat out the philosophy or creed
He would have taught from the disfiguring husks
Rough rumour gives as grain? The man is dead:
Guilty or innocent, wise or possessed,
He sleeps the silent sleep which ends all hope,
And we may bawl our questions at his door.
He makes no answer. Dead philosophers
Are just as useful to the living world
As are dead lions, or dead rats—they help
To make good soil. As for the coins they leave
Of thought, for us to heir, why ninety-nine
Out of each hundred stamp their own image
On all their dies, and so the coins mean nought,
Save to disciples who will let them pass
As money 'twixt themselves, still bickering
The while about their values." *

If the popular reading of his character as a truth-seeker be correct, Pilate was no more a seeker after truth than the giant in Spenser was a favourer of right, in the colloquy with Sir Artegall, about right *versus* wrong:

* From Poems by Augusta Webster (1867).

"But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seeke." *

Jesting Pilate, says Mr. Carlyle, had not the smallest chance to ascertain what was Truth: he could not have known it, had a god shown it to him. "Thick serene opacity, thicker than amaurosis, veiled those smiling eyes of his to Truth; the inner *retina* of them was gone paralytic, dead. He looked at Truth; and discerned her not, there where she stood." Mr. de Quincey, on the other hand, declares the falsest word that ever yet was uttered upon any part of the New Testament, to be that sneer of Lord Bacon's at "*jesting* Pilate." Pilate, he insists, was in deadly earnest from first to last, and retired from his frantic effort on behalf of Christ, only when his own safety began to be seriously compromised. Do the thoughtless accusers of Pilate, asks this eloquent apologist, fancy that he was a Christian? If not, why, or on what principle, was he to ruin himself at Rome, in order to favour one he could not save at Jerusalem?

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## *DEVOUT SOLDIER.*

ACTS x. 2–7.

THE Roman centurions of the New Testament are mostly, if not all of them, markworthy and estimable men. But that centurion of the band called the Italian band—probably a prætorian cohort of Italian soldiers, attendant on the Roman procurator†—Cornelius, who dwelt in Cæsarea, stands forth as a representative man, the devout soldier. "A devout man," thus is he characterized, "and one that served God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." The prayers and the alms of this

* Faerie Queene, bk. v., canto ii.

† For although Tacitus mentions the *Legio prima Italica*, it was not formed until the days of Nero. Arrian uses the same words as occur in Acts x. 1, viz. σπείρης Ἰταλικῆς.

proselyte of the gate went up as a memorial before God; and on the principle that to him that hath shall more be given, this devout man was directed to a means of grace that should give him the hope of glory. Not to be overlooked is the unnamed man-at-arms after his own heart, whom Cornelius sent with two of his household servants to Joppa, to call for Simon Peter; "a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually." Such were his surroundings. With the progress and result of that mission to Joppa we are not at present concerned. Cornelius the centurion, and that devout soldier unnamed, who was evidently dear to him and deservedly in his confidence,—these we take as types of the religious spirit of military life, as New Testament ensamples of piety in men whose profession is war.

One of the interlocutors in Mr. P. J. Bailey's colloquial satire, *The Age*, conceits that

> "Of *all* conceits misgrafted on God's word,
> A Christian soldier is the most absurd.
> * * * *
> A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
> Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way,
> These men, whose souls he prays for night and day—
> With what consistency let prelates say.
> He's told to love his enemies—don't scoff;
> He does so, and with rifles picks them off."

It is very well, says Dr. Russell, that soldiers have some to pray for them at home: "There are pious and devout men, who in the hurry of campaigning, before and after battle, forget not their Maker. But who can think of Him in the shock of arms, when the air is laden with death, and the ground covered with shrieking wretches passing away to their account, or engaged in killing?" Yet in Plutarch we read of Flaminius "standing still," in midmost battle with the Macedonians, "with his hands lifted up towards heaven, and praying." Shall Corporal Trim be cited for evidence? "I thought," said the curate, "that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all." "A soldier, an please your reverence,

prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. . . . But when a soldier, an please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water—or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches; . . . resting this night out upon his arms,—beat up in his shirt the next,—benumbed in his joints,—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers how and when he can." Adam Smith pursues a philosophical inquiry, why it is that we are apt to annex the character of gaiety, levity, and sprightly freedom, as well as some degree of dissipation, to the military profession; whereas the most suitable mood or tone of temper to this situation would seem to be a surpassingly serious and thoughtful turn of mind, as best becoming those whose lives are continually exposed to uncommon danger, and who should, therefore, be more constantly occupied than other men with the thought of death, and of what comes after death. It is this very circumstance, however, which the Theorist of Moral Sentiments takes to explain why levity is so prevalent a characteristic of the soldier; for so great is the effort required to conquer the fear of death, when we survey it with steadiness and attention, that those who are constantly exposed to it find it easier to turn away their thoughts from it altogether, to wrap themselves up in careless security and indifference, and to plunge themselves, for this purpose, into every sort of amusement and dissipation. In his *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, Swift incidentally affirms, as what "is observed abroad, that no race of mortals have so little sense of religion as English soldiers; to confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army, that, in the whole compass of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profession who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the Gospel." Further on again we read: "If gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct; or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of

advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant." The time is even yet to come when a devout soldier shall not be a marked man, and quoted as an exception to prove the contrary rule. Pope Gregory the Great was anxious to assure the Emperor of the possibility of such a thing as a devout soldier: "It is supposed, perhaps, that such conversions are not sincere; but I, your unworthy servant, know many converted soldiers, who in our own days have worked miracles and done many signs and wonders;"—themselves, perhaps, to some observers, the greatest sign and wonder, or miracle, of all. In Gibbon, narrating the African war in A.D. 398, "it is observed, to the praise of the Roman general, that his days and nights were employed in prayer, fasting, and the occupation of singing psalms." The "devout leader" is, of course, anything but a man after Mr. Gibbon's own heart. That great historian would have sympathized rather with the common soldier whose prayer is on record, just before the battle of Blenheim: "Oh God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" Sir William Wyndham once quoted this in company, as the shortest prayer he had ever heard of, and a general laugh ensued; whereupon the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury), then first joining in the conversation, and addressing himself to Wyndham, said, with what Earl Stanhope calls his usual grace and gentleness of manner, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances: 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me!'" The whole company, it is said, sat silent and abashed.*

The favourite appeal of Gustavus Adolphus to his soldiers was, "Pray constantly: praying hard, is fighting hard." "You may win salvation under my command, but hardly riches," was his encouragement to his officers. He is cited by Mr. Herman

* It was at a dinner party at the Duke of Ormond's, at Richmond, in 1715.

Merivale as exceptionally distinguished by that deep religious conviction which, when openly avowed and consistently acted on, invariably awes minds conscious of their own falling short· Comparing him with Cromwell, who could not have been more convinced of his own divine vocation, or more fearless in his expression of reliance on it, the same historical critic maintains that there is in the zeal of Cromwell, even when taken at its best, something of the earth, earthy, which contrasts unfavourably with the earnest, manly, single-minded piety of Gustavus; the consequence being, that, while Cromwell's enemies have made him out a hypocrite, and have left great part of the world persuaded that he was one, no detractor has ever endeavoured to fasten the like imputation on the Swede. With him, however, as with Cromwell, the constant sense of religion led to a familiarity of utterance respecting it which, in the ears of our reserved generation, seems almost startling. Gustavus "preached" so much—though without the shadow of affectation—that a Michelet, it is suggested, might perhaps say of him, as of our Henry V. at Agincourt, "le plus dur pour les prisonniers, c'était d'entendre les sermons de ce roi des prêtres, d'endurer ses moralités, ses humilités." That is not the accepted English notion of our fifth Harry. But the madcap prince, who had been boon companion with Poins and Falstaff, had been also the observant contemporary of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, and though a good hater of heresy, could not but be impressed by the piety of that martyred Lollard—a man of the highest military reputation, who, after serving with great distinction in the French wars, devoted his whole soul to his religion; and of whom Dean Milman says, "His conduct was throughout that of a noble religious man. Before his execution he fell on his knees, and implored forgiveness on his enemies. . . . His last words, drowned by the crackling flames, were praise of God." Lollardism notwithstanding, worthy was this man of a place among the "Worthies" of Fuller; such a place as Fuller gives to Lord Vere (Horace) when he describes that meeker but not less valorous of two distinguished brothers as "so pious that he first made his

peace with God before he went out to war with men." Like that brave Captain Bate, who was killed in a daring enterprise in the Chinese war of 1858, and of whom a very gallant officer had previously said, "My pluck is quite a different thing from Bate's. I go ahead because I never think of danger; Bate is always ready for a desperate service because he is always prepared for death"—he being indeed characterized by the historian of that war as "an eminently religious man." It has been said of Collingwood, that none of the captains at the Nile led his ship with more intrepidity to the hottest of the fire, as assuredly none did so under a more devout sense of religion and of implicit trust in God. He is noted as having been the first, after the battle was over, to hoist the signal for the ship's company to assemble at prayers; and, however much disposed to ridicule such observances in their own country, or in a different situation, the French prisoners, we are told, were struck with something of respect and admiration at seeing the men kneel down on decks still running with blood and encumbered with the dead, to return thanks to the Supreme Disposer of events for a signal victory.

English critics said of the Abbé Mullois' book on *Le St. Père et Rome*, that he threw a light upon the character of French soldiers which to us islanders was absolutely new; our idea of a French grenadier having always been that he was brave, obedient, and indomitably patriotic; but that, if he had a weak point, it was in regard to religion—that his life was scarcely more regular than that of our own brave guardsmen, whose yearly campaigns in London are the dread of steady householders—that he was rather given to laugh at mysteries, and loved dearly to play off a practical joke upon a priest. "But the Abbé Mullois has taught us that, with respect at least to the army of occupation, we might almost as innocently have scoffed at a prophet, or spoken lightly of a saint;" and that so far are they from being profane mockers, that at every step of the history of the Holy Father's sorrows and successes, the effect is always heightened by the picture of an officer who goes into ecstasies, or a regiment of Zouaves who burst into

tears—the common soldiers declaring that the Pope's benediction will a thousand times overpay them for all their toil, all their wounds, all their blood spilt beneath the walls of Rome. "'Qu'ils sont bons,' disait l'autre jour un cardinal à un personnage Français de la plus éminente piété, 'qu'ils sont bons, vos Français ! s'ils restent ils finiront par convertir tous nos Romains !'" In like manner the author of *Flemish Interiors* has been flouted for maintaining the decided piety of not only the French volunteers who fought for the Pope under Lamoricière, but also of the French army which fought against the Austrians ; even the Zouaves exhibiting a spectacle of religious faith and practice which "must have been highly edifying to the Italians, among whom their campaigns were made." Not but that candid British reviewers own the connection between military and religious ardour to be too natural to warrant a denial of its existence on a large scale in the French Imperial army. Was not the founder of the Order of Jesuits a soldier? and was not the first colonel of Zouaves, General Lamoricière, known to be "devout"? As to the author's stress laid upon the similarity which may be traced between the duties and the trials of the soldier and the priest, it is allowed to be impossible to pronounce that this similarity does not exist; and if there are many soldiers who do not act up to the high standard thus placed before them, it may be, and is, conceded that there are also not a few priests whose shortcomings are equally conspicuous.

Books appear from time to time, such as Dr. C. Rogers's *Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy*, which offer exemplars of such heroism ; but they are apt to be one-sided, and seldom make any pretensions to be complete. The volume just named omits mention of "the psalm-singing admiral," Lord Gambier, whom Admiral Harvey reproached to his face, in the Rochefort affair (see the Earl of Dundonald's memoirs), for mustering the ships' companies for catechizing, instead of taking soundings of the anchorage; it being indeed a now accepted fact, that Lord Gambier neglected to have the enemy's defences and the approach to them properly examined, while he spared no

pains in the religious instruction of his crews. Due place is found for that "faithful soldier of the cross," Lord Exmouth; and for Admiral Kempenfelt, who not only sang hymns, but composed them; and for Sir Edward Parry, whom cynical reviewers point to as having made "a pretty good thing of his religion, both temporally and spiritually;" and from the same volume they single out, as a companion instance, Major-General Burn. Colonel Blackader, of the Cameronian regiment, is more highly esteemed *ab extrà*,—deeply imbued as he was with the spirit of the preacher from whom that regiment was named—the spirit in which he wrote in his diary, that, "if God were with him, he durst attack the French lines alone." There needed no biography of the American General Lee, to assure students of his career that he was one of the best men and truest Christians, as well as one of the noblest soldiers and ablest generals, of whom history bears witness. Nor could faction itself deny to many others on the same side, as well as to him and Stonewall Jackson, an established character for pure and deep religion, as well as high honour and virtue. General Jackson's earnest ascription of his victories to "our God," is allowed to have been no matter of form or pious phraseology, somewhat demonstrative as well as earnest though his devotion may have appeared; and the perfect resignation with which he accepted death in the prime of life, and at the zenith of his fame and usefulness, has been cited as a conclusive proof of the thorough genuineness of a faith which, says one English critic, while as simple as that of a child, had in it nothing unworthy of the hero.

Havelock, it has been said, became a popular hero in England, not only because he was eminent as a soldier and excellent as a man, but because he was religious; and his religion took a very marked form, and was, in an unusual degree, at once sincere and demonstrative. Every one, a critic of an utterly distinct school has declared, must honour the courage with which Havelock stuck to what he thought was right, and the heartiness with which he laboured to bring home a sense of religion to those with whom he came in contact: wherever

he went he had what his American biographer calls a Bethel tent, in which he preached to, and prayed with, his soldiers; and his efforts were unwearying to put down the usual military vices, especially that of drinking—which labours were not without a visible result, for we are told that the men in his regiment who came under his influence were not only zealous attendants at his ministrations, but were capital soldiers, and very temperate. That Mr. Headley should be lost in wonder at a soldier being religious, occasioned the remark by a thoughtful writer that, constantly as soldiers are thrown in the way of coarse temptations, and unlikely as the moral standard of officers is to be a very strict one, yet, if an officer once separates himself from the way of life which is the attraction to most men entering the army, and can hold his own course, he is not in a very unfavourable position. "There is nothing in the duties he has to perform, nothing in the way of his daily life, which makes it hard for him to be a religious man. He has a constant sense of responsibility to stimulate him, and his occupations are at once grave and methodical." This writer contends that there are many callings perfectly lawful which often present more serious obstacles to the growth of a spiritual Christianity.

Major Ranken, a name of note in Canada and the Crimea, is another example of the devout soldier, simple, grave, sincere. His journal affords ample evidence of the support which the practice of religious duties gave him amid the difficulties and dangers of his calling. Such entries, for instance, as this: "Sept. 5 [1855, after arduous nights in the trenches].—Thank God, I still keep quite well, though disease and death are rife around me. Exposed constantly to danger, I can rely only upon God, and place my life in His hands. Last Sunday I received the Sacrament with seven or eight of my brother officers—the ceremony, within sound, and even range, of the enemy's guns, was to me deeply impressive. Nothing makes a man feel the extreme uncertainty of life, and his entire dependence on the will of God, so much as war. I was on duty in the trenches on Sunday night, and I think the ceremony

I had gone through strengthened and supported me a good deal." The question which this young Crimean officer asked himself, in his rude hut, penning question and answer on a chest, "with ink just thawed before the fire," was, What good could he do in this world before he should leave it, to be numbered with the things that have been? And his desire was, to be filled (as he expresses it) with a fine enthusiasm, an onward-pressing feeling that should bear him up and carry him through difficulties, dangers, and opposition—an enthusiasm for whatever is right, noble, lovely, and of good report. His desire was to be filled to overflowing with an intense sympathy for all that is suffering, oppressed, bowed down, isolated, stricken, and comfortless; and in all things to feel that he had within him a spirit fresh as it were from the hand of the Great Creator.

Corporals and sergeants have their representative men on the muster roll of Christian heroes. Dr. Rogers has commemorated accordingly the careers of Corporal Robert Flockhart, who for upwards of forty years preached daily in the streets of Edinburgh, and of Corporal James Murray, of Belfast by birth, who from Romanist turned Protestant, and from dissolute devout. A prominent figure in the correspondence of Hannah More is that Sergeant Hill who had been one of her (and her sisters') first scholars at Cheddar, and whom she thanks God for preserving in faith and virtue, in a station so full of temptation. Some half-dozen years later, she asks Mr. Wilberforce if he remembers this same "John Hill, our first scholar, whose piety and good manners you used to notice? He afterwards became a teacher, but war tore him from us. Judge of our pleasure to see him at Weymouth, in full regimentals, acting as paymaster and sergeant-major! There was a sort of review. Everybody praised the training of eight hundred men, so well disciplined. The officers said they were fit for any service. One of them said to us, 'All this is due to the great abilities and industry of Sergeant Hill. . . . At first he was so religious that we thought him a Methodist; but we find him so good a soldier, and so correct in his morals

that we do not trouble ourselves about his religion.'" Fenimore Cooper had such a figure in his mind's eye when he painted his Sergeant Hollister, "distinguished in the corps as a man of most exemplary piety and holiness of life," who, when Harvey Birch shudders at the darkness and desolation of the prison cell he is led into, and calls it a fearful place wherein to prepare for the last change, replies, "Why, for the matter of that, it can reckon but little in the great account, where a man parades his thoughts for the last review, so that he finds them fit to pass the muster of another world. I have a small book here," adds the veteran, "which I make it a point to read a little in whenever we are about to engage, and I find it a great strengthener in time of need." With which words he hands a pocket Bible to the condemned spy.

Doddridge's book has made Colonel Gardiner an accepted type, or stereotype, of the devout soldier. And naturally there was some popular resentment expressed at Dr. Carlyle's characterization of him, all too slightingly, as "an honest well-meaning man and a pious Christian," but "very ostentatious; though, to tell the truth, he boasted oftener of his conversion than of the dangerous battles he had been in." Sir Walter Scott, in the novel that gave all the Waverley novels a name, introduces Colonel Gardiner in more than one chapter, and always in terms of unqualified respect and of sincere homage to exceptional worth. His estimate of the man is so far in marked contrast with that expressed by the latitudinarian divine of Musselburgh, Jupiter Carlyle. The great novelist has nothing but grave words of admiration for this devout commander; while the tone adopted towards him by the reverend Alexander is nearer akin to that in which the yäger flings out at the royal Swede, in *Wallenstein's Camp:*

> "What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made
> By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede,
> Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said
> At morning réveille and evening tattoo;
> And whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
> A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.
>
> *Sergeant.* Ay, that was a man with the fear of God."

The late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, was a born enthusiast for a military life—"rocked and cradled," as he phrased it, "to the roar of artillery;" impressed to tears by a review, as suggesting the conception of a real battle; and unable to see a regiment manœuvre, or artillery in motion, without a choking sensation. His father's opposition to his passionate desire to follow that father's profession, he encountered with strenuous counter-pleas; and when the temptations to which he would be exposed in the army were strongly set before him, Frederick refused to admit that these were real barriers against his entrance into it: on the contrary, "with his usual desire for some positive outward evil to contend with, he imagined that it was his peculiar vocation to bear witness to God, to set the example of a pure and Christian life in his corps, to be the Cornelius of his regiment."* All the impulses of his character to self-sacrifice, chivalry, daring, romantic adventure, the conquest of oppression, the living of life intensely, he is said to have looked forward to satisfying as a soldier; and we are told how closely the trained obedience of an army to one head, harmonized with his own strong conception of the beauty of order and the dignity of duty. After his wishes had been disappointed, and the clerical profession decided upon, instead of the military,—a decision most reluctantly come to on his part,—we find him writing from Oxford to his father, at the close of his University

* "To two great objects—the profession of arms which he had chosen, and the service of Christ in that profession—he now devoted himself wholly. They filled his life, and for both of them he read carefully. . . Parallel with his military reading, in rather a strange contrast, ran his religious reading. Sometimes both glided into one another, as when, in the hope of advancing Christ's kingdom, he devoted a portion of his time to the history of Indian missions and the study of the reason of their small success. . . . In his commonplace book may be seen the fluctuations of his mind between the Church and the army as professions, or, at least, his desire to bring Christianity into a soldier's life."—*Life and Letters of the Rev. F. W. Robertson*, i. 12 sq.

Again and again he expresses his conviction that in a military life the highest self-sacrifice he was capable of could alone have been accomplished. Those who have heard him speak of battle, says his biographer, will remember how his lips quivered, and his eyes flashed, and his voice trembled with restrained emotion.

career, that somehow or other he still seemed to feel the queen's broad arrow stamped upon him, and that the men whom he had longed to benefit in a red coat, he might now be useful to, with a better-founded hope of usefulness, "in the more sombre garb of an accredited ambassador of Christ." In short, his strong desire was now for a military chaplaincy. But neither was this to be. It is noteworthy, that at his ordination, on being presented with his papers by the Bishop of Winchester,* that prelate (Dr. Sumner) gave him as his motto the text, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,"—noteworthy, because it is one of the keynotes of his character, as Mr. Stopford Brooke draws it, that all his life long he was a soldier at heart. The ring of his words and the choice of his expressions were influenced and coloured by the ideal he had formed of a soldier's life, by the passionate longing of his youth to enter it, and by the bitterness of the regret† with which he surrendered it. But it is claimed for him that he transferred the same spirit of sacrifice with which he would have died for men in battle, to a more hidden and a diviner warfare. Throughout his Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes, what his biographer calls his "rapturous

* His first curacy was in that cathedral city (1840).

† "He often thought that he had mistaken his profession, and said to his friends that he would rather lead a forlorn hope than mount the pulpit stairs."—*Life*, p. 96.

In his letters from abroad we often come upon some such passage as this in one from Innsbruck, referring to Hofer and his sword (in the museum): "I drew his sword, and almost felt that it was done with a soldier's feeling."—*Ibid.*, p. 116.

Years later, again. "As I walked home in my dragoon cloak, I thought that I ought to be at this moment lying in it at rest at Moodkee, where the Third fought so gallantly, and where spots of brighter green than usual are the only record to mark where the flesh of heroes is melting into its kindred dust again" (p. 291). So, too, after a visit to the churchyard at Hove, by moonlight, and musing on the graves: "Young R——, too, is gone, but I do not envy any of them except the soldier, perhaps. I wish I had been with my own gallant, wondrous regiment in that campaign [Chillianwallah]" (p. 269).—Again, in a letter to Mr. Drew, referring to Mr. Kingsley's sermon for the latter (in 1851), and what came of it: "I am afraid my illustrations are somewhat too military; but I was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery, and I began life with a preparation for, and appointment to, the 3rd Dragoons. *Dîs aliter visum.*"—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 15.

delight in a military career" breaks out,—witness his eloquence in describing the "glorious death of the heroes of Trukkee," the gathering of the bravest in battle round the torn colours which symbolized courage and honour, and the chivalry of war in contrast with a selfish and ignoble peace; witness, in particular, the closing sentence, spoken in anticipation (Feb. 1852) of a French invasion. Often, "with most unclerical emphasis," it seems, did he express his wish to die, sword in hand, against a French invader.

The epitaph on Colonel Prude,* in Canterbury Cathedral, takes no very high flight poetically speaking; but it is known to have attracted and impressed Mr. Windham, who remembered the lines, within a word or two, after an interval of long years. With part of them we may close this chapter.

> "—— Here in peace
> Rests one whose life was war, whose rich increase
> Of fame and honour from his valour grew,
> Unbegg'd, unbought; for what he won he drew
> By just desert: having in service been
> A soldier, till near sixty, from sixteen
> Years of his active life; continually
> Fearless of death, yet still prepared to die
> In his religious thoughts; for midst all harms
> He bore as much of piety as arms."

——o——

## *THE VOICE OF HEROD AND THE VOICE OF THE MOB.*

ACTS xii. 22.

THERE was a certain set day, upon which Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration before the people. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.

That is to say, the *vox populi*, the voice of the people, on this occasion, was, that the voice of Herod was the voice

* Killed at the siege of Maestricht, July 12, 1632.

of a god, *vox dei.* Ὁ δὲ δῆμος ἐπεΦΩ'ΝΕΙ· Θεοῦ ΦΩΝΗ', καὶ οὐκ ἀνθρώπου. And if the *vox populi* be *vox dei*, the divinity of Herod's oration is thus settled at once.

That the *vox populi* is not infallible, however, and therefore not *vox dei* absolutely, is suggested by more than one other passage of history in this same book of Acts of the Apostles. When the people of Lystra, for instance, saw what Paul had done to the man impotent in his feet, a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked,—they lifted up their voices—ἐπῆραν τὴν ΦΩΝΗ'Ν αὐτῶν,—saying in the speech of Lycaonia, "The gods are come down to us, in the likeness of men." This *vox populi* affords another example of the same edifying process of deifying made easy. Unhappily, before the scene closes, certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium have "persuaded the people," and St. Paul is stoned, and drawn out of the city, as supposed to be dead. The barbarous people, again, of Melita, are equally facile with civilized mobs in changing their mind. No doubt, they said, when they saw the viper hang on the apostle's hand, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet Vengeance [ἡ Δίκη] suffereth not to live. But when they saw him shake off the viper into the fire, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their mind, and said that he was a god.

Who can forget, in connection with the *vox populi* subject, that the people once were instant with loud voices [φωναῖς μεγάλαις], requiring that One might be crucified, against Whom the voices of them prevailed?

*Vox populi vox dei* is a proverb, but all proverbs are not, and in all senses, worthy of all acceptation. To whom we owe this proverb, is not clear, but it is cited by William of Malmesbury as one. When Archbishop Trench comes to deal with it, in his lectures on the lessons in proverbs, he urges the necessity of an intelligent appreciation of its import. If, he cautions us, it were affirmed that every outcry of the multitude, supposing only it be loud enough and wide enough,

ought to be accepted as the voice of God speaking through them, no proposition more foolish or more impious could well be imagined. But the *voice of the people*, he goes on to say, is something very different from this. He explains the proverb to rest on the assumption that the foundations of man's being are laid in the truth; from which it will follow, that no conviction which is really a conviction of the universal humanity, but reposes on a true ground; no faith, which is indeed the faith of mankind, but has a reality corresponding to it. "The task and difficulty, of course, must ever be to discover what this faith and what these convictions are; and this can only be done by an induction from a sufficient number of facts, and in sufficiently different times, to enable us to feel confident that we have indeed seized that which is the constant quantity of truth in them all, and separated this from the inconstant one of falsehood and error, evermore offering itself in its room; that we have not taken some momentary cry, wrung out by interest, by passion, or by pain, for the *voice of God;* but claimed this august title only for that true voice of humanity, which, unless everything be false, we have a right to assume an echo of the voice of God."

The Queen of Arragon says to Carlos, in the French play,—

> "Quoi que vous présumiez de la voix populaire,
> Par de secrets rayons le ciel souvent l'éclaire."

Ecclesiastical history signalizes such *voces* as decided the Council of Clermont,—whose decision moreover was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Christendom.

> "'GOD WILLETH IT,' the whole assembly cry;
> Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds.
> The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;
> 'God willeth it,' from hill to hill rebounds,
> And in awe-stricken countries far and nigh,
> Through 'Nature's hollow' arch that voice resounds."

Swift favours the popular acceptation of the proverb when he thus addresses one of his popular Drapier's Letters to both houses of Parliament: "But whenever you shall please to

impose silence upon me I will submit, because I look upon your unanimous voice to be the voice of the nation; and this I have been taught and do believe to be in some manner the voice of God." In some manner, is a very saving clause; reminding us in effect of a couplet of Pope's:

> "All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
> It is, and it is not, the voice of God."

Swift himself is careful to discriminate on another occasion, when discussing popular impeachments in Greece and Rome, and remarking that to conceive the possibility of the body of the people being mistaken was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them when it was past remedy. "I should think," adds the dean, "that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives," etc. It is of imperial Rome that Corneille is treating, when he makes Cinna say, in the tragedy, that the voice of the people is never that of reason, when the people have it all their own way:

> "Mais quand le peuple est maître, on n'agit qu'en tumulte;
> La voix de la raison jamais ne se consulte."

And it is with regal Rome that he has to do in another of his tragedies, where he makes Camille say, in reply to Sabine's remark on a popular tumult, that the gods have not inspired it in vain,—

> "Mais la voix du public n'est pas toujours leur voix."

La Fontaine makes a query to the same effect the moral of one of his Fables. The foregoing narrative, quoth he, sufficiently proves the people to be an exceptionable sort of judge: in what sense then can it be true, what I have somewhere read, that the voice of the people is the voice of God?

> "Le récit précédent suffit
> Pour montrer que le peuple est juge récusable.
> En quel sens donc est vêritable
> Ce que j'ai lu dans certain lieu,
> Que sa voix est la voix de Dieu?"

Shakspeare's sturdy, stalwart old patrician, Menenius Agrippa, is a pronounced type of those who rate the voice of the populace as the reverse of divine. He is not so bitter as Coriolanus, who greets it as a common cry of curs. But he is scarcely more of a believer in its absolute or relative worth. When the tribune Brutus, stimulating the mob to reject Caius Marcius, who treats them with such arrogance, demands,—

> "—— Why, shall the people give
> One that speaks thus their voice?"

the candidate contemptuously answers,—

> "—— I'll give my reasons,
> More worthier than their voices."

And when Caius Marcius, infuriate against the Rome that has banished him, is leading a victorious army of aliens against it, burning and wasting as they come along, the reproach of old Menenius against the demagogues and the populace and their most sweet voices, takes this style:

> "—— You have made good work,
> You and your apron men; you that stood so much
> Upon the voice of occupation, and
> The breath of garlic-eaters!"

You are they, he tells them, that made the air unwholesome with your hootings at this man: a most mal-odorous *vox populi.* Now he's coming, and will pay you for your voices. And grave Cominius backs his old friend with the exclamation, "You are goodly things, you voices!" "You have made good work, you and your cry!" is the vivacious veteran's parting sally.

The *Vox Populi*, Sir Archibald Alison cautiously advises us, "is not always, at the moment, the *Vox Dei:* it is so only when the period of action has passed, and that of reflection has arisen—when the storms of passion are hushed, and the whisperings of interest no longer heard." He iterates and reiterates the remark in divers sections of his history, as the manner of the man is. Referring to Lewis the

Sixteenth's adoption of Necker's doctrine that public opinion is always on the side of wisdom and virtue, Sir Archibald repeats the *caveat:* "The principle, *vox populi vox Dei*, doubtful at all times, is totally false in periods of agitation, when the passions are let loose, and the ambition of the reckless is awakened by the possibility of elevation. It would often be nearer the truth then to say, *vox populi vox diaboli.*" In another place he quotes Robespierre's characteristic assertion, that "to flatter twenty-five millions of men is as impossible as to flatter the Deity himself," and observes that "the maxim, 'Vox populi, vox Dei,' and the belief that the masses can do no wrong, whatever individuals may do, were his [Robespierre's] ruling principles,'" and at once aided his success and sped his fall. "The maxim 'Vox populi vox Dei' is true only of the calm results of human reflection, when the period of agitation is past, and reason has resumed its sway. So predominant is passion in moments of excitation, that it too often then happens, that the voice of the people is that of the demons who direct them, and the maxim 'Vox populi vox diaboli' would often, in reality, be nearer the truth." And unfortunately, in such crises, the *vox* is apt to to assert itself in results as something more than a mere *vox et prœterea nihil.*

Homer describes a demented crowd vocal and vociferous to their own damage:

> "The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;
> So Pallas robb'd the Many of their mind,
> To their own sense condemn'd! and left to choose
> The worst advice, the better to refuse."

Demetrius the cynic is quoted by Montaigne as having "pleasantly said"—in the French sense of *plaisanterie*—of the voice of the people, that come it from above or below, it was all the same to him. The multitude of voices, in Mr. Carlyle's sentence, is no authority; for a thousand voices may not, strictly examined, amount to one vote; and the "deep, clear consciousness of one mind," intelligent, instructed, and upright, outweighs by far the "loud outcry of a million,"

whose "babble" but distracts the listener. With uttermost scorn the same philosopher descants on Universal Suffrage as "the admirablest method ever imagined of counting heads and gathering indubitable votes: you will thus gather the vote, *vox* or voice, of all the two-legged animals without feathers in your dominion; what they think is what the gods think—is it not?—and this you shall go and do." Mr. Carlyle would prefer the voice of a single human being, that could and would speak with power; whether backed or not by the *vox populi* as Cato is made to be in Ben Jonson's tragedy:

> "*People.* The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.
> *Cato.* The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven."

Perhaps the most memorable passage in which the author of "Hero Worship" has put on record his contempt for a shouting mob, merely as such, is that in stern reminder of a certain People, once upon a time, who clamorously voted by overwhelming majority, "Not *He;* Barabbas, not He! . . . Barabbas is our man; Barabbas, we are for Barabbas!" Well, they got Barabbas, he goes on to say; and they got of course such guidance as Barabbas and the like of him could give them; "and, of course, they stumbled ever downwards and devilwards, in their truculent stiffnecked way; and—and, at this hour, after eighteen centuries of sad fortune, they prophetically sing 'Ou' clo!' in all the cities of the world." Mr. Carlyle adds a sort of monitory, minatory aspiration, Might the world, at this late hour, but take note of them, and understand their song a little!

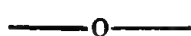
Not that he, any more than any other large-hearted and open-minded thinker, is apt to ignore what *is* of weight, at times, in the voice of the people. But it is rather to their instincts than their thoughts—to their native impulses than their acquired opinions—that he challenges attention and respect. Witness what he says of the shrieks of indignation, the howl of contumely, with which the Bastille was assailed in '89. "Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts:* it is the greatest

a man encounters among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time." *

Philip de Commines incidentally recognizes the *vox populi* as *vox Dei*, when relating the ruin and the deaths of three kings of Arragon within a little more than one year: "I conclude, therefore, with several pious and religious men, and the general voice of the people (which is the voice of God), that God intended to make an example of these princes," etc. And yet probably Maître Philippe would not have said nay to the blunt speech of Lord Lytton's Man of the Middle Class,—that "Heaven made the people, and the devil makes three-fourths of what is popular." Shelley quotes the adage *vox populi vox Dei* only to apply to it what his father-in-law said of a more famous proverb, "Of some merit as a popular maxim, but totally destitute of philosophical accuracy." The voice of the people, writes a Quarterly Reviewer, may be the voice of God when they rise as one man on some grand occasion for the just and necessary vindication of their rights; but it is difficult to recognize the Divine origin when we hear nothing but the Babel-like hubbub of corruption, selfishness, and intrigue. Coleridge speaks, in one of his earlier political essays, of the public will expressing itself at first in low and distant tones, "but if corruption deafen power [on the part of the government], gradually increasing till they swell into a deep and awful thunder, the VOICE OF GOD, [the capitals are S. T. C's very own,] which his vicegerents must hear, and hearing dare not disobey." It must have been in remembrance of such a passage, and by way of eager disclaimer of the construction put upon it, by those who called him renegade from the liberalism of his youth, that the old man eloquent,

* Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? . . . Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread!"—Carlyle: *History of the French Revolution*, Book v. chap. vi.

the noticeable man with large gray eyes, uttered this deprecatory protest in after days : "I never said that the *vox populi* was of course *vox Dei.* It may be ; but it may be, and with equal probability, *vox Diaboli.* That the voice of 10,000,000 of men calling for the same thing is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of Heaven or Hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will."



## *LITIGIOUS.*

1 CORINTHIANS vi. 7.

ST. PAUL accounts it utterly a fault among the Corinthian Christians that they have a habit of going to law one with another. A habit so bad, as he regards the matter, that he even puts the question, why do they not rather take wrong? why not rather suffer themselves to be defrauded? He was conversant with the letter and spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; and in the spirit of it, and to the letter of it, he denounced the practice of going to law between brethren. "It is an honour for a man," saith the Wise Man, "to cease from strife; but every fool will be meddling." The beginning of strife, as another proverb has it, "is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with." The apostle would have argued out the injunction on higher ground than these worldly-wise reasons may suggest, and would have made a particular appeal to Christian principle where the Wise King makes a general one to arguments of expediency; but into the speciality of his stand-point there is no present occasion to enter; enough that he is stringent against the litigious spirit, and would manifestly be as stern as Racine is satirical against *les plaideurs.*

It has been truly said of the litigious quibbling nature of the Greeks, that it was the soil on which an art like that of the Sophists was made to flourish. "This excessive love of law-suits is familiar to all versed in Grecian history. The almost

farcical representation of a lawsuit, given by Æschylus in his otherwise awful drama, *The Eumenides*, shows with what keen and lively interest the audience witnessed even the very details of litigation." The English, rightly or wrongly, have the repute abroad of being equally fond of going to law. The Marchese Scampa in one of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*—and that author has furnished ample corroborative evidence in his own practice—declares law to be to an Englishman like his native air: he flies to it as he flies to his ship; he loses his appetite if he misses it: and he never thinks he has enough of it until it has fairly stripped him and begins to lie heavy on his stomach. "It is his tea, his plum-pudding, his punch, his nightcap." Happy! if he can throw it off so easily as the last, when he wakens. For, as Plautus words the warning, *Nescis tu quam meticulosa res sit ire ad judicem*, You can little tell what a ticklish thing it is to go to law. Swift supports his Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables, by alleging the vast supplies it would receive "from contentious people of all conditions, who are content to waste the greatest part of their own fortunes at law, to be the instrument of impoverishing others." There is a familiar process of quarrelling without anger, of pursuing claims which it is not intended to enforce, (the last war in China was described as analogous with this style of litigation,) of finding that every fresh step renders it more difficult to abandon the suit, and of accumulating costs which bear a constantly increasing proportion to the value of the subject-matter; in many instances there being not even the miserable satisfaction of throwing the blame on the attorney, for it seems as if every stage in the proceedings had been justified by prudence or necessity. "The perplexed client can only attribute his troubles to an overruling destiny, or, in other words, to the imperfection of human foresight, and to the mutual inability of different persons to understand one another's motives and intentions." The robes of lawyers are lined with the obstinacy of suitors, is an Italian adage which, laid to heart, is proposed by Archbishop Trench as a means of keeping men out of lawsuits, or, being in them, from refusing to accept tolerable terms of accom-

modation. Diedrich Knickerbocker may well be enthusiastic in praise of the exalted wisdom of Charondas, the Locrian legislator, whose was the "sage ordinance," that whoever proposed a new law, should do it with a halter round his neck; so that, in case his proposition was rejected, they just hung him up, and there the matter ended; the alleged effect of which salutary institution was, that for more than two hundred years there was only one trifling alteration in the criminal code, and the whole race of lawyers starved to death for want of employment.

> "Depuis qu'il est des lois, l'homme, pour ses péchés,
> Se condamne à plaider la moitié de sa vie:
> La moitié! les trois quarts, et bien souvent le tout."

The Locrians enjoy the credit of having, in consequence of the Charondan canon, lived very lovingly together, and of being such a happy people, that they scarce make any figure throughout the whole Grecian history. They found no sustenance for the pettifoggers, who crowd the law-courts they infest, as the mythical historian of New York puts it, by tampering with the passions of the lower and more ignorant classes; who, as if poverty were not a sufficient misery in itself, are always ready to heighten it by the bitterness of litigation. The pettifoggers are charged with being in law what quacks are in medicine—exciting the malady for the purpose of profiting by the cure; and retarding the cure for the purpose of augmenting the fees. "Where one destroys the constitution, the other impoverishes the purse;" and it is also observable, that as a patient, who has once been under the hands of a quack, is ever after dabbling in drugs, and poisoning himself with infallible remedies, so an ignorant man, who has once meddled with the law, under the auspices of one of these empirics, is for ever after embroiling himself with his neighbours, and impoverishing himself with successful lawsuits. An *un*successful one is reward enough for some litigants, for in the dear delight of litigation itself they have their reward. When the Abbé Fragueir lost a suit that had been going on for twenty years, he was reminded of all the costs and troubles it must have inflicted on him first and last. "Oh!" buoyantly replied the

Abbé "je l'ai gagné tous les soirs pendant vingt ans." Chamfort professes to admire the *mot*, as *très-philosophique.* Beaumarchais has been described as spending his life between lawsuits and playwriting; every lawsuit of his took the form of a play, and every play afforded matter for a lawsuit. He had to *plaider* to save his goods and his reputation; he had to *plaider* to get his plays acted; and when they had been acted, he found himself still compelled to *plaider*, in order to assert their success or to show cause why they ought not to have failed; in short he *plaida sans cesse*, and the accepted motto for his collected works was, "Ma vie est un combat." What a salient contrast to Montaigne, who declares himseif to have over and over again put up with manifest injustice, to avoid the hazard of worse at the hands of the judges, after an age of vexations, vile and dirty practices, harassing contingencies, and incalculable costs. Sir David Lyndsay's carman gives an account of his lawsuit that tells a tale and points a moral for all time:

> "Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
> And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
> And I ran to the consistory, for to pleinyie,
> And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie.*
> They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
> Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
> Within ane month I gat *ad oppenendum;*
> In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum*,
> And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum;*
> But I could never one word yet understand him:
> And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
> And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
> But or they came half-gate to *concludendum*,
> The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
> Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
> Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again:
> And then their rooks they rowpit wonder fast
> For sentence, silver, cryit at the last.
> Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
> But I gat never my gude grey mare again."

That young French nobleman was no fool, though neighbours

* Company.

accounted it foolish of him, who "very innocently" rejoiced and boasted that his mother had lost her suit, as if it had been a cough, or a fever, or some equally bad liability and good riddance. The only possible gainers in the long run he would assume to be those learned lawyers, who, as Luttrell versifies it,

> "—— having wrangled
> For years, leave matters more entangled."

Sir Roger de Coverley has painted for us the character of his neighbour, Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. "He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty." Addison, we may be sure, liked Doctor Sacheverell none the better for the noise he made in the world by his quarrels and lawsuits with his parishioners. It is on the occasion of Mr. Spectator being made acquainted by Sir Roger with the person and disposition of Tom Touchy, that the latter and Will Wimble are at loggerheads, and the old knight, J.P., appealed to in the cause, utters the memorable judgment that much might be said on both sides. In his book on Italy, Addison had commented on the litigious temper of the Neapolitans, declaring that very few persons among them of any consideration had not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier had nothing else to do, it seems he gravely shut himself up in his closet, and fell a tumbling over his papers to see if he could start a lawsuit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much were the people changed since Statius said of them (*Nulla foro rabies*, etc.):

> "By love of right and native justice led,
> In the straight paths of equity they tread;
> Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
> Unpractised in the wranglings of the gown."

O rare John Evelyn! one is inclined to exclaim, in coming upon such an entry in his diary as this: "Having brought an action against one Cock for money which he had received for me, it had been referred to an arbitration by the recommendation of that excellent good man, the Chief Justice Hales; but this not succeeding, I went to advise with that famous lawyer, Mr. Jones, of Gray's Inn, and 27th May [1671] had a trial before Lord Chief Justice Hales, and after the lawyers had wrangled sufficiently, it was referred to a new arbitration. This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and O that it might be the last!" The old peasant in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* could not be more fervid in the wish, after eight years' experience in one lawsuit: "Eight years! I would rather have the fever for twice that time, than go through with it again from the beginning. For these periwigged gentry never give you a decision till your tear it out of their very hearts; and after all, what do you get for your pains? . . . Come what may, I'll never go to law again as long as I live. What a mint of money it costs! For every bow made to you by a procurator, you must come down with your dollars. . . . Why look you, these gentlemen of the law are always holding out their hands." Molière's Scapin has the whip-hand of Argante, who is bent on a lawsuit, when he bids him count the cost. Argante is for a long while resolved, and indeed gets more and more resolute, passing from "Allons, allons, nous plaïderons," to "Je plaiderai," and thence to "Je veux plaider;" but Scapin scares him by proof demonstrative and detailed that "pour plaider il vous faudra de l'argent. Il vous en faudra pour le contrôle; il vous en faudra pour la procuration, pour la présentation, conseils, productions, et journées du procureur. Il vous en faudra pour les consultations et plaidoiries des avocats, pour le droit de retirer le sac, et pour les grosses d'écritures. Il vous en faudra pour le rapport des substituts, pour les épices de conclusion,* pour

* Suitors in old times in France used, it seems, to make presents of sweetmeats and comfits to the judges, when they gained a cause; and

l'enregistrement du greffier, façon d'appointement, sentences et arrêts, contrôles, signatures et expéditions de leurs clercs, sans parler de tous les présents qu'il vous faudra faire." Scapin, for his part, declares that the mere thought of a lawsuit is enough to make him run away to the Indies. Butler accuses the profession of "selling their blasts of wind as dear as Lapland witches bottled air," as well as juggling and playing with wrong and right *ad libitum* and *ultra licitum.* Elsewhere he portrays to the life the inveterately litigious, the pronounced *plaideurs*, who

> "—— believe no voice t' an organ
> So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
> Until, with subtle cobweb-cheats,
> They're catched in knotted law, like nets;
> In which, when they are once imbangled,
> The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
> And while their purses can dispute,
> There's no end of th' immortal suit."

Crabbe warns us that whoso would by a lawsuit regain his plundered store, would pick up fallen mercury from the floor:

> "If he pursue it, here and there it slides,
> He would collect it, but it more divides;
> This part and this he stops, but still in vain,
> It slips aside, and breaks in parts again;
> Till after time and pains, and care and cost,
> He finds his labour and his object lost." *

The fable of the Lawyer, the Suitors, and the Oyster, is of perennial piquancy; and La Fontaine's moral to his version of it is still worthy of all acceptation:

> "Mettez ce qu'il en coûte à plaider aujourd'hui;
> Comptez ce qu'il en reste à beaucoup de familles:

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these sweet stuffs were called *épices*, because spice was employed instead of sugar, before the discovery of the Indies. The *épices du Palais*, at first a voluntary gift, became in course of time a veritable tax; and this tax, though payable in money, still went by the name of *épices*.

* It is only just to Crabbe, and to Lawyers, to remark, that in another part of the same tale we come incidentally upon this couplet:

> "Who calls a Lawyer rogue, may find, too late,
> On one of these depends his whole estate."

> Vous verrez que Perrin* tire l'argent à lui
> Et ne laisse aux plaideurs que le sac et les quilles."†

Judicial corruption, though confessedly a most frightful evil, was deliberately affirmed by Macaulay to be not the worst of evils, for a court may be corrupt, and yet it may do much good; indeed, there is scarcely any court, he maintained, so corrupt as not to do much more justice than injustice: "A sullied stream is a blessing compared to a total drought; and a court may be worse than corrupt—it may be inaccessible." In his Minutes on the Supreme Government of India, he showed that while the expenses of litigation in England are so heavy that people daily sit down quietly under wrongs, and submit to losses rather than go to war, though the English are the richest people in the world; "the people of India are poor; and the expenses of litigation in the Supreme Court are five times as great as the expenses of litigation in India." The idea that those may fairly be required to bear the expenses of the administration of justice, who reap the benefit of it, was routed as a fallacy by Bentham, who contended that those who are under the necessity of going to law, are those who benefit least, not most, by the law and its administration. Mr. J. S. Mill complains of the procedure of the tribunals as so replete with delay, vexation, and expense, that the price at which justice is at last obtained is an evil outweighing a very considerable amount of injustice; and the wrong side, he adds, even that which the law considers such, has many chances of gaining its point, through the abandonment of litigation by the other party for want of funds, or through a compromise, in which a sacrifice is made of just rights to terminate the suit, or through some technical quirk, whereby a decision is obtained on some other ground than the merits. The law, says Shakspeare's Alcibiades, "is past depth to those that, without heed, do plunge into it." M. Berryer reports of the system of law

* Perrin Dandin is the name La Fontaine gives his lawyer in the fable, borrowing it from Rabelais. Racine too uses it in *Les Plaideurs*, as does La Fontaine in other of his fables.

† A proverbial expression, implying that the residuum is *nil*.

in France when he began his legal studies, that the forms of procedure were designedly operose and intricate, and that to prolong and complicate their entanglement, was the business and the pride of the practitioner. "Many suits were eternal; they descended from the solicitor who commenced them, to his successors, or rather to generations of successors, as the property—the patrimony of the office." Boileau's counsel to the Abbé des Roches would apply, then and since, to a large class of inveterate *plaideurs :*

> "N'imite point ces fous dont la sotte avarice
> Va de ses revenus engraisser la justice ;
> Qui toujours assignant, et toujours assignés,
> Souvent demeurent gueux de vingt procés gagnés."

Vainly does honest Mr. Pleydell essay, despite his professional interests, to abate the ardour of Dandie Dinmont's eagerness for a fresh suit with Jock o' Dawston Cleugh, "at the auld wark o' the marches again." For a bit of grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, is he willing, the advocate upbraidingly asks him, to throw away a hundred pound or two? "No, sir, it's no for the value of the grass," replies Dinmont; "it's for justice." Whereupon Pleydell tells him justice, like charity, should begin at home; and bids him do justice accordingly to his wife and family, and think no more about the matter of the marches. Chapters intervene, and again client and advocate meet, and Pleydell finds that Dinmont is not to be advised against trying that question of the marches. "No, no, sir—naebody likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the haill water. . . . Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the feifteen [judges]." *Tu crois l'empêcher de plaider!* to quote from another satire of Despréaux—

> "Ce n'est point tous ces droits, c'est le procès qu'il aime.
> Pour lui un bout d'arpent qu'il faudra disputer
> Vaut mieux qu'un fief entier acquis sans contester."

As Racine's irrepressible, irreconcilable old Countess fractiously exclaims, yet piteously withal, in her despair at the obstacles opposed to her pleadings, "Mais vivre sans plaider, est-ce

contentement?" A lawsuit will sometimes, Mr. Trollope assures us, make a man extremely pleasant company to his wife and children: even a losing lawsuit will sometimes do so, if he be well backed up in his pugnacity by his lawyer, and if the matter of the battle be one in which he can take a delight to fight. "Ah," a man will say, "though I spend a thousand pounds over it, I'll stick to him like a burr. He shan't shake me off." And at such times the man is declared to be almost to a certainty in a good humour, and in a generous mood, and then is the time for his wife to ask him for money for a dinner-party, and his daughters for new dresses; he has taught himself for the moment to disregard money, and to think that he can sow five-pound notes broadcast without any inward pangs. In vain are such insane paupers as Peter Peebles distributed through the courts of justice to scare away fools, as Alan Fairford puts it, from the scene of litigation; haunting the scenes where they have made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. It is grandeur upon earth "to hear one's name thunnered out along the long-arched roof of the Outer-House,—'*Poor* Peter Peebles against Plainstanes, *et per contrà*;' a' the best lawyers in the house fleeing like eagles to the prey," etc., etc. And yet even daft Peter in his pride of *plaidoyant*, cannot but admit, on reflection, that "there be unco drawbacks" on the whole; for he "whiles thinks" of homely comforts long since dispersed, and of present penury all too sharply felt. "And then to see a' ane's warldly substance capering in the air in a pair of weigh-banks, now up, now down, as the breath of judge or counsel inclines it for pursuer or defender,—troth, man, there are times I rue having ever begun the plea wark." Most frequently, according to Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, where Peter Peebles is recognised as the type of a class of crazy and half-crazy litigants, who at all times haunt the Parliament House, these are simple countrymen (like him of Charlies-hope), possessing small properties, such as a house and garden, which they are constantly talking of as their "subject,"—rustic men of difficult and captious tempers, cursed with an over-strong sense of right,

or an over-strong sense of wrong, under which they would, by many degrees, prefer utter ruin to making the slightest concession to a neighbour. It is a very noteworthy trait in the costermongers of London, as alleged by the closest and most comprehensive student of their ways, that their dread of all courts of law, or of anything connected with the law, is second only to their hatred of the police.

Feltham likens a lawsuit to a building: we cast up the charge in gross and under-reckon it, he says, but being in for it, we are trained along through several items, till we can neither bear the account, nor leave off, though we have a mind to it. "The anxiety, the trouble, the attendance, the hazard, the checks, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falseness of pretending friends, the interest of parties, the negligence of agents, and the designs of ruin upon us, do put us upon a combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lie down, be trodden upon, be kicked and die." Judge Haliburton's oracle, for his part, never condescends to shake hands with a lawyer: their grasp is adhesive, he says, you can never disengage your fingers, but are trapped, as an owl is, with bird-lime.* Matters are not so much mended since Ariosto painted *his* gentlemen of the long-robe, as our penny-a-liners call, or used to call them, whose

> "—— bags were full of writs, and of citations,
> Of process, and of actions and arrests,
> Of bills, of answers, and of replications,

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* Was he thinking of Crabbe's picture of that small office where the incautious guest goes blindfold in, where in his web the observant spider lies, and peers about for fat intruding flies?

> "Doubtful at first he hears the distant hum,
> And feels them fluttering as they nearer come;
> They buzz and blink, and doubtfully they tread
> On the strong birdlime of the utmost thread;
> But when they're once entangled by the gin,
> With what an eager clasp he draws them in!
> Nor shall they 'scape, till after long delay,
> And all that sweetens life is drawn away."
>
> BOROUGH, letter vi.

> In courts of delegates and of requests,
> To grieve the simple sort with great vexations."

But then if the simple sort love to have it so—*que voulez-vous?* And if a Peter Peebles is not very uncommon, very common indeed is an Andrew Fairservice, bent on having his pennyworth of cheap litigation, and making the most of it. As a sweet morsel under his tongue the pawky gardener rolls the syllables he has learnt from "a canny chiel" he kens at Lochmaben, "a bit writer lad"—*jurisdictiones fandandy causey*, such is Andrew's law Latin, and to him "thae are bonny writer words—amaist like the language o' huz gardeners and other learned men—it's a pity they're sae dear—thae three words were a' that Andrew got for a lang law-plea, and four ankers o' as gude brandy as e'er was coupit ower craig—Hech, sirs! but law's a dear thing." Wordsworth once led a distinguished guest, in their hillside rambles, to a ravishing view of a little pastoral recess, within the very heart of the highest mountains, where lay a hamlet of seven cottages clustering together as if for mutual support in that lovely but awful solitude—a solitude, indeed, so perfect the stranger had never seen, nor had he supposed it possible that in the midst of populous England any little brotherhood of households could pitch their tents so far aloof from human society, from its noisy bustle, and (he ventured to hope) its angry passions. Here, if anywhere, it seemed possible that a world-wearied man should find perfect rest. "Yes," said the philosophic guide, "Nature has done *her* part to create in this place an absolute and perpetual Sabbath. And doubtless you conceive that in those low-roofed dwellings her intentions are seconded. Be undeceived then: lawsuits, and the passions of lawsuits, have carried fierce dissension into this hidden paradise of the hills; and it is a fact, that not one of those seven families will now speak to another." The listener turned away at these words with a pang of misanthropy, and for one moment assented, he confesses, to the king of Brobdignag—that men are the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

Something of the same sentiment impressed Mr. de Quincey at intervals in his study of the great Bentley and his contemporaries, and their Cambridge feuds of all but implacable intensity and interminable length. Where upon this earth, he thought, should peace be found, if not within the cloistered solitudes of Oxford and Cambridge?—places combining the resources of capital cities, with the deep tranquillity of sylvan hamlets—places so favoured by time, accident, and law, as to come nearer to the creatures of Romance than any other known realities of Christendom; yet in these privileged haunts of meditation did the leading society of Cambridge, headed by the world's foremost scholar of the day, through a period of forty years engage in litigation of the fiercest,—sacrifice their time, energy, fortune, personal liberty, and conscience, to the prosecution, "with so deadly an *acharnement*," of their immortal hatreds; vexing the very altars with their ferocious discussions, and going to their graves so perfectly unreconciled, that, "had the classical usage of funeral *cremation* been restored, we might have looked for the old miracle of the Theban Brothers, and expected the very flames which consumed the hostile bodies to revolt asunder, and violently refuse to mingle." Some of the combatants, De Quincey points out, were young men at the beginning of the quarrel, but greyheaded, palsied, withered, doting, before it ended;—some had outlived all distinct memory except of their imperishable hatreds;—many died during its progress; and sometimes their deaths, by disturbing the equilibrium of the factions, had the effect of "kindling into fiercer activity those rabid passions which, in a Christian community, they should naturally have disarmed or soothed." *Inter finitimos immortale odium.*

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## *CHILDISHNESS PRESENT, CHILDHOOD PAST.*

1 CORINTHIANS xiii. 11.

A GOOD thing in season, how good is it! But even a good thing, out of season, may be bad. Unseasonable is often unreasonable; out of all season is out of all reason. "When I was a child," says the apostle, "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." "Brethren," he exhorts the Church at Corinth, in another paragraph of his letter, "be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." He understood as a child once. But the time past sufficed for that. Once upon a time was enough. Let bygones be bygones. In simplicity of heart he would have his converts be children ever. Might each man of them never outgrow his childhood, in that sense! For of such is the kingdom of heaven; and indeed only such as become little children have the promise of that kingdom. But in understanding, in wit (as that word was accepted of old), let each man of them strive to be manly: "in wit, a man; simplicity a child." It is a sorry thing to see childishness present when childhood is long past.

So long past, that, as extremes meet, second childhood has perhaps set in. An old divine tells us of a yet older, "Mr. Leigh, the synodical commentator," that he used, after he was seventy years of age, to begin his account again; so that if he was asked how old he was he would say five; five on the new account, seventy-five in all. But between first and second childhood there is a great gulf fixed. Sometimes memory itself has failed as a connecting link, and then the picture is that very sombre one of the seventh of the seven ages:

> "Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange, eventful history,
> Is second childishness, and mere oblivion."

Too often, as the essayist on Mechanism in Thoughts and

Morals has said, we see memory perish before the organ of it—the mighty satirist tamed into oblivious imbecility, as Swift; the great scholar wandering without sense of time or place among his alcoves, like Southey taking his books one by one from the shelves and fondly patting them; a child once more among his toys, but a child whose to-morrows come hungry, and not full-handed—come as birds of prey in the place of the sweet singers of morning.* Goneril is speaking quite in character when she says, "Old fools are babes again, and must be used with checks as [well as] flatteries." "That great baby, you see there," says Hamlet of Polonius, "is not yet out of his swaddling clouts." "Happily, he's the second time come to them," answers Rosencrantz; "for, they say, an old man is twice a child." Hawthorne's posthumous fragment, *Pansie*, contains a graphic sketch of old Dr. Dolliver and his great granddaughter and a kitten,—all three companions on intimate terms, as was natural enough, since a great many childish impulses were softly creeping back on the simple-minded old man; insomuch that, if no worldly necessities nor painful infirmity had disturbed him, his remnant of life "might have been as cheaply and cheerily enjoyed as the early playtime of the kitten and the child." Says Merryman in the Prologue to Goethe's *Faust*,

> "That age doth make us childish, some maintain—
> No, it but finds us children once again."

But what a different finding from the first! Oh that old age were truly second childhood! exclaims one who declares it to be seldom more like it than the berry is to the rosebud. And there is apt to recur to the mind Macaulay's only too salient contrast between those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child, but which disgust and shock us in an aged paralytic. Or, again,

* "We must all become as little children if we live long enough; but how blank an existence the wrinkled infant must carry into the kingdom of heaven, if the Power that gave him memory does not repeat the miracle by restoring it."—*Mechanism in Thoughts and Morals*, p. 95.

a protest by Mr. Dickens against applying the term "childishness" to the decay of old age, which he calls the same hollow mockery of it that sleep is of death. Where, in the dull eyes of doating men, he asks, are the laughing light and life of childhood, the gaiety that has known no check, the frankness that has felt no chill, the hope that has never withered, the joys that fade in blossoming? "Send forth the child and childish man together, and blush for the pride that libels our own old happy state, and gives its title to an ugly and distorted image." And in respect of the native innocence of childhood, as Dr. South has it, no man, through old age, becomes twice a child. Geoffrey Crayon somewhere likens the fantastic gaiety of nature in late autumn, when the woods assume a motley dress, whimsically blending together green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson and scarlet, all in "sickly splendour," to the wild and broken-hearted gaiety that sometimes precedes dissolution, or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, which is due, not to a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but to the decay and imbecility of the mind.

> "O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
> Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
> Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
> And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear:
> The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near."

So pleads Robert Burns. Hartley Coleridge utters a reminder in the spirit of Macaulay's passage, that too often forgotten is the fact that neither states nor men can return to infancy. They may, indeed, sink back to its ignorance and impotence; but its beauty, its innocence, and docility, once past, are flown for ever

Hartley was himself, in one sense, the sense of the memorably prophetic verses on him by Wordsworth, always a child. Charles Lamb prefaced the last essays of Elia with an ascription of a like character to his, by hypothesis, recently deceased friend, so called; for he describes the manners of the man Elia as lagging behind his years, and himself as being too much of the boy-man. "The *toga virilis* never sat gracefully

on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood." These were weaknesses, it is owned; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of Elia's writings, and Elia is Lamb; and to him was it given to retain a lamb-like heart among the full-grown flock. Of a less innocent type is the cavalier in *Woodstock*, whom Sir Walter characterizes as one of the happy natures enabled by a hale constitution, an unreflecting mind, and exuberant spirits, to play through their whole lives the part of a schoolboy. Of a less happy type is the French king of whom Michelet significantly says, that although Charles V. had declared by ordinance, A.D. 1374, that kings were to arrive at their majority at fourteen, "his son was fated to remain long a minor, even all his life." Like the Eastern prince in Racine:

> "L'imbécile Ibrahim, sans craindre sa naissance,
> Traîne, exempt de péril, une éternelle enfance."

Mr. Slick has his parable about a great, long-legged, long-tailed colt his father had, which never changed his name and nature of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was to the last as thin as a whipping-post: "He was colt all his days—always young, always poor." The Major Lennard and his wife, of a popular fiction, are described as both alike,—two overgrown children of forty years of age, who looked upon the world as a great play-room, with no better occupation for its inhabitants than to find amusements and shirk the schoolmaster. Fairthorn is drawn by Pisistratus Caxton as a grotesque grown-up infant. Gray, the poet, asks a correspondent if it is not odd to consider one's contemporaries at school in the grave light of husband and father—and to recognize in Lord A—— at the Treasury and Sir B. C—— on the Opposition bench the "dirty boys" one remembers playing at cricket. "As for me," he is fain to add, "I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then." But every day was making a sadder man of him, as more

and more distant became the view he could take of Eton College, for Ode-writing or other purposes.

Gray was far from being an old man when he thus wrote himself still a boy. But Lady Mary W. Montagu was quite an old woman when she defended, in letter after letter, the indulgence of her taste in baubles, "which is as excusable in second childhood as in the first." "Daughter! daughter! don't call names," she writes to the Countess of Bute; "you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusements." Now if Lady Mary called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this might be philosophically true, but would, she supposes, be very ill received. "We have all our playthings," and hers were to her mind, which Court insignia were not. Very like her ladyship is the avowal in an earlier epistle, that, to say truth, she is as fond of playthings (of her own choosing) as ever, and is strenuous in keeping up her taste for them. She might have despised them at twenty for the same reason that made her refuse tarts or cheese-cakes at twelve years old, as being too childish for one capable of more solid pleasures. But she now was persuaded, in the decline of life, that "all things in this world are almost equally trifling." In her youth she had twitted people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, with equal folly to that shown by them when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses. Marcus Aurelius derides the prizes of life as so mean, and deems the scuffle about them so ridiculous, that he is reminded of a parcel of puppies snarling for a bone, and of the "contests of little children, sometimes transported and sometimes all in tears, about a plaything." *Les emplois, les rubans, la gloire même*, are compared by the Prince of Ligne, and not to their advantage, to *la première poupée.* Colonel Esmond moralises on the royal diamonds he has looked at in the jewel-rooms in Europe, and thought how wars have been made about them, Mogul sovereigns deposed and

strangled for them, millions expended to buy them, and daring lives lost in digging out the little shining toys that *he* values no more than the button in his hat. And so there are other glittering baubles (of rare water too),—for it is of bright eyes he goes on to speak,—for which men have been set to kill and quarrel ever since mankind began; and which last but for a score of years, when their sparkle is over. Where are those jewels now, he asks, that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead, or shone in the sockets of Helen? All for love, or the world well lost,—is not that a dramatic theme for Dryden, with the besotted Antony for his text? And do not historians show us Antony sinking under the spell into an indolent voluptuary, pleased by childish amusements,—lounging in a boat at a fishing-party, for instance, and laughing whenever he drew up pieces of salt-fish, which by the Queen of Egypt's orders had been attached by divers to his hook? The Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had pacified or convulsed Europe, was to be seen at St. Juste absorbed in the construction of puppets with secret springs, and childishly delighted with the astonishment of his convent associates.

> "Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
> In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
> Your sceptres and your crowns and such-like things
> Are but a better kind of toys for kings."

What petty things they are we wonder at! is one of the *Discoveries* of Ben Jonson; "like children, that esteem every trifle, and prefer a fairing before their fathers." What difference between us and them? he asks, but that we seniors are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate. *They* are pleased with cockle-shells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such-like; we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. De Quincey speaks of it as a fact, forced upon us by the whole experience of life, that almost all men are children, more or less, in their tastes and admirations. Were it not for man's latent tendencies, he adds,—were it not for that imperishable grandeur which exists by way of germ and ultimate possibility in his nature,

hidden though it is, and often all but effaced,—how unlimited would be the contempt of the wise for his species! The contempt of the unwise is almost equally unlimited, where tastes differ, and the lover of one set of toys flouts the lover of another set. Montaigne stands up for his own whims, much in the spirit and style of Lady Mary for hers; he is not moved by the ridicule or scorn of those who "would blame and be angry at themselves if tickled with so vain a pleasure" as pleased him; but his theory is, that never are our humours too vain, when really pleasure-giving; and he is sure that were men to consider themselves very attentively, as he did, they would, as he did, "discover themselves to be full of inanity and foppery; rid myself of which I cannot, without making away with myself." When all is done, this is the conclusion of Sir William Temple, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet, till it falls asleep, and then the care is over. The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade may be the toy of a solemn don who shakes his head at sonneteers and songsters. Elia has his skit at the many who pretend to be wise by the form of being grave, and are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. So has Shenstone:

> "Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
> On toils like these bestow a softer name;
> Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
> And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
> More artful I their specious schemes deride."

Is this the only man, pleads Mr. Thackeray for one of his heroes, that has set his life against a stake not worth the winning? Another risks his life,—and sometimes his honour too, we are reminded,—against a bundle of bank notes, or a yard of blue riband, or a seat in Parliament; and some for the mere pleasure and excitement of the sport,—as a field of huntsmen will do, "each out-bawling and out-galloping the other at the tail of a dirty fox, that is to be the prize

of the foremost happy conqueror." The hero in question was a fool, if you will, his author agrees; but so, urges the latter, is a sovereign a fool, that will give half a principality for a little crystal as big as a pigeon's egg, and called a diamond; so is a wealthy nobleman a fool, that will face danger or death, and spend half his life and all his tranquility caballing for a blue riband; so is a Dutch merchant a fool, that has been known to pay ten thousand crowns for a tulip. There is some particular prize we all value; whether it be to achieve a great reputation for learning, or to be a man of fashion and the talk of the town, or to consummate a work of art or poetry, and go to immortality that way. "Granted I am a fool," says the hero himself to accomplished St. John himself, "and no better than you; but you are no better than I. You have your folly you labour for; give me the charity of mine." By sports of some sort is every age beguiled; the sports of children satisfy the child. And rather childish sports will satisfy, and at least gratify, a childish man.

Frequent is Horace Walpole's perhaps affected "Alas!" prefixed to some such reflection as, that we are ridiculous animals; folly and gravity equally hunting shadows, and the deepest politician toiling but for a momentary rattle. It matters not, in his philosophy, with what visions or illusions, provided they are innocent, we amuse ourselves; and far from combating, he often loves to entertain them. "When one has outlived one's passions and pursuits, one should become inactive or morose if one's second childhood had not its rattles and fables like the first." This he wrote when past his grand climacteric; and four years later we find him asking Sir Horace Mann, after enumerating some of the curiosities of Strawberry Hill,—"Am I not an old simpleton to be wanting playthings still?—and how like is one's last cradle to one's first!" In another letter: "We must hope and make visions to the last. *I* am asking for samples of Ginori's porcelain at sixty-eight! Well, . . . what signifies what baubles we pursue? Philosophers make systems, and we simpletons collections; and we are as wise as they—wiser perhaps, for we know that

in a few years our rarities will be dispersed at an auction; and they flatter themselves that their reveries will be immortal, which has happened to no system yet. A curiosity may rise in value; a system is exploded." A year later, and our *vieux insouciant* is not clear but making or solving charades is as wise as anything we can do. "I should pardon professed philosophers if they would allow that their wisdom is only trifling, instead of calling their trifling wisdom." Manifold are the aids and appliances recognized by Crabbe for soothing life in its desponding hours:

> "And by a coin, a flower, a verse, a boat,
> The stagnant spirits have been set afloat;
> They pleased at first, and then the habit grew,
> Till the fond heart no higher pleasure knew;
> Till from all cares and other comforts freed,
> The important nothing took in life the lead."

Byron is bitter on the common lot of play-making and play-acting, "through each dull, tedious, trifling part, which all regret, yet all rehearse." Mr. Emerson finds men victims of illusion in all parts of life; children, youths, adults, and old men, all are led by one bauble or another. Young complains, as becomes his *Complaint*, of those who call aloud

> "For every bauble, drivelled o'er by sense;
> For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
> For change of follies, and relays of joys."

La Bruyère says, that all that is wanting, ofttimes, to soothe some great grief, and to make less poignant some great loss, is "un beau cheval, ou un joli chien dont on se trouve le maître, une tapisserie, une pendule," etc. Persius would have us note what toys men's senseless lives engage, from playful childhood up to reverend age,—*nucibus* non *relictis*. A greater satirist than he bids us—

> "Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
> Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
> Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
> A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before ;
Till tired he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er."

To pursue trifles, says Goldsmith, is the lot of humanity ; though, whether we bustle in a pantomime or strut at a coronation, whether we shout at a bonfire or harangue in a senate-house—whatever object we follow, it will at last surely conduct us to futility and disappointment.* But, trivial things, invented and pursued for bread, as Mr. Dickens observes in the case of his Caleb Plummer, the old toymaker, become very serious matters of fact, and, apart from this consideration, his author owns himself not at all prepared to say, that if Caleb had been a Lord Chamberlain, or a Member of Parliament, or a lawyer, or even a great speculator, he would have dealt in toys one whit less whimsical, while he further owns to a very great doubt whether they would have been as harmless. Cowper was in the mood to back such a misgiving, when he wrote,

"Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountains high.
* * * *
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Subjects would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world."

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* "The wise bustle and laugh as they walk in the pageant, but fools bustle and are important ; and this probably is all the difference between them."—*Citizen of the World*, letter cxxii.

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## *THE INCONSEQUENT CREATURE, MAN.*

ROMANS vii. 15, 19 sq.

POETRY, as well as science, has, by poetical licence, its definitions to offer of Man. And one of these is, "The inconsequent creature, man,—for that's his speciality." Whether St. Paul was discussing man christianized or not, in that problematical seventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, he would probably have accepted the definition by way of illustrating his text. "For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not: but what I hate, that do I. . . . The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me,"—the result being, that he, the man in question, the representative man, with his mind served the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin.

> "—— Men define a man,
> The creature who stands frontward to the stars,
> The creature who looks inward to himself;
> The tool-wright laughing creature. 'Tis enough:
> We'll say instead, the inconsequent creature, man,—
> For that's his speciality. What creature else
> Conceives the circle, and then walks the square?
> Loves things proved bad, and leaves a thing proved good?"

So various and inconsistent is human nature, says Chesterfield in more than one of his letters,—so strong and so changeable are our passions, so fluctuating are our wills, and so much are our minds influenced by the accidents of our bodies, that every man is more the man of the day, than a regular and "consequential character." Hence, his lordship professes to look with some contempt upon those refining and sagacious historians who ascribe all, even the most common events, to some deep political cause; "whereas mankind is made up of inconsistencies, and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character." Our jarring passions, our variable*

* There are some remarks almost identically the same in David Hume's chapter on Liberty and Necessity.

humours, and the like, "produce such contradictions in our conduct, that I believe those are the oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives." Again and again he warns his readers against supposing that, because man is a rational animal, he will therefore always act rationally; or, because he has such or such a predominant passion, that he will act invariably and "consequentially" in the pursuit of it. No, we are, on my lord's showing, complicated machines; and though we have one main-spring that gives motion to the whole, we have an infinity of little wheels, which, in their turns, retard, precipitate, and sometimes stop that motion. The characters men draw in books have been well said by a real student of character to hang together in too wonderful a harmony of parts: if we had to deal with *them*, we should know what we were about, so amazingly consistent are they. We may and do exclaim, "How natural! what a wonderful knowledge of human nature has Scott, or Richardson, or Dickens, or Charlotte Brontë!" But the difficulty in real life, objects a dissertator on the study of character, is, that people are not natural—that they are inconsistent, inconsequent—that their deviations from their proper selves would disgrace a novel and spoil any author's reputation. Take, as he says, some men and compare them one year with another, one day with another, and there is absolutely scarce a trace of the former man. "Hamlet puzzles the commentators because he is not always reconcilable with himself; but, surely, all of us can point out some one or more compared with whom Hamlet is plain sailing." We may always, it is alleged, detect a real character amongst shadows in a novel by his want of harmony.

La Bruyère was alive to this when he penned *Les Caractères*. "Je me contredis, il est vrai; accusez-en les hommes, dont je ne fais que rapporter les jugemens, je ne dis pas des différens hommes, je dis les mêmes qui jugent si différemment." And still more pointedly, and to the point, he says in another chapter: "Les hommes n'ont point de caractères, ou s'ils en ont, c'est celui de n'en avoir aucun qui soit suivi, qui ne se démente point, et où ils soient reconnoissables." "Ils ont des passions contraires,

et des foibles qui se contredisent. Il leur coûte moins de joindre les extrémités, que d'avoir une conduite dont une partie naisse de l'autre." Pope twits his guide, philosopher, and friend with being keenly captious in criticism on any little vagary in his dress, and not in the least to any extravagant inconsequence or incoherence in his character:

> "But when no prelate's lawn with horse-hair lined
> Is half so incoherent as my mind,
> When (each opinion with the next at strife,
> One ebb and flow of follies all my life),
> I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
> Turn round to square, and square again to round;*
> You never change one muscle of your face,
> You think this madness but a common case,
> Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
> Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
> Careless how ill I with myself agree,
> Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me."

The heart has often been compared to the needle for its constancy: has it ever, asks Archdeacon Hare, been so for its variations? Yet, were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present! how numerous, diverse, and strange.† Macaulay taxed almost all the modern historians of Greece,—but this was before Mr. Grote had entered an appearance,—with showing the grossest ignorance of the most obvious phenomena of human nature,—the generals and statesmen of antiquity being by their representations absolutely divested of all individuality; mere personifications; passions, talents, opinions, virtues, vices, but not men. "Inconsistency is a thing of which these writers have no notion." This practice of painting in nothing

* As in Mrs. Browning's forcible line,—
"Conceives the circle, and then walks the square."

† "This is just what we find in the writings of Horace. If we consider his occasional effusions,—and such they nearly all are,—as merely expressing the piety or the passion, the seriousness or the levity of the moment, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for those discrepancies in their features which have so much puzzled professional commentators. Their very contradictions prove their truth."—*Guesses at Truth*, i. 2.

but black and white, the young Edinburgh Reviewer declared to be "unpardonable even in the drama," and he cited it as the great fault of Alfieri. A contemporary French critic hailed in the dramas of Schiller and Goethe this one advantage at least of a transgression of the unity of time, that "la vie morale a retrouvé sa place au théâtre. Les hommes ici ne sont plus d'une seule pièce, décidément bons ou mauvais, selon les exigences d'une action de vingt-quatre heures. Ils sont inconséquents sur la scène comme dans la vie : ils doutent, ils hésitent, ils se démentent." But twenty-four hours will often supply ample room and verge enough for the display of inconsequences the most emphatic :—

> "Such inconsistent moods have we,
> E'en when our passions strike the key."

Byron jots down in his journal his sense of relief due to that journal. When he is tired—as he generally is—out it comes, and down goes everything. But he can't read it over ; and he can only guess at what flagrant contradictions it may contain. For, "If I am sincere with myself (but I fear one lies more to one's self than to any one else), every page should confute, refute, and utterly abjure its predecessor." His biographer somewhere observes of him, that still more singular than the contradiction between Byron in public and in private,—a contradiction not unfrequent, and, in some cases, more apparent than real, as depending upon the relative position of the observer,—were those startling contrarieties and changes which his character so often exhibited, as compared with itself ; now intrenched in the most absolute self-will, and next moment all that was docile and tractable. In him the simple mode of tracing character to its sources was often wholly at fault ; and Moore pleads, that if, in trying to solve the strange variances of his friend's mind, he should himself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, such an unexampled complication of qualities may suggest his excuse. It is in his capacity of critical biographer of a very different man, that Mr. Carlyle proffers him as typically an ill-assorted, glaring mixture

of the highest and the lowest; and what, indeed, the question then occurs, is man's life generally, but a kind of beast godhood? Did not the ancients figure Nature itself, their sacred ALL, or PAN, as a portentous commingling of these two discords—musical, humane, oracular, in its upper part, yet ending below in the cloven hairy feet of a goat? "And is not man a microcosm, or epitomized mirror of that same universe? . . . No wonder that man, that each man, that James Boswell like the others, should resemble it. The peculiarity in his case was the unusual defect of amalgamation and subordination." One thinks of the Laureate's characterization of that

> "—— piebald miscellany, man,
> Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire."

Nor unremembered be the spirit of Wordsworth's query, supposing the heart to be inspected to its inmost folds by sight undazzled with the glare of praise,—

> "Who shall be named—in the resplendent line
> Of sages, martyrs, confessors—the man
> Whom the best might of faith, wherever fixed,
> For one day's compass has preserved
> From painful and discreditable shocks
> Of contradiction?"

Balzac calls man a "singulier problème! Toujours en opposition avec lui-même, l'homme imprime à tous ses actes le caractère de *l'inconséquence* et de la faiblesse. Ici-bas rien n'est complet que le malheur." Scott's Aunt Margaret, of mirror memorabilia, claims, in her old age, a right to be as inconsistent in her political sentiments as mankind in general show themselves in all the various courses of life; since you cannot point out one of them, she asserts, in which the passions and prejudices of those who pursue it are not perpetually carrying them away from the path which their reason approves. It has been said, that of all prophecies, none are, perhaps, so frequently erroneous as those on which we are most apt to venture, in endeavouring to foretell the effect of outward events on the characters of men; that in no form of our anticipations are we more frequently baffled than in such attempts

to estimate beforehand the influence of circumstances over conduct, not only in others, but even in ourselves. "Let the event but happen, and men whom we view by the light of our previous observation of them, act under it as the living contradictions of their own characters." In this way it is to be noted how the friend of our daily social intercourse, in the progress of life, no less than the favourite hero of our historical studies, in the progress of the page, astonishes, exceeds, or altogether crosses our expectations; and we find it as vain to foresee a cause, as to fix a limit for the arbitrary inconsistencies in the dispositions of mankind. "Are men good, or are they bad?" asks Aladin, in Sénac de Meilhan's *conte philosophique;* and the Kalender answers, "Neither the one nor the other,—or rather, both" (the greatest part of mankind, at least); "une des grandes sources d'erreurs, c'est de se conduire avec eux comme s'ils étaient *constants* et *conséquents.* . . . Nous sommes mobiles, et nous jugeons des êtres mobiles!" The motto to a chapter in Pisistratus Caxton's ripest work, is this: "No author ever drew a character consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies." M. Guizot sententiously remarks of Saint Augustine, in reference to his reasoning on free-will, that he was "inconsistent precisely because of his lofty reason," and this moral fact is insisted upon as alone explaining the contradictions of so many fine geniuses. It may be said, with the author of an essay on "hybrid opinions," that there is a certain logical connection between different parts of any political or religious confession, so that a man who has accepted one dogma must be foolish or insincere if he attempts to refuse the rest; but then the great mass of mankind accept doctrines of all sorts less in consequence of any process of reasoning than from a certain dumb instinct of their congeniality. The thinkers are rare; and it is thinking that unsettles. Not but that a large proportion of mankind have no objection whatever to entertain two contradictory beliefs. They do not, perhaps, as some one has said, outrage the lawgivers of logic by holding simultaneously that A is B and that A is not B, because they find it hard to keep

two ideas before their minds at once; but they are perfectly ready to hold these two propositions in successive instants. But with regard to the lawgivers of logic themselves, and the masters of metaphysic themselves, if there is any moral to be drawn from Mr. Bolton's *Inquisitio Philosophica*, it is held to be this—that all, or many, even of the greatest metaphysicians may be convicted of holding together incompatible views, that one of Sir William Hamilton's defenders against the charge, as involving him, yet readily grants that he contradicted himself from obliviousness of what he had formerly written, or that his polemical disposition led him to adopt different views at different times, according as he was advocating at the moment different theses. There lies far below these causes of discrepancy, it is shrewdly surmised, an impossibility, in the nature of things, of constructing a uniform and homogeneous system of thought without break or flaw. And we are referred to Montaigne excusing himself for the incongruities presented by his picture of human nature, on the ground that he had not the making of his original: *Les aultres forment l'homme, je le récite.* The contradictions, being in the original, could not but be found in the portrait. Montaigne was the frankest of essayists at self-portraiture; and in his own character he was prompt to descry and to describe "those supple variations and contradictions in us which have given some people occasion to believe that man has two souls." He owned that his instability discomposed him; but he was sure that whoever would look narrowly into himself would, in like manner, hardly find himself twice in the same condition. If Montaigne spoke variously of himself, it was because he considered himself variously: all contrarieties were confessedly to be found in him. "And who ever will sift himself to the bottom will be conscious of this volubility and discordance." *Distinguo* was the universal part of Montaigne's logic.

"*Mais que voulez-vous?*" as M. de Pontmartin exclaims, in a digression on this universal foible. Inconsequence is one of the most essential conditions of human nature; insomuch that were it forbidden to man to be inconsequent, we should

all be *des saints ou des scélérats.* In every age, according to Michelet,—with Gerson for his text,—it is the mission of the greatest man of his day to be the expression of the contradictions, real or apparent, of our nature. Gibbon, in his essay on the Study of Literature, exposes the fallacy of imputing logical coherence and unity to the characters studied: design has been perceived in the actions of a distinguished man, a predominant trait has been found in his character; and then closet speculators have immediately wanted to make all men as systematic beings in practice as they are in theory, and have discovered art in their passions, policy in their weaknesses, and dissimulation in their inconstancy; in a word, "by dint of paying homage to the intellect of man, they have often done very little honour to his heart." Now it is, as Macaulay was fond of insisting, a sheer impossibility to reason from the opinions which a man professes to his feelings and his actions; and in fact "no person is ever such a fool as to reason thus, except when he wants a pretext for persecuting his neighbours,"—and then he lays to the charge of his victims all the vices and follies to which their doctrines, however remotely, seem to tend. As no man in the world acts up to his own standard of right, argues Macaulay in another place, there is an enormous gap in the logic by which alone penalties for opinions can be defended. Reason the matters as we may, experience shows us *—to cite another illustration from the same fertile reasoner —that a man may believe in election without believing in reprobation, that he may believe in reprobation without being an Antinomian, and that he may be an Antinomian without being a bad citizen.† Man, in short, he concludes, is so in-

* So David Hartley appeals to the fact that in the writings of so many good men we see philosophical free-will asserted, on the one hand, and merit disclaimed on the other; in both cases, with a view to avoid consequences apparently impious; though it be impossible to reconcile these doctrines to each other.—Hartley's *Theory of the Human Mind*, ch. v., sect. v.

† There was not, says Middleton, a more declared enemy to Epicurus's doctrine than Cicero: he thought it destructive of morality and pernicious to society; but he charged this consequence to the principles, not the professors of them, with many of whom he was extremely intimate, and whom

consistent a creature, that it is impossible to reason from his belief to his conduct, or from one part of his belief to another.

Some one has said, that if a conjuror with powers hitherto unknown were to arise, able to draw us a map of the mind of a cultivated man, exhibiting all the propositions that he accepts point-blank, with the grounds on which he believes them to be true, all the vague half-conceived maxims on which he regulates his conduct, and all that wide region of inarticulate impulse, changing proclivity in this direction and in that, by which so much of human activity is directed—why, such a conjuror would produce a picture of incoherency, incongruity, baselessness, shadowiness, and contradiction of an altogether incredible sort. Even without any more magical powers than candour and penetration, it has been further remarked, a plain man, looking into himself, may discern in his own motives of action and principles of belief a curious and rather humiliating chaos. He would see, for instance, that he unconsciously acted under certain circumstances on a maxim which he energetically repudiated then as in every other case; that he held some leading belief on the strength of ideas which, if they were solid and true, would be destructive of all his other leading beliefs; that he grasped, as proof of some set of facts, at a kind of evidence which he unqualifiedly rejects in the case of some precisely similar set of facts, and so forth. In a suggestive treatise on Mental Growth, stress is laid on the truth that great mental development or change does not instantaneously correct all our character or all our ideas; and that, whether in politics, philosophy, or theology, all of us, with scarcely an exception, serve in reality two masters, and belong to two

he esteemed as worthy, virtuous, generous friends, and lovers of their country. Conyers Middleton takes occasion, after quoting Cicero's letter to Trebatius, to contrast the tone of it with the "rashness of those zealots who, with the light of a most divine and benevolent religion, are perpetually insulting and persecuting their fellow-Christians, for differences of opinion which for the most part are merely speculative and without any influence on life, or the good and happiness of civil society."—*Life of Cicero*, ii., sect. vii.

*régimes:* the old and new Adam co-exist in us:* reluctant proselytes of the new, we are affectionate deserters from the old; and we partially live in the pleasant shade of old influences. "The fact is, that it is impossible to say that the mind of any human being is fitted and furnished on logical principles. It is rather a sort of lumber room or bazaar." Men think inconsistently enough up to the time when their attention is forcibly drawn to the inconsistency; and then, perhaps, if we are active and honest, we set slowly and methodically to work to repair the incongruity, and to make our opinions dovetail into one another. But to the very end of our career the charge holds good of there being certain ways of thinking which we cannot make dovetail decently, do what we will with them. Intellectually, as morally, man is to the end an inconsequent creature. In either aspect there is comedy as well as tragedy in the study of him. It is of the moral aspect, mainly, and in at least a semi-tragic tone, or a semi-tone of the tragical, that the poet is treating, when thus he apostrophizes the race:

> "—— O Man, Creation's paradox!
> How reconcile thy struggling chaos—how
> Fathom the depths thy endless bosom locks
> In its small circuit? Basely selfish now
> As are the brutes; then with clear earnest brow
> Scaling great heights of generosity;
> Thou fiend—thou god—why poorly rovest thou
> Beyond thyself in search of mystery?
> What riddle can be worth, or wondrous after thee?"

* Sir A. Helps urges great caution in reminding those who now would fain be wiser, of their rash and censorious judgments in times past—especially the young, who, never having felt the mutability of all human things, nor discovered that a man's former certainties are among the strangest things he looks back upon in the vista of the past, nor again having dreamed that the way to some opinions may lie through their opposites, "are mightily ashamed of inconsistency, and may be made to look upon reparation as a crime."—*Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, p. 49.

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## *RECOGNISED FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.*

1 PETER v. 9.

ST. PETER would have those to whom he wrote his first epistle take comfort and find strength in the reflection, that, so far from being singular in suffering, the same afflictions were being undergone by their brethren elsewhere, if not everywhere. St. Paul assures his Corinthian brethren that no temptation, or trial (πειρασμὸς), had taken them, but such as is common to man (εἰ μὴ ἀνθρώπινος). Recognised fellowship in suffering is, on double apostolical authority, a signal solace to the suffering.

A clerical poet ventures to doubt the efficacy, speaking for himself, of this kind of consolation, and deprecates the principle of it, as well as demurs to its practical worth:

"There are who try to comfort you
By saying, others suffer too;
And bidding you compare your state
With your poor brother's darker fate.
But such a comfort's selfish dram
More grieves me when I mournful am.
The more I see of ills around,
The more those ills on me rebound;
Life's sorrows heavier on me come,
A unit in that awful sum;
And but one joy from pain I strike,
That with mankind I share alike."

But to the mass of men it is always a consolatory assurance, that *our* amount of unhappiness is not greater than that of most other people, and that what we to our cost are feeling, others have felt, and others are to feel. Milton's Satan, however, may be cited as an authority the other way, when he scouts the charge of being prompted by envy to ruin the happy, and thus to gain companions of his misery and woe. At first it might have been so, he admits:

"—— but, long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load."

Keats, in the *Hyperion*, remarks how

> "—— with us mortal men, the laden heart
> Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
> When it is nighing to the mournful house
> Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise,"—

without being greatly stayed or soothed by that fellowship in suffering. Yet does the adage hold good, as an adage, *Commune naufragium omnibus est consolatio.* There is an absolute use of St. Peter's expression, "as though some strange thing had happened unto you," in Cicero's reminder that, when overtaken by inevitable misfortunes, we can at least fortify ourselves by remembrance of parallel cases, and so, *eventis aliorum memoriâ repetendis,* NIHIL NOVI *accidisse nobis cogitemus.* Mr. Disraeli calls it agreeable to see others falling into the same traps which have broken our own shins; and that, shipwrecked on the island of our hopes, one likes to mark a vessel go down in full sight.* "'Tis demonstration that we are not branded as Cains among the favoured race of man." According to Wordsworth,—

> "The mind condemned, without reprieve, to go
> O'er life's long deserts with its charge of woe,
> With sad congratulation joins the train
> Where beasts and men together o'er the plain
> Move on—a mighty caravan of pain:
> Hope, strength, and courage social suffering brings,
> Freshening the wilderness with shade and springs."

The picture, if unpleasant, is yet pleasanter than Mr. Procter's, of "A ghastly brotherhood who hung together, Knit firm by misery or some common wrong." To have partners in misfortune is some comfort, says Dio Chrysostom: Παραμυθίαν φέρει τὸ κοινωνοὺς εἶναι τῶν συμφορῶν; or, as the Latin proverb words

* "That old Frenchman was right," mutters another author's Captain Bulstrode, thinking of La Rochefoucauld's maxim; "there *is* a great satisfaction in the misfortune of others. If I go to my dentist, I like to find another wretch in the waiting-room; and I like to have my tooth extracted first, and to see him glare enviously at me as I come out of the torture chamber, knowing that my troubles are over, while his are to come." Of the ducal philosopher's maxim, more anon.

it, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* It has been recognised as beyond doubt inherent in human misery, the desire of seeing others wretched when we are wretched ourselves. If the affliction we grieve under be very heavy, we shall find some consolation, says Addison, in the fellowship of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially if our companions be men of virtue and merit; if, on the other hand, our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by contrasting them with what others endure. Dr. Thomas Brown has a word of praise for him who, in suffering the common ills of our nature, has suffered them as common ills, not repining at affliction, nor proud of enduring it without a murmur, but feeling only that it is part of a great system which is good, and that his lot is the common lot.

Foremost among the multitude of reflections suggested by a bitter experience to the King of Tartary, in the Arabian Nights, is this one: "How little reason had I to think that no one was so unfortunate as myself!" Quite early in the encounters and misadventures of Don Quixote, that poor belaboured knight has to console himself, bruised and battered as he is, in looking upon this as a misfortune common to knights-errant. Anon he fortifies himself by calling to memory the many stories that are so applicable to what has befallen him, one especially from the Diana of George of Montemayor. Sancho has a proverb pat to the purpose, in his colloquy with the squire of the wood: "If the common saying is true, that there is some comfort in having partners in grief, I may comfort myself with you, who serve as crackbrained a master as my own." How apt are we to recollect, or to try to recollect, exclaims Richardson's Honourable Miss Byron, when we are apprehensive that a case may possibly be our own, all those circumstances of which, while another's (however dear that other might be to us), we had not any clear or adequate idea! Henry Mackenzie tells, in the Introduction to one of his fictions, how often he has wandered away from his own woe, in tracing the tale ot another's dejection: "At this moment, every sentence I write, I am but escaping a little further from the presence of sorrow."

So Churchill, in his epistle to Robert Lloyd, with whom he often stole an hour from grief, and in his social converse found relief; for,

> "The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
> Loves any sorrows rather than her own."

One of Lesage's *Cheminées de Madrid*, in the *entretiens* so entitled, is of the opinion that "c'est une foible consolation pour les malheureux, que d'avoir des compagnons de leur misère." But this is voted a crotchet, due to a crooked constitution. If Charles Surface is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, quoth Mrs. Candour, "and that, you know, is a consolation." "Doubtless, ma'am," Joseph Surface assents,—"a very great one." When Dr. Fothergill proved the identity of the putrid sore throat (a form of disease then, 1748, newly imported into England) with the Garrotillo, or "gallows disease," of the Spaniards, and the *morbus strangulatorius* of the Italian writers, it was a real comfort to those who were alarmed by the appearance of a new disease, to learn that the same malady had visited and quitted other countries in other times; for, as one of his biographers remarks, it adds to the despondency of sickness and the terror of death itself, when the pain and peril seem strange. Mr. Dickens, in the uttermost dejection of sea-sickness* during his first voyage to America, was inexpressibly comforted on hearing that a fellow-passenger whom he had pictured to himself insultingly free from that complaint, was prostrate with it too. "I don't think I ever felt such perfect gratification and gratitude of heart, as I did when I heard from the ship's doctor that he had been obliged to put a large mustard poultice on this very gentleman's

* Undoubtedly, as the writer of an essay on the Misfortunes of our Friends has remarked, nobody can witness certain real though minor misfortunes of life, without a strong propensity to laugh; everybody, for example, considers sea-sickness from an absurd point of view, though it would be hard to say why extreme suffering should be ludicrous because it is not dangerous or protracted. Perhaps the grotesqueness of the surrounding circumstances overpowers our sympathies; but the fact that they are so completely vanquished is accounted by this writer scarcely an amiable trait in human nature.

stomach. I date my recovery from the receipt of that intelligence." There is real and substantial mitigation of all human ills and mortifications, as the moralist contends, in the sight of others as badly off: to fall on the ice along with twenty others, is no great matter, unless indeed the physical suffering be severe; to be guillotined as one of fifty, is not nearly so bad as to go all alone; and "to be beaten in a competition along with half a dozen very clever fellows, mitigates your mortification." If, as the same authority suggests, you were the only bald man in the world, or the only lame man, or the only man who had lost several teeth, you would find it much harder to resign your mind to your condition. Butler, in *Hudibras*, commends such reflections as

> "No mean nor trivial solaces
> To partners in extreme distress;
> Who use to lessen their despairs,
> By parting them int' equal shares;
> As if the more there were to bear,
> They felt the weight the easier;
> And every one the gentler hung,
> The more he took his turn among."

One assigned reason for the popularity of proverbs is, that we comfort ourselves under a state of things which shames or annoys us by remembering that others have found themselves in exactly the same plight before; and, the shape of a proverb being that of a universal proposition, it seems that, if we can recollect an appropriate proverb, we have the testimony of all mankind that what is happening to us is unavoidable. *Nec rara videmus quæ pateris*, as Juvenal has it: *Casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam Tritus;* which has been freely Englished, Your ill 's but one of Fortune's common store; it happens every day to thousands more. And as Cowper felt and said of misery, it delights to trace its semblance in another's case. The woe-worn Duchess of Malfi knew what she was asking, when she asked Cariola to discourse to her some dismal tragedy. "Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy," objected the other. "Thou art deceived," the Duchess replied: "to hear of greater grief

would lessen mine." In Shakspeare we read that fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, as palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage. True, he says in another stage of the same poem, that the relief is a relief only, never a cure:

> "It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
> To think their dolour others have endured."

Consider the like misfortunes of others, is the counsel of the son of Theseus in Ovid, so shalt thou the better bear thine own: *Similes aliorum respice casus, Mitius ista feres.* And this sort of fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind to our like-feeling fellows. "I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I," writes Swift, in the Journal to Stella (Feb. 1, 1711): "She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same." As Webster's Duchess of Malfi in her misery is for hearing recounted some dismal tragedy, so Shakspeare's Richard the Second, in his despair, is for sitting on the ground and hearing and telling sad stories of the deaths of kings, how some have been deposed, some slain in war, some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed, some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed; all murdered. Near the end of his own tragedy in the dungeon of Pomfret Castle, this deposed king, himself to be so shortly murdered, muses on the power of thoughts tending to content, as flattering the thinkers

> "That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves,
> Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
> Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
> That many have, and others must sit there:
> And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
> Bearing their own misfortune on the back
> Of such as have before endured the like."

*Neque enim fortuna querenda Sola tua est.* The King in *Love's Labour's Lost* is eager to discover other victims to the tender passion he had forsworn, and he finds them: "sweet fellowship in shame;" "One drunkard loves another of the name;" "Am I the first that has been perjured so?" Dumain, another of the forsworn four, would that the King, Biron, and Longaville,

were in his own case; for the fellowship would from his forehead wipe a perjured note, since none offend where all alike do dote. Longaville overhears, and tells him his love is far from charity, that in love's grief desires society. Had he been more cynical, he might have adopted the style of Dr. Johnson's Imlac, who declares the invitations by which certain natures allure others to a state which they feel to be wretched, to proceed from the natural malignity of hopeless misery, that seeks relief in new companionship. Sir Thomas Browne, in a closing section of his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, calls it a great depravity in our nature, and "surely an affection that somewhat savoureth of hell," to desire the society, or comfort ourselves in the fellowship of others that suffer with us. But as surely, or more surely, would the fine old Religious Mediciner have appreciated, if not applauded, the tender and true lines of Edgar in *King Lear*, when the outcast, offcast son compares his suffering with that of the outcast, offcast, discrowned, distracted king:

> "Where we our betters see bearing our woes,
> We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
> Who alone suffer, suffers most i' the mind;
> Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
> But then the mind much suffering doth o'erskip,
> When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
> How light and portable my pain seems now,
> When that which makes me bend makes the king bow!"

What Sir Thomas would have demurred to, or outright denied, in his generous strain of stately rhetoric, is such doctrine as is tersely summarised in the familiar maxim of La Rochefoucauld: "On trouve dans le malheur de son meilleur ami, quelque chose qui ne déplaît pas." In proportion to the heroism of your nature, affirms the noble author of *Caxtoniana*, you will most devotedly sacrifice yourself to the man who has served you, and may nevertheless most fondly mourn for the misfortunes of the man whom you have had the happiness to serve; but in neither case can you find, in the misfortunes of benefactor or benefited, a something that does

not displease you. And Lord Lytton is positive that when men do feel such satisfaction in the adversities of their best friends as to justify Rochefoucauld's maxim, and lift it into the popularity of a proverb, there must be a rot in the state of society; and that the cynicism of the saying condemns, not the man who says it, but the society that originated illustrations so numerous as to make the saying proverbial. The malignity implied is for the most part, however, petty, as a clerical philosopher has observed; and it is only in small matters; and it is rather in feeling than in action: even the sour spinster and scandal-monger who would be very glad if your horse fell lame or your carriage upset, would not see you drowning without doing her very best to save you. It is surely of a peculiar people in no Scriptural sense that Crabbe tells us,

> "They with the world's distress their spirits cheered."

But there is nothing very exceptional, however exceptionable, in the character of that Chevalier de Lorraine whom Dumas the elder somewhere describes as eating his breakfast with that extraordinary appetite which the misfortunes of our friends excite in us. And yet the Chevalier was probably just the man to be most demonstrative in condolence, and most ostentatious of concern, on the principle set forth in Tacitus, if we may thus apply it, that none mourn with louder voices than those who are at heart the best pleased: *Nulli jactantius mærent quam qui maxime lætantur.* But Rochefoucauld's maxim may, by the contention of a genial essayist on Malice, be explained in several ways without implying anything of that quality pure and simple; for he maintains pure malice, or direct delight in the infliction of evil for its own sake, to be apparently peculiar to fiends, bad men, and cats. Thus, we contrast the ill-luck of our friends with our own good-luck, and our more intimate knowledge of them enables us to make the comparison more accurately than we can with the ill-luck of a stranger;—or again, it may be that we have given our friend advice which might have warded off his ill-luck, which thus becomes a witness to our wisdom, and affords us the pleasure of saying,

"I told you so;"—or yet again, we may be so far from any malice to the victim of ill-luck, that perhaps the pleasure we take in it comes mainly from the opportunity it affords us of doing him a service. In all these cases, the misfortunes of others, by putting us in a position of superiority to those others, are shown to contain undoubtedly an element of pleasure; but though it is a pleasure arising from the pain of others, it is affirmed to have nothing at all in common with malice; there being this most marked difference—that, though we draw some degree of pleasure from the ill-luck when it happens, yet we do nothing to bring it about, and indeed, it is to be hoped, do all we can to hinder it.

Qualify, and explain, and refine upon it as we may, the French duke's maxim is accepted in literature, and in life, as a classical common-place. Swift begins the lines on his own death, which in fact were occasioned by his reading and pondering the very maxim in question, with this exordium:—

"As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind,

"This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'"

The paraphrase, as is common in paraphrases, is neither so terse nor so pointed as the original; the Dean's application of which, however, is informed throughout with his very own spirit, and exemplified in his very own style: witness the illustration—

"Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

Byron claims consideration for himself in a serious mood,

as one who fain would deem "o'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve." But there is perhaps as much latent bitterness in the limitation of his *some*, as there is overt cynicism in the universality of Rochefoucauld's *toujours*.

Though ever so compassionate, "we feel within," says Montaigne, "I know not what tart, sweet, malicious pleasure in seeing others suffer: children themselves feel it." And of course he quotes to the purpose the *suave mari magno* passage from Lucretius. A more modern essayist observes to much the same effect, that while we are supposing ourselves to be overwhelmed by the sorrow and pathos of great changes, an under-current of curiosity finds a congenial delight in scrutinizing the bearing of our kind under the startling and unexpected—the shocks of outrageous fortune. We are made so, he concludes; and it is no use abusing or denouncing mankind for these imperfect sympathies. "Our heart is no doubt sore under the spectacle of huge national reverses; but we are angry if our *Times* fails us, through some enormity of post or messenger, when the crisis nears and change the most fundamental wreaks its worst upon our neighbours. In fact, we miss a pleasure, though this is not the way we put it to ourselves." The most popular of Rochefoucauld's cynical aphorisms, as yet another essayist observes, is probably the often-quoted saying about the pleasure which we find in the misfortunes of our friends; the popularity of which saying may too probably be attributed to its truth. Everybody, it is safely alleged, who is in the habit of analysing his own emotions, has been seized with occasional pangs of remorse on this account; it being not merely in trifling matters that we feel a pleasure, which we admit on cool reflection to be wicked, in hearing of the calamities which overtake those whom we really care for. The story is exciting,* and every excitement in its lower stages is known to have something

* One of the aphorisms of Sir Arthur Helps is, that much of what seems like an ill-natured pleasure in other men's misfortunes, is only the love of something happening—something to break the monotony of life.

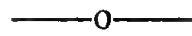
pleasant about it. "Feelings which, as soon as they pass a certain limit, are inexpressibly painful, diffuse a certain gentle and pleasurable glow when they are only just strong enough to excite our attention." The power of feeling very keenly for distant and invisible misery is to be regarded as one of the latest of endowments; and such a power developed in any high degree has been pronounced a sufficient qualification for saintship of no mean order. The truth involved in Rochefoucauld's maxim is recognised on good authority as much too unpleasant to be glossed over by any ingenuity of speculation: the case of which the French duke was thinking seems to have been, that "dirty grain of jealousy" of which it is so difficult to get rid; and the misfortunes which really give us pleasure are those which flatter our vanity in a way which we are ashamed to confess;—as where a strong man is taken ill, and we can't quite refrain from congratulating ourselves on the strength of our constitution; or a rich man loses money, and we feel a little happier in the thought that he was not so much shrewder than ourselves in his speculations. "The people whom we know best are those whose competition we have most reason to dread; and we are therefore apt to indulge, when they meet with any misfortune, in that peculiar variety of laughter which Hobbes mistook for the whole species, and which may without paradox be described as a 'sudden glory,' or a flash of perception of our own superiority." M. Cuvillier-Fleury speaks of that law of the human heart "qui nous fait prendre plaisir au spectacle et au récit des souffrances d'autrui, surtout quand elles sont risibles." *L'homme se plaît à voir les maux qu'il ne sent pas.* All men, Sir Walter Scott professes to believe, enjoy an ill-natured joke: the difference is, that an ill-natured person can drink out to the very dregs the amusement which it affords, while the better-moulded mind soon loses the sense of the ridiculous, in sympathy for the pain of the sufferer. We read of Lisa, in *Emilia Wyndham*, that when certain bad news reached her—of a sort which common minds always seem to spread with particular pleasure, while with many groans and lamentations they take care to exaggerate

it, she, on the contrary, would not believe it, declared it to be an infamous falsehood; and after pouring forth several feminine reasons for incredulity, she fell into a passion, and quarrelled with every person who took pains to undeceive her: "she was one who belied the maxim of La Rochefoucauld—there was something in the misfortunes of her friends *altogether* painful to her." Sir Walter quotes the Duke's maxim in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, as that of an author who has torn the veil from many foul gangrenes of the human heart; and he exemplifies it in the case of fussy, meddlesome, Mr. Saddletree, who would have been angry if told that he felt pleasure in the disaster of poor Effie Deans and the disgrace of her family; and yet there is great question whether the gratification of playing the person of importance, and laying down the law on the whole affair, did not offer, to say the least, full consolation for the pain which pure sympathy gave him on account of his wife's kinswoman.

Madame du Deffand uttered what she would herself have called a *mot terrible*, after the manner of La Rochefoucauld, when she said that there exists not a single human being to whom one can confide one's griefs without affording him a *maligne joie*. Malignity is the very word by which Dr. South designates the "unaccountable" disposition some persons have, —*he* says not, all persons,—to exult in news of a neighbour's ill: they find an "inward secret rejoicing," as he expresses it, in themselves, when they see or hear of the loss or calamity of a neighbour, though no imaginable interest or advantage of their own is or can be served thereby. "But it seems there is a base, wolfish principle within, that is fed and gratified with another's misery; and no other account or reason in the world can be given of its being so, but that it is the nature of the beast to delight in such things." A poet paraphrases and improves upon the Frenchman's text:

> "In his desolate Maxims, La Rochefoucauld wrote,
> 'In the grief or mischance of a friend you may note
> There is something which always gives pleasure.' Alas!
> That reflection fell short of the truth as it was.

La Rochefoucauld might have as truly set down—
'No misfortune but what *some* one turns to his own
Advantage its mischief; no sorrow, but of it
There ever is somebody ready to profit:
No affliction without its stock-jobbers, who all
Gamble, speculate, play on the rise and the fall
Of another man's heart, and make traffic in it.'
Burn thy book, O La Rochefoucauld!—Fool! one man's wit
All men's selfishness how should it fathom? O sage,
Dost thou satirize Nature?—She laughs at thy page."



## *ASKING AMISS.*

St. James iv. 3.

IF there is apostolic warrant for the assertion that not to have is due to not having asked, so is there for the corollary that not to have may sometimes be due to having asked amiss. "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss"—ask in an earthly spirit, and with aims and objects of the earth, earthy. Ask amiss, as if anything might be asked for that one fancies, and as if it were of course to be had for the asking—something to pamper the flesh, for instance, to satisfy the desire of the eye, to be enjoyed in exclusively a worldly sense, to be consumed upon one's pleasures: *ἵνα ἐν ταῖς ἡδοναῖς ὑμῶν δαπανήσητε.*

Many men, says Jeremy Taylor, pray in the flesh, when they pretend they pray in the Spirit. Some, he says, think it is enough in all instances if they pray hugely and fervently; and that it is religion impatiently to desire some earthly advantage or convenience, an heir to be born, or a foe to be foiled: "They call it holy, so they desire it in prayer." In Jonson's comedy, Fungoso is positively devout in his aspirations after a new suit, to match that worn by Fastidious Brisk: might he but have his wish, he'd ask no more of Heaven now, but such a suit, doublet and hose and hat included; "Send me good luck, Lord, an't be Thy will, prosper it!" Equally typical is the Scotchman's prayer for a modest competency,—"And, that

there may be no mistake, let it be seven hundred a year paid quarterly in advance." Lady Castletowers, in the novel, when she joins in the prayer put up at church, towards the end of the service, which implores fulfilment for the desires and petitions of the congregation, "as may be most expedient for them," invariably reverts in the silence of her thoughts to a marquis's coronet on the carriage panels, to the four pearls and the four strawberry leaves: nor ever asks herself if there can be profanity in the prayer. The author of *La Religion Naturelle* discusses what things may with propriety be asked of Heaven; and among such as may not, he sets down anything of an immoral kind, since it is a direct offence to Heaven to even conceive a desire *contre l'honnêteté;* also, demands of a frivolous character; supplications such as, Grant that this pear may ripen, or, that this lawsuit may be successful; nor can it be conceded that one may petition the Almighty for things one would blush to ask of an earthly friend. What may be called the logic of prayer in this respect is pithily put in the collect for the tenth Sunday after Trinity; "Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee."

*Contre l'honnêteté*, saving the reverence due to the Holy Father as such, may surely be accounted,—by Protestants at least, and of Teutonic lineage,—the "curious thing," as Mr. Carlyle calls it, done by the Pope in 1729, on occasion of a growing estrangement between England and Prussia. "The Pope, having prayed lately for rain and got it, proceeds now . . . to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called Pontificality, . . . prays, namely, that Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven." *

* "But, this time, the miracle did not [as in the case of the rain] go off according to program."—*History of Frederick the Great*, vol. ii., p. 97.

The rapacious and unscrupulous governor, De Hagenbach, in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*, is rebuked by his father confessor for desiring his kind prayers and intercession with Our Lady and the saints, "in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno*,"—the desiderated prayers being, in fact, simply for the success of pillage and robbery. In *The Pirate*, Bryce the pedlar, enriched by the ill wind that blows him good in the shape of a wreck, is unfailing in his expression of grateful thanks to Heaven for such mercies,*—not without hope that the cultivation of this devout spirit may bring a blessing on him and his, and "mair wrecks ere winter."† Thought worthy of permanent record in Mr. Irving's Annals of our Time, is the case of the convicted swindler who called himself Sir Richard Douglas, and whose diary was put in evidence against him and his two sons at the Central Criminal Court, to prove the extensive scale and methodical system of his cheating transactions; in which diary the first day of the new year opened with a prayer, asking Providence to bless the exertions of the writer and his sons, and make them more prosperous than in the year before. Utterly beyond his apprehension, or comprehension, would have been the too subtle point in Hartley Coleridge's sonnet on Prayer,—

> "But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
> Then pray to God to cast that wish away."

Brother Prince's Journal some years ago supplied the reviewers with matter for notes of exclamation, where he makes out Heaven as interposing, for instance, in one case to cure him of a toothache, in another to secure him an inside seat in a chaise, in a third to secure him a prize in Euclid. So again,

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* A costermonger told a city missionary, that if *he* ever prayed, it was for a hard winter and plenty of wild ducks.

† Sir Walter has a story of a Zetlander who met a remark of surprise at his having such old sails to his boat, with the reply, in reference to a then recently erected lighthouse on the Isle of Sanda,—"Had it been *His* will that light had not been placed yonder, I would have had enough of new sails last winter."

when reading for a scholarship at Lampeter, not having allowed himself time to make up the whole course, he "besought God to lead him to those branches of study which would be specially required." The result was, that he "got up the series of prophecy respecting the Messiah, which proved to be the very point" in question; and he was, in consequence, successful. A Saturday Reviewer considers "the idea of the Almighty acting as a judicious 'coach' to a lazy student," to be one of those touches of pious blasphemy which are only to be met with out of "the profane world." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton mentions that he always qualified his petitions by adding, provided that what he asked for was for his real good and according to God's will; but with this qualification he felt at liberty to submit his wants and wishes to God in small things as well as great: "and I am inclined to imagine that there are no 'little things' with Him. We see that His attention is as much bestowed upon what we call trifles, as upon those things which we consider of mighty importance." But may there not be such a thing as trifling with Him about trifles?

Huntingdon, S.S., avowedly used his prayers "as gunners do swivels, turning them every way as the cases required." Now for a new coat, because "my surtout coat was got very thin and bad;" now for a horse; now for a pair of leather breeches. In short, by his own account, he "could not then get anything either to eat or drink, wear or use, without begging it of God," —all, be it observed, in the way of special providences. One recalls what a rather caustic critic and biographer of Madame de Krüdener tells us of one period in her career: "Dès cette époque, elle avait l'habitude de mêler Dieu à toutes choses, à celles même auxquelles sans doute il aime le moins à être mêlé." Or again the entries in the diary of Karl Ludwig Sand, such as this about his pony that had fallen lame: "My God! who orderest small things as well as great, remove this misfortune from me, and heal him as promptly as possible;"—followed by next day's memorandum: "The pony is well. God has helped me." Or again, Avicenna going regularly to the mosque to pray that Allah would help him in his very hard

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studies, and get him middle terms for the syllogisms he required.* Or again, the beggars at Mecca, which has been called the paradise of their fraternity, who accost the passenger with cries of, "I ask from God fifty dollars, a suit of clothes, and a copy of the Koran. O faithful, hear me! I ask of you fifty dollars." "O faithful, hear me! I ask of God twenty dollars to pay my passage home; twenty dollars only. God is all-bountiful, and may give me a hundred dollars; but it is twenty dollars only that I ask," etc.

Some of the pages in Southey's Life of the venerable founder of Methodism, are headed "Wesley's Credulity,"—the biographer commenting therein upon the state of mind which made his hero ascribe a supernatural importance to the incidents that befell him, and a special answer to the petitions he rather indiscriminately offered. As when, preaching at Durham in the open air, the sun shone with such force on his head that he was scarcely able to speak: "I paused a little," he said, "and desired God would provide me a covering, if it was for His glory. In a moment it was done; a cloud covered the sun, which troubled me no more. Ought voluntary humility to conceal this palpable proof, that God still heareth the prayer?" By an effort of faith he could rid himself of the toothache; and more than once, when his horse fell lame, and there was no other remedy, the same application was found effectual. Long after the death of his friend and ally, the once celebrated William Grimshaw of Haworth, it was believed that the races had been stopped there by that pastor's prayer for a heavy rain to spoil the sport; which rain came in earnest, and lasted for three days, proving a damper indeed.

In a letter from Brighton the late Frederick Robertson called to remembrance his going out, when a very young boy, with his father shooting, and praying, as often as the dogs came to

* The story goes, that Allah heard his prayers, and found him the middle terms while he slept; at least they came to him in dreams. Upon which, and in explanation of which, Mr. E. S. Dallas has some shrewd things to say, and shrewdly says them, in his treatise on what he calls the Hidden Soul.

a point, that he might kill the bird. As this was not always done, and as sometimes there would occur false points, the boy's heart got bewildered. He began to doubt sometimes the efficacy of prayer, sometimes the lawfulness of field sports. He further recalls a memory of being taken up with nine other boys at school, to be unjustly punished, and praying to escape the shame; and how the master, previously to flogging all the others, said to him, to the great perplexity of the whole school —"Little boy, I excuse you; I have particular reasons for it," —and in fact he never was flogged during the three years he spent at that school. The incident made a marked impression upon him; but in mature age he expressed a doubt whether it did him any good, for prayer became a charm, and he fancied himself the favourite of the Invisible, and knew that he carried about a talisman unknown to others, which would save him from all harm. It did not make him better, he says, but simply gave him security, as the Jew felt safe in being the descendant of Abraham, or went into battle under the protection of the ark, sinning no less all the time. Prayer was to Simon Magus of the nature of a charm—certain cabalistic words, of the secret of making which efficacious Peter was in possession. Mr. Robertson insists on the great difference between Simon's praying for himself, and asking another to pray for him. The prayer in Ovid of a fradulent tradesman to Mercury, for grace to make a good profit by his tricks of trade, and for a good flow of words wherewith to wheedle his customers, *Da modo lucra mihi, . . . et face ut emptori verba dedisse juvet*, is but a heathen counterpart of the strain of Holy Willie's Prayer, "wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, that he for gear and grace may shine, excell'd by nane . . . Amen, Amen."

Not the least noticeable among the *Incidents in the Life of Edward Wright*, is his finding a pipe in the New Cut, and sitting down in his garden to smoke it, and his wife thereupon praying "that God would cause the pipe to turn his stomach, that he might be disgusted with it,"—whereupon "poor Ned," who had not smoked for a month, did in fact feel qualmish

and queasy inside, and took the sickness as an answer to the prayer. Fungoso's supplication has perhaps almost its parallel in the same "Ned Wright's" prayer for a new topcoat, to replace a beloved one of semi-clerical cut, which was one day torn beyond his wife's capacity of mending. Next day there came by post, we are told, an anonymous letter to this effect: "Dear Ned, if you will take the enclosed note to Messrs. N——, they will show you an assortment of overcoats. Please yourself with one, and return thanks to God for it." It seems that Ned suspected this to be a hoax, or a "trick of Satan's;" whereas his wife, who had joined in the previous day's prayer, if not instigated it, was certain "the hand of God was in the matter;" and Ned found Messrs. N—— ready for him after all. These are but parallel passages with the often-repeated story of Huntingdon, S.S., praying earnestly for a pair of leathern breeches, and receiving them next day, per carrier; or with that other worthy who "sought the Lord for a leg of mutton," and was soon supplied with a fine one, ready roasted to a turn. It has been said, that what makes prayer good or bad, religious or irreligious, is the sort of character with which the worshipper invests God at the moment of his prayers. His estimate of God may be a worthy or an unworthy one; and according to it, his special prayer is good or bad. What makes bad and irreligious such prayers as that of the schoolboy for a good innings at cricket, or of the Italian brigand for success on the road, or of the Cornish wrecker for a good west wind on a lee shore, or of the terribly-in-earnest gamester for red to come up at *rouge et noir?* Obviously, not the lack of faith and sincerity in those who offer them; for it is allowed that they do realize most vividly the sense of a personal Divinity and the interference of a special Providence. But these prayers are to be condemned, "not because they are not offered in faith, but because they are founded on a gross, carnal, and degraded idea of God. The God who would help a schoolboy at cricket, is in attributes not to be distinguished from a God who would deliver a traveller into the hands of a devout and prayerful Fra Diavolo." It is quite possible, we are not

impertinently reminded, to believe in God, and quite possible to believe in prayer, even though we may say that certain prayers are dishonouring to the object of prayer, and mean and contemptible in the worshipper.

The good minister in Ayrshire, who astonished his people by praying in church that his lame horse might get well, so that he might the more efficiently fulfil his pastoral work by the faithful creature's help, had better, a D.D. compatriot submits, have kept that petition for his closet, where only God could hear him; and might more fitly and properly have presented that petition there. To this naïf order of petitioners belongs the homely household of Cousin Phillis, who, grieved at the sufferings of the old dog, remembered him in the family prayers (and he got better next day).* Miss Yonge thinks that dressmaker must have been a happy woman, who never took home her work without praying that it might fit. Another popular writer tells us of a poor relation, who was governess in a nobleman's family, and obliged to carve at the children's dinner; to which duty she felt herself so unequal,—the poor timid little creature, with scarcely strength or nerve enough to sever a lark's wing from its body,—that dinner-time was to her a season of unutterable tribulation; "and she has told me, often, that she always used to say her prayers before she carved." Young Tom Tulliver, oppressed with the difficulties of elementary mathematics and classics under Mr. Stelling's system of tuition, conceived the hope of getting some help by praying for it; only, as the prayers he said every evening were forms learnt by heart, he rather shrank from the novelty and irregularity of introducing an extempore passage on a topic of petition for which he was not aware of any precedent. But one day, we read, when he had broken down, for the fifth time,

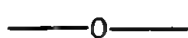
* The late Dr. J. Hamilton cited with applausive sympathy the instance of a little girl not three years old, who "put into her prayers real desires," for, one night before lying down, having "prayed for papa, mamma, and her nurse by name, she prayed with the same solemnity for the new kitten: 'O God, open little pussy's eyes, and make its tail grow.'"—*The Pearl of Parables*, p. 173.

in the supines of the third conjugation, Tom, more miserable than usual, determined to try his sole resource; and that evening, after his usual form of prayer, he added, in the same low whisper, "and please to make me always remember my Latin." He paused a little to consider how he should pray about Euclid,—and at last framed his petition thus: "And make Mr. Stelling say, I shan't do Euclid any more. Amen."* Readers of James Montgomery's voluminous Life and Letters may remember the incident at Fulneck, of the classes who drank tea with each other, being on one occasion treated to chocolate; and how, when the repast was ended, one of these Moravian children, kneeling down, offered a prayer, or said grace, after this manner: "O Lord, we thank Thee for what we have received. Oh, bless this good chocolate to us, and give us more of it." Little Saint Zita, as made known to us in M. Alphonse Karr's culinary legend, going to church to "have a good pray," rendered special thanks for all the good dinners she had cooked, and prayed as specially that the repast for that evening should be the very best and most succulent of all. When Hilda, in Hawthorne's Roman story, avows her distress at seeing any human being directing his prayers so much amiss as some that daily met her eye, Kenyon intimates that it is when praying at a saint's shrine that utterance is given to earthly wishes: if we pray face to face with the Deity, we shall feel it impious, he contends, to petition for aught that is narrow and selfish. He thinks it is this which makes the Roman Catholics so delight in the worship of saints: they can bring up all their little worldly wants and whims, their individualities, and human weaknesses, not as things to be repented of, but to be humoured by the canonized Humanity to which they pray. "Aveugles et insensés que nous sommes!" exclaims Joseph de

* Southey, in *The Doctor*, tells us that one of the most distinguished men of the age, who has left a reputation which will be as lasting as it is great, was, when a boy, in constant fear of a very able but unmerciful schoolmaster; and that in the state of mind which that constant fear produced, he fixed upon a great spider for his fetish, and used every day to pray to it that he might not be flogged.

Maistre; "au lieu de nous plaindre de n'être pas exaucés, tremblons plutôt d'avoir mal demandé, ou d'avoir demandé le mal." The more you examine the thing, he says in another place, the more convinced you will be, that there is nothing so difficult in the wide world as to utter a genuine prayer.

Addison devotes a whole number of the *Spectator* to a version of Lucian's fable about the prayers put up to Jupiter for worldly commodities and comforts, with never a trace of spirituality to redeem a single one of them. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are, in Addison's opinion, efficiently and sufficiently exposed by it. And he adds the remark, as a good Churchman and a tranquil thinker, as well as sedate worshipper who loved to see everything done decently and in order, that, among other reasons for set forms of prayer, he had often thought this a very good one, that the folly and extravagance of men's wishes may by this means be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.



## *FORSAKING THE HOUSE OF PRAYER: "AS THE MANNER OF SOME IS."*

HEBREWS x. 5.

IN immediate connection with the precept to so consider one another as to provoke to love and good works, is the injunction not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. The privilege of public worship is distinctly intimated,—that of fellowship in devotion, that of common prayer and common praise.

As the manner of some was then, the manner of many is now, to forsake such assembling of themselves together, neglecting the duty, and forfeiting the privilege. Manners change, but this manner abideth. With vast numbers it is a habit

which is second nature. They go not to church, from the mere negative of custom. We read of Jesus of Nazareth, that when He came to that city where He had been brought up, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, "as His custom was." Their custom is, as the manner of some is, to be total abstainers from public worship, as if they had taken the pledge not to go; and as if the contrary were a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Before citing miscellaneous examples, not exemplary, of the *parcus Dei cultor, et infrequens,* as regards at least the service of the sanctuary, "let us consider one another," with a word of consideration for those whom broken health, in whichever of its diversified forms,* debars from attendance at assembling for divine worship; who would be glad when others say, We will go into the house of the Lord, if go they could; and who are sometimes suspected of wanting the will because they find not the way. Harsh judgments are sometimes passed by the austerely robust on weakly (perhaps weekly) defaulters in this respect. To their own Master these latter stand or fall. And in that Temple from which they are kept afar, they have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of their infirmities. However, *non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* Our concern is with those who, sound enough in body, however unsound in mind, make their lives a negation of the

* It may or may not have cost Swift very much to be kept from church, but the vertigo from which he suffered was too often a too valid excuse. Frequent in his Journal to Stella, and elsewhere, is the recurrence of such memoranda as these: "I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days since I have taken Lady Kerry's bitter" (Feb. 4, 1710–11).—"To Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick" (Feb. 14).—"I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before" (Feb. 25).—"I think the [hot] weather is mad: I could not go to church" (June 3, 1711).—"I lost church to-day" (Aug. 5).—"I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing" (Dec. 25).—Nearly a quarter of a century later we find the Dean writing to Alderman Barber: "I very seldom go to church, for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service" (Sept. 3, 1735).

Psalmist's avowal, that this one thing had he desired of the Lord, which he would require: even that he might dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of his life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple.

Bishop Burnet tells us of Algernon Sydney, that "he seemed to be a Christian, but in a particular form of his own: he thought it was to be like a divine philosophy in the mind; but he was against all public worship, and everything that looked like a Church." Andrew Marvel, in the Imaginary Conversation with Bishop Parker, says of Milton, that his having latterly been no frequenter of public worship, may be lamented, but is not unaccountable; that having lived long enough to perceive that all sects are animated by a spirit of hostility and exclusion, a spirit the very opposite of the Gospel, he (and no wonder), tired of dissension and controversy, "wraps himself up in his own quiet conscience, and indulges in a tranquility something like sleep, apart." Nearly all, according to Marvel, are of opinion that devotion is purer and more ardent in solitude, but declare to you that they believe it to be their duty to set an example by going to church,—a plea upon which, as may be supposed, he is a little severe.

The Countess of Westmoreland, in her touching reminiscences of her son, the accomplished Julian Fane, when referring to his "repulsion for all outward show of religious observances," bears witness to his invariable practice of private prayer, at morning and evening, and at other times; but his prayers were his own: his own thoughts in his own words: he said that he could not pray in the set words of another; nor unless he was alone. "As to joining in Family Prayers, or praying at church, he found it impossible."* This is not the common case of the mere indifferentist, who cares for none of these things.

* "He firmly believed in the efficacy of sincere prayer; and was always pleased when I told him I had prayed for him."—The day before his death, "I had read the prayers for the sick at his bedside; and he said he liked to hear them from my voice. He knew they came from my heart." —*Julian Fane: a Memoir*, pp. 285, 286.

Horace Walpole is a fair sample of the habitual non-church-goer, from sheer distaste for divine service as such. In his Letters we come occasionally upon such passages as this: "Last Sunday, the Bishop of London [Porteus] preaching a charity sermon in our church [Twickenham], whither I very, very seldom venture to hobble, I would go to hear him; both out of civility, and as I am very intimate with him." Again, later: "I have made no vow against going to church . . . I have always gone now and then, though of late years rarely, as it was most unpleasant to crawl through a churchyard full of staring footmen and apprentices, climb a ladder to a hard pew to hear the dullest of all things, a sermon, and croaking and squalling of psalms to a hand-organ by journeymen brewers and charity children." There is no excuse so trivial, says Swift in a sermon on sleeping in church, that will not pass upon some men's consciences to excuse their attendance at the public worship of God. Some, for instance, are so unfortunate as to be always indisposed on the Lord's day, and think nothing so unwholesome as the air of a church; others have their affairs so oddly contrived, as to be always unluckily prevented by business. And while with some it is "a great mark of wit and deep understanding to stay at home on Sundays," others again "discover strange fits of laziness, that seize them particularly on that day, and confine them to their beds. Others are absent out of mere contempt of religion." Nor does he omit mention of those, "not a few," who look upon it as a day of rest, and therefore claim the privilege of their cattle, to observe it by eating, drinking, and sleeping, after the toil and labour of the week. And what he finds "the worst circumstance" in all this, is, "that these persons are such whose companies are most required, and who stand most in need of a physician."* It is noteworthy of Benjamin Franklin,

* Macaulay, upon one occasion in the House of Commons, in a debate on the Church of Ireland, urged the far greater importance of the public ordinances of religion to the poor man than to the rich. Not that he meant to say that a rich man may not be the better for sermons and joining in public prayers; but that these things were not indispensable to him,

that, early absenting himself from the public assemblies of his sect, and, as he states in his Memoirs, "seldom attending any public worship; Sunday being my studying-day," *he* it was, nevertheless, who in the American Convention brought forward a motion for daily prayers,—asking if it were probable that an empire could rise without the aid of the Almighty,—a motion, however, which, in spite of his earnest appeal, was rejected, since, as we are told, "the Convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary." One of the sixty-four articles charged against the Master of Trinity, Dr. Richard Bentley, in 1733, was,—and it figured foremost in the black list,—his habitual absence from chapel, where he had scarce been seen, in the morning, for twenty years; and during the last ten, almost as seldom in the afternoon. This was not the only point in which his bitter prosecutors sought to regard him as a heathen man and a publican. They had some reason to be bitter; and bitter enough they were to pray at him, or even to pray for him,—not altogether in the spirit of the rector who proposed praying for the squire of his parish, who never went to church. Hearing the clergyman one day propose to ask the prayers of the congregation for him, "Why so?" said the squire, much astonished by the suggestion. "Because," replied the rector, "you never pray for yourself."

When Falstaff resolves on repenting, while he has strength to repent, one salient proof of the need of so doing is suggested in the exclamation, "An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me." When Commodore Trunnion

since he could find substitutes: he has money to buy books, time to study them, understanding to comprehend them; and thus he may every day commune with the minds of Hooker, Leighton, and Barrow, and therefore stands less in need of the oral instruction of a divine than a peasant who cannot read, or, if he can read, has no money to procure books, or leisure to peruse them. "Such a peasant, unless instructed by word of mouth, can know no more of Christianity than a Hottentot." Of common prayer, very little account is taken in this comparison of relative losses; the sermon is made *the* feature of public worship, although of worship itself it forms no part whatever.

keeps the wedding company waiting at church, some of them conjecture that he has mistaken the place of rendezvous, "as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish." When D'Artagnan for once finds himself at low mass, we are told that he "had forgotten his prayers." D'Artagnan's author tells us confidentially of himself, in his voluminous autobiography, that he seldom entered a church, and that when he did, he retired into the most obscure angle, and there remained in rapt communion with the All-Knowing. His lips breathed no prayer: what need of that, he asked, in his peculiarly favoured condition? Perez tells Estifania, in Beaumont and Fletcher, when describing his indefatigable quest of the missing one,

> "And last I went to church to seek you out,
> 'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you."

Farquhar's Archer asks Aimwell, "When were you at church before, pray?" and the answer, with a preliminary murmur of hesitation, is, "Um—I was there at the coronation." *Arcades ambo*, this Archer and this Aimwell, and belonging to the class represented in Southey's metrical tale of *The Young Dragon*, by one who had

> "—— never enter'd a Christian church till then,
> Except, in idle mood profane, to view the ways of men."

Hégesippe Moreau's poem, entitled *Un quart d'heure de dévotion*, relates the poet's resort one evening, in hours of sadness, to a church interior, entered at first merely to look at and admire the architecture, *comme d'autres curieux*, as the manner of some is:

> "Et la rougeur au front je l'avouerai moi-même . . .
> Dans le temple au hasard j'aventurais mes pas,
> Et j'effleurais l'autel et je ne priais pas."

Once a child, he was once a church-goer: *mais depuis.* . . .

Among the various charges brought against Sturm, the result of which was his being deprived of his office as rector of the school at Strasburg, one alleged that he had not been at church

or received the Eucharist for twenty years.* "To be of no Church is dangerous," observes Johnson, when he tells how Milton grew old without any visible worship; and how, omitting public prayers, he omitted all.

One of the Edinburgh stories about that eccentric note-worthy Dr. Pitcairn, turns on his being obliged one Sunday, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. William Hayley was an habitual absentee; but it is to be also noted that he had some sort of service at home. William Blake, weird painter and poet, kept away, and had his reasons. Etty was at one time far more addicted to his brush than to the Book of Common Prayer on the day of rest; but he took well the severe rating a friend gave him for this perversion of its use, and amended his ways. Later in life he was even earnest in exhorting students of his art to pay more respect than he had done to the "Sabbath of rest to the soul,"—in the spirit which prompted Dr. Johnson, when dying, to exact a promise from Sir Joshua Reynolds never again to use his brush on a Sunday. From his deathbed Johnson also sent a message to Lord Eldon, to request that the latter would make a point of attending public worship every Sunday, and that the place should be the Church of England.

Fiction has its more or less conspicuous representatives of the *parcus deorum cultor*†—which phrase, by the way, was

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* Suspected of a leaning towards Calvinism, he was openly and systematically preached against by his Lutheran friends, whose sermons he had at last, on this account, given up attending or attending to.

† Criticising a new series of *Musæ Etonenses*, a Saturday Reviewer deemed it "exquisitely amusing" to find J. B. Sumner (little dreaming then that one day he would have to write J. B. Cantuar.) taking his text from *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, and throwing into the form of a Virgilian eclogue a rustic discussion on "Why don't you go to church?" The reviewer characterizes the future primate's performance as easy, polished, and smart, but redolent of "that cant dialogue (was it by Old Humphrey?)" which used to be ranted out at each other by two "seedy-looking interlocutors" in the streets of country towns on a market day, and which began with the keynote of interrogation, "Pray, where are you going to-day, Thomas Brown?" Foote's reply to the lady is the sort of answer that some of the clan Brown would make if they could; or such an answer, more within their means, as one of Mrs. Stowe's Oldtown folks

punningly and paradoxically applied to Justice Park's brother, because he was a great churchgoer. "How many years since I had entered a church!" writes Richard Savage, in the last chapter of his supposed autobiography. "I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church," Silas Marner tells Mrs. Winthrop, who then ventures on the remonstrant yet conciliatory remarks, that "it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you."* When the self-styled Major Vernon drops half a crown into the beadle's hand, to be put into a quiet shady pew at the village church, where, for sinister purposes all his own, he can see without being seen, that official briskly replies, "I'll put you into the comfortablest pew you ever sat in," and the donor is thereby moved to reflect on how very few are the pews he ever sat in, or the churches he ever set foot in. Scott's Antiquary, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, can very seldom, even by his sense of decency and the remonstrances of his womankind, be "hounded out" on Sundays to hear Mr. Blattergowl preach. Mr. Trollope's Bertram, as he enters the door of the church at Hurst Steeple, cannot but remember how long it is since he last joined in public worship. "Months and months had passed since he had allowed himself to be told that the Scriptures moved him in sundry places to acknowledge and confess his sins." When Mr. Henry Kingsley sends his squire Silcote of Silcotes to church, those who conduct him say they feel as if leading about one of Elisha's she-bears, to dance in respectable places; but they get through with it, and the congregation are not very much scandalized, for he is the

fires off at another: "I guess I *could* be a perfessor if I chose to do as some folk do. That's what I told Mis' Deacon Badger once, when she asked me why I didn't jine the Church. 'Mis' Badger,' says I, 'perfessin' ain't possession, and I'd reether stand outside the church than go on as some people do inside o't.'"

* "For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was," simple-hearted Dolly continues, "when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help in the right quarter."—*Silas Marner*, ch. x.

biggest landlord in those parts, and has forty thousand a year. At the Belief he sits down instead of turning to the east, until Mrs. Thomas pokes him in the side with her Prayer-book,—"upon which he demanded, in a tongue perfectly audible and perfectly well understanded of the people,—'What the dickens he had to do now?' He got into complications with his hassock and Miss Lee's hassock, and used what his enemies said were profane oaths against footstools," etc. Between this Cimon of a squire and such a neglecter of "ordinances" as the Bertram mentioned just before, the distinction is broadly marked. And in the case of the latter, very characteristic is the spirit in which he discusses his abnormal enterprise in churchgoing with his old college chum and present host, the rector. "I was glad to see you at church to-day," said the parson. "To tell you the truth, I did not expect it. I hope it was not intended as a compliment to me." "I rather feel it was, Arthur." "You mean that you went because you did not like to displease me by staying away?" "Something like it," said Bertram, affecting to laugh. "I do not want your mother and sisters, or you either, to regard me as an ogre. In England, at any rate in the country in England, one is an ogre if one doesn't go to church." And so he goes,—once in a way, at least, and when in the country. We have seen what message Dr. Johnson sent to John Scott (Lord Eldon), enjoining him to be constant at church on Sundays; we have not yet seen in what degree the injunction was observed. Enough to recall the fact that Sir Samuel Romilly, who attended the parish church where Lord Eldon ought to have been, used to comment with no slight severity on never seeing him there. And the story is a familiar one, of his being called by one warm partisan, when the Chancellor's merits were in discussion, one of the pillars of the Church; and of the reply from a more discriminating friend, "No, not one of its pillars,—but a buttress, if you will,—for he is never found *within* it." The *mot* is imputed to Eldon himself: "I am a buttress of the Church: I like to support it from *without*." Peter Burrowes of the Irish bar used to say of him, "Lord Eldon is so high a

Churchman that he is above the church." He would have excused himself, one surmises, after the manner of Scott's Dame Ursula, who protests, "Fy, fy!—what do you take me for? I am as good a churchwoman as the parson's wife, save that necessary business will not allow me to go there oftener than on Christmas-Day, Heaven help me!" When Wildrake, in *Woodstock*, talks of having been to church,—"To church!—to the door of the church, thou meanest," says Everard. "I know thy way—thou art ever wont to pull thy hat reverently off at the threshold; but for crossing it, that day seldom comes." The rubicund and rotund Church-and-King landlord in Addison, who has worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the Church,—which he expresses every hour of the day, as his customers drop in, by repeated bumpers,—has not time to go to church himself, but then, as an apologetic friend puts in the word for him, he has headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses.

As Pope's Sir Balaam grew richer and richer,

> "His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :
> Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life),
> But duly sent his family and wife."

Swift's character of the Duke of Buckinghamshire includes this trait: "Violent for the high church, yet seldom goes to it." This is after the manner of the Tory Chancellor's staunch and uncompromising, but too exclusively *ab extra*, support. In one of his metrical satires, again, Swift has a hit at one who long since has

> "—— left religion in the lurch,
> Who yet would raise the glories of the church,
> And stickles for its rights, but ne'er comes near the porch."

Wordsworth, in 1812, is described by Mr. H. Crabb Robinson as strenuously defending the Church Establishment, and even saying he would shed his blood for it: "Nor was he disconcerted by a laugh raised against him on account of his having before confessed that he knew not when he had been in a

church in his own country." Not that any of the laughers had the right, still less the will, to reproach the bard of Rydal in the style of Gloster's rebuke of Winchester,—

> "Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh !
> And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
> Except it be to pray against thy foes."

But one may call to mind what Mr. Freeman has somewhere noticed, in the instance of another Poet Laureate, coupled with a Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty King William,—the curious way, namely, in which those sweet psalmists, Tate and Brady, look on several obvious points of Christian duty from the outside, quite *ab extra* :—

> "How good and pleasant must it be
> To bless the Lord most high ;"

whence the natural inference, that although Nahum and Nicholas had an *à priori* view on the subject of thanksgiving, they had evidently not reached to any practical knowledge of the subject, and had never, it would seem, gone so far as to try the experiment of singing one of their own psalms. In Moore's Diary, Nov. 4, 1827, we read : "Went to church at Bessy's particular request ; would go oftener but for the singing." He was just the man to relish Foote's reply to a rather didactic and dictatorial lady who plumply asked the actor, "Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church ?" "No, madam ; not that I see any harm in it." Dr. Johnson declared Dr. John Campbell, then celebrated for his writings in politics and biography, to be "a good man, a pious man," though in the same breath he added, "I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years ; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." Johnson was free to own of himself, that having got into the habit in boyhood of going and reading in the fields on Sunday,—a habit originally contracted at Lichfield, when the church he attended was under repair,—he still, in old age, found "a great reluctance to go to church." Not that there were green fields to tempt him now ; but was not

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Fleet Street to him worth at any time the greenest of green fields, to any amount of acreage? No greenwood shade to him equalled the sweet shady side of Pall Mall. It was only in his teens that he so far resembled Dryden's hero,—

> "It happen'd on a summer's holiday
> That to the greenwood shade he took his way;
> For Cymon shunn'd the church, and used not much to pray."

The age he lived in was notorious for a wide-spread neglect of Church ordinances. Bishop Newton cites it as a most signal and unusual instance of religious duty, that Mr. George Grenville "regularly attended the service of the Church every Sunday morning, even when he was in the highest offices;" and not only, as Earl Stanhope (who quotes the Grenville anomaly) reminds us, was Sunday the common day for Cabinet Councils and Cabinet dinners, but the very hours of its morning service were frequently appointed for political interviews and conferences. Voltaire is witty about certain folks,

> "Qui, pour ne point perdre de temps,
> Ne fréquentaient jamais l'église."

Not that he was in a position to blame them overmuch on that score. Sir Archibald Alison would not, could not, and so did not undertake to say that Napoleon the Great was a devout man; for he cared little for the forms of devotion; was seldom seen at public worship; and when he was obliged to attend mass at the Tuileries, he generally spent the time in a small room that communicated with the chapel, reading despatches. So spending the time, he did not altogether count it waste of time, which otherwise, one is led to infer, he would have done.

Pure waste of time, it would appear, do the costermonger class and their congeners, urban, suburban, and bucolic, account the time spent in church. Rustics run rusty in this respect. The "good man of the house," in one of Mr. Charles Kingsley's Dartmoor studies, who is a farm labourer in season, and, when work is scarce, cuts copses and makes heath brooms, and does a little poaching, "seldom goes to church, save to be christened, married, or buried,"—though to the credit side of

his character it is added that he equally seldom gets drunk. Bob Jakin, the packman, is cordial in his commendations of the parson of the parish, to Maggie Tulliver, while excusing himself as a conspicuous absentee from the good rector's public ministrations: "He looks fine and sharp after the parish—he does. He christened the little un; an' he was *at* me to know what I did of a Sunday, as I didn't come to church. But I told him I was upo' the travel three-parts o' the Sundays—an' then I'm so used to bein' on my legs, I can't sit so long on end—'an lors, sir,' says I, 'a packman can do wi' a small allowance o' church; it tastes strong,' says I; 'there's no call to lay it on thick.'" One of the fruit-selling informants of the Commissioner of *London Labour and the London Poor* told him, "There's no costermongers ever go to church, except the rogues of them, that want to appear good." Another informant, "an intelligent and trustworthy man," long and actively engaged in their ranks, computed that not three in one hundred costermongers had ever been inside a church or "meeting" of any kind. Another spokesman for a class said, "I was brought up a Catholic, and was christened one. I never go to mass now. One gets out of the way of such things, having to fight for a living as I have. It seems like mocking going to chapel, when you're grumbling in your soul." Then again, among the many and "valiant excuses" of the women street-sellers, they must work on a Sunday morning, they tell you, or they can't eat; or else, they are so tired, they say, with knocking about all the week that they must rest on a Sunday; or else they have no clothes to go to church in, and arn't agoing there just to be looked down upon, and put in any queer place as if they had a fever, and for ladies to hold their grand dresses away from them as they walk into their grand pews. Or again, some assert, with Bob Jakin, that they are not used to sit still for such a long time together, and so fall asleep. Another street-seller bears witness: "We don't go to church or chapel on a Sunday, we're so tired out after the week's work. But John reads a tract that a young lady leaves till he falls asleep over it." The widow of a model sort of

coster in his way, testifies with effusion to his having been a fine man to look at, "and on a Sunday, when he dressed hisself, he was beautiful. He was never in a church in his life, and didn't trouble hisself about such things; they was no concern of his'n." A rough lad of the same brotherhood made this profession or confession of faith and practice, or the want of them: "Was never in a church; had heerd they worshipped God there; didn't know how it was done; had heerd playing and singing inside when he'd passed; never was there, for he hadn't no togs to go in, and wouldn't be let in among such swells as he had seen coming out." That is a naturalistic study of agricultural life George Eliot gives us in the person of Alick, the shepherd (on Poyser's farm), in his new smock-frock on Sunday afternoon, taking an uneasy siesta, half-sitting half-standing on the granary steps. Alick is of opinion that church, like other luxuries, is not to be indulged in often by a foreman who has the weather and the ewes on his mind. "Church!—nay, I've gotten summat else to think on," was an answer which he often uttered in a tone of bitter significance that silenced further question. Not that Alick meant any irreverence; indeed his mind is explained to have been not of a speculative, negative cast, and he would on no account have missed going to church on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, and "Whissuntide." But he had a general impression that public worship and religious ceremonies, like other non-productive employments, were intended for people who had leisure.*

Robert Tannahill, the Paisley weaver, is the spokesman ot no inconsiderable company, when he thus rhymes and reasons in his so-called *Resolve:*

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* From the same pen, and almost on the same page, we have a sketch of old Martin Poyser, who indulges in the belief that the cows will be milked all the better if he stays at home on a Sunday afternoon to look on. "He always went to church on Sacrament Sundays, but not very regularly at other times; on wet Sundays, or whenever he had a touch of rheumatism, he used to read the three first [or first three?] chapters of Genesis instead."—*Adam Bede*, book ii. ch. xviii.

"'Twas on a sunny Sabbath-day,
When wark-worn bodies get their play,
I wander'd out wi' serious look,
To read twa page on Nature's book;
For lang I've thought as little harm in
Hearing a lively out-field sermon,
Even though rowted by a stirk,
As that aft bawl'd in crowded kirk,
By some proud, stern, polemic wight,
Wha cries, 'My way alone is right!'"

There is a wild Irish glen where, says Mr. Thackeray, a Methuselah of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long—all sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow—the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—and a "chorus of 150,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear, cloudless Sabbath scene,"—of which the author of the *Irish Sketchbook* hopes there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there, as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. "But this was as a salve to our conscience for not being at church." Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead; and, by way of painted glass, the sun lighting up multitudes of various-coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the rivers by way of organs, and in it stones enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man, the musing visitor affirms, can walk in such a place without feeling grateful, and grave, and humble; and without thanking Heaven for it as he comes away. And, walking and musing in this free happy place, our musing moralist could not help thinking of a matter of two millions or more of "brother cockneys," shut up in their huge prison (the treadmill for the day being idle), and condemned off hand if preferring a possible stroll in green fields to a narrow seat "in a dingy tabernacle, where a loud-voiced man is howling about hell-fire in bad grammar. Is not this beautiful world too a part of our religion?" Even those who demur to the drift of this doctrine may go along with Mr. Kingsley in one of his Winter-Garden wanderings, when he makes for the red wall of

a fir plantation, and leaps over the furze-grown bank into his cathedral, "wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols,"—red shafts, green roof, and here and there a pane of blue sky,—"while for incense I have the fresh, healthy, turpentine fragrance, far sweeter to my nostrils than the stifling narcotic odour which fills a Roman Catholic cathedral." One is reminded of the Pasteur Colani's avowal, that even if *la Catholicisme* were in possession of the true doctrine, to him it would be rendered unacceptable by her constitution, her ceremonies, and *tout ce parfum sacerdotal.* Not that M. Colani, still less the English divine previously quoted, would join with a Jean-Jacques in his avowal, "Je n'ai jamais aimé à prier dans la chambre; il me semble que les murs et tous ces petits ouvrages des hommes s'interposent entre Dieu et moi." Rousseau was a Deist; and in the spirit of one he looked up from Nature to Nature's God, whenever he made an approach to "worship:" his worship must be out of doors, if at all, and amid scenery suggestive of the sublime. Against Joan of Arc, by the way, Southey did some wrong when he imputed to *her* the "deistical" assertion (as De Quincey terms it), that she never in her life attended mass, or the sacramental table, or confession. The depositions at both her trials refute this—one witness, and that the chief one, deposing that Joan attended these rites of her Church even too often. She "was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests and hills and fountains; but did not the less seek Him in chapels and consecrated oratories." It is not only in the sacred fane, writes James Grahame, of *The Sabbath*, that homage should be paid to the Most High;

> "There is a temple, one not made with hands,
> The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
> Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
> At intervals heard thro' the breezeless air;
> When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
> Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
> Where not a flow'ret bends its little stalk,
> Save when the bee alights upon the bloom—
> There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,

> The man of God will pass his Sabbath-noon,
> Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,
> Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
> Beyond the empyreal."

The Finland poet, Runeberg, has found in a living Irish prelate a congenial translator or adapter (is there such a word?) of his *Island Church*—some stanzas of which are germane to the matter in hand. As where to the utterance, "Ah, in the church are psalms divinely tender," he adds the companion truth, "Yet here is music too, not earthly-born, dropped downward by the skylarks as they render some air heard up beside the gates of morn." As in Mr. Tennyson's poem, there are Two Voices heard alternately in this one. Now we hear a plaint as of one debarred from resort to the sanctuary, who dwells in wistful imagination on the wealth and glory of flowers that deck the church, making the old pillars look so bright, while the organ sends forth its noble strains, "trembling yet victorious," that keep quivering on like light upon the wave:

> "And better still, the good priest of Christ's merits
> Speaks to believing hearts, right glad yet awed,
> And launches sinful yet forgiven spirits
> On that great deep, the promises of God;—
>
> "Whilst I, far off from church, like one in blindness
> Groping, lose sacrament and pastoral tone.
> The Lord commandeth not His loving-kindness,
> I am cast out from His pavilion."

Yet here are flowers, and light, and voices mystic, the second voice urges,—and such as never were since the High Priest in the Holy of Holies wore gems oracular and golden bells:

> "And here are pillared pines, like columns soaring,
> With branches tall that like triforiums are,
> And a soft liturgy of winds adoring,
> With echoes from some temple-gate ajar."

One of the paragraphs in a celebrated "prayer or psalm, made by my Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England," comes to this conclusion: "Thy creatures have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts,

fields, and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples." Some would reverse the finding; some have done so, and professed to find the Object of their worship very present in the greenwood and garden, and One that hideth Himself in temples made with hands. Southey, in *The Doctor*, gives a description of the tranquil Sunday evenings of a meditative emeritus, who "took his solitary pipe in his arbour, with the church in sight, and the churchyard wherein at no distant time he was to be laid in his last abode;" and such musings, it is alleged, induced a sense of sober piety,—of thankfulness for former blessings, contentment with the present, and humble yet sure and certain hope for futurity, which "might vainly have been sought at prayer-meetings, or evening lectures, where indeed little good can ever be obtained without some deleterious admixture, or alloy of baser feelings." This was written in Southey's days of mature orthodoxy and conservative churchmanship, long years after he had penned the lines *Written on Sunday Morning* (1795)—

"Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there,
In lovely Nature see the God of Love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the sweet music of the vernal grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Excite not such devotion in my breast,
As where the noontide beam,
Flash'd from some broken stream,
Vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when, reclining on the cliff's huge height,
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

* * * * *

"Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet Religion there.
She need not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray,
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day;
At liberty she loves to rove,

> Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslipt dale ;
> Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
> Or with the streamlet wind along the vale."

Southey's line about seeing in lovely Nature the God of love, is suggestive of thoughts to some of which lyrical expression was given by a contemporary minstrel, whose "sacred melodies" Professor Wilson pronounced to be worthy of a place beside those of James Montgomery, or Heber, or Keble.* "Thou, dear enthusiast, sayest, None can like Nature preach; that in her fane thou prayest; that woods and rills can teach;" then let the dear enthusiast leave the vales below, and gaze on the fire-stream, pouring down Etna's viny steep, and listen to the billows at their loudest, and watch the ravage of earthquakes, and give eye and ear at once to the lightnings and thunders of that God who is a consuming fire. Southey could appreciate to the full in the fall of life this aspect of the question. But his letters as a young man betoken that impatience of the constraints of ritual which the lines on woodland worship assert; and in one of them, written two years after those lines were composed, he utters an "almost wish" that he could believe in the local divinities of the pagans, and he goes on to say that the recollection of scenery he loved recalls to him "those theistic feelings which the beauties of nature are best fitted to awaken." The hill and the grove would be to him holier places than the Temple of Solomon; "man cannot pile up the quarried rock to equal its original grandeur; and the cedar of Lebanon loses all its beauties when hewn into a beam." Perhaps to the end of his days Southey would have gone along with Sotheby in his preference of wild Staffa to consecrated Iona, for purpose of innermost heart-worship:

> "When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
> O'er sculptured graves I trod,
> Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
> O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
> I hailed the eternal God :

* Keeble, the Professor perversely spelt it; just as he sometimes misspelt the late Bishop of Llandaff's name, Coppleston; and he could even cite a distinguished countryman as Thomas Carlisle.

Yes, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave."

John Foster would have assented *ex animo* to the preference. Emphatically and candidly he somewhere records his deep feeling of dislike to "all social exercises," unless with one or two bosom friends, whose heart he knew beat time with his own. This he maintained to be a feeling not of impiety but of individuality; and he recounts his frequent experiences of it, even in the presence of worthy people. He had a sense of entire insulation, and so found the forms of a "serious sociality" simply irksome. How often the wish, he confesses, came over him to vanish out of the room, and find himself walking in some lonely wood! A protester against sermon-hearing being regarded as an end and not merely as a means ("it is to the modern Protestant what the Sacraments were to the old Church"), goes on to say, autobiographically: "Was the minister eager for his own honour, and not for my welfare, when he was not satisfied by my assurance that I found private meditation, with an occasional book or a walk* in the fields, so profitable, that I had no longings after his discourse?" And the implied answer is No; but that at the bottom of the "minister's" mind was the assumption, that there is some abstract "duty" in hearing sermons, as if they were an end in themselves. "That you do not find in the pulpit what you seek," writes Caroline Perthes to her daughter Agnes, "distresses me greatly, but does not surprise me. . . . Take refuge in your own inner church: God can supply a better table than any preacher, and will assuredly feed you, if only you are hungry. The old hymns and chorales have ever been my best stimulants, and are so still, whenever the inner life

* Washington Irving, in his seventy-sixth year, mildly rebuked his nephew and biographer when proposing for himself a walk in the fields as a sanitary substitute for attendance at church. Here is an extract from Mr. Pierre Irving's diary, which forms the concluding part of the last volume of his Life of his uncle: "Oct. 23, Sunday.—Feverish; no appetite for breakfast. I put on my coat, announcing my intention to take a good walk. 'Better go to church,' said he; 'that would be a *good* walk.' He was not able to go himself."

grows languid." "Salute the rocks at Schwartzburg," she bids her son Matthias, "and go before noon to the Trippstein, when the sun shines aslant through the firs, and reflect that your father and I have also been there, have thanked God and rejoiced." Consecrated orators in gorgeous churches, quoth General Dale, the Mississippi Partisan, "teach the solemn truths of Revelation, but it is only in the boundless seas, perhaps, or in the deep solitude of mountain and valley, that the untutored eye can look through Nature up to Nature's God." The "Shirley" of *Fraser's Magazine* is convinced that to some men—to the sick child or to the tired mechanic—the purple clouds and the wayside flowers convey a message of mercy which they cannot learn from any other teacher—which they cannot learn in their garrets, in their ginshops, "in their churches,"—the last, deliberately said, and without shrinking, because this essayist on "Sabbath Rest" maintains that you must put physical stamina, human hope, and manly vigour into a man, before you can do much for him either morally or spiritually. This is not indited at all in the spirit of Byron's fling at the "kind casuists" who were pleased to say that he had no devotion—

> "But set those persons down with me to pray,
> And you shall see who has the properest notion
> Of getting into heaven the shortest way;
> My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
> Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
> Who hath produced, and will receive the soul."

A pretty piece of pantheism, such as it is. Less earnest than the apostrophe of Herr Teufelsdröckh to him who as yet stands in no temple, joins in no psalm-worship, yet feels well that where there is no ministering priest the people perish: "Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple? . . . Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together." Less earnest in reality than the protest of Thomas Hood against the strictures of Mr. Rae Wilson—

> "And I have been 'where bells have knoll'd to church.'
> Dear bells! how sweet the sound of village bells

When on the undulating air they swim! . . .
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;
And, lost to sight, th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?"

Later on he varies the metre, not the mood:

"Church is 'a little heaven below,
I have been there, and still would go,'—
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue in formâ pauperis to God."

Thrice blessed this poet accounts the man for whom the gracious prodigality of nature makes all earth a fane, all heaven its dome; to whose tuned spirit "the wild heather-bells ring Sabbath knells; the jubilate of the soaring lark is chant of clerk;

"For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love."

With consistent fervour he therefore protests against the beadle species who are for "calling all sermons contrabands, in that great Temple that's not made with hands;" and his plea is—

"Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling organ greet,
With voluntaries meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannahs soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,

> Voices may come to swell the choral song
> With notes of praise they learn'd in musings·lone."*

The simple doctrine of the Deerslayer is, that churches are good, he supposes, else good men wouldn't uphold them; "but they are not altogether necessary. They call 'em the temples of the Lord; but the whole 'arth is a temple of the Lord to such as have the right minds."† The words are those of a meditative but unlettered man, who loved the woods for their freshness, their sublime solitudes, their vastness, and the impress they everywhere bore of the divine hand of their Creator. The Pathfinder, *alter et idem*, makes this candid confession of his experiences: "I have attended church sarvice in the garrisons, and tried hard, as becomes a true soldier, to join in the prayers, . . . but never could raise within me the solemn feelings and true affection that I feel when alone with God in the forest. There I seem to stand face to face with my Master; all around me is fresh and beautiful, as it came from His hand; and there is no nicety of doctrine to chill the feelings. No, no; the woods are the

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* Wordsworth says of his Wanderer "that sometimes his religion seemed to me Self-taught, as of a dreamer in a wood; Who to the model of his own pure heart Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired, And human reason dictated with awe."—*Excursion*, book i.

† Mr. Horace Moule affirms, in his Inquiry into the History of Christian Oratory (Cambridge, 1859), that "there is no special virtue in the nature of a consecrated place as such, and that Chrysostom's discreet words on this topic have a living significance at the present day." But that Father, it has been objected, makes a reservation "if no house of prayer be near"—otherwise he would doubtless have enforced attendance at the House of God. It is, argues one of his expositors, just one of those services which are "generally necessary"—though of course, if you are in the backwoods, the shade of a tree or the broad canopy of heaven may fitly form a place of prayer and thanksgiving. Clement of Alexandria is blamed by Conybeare in a note of his Bampton Lectures for observing that his perfect exemplar of a Christian needs "no stated place or time of prayer, for to him every spot is consecrated, his whole life one continued festival."—Talking of devotion, Dr. Johnson said, in one of his most serious moods, and not long before his death, that true though it be that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" yet in this state of being, our minds are more piously affected in places appropriated to Divine worship, than in others. "Some people have a particular room in their houses, where they say their prayers; of which I do not disapprove, as it may animate their devotion."

true temples after all, for there the thoughts are free to mount higher even than the clouds." We will not stay to urge a No, no, in another sense; what the veteran trapper says may be no better at the best than natural religion; but at any rate in him it *is* natural.

While Nathaniel Hawthorne was a denizen of that old manse whose mosses cling to his name and memory, he kept a journal, one entry in which, on a June Sunday, runs thus: "Leo [his dog] and I attended divine service this morning in a temple not made with hands. We went to the farthest extremity of Peter's path, and there lay together under an oak, on the verge of the broad meadow." He was born to sympathize with his medical friend's Elsie Venner, who "very uncertain in her feeling about going to church," loved rather to stroll, on summer Sundays, over The Mountain,—one cave in which she was even said to have fitted up as an oratory, where in her own wild way she worshipped the God whom she sought in the dark chasms of the dreaded cliffs. Haply he could even have found it in his heart to be "almost" angry with Tersitza, as Odysseus in Landor's colloquy is taxed with being, because she was sorry she could not go to church, where there was none to go to,—and for saying it was a pity to waste to sweet a morning in the open air, instead of thanking God for it, and singing to Him, and adoring Him. Odysseus and Hawthorne could and would, either of them, probably, have sung a second to Macaulay's strain in a country churchyard:

"Let pious Damon take his seat, with mincing step and languid smile,
And scatter from his 'kerchief sweet, Sabæan odours o'er the aisle;
And spread his little jewell'd hand, and smile round all the parish beauties,
And pat his curls, and smooth his band,—meet preludes to his priestly duties.

"Let the throng'd audience press and stare; let stifled maidens ply the fan,
Admire his doctrines and his hair, and whisper, 'What a good young man!'
While he explains what seems most clear, so clearly that it seems perplexed,
I'll stay and read my sermon here; and skulls and bones shall be the text."

Mr. Fields, in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, imagines Hawthorne, in his quiet musing way, strolling through the daisied fields of the old country on a Sunday morning and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. "His religion was deep and broad, but it was irksome to him to be fastened in by a pew-door, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as *inside* a church, but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards, and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs." He liked better, it is added, to meet and have a talk with the sexton than with the rector.

After hearing in a church, said Dr. Channing, "a discourse which makes God a partial being, and identifies Him with a sect, I delight to escape into the open air; and one view of the heavens, or of any of the great features of nature, is enough to scatter the gloom which had gathered over me, and to teach me that what has been said, however well intended, is false." A minor poem of Longfellow's pictures an outsider, yet a theologian, in this attitude:

"I stand without here in the porch,*
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount."

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* Mr. Walter White provoked a protest from the reviewers of his *All Round the Wrekin* for reckoning "among the sweetest of our Sabbath-day privileges"—not going to church, but—"stepping silently into the porch of a village church on a quiet Sunday morning, and there sitting down in cool shadow, listening to the hum without and the hum within."

—o—

## *THE CLOAK LEFT AT TROAS BY PAUL THE AGED.*

2 TIMOTHY iv. 13.

BEING such a one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of, or for the sake of, Jesus Christ,—such was the Apostle's condition, stricken in years, and confined within prison walls, when he wrote to Timothy to bring with him, when he came, the cloak that Paul left at Troas with Carpus, of which he now felt the need. True, the Apostle sent a message at the same time for other leavings of his at Troas, which he was quite as anxious to have, or still more so; the books to wit, and especially the parchments. He lays stress on the latter, as if he could better do without his cloak in the pinching cold of his cell, than without the writings that should occupy and sustain his mind and spirit.* But to ask for the cloak at all is a significant touch, of more than physical interest. Paul the aged had the right to exhort Timothy in this same letter to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He had himself endured it in his time, and was enduring it now. He had fought a good fight, and kept the faith, and in

* The combined mention of cloak and books reminds us of what we read of Boniface when setting out on his last travels to Friesland, girding round him his black Benedictine habit, and depositing in the folds of it his Ambrose *De Bono Mortis*.—Nor be forgotten what Boniface wrote to his trusty correspondent, Daniel, Bishop of Winchester: "I pray you to send me the book of the prophets, which the abbot Winbert, formerly my master, left me when dying, in which six prophets are comprised in the same volume, written in very distinct letters. You cannot send me a greater consolation in my old age; for I cannot find a book like it in this country; and my sight being feeble, I cannot easily distinguish small and contracted letters."—If those are right who for St. Paul's words as Englished in our version, "Ye see how large a letter I have written to you with mine own hand" (Gal. vi. 11), would read, "Ye see [or, See] in what large letters I have written,"—Ἴδετε πηλίκοις ὑμῖν γράμμασιν ἔγραψα τῇ ἐμῇ χειρί,—on the score of failing eyesight; here again we have a point of analogy between our English apostle to the Germans (for Winfrid's birth is to be borne in mind by English as well as Germans) and the great Apostle of the Gentiles—between Boniface the ageing, and Paul the aged.

In reference to which latter title be it remarked, in passing, that the rendering in our version of the Greek Παῦλος πρεσβύτης, is assumed to be correct, and preferable to the suggested emendation, Paul the presbyter.

one sense quite, in another nearly, had finished his course. Before it was quite finished, that cloak he had left at Troas would be a comfort to him. His Master, when upon earth, had not known where to lay His head. And the Apostle too was avowedly familiar with cold and nakedness. He knew the worth of a fire, as a shipwrecked man, on an island where the barbarous people showed no little kindness by kindling one; and his interest in keeping it alive was proved by his gathering a bundle of sticks, and laying them on the fire—that fire which was to him so welcome, because of the present rain, and because of the cold: διὰ τὸ ψύχος. Experience must have given to St. Paul a feeling appreciation of the tyranny deprecated by Job, which causes the naked to lodge without clothing, that they have no covering in the cold. It must have intensified his assent to the Psalmist's query, in respect of the Most High, who giveth snow like wool, and casteth forth His ice like morsels: "who can stand before His cold?" It must have quickened his recognition of the force of the Scripture proverb, that the recklessness of ill-timed mirth, resented by a heavy heart, is like the taking away a garment in cold weather.

May-be he was constitutionally and exceptionally sensitive to the rigours of winter; like Horace, who used to spend that season in some milder spot on the sea-coast, such as Tarentum*—for he describes himself as naturally *solibus aptum*, fond of basking in the sun, and proportionally averse to the cold shade in chilly weather; or like Ovid, who measured the years of his exile in Pontus by the number of winters. The influence of cold on age is a topic of interest with medical investigators; and we are told by one authority that, assuming

* Writing eighteen centuries later, Horace Walpole, in a letter from Siena, remarks, that in Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing in marble.

In a letter to him abroad, from Richard West in London, just after a severe frost, which the writer takes to have been "really a melancholy thing," he adds: "I don't wonder now that whole nations have worshipped the sun; I am almost inclined myself to be a Guebre" (Jan. 23, 1740).

the effect of cold on a man aged thirty, when at his full maturity, to be one, at the age of thirty-nine the effect is represented by the figure two, at forty-eight years the figure becomes four, at fifty-seven it has advanced to eight, at sixty-six to sixteen, and at seventy-five to thirty-two. An aged student of this thermometrical table, the late Mr. Crabb Robinson, observes, that in the strictness of a precise statement, there seems something ridiculous in it; but the tone of Dr. Richardson is impressive, and Mr. Robinson's own experience tended to confirm it. "I enjoyed cold when young," he says; "now," aged ninety years, "it indisposes me to everything out of doors." Sir Walter Scott, within the last lustre of his years, rather exultingly enters in his diary his robust endurance of a severe winter—"home covered with snow, white as a frosted plum-cake. . . . Not sorry to find I can stand a brush of weather yet;" and he records that he had felt cold in its rigour in his childhood and boyhood, but not since: "In youth and middle life I was yet less sensible to it than now—but I remember thinking it worse than hunger." Mr. J. R. Lowell thinks there is nothing so demoralising as cold.* An incen-

* "I remember with a shudder a pinch I got from the cold once in a railway car. A born fanatic of fresh air, I found myself glad to see the windows hermetically sealed by the freezing vapour of our breath, and plotted the assassination of the conductor every time he opened the door. I felt myself sensibly barbarizing, and would have shared Colonel Jack's bed in the ash-hole of the glass furnace with a grateful heart. Since then I have had more charity for the prevailing ill opinion of winter."—*My Study Windows*: "A Good Word for Winter."

The phrase "barbarizing" refers probably to an expression used by Coleridge in a letter to Wedgewood: "I am sitting by a fire in a rug great-coat. . . . It is most barbarously cold" (January, 1800). Such a winter as Shelley commemorates in the lines—

> "It was a winter such as when birds die
> In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
> Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
> Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
> A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick; and when,
> Among their children, comfortable men
> Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;
> Alas! then for the homeless beggars old."

Alas, too then for an imprisoned and cloakless Paul the aged.

diary song of Mr. Kingsley's penning, with its chorus of field labourers' malediction "on varmers all," tells how

> "A blind owld dame come to the vire
> Zo near as she could get;
> Zays, 'Here's a luck I warn't asleep,
> To lose this blessed hett.
> They robs us of our turfing rights,
> Our bits of chips and sticks,
> Till poor folks now can't warm their hands,
> Except by varmers' ricks.'"

This blind owld dame is otherwise-minded and comes of sterner sort than the labourer of Hood's lay:

> "To a flaming barn or farm
> My fancies never roam;
> The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
> Is on the hearth of Home;
> Where children huddle and crouch
> Through dark long winter days,
> Where starving children huddle and crouch,
> To see the cheerful rays,
> A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
> And not in the haggard's blaze!"

Nearer of kin is she to Wordsworth's Goody Blake, whose curse gave a lusty drover his death-chill; for despite his plurality of waistcoats, good duffle grey and flannel fine, and a blanket on his back, and coats enough to smother three times three, it was all the same to Harry Gill, whose teeth must needs chatter, chatter evermore; all the same in March, December, and July, at night, at morning, and at noon. His doom was more definite than even that of Theodoric after the fatal supper at which the king beheld in a large fish the gory head of Symmachus, with the teeth set and gnawing the lower lip, and the eyes rolling in a fierce frenzy, and sternly menacing his murderer. "Theodoric, shivering with cold, rushed to his chamber; he called for more clothes to be heaped upon his bed, but nothing could restore the warmth of life,"—and anon it was with him as with the dying knight, tended to the last and at the very last by Mistress Quickly: "So 'a bade me lay

more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and all was as cold as any stone." Such the deathly cold intimated in that characteristic fragment of Allan Cunningham's, in which critics have admiringly recognised all the picturesque setting and artless pathos of the genuine traditionary ballad:

> "Cauld's the snaw at my head,
> And cauld at my feet,
> And the finger o' death's at my e'en,
> Faulding them to sleep."

Old age, as next neighbour to death, has a fellow-feeling in its cold, as it were a little more of kin, and less than kind. There is a decrepid crone in one of Mr. Dickens's novels, who looks such a bundle as she crouches in a large chair by the fire, that her visitor is ever afterwards grateful for not having sat upon her by mistake: if the fire were to go out, by any accident, it is verily believed that she would go out too, and never come to life again. "Although it was a warm day, she seemed to think of nothing but the fire. . . . The sun streamed in at the little window, but she sat with her own back and the back of the large chair towards it, screening the fire as if she were sedulously keeping it warm, and watching it in a most distrustful manner." The poet's apology for Goody Blake, as a pilferer by moonlight of sticks from the drover's hedge, is, that when ice fettered the streams, and her old bones ached with the frost till they shook again, she had for very cold to go to bed, and then for cold not sleep a wink. "Now, when the frost was past enduring, and made her poor old bones to ache, could anything be more alluring than an old hedge to Goody Blake?" How the poor husband their little stock of fuel, such as it is, other poets have said or sung: witness Cowper's picture of the frugal housewife trembling when she lights her scanty pile of brushwood, blazing clear, but dying soon, like all terrestrial joys:

> "The few small embers left she nurses well;
> And while her infant race, with outspread hands

> And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
> Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed."

Or, again, Crabbe's aged pauper, as honest Susan too truly sees and feelingly describes him; a realistic description, after Crabbe's wont:

> "When reached his home, to what a cheerless fire
> And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire!
> I saw the thorns beside the narrow grate,
> With straw collected in a putrid state:
> There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
> And that will warm him, rather than the blaze,
> The sullen, smoky blaze, that cannot last
> One moment after his attempt is past."

So Mr. Kingsley, in *Alton Locke*, has a grim picture of a garret, in the hardest of winters, with a miserable old woman on a broken chair by the chimney, fancying that she is warming her hands over embers which have long been cold, and muttering to herself with palsied lips about the guardians and the workhouse. Elia moralizes on the homes that are no homes, and can well understand, if not excuse, the poor man's resort to the benches of alehouses, where he finds in the depth of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by, instead of the "at home" of a starved grate and a scanty firing that is not enough to keep the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother. "We poor old people feel it dreadful," said one of the *London Labour* Commissioner's "informants," describing the bitter cold of a five o'clock morning marketing for water cresses. "Years ago I didn't mind cold, but I feel it cruel bad now, to be sure. . . . But that's nothing to the poor little things without shoes. Why, bless you, I've seen 'em stand and cry, two and three together, with the cold." A prosaic embodiment of Spenser's graphic line,

> "Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse."

Even blithe and lusty boyhood, at its blithest and lustiest, can wince with keen appreciation of the potentialities of freezing cold, whatever its seniors may think or say, and whatever their comparative sensitiveness to its cruelty. In his Introduction

to *Rob Roy*, Sir Walter relates the visit paid to the freebooter's Highland quarters by a father and son, to treat for the recovery of "lifted" cattle—the scene a wide moor by night, across which a north-east wind was whistling; the Highlanders plaided, but the two Lowlanders unprotected from frost. Rob directed one of his followers to offer the old man a portion of his plaid; but "as for the callant, he may keep himself warm by walking about and watching the cattle." The lad of fifteen heard this sentence with no small distress; and as the frosty wind grew more and more cutting, it seemed to freeze the very blood in his young veins. He had been exposed to weather all his life, he told Scott, but never could forget the cold of that night; insomuch that, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the bright moon for giving no heat with so much light.

But to recur, in passing, at a tangent, to winter as it was, and still is, in the city where Paul the aged was desolate and in bonds. Nathaniel Hawthorne describes the native Romans resigning themselves to the short, sharp misery which winter brings to a people whose arrangements are made almost exclusively with a view to summer; how they, somehow or other, manage to keep up their poor frost-bitten hearts against the pitiless atmosphere with a quiet and uncomplaining endurance that, to the author of *Transformation*, really seemed "the most respectable point in the present Roman character." For, by his testimony, neither in New England, nor in Russia, nor scarcely in a hut of the Esquimaux, is there such discomfort to be borne as by Romans in wintry weather, when the orange-trees bear icy fruit in the gardens, and when the rims of all the fountains are shaggy with icicles, and when there is a slide in the piazza of St. Peter's, and sometimes a fall of great snow-flakes into the dreary lanes and alleys of the miserable city. "Wherever we pass our summers, may all our inclement months, from November to April, henceforth be spent in some country that recognises winter as an integral portion of its year!" And no doubt the author of this aspiration would have gone along with his congenial compatriot's protest against

the use, in certain country houses of New England, of patent subterfuges of one kind and another to get heat without combustion; the only way to make these places wholesome, happy, and cheerful being, as he alleges, to get the dearest fuel, plenty of it, and let half the heat go up the chimney.

This is getting far away (by the distance of a hemisphere at least) from St. Paul pinched with prison cold. Of him and his parchments we are rather reminded, with a difference, by the zealous Benedictine, Dom Rivet, ailing and aged, but spent with toil more than laden with years, when he was forced, by a severe cold, to have a fire in his room: "c'est le seul adoucissement qu'il se permit." That excellent and exemplary parish priest, Robert Walker of Seathwaite, admiringly and affectionately commemorated by Wordsworth, used to study by night, when the family were at rest, in a little room which he had built on the roof of his house, slating it, and fitting it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth (homespun), his wearing apparel, and his tools. "There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned." He was just the man who, if he had the Apostle's occasion to send for cloak and books, would have laid apostolic emphasis on the latter—especially the books. A jovial prelate of the Elizabethan age was professedly ready to let "back and sides go bare," for a consideration; but that consideration was a sufficiency of "jolly good ale and old." Robert Walker's consideration would have been books.

One feels drawn towards Mrs. Inchbald by this among other engaging characteristics, that she would pass a winter without a fire, the want of which she sometimes felt so as to make her "cry with cold," in order to be able to afford one to an ailing sister. One of the commissaries appointed to visit the young princess, Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France, in the Temple, has described her attitude, *souffrante et appauvrie*, knitting indeed, but with hands swollen with cold and chilblains. Of Jean Paul we read, that while waiting for an answer from the bookseller Voss, of Berlin, as to the acceptance or refusal of

that manuscript which the Leipzig publishers had, one and all, declined, he "learnt well the severest experience in physical existence, that of a cold stove *plus* an empty stomach." When *plus*, the affirmative, is used as a negative sign of this sort, and in a privative sense, it is very hard lines indeed.

The English Opium-eater, in the course of his *Confessions*, breaks into an apostrophe, "O ancient women!" addressed to the daughters of toil and suffering, to assure them of his conviction, formed from hard experience during his starved life in London, and on the wild hill-sides in Wales, that amongst all the hardships and bitter inheritance of flesh they are called upon to face, not one, not even hunger, is comparable to that of nightly cold. A more killing curse there does not, he affirmed, exist for man or woman, than that bitter combat between the weariness that prompts to sleep, and the keen, searching cold that forces you from the first access of sleep to start up horror-stricken, and to seek warmth vainly in renewed exercise, though long since fainting under fatigue. In a subsequent publication he has expatiated on the "perfect frenzy of misery" induced by the "awful passion of cold," from which he suffered when giving up opium. He describes cold as a sensation which then first, as a mode of torment, seemed to have been revealed; and how in the months of July and August, and not at all the less during the very middle watch of the day, he sat in the closest proximity to a blazing fire, with cloaks, blankets, counterpanes, hearth-rugs, horse-cloths, piled upon his shoulders, but with hardly a glimmering of relief. And with his wonted impressiveness of statement he records the awe with which he was struck, at the revelation of powers so unsearchably new lurking within old affections so familiarly known as cold. Reasoning from the analogy of the case, he pondered the thought that nothing whatever has been truly and seriously felt by man; nothing searched or probed by human sensibilities to a depth below the surface; for if cold could give out mysteries of suffering so novel, all things in the world might be yet unvisited by the truth of human sensations: all experience worthy of the name was yet to begin.

## *IN A MOMENT, IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE.*

1 CORINTHIANS XV. 52.

THE Apostle's teaching is, that although we shall not all sleep the sleep of death, we shall all be changed; must all be changed,—because flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor corruption inherit incorruption. Flesh and blood must therefore be changed into a spiritual body. And this change, he tells us, shall be at the signal sound or summons of the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. And furthermore, this change shall be, in the case of the living, instantaneous; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. What was corruptible flesh and blood, becomes within that instant of time a spiritual body. The process of transformation can scarcely be called a process, such is the electric speed of the change. Absolute conversion, regeneration, transfiguration, nay, transubstantiation, all within a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.

It is not here proposed to dwell on the nature of that miraculous new creation itself, but simply to make the miraculous celerity of its accomplishment the text for some notes on even the present capacity of our common nature to experience a dense multitude of sensations within almost a moment of time. Awful are the potentialities of our mental fabric in this respect.

Byron has taught us how possible it is to gather in one drop of time "a life of pain, an age of crime." The Giaour is the example in point, when for but an instant he restrains his fiery barb:—

> "'Twas but an instant that he stood . . .
> But in that instant o'er his soul
> Winters of Memory seem'd to roll . . .
> O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
> Such moments pour the grief of years:
> What felt *he* then, at once opprest
> By all that most distracts the breast?

That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date?
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that conscience must embrace,
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end."

In his poem of *The Island*, again, Byron closes a minute description of the looks and doings of its new denizens with the avowal,—

"This is a long description, but applies
To scarce five minutes past before the eyes;
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to these
Rend men's lives into immortalities."

And in his tragedy of *Werner*, he speaks of "moments which might date for years, did Anguish make the dial." Once more, in a copy of verses addressed by him to Lady Blessington, the fourth stanza runs—

"My life is not dated by years—
There are *moments* which act as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow."

Quite a commonplace with the poets is such a comment as this of Campbell's, on the final fortune of his Ritter Bann: "One moment may with bliss repay unnumber'd hours of pain,"—much as Burns begins a letter to Clarinda with the remark that "some hours . . . save the rest of the vapid, tiresome, miserable months and years of life." A moment's thinking is an hour in words,* says Hood in the *Hero and Leander;* and there may be a world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span. Sainte-Beuve says of Madame de Pontivy, "Elle vivait autant d'un quart d'heure de présence quasi muette, qu'elle

* So, "I could have summed up years and years while he said a dozen words," asserts Pip in *Great Expectations*, a highly excited listener to a highly sensational narrative.

aurait vécu d'une éternité partagée." In the interview between Louis XIV. and the reproachful veteran D'Artagnan, we read that "the moment of silence which followed this vehement outbreak, represented for him who had spoken, and for him who had listened, ages of suffering." So a popular English romancer describes "a minute of fearful agony; one of those situations of extreme terror in which, authors tell us, the sensations of years become condensed in the conscious agony of the passing moment." Chateaubriand had some right to declare that there are few men who in their whole lives have passed *deux minutes comme je les comptai alors*, when suspended over the cataract of Niagara.* In Mr. Kendal's Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, we read how, on their arrival at Cuesta, the travellers were betrayed into a surrender of their arms, and then surrounded to be shot; and the narrator goes on to say: "A man lives almost an age in a single moment of imminent danger—his thoughts crowd upon each other with such lightning rapidity, that his past life, its promises and hopes, are reviewed at a glance. I thought of home, relations, friends, in the fleeting moment which passed after Salezar had manifested his inhuman intentions," etc. When the author of *Romola* sets Tito on his walk to the Palazzo Vecchio, where he was to find Bartolommeo Scala, it was not a long walk, we are told, but, for Tito, it was stretched out like the minutes of our morning dreams; the short spaces of street and piazza held memories, and previsions, and torturing fears, that might have made the history of months. Elsewhere George Eliot suggestively speaks of an experience hardly longer than a sigh, where the eager theorizing of ages is compressed, as in a seed, in the momentary want of a single mind. "Do not," says Hesperus

* When Dantes, in the romance, felt himself launched into empty space, cleaving the air as powerless as a wounded bird, and falling into the sea from the summit of the Chateau d'If with a rapidity that struck an icy chill to his heart,—although his fall was accelerated by some heavy weight attached to his feet, it seemed to him to be endless, to last for an age, before that "at length" came, when, with a terrific splash, he cleft the sea like an arrow, uttering a wild and despairing cry as he disappeared beneath its surface.

in *The Bride's Tragedy*, "minute the movements of the soul, for some there are

> "Of pinion unimpeded, thrice word-swift,
> Outsoar the sluggish flesh ; and these, Olivia,
> Anticipating their death-given powers, can grasp
> A century of feeling and of thought ;
> Outlive the old world's age, and be at once
> In the present, past, and future ; while the body
> Lives but a pulse's stroke."

In another scene Orlando says to Claudio, "'Twas but a moment, and yet I would not sell that grain of time for thy eternity of heartlessness." "*Ce sont de bons moments, frère*," wrote the French marshal, in the rapture of triumph : "*on ne les oublie jamais*," and yet a world of remembrance seems piled up in each. "My soul is slower," Norbert tells Constance, in Mr. Browning's poem, slower than hers ;

> "—— in a life I roll
> The minute out in which you condense yours—
> The whole slow circle round you I must move,
> To be just you. I look to a long life
> To decompose this minute, prove its worth."

* * * * *

A strange thing it is, observes Lord Lytton, how all time will converge itself, as it were, into the burning-glass of a moment. And he refers to the popular superstition that it is thus in the moment of death ; that our whole existence crowds itself on the glazing eye—a panorama of all we have done on earth—just as the soul restores to the earth its garment.* Mr. Disraeli somewhere intimates a persuasion that in those cases in which we view our fellow-creatures suddenly departing from this world, apparently without a bodily or mental pang, there must be a moment of suffering which none of us can

* Certes, there are hours in our being, he affirms, long before the last and dreaded one, when this phenomenon comes to warn us that, if memory were always active, time would be never gone.—"Distinct before Caroline Montfort's vision stretched the waste of her misery—the Past, the Present, the Future—all seemed to blend in one single Desolation."—*What will He Do with It?* book ix. ch. ii.

understand; a terrible consciousness of meeting death in the very flush of life, a moment of suffering which, from its intense and novel character, may appear an eternity of anguish.

One of the facts relied on by the author of *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, as showing that much more is recorded in the memory than we may ever take cognisance of, is, the panorama of their past lives, said, by people rescued from drowning, to have flashed before them.* He professes to have had it once himself, accompanied by an ignoble ducking and scrambling self-rescue. In one of his novels he puts his hero through the panoramic experience: "A cap rose to the surface. . . . And then—after how many seconds by the watch cannot be known, but after a time long enough, as the young man remembered it, to live his whole life over in memory—Clement Lindsay felt the blessed air against his face, and, taking a great breath, came to his full consciousness." In his early days, Crabbe had a narrow escape from drowning, while bathing in the river Waveney, near Beccles: he was no swimmer, and his struggles were consciously unavailing. How he was saved, he never could clearly remember; but he at last found himself grasping some weeds, and by their aid he reached the bank. In his *Tales of the Hall*, he describes with earnest precision what he felt at the time of peril:—

> "An undefined sensation stopp'd my breath;
> Disorder'd views and threat'ning signs of death
> Met in one moment, and a terror gave
> —I cannot paint it—to the moving grave:
> My thoughts were all distressing, hurried, mix'd,
> On all things fixing, not a moment fix'd.

* He condenses the following story from the newspaper account:—A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars. When it became due, he searched for it, but could not find it. He told the facts to B, who denied having given the bond, and intimated a fraudulent design on the part of A, who was compelled to submit to his loss and the charge against him. Years afterwards, A was bathing in Charles River, when he was seized with cramp, and nearly drowned. On coming to his senses, he went to his bookcase, took out a book, and from between its leaves took the missing bond. In the sudden picture of his entire life, which flashed before him as he was sinking, the act of putting the bond in the book, and the book in the book-case, had re-presented itself.

> Brother, I have not—man has not—the power
> To paint the horrors of that life-long hour;
> Hour !—but of time I knew not."

Captain Marryat has given us an animated account of what befell him when he jumped into the sea to save a man belonging to his ship: how, as he rose to the surface, he discovered that he was in the midst of blood, and in an instant the horror of his situation flashed on him, for he knew that the sharks were around him, and that his life was to be measured by seconds. Swifter, we are told, than pen can write it, his whole life went into the twinkling of an eye; all that ever he had done, or said, or thought, burst upon his view; scenes and events in the far past which had been long blotted from his remembrance came back upon him as lightning. A recent chapter of psychology comments on the incident as showing the fealty of memory to its trust, and the perfectness of the art by which it held all the past of the man's life, to the veriest trifle of gossip, in safe keeping. Apply the lines of Cowper in the opening of the final book of *The Task*:—

> "Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
> That in a few short moments I retrace
> The windings of my way through weary years."

Thomas Hood was once nearly drowned while bathing in the open sea at Hastings; and he too could bear record to having then seen the events of all his past life flash before him in a moment. With him, the moment,—never to be forgotten,—was when he finally rose, and saw the green water "like a bubble" getting lighter above him. The better qualified he was to write this stanza about Leander, drifting to his wreck:—

> "Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd
> A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space;
> There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
> His mind stretch'd universal to embrace
> The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—
> A moment's musing—but an age to tell."

One is reminded of the famous passage in the Koran, about Mahomet being taken out of his bed one morning by the angel

Gabriel, to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell; all which things the Prophet saw, and after holding ninety thousand conferences with God, he was brought back to his bed. But he found his bed still warm, and he took up, before the water was all spilt, an earthern pitcher, that had been thrown down at the very instant of Gabriel's carrying him away. Or again, of the Turkish tale of a Sultan of Egypt who lived a life between plunging his head into a tub of water and taking it out again; which tale, as well as that of Mahomet, is given by Addison in the *Spectator*, with the comment, that He with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if He pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of His creatures as a thousand years. Homelier expression is given to the philosophy of the subject by Sancho Panza, when the scholar declares himself unable to imagine how Señor Don Quixote could possibly within so short a space of time have seen so many things, and said and heard so much, as he professed to have seen, said, and heard in the Cave of Montesinos. "How long may it be then since I descended?" quoth the Don. "A little above an hour," answered Sancho. "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for night came on, and was followed by morning three times successively; so that I must have sojourned three days in these remote and hidden parts." "My master," said Sancho to the scholar, "must needs be in the right; for as everything has happened to him in the way of enchantment, what seems to us but an hour, may there seem full three days and three nights." The legend tells of Ossian lulled asleep, in his hill-side wanderings, by sweet music from a green knoll steeped in sunshine, and how he awoke a grey-haired man, for in one short fairy afternoon and evening had been crowded a hundred of our human years.

In dreams, as Dr. Forbes Winslow observes, it would seem as if a whole series of acts, that would in fact occupy a considerable space of time, may pass ideally through the mind in one instant. "We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disem-

bodied state, time will appear to us as eternity." Dr. Thomas Brown, in one of his University lectures on the Phenomena of Simple Suggestion, remarks that we are so much accustomed to talk of the succession of our ideas, to the exclusion of all notions of co-existence, as to be led to think of our ideas as consecutive only, and to assume that one must fade as a new one arises. He argues at length for co-existence as against such notions of succession. What one glance is to the capacity of vision, one conception is to the capacity of suggestion. "The universe itself," says the Professor in a subsequent lecture, "when we have enriched our memory with a knowledge of its laws, may, in some measure, be said to be comprised in a single retrospective thought of man." To this purpose interpret the comprehensive retrospect of Wordsworth :—

> "All that I saw returns upon my view,
> All that I heard, comes back upon my ear,
> All that I felt, *this moment* doth renew;
> And where the foot with no unmanly fear
> Recoil'd—and wings alone could travel—there
> I move at ease; and meet contending themes
> That press upon me, crossing the career
> Of recollections vivid as the dreams
> Of midnight."

Or, with a difference, that of Mr. Browning's Paracelsus, in the felt hour and power of darkness, in the felt shadow of Death, who, while the doomed philosopher spoke, was filling him with power, so that, his foot upon the threshold of boundless life,—the doors unopened yet, all preparations not complete within,—he turned new knowledge upon old events, and the effect was —not to be told, beyond all telling. Of the Licinius of another poet we read how, on one occasion, mute with awe and lost in light, he mused :—

> "——— He saw
> His own life, suddenly, as when, thro' rain
> And streaming tempest, on a blasted plain
> An instantaneous sunbeam strikes."

To which same poet, in another mood and strain, we owe the couplet :—

> "Sister! they say that drowning men in one wild moment can recall
> Their whole life long, and feel again the pain—the bliss—that throng'd it all."

People who have escaped drowning, observes a Saturday Reviewer, sometimes assert that they have remembered their whole lives in a few instants; though it does not (he objects) quite appear how they can remember that they remembered a series of incidents, without remembering the incidents themselves. Perhaps the most elaborate of recorded experiences of this kind is that of Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, as detailed by himself in the letter published in Sir John Barrow's Autobiography. He describes the calm feeling of most perfect tranquility which, from the moment that all exertion ended, superseded the previous tumultuous sensations; a sort of apathy setting in, that deadened the senses, but not the mind, the activity of which seemed, on the contrary, to be invigorated in a ratio which defies all computation, for thought rose above thought with a rapidity of succession "probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation." The course of those thoughts the letter-writer could even, at the time of writing his letter, in a great measure retrace; the event which had just occurred (his capsizing a very small boat by stepping on the gunwale), the awkwardness that had produced it, the bustle it occasioned, the effect it would have on a most affectionate father, the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were, the narrator testifies, the first series of reflections which occupied him. Then they took a wider range: "Our last cruise—a former voyage and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had mis-spent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures." Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of his life seemed to glance across his recollection in retrograde succession, not however in mere outline, as stated in the letter, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature

In short, the whole period of his existence seemed to be placed before him in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into his imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity. The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather, as he amends the phrase, the shortness of time into which they were condensed, he professes himself unable to state with precision; but he is certain that two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation* to that of his being hauled up.

It is believed to have been of his mother that the English Opium-eater was speaking, when he related, in the *Confessions*, how a "near relative" of his, who, in her childhood, fell into a river, and was on the very verge of death, but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, saw in a moment (as in mature age she told him) her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; while as suddenly there was developed within her a faculty for comprehending the whole and every part. Forty-five years intervened between the first time and the last time of her telling Mr. de Quincey this anecdote, and he assures us that not one iota had shifted its ground among the incidents, nor had any the most trivial of the circumstantiations suffered change.† In her case, and from her

* The cessation of all exertion on the drowner's part he takes to have been the immediate consequence of complete suffocation,—and from that moment, he relates, "my sensations were of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue."—Miss Martineau quotes the most essential parts of the Admiral's narrative in her volume of *Biographical Sketches*.

† Nine years old was the girl whom this accident befell, and not less than ninety years did she survive her memorable escape. Naturally, stress is laid on the fact of her enjoying throughout her long life, serene and cloudless health; and on her being remarkable for a masculine understanding, and for reverencing truth "not less than did the Evangelists." See the added notes to the latest edition of *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*.

own account, a process of struggle and deadly suffocation was passed through half consciously—which process terminated by a sudden blow apparently *on* or *in* the brain, after which (exactly as in Admiral Beaufort's case) there was no pain or conflict; but in an instant succeeded a dazzling rush of light; and immediately after *that* came the solemn apocalypse of the entire past life.*

The drowning man, says George Eliot, urged by the supreme agony, lives in an instant through all his happy and unhappy past: when the dark flood has fallen like a curtain, memory, in a single moment, sees the drama acted over again. "And even in those earlier crises, which are but types of death—when we are cut off abruptly from the life we have known, . . . and find ourselves by some sudden shock on the confines of the unknown—there is often the same sort of lightning-flash through the dark and unfrequented chambers of memory." Glance at Psyche in Mr. Morris's glimpses of *The Earthly Paradise:*

> "Then pale as privet took she heart to drink,
> And therewithal most strange new thoughts did think,
> And unknown feelings seized her, and there came
> Sudden remembrance, vivid as a flame,
> Of everything that she had done on earth."

Under certain conditions of extreme nervous tension most men, it has been said, must have experienced the sudden

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* Mr. de Quincey cites approvingly the surmise once and again propounded in modern books, that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. There is, he insists, no such thing as ultimate forgetting; traces once impressed upon the memory he asserts to be veritably indestructible, however seemingly dense a veil a thousand accidents may and will interpose between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same kind, he avers, will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.

To the same purpose is Sir Francis Beaufort's query, May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not, he further asks, in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption?

enlargement of grasp and vision with which the brain seems to become endowed. "Before the mind of the huntsman whose horse is galloping towards a precipice, of the prisoner at the bar waiting for the first word of the foreman's lips, the concentrated perceptions of a dozen ordinary years seem to crowd in those few moments of agonized surprise." The Wallenstein of Schiller is pictured, or pictures himself, the night before the action in the plains of Lützen, leaning against a tree, while thoughts crowded upon and crowded out thoughts, as he looked out far upon the ominous plain. His whole life past, in that moment, glides in procession before his mind's eye.

In the forty days' Temptation in the wilderness—the forty days in the course of which the Divine Recluse was tempted, not the forty years during which the God of Israel was grieved with them that had sinned, whose carcases fell in the wilderness—the initial step of the tempter, as related by St. Luke, was to impress Him that was tempted with a panoramic survey, in a mode of presentment that virtually annihilated time and space, as human nature takes account of these conditions, in its philosophy of the conditioned. Typical of what the sons of men may be brought to see, in eventful moments of agitated experience, is what the Son of Man then and there beheld, from the mountain-top whither the tempter had led Him; for there it was, and thence it was, that the tempter showed unto Him all the kingdoms of the world, *ἐν στιγμῇ χρόνου*, IN A MOMENT OF TIME.

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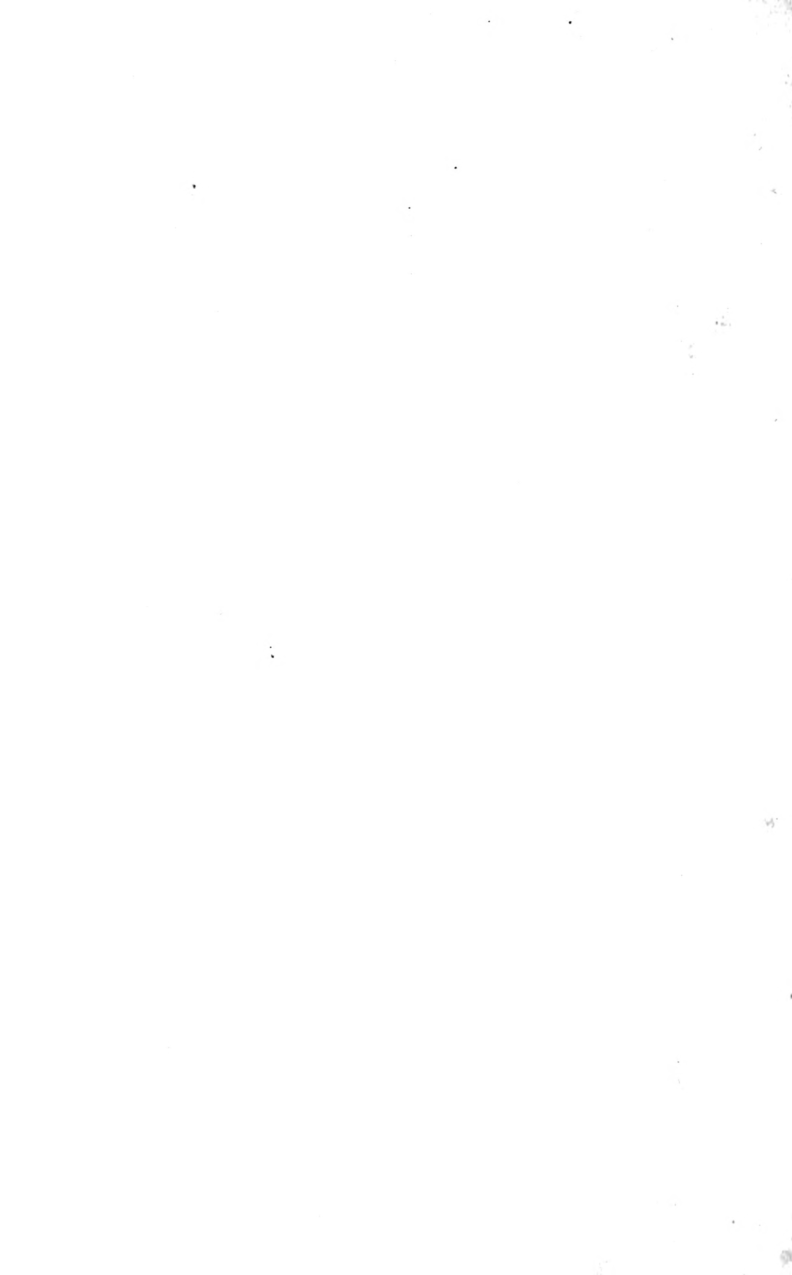

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