
ESSAYS:

SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL

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ESSAYS:

SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL

BY

RICHARD BIRNIE, Esq., M.A.,

Barrister-at-Law.

[SELECTED AND REPRINTED FROM "THE AUSTRALASIAN."]

*Inviter, quand il ne faut pas contraindre,
Conduire, quand il ne faut pas commander,
C'est l'habileté suprême.*

—MONTESQUIEU.

*To suggest without dictation, to guide without compelling, is
the triumph of tact, and the secret of success.*

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1879.

TO

JAMES SMITH,

A FRIEND TRIED AND TRUE, PROMPT IN THE HOUR OF NEED,
TO WHOSE APPRECIATIVE AND DISCERNING MIND

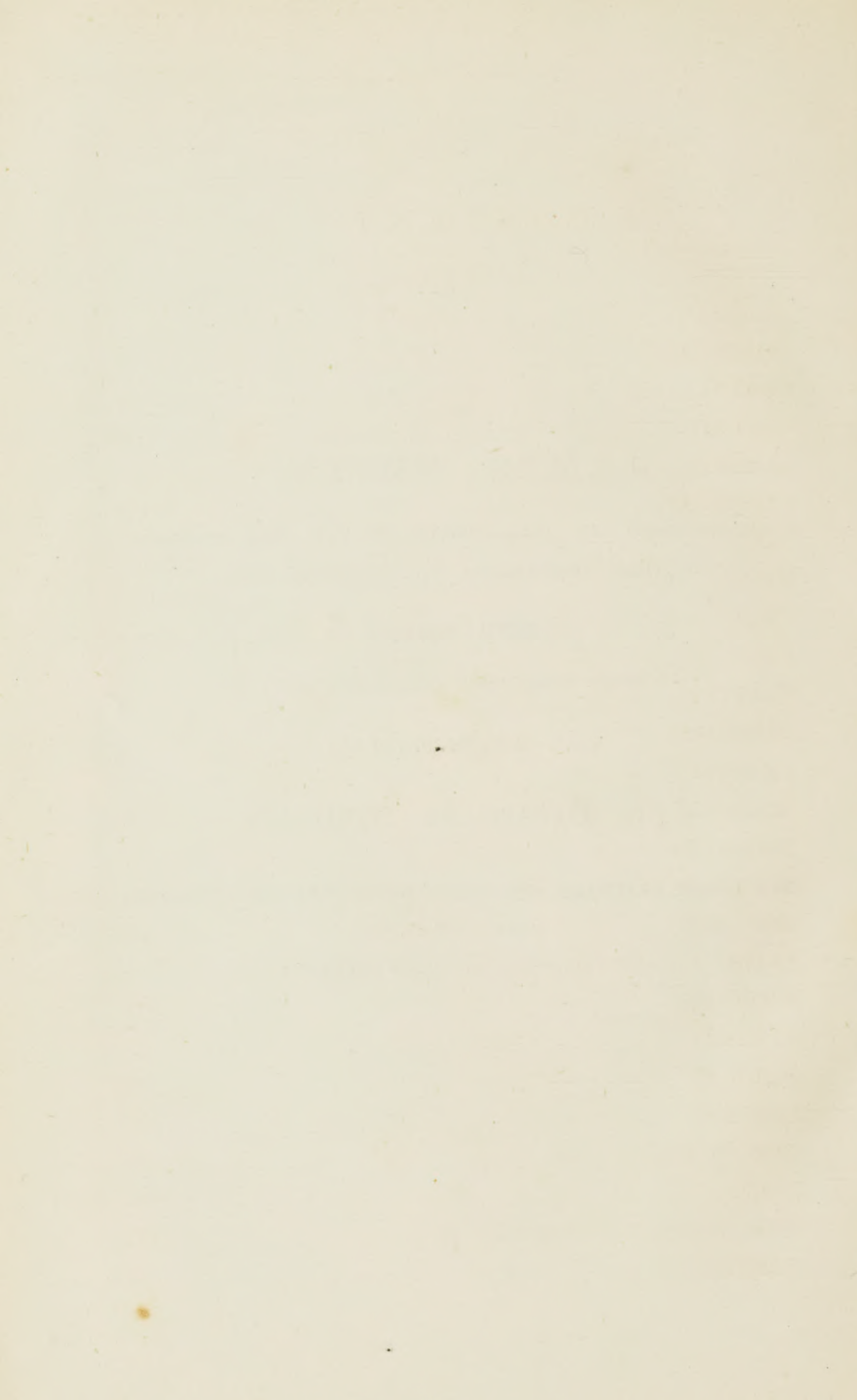
THESE ESSAYS

OWED THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN

THE AUSTRALASIAN,

This Volume is Dedicated,

WITH A DEEP GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM WHICH TIME CAN BUT MAKE
MORE LASTING,
AND ADVANCING AGE MORE FERVENT.



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P R E F A C E.

THE ninth year is now completed since I first made acquaintance with the readers of *The Australasian*, and though with but scant aid from wit, humour, local satire, or native brilliancy on my part, their generous sympathy has been preserved as well as prized.

Whatever the merits or demerits of these Essays, one thing is certain—they owe their Author nothing.

Begun in seclusion, alike from men and from books, and reliance upon memory for every citation and allusion, their steady onward march gave occupation to solitude, and hope to despair, effectually relieving and curing both, as the thriving Eucalyptus dissipates fever and miasma. Languor soon gave way to buoyancy, and indifference to ambition, when occupation and self-respect gave worth and value to competence and health. Thoughts that long had floated, gaseous, in the mental atmosphere of under-action, quiescent and meditative rather than logically ratiocinative, assumed a vital reality—almost a dignity—as crystallised into words, the pen fixed them down on paper, and I may boast of being perhaps the first to contradict the far-famed lines of Dryden in Aurengzebe (Act iv. scene 1.),

“When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat :

Yet, spurr'd by Hope men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and hope to-morrow will repay, &c.

And from the dregs of age, hope to receive
What youth's first sprightly runnings could not give,” &c.

For, my old age has *really* given more than the "first sprightly runnings" of youth ever promised to a once sanguine vanity.

Let, then, an old philosopher, while the pulse of healthful life still beats, prepare by gathering his robe around him, to fall with decency, vitally as mentally, timely forestalling the hour when he will be able to bring to the mart nought save tarnished wares and withered fruits.

That the volume now offered, whatever be its fate, owes me nothing is less than the truth. I pass by the golden opinions—metaphorical and real—and the flattery of strangers rendered impartial by distance. Even the delight imparted to friends pales its lustre before the glowing triumph of having conciliated the tardy goodwill of honest, but misguided prejudice; perhaps, also, of having attempered and soothed with the oil of *Bonhommie*, the *malaise* of detraction, envy, and spite. But mournful were the retrospect—now so joy-fraught—did conscience accuse me of having purchased a short-lived prosperity by any sacrifice or compromise of principle, or of having ever placated licentious depravity by allusions that bring a blush to the cheek of modesty and virtue.

Rather, let me hope, that I have shown to the young how true freedom differs from frivolous levity, how seriousness does not imply austerity or constraint, and that graphic scenes from our changeful life as it really *is*, can be broad without coarseness, and genial without vulgarity.

There are noble instincts. Such suppose no egotism or speciality of favour, but, if they exist at all, are the property and attribute of the human race, as such. Whatever tends to exalt man's nature, origin, destiny, and thus to quicken his individual sense of responsibility, *that* I call noble. Whatever tends to flatter the individual, at the expense

of his race, and to blunt his sense of responsibility by limiting its range to beings favoured like himself, *that* I call enervating and debasing, and a step towards moral callousness and complete ignobility. If the test of mental maturity be the rarity of surprise, let me not slight the fore-shadows cast by coming events, whose office it is to prepare the soul, fore-armed, to meet with decency that stroke, which may crush, but can never subdue.

In this serious yet cheerful spirit, I offer this first volume to the young of both sexes. I aim at possible good, and shun the unattainable. He who is as good and as wise as I now aspire to make him, is eager and strong to become still wiser and still better, rising on stepping stones of his living self, to plume his wings from lofty elevations self-attained. Not mine, the road well-metalled and spacious, shaded by trees and adorned, but I hope to be to many even as that welcome timely stranger and friend—A CART-WHEEL TRACK IN THE BUSH.

R. B.

Melbourne, 1879.

DIET.

Sir Toby.—“Our lives consist of the four elements.”

Sir Andrew.—“By my faith, I do think they consist of eating and drinking.”

SHAKSPEARE, TWELFTH NIGHT.

TIME, best friend and commentator of genius, now vivifies these words with an under-current of truth, more valuable and profound than Aguecheek could understand, or Shakspeare had ever learned. The clearness of our intellect, the equipoise of our passions, the control of our emotions, and the healthy tone of our sentiments do depend on the quality, regulation, and selection of what we eat and drink. The reader starts, but I pray him to “strike, but to hear.” Honour to Homer and to Æschylus, to Thucydides and Demosthenes. Unforgotten be Cicero, Tacitus, and Seneca, and what would be the present hour without Shakspeare, or the anticipated future without the Septuagint and the Diatessaron? The Psalmist loosens no hold once taken, and I pity with bewilderment the being who can long remain insensible to the sublime aspirations of Isaiah, or the majestic common sense of Ezekiel. The precepts of the Son of Mary are beginning slowly and indirectly to rule society, and to every sound mind they form an addition to life, prized even beyond the hours they console and exalt.

Yet, for all this, and more, good paterfamilias, if you desire (as I know you do) that your young hopeful shall grow up brave, loyal, loving, sweet-blooded, prompt in useful action, free and eloquent in utterance, and commanding by subtle mesmerism "The starlight smile of children and the sweet looks of woman," if you covet in him a friend without exactings, and a staff in your future decrepitude, you must attend with care, with refinement, and self-denying labour to the selection, preparation, due variety, and pleasurable, adaptations to him and to capricious outward nature, of everything that he eats and drinks. The maximum of benefit, pleasure, and variety be your watchword. You will save and gain more than I have power to describe, by preparing and rearing a blessing to your country and to your old age—a blessing beyond all price in its enjoyment, and the cost of which is covered by the savings of the wise and the waste of the barbarous. "A good cook," said Soyer, "is one who puts a dinner on the table solely out of what a mediocre one throws away. A better cook is one that does the same with what is thrown out by the first. Give me him who throws away the least, and find me, having lit your torch by daylight, my superior, who can produce a meal from my refuse."

Aristology, or the art of living for the best of both worlds, is neither excess, effeminacy, nor waste; it is the observance and revival of forgotten laws, and the reduction to practice of the freshest conquests by science. We hear of "death from starvation." What

is starvation? Can a man be said to be "starved" who had an ample share of potatoes; or a child who had plenty of milk and maizena? We answer, yes. As a horse who has a manger full of cheesecakes, or a cat who has a large tub of saur-kraut, or of salted cucumbers. If the blood requires to be reinforced with one or more elements not present in the potato, the milk, or the maizena, the man, boy, or infant is as much "starved" as the horse or the cat in the other supposed cases. Now, the human frame is supported by the presence of osmazome, fibrin, gluten, starch, sugar, and acids. These lurk in man's ordinary articles of diet. Besides these, certain volatile oils, infinitesimal particles or portions of substances that, in even moderate doses, are rank poison, are homœopathically administered by many substances occasionally desiderated with craving, as lettuces, celery, and all allial vegetables have morphia; almonds and kernels contain prussic acid; and the purgative properties of the tomato are well known. The craving felt for these, or for fruits, salads, or herbs, is as legitimate a call of nature, as that for beef, for bread, or for fatty substances, none of which should be thwarted. Many ordinary articles of the table and kitchen, as garlic, sage, horse-radish, tomatoes, marigolds, and nettles, are possessed of valuable properties congenial to man's frame and blood, requiring to be known, but as yet remaining in obscurity, because we are all too prone to slight the common things that round us lie. "Are not Abana and Pharpar greater than Jordan?" How often have I seen an injudicious parent reprove a girl for eating

too much butter, yet the child was obeying the wise voice of nature. All adipose substances, and especially butter, warm the young unperverted stomach as a glass of whiskey-toddy does that of a grown man. The food undergoes a process for which we cannot find so good a name as combustion. The craving for oil and fat of the Esquimaux is the natural result of climate; and the girl who, when the joint was on the table, "minced the juicy cone in frustrums fine," as Crabbe has it, but lingers over the cheese and butter, and seems to dine off bread alone, simply reveals that her system has a sufficiency of fibrin and osmazome, but requires fuel for warmth in the cold, fireless grate. So the boy who rushes from his scarce-tasted dinner to the open orchard, seeks the grateful subacids and mollifying saccharine dilutions, to propel the lazy balsams of the sluggish gluten, and blending with the starchy elements to form pure wholesome chyme. The use of the spleen, long wondered at by our ancestors, is to dissimilate the starch in our food. There are times when the healthiest turns from solid food, longing for salads, fruits, and pastry. There are other times when animal food is indispensable, and the hungry craver will recognize no substitute. Whatever be the element required by nature at the time, to want that is to starve. The wise German, the Jew, the Chinese (as I am told), the Pole, the Russian, and the Maygar, never deem the table complete without fruits and salads, without saucers of capers, stercheons, and such like, soaked in vinegar, with chopped bay leaves, and similar rinfrescatives for occasional stimulus and

refreshment, to impart to solid food its supplementary qualities. I dined lately in Melbourne at a humble German table, and received a valuable lesson in a not unpleasing form. After an excellent soup "the dinner" was served. 'Twas Liberty-hall, no waiter, and every one followed his bent. In the centre, a round, deep sort of tureen, contained slices of beef, not overdone, but tender, and floating in gravy. On one side was a similarly capacious dish of spinach and well poached eggs. Potatoes well chosen, well boiled, and flour-fraught, filled to overflowing a third; saur-kraut, well-done, wooed the appetite from a fourth. A large dish of mashed baked apples, flavoured with cloves, blended its fragrance, and a beautiful salad, most tastefully arranged, received more than a barren admiration. A pile of bread, ready cut, met the eye, and when all was over, a cup of good coffee was placed before each, accompanied with a slice of carraway-seed cake. All this, served with tolerable cleanliness, cost one shilling each, and six cheerful, well-mannered, social Germans, whom Mr. Carlyle would call "thoroughly human," made me feel at home. We ate of every dish, and freely. Note the variety of elements introduced into our systems, harmonising with, yet modifying each other. Now, after a monotonous tavern joint or steak comes the craving for alcohol. This is for two reasons, firstly, you have not completely dined, the system asks for elements of nutriment unsupplied. Alcohol is said to "displace" a certain portion of nutriment, that is to supersede it by diverting the craving. Secondly, the sluggish mass, unmodified by

cognate elements, no less necessary than itself, is felt to be a burden till forced downwards by alcohol. A well-spread table based on a knowledge of nature were a step to our freedom from the tyranny of the nobbler; not that the post-prandial glass is not innocence itself compared with the destructive morning dram. Ask your medico to tell you the constituent parts of the blood, bone, muscle, flesh, cartilage and synovia—all necessary to life and indispensable. Does it not follow that your table should neglect no one of them? The broad bean condenses more gluten than does any known esculent. Therefore it is vulgarly believed to be the most nourishing. The sickly growing girl is urged to partake of it; she turns from it, loathing. "Dainty," "perverse," are the mildest expressions used. The simple reason is, her system has gluten enough, she will thrive on a beefsteak and an onion. Jellies were once deemed all-nourishing. Liebig showed that a patient may "starve" on them.

The question is, I trust, now answered, touching the "milk and maizena." The difficulty with all schools is to hit on a central diet suited to the average and varying appetites of say 60 boys. This is under any circumstances a difficulty, but at the usual figure of schools for the middling classes, a sheer impossibility. Would that there were such a thing in nature as what I have termed a "central" article of ordinary diet, that could be constantly used for six months for 60 boys. The philosopher's stone! We need not descend to the loathsome horrors of Mr. Dickens. I take a wise conscientious, humane gentleman, and ripe scholar

His house and school are patterns of neatness, his system rational, his character enlightened and exemplary, his temper under command. He boards and teaches young gentlemen for £35 a year, for well he knows that parents will not pay more. He has 70 boys. Rice-pudding, "stickjaw," shin of beef, and perhaps oatmeal, form the staple nutriment. Watch six boys "tibbing out" clandestinely over the wall, to enjoy the spending of their pocket-money. The first purchases two huge pork-pies and a saveloy, though he has just dined. His comrades are ready with unæsthetic names. He receives no reproach from the philosopher. He but seeks that necessary osmazome and fibrin absent from the school dietary. The second drives a bargain with the orange woman, eats a dozen, relieves and purifies his blood, perhaps averts a fever. The third buys a cake of loaf-gingerbread, which supplies that gluten and sugar without which he would soon be ill. The fourth, a strong, healthy assimilator, needs none of these, but, after tossing off a glass of ale to appear manly, invests half-a-crown in Jack Sheppard and a new knife. Now, I say, here is Nature asserting herself. It is impossible to provide at so low a figure a proper dietary for so many boys. Meantime, the "good boy," pale, lymphatic, and unenterprising, never "tibs out." He droops and pines. The traditional salts and senna fail. His father takes him to a first-rate medico, who says "My dear Sir, there is nothing the matter." "Poached eggs, beef steaks, small doses of iron, sea air, and diluted port wine." After holidays thus spent, he returns to school, and a

special arrangement, with extra pay, secures him a fitting diet, and the envy of boys with only "uncles," or stepfathers.

If then, the conscientious Orbilius, I have supposed, be in error, with all his culture, what shall we say of those who make a trade of mere support of children? "Baby-farming" disgraces the odious being who thrives by it, the parents who use her, and the nation who tolerates them. "Plenty of milk and maizena" is not the less starvation.

Ought wine to accompany our meals? I answer unhesitatingly yes, though not always drunk neat. Wine, pure and unfortified, contains small portions of persalt of iron, as well as of sugar, in a nutritious form. The alcohol is diluted and diffused. The homœopathists will sanction this. Wine, pure, unfortified, and two years old, is as useful as vinegar or salt.

The cholera may rage in Houndsditch, or the colonial fever and diphtheria in Melbourne, yet the Jew continues healthy and active. Why? The answer is not recondite or metaphysical. Accept his invitation to dinner, and note his table. Not of the merchant-princes of the exchange do I write. Sidonia's board blushes with every vintage, his toilet is an arsenal, his dressing-room a museum. But any third or fourth-class dealer, whose goodwill you may have gained by some courtesy that cost you nothing, for they are more grateful than we. The meat is better chosen, better killed, and better cooked than ours. The 'slaughterer' is a synagogue functionary, and has undergone a

training equal to that of any surgeon, to wield instruments as delicate as theirs. In cookery, the Jew excels all, especially in potherbs and seasoning, which he never makes into the stuffy abominations served up at hotels. Every vegetable in season he will have, and well dressed, as well as critically chosen. Of pickles, condiments, jams, and salads, no lack, but our host refuses to take judicial notice of any not home-made. Add the best of drinks, olives (provided any exist within 100 miles), and generally first-rate regalias, a handful of which he presses on his departing guest, to whom, as a customer, he probably sold, the day preceding, a vile cabbage-leaf fætidity for three half-pence. Then tell your friends next morning why the Jew is free from cholera. The fact is he uses, as *Ægles* well says, both self and family right liberally. His loyal cashbox abounds with the Queen's picture in gold, yet never saw I a Jew-miser, any more than a Jew-drunkard. Based on security that he will never want, hope and enterprise never flag. Every sense is gratified with its speciality, the gem, the picture, the flower. Cradled in music, his sublime worship he celebrates in strains of grave and pure melody; the future life never inquietts him, for his lot he deems to be as definite as man is capable of receiving. Rejecting the speculative he cultivates the real, and enjoys the present life. But the basis of all is his diet. The animal rejected by the lynx-eyed Jewish slaughterer, who withholds the seal of purity, without which no Jewish butcher may proffer meat, may haply find its way to the table of opulence

or of rank; and cholera breaks out in it, none know why!

I have thus dashed at a subject worthy of a better pen, and aimed at utility in spite of conscious ignorance. Let others pursue it, and do good beyond my powers. Sarpedon's death in the breach made by his rash enthusiasm is a benefit to society if Hector enter through it and over his body. Be to others the victory, and to society the blessing!

CLEANLINESS.

“ENGLAND is the only place where the dirt is not disgusting, and exceedingly few people are clean there.”

THIS was the verdict of a well-trained, observant, and industrious woman on her return from a sojourn in Italy, whose glories she idolised, and from an excursion in the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Mrs. Fanny Kemble had proved, enjoyed, and exhausted all that civilized America could bestow, whether of bitter or of sweet, including fame, wealth, flowers, scenery unsurpassed anywhere, bananas, passion-fruit, nasal cacophonies, populous solitudes, mosquitoes, and a husband. The holy grail of cleanliness she sought in vain in all her wanderings, though warmed to enthusiasm by the mere daisies of the Campagna, and petrified into cataleptic ecstasy by the statue of Zeus. And the strides made by England during the last few lustres, so indirectly reproachful of our immediate ancestors, seem to confirm the satirical actress, of whose life faithful observation is the business, and of whose energies health must always be the buttress. Cleanliness, even among English-speaking sons of enterprise, freedom, and culture has scarcely reached adolescence.

By our ancestors the bath was esteemed an elegant luxury, the peculiar privilege of the refined. Like liquors, cassino, ombre, and routs, it was a pleasure at whose shrine health was supposed to be immolated.

Strength and coarseness, health and dirt, longevity and laziness, were supposed to go together. The bath was "weakening;" a cleanly person could not be strong, and a life of activity or joy must, of necessity, be short. Slowly have we discovered that health has two children, beauty and strength, whose best nurse is cleanliness, or purity. The bird is uneasy till it has dipped its plumage in the stream; the felines shame the tardy science of civilized man, whom they have been vainly, by constant example, teaching deodorisation for centuries; and not a reptile that crawls, perishes, or transmutes, not a leaf that flourishes, withers, and falls, but impresses on man the important lesson that stagnation of any kind is everywhere disease, that health is an emanation, life a perpetual change, in endless round; that torpor precedes "death"—that triumph of stagnation over the entire machine, which earth should now receive and cover over for reproduction in varied forms of life and continuous modifications of untried being. To dissever cleanliness from health is impossible. It is not luxury, but life; not cake, but bread; not privilege, but common duty. No man can be dirty at his own expense merely; he contributes largely to the spread of infectious fever, besides the disgust felt at his approach causing hindrance to that social co-operation without which nothing useful can be carried out or sustained. The last lingering errors of preceding centuries must be eradicated, and, on sound principles, salutary rules of practice be persistently carried out.

The root of the matter is that health is a constant

emanation. To preserve a jewel, we lock it in a casket ; to preserve wine, we carefully exclude the air ; to preserve our money, no bolts appear superfluous. A false analogy deceived our ancestors—viz., that the conservation of health required similar processes. “ It surprises me,” said an Irish friend, “ to see men skating in pumps.” “ They thereby facilitate the increased elasticity and suppleness of the ankle-joints as they warm,” was the answer. “ Faith ! and I think I’d skate in jack-boots ; thus, though maybe I might fail to increase it, I’d keep the little I’ve got !” This is a graphic summary of the health-theories of the past. They sought to preserve by stagnation. I well remember the time when the morning use of the tub caused a man to be pointed at in the streets and secretly whispered at for “ eccentricity,” by the many who “ wondered it did not kill him ;” when a man of property, before taking a warm bath, usually made his will ; and I have conversed with those who witnessed the appearance on the dinner-table of an oval-shaped “ soup-tureen,” novel in pattern, very elegant in design, purchased on the Continent by an opulent English gentleman, perfectly innocent (alas !) of the very peculiar and necessary but unæsthetic uses for which it was originally designed, constructed, and placed in the dressing-room. Strides have been made since that era in the right direction, and the bath is now the recognised friend of beauty and refinement, because the nurse of health.

It may be useful to remind the reader what it is that the bath does. The pores of the body, numbered by

the million, are called "follicular," from their conical shape, like the leaves of a tree before their expansion. They are organic and alive. Like all other drains or fine receptacles, they are apt to become choked-up with condensed vapour or scarf-skin, or with minute particles of dirt getting inside them. If neglected, they lose for a time their vital action, and stagnation, heaviness, *malaise*, fever, and "colds" are the result. Vigorous exercise throws out their contents, cleansing the inside of the follicle, and that which is expelled remains on the outer skin, an incumbrance to be perhaps re-absorbed. At this stage there is danger of "catching cold," for the blood is heated, the body's vital forces exhausted, there is not a sufficiency of elasticity to repel a sudden chill. No one knows when or how he "caught this cold." Perhaps the most dangerous time is the return from exercise. Lingering at the corner of a street, or in a verandah, on our return from ride, walk, or cricket, the cold is caught, because the body is then weakest. The one time in the day for careful precaution is this. On return from a walk, linger not, but hasten to your room and close door and window for a few minutes, resting before dinner. Now, the Turkish bath eliminates this danger. It is artificial exercise for the old, the valetudinary, the unenterprising. As you lie, unstriving and calm, in the fresh hot air, drinking, slowly, glasses of water, the follicles hasten to give out their accumulations; but the heart is composed, the muscles are unstrung, the blood is unheated, the forces unexhausted. Glass after glass is drunk, and the vanity of the most fastidious sometimes

receives a severe discipline, when he sees the mass of real dirt that he has been carrying about with him into the drawing-rooms he adorns, cherished beneath the icy lustre of his pleated shirt and the dazzling sheen of his snowy vest. How many a clean doorstep, polished knocker, and painted rails have you not admired? Enter the house, and your nose tells you all is not sweet within. So your white hands and matchless tie cannot give you that peace of mind, that "keyf" (I believe this is the Turkish word), which the cleansed follicle of the Turkish bath imparts to the worshipper of cleanliness. The discharge being completed, by the kneadings, the pressures, and the frictions, &c., the whole is mechanically washed off with soap and brush. This is a very short and simple process. But all is not yet over. The follicles have life as well as accidents. Their tone and elasticity must be aroused. Warm vapour and warm water cleanse but do not brace. A dash of cold water now restores that vitality which the pores have partially lost from being long overweighted. There is no fear of catching cold, for the blood is unexhausted and unheated; the follicles, now freed from their burdens, eagerly welcome the renovated vitality, and the blood, whose circulation was getting languid, and almost stagnant, now gladly rushes to the surface, while the "bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne." After much dry friction (of which you cannot have too much) you sally forth into the air, rested as well as relieved and lightened. Be the weather what it may, you are less, far less liable to colds, &c., now, than you were before entering the bath, and

“God’s glorious oxygen” interpenetrates every pore, and exhilarates the heart like the blood of the mantling vine. I have often started right off and walked 20 miles from sheer renewed life, after one of Mahomet’s baths (Consule Planco), and wondered, when I found myself on Hampstead-hill top, whether I had not been borne through the air. No error so great as to dread colds after a warm bath or a Turkish. It is immediately after exercise, when the skin has been long neglected, that the danger is really great, and I firmly believe that to be the occasion when colds, sore throats, &c., are caught. Coming home late from theatres, balls, public meetings, and such like, is also precarious, from the previous exhaustion and heat of the blood, and the vital expenditure; much more than the mere night damps. The greatest danger is within. “Tam o’ Shanter” is splendid, but I fear delusive; as an example it is rather to be shunned. Cowley the poet. Savage, Thomson, Burns himself, Edmund Kean, Blanchard, the comedian, and many others, killed themselves by thus inadvertently, braving the cold night air, after exhaustion in a hot room, and prolonged social excitement. But this is a totally different matter from the Turkish bath, where all is rest and ease in the heart and brain, and where the tissues are roused to elastic vitality, which, now unimpeded, can repel every danger. The warm or tepid bath quickens and equalises the circulation, relieving the extremities of the follicles, and, aided by friction, probably disburdens you of some two pounds or more of dirt and dead scarf skin. Place in a pair of scales two pound weights;

balance these with a paper of sand, and then, dear son of carelessness, draw your own moral. The cold bath does all this, but slowly to the pale and lymphatic, effectually to the sanguine and robust. For it increases the vital action of the follicles, and, aided by strong friction, forces that discharge which a combination of steam and warm water coaxes. It is used to greatest advantage as a rinsing tonic after warmth and friction. The golden hour for the bath is on first awakening in the early morning. Then the eye, and brain, and heart have had rest. The body's warmth is strong to ensure reaction against the shock. The stomach is empty, therefore congestion is out of the question. The follicles are so eager to discharge their load, that the plunge and friction are never so pleasurable, and the whole vital forces are repaired and unexhausted. A cold plunge and shower should always be taken in the early morning immediately following the day of a Turkish bath. The pleasurable emotions generated by the Turkish bath, and which usually last three or four days, I ascribe to the free evaporation of the insensible perspiration through unclogged follicles. This makes exercise delightful, and as the blood circulates, every sense is quickened. Nature's thousand beauties unveil their lustre, and impart both their melody and their charm; existence is a blessing apart from conventional adjuncts. The

“Meanest flowret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To thee are opening Paradise.”

Health, in short, is an emanation, and dirt would fain become its gaoler.

“Tolerate,” says Franklin, “no dirt, either on your person, your clothes, your room, house, garden, street, or wheresoever you have control.” How many servants use broom and brush like beings under the influence of a firm belief that such brush is endowed with a peculiar virtue or inherent power to impart beauty, instead of being a mechanical instrument to sweep out dirt. I lived in one house while my room was every morning swept. Yes, but nothing was ever carried out! A cloud was raised, then allowed to subside. In another, a heap of dirt was solemnly accumulated, under the sideboard, and there left to regale the eye! A Scotch servant improved on this by sweeping the said heap about the room, about and about, up and down, till she lost sight of it, then devoutly thanked Providence that the room was “weel redd up at last.” What pains our ancestors took to exclude the air of heaven. Some windows will not pull down at all! And what servant ever will pull a window down? They persist in opening it up from the bottom, thus giving people sore throats on their return from exercise. They refuse to believe the ascent of hot, impure air. Pull your window down from the top. While on this subject, I will remark how curiously the Englishman sacrifices health to his love of compact tidiness. “Let the beds be made early in the morning.” Yes, and thus bottle up the accumulated insensible perspiration of the entire previous night. Every bed should be open to the cool morning air, and to a thorough current

of it for two hours at least before being made. Residents in corner houses should devote more attention to ventilation than those in the line. I once visited a schoolmaster, a jovial, healthy old fellow, whose parlour, in his corner house, opened right into the street. My nose warned me to cut short my stay. "How many boys have you?" "Sixty." "And their dormitories?" "At the back." I could hold no longer, but burst out. "Oh! my dear sir," was the reply of Orbilius, "we bring up boys more hardy than you think." "Hardy! yes, the bath, cricket ground, and leaping pole, &c. But this violation of nature's laws. For your own sake, pray think." "Me, my dear sir, when I smell anything wrong, I light my pipe. Ha! ha! ha!" "My good friend," was my calm reply, "is that more than the substitution of one smell for another?" "But, sir," said Orbilius, "may we not take too much care of ourselves? *Curasti te Molliter, Syrisce*. Eh?" "True," said I; "in that sense—yes. We may drink too much punch, and smoke too much tobacco, to say nothing of coddling. But, of the care I now advocate no man takes enough. The slave in the play of 'Terrence' you cited had been getting drunk; *curare corpus* is to eat and drink to excessive comfort." "*Molliter te curasti*, means." "I say, old boy, you are comfortably screwed. Syrus was drunk. Once more, let me warn you, nature's warnings will be sterner."

The next month his school was ruined. The typhus fever broke out, and the few healthy boys were taken away.

A great foe to health is musty fustiness! Old bureaux, old massy chairs, and similar cumbrosities, oft take up more room than they are worth. Those cunning little crypts and wondrous secret drawers in old-fashioned escritaires, the triumphs of the cabinet-maker, that erst formed the delight and enchantment of boyhood, are they not rather dearly purchased? For they surely require frequent airings. I think the mere presence of a massy piece of furniture for some time on the same spot, is scarcely desirable. Wardrobes quaintly carved and antiquely ponderous, state garments rarely donned, old clothes that recall better days, relics, curiosities, masquerade gear, &c., all exact more trouble than they are worth.

And shall we ever, ever get rid of that barbarous slavery, the forensic wig? I pass by the torture and most vile disfigurement—oppression! to rob an elderly gentleman of the little beauty he thinks he retains, wreck of the slender amount conceded by the impartial world! What a fusty stench pervades a full court! What snug homes, cradles, and receptacles for unmentionable entomologies! Then his Honour Mr. Justice Owlet takes his seat, January though it be, in scarlet broadcloth and fur! on his head and oppressing his temples a full-bottomed horror of horsehair and network! The bishops have lately emancipated themselves from their buzz-wigs, content with their magpie costume, which, hideous as it is, and grotesquely epicene, is less stifflingly fusty than the cumbrous abominations of our coddled-up judges. “Flowing drapery!” Yes! I own its appositeness to church and

to court. A white linen surplice can be washed. "I have often thought," said the pious and venerated Sam Johnson, "that if I kept a seraglio, I'd make all the girls wear linen, on which the dirt could with ease be detected."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." These oft cited words may to some, sound almost like those of one who talks half in jest. Yet few serious truths will bear a much closer analysis. How like to sin is dirt! The dirty knows not fully his state; neither does the sinner. He fondly strives to hide what little of it he perceives by finery; so does the sinner. He wonders at the implied confession of impurity in others that wounds his pride; so does the sinner. The cleanly is ever finding something to be removed. So the Christian finds daily some bad passion to be curbed, some habit to be uprooted, or some necessary virtue to be improved. The cleanly, even when most lauded, thinks himself *not* clean; the Christian, even when most loved, mourns his conscious unworthiness. The dirty are offended when bidden to wash, the hardened sinner refuses to pray. And the living water, emblem of purity, friend to health, and cleanser of the body, is aptly chosen by the source of goodness, purity, strength, and life as the fittest emblem also of that renovation of our inner nature and soul, of which His life was devoted to the teaching, His death sealed the achievement by conquest, which His pure doctrines create, sustain, and diffuse, and His memory still ratifies, emblazons, and hallows in the hearts where it is cherished and adored.

PRIDE.

JUBA.—Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his grief, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of his misfortunes;
How he can rise against a load of woes,
And bless the gods that threw the weight upon him.

SYPHAX —'Tis pride, rank pride.—ADDISON.

WILBERFORCE, in his *Practical View of Christianity* (a book still read in certain very select circles), complains that in most modern writings, as well as in social conversation, the word "pride" is always used in a *good* sense, and is tacitly assumed to be not only favourable to moral worth generally, but to be a necessary ingredient in the formation and growth of a virtuous character. Such an estimate of pride he disowns. Let us try to hold the balance between Wilberforce and the world with a steady hand and an impartial judgment.

In truth, it must be confessed, on the one hand, that we find ample were the inventory of good and useful qualities with which pride can be in harmony, and in most valuable alliance. Pride gives aid to temperance, for it is ever ready to scorn independence upon factitious and outward supports. Pride never wills to presume beyond its own rights, for it disdains to hold anything on mere sufferance. Pride is never abashed by lowly garb, or even by shabbiness,

either in self or in others, for the essence of pride is the belief in the predominance of the inner and subjective life over the outward—in the power of the man to shine through the coat. Nay, oft the threadbare garment is the badge of pride. Crabbe's Sir Denys Brand, in his masterly picture, "The Alms-house," is a palmary sketch of a really proud man. Sir Denys is clad habitually in garb grotesquely shabby, and trots through the village on a shaggy cob. But his grooms are exquisitely mounted, and faultlessly nitid, defiantly of expense. I may not dare to condense Crabbe. Let him speak for himself, and invite fuller perusal:—

"In him all merits were decreed to meet,
Sincere, though cautious, frank, and yet discreet,
Just all his dealings, faithful every word,
His passion's master and his temper's lord."

Small was his private room : men found him there
By a plain table, on a paltry chair.
A wretched floorcloth, and some prints around—
The easy purchase of a single pound.
These humble trifles and that study small
Make a sly contrast to the servants' hall.
There barely comfort—here a proud excess,
The pompous seat of pamper'd idleness.

An old brown pony—'twas his will to ride—
A £5 purchase. . . .
But who that youth behind, of pleasant mien,
Equipp'd as one who wishes to be seen,
Upon a horse twice victor for the plate,
A noble hunter, bought at dearest rate?
"A handsome youth, Sir Denys; and a horse
Of finer figure never trod the course.
Yours without question?" "Ye-yes; I think a groom
Bought me the beast—I cannot say the sum.

I ride him not—it is a foolish pride
 Men have in horses : but—my peop'le ride.
 The boy is— ‘Harkye, sirrah, what's your name?’” &c.
 —Vol. III., p. 224, 12mo ed.

It never occurs to a true son of pride that he is, or can be, anywise lessened or even invaded by the absence of attentions from others. On the contrary, he regards all who slight him with tranquil pity—“it is their loss, they are their own enemies.” This he says to himself concerning those whom he deems his social equals (or superiors, should such be possible); as to others, he commends them for knowing their rank in creation, and accordingly not presuming. He generally dresses, dines, and lives with a certain refinement, to him necessary and habitual, not for the sake of others, but of himself. Lucullus is to dine with Lucullus.

It is a curious characteristic of pride to feel no elation in official costume, or in uniform of any kind, but, on the contrary, always to show an eagerness to doff the same. Your London guardsman, great at clubs and Almack's, would suffer any inconvenience rather than be seen clad otherwise than in “mufti” within an hour after morning parade. And no equity barrister permits himself to cross Fleet-street in wig and gown. Were a London press-writer to see a subaltern in full uniform in Whitehall after 12 he would conclude, without hesitation, that the household brigade was ordered out by reason of some great emergency. All official, even court costume, is strictly confined to its own special exactment. This etiquette, offspring of pride, is based on the theory that no office or uniform can add to the gentleman, but that certain offices or

functions exist, and that they should be filled by selections from none other class. To parody Blackstone on "the soldier and the citizen," he puts not off the gentleman when he assumes the officer, but it is because he is a gentleman that the post was offered to him. It is, therefore, a *bêtise* most offensive to call a man by his official title or designation when you both are beyond the circle of its duties, its authority, and its privileges. Thus: In court we say—"Chief Justice Stawell," or "Mr. Justice Barry," &c. Out of court—"Sir William Stawell," or "Sir Redmond Barry." "Mr. Barrister Boozle," or "Mr. Attorney Foozle," are grotesque vulgarisms. So is Mr. Cumberland's sneering mention of "Poet Gray." All similar shop-allusions in general society are, to the proud and the refined, simply intolerable, and merit to be stamped as crucial tests of vulgarity, inherent, ineradicable, and incorrigible. They open a gulf between one class of men and another. Thus is pride favourable to order and to refinement; thus wears it often even the semblance of modesty. In a cultured mind, otherwise well-balanced, pride creates and sustains a gentleness of demeanour and of tone, sometimes most attractive from its freedom, its enterprise, and its contempt of affectation, or, indeed, of *any* form of spurious refinement. One of the proudest young friends of my early youth would stop to pick up the coppers accidentally let fall by an old barrow-woman, restoring them to her with a deference almost courtly. "It is not fit that you should stoop." He felt that he could afford so to behave, which I believe to be the secret of pride's attraction.

Pride resembles a rock castle-crowned, from the heights of which the castellan enjoys in perfection the *suave mari magno* of Lucretius.

George II. was apt in his rages to forget the little dignity that he had, or wished to have, when calm. Shortly after the union with Scotland, the choleric Hanoverian monarch, in a fit of irritation, during a private conference, threw his wig into the face of John, Duke of Argyll, immortalised by Pope and Scott. MacCallum More reddened. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* carried his hand to his court rapier, but he turned abruptly on his heel, and descending the private staircase, ran against Sir Robert Walpole, ascending it. "Why, Duke," said the good-humoured Premier, "you seem flurried." "Flurried, sir! I'm nae less. Your vile German boor—I canna tell you. He—he dared to throw his odious vulgar wig in the face of me; of me, sir, me—MacCallum More." "Pooh," guffawed the Premier, "is that all. Why, my dear Duke, the fellow has done so many a time to me." "You, sir, you," rejoined the haughty Caledonian. "You! I spoke of the Duke of Argyll." "And I," retorted the Minister, nettled in his turn, "I spoke of one able, at any moment, to make a score of dukes." "Not one Duke of Argyll," retorted the Scot; "your accursed Act of Union has left us, at least, *that* boast."

The Norfolk squire was, for a rarity, checkmated.

Pride checks all tendencies to querulous complaints and all cravings for sympathy. What right has any man to gauge or to sound the depth of my sorrow, or

(worse still) to pity me for the mean spite of a creature whom I despise? Pride renders flattery hopelessly impossible.

Lord Burghersh once said to Elliston after his mock coronation, "You have caught the King's deportment to the very life," meaning, of course, to flatter the actor. A look of the most withering contempt preceded the reply, "He, my lord, has caught *mine*." And the stage-monarch turned on his heel. A copy certainly may be like its original, but the critic should be certain which of the two he is reviewing. The reader has, no doubt, smiled at far deeper blunders of this class than the genial, well-meant flattery of the good-natured nobleman.

No failure is more complete or more ludicrous than the vain attempt to flatter a proud man. "Have I said by chance anything, sir, that you can understand and approve? If so, I beg pardon of the rest of company." Such was the crushing rebuke of Dr. Johnson to the noisy and unwelcome plaudits of an obtrusive flatterer.

The most favourable aspect of pride is when it checks personal vanity and conceit. "Never forget who and what you are. Despite your slowness of perception and mediocre abilities, never forget that you are the descendant of," &c. Such are the whisperings of pride. The man, the Self, is nothing; the Nature, the Origin, the Destiny is all-in-all. "A Rohan dies. He surrenders not." Base natures reverse this. The Self is all. The body must be adorned, the senses pampered. But the past is disbelieved and the future

derided, the reverence for ancestry merged in the idolatry of self. Pride seeks as its true *pabulum* the embodiment of a principle, it reverences loyalty of nature and race, even in rags, but scorns flunkeyism in every shape. In this phase I cannot deny that pride is sometimes needlessly offensive. Glengarry walked into a town during some public occasion, and entering the dining-room, sat down on the first vacant chair in his plaid shooting-jacket. With the affability of a Scottish laird, he entered into a "crack" with some farmers. A gorgeous flunkey approached. "The High Sheriff's compliments to Mr. MacDonald, and begs that he will move up and take a seat nearer to the head of the table." "Tell the Carle," was the reply of the haughty arrogant chieftain, "that wherever MacDonald of Glengarry may choose to sit *is* the head of the table."

I cannot help thinking that the punishment exceeded the offence. A well-meant courtesy surely merited not so very rough a repulse, to say nothing of the sheriff's very pardonable ignorance of the magnitude and depth of Glengarry's self-esteem. Pride never seems so worthy of our respect as when defensive. The character of Othello beautifully illustrates this:—"My parts, my manhood, and my perfect soul shall vouch for me." Again:—"Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it without a prompter." Throughout the drama a certain tenderness blends with our esteem of the noble Abencerrage.

Pride would indeed rank high among the highest human virtues but for one drawback, I fear ineradicable.

Your proud man is ever selfish. For his own good all causes must give away. All who sacrifice themselves for him are "virtuous," and he requites them with his praises, which he deems to be "fame." All who care for themselves or for their families in preference to *him*, he deems selfish, heartless, unprincipled, and deserving of future perdition. "Ah!" said George III., "Lord North is a good man. He will never thwart or oppose *my* wishes." The nature that scorns, never proffers, sympathy, and thinks not of practising any of the self-sacrifices it exacts. Like Dryden's Don Sebastian, the son of pride deems those who make their bodies the bulwarks of *his* safety in the fight to die supremely happy and enviably glorious. Thus may pride often colour and disguise an indurated selfishness.

Still "pride goeth before destruction." His ultimate fall is traditional and proverbial. Your proud man is ever his own humpty-dumpty, ever intent on the building up, loftier and loftier, of that high wall upon which he joys to sit and gaze around and beneath him, but from which his downfall will be hopeless, and his prostration ignominious.

Pride may be likened to a throughbred mettlesome steed, imperfectly broken in, but beautiful and strong. Though capable of useful exertion, he is at times somewhat vicious, and (in the graphic idiom of the ostler) "apt to eat his own head off."

Son of pride, thou art, in many respects, careful, dignified, and brave. Still, one thing thou lackest; one thing more needful, and without which there can

be no true nobility of soul, and no love save that form of it arising from the inevitable accidents of life, which is, of all things, the most transitory and short-lived. That one thing wanting is unselfishness. Look to this want. That blending of self-respect with ideality, which sustains a man in reverence of his nature, his origin, and destiny, and in loyalty to his country, his race, his home, and hearth is a noble passion which I will not miscall Pride.

VANITY.

“LIKE children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. . . . But Wisdom is justified of her children.”—Matthew xi. 17, 19.

THE phrenologist places “approbativeness,” or vanity, double on each side of “self-esteem,” or pride, as though the qualities were designed for mutual balance and control. Vanity measures the worth of everything by its rebound; “what profits it me that I pipe, if ye dance not?” On the other hand, pride cherishes, cultivates, and practises things of, for, by, and to himself, alike for their sake intrinsically and for his own. Vanity is essentially a social quality, preferring the caprices of fashion to taste, to beauty, and even to comfort. To please others seems to constitute both its principle and its reward—to be denied praise, or at least appreciation, cuts like a lash, and often raises an anger not easy to restrain. I know not why we should be very severe on a victim who prepares his own punishment at his own expense, and who is too often both the architect and the engineer of his own discomfiture and ruin. For he gives the privilege of judging his merits to those of whose competency to judge he was probably ignorant; but of whose unfitness, from envy, perversity, or ignorance, he becomes, when 'tis too late, more painfully conscious every hour. “Fit audience, though few,” may be the prayer of lofty

pride ; but he who seeks independence and well-being must, by the pleasure and satisfaction he is enabled to impart to the many, discount future fame for present comfort. The punishments of vanity are here, now, and immediate ; wherefore, then, be stern to him who seeks to make you happy at his own expense ? Yet, as most natures are prone to resent as an invader, even to dethrone as an usurper, him whose displays (physical or mental) attract and monopolise that attention and prosperity of social deference for which they are content to wait until solidly earned and spontaneously proffered, many of those whose wit or sprightliness delights the intelligent, while their well-studied graces of person and manner, their tasteful elegance of dress and adornment charm, and predominate over the thoughtless and giddy, are steadily sowing in other breasts around them the seeds of envy, detraction, and dislike. There is in vanity a kind of opulence of being which excites envy, even as doth any other advantage apparently adventitious and unearned. That this danger is deep-seated and natural is clear from the fact that the vain always hate, detect, and expose the vain, even as the selfish attack and expose the selfish.

“ See that coxcomb,” said a Macaroni of the last century, at a rout—“ see that egregious puppy displaying his diamond ring. Disgusting ! Now, no one notices my diamond buckles. Not that, like him, I care for notice. Oh, no ! But surely it is——” (The puppy approaches.)

“ A—a—beg pardon, a—could you show me the—a

—cloak-room. Is it that way (pointing) or—a—this way (pointing), or—a——?” “No! sir. It is neither tha-at way (mimicking), nor that way. It is *that* way.” Here the speaker indignantly raised at right angle his symmetrical foot, with its glistening buckle, and gracefully pointing his polished toe, indicated the room required. Set a woman against a woman, and one son of vanity against another.

I often hear the modest and unassuming spoken well of, as such. “No humbug or pretence, sir, dresses quietly,” &c. Yet, I do not find his modesty adopted or even emulated by his eulogists. Most men admire humility in others, till they find themselves disenchanted by thinly veiled pride, and sometimes by practical irony. For my own part, I fear and mistrust a reserved, composed, self-centred man, with his head-modesty and cool *maintien*, much more than a showy, self-complacent *persifleur*, gleaming, and throwing-off, whom I am content to leave fluttering around the treacherous flame, or gradually finding his own true level amid his compeers and rivals. Let him “frolick while ’tis May.”

On the authority and example of Voltaire, I admit that vanity never dies. Come, then, spirit of discipline, analysis, and utility, and bringing with thee that of justice, charity, and optimism, aid me to modify the evils of vanity, and to turn it and them to account.

(1.) And, firstly, vanity is closely allied to enterprise and courage. Glory, fame, orders, titles, &c., seem to merge all the littleness of self—seem to proclaim “see how others prize him; ask him not to plead his claims,

question not his worth." There is room for vanity even in wealth. A calm philosopher would (if I be right) prefer the snug, silent, consciousness of his banker's book, and of its ready powers, to any mere displays of his various resources; but I fear such minds are rare, and that the wealthy, even though devoid of taste, often joy to parade at once their opulence and their brutality, and too often mistake for the smile of admiration the laugh of which they are at once the cause and the object.

Vanity should rank among the unappreciated servants of man. He can rise early, toil and pinch, brave sun and storm, privations, perils, wars, for praise, for titles, ribbons, or a star. He can, obsequious, lend his brain and pen, enabling you to shine in borrowed plumes—nay, he will drudge at extra work and rob the night to appear in silk and plumes at the next approaching fancy ball. I knew in early life a complacent little gentleman, of independent fortune, who was rather, and believed himself to be very, handsome—one whose one absorbing delight was private theatricals, for which he had collected a kaleidoscopic wardrobe. Blest with a wife who adored him, and a circle of friends who appreciated his table, he seemed to lack nothing. He fed upon himself and grew plump upon the process. My sympathy, however, was awakened by a bereavement none could hear without emotion. His wife died after giving birth to a son, and the babe shortly followed her. I met him and proffered condolence. "Yes, my dear friend, the blow was indeed sudden. And only a fortnight

before Lady L.'s fancy-costume ball." "Of course it threw you out." "It certainly did—at first, that is. But (you know my readiness of resource, in which I resemble Napoleon, as in profile); what think you I did? I went sir, in my Hamlet dress! The mourning, the white handkerchief, &c. Eh? Was it not a proper tribute to the dear departed? I had, my good sir, "that within which passeth show."

Now, this little gentleman really loved his wife. But, then, he could not forego the ball!

Vanity is, I say, a loyal henchman to courage and enterprise. From Alcibiades, and the Macedonian who wept that he had not, like the son of Thetis, a Homer to blazon and magnify his name, descend we to Pompey, elated by an imaginary resemblance to the conqueror of Porus and of Darius; also, to the first Cæsar, vaunting from the lap of Cleopatra that he would cheerfully barter all his past laurels for the one achievement of tracing the source of the Nile!—(*Lucan.*) "Aim your spear-heads at the faces of the young patricians," was his word of command to his legions at Pharsalia. Who but a vain man would ever have thought of such an order.

Juvenal's scornful notice, in Satire 11, of the mirror used on the battle-field by the Emperor Otho, before ordering the standard to be raised and unfurled, supplied our modern poet Byron with an apt and characteristic trait in his beautiful sketch of Sardanapalus, in which the blended union of luxury and vanity with courage is probably true to history and nature; but most certainly to Byron's own.

Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, presents all the fascinations of a beautiful fiend. In his portrait the fancy can trace cruelty unflinching, even in the feminine delicacy of his tapering hands. Ligonier, conspicuous for gaudy attire and red-heeled shoes (then, 1740, the mark of a professed fop), once seized an athletic scavenger, and requited his wanton insolence and brutality by flinging him headlong into his own mud-laden cart. Lord Mark Curr, brave among the brave, was a finicking fop, proud of the invention of a snuff-box with invisible hinges. Richardson's portrait of Lovelace is relieved by courage, true, calm, thorough, and gentlemanly. Murat's last words when led forth for military execution were "Spare my face." In Nelson the vanity was conspicuous, the more painfully from his ugliness and ungainliness, his want of ease and taste. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, employed his leisure hours during the peninsular war (if we can trust Larpent) in cutting and modifying his coats and pantaloons. The boot and frock invented by him for his own ease and complacency became the fashion, and still bears his name. He often made his full toilet overnight, then lay down for rest, ready at a moment's notice to spring up, all the general and the aristocrat. The lesser names of Palmerston, Melbourne, Slingsby-Duncombe, and others attest the truth of the congenial union of enterprise and vanity, and we may close with an untiring son of enterprise when hope was but slender, of pluck undaunted by failures and cruel sarcasms, or even by ridicule perhaps merited. For an irrepressible

vanity, more than childish, almost justified the advice of a cynic, "henceforth boldly to dedicate his works to himself." To vanity we owe *The Caaxtons*, *Harold* and *Rienzi*. Let, then, those reap the honey who never felt the sting, and let the pretty bee send forth its joy-fraught melody as it fans the sunbeams and toys with the flowers.

The French have a word answering to a certain phase of vanity, and which we seem to disregard. The word is *suffisant*, *suffisance*. The *suffisant* is calm, majestic, pitying. He treats you as Uncle Toby did the fly, says—"Go. Float into infinite space; there is room." Smiling, he tells the scholar that "he is very well—in his way."

A rich French *financier* gave a superb *déjeuner*. "Confess, *mon cher*," said a saucy privileged pal, "that you are *un peu, un peu, un peu—content de vous même. Vive là vanité!*"

"*Mon cher*," was the reply, "be logical. Vanity! What is it that it is? Pretensions baseless—social *charlatanerie*. When a man gives out himself for so much, but is either unprepared to make good his claims, or, conscious of pretensions beyond them, is content to trade on the ignorance of others, behold vanity! But when a man knows to a farthing his exact value (*ce qu'il vaut*), then—it is no longer vanity, it is arithmetic."

Such is the *suffisant*! He expands his glories before you, but is no-wise dependent on your praises, which he accepts as his due, unflattered and unexhilarated. I reject him from the ranks of true-born, genuine sons

of vanity, who welcome praise or silent admiration, even from the meanest, with a throb of grateful pleasure, and an increased sense of being. Could this be concealed it were well, for, though sometimes ridiculous, it is a spur to increased action. But concealment is not easy. Such draughts of self-complacency should be neither rejected nor blamed; for why be ashamed of having succeeded in that which you were not ashamed to undertake? But, be they kept within the breast. Let partial eulogists bear their own burdens, let them prove their own cases. Touch not their ark. Treat them not with discourtesy even when resolved not to be their dupe, but meet them with a sedate smile and a calm ignoring eye.

“Tell me,” said a gentleman of considerable talent and worth, “now that we have been some months acquainted, do you find me to come up to the standard of your expectations, based on what you, of course, had, during your previous life, heard from others concerning me?”

Grant me patience, heaven! But a few months prior to this question, I was utterly unconscious to his name, repute, existence. So I permitted myself to reply that experience had far transcended rumour—which, indeed, was true; inasmuch as his every display of talent and information was so much clear gain to my knowledge of his worth.

Shall I mention the name of Charles Dickens? Surely the reader can form his own estimate.

Thackeray’s characteristic seems to have been rather pride than vanity. He joyed to show himself some-

what colder and harder than he really was—to blazon a cynicism which struck no very deep root in his heart. Some of his hatreds might perhaps seem *bizarre*, but all were deep, earnest, and genuine; neither they nor his eulogies were ever assumed to please his readers, or indeed any mortal man.

(2.) To courage and enterprise we may add industry as a friend and genial comrade of vanity. To Lytton I have awarded the palm of industry, but even Lytton must now give place, and pale his ineffectual fire. Voltaire, vainest of the vain, in life and in death, shamed, and still shames, many who have every stimulus to exertion by his untiring industry, even after he had accumulated a handsome fortune by a clear head and an aptitude for business. “You wish to write well,” said he once to a young friend, “then behold the one way—work, practise, correct, improve your style every day of your life up to your last. Never cease—there is always a something new to learn—something old to prune. Put pen to paper, and keep it there.” Voltaire’s works fill upwards of 60 volumes. Open any volume at random, even of letters on subjects to you uninteresting, you read on, entranced by the mere composition. The arrowy terseness of every sentence, the keen brilliancy of many epithets, the successful labour, the veiled art, the ease of mastery—above all, the trenchant irony that cuts through woven error, even as the scimitar of Saladin clove the laced veil and the silken cushion—the wit, sense, and wisdom oft condensed into three or four words of prose-epigram—the command of past treasures, yet total absence of

pedantry—all and far more of these fruits of laborious industry have often humbled me by the consciousness of mingled envy, delight, and despair. Picture the theatre of Ferney, built with his own money, on his own grounds, each actor and actress drilled by himself (no mean reciter), to give effect to Merope, Zaire, Mahomet, &c. ; always something written by himself, and forget not that the dresses, scenery, and properties are all freely supplied from the purse of the Amphitryon. Now, picture yourself as forming one of the audience after a superb dinner with the patriarch, during which you praise the gastronomic treasures of the lake, the *chevalier*, the *ombre*, and other piscatory delicacies. In the theatre you take your seat amid elegance and fashion; in the centre is the patriarch blazing in scarlet and gold embroidery, his white-ermined cloak always ready—for Voltaire was chilly—and his gold snuff-box before him. The curtain rises. Who can criticise? Who would be severe after such a dinner, with lips still fragrant with Voltaire's musk-scented Pouilly and Chambertin?

Behold the very innermost shrine of vanity; I doubt if she can offer more. Behold the trophies of vanity's industry, and listen to the composition of one who sought unwearying the praises of others, never content with his own. Confess that vanity may have its bright side.

I mourn these modern immolations before the Juggernaut, fashion. Traverse Collins-street, and tell me if you can see a *walker*. In former days we heard of girls walking up and down an avenue, conscious

that their figures thus appeared to advantage. Alas ! Romeo himself were disenchanted by the *estropié* shuffles, the deformed extremities, the mountebank *coiffures*, the hops and skips suggestive of a ham-strung kangaroo, the hideous costumes, and oh ! the paint. How can girls be unconscious of the cruel effects of the tell-tale midday sun ? Paint thus blazoned gives a doll-like beadiness to the eye which no smoked hair-pin can counterbalance. Ridotta, I praise thy industry, but mourn thy ignorance. Thy great-great-grand-mother arose at dawn, and, well-shod, sought the untrodden meadow, carrying a short stick with a sponge at its end. Stooping at intervals, she caught the May-dew in the calyx of the wild flower or aromatic herb, and steadily transferred it from the flower or long grass to her own young smart cheek. Her vanity and her industry were, perhaps, not greater than thine own ; yet methinks, Ridotta, she had the better bargain. For more details I refer thee to the bloom still fresh on the beauties smiling on us from the canvas of Reynolds.

Keep, then, O son of vanity, thy industry, courage, enterprise, and endurance, but direct them wisely, and thus shame not thy honest apologist.

And let the sage not disdain a motive-power to which he owes many an artist in melody, in canvas, and in marble, no less than in words ; owes, also, many hours of instructive beguilement from books and conversation. The pleasures of our rich brethren would be limited to the narrow round of sense and appetite were it not for the vanity of the scholar, the

artist, and the poet. Vanity seeks but to please others, and to be told by them that he gives pleasure. For this end what will he not do? Content to go aloft to the mast-head, or down into the hold; to dress, nay, almost, to live—as others choose—he will discourse, write, perorate, versify, or weave the specious argument in rounded rhythmic periods that exhibit all subjects stereoscopically—in examples luminous, in analysis benignant, in judgments just. Nay, more arduous still, to please and content *you* he can and will actually leave off.

CONCEIT.

CONCEIT may fancifully be supposed to form the third point of an equilateral triangle, with pride and vanity as the other two. Both of these are useful plants, too often ill-tended and unpruned—therefore, rank and unsightly from their excessive luxuriance. But conceit is radically a noxious weed, neither useful nor ornamental. It cannot even be laughed at; at least but by a few, and even by these not very long. It cramps and fetters the mind, deteriorates the character, and tends to undermine friendship, no less than to chill the free and joyous current of domestic love. It seizes on and warps a man like an epilepsy, and is, I fear (like such seizures), recurring, and difficult of cure.

To illustrate mental by bodily hygiene is, perhaps, a very pardonable form of analogical reasoning. All health, be it recalled to mind, is an emanation. The circulation of the blood, the freedom and use of the secretions, the unchecked transpirings of the insensible perspiration (secret of good temper and self-complacency), the play of the joints and consequent friction, the development of the muscles, and even the exercise of the brain, are all so many emanations. Stagnation and disease are convertible terms.

“ With curious art, the brain too finely wrought
Preys on itself, and is destroyed by thought”—

i.e., by excess of subjective and introverted meditation,

by monotony and neglect of comparison with other forms of excellence and the attrition of other minds.

Churchill, in the poem I quote, is reproving the conceit while acknowledging the merits of England's Hogarth—the Cobbett of painters. The morbid action of this stagnation cannot last long; it is succeeded by that torpor which is the herald of death. A conceited man is far more in danger of madness than is either a proud or a vain man. The first takes care of himself, habitually and on principle, mentally as well as physically; he confiscates every rising mode or phase of excellence as his birthright, using Mirabeau's formula—"C'est mon bien, et je le saisis partout, où je le trouve." He can be affable and condescending; nay, he can magnanimously own himself to be (actually!) in the wrong. He never stagnates. The vain man is on the watch for changes; is ready to drop any habit or practice the moment it ceases to be fashionable or customary. But the conceited man turns ever around his own axis. He forgets, he learns, simply nothing, but views all men askance till they shall have been placed on his bed of Procrustes. If they are silent, how can he know their merits, not hearing them joining chorus in his refrain; if they dare to speak or to utter thoughts, what is it but flat rebellion and open defiance? By implicit obedience and unreserved agreement with him they may, perhaps, escape censure; "but then there was and is, without them, in my theory all, and more than all, that they can say." "Is the Scottish Queen taller than myself?" asked Queen Bess. "If so, she is too tall. If shorter, she is not tall enough.

For I am exactly the proper height." But our Bess was eclipsed by Madame Du Deffand. "Il n'y a que moi qui ai toujours raison." Note the beautiful candour, as though thus—"There are, indeed, persons who are sometimes in the right; this I own, with my usual frankness; but it is *I* alone who am always right." Envious complacency! especially when buttressed by rank, wealth, and *ton*, with ample outworks of flatterers, but a poor preparation for the battle of life. Such birds should not quit their gilded cages, for, if they wing their flight beyond their own fragrant groves, they will find that there are hawks in the air, and clippers abroad on the earth.

Your conceited man is a thorough protectionist. The ports of his mind are all closed against the foreign importer. Beware how you put a question to him, even on current topics of the hour. Beware how you ask him touching Liebig, Blondin, Max Müller, Morley, or Herbert Spencer, &c. You will be smiled down with withering contempt. "No, sir! indeed, I never, nev—er, even heard of such people." I pity you not if you mention Swinburne's *Bothwell*. How Jove-like the thunderbolt—"No-o-o, sir-r! I flatter myself *I*—*I* have something else to do." He resents your ignorance of his mighty circle of duties. He—he—a deputy teller of the paper bags in the Waste Circumfluent department, to be asked if he had read Swinburne! Horror! A ponderous, elephantine son of conceit entered an omnibus, and plumped down on the small parcel of a modest little Frenchman, who could not speak English. "Parlez vous Francais, m'sieur?" was

the humble query. "No, sir!" thundered the millionaire; no, sir. I am not such a fool!" The introduction of any subject out of his limited range of thought, and reading, and of experience is an unpardonable rudeness and impertinence. Cobbett's syllogism on mushrooms is a palmary instance of sublime conceit. He once ate one, and an instantaneous rash suffused face and hands with "a beautiful pink." *Ergo*, be mushrooms henceforth banished from every table; "for," reasons Cobbett, "if they can produce so immediate an effect on a frame so well compacted, a system so healthy and so pure, and a nature altogether so perfect as mine, what must be their secret, insidious poisonings when acting on inferior constitutions less able to resist and reject them?"

When the conceited man has partially recovered from his astonishment at any such unexpected revelation, his first emotion is pity for the unhappy, misguided being who has so fatally become his own enemy. As to himself—pho! of course the injury rolls off like "dewdrops from," &c., but surely the "poor creature should be carefully tended." On such grand occasions, I rather think, the conceited shine forth with splendour. *They* tell the story; *they* enjoy and perpetuate the laugh. Tyrone Power encountered Charles Kean in the green-room, exhausted and melting after a performance. "I am," said Power, "never in this state." "No," replied the tragedian, "I can well believe that, acting as you act, and such parts as are written for you, such exhaustion is not likely." "And I," said Pat, "can well understand your prostration of

what strength you have after such very laborious drudgeries as are your struggles through Shakspeare." Each of these gentlemen used to tell this story, in very nearly the same words, as against the other. Let the impartial reader balance the two.

An inveterate characteristic of the conceited man is the obtrusion of his own opinions, and even his suspicions, dispensing with any objective facts in support or illustration thereof. "Such, sir," he proclaims, "are my sentiments."

Now, though suspicions, instincts, or rapid mental associations may sometimes usefully impel us to take action, and quicken our zeal and power to investigate, yet every man of good common-sense well knows that, of and by themselves, they can prove to others simply nothing. Let the facts, well grouped, be presented foremost, like pioneers. Let all the inferences be warily suggested, not arrogantly thrust forward. When challenged to give our reasons for an absolute assertion, we feel while complying rather like prisoners defending ourselves from the dock than like enterprising knights in a tourney. We are at the mercy of our jury. No son of conceit can ever be a good dialectician, and, as such, impart the pleasure and the trainings enjoyed by all scholars of every shade of opinion from the writings of John Henry Newman. As logic includes grammar, of which it is really the higher branch, so dialectics include logic, rhetoric, and composition. Francis Newman, though perhaps not equal to his brother, proved himself capable of wielding the powers of a dialectician against the clumsy banter

of the conceited Rogers. Whewell controverted, in a masterly volume, the sanguine dreams and visions of Brewster, whom he unhorsed by sheer skill, for surely all hearts and fancies were on the side of the vanquished. Iago is a prince among dialecticians. He suffers his uneasiness to be seen escaping from his control, yet doggedly refuses to reveal "his thought." He makes his facts to glide forward and to prove their own power, "She did deceive her father," &c; "so young, yet could seal his eyes;" "he thought 'twas witchcraft," &c. Then, "I lay with Cassio lately," &c.; from which (mark!), he refuses to draw any inference. The true dialectician bridles his enthusiasm, tempers his zeal, tones down his eloquence, and understates his convictions. He mentally changes place with his opponent, or his listener, of whose sympathies he bears in mind the nature and the direction. He groups his facts—leaving to others their inferences. At variance with nearly all the opinions of Newman, I sit with docility before his polished page to learn how to array and to marshal thought. When Buckland first heard Hugh Miller he said he would burn every MS. and learn from the quarryman how to write. Such elastic and becoming vigour the son of conceit foregoes for pretensions that offend but never subdue, and displays that disgust but can never conciliate.

The imputation of conceit to an opponent is the last resource of a fool. And fools are sometimes almost as dangerous opponents as they are certainly always dangerous friends. No greater drawback to a young man's success in life than the reputation of being

conceited. Term him proud. Well, then he must be unobtrusive; and 'tis a sort of glory to win the confidence of the fastidious, Call him vain. Well, that quality supposes at least the semblance and pursuit of the attractive, and an honest desire to please. It affords us a key to his character, and a means of influencing his conduct. But when we learn that a man is conceited, we fear alike to co-operate or to converse with him; and, I must own, not without reason. Of a son of conceit you can really make nothing. Cross over to the other side of street or of *salon* and hold your tongue.

Wherefore, it is sometimes *operæ pretium* to make a small sacrifice, if thereby you can escape the reputation of conceit. Satisfied that the earth really and effectually moves round the sun, trust to the fact taking good care of itself without your *imprimatur*. What fool who doubts it is worth the trouble of convincing! Nay, further, how many men are worth the drudgery of convincing, even among those who are not fools? An eager enthusiasm to convince individuals may suppose a lurking want of complete assurance on your part. No. With quiet and easy tact smile yourself out of an endless argument (*endless* in every sense), "and say, "Ah, indeed! No doubt you have good grounds; indeed, several are of your opinion," &c. To be made an habitual referee or umpire is rather a cumbrous compliment. Veil your keen discernment, display not your stores of information; such are for your own benefit and guidance rather than for the delectation of others.

The repute of being conceited is a real and permanent evil, from which a young man but slowly recovers, and its prevention is surely cheaply-purchased by the surrender of a triumph no less barren than short-lived. True merit will out, sooner or later ; meanwhile, you know the facts as they *are*. Better, far, to allow a self-deceiving son of conceit to spin his pleasing gossamer threads, than to drag through the mire your precious stores of learning, to display mental qualities that probably none present can appreciate, and to make even memory, that grand and priceless blessing, an engine of colloquial oppression to unoffending inferiors.

Charles Simeon, the eminent preacher of Cambridge, by nature most vain, was rendered conceited by flattery. A popular preacher, wealthy, handsome, and a celibate, how could it be otherwise ? Some ladies were praising the sweetness of his smile, and the heavenly expression it seemed to diffuse over his countenance. "True," said Simeon, "but it is at its best when I am bending down over an engaging young child." Perhaps so ; but—but Simeon was conscious of it, and "broken is the golden bowl"—presto ! we are disenchanted. Why could he not conceal his consciousness, and be content with the recognised *fact* ? I am fully persuaded of the power of this and every form of conscious success to make ridiculous a man of ability and worth far greater than that of Charles Simeon, whose conceit floated on a tideless ocean of flattery. "All other hymn books," says John Wesley in his introduction to his own, "are either deficient

exuberant, or faulty. Here is a hymn book to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away." Happy, thrice happy man, thus to bequeath, without effort, a valuable lesson of modesty to press-writers! Here, O reader, I, ever learning but poorly wise, lay before thee some few random jottings on conceit, to which warnings I am confident that much by thee can be added, and from which, I fear, thou wilt perhaps wish that more, far more, had been pruned off by me than that which has already been consigned to my waste-basket by my cautious anxiety to merit thy indulgence.

THE PUDDING BAG.

VICOMTE Alphonse Xavier Parabert de Rohan was charmed with the scenery of Oakleigh Chase, and the baronial majesty of its hall. The guest of Sir Charles Oakleigh rode well, that is for a Frenchman; could shoot; billiards, and the foils, &c., made the "supple Gaul" respectable, where when all were snowed up, and in the dance and private theatricals none could criticise the versatile Vicompte. But the table! Ah, there was a sight, to see the Vicompte do justice to the boar's head, the sirloin, pasty, grouse *puree!* &c. Saucy Kate vowed the sight made her daily grow plumper, inasmuch as she took in so much nutriment through the eye! Then the trusses of salad; and the Vicompte talked throughout it all!

In short Rohan could afford to say "Prince ne veut"—for, he was in essence, "prince des bons enfans." Christmas drew nigh. Oakleigh insisted on the prolonged stay of his guest, and in festooning, aye, and in the privileges of the mistletoe, I'll go bail he played his part and took his share. At least, I overheard Kate calling him "a ridiculous creature," I know not why, not I. But the Christmas plum pudding! Ah! Victorian, thou wast never at Oakleigh.

"Du plompuden! Ha! Ha!" said the enthusiast "mais c'est sublime. Oakleigh, mon cher, tu es vainqueur! Je me rends. Ma cuisine est

quelque chose, mais, pour le plompuden ! ah ! desespoir." And I do think he ate half his weight in it. The burning flames he pronounced " du dernier sublimité ?" And he swore he dreamed of it, but without the penitance of nightmare, or any more prosaic forms of misgiving. " Adieu, mon cher," said our Anglomaniac, tenderly embracing Oakleigh. " Next summer (kissing Kate's hand), you visit me on the banks of the Adour ; a boar hunt, moonlight fishing, and our other varied forms of sport. And you must criticise my stud, part from Andalusia, part from Arabia. Vive le Plumpoden !

Rohan returned to his ancestral battlements with his English lore and English tender reminiscences. The flower-beds bloomed, the lawns were smoothly shaven *à l'Anglaise*, the larch Kate had taught him to love, was planted ; the stud improved, but . . . the plum-pudding ! The dignified cook was in despair. " Is it," said he, " that Monsieur le Vicompte will philosophically forget barbarous impossibilities ? or, is it that he of them is always talking ?" " Mon pauvre Antoine," said De Rohan, " courage ! My eggs, are they equal or superior to insular ovation ? My hens, are they, by your zeal and tact, fed on wine-soaked bread ? My milk—let the cow and the she-goat blend their treasures. And what shall I say of my raisins ? My trellises, are they not the envy and despair of Languedoc ? What would you ? Antoine, is he ignorant of the delicate apportionment and selection of spices ? Courage, then ! Vive the plompuden ! A Rohan dies. He yields not ! Never !"

Thus inspired, Antoine laboured, but in vain. In the tureen floated dingy brown shapeless masses of a mawkish squash, fraught with unæsthetic suggestions. Rohan quoted the *Æneid*; Madame, his mother, precipitately left the room, muttering, "C'est aff-r-r-reux! Oh! les barbares! pauvre Alphonse!" Again, again, did Antone strive—again a like mishap. When at length Oakleigh's travelling carriage drove up the stately antique court of Sarcus, and Kate, blooming, piquante, coiffée, chaussée, gantée, floating in soft gauzy clouds of fresh Parisian toilette, conquest in her every movement of undulating grace, in every soft rustle of her delicate robe smiled her saucy smile, and presented her small exquisite hand, a joy to see, a glory to touch—Ah! even then Alphonse's triumph was incomplete—*Cupidon dechainé* as he was. Salutations passed—De Rohan, with tears in his fine eyes, poured forth to his friend his sorrow-fraught failures. The English squire sent forth a guffaw that shook the banners in the old hall. "Be tranquil, dear and good Rohan, thou shalt be avenged." And he straightway wrote home for an English country farmhouse plain cook, giving *carte blanche* and cheque. Blowselinda arrived. Surely my reader is sufficiently imaginative to picture her fat elbows, pug nose, stately waddle, and contempt of the "furreners." "Sich senful waste I never seed. Hevery think hexellent." But—one thing wanting! And that reader, was

A PUDDING-BAG!!!

And straightway the heart of De Rohan was glad, even as was that of Homer's shepherd by the sheen of

Cynthia; while Kate clapped her fairy hands with delight, and denied, with a silvery laugh of pure merriment, the right of any one to say *Materiem superat opus*.

Can we not generalise this? Do we never see rich talents wasted, perverted, or lying idle, or even the labour bestowed upon them, rendering the result unsightly and useless from some sheer neglect, or oftener from the want of concentration? What but this makes the difference between man and man? The traveller oft listens to an opulence of talent, of lore, of rapid association, of pure eloquence, of rare genius, now in coach, car, or steamer, now in commercial room. "Who is this man?" he asks. "Why unknown?" Alas! the inquirer soon learns the truth. 'Tis one who has fruit, milk, eggs, &c., but no "Pudding-bag." All this exfoliation of wisdom, eloquence, and scholarship is at the mercy of any and every stray comer who can afford a glass and who requires amusement. The very richness of the substances, the very skill of their commingling, but serve to render unsightly the exhibition of them, floating, disject, scattered, unmethodical, objectless, and incoherent. What wonder that by prejudice of narrow minds, not only the sight is condemned, but the very capabilities ignored, and nought is discerned even by the disciplined but the waste of rich materials.

View yon girl. What quickness of perception, what cunning, what tact. She quietly gains every purpose, and guides (the hussey!) her pa even as doth the Indian his elephant. Yet, all this is wasted on ball,

on dress, on crochet, on gossip, &c. Gather together all the talent she thus now wastes or misapplies, and concentrate it on knowledge, tastes, and pursuits, that can make her a companionable wife, an inestimable mother, for she lacks the Pudding-bag. Education will give to the girl-graduate but little. It will concentrate, utilise, and dignify what she already possesses, but wastes, or too frequently misuses as yet.

See yon brown young squatter. On racecourse he shows acuteness, in the kangaroo hunt he shows pluck. But he wastes the life he shortens—P.B., bitters, cock-tail, nicotine, slang, skittles, Yankee grab, &c.

Again, our natural resources. What might not the chemist and pharmacist extract from our forests? Nature, prodigal nature, is renewing and rotting simultaneously, yet we slight the germs of treasures that posterity will prize. Wherever the philosopher goes, he notes the want of the Bag; he sees talent wasted, and powers rotting for want of a little appreciative tact in those who hesitate not to assume the responsibilities of ruling. You blame the larrikins. You deplore the spread of grossness, and the dark ignorance. Yet you have spacious halls at the command of any adventurer, with ribald songs, indecent dances, and blackened face; while barefooted, starving, hollow-eyed, and slowly waiting for welcome death, the scholar walks your streets by day, by night. Why are these halls inutilised? Why is there no bread, no hope for talent, learning, and eloquence? Oh! for a Pudding-bag! There is as palpable a sufficiency of mental power as there is of material; yet the poor

workman still has no rational pleasures provided for him by those who ought and can do so.

And Sunday! We have a library of which we may well be proud. The attendance of two, or, at the utmost, three servants is sufficient. These three may be Jews, or Mahometans, and thus no Christian be tempted to do paid responsible work on Sunday. Yet the library is kept closed—the public denied the use of its own property, bought with its own money. The young clerk doomed to monotony, driven to the glass. The youth denied self-improvement on the one day when it is possible to him. The scholar delayed, from lack of a useful reference. The very class to whom the library is a special blessing, denied it at the only time they can call their own. Yet we wonder at the spread of drunkenness and profligacy, and at the extending empire of the fascinations of the charlatan and the infidel. The philosopher laughs at your public-house prohibitions—where there's a will there is a way. The ignoble part of man is often the strongest, even as the weeds in your garden are far more tenacious of vitality, growth, and diffusion than are your flowers, your legumes, and and your “*olera*.” But to shut the library is to shut our light and air. If this or that tavern be respectable and therefore closed, *Bibulus* knows where to seek one less scrupulous; but *Sophon*, denied the library, has no resource. He resents with indignation the insult, the outrage, of those who bid him go to hear *Howler*, *Damumall*, or *Dozadeel*, as he would one who should essay to force him to eat carrion by denying him bread. He prefers to read *Massillon*,

Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Whately, or to trace in the pages of Cicero, the duties of the citizen and the man—in those of Grotius, the humanity even of war, and in Shakspeare and Milton to venerate himself as their countryman. This, he asks, and more. Deny him this, and you sour, you irritate him, but you can never make him recognise as a substitute, either the platitudes of Dozadeel, the ignorance of Howler, or the sulphur-fraught ravings of the blazing Damumall. Example has no small influence. The library would be full. And if other buildings would be but thinly attended, let Howler improve, let Dozadeel think. Depend upon it, men will attend sermons by hearing of which they feel themselves inwardly strengthened and enlightened, but how many preachers have we in Melbourne whom a man of sound judgment can prefer to the treasures of the library? Have we a South, a Tillotson, a Barrow, a Jeremy Taylor, a Robertson? Then what a mockery to lock up the children's bread, and bid them feed on garbage and carrion? Sunday dawns on the poor man in gloomy horror, in solitary bastile. Yet that form is human, that eye has intelligence; cleanliness, child of self-respect, lurks not unseen beneath his lowly garb. Accost him, "Would, sir, that the library were for me—for me, who need and prize it. What have I but the pothouse, or—hypocrisy?" Yes. By driving men to church, you venerate the brute with a thin lamina of hypocrisy, but there is no deep piety where there is gross ignorance. The Pudding-bag! O, ye rulers, Sunday lectures, the open library, and humanising strains in the public gardens! As Blowse-

linda recognised the opulence of Rohan's *cuisine*, so the philosopher admires the capabilities whose misuse he bewails. And, as the plain illiterate English cook could point out the one thing wanting to an artist very far her superior—so deem not the humble philosopher, with his proffered monitions, either conceited or arrogant, when he wishes education to youth and bloom. To pluck and brown energy, I would give square and compass, superseding rule of thumb. To waste talent, the prompt employment that concentrates and utilises it. To modest docility, I would throw open the temple of self-improvement, where the dead, but still sceptred monarchs of intellect yet rule us from their shrines. And, to rulers, to mobs, to rich, to poor, to the thinker, to the worker, to the heedless, to the helpless, to the weekly "good," to the brilliantly naughty, to each and to all, to my reader, and to myself, I wish A PUDDING-BAG.

RIDICULE.

DISRAELI remarks that a sense of the ridiculous, even amounting to a chronic dread of becoming the object of ridicule, is, to a young man despite its many poignant vexations, needless precautions, and groundless fears, enforcing as these do many awkward periods of silence, one of his most valuable qualities. That it suppresses much good will hardly be denied; that it tends to check enterprise, and even to blight ambition, must be admitted. Allowing all, and more, this acute and self-conscious observer (who owes much of his own great fame to the public ridicule of which he was, one evening, the general object) insists that the fear of ridicule excludes more of lasting evil than of real good, and prevents sufferings more permanent than the apprehensions it suggests. As to its causing silence may it not pertinently be asked, how few have ever repented their silence, compared with the many who have repented their garrulity? As to checking enterprise and blighting ambition, perhaps the fear of ridicule effects this by acting in combination with deeper and more solid feelings, which it has awakened and illumined. The shortest and simplest test of the success of our brilliant analyst in his dashing guess at truth, is the close observation of those who are totally destitute of any sense of the ridiculous. Among these, do we find any of remarkable intellect, of fine delicacy,

of taste, or of sound judgment? The reader's own experience must supply the answer. But all who deem the essence of comedy to be the complete unconsciousness of the object of our laughter, and the triumph of repartee to lie in the sudden turn of the tide, enhanced by the previous assurance and conceit of the discomfited party, will have but one answer to the question, can any man of superior intellect be destitute of all sense of the ludicrous?

If, then, it be an element universal in healthy nature at her best, nothing remains to the philosopher, but to ascertain its laws, uses, and their range, with the view of turning to the best account in himself that which he would blush to find wanting in any object of his regard.

The first thing that strikes us in ridicule is its despotism, rapidity, and destructive power. A flash of ridicule puts an immediate stop to further discussion of the whole question. When Queen Elizabeth, in Sir W. Scott's *Kenilworth*, rebukes young Raleigh for having refused admittance to Dr. Masters, her own physician, sent specially by her to Say's Court, to aid the cure of the Earl of Sussex, the royal pedant must cite Scripture. "Know you not, young sir, that in the multitude of counsel there is safety?" "True, gracious lady" (is the witty answer), "but I know not it is said whether the safety be for the patient, or for the physicians." "We have," said the Queen, "forgotten our Hebrew." And, 'twas high time. The triumph lies in the unexpected novelty of the idea, to the citer of an authority deemed by her to be

irresistible. Ridicule shortens the process of curing absurdity.

Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, an amiable man and one of the happiest, breathed an atmosphere of refined flattery, from the unctuous lips of reverential chaplains. His wife died. The good bishop deemed his own private sorrows to be, of course, the topic of the day. Discoursing to Paley (white handkerchief in hand) of the "dear departed saint," he added, "and Mr. Archdeacon during the 30 years of our union, we, never had a single word of quarrel or dispute." "I should think, my lord," replied Paley, "your lives must ha' been varra dool." Could the absurdity of such egotism be more compactly demonstrated? Sometimes a stroke of ridicule serves to end a controversy apparently interminable. How apt was that of Dr. Bromby on a late occasion. Speaking of an opponent, the doctor said, "he cannot burn me like Servetus, but he does the next best thing, he would send me to Ballarat, to learn metaphysics from Mr. ——. I shall do no such thing! If I did, I should get no *metaphysics*! Mr. —— would push me into his easiest chair, and then ring for a bottle of his best beer." *Solvuntur risu!* Here it at once flashes on the mind that it was an assumption bordering on impertinence to bid Dr. Bromby learn metaphysics from a man not perceptibly superior to himself.

When Sydney Smith praised Earl Russell's courage, "to-morrow ready to take the command of the Channel Fleet, or to perform the operation of lithotomy," the mind at once rushed to the multitude of subjects,

demanding the attention of a Minister of the Crown, and to the impossibility of his possessing such a mastery of all of them as to dispense with precautions in any, together with the dangers of temerity. The galvanism of ridicule is indeed needed to penetrate the torpor of self-conceit. But one of the completest of these *compendia* of salutary instruction was given by Rowland Hill to a fastidious old maid. "Sir," said the lady, "my beloved niece is to be joined by you in wedlock to-morrow to Mr. Brown. I wish to attend. But, sir, the marriage service! Parts of it are . . . really, sir . . . so . . . so." Here she put up her large fan, which ladies then carried in the morning. "You enter into my delicate feelings, sir, so very fie-fie. Could you not abridge the service?" "Madam," said the clerical wag, "all those who are old enough to come to be married, are, by me, supposed to know for what purposes they are married. If not, let them go back to the nursery till they do." The spinster immediately fainted. The cool parson took a pinch of snuff. "The prude," quoth he, "will recover, and her niece will survive."

Pascal, a devout Christian (if ever one there was), justifies ridicule by the spirit and letter of Holy Scripture. The beautiful allegory contained in the first four chapters of Genesis puts irony into the mouth of the Supreme. "Behold! now man has become even as one of *us*, &c." Also, Elijah, mocking the priests of Baal, "Cry aloud, now, for he is a God. Peradventure, he sleeps, or is waking, &c. Cry aloud that he may hear," &c. Ridicule is perennial. The same word

that expresses a logical impossibility from the involvement of a contradiction, also describes the blundering ignorance, or aimless fatuity discernible in the life and conduct of a fool, viz., absurd.

Ridicule seems to bear to truth the relation that the multiplication-table bears to addition; it is a short, sure way of doing the same thing. And so often does it conduct us rapidly and easily to truth, that ridicule has even been called "the test of truth." Is this well-founded? Ridicule may be the test of subjective truthfulness, for deep must be his belief who is unsubdued by the martyrdom of derision. But is it the test of objective truth in its reality? Suppose two men, living near the confines of a fertile country surrounded by belligerents, guerillas, tirailleurs, and freebooters, one of the two men receives information, which he believes, to the effect that a raid may be expected to take place within a month. He acts on this intelligence. He conveys his valuables to a place of safety, burying some, and gives to his homestead unwonted security. He sends off part of his family to the capital, to their inconvenience and discomfiture. From the pleasures he foregoes, and some accidental circumstances, he is on all sides the object of ridicule, into which even the impartial and the considerate begin to drift. At length the inroad takes place. Property plundered, lands laid waste, neighbours robbed, lives in danger, everywhere consternation and flight! His information was true. Where, now, is the laugh? Till after the event, who can say that ridicule is the test of truth? Yet we can say, that

he who can be laughed out of his purpose could never have had either his head solidly convinced or his heart very warmly desirous of it.

Ridicule is powerful and rapid ; strong indeed when truth-founded. It is neither omnipotent nor irresistible. Lundyfoot, the tobacconist, purchased for his son a commission in a crack regiment of light cavalry, over whose refined mess-table hovered the genius of George Brummell, the insolvent dandy. Cornet Lundyfoot rode well, and, during dinner, manifested not any suicidal tendencies with his knife ; nay, seemed even to have been taught the use of finger-glasses, and of the proper wines with the proper dishes. After dinner, several officers were troubled with visitations of sneezing. The cornet praised the voice and taste of Caradori. "A-a-a tishoo-oo," or "a-a-rasher," was the unsympathetic reply. The blood rushed to the cornet's cheek, even tinging his small, well-set ear. But he manned himself, and turning to his neighbour, asked, "Have you given any attention to Hahnemann and homœopathy?" "A-tishoo, no, none!" "Pity!" rejoined Lundyfoot. If *similia similibus curantur*, surely a pinch of good snuff may in time cure such a pitiable continuity of sneezing. Permit me." He drew from his pocket a very neat silver snuff-box. "Try this. It is rare. Some of my father's very best! I will to-morrow take the liberty to place a canister of it on the mess-table." The sneezing ceased. The young officer had shown himself a man. Truth, honesty, and manhood proved too much even for ridicule. "The devil's claws," says Oliver

Goldsmith, "can do you no harm, provided that you oppose to them the shield of truth."

This principle being acknowledged, we would vain banish from our vocabulary such expressions as "turn into ridicule," or, as "casting ridicule on respectable things," and similar. This is impossible. The ridiculous must always be in the subject itself, the wit's repartee only draws attention to it. Your bitterest foe cannot make you ridiculous. Man can upbraid and condemn, can wound and torment, can insult and mock, can make ribald-derision at once both gorgeous and painful, and surround suffering's last agonies with degrading adjuncts. But, he cannot create ridicule! He cannot make his victim a laughing stock! Nay, he cannot escape overhearing from the lips of cold impartiality the involuntary recognition of the very dignity he seeks to crush. I am told that the Ritualists form not only the quiet subdued amusement of the sober-minded English Catholics, but that every new development supplies an income of laughter to Rome, where it is welcomed on its arrival as we welcome our London *Punch*. If so, argument must be at an end! But the ridicule must lie somewhere in ritualism itself, whether we can see it or not. To be laughed at by the immediate objects of our emulation, and whose praises we prize! The reason is probably this. Deep, abiding, and serene is the contempt felt by soldier, actor, musician, for volunteer, amateur, dilettante. "There are, please your Majesty," said Giardini to George III., "two classes of violin-aspirants, viz. (1), those who cannot play at all,

and (2), those who play very badly without the power of ever perceiving their hopelessness. Your Majesty's industry will very soon promote you into the second of these two classes." The King took the hint and laid down the fiddle.

At the hospitable country seat of the Duke of—, private theatricals were all the rage. Everywhere existed excitement, emulation, embroidery, elocution, embarrassment, and enterprise. David Garrick, a guest of the duke, took his seat among the pleased spectators.

Loud were Garrick's plaudits, liberal his eulogies. "What grace! what fire! what elegance! Ah, your grace, we have at Drury nothing like this," which was, doubtless, literally true. Now there was then in the employ of Drury-lane Theatre a "super" as 'tis called—half carpenter, half scene-shifter—sometimes at a pinch allowed on the stage to deliver a letter, or bear a torch, but never to speak. This hero (wholly unknown to Garrick) had been picked up by the managers of the amateurs to act as their director-in-chief—supreme dictator. He ruled them despotically. In due course of the performance, he appeared as the principal character, gorgeously arrayed at their expense and the duke's. No sooner did he march majestically on the stage than Garrick, startled from his self-possession and his flummery, exclaimed with sudden impulse, and in utter oblivion of his recent humbug, "Eh! What! Bless me! Why!—why, can it be? Why, they have really got an actor down here among them!" I marvel which looked more embarrassed, the generous,

confiding host, or the startled player, who would, no doubt, have given much to recall his untoward expressions. But the ridicule lay in the facts themselves, and proved its own standing. The rapier-thrust of the repartee depends on the opening given, and we notice less the genius of the wit than the absurdity of his opponent. "In reply to your proposal to blend our literary labours," (wrote Scribe,) "let me remind you that in Leviticus it is forbidden to plough with an ass and a horse yoked together." The repartee was, "I submit to work henceforth alone. But by what canon of natural history do you class me as a horse?" Scribe's conceit had laid him open.

Cameron of Lochiel was a very handsome man; his name and prowess were immortalised by the muse of history no less than by that of poetry. Scott can find no worthier eulogy for that gallant ill-fated son whom Campbell's dirge suffers not to perish from fame than "True son of Sir Ewan, undaunted Lochiel." Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel was pronounced by Scotland "a pretty man," which means a fine, chivalrous athlete. On his arrival in Paris, the admiring Gaul, ever ready to worship outward show, beheld in the Highland chieftain a magnified likeness of the son of Anne of Austria. For kind nature, inherent manliness, and the storms and breezes of his native Highland mountains, had combined to suffuse the cheeks of the healthy deerstalker with a bronze that rivalled the clear olive complexion which, when deepened by exercise, and tinged by conscious triumph with a rich carnation, fascinated every girl, and puzzled every matron that

basked in the smiles of the "Grand Monarque." The acuteness of Voltaire quickly guessed what the cool research of Gibbon seems to have verified. The Italian Mazarin was a minister no less necessary to the exigencies of the voluptuous Queen, than to those of the weak-minded monarch Louis XIII., who was *not* the father of his successor. Sir Ewan towered in lofty stature, his features were refined, his demeanour assured and noble. He was presented to Louis XIV. "I have long been curious to see Sir Ewan Cameron," said the King, in his most affable tones. "I have been rendered vain by the flattery that I can resemble so fine a man." Lochiel bowed in silence. "What a mystery is race, is blood," said Louis. "Your mother, Sir Ewan, must have been a lady of more than rare beauty, of the true *air noble*! Pray was she ever, in early life, presented at our French Court?" "Never, sire," answered the courtly chieftain, "but it is well known my father had that felicity, that *bonne fortune*." The interview terminated. The King's discomfiture was apparent. His refined insolence prevents our pity.

No ridicule can touch us that we bring not on ourselves; and the shield of truth and honesty can withstand the sharpest satirist. The object of a good stinging repartee generally merits and has caused it. Let him not complain. La Bruyère counsels well—

"Le bruit est pour le fât : le plaint est pour le sot
L'honnête homme, trompé, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot."

INTERFERENCE.

{“ Ne accesseris in concilium antequam voceris.”

BYRON, whose intellect seems never to slumber, even in the ease of relaxation or the abandonment of flippancy, terms *Don Quixote* “ of all books the saddest.” A perfect gentleman, of unalloyed philanthropy, brave, accomplished, well-bred, gentle, humane, and unselfish, is cheated, held up to ridicule, and most ignominiously mal-treated. Yet all could have been avoided had the worthy man, by simply staying at home, minding his own affairs, regulating his household, and managing his competent income with distributive husbandry, enjoyed with Spanish temperance his omelette, roasted pigeon, olives, and Calcavella. He sacrificed comfort for a world that, caring nought for him, seemed bent on proving that it needed him not. Yet, though boys and girls have been laughing during 300 years at Sancho, Maritornes, and the “ woeful countenance,” the essential moral is either unperceived, or, if seen, not yet printed on the brain. Men respect not him who is friend to them, but rather him who is friend to himself.

Interference seems to bear a certain relation to responsibility. As every well-balanced mind is alive to certain responsibilities, inherent and inevitable, so it avoids the assumption of any responsibility, nowise pertaining to it. Now, of this, interference is the

exact measure and term. The word is inapplicable if the action taken lie within the scope of our responsible duties. A constable dispersing a crowd cannot be said to "interfere;" but he who officiously advises a change of plan or of means to one already content and confident adds to his other responsibilities that of being, and of proving himself to be, absolutely right in the superiority of his new method. If not, the principle of *restituere in quam accepisti rem* must fill his breast with a vexing humility. I have no sympathy with a religious conversionist, but will ever respect my neighbour's right, inalienable and sacred, to go to perdition his own way, provided he molest me not. My new convert would have acquired as such a right to enter my presence during my natural life at all hours for guidance and comfort. "You have robbed me" (could be his claim) "of that to which I had been used and inured from childhood, of weapons I could wield with easy mastery; you are now bound through life to sustain and console me under the new dispensation." Is the superadded responsibility unwelcome? Then abstain from interference, and take for granted that your neighbour knows (like yourself) his own business. Better thus than to find yourself in the very hour of triumph at the success that has crowned your eloquence and zeal in the mere commencement of a perennial responsibility, of an arduous enterprise of which the success is precarious, of a rugged journey of which the end may be regret. How large a share of vanity must spur the piety of the missionary. There is something melodramatic in

landing on some Fiji island, in baptising, debauching, and ultimately murdering the unsuspecting savage; then in taking his land in the name of the Most High. Yet the missionary leaves behind him men, women, and children in the bye-lanes of Melbourne and within pistol-shot of luxury, refinement, and the varied forms of self-indulgent sensuality so necessary to the mental vacuity of ignorant and stolid wealth—men hardened by despair and brutalised by dirt, drink, and rotten food; young girls wallowing in passionless pruriency, “cold-studied lewdness, degrading Nature’s frailty to an art;” children hardening in mercenary falsehood, and trained in ready perjury to view drunkenness as common-place, and theft as praiseworthy; boys rioting in cowardly thuggism, crouching before the manly and resentful, but mercilessly cruel to the aged and feeble. All these, and more, the missionary views with calm eyes. He has no “call,” not he. His mission is far away among the happy savages, to interfere with nature, and diffuse among her children the comforts of rum and true religion!

What responsibility have I touching the savage? But in the bye-lanes of Melbourne I discern much. My neighbour’s comfort and my own are menaced by the growth and multiplication of a jungle of tigers, whose females vie with them in ferocity and rage. Oh! ye missionaries, where are ye? Not certainly where God, and nature, and reason expect to find you.

I read lately in a Liverpool paper some touching remarks on this subject by a Jewish gentleman. “Did not your Master say, ‘Bring unto me little children?’”

How obey ye him? Are not Christian children running about with blasphemy on their young lips, and more like beasts than human beings? I will cheerfully head a subscription for the reforming of Christian children." The worthy man was rewarded by a visit from some devout "Conversionists," sent by the Quixotes who expose their brainless lives by trying to convert the Jews—interfering with those who are already clean, civilised, humane, moral, and healthy; and neglecting, like Mrs. Jellyby, the children of their own race, fast brutalising and sinking into the type of the ape and the tiger. The peculiar pleasure of interference seems to consist in the barren quality of its gratuitous impertinence. For all men have duties and responsibilities enough. Tell me not of Gambia, or of Fiji! My neighbour in the next street is dying from the blows of a drunken mate, and has no food, or medicine, or tendance. The larrikins are splitting the skulls of the aged. The magistrates are lenient to the wolf and the vulture, but severe on the plover and the lamb. These and similar are the business of every true man, and to combat them is duty, not interference.

London *Punch*, some 30 years ago, caricatured the curt military mannerism of the Hero of Waterloo. A man is drowning in the Serpentine. The Duke is riding past on his chesnut cob, blue frock, Woodstock gloves, &c., all *pro-more*. Raising a finger to his hat he thus responds to the cry for "help." "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compts. to the gentleman now in the water, and has heard his cry.

F.M. the D. of W. begs to refer the gentleman to the Royal Humane Society, with which he is neither technically nor morally connected. The Duke declines to interfere with a department of social life so well conducted, especially in favour of a gentleman to whom he has never been introduced." (Military salute and canter.)

The roguish malice may be pardoned for the wise example it perpetuates. The mannerism is caricatured, but not the man. Few men better knew, and no man better practised, the "*ne accesseris in concilium*," &c., than did the Duke. He answered an importunate creditor of his son by telling him that, "F.M., &c., is the Commander-in-chief of H.M.'s army, and not the Collector of the debts of the Marquis of Douro."

But the sting that *Punch* well knew to be so intelligible to the million—to the half-informed, the malignant, the discontented, and the garrulous politicians of the tap-rooms—lay in the execution of Marshal Ney. Byron, whose bitter personal hatred of the Duke is traceable to causes not highly creditable to either (and of which I like not to aid in perpetuating the memory) winds up a furious snarl at him with a wretched pun.

"Glory like yours, should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise and thunder 'Nay.'"
(Query.—"Ney." Printer's devil.)—"Don Juan."

How many misunderstandings and inconveniences can be avoided by the simple formula, "I do not know." For you do not know anything till it is officially and responsibly brought under your notice, and sheeted

home to your sphere of duty. What but anarchy and chaos, fitfully relieved by despotism, can result from everybody's constituting himself an amateur judge or censor of his neighbour? And it is noteworthy that amateurs discover this too late. For when pressed to listen to the refutation their mean and cowardly exclamation frequently is, "Oh! it is no business of mine. If you can disprove it, well," &c. But they are bound to go on, having once put hand to plough—to turn back is infamy. If to name the charge was blameless, it follows that to hear the matter out and to appreciate the defence is duty. In cases where some half-dozen different and incongruous versions are flying about, I am not called upon to reconcile and harmonise rumours, or to form, certainly not to utter, any conjecture; but am perfectly justified and free from the slightest taint of falsehood, or of duplicity, in pronouncing the potent, the magical formula, "I do not know."

Give to every man, and diffuse among every community, as much freedom as he or they can bear. Then, and then only, are their virtues their own. What is the worth of a convert who by his new faith adds to his income? He differs but in degree from the quivering victim of Torquemada, who by shrieking out a "credo" releases his frame from the rack. Or how can I esteem a merely passive convert vanquished by superior rhetoric and learning? No. Give freedom and knowledge. Let it grow from more to more; leave the rest to nature's healthy action, and to the power she obeys. The profession from within,

unbiassed and pure, is the only conversion a manly reasoner can welcome. The pearl offers to the eye what is called a "fatty" lustre, as though the gem had been overlaid, or buttered, from without. The emerald and the topaz have a "glassy" lustre, as though a foreign substance had been veneered on the surface. Other gems suggest the idea of a polished surface no deeper than the lamina meeting the eye. But the "diamond lustre" proceeds from the very centre and core of the gem, by the efficiency of its own native and inherent light, of which it sends forth from time to time spontaneous tributes towards its source, streams of radiancy that attest its fulness without impairing its strength.

“ Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffin'd with despair,
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love, mere lust—if liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give, and bear.”—SHELLEY.

FACT AND FICTION.—I.

“SHAKSPEARE’S historical plays,” said Marlborough, “are all the history I possess.” Yet not poorly stocked such a mind. All that is true is vividly coloured; much that is fabulous in letter is representative in essence; and for much of that which is false throughout, the chronicles are responsible. To blacken the house of York—especially the plucky hero of Bosworth—became the necessary game to be played by the money-loving courtier, who wrote to please and fulsomely to flatter the granddaughter of the grandson of Kate Swineford, the bastard who closed a bastard line. With this exception, the student of history need not blush to own his obligations to Shakspeare. The law of sanctuary and of judicial oaths, the pedigree of the White Rose of York, the customs and manners of royalty and of nobility, together with the modes of wager by battle both in gentleman and in peasant, the morals of churchmen no less than of their lay peers; the doctrines of confession and of purgatory; the secret superstitions cherished by ladies of quality, and the church’s power to override even a haughty statesman of the blood Royal; the jurisdiction and influence of sheriff, mayor, country justice, and the salutary firmness and dignified independence possible to a judge of the King’s Bench. The occasional murmurs and remonstrances, sometimes outbreaks of the despised Commons, and the steady ambition of the labourer to

reach the model independence of the yeoman who contemned the "Turmoil of a court, content with the secure enjoyment of such quiet walks as those of his own garden, yet conscious that his wealth doubled that of the French king whose daughter was England's queen,"—all these and far more are perdurably imprinted on the wondering brain of the imaginative boy in language that charms by the music of its rhythms. We do homage to the poet even when we criticise his aberrations from reality, for we thereby acknowledge the truth of the rest. Truth and error are, in life, so intertwined that we often correct the grave historian by the sparkling poet, and as the enthusiast lingers over some Froude or Macaulay, surprise quickens his delight that mere fact should prove so entertaining. But what is fact? and what is fiction? are questions not very easily answered. Between fact literal and undoubted, and fiction known and avowed, there floats a nebulous region fraught with dissolving views, known as the Representative, Did Charlemagne really cleave casque, man, and horse, with one blow of his two-handed sword? Answer: The king was a brave warrior and a stalwart man. His contempt for danger inspired confidence; and his admiring subjects could believe that of their leader, whom they were proud to follow, which they would question if asserted of any other man. "Does a man," says Abd-el-Kader, "tell to thee that he leaped from a precipice on horseback, lighting safe on the ground, then rode on swift as the Simoom? Pause, ere you tell him that his face is black. Ask, first, whether

the horse was red?" (meaning foxy chesnut.) "If he answers yes, believe him, and say, 'Allah is great!' If any other colour be named, do thou inform him that his mother is &c.; moreover, that he is fit only to eat what is unæsthetic, and that his face is . . . far from clean, &c." Translated into plain English, this simply means that more can be believed of a foxy-chesnut horse than of one of any other colour.

Did Alfred really watch some barley loaves, &c.? I reply.—He was a large-minded man, truly brave, and therefore considerate; possessed of a good temper, but with many abstracting cares on his mind. Did Julius Cæsar and William the Norman convert a chance-tumble into a good omen? As much one as the other. Both were men of presence of mind. Such stories are (not false, but) representative. Did Bishop Bonner really put a young girl's hand into the candle? Answer.—He was a jolly old fiend, who heartily relished "the brenning," as he himself writes, of heretics, just as our great grand-mothers used to dress with elaborate fashion to drive to Coldbath-fields Gaol, and see prostitutes lashed. Every good Protestant believes any and every thing concerning this jocose, convivial, and accommodating old sight-seer, who put off his dinner that the ladies might enjoy "the brenning." "The dear old kind bishop," I'm sure they called him. But the mere existence of the story shows the impression he left. What manner of man was he of whom such things could be credited? Indeed, this (pardon the seeming digression) is the real sting of calumny. We are chafed that the matter should be even a question, and

be entertained for a moment. Of the naked fact, we are able to prove the falsehood. But the sting remains—that it should ever be required!

Did Joshua really compel the “Sun to stand still?” That is, the earth to stop suddenly in her rotations. Did he destroy the planet and her satellite? Was every building dashed to atoms? Were the waters of the ocean raised miles above their level? And more, and more? The question answers itself. No! The brave and noble general possessed the confidence of his army. The battle was by them won during the daylight. “On, on, sons of Israel, victory is ours; and thou, O Sun, stand still while we fight.” So Wellington, “Oh, that night were come! or Blucher.” So, while I write and view yon waning moon, perhaps some hardy bushman is sustaining the fainting spirits of some weak new chum, as they spur their weary horses through the path across the swamp. “Keep up, flag not, we must reach the station ere the moon set. Stay, linger yet, kind Cynthia, stay. Wait a wee to light us home.” Joshua’s soldiers were surprised at their success. “He bade the sun stand still, and it was so,” was their admiring and grateful comment. I say there was no interruption whatever of the earth’s diurnal or of her annual rotation, neither of the monthly.

“Stand still refulgent orb of day,
 A Jewish hero cries;
 So shall at last an angel say
 In thunder through the skies,
 Thou sun of Nature roll along
 And bear my years away,
 The sooner shall I join the throng
 In everlasting day.”

If I be right these verses are less nonsense than at first they seem. The sun will obey you as much this day as he ever did Joshua. But nature and the powers of the mind and soul will also obey, now as then, the resolute will of the self-devoted courageous heart. Even time seems vanquished; you cannot believe it has been done so quickly. The sun stood still. The brave and resolute subdue even nature.

Did Luther shy his inkstand at the Enemy of Man? I answer, yes. "Oh," says Matter-of-fact, "he fell asleep, had nightmare, and, constitutionally brave, defied the creation of his distempered fancy. The inkstand flew at an imaginary form," &c. In this case I prefer the representative solution. Caxton had recently given to the inkstand a power hitherto unknown. The "copy" supplied by Luther left the castle for the printing press; error and every form of superstition received a mortal blow. Nay, the very Enemy of man himself fled (and flees) before it. The Devil has had an inkstand thrown at his head by an arm to which the printing press gave muscle. The legend is clearly representative. It mirrors the continuous and augmenting fruits of Luther's rebellion. Its author was some ardent worshipper of the Sarpedon of progress and of the glories of Caxton.

Did Richard III. really make away with his young nephews? I doubt. That much-slandered gentleman, though no hunchback, was no saint. He was somewhat unscrupulous, and had an odd knack of making other people do his business at their own risk; when they craned, somehow, their heads sat

rather loosely on their shoulders. The children of Edward IV. walked in Richard's coronation (after which they disappeared). He was interested in their disappearance, but his successor much more deeply interested in the proving of their actual death. Henry VII. "discovered" two skeletons, and told those who dared not contradict him that they were those of his two brothers-in-law—the elder having been, when alive, king *de jure*. Thus Henry took something by the belief he imposed. None felt any difficulty in believing Richard capable of any necessary crime. But the lie was as necessary to Henry as the murder could have been to Richard.

Old Dr. Martin Routh, late president of Magdalene College, Oxford, lived to nearly 100 years. He had conversed with men who lived in the reigns of the last Stuart-kings. They had made him believe firmly that poor Monmouth was the cat's-paw of Macaulay's Dutch hero, who used him to feel the nation's pulse; moreover that the cruelties of Jefferies and Kirke were secretly prompted and encouraged by the cold-blooded son of ambition who permitted the savage murder of De Witt. Incredible. But William profited by all three. And the English mind is so constituted as always to believe men to have been some way privy to the furtherance of the crimes by which they are gainers.

We can neither read history, nor observe life to any purpose without recognising a vast region of this representative knowledge, neither fact or fiction. Let us not, therefore, truncate chronicles too rudely,

or reject that which though not fact is still representative. The modern novel is a reflex of the writer's own experiences no less than of his studies. So the actor, whose life's life is observation, notes in the shop of some grocer or shoemaker an apt intonation or graphic gesture. At night he reproduces, interwoven into the part he has studied, the precise action, tone, and manner by him witnessed in the morning. Loud the applause of the tradesman at "nature herself;" and rightly, for it was done by himself that very morning. I once lodged in a house where the vigorous housemaid, after plying broom, duster, and brush all day, earned at night a pittance from some foolish amateur by acting before an audience the part she had been doing all day. "The area belle" of the evening cleaned my boots in the morning, and though she physically cleaned one kitchen and imaginarily the other, I forget which of the two was the dirtier. In *Tom Jones* Allworthy is a portrait; Western, representative. Parson Supple, Square, and Thwackum are representative; Parson Adams an idealised reality. Booth is the author himself, and his own wife comprised both Amelia and Sophy Western. Colonel Bath must have existed in nature, though skilfully colored. In Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* you read a portrait of Lord Chatham. How minutely real are all the novels of Miss Austin, how nicely discriminated every character. The feeling of truthful accuracy is left on the mind of the reader, who never thinks of the author. The idler takes up Mrs. Gore's *Cecil*; or *Adventures of a Coxcomb*;—he

is reading the biography of Horace Walpole; the love, the spirit, the coxcomby, the very birth, all photographed. The incidental portraits in the Waverley novels are no less wondrous than the avowed ones. Compton, the military Bishop of London, who out-generalled poor James II., is resuscitated in Dr. Albany Rochecliffe. Baxter is well-drawn as the Puritan clergyman in *Woodstock*, and Henry Erskine appears in *Guy Mannering* as Paulus Pleydell. Fauntleroy, the last forger hanged, is immortalised by Lord Lytton as Richard Crawford, in *The Disowned*, and the whole of *Jane Eyre* has been madly challenged by the weak and foolish people whom it lashed. But, I refuse to believe in the Yorkshire schoolmaster who pathetically arraigned Dickens for taking his portrait in Wackford Squeers. No! That is too much! Let us banish this to the Representative land, as a delicate caution to the sensitive not to dig their own graves.

It is curious to note the effects of a "yarn," as they now-a-days call a fairy tale, upon a very clever child. It accepts all the miracles *in globo*. "The fairy did this, &c., the genii did that, &c." But the young critic is uneasy unless goodness triumph. The tale is ever "a nasty" one unless that which is good do not also turn out to be that which is inherently strong and victorious. Advancing years correct this. Manhood learns to separate "goodness" from "strength" from success. Slowly by experience, as the shades close over us, we learn to speak of the "good" man as liable to be duped; of the clever knave being, in some respects, his superior.

The voice of nature, when pure, connects virtue with power; the world insidiously detaches them, consigning the man of principle to contempt. Surely then, we are somewhat indebted to that beneficent and well-directed genius, which steps forward to the rescue to depict with vivid truth and solid brilliancy the inner consolations that can sustain goodness, purity, and truth, sometimes showing, as in *David Copperfield*, even gentleness itself triumphant? The sons of knavery have every advantage. Unscrupulousness is strength, just as is the envenomed dart. Men of honour fight on the square; the villain strikes below the belt. "You have broken your, pledged word," said Causidicus to a colonial son of "sharp practice." "I have," was the blushless reply, "and would again to save my money. Get your fee if you can." The knave and the assassin are ever more dangerous than the open avowed foe. How solid, then, are his claims to our gratitude who, rescuing principle, honour, and nobility of sentiment from contempt, shows how morality can share largely in the daily interests of society, and the tangible and practical welfare of man.

FACT AND FICTION.—II.

THAT our so-called "Fact" contains much "Fiction," and our "Fiction" much "Fact," is a truth denied by no student of history, no votary of romance, and no lover of poetry. The tares intermingle their roots with those of the wheat, and interlace their tendrils with its stalks. And the scarlet poppy among the corn, so dear to the artist, is, in the eyes of the farmer, an ugly blotch. In truth it is not easy to exclude fiction from the gravest rationalism. "The eye loves a current of cool moist air." "The tongue ever seeks and tests the stranger." These, and similar, prove how persistent an intruder is fiction. And perhaps the present question, occupying so many inquiring minds as to external agencies, swaying the human mind and the nervous system, is one instance the more of this blending. Very many sober thinkers are conscious of a sort of immediate and special overruling beyond their powers of analysis or explanation. To this they give such terms as "providence," "destiny," "luck," "the stars," &c., feeling all the time such names to be mere makeshifts and confessions of ignorance. Who has not often felt bewildered by sudden suggestions, thoughts, or images occurring to him, certainly uninvited and apparently uncaused? The difficulty of

last week, is suddenly made to seem ridiculously easy. The right thought comes, like the daylight, and we wonder at our past blindness. Now, is it more wondrous that "higher circles of intelligence" caused this phenomenon, than that it exists? "The spirit of my ancestor is upon me," says one of Scott's heroes. Now, is this sentence a falsehood? Are you deceived by it? Could the fact, the truth, be much better expressed? I well know what to expect, whether I believe in "the spirit" or not. A train of thought rushes through the brain, ending in a result, a resolution, a course of action; and good, permanent good, is the truth. "My guardian angel," exclaims the grateful enthusiast, and there is something pleasing in the modesty that takes no credit to self. But the main question is, is it more wondrous that my dream revealed useful objective truths, than that some intelligence caused it to do so? The fact is the all-important thing; the fancifully graphic description of it is certainly harmless. Content with feeling himself enriched by fresh truths, a wise philosopher will concentrate on these his attention. That the planting of certain trees in certain places will add to the country's fertility is useful knowledge. Is it better or worse, because communicated to "J.S." by higher intelligences, or discovered by "P.Q." after experiment and induction? Let me garner the facts and leave the spirits alone: if higher than man they can take care of themselves, if lower they are best kept at a distance from me. In some cases the induction is really your own, but so rapid as to

resemble intuition. When Irving told his hearers that he had "prayed for the Spirit of a Loyola," was anyone deceived? Surely if the fruit be good, the modesty may be pardoned that says, "This, too, Zaffar, I owe to thee." Still, like Hamlet, I exact grounds more relative. Let the spirits be tested by reason, by experiment, and fact.

The New Testament inculcates the danger of unclean spirits entering the brain; but, on the other hand, that the Apex of goodness and power, the Paraclete, will make man's frame his temple, blend with and guide his intellect.

Prayer and "Nesteia" (which means training) can expel any, even the worst, spirit. I think this theory more simple and compact than modern spiritism, but am resolved to woo the spirit of docility, keeping my judgment open to conviction.

The curious speculator of the 20th century, may perhaps, seek in Thackeray's satirical sketches for some elements of the characters of his ancestors: for the satirist aids the historian. To lash the vices, is often to describe the manners. Now, *The Book of Snobs* is sheer hard fact. Every character is a photo. Whewell, Archdeacon Thorpe, Lord Gardiner, Major Granby Calcraft, and many other celebrities of the century, are portrayed under the names of "Crump," "Hugby," "Shindy," &c.; and very many of the events at which you have laughed in the book, even the most farcical, are by the writer, and many others, known to have actually and literally occurred; and not a few of them were witnessed by the writer, who

is compelled in fairness to recognise the niche containing his own immortalisation, should any future Bentley write a "Key to the Snobs." The notes Scott to the last edition of his works, show the vast amount of truth contained in them. Goethe's conduct in portraying Albert and Charlotte, and making poor Werter shoot himself, would have been avenged most retributively by any English gentleman, and I could honestly pardon a duel *à la mort*. Voltaire's "friend" ran away with his favourite mistress, whom he must have loved, for his own lessons had made her a clever actress. Voltaire was a fine reciter, and had a deep chest-voice ("ces tones, rauques, mâles, sonores!") quite a G.V.B. Not content with an epigram, in which he chaffs his friends for impatience, inasmuch as he (Voltaire) intended him "la recevoir, de main," he insults her, years afterwards, in a cutting sonnet, when she became the wife of a rich nobleman. He then made her life, both previous and subsequent to her first seeking and her leaving him, the plot of a play, in which Fact and Fiction were as curiously interblended as in Goethe's Werter. Is there much fiction in history? Yes. Is there much legendary lore and pure tradition in chronicles? Yes. But there is also much fact in many a novel and in many a play; and much representative knowledge is embalmed in local fables.

Did a bird fly through the rafters while a King of Britain sat at supper, and, crossing, escape on the opposite side, while the missionaries were asking leave to teach? And did the King say, "As that bird's

visit, so Truth's advent ; it comes an unexpected visitant, crosses, escapes—we see it no more. Then, welcome these strangers, who fain would teach." Try them. I maintain not the occurrence of the literal fact, but, I aver that this is not the speech of a savage ; that some sort of culture must have existed, both in the Royal speaker and his hearers. I marvel not at the spread of Christianity. See ! oh, reflecting philosopher, a proof that some culture ought to precede the lessons of the gospel. The ground should be harrowed and prepared. Did Patricius point to the trefoil beneath his feet, and to the passion-flower, to illustrate his doctrines, and to show them mirrored in nature ?—I say, the mere existence of the legend supposes a refinement in the recipients, independent of the genius, taste, and culture of the missionary. Then, see the improvement possible in our missionary enterprises ; the soil should be prepared for the seed. Christianity itself was not given until man had been prepared for it—until Greece had followed Egypt in the cultivation of the beautiful, and Rome, that law-loving nation, had based civilization upon jurisprudence. The recipients both in England and in Ireland were already far, far in advance of savaghood. The bird-legend must have been composed by one who had read the "Song of Solomon," as well as his "Proverbs" and "Wisdom." The other speaks its own beauty ; but, I fear, St. Patrick would never have been understood in some of the alleys of Melbourne, even if listened to. I refuse the explanation given by a

cynic friend, nor that "his fabled expulsion of snakes and toads, represents the migratory propensities of his pupils and their descendants." This is misanthropic and unjust. Who invented the tradition of the "Wandering Jew?" Dr. Croly's beautiful work, "Salathiel," will prove instructive as well as delightful. The Sketch of Vespasian is life-like—that of the Camp of Titus the best in the romance. He is mistaken in making the "Prince of Naphthali," also a "Priest of the Temple;" still, the work merits the name "historical." Who and where is the "Wandering Jew?" Why, here! Gifted with a strange vitality and tenacity of purpose, he passes from land to land. Does he love the land—as Portugal, for instance—he clings to it, his disguises baffle your keen search. He will conform outwardly, but in secret is ever true to his ancestry. Disease spares him. Power is his, for the kings of the earth ask his leave to go to war. An outcast, for till lately you grudged him civil rights; yet a monarch whom you cannot depose. Does music sway you?—'tis to him you bow. Rise spirits of Braham, Lablache, Malibran! Say Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Mozart! And the Stage owns his power. The features and character of the Kembles are decidedly Jewish (as were those of Kean). The intense love and admiration of each other, and coldness to the rest of the human race; the refinement, appreciative spirit of all beauty in art and in nature; the temperance and nicety of living; the regard for money, yet without avarice; the love of dress and jewellery; the ingrained sense

of superiority ; yet, the nervous sensibility and humanity conspicuous in all the Kembles' family—all are Jewish. The "Wandering Jew" is near us. "Tarry thou till I come." He has an inveterate vitality and persistency of purpose that neither man's sword, nor man's perfidy, nor man's bad examples can ever extirpate, undermine, or corrupt. I wish some one would name the inventor. Was it some monk ? If so, mark the tenacity and versatility of the race ; the abbey borrowed money at interest, and purchased relics and ornaments of the Wanderer. Thus, perhaps, thus only, could the monk ever come to know him.

Then scorn not fiction, legend, tradition. Their history and analysis are that of life itself. The fable proves much, despite your exposure. Arthur and his Queen still rule our fancy, and Fingal chants his hymn to the sun. The matter-of-fact sages should bear in mind that most humanizing maxim of jurisprudence, *Summum jus summa injuria*. To take away beauty is not to add to truth.

What wondrous masterpieces of genius and industry are Lytton's *Harold* and *Last of the Barons*. The enchanted reader rises with a stock of real fact beyond expectation. The ideal part seems to me the weakest. But the portraits of Warwick and of the York family are unique. The Tymbesteres thrill us with horror. Not the worst picture is that of the refined and luxurious archbishop, Warwick's brother. In *Harold*, the singular mystical prophecy ascribed to Edward the Confessor is artistically brought forward, despite the

incredulity of the artist. We are in the hands of the monks. Their *Scriptoria* preserved all the materials of our historic lore. 'Tis easy to say, "they invented" this or that; oft the genius of the inventor is the greater miracle of the two. I prefer to own myself puzzled. Some critics solve every difficulty by the words "fraud" and "invention," but what manner of man was the impostor? When Macpherson produced his "Ossian," he was called these hard names. He got into a rage. I think he should have made his enemies a polite bow; for some good-natured friend served him as Lord Ellenborough did Hunt, when he said that "many feared his dangerous eloquence." "They wrong you, sir, greatly," was the caustic reply. Mac's friends produced all his avowed poems, with "See! none of these come up to 'Ossian.'" And they did not; in short, he must be truthful because he is a fool! Oh, save me from my friends! His "invention" is far from self-evident. And further, he was not even a good Gaelic scholar. Who, then, invented "Ossian?" I give it up.

Beautiful as many parts of "Ossian" must be acknowledged, there is little or nothing that is characteristic. No fact; no history. They might as well be written in one century as in another. They seem the outpouring of a joyous life-loving enthusiast from his own inner subjective emotions. I have noticed the fund of sheer history to be drawn from, in Shakespeare. From Homer, you can build up a life, a polity, from the burnishing of armour to cookery, and to the washing of clothes. Let me take the Book of Job,

that sublime poem by which all are bewildered. The attentive student first notes the total absence of all allusion to Jewish rites, also of the traditions and glories so dear to Israel. Then, the novel picture of Heaven, and of a quite new character, Satan, permitted to enter it, and to sneer! Then, the effects of subjective meditation on different minds. Then glimpses of the circle in which the author moved—short, indeed, and transient, but suggestive. In the open country, the clear atmosphere, surrounded by the desert, dwells a sheikh, who frequently visits and quits a refined and populous city. Astronomy is his delight. Happy in his mountain-home, he joys to surround it with tame animals to “sport with his maidens.” Natural history whets his unsated curiosity. The river and the green pastures share largely in his ideas of luxury. When he visits the city it is to administer justice, and to rectify by judicious charity the inequalities of fortune. And there such is the civilisation, that the inhabitants bless him for the property he secures, and for the happiness he diffuses. There is leisure and meditation. But his joy is in his home, where his care is to extirpate thistles and cockle, and to grow “wheat and barley.” His religion, a deep and pure Monotheism, from which he evolves, unaided, all that can sustain life with fortitude, and cheer death with hope. A true Arab, he regards the horse with affection, and though man has bestowed much culture on his favourite, it is God who “hath clothed his neck with thunder.” The son of taste ever finds in Job more and more characteristic beauty, but owns with a sigh that he is as far as

ever from grasping the truth. All guesses and theories seem to me equally illusive.

Now, such indications fall from genius and truth inevitably. How is it that we find none of them in "Ossian?" As all agree that Macpherson could not write it, whom did he employ, or profit by? This is the reason why "Ossian" fades from popular cultivation; there is no characteristic truth giving to the fiction, coherence, and dignity.

It is odd that Swift, who was no mathematician, gave to his Brobdignags and Liliputians such exact proportions. Gibbon notices this. And the very characters are different. The air of truthfulness and accuracy in Swift and Defoe give to their works a charm that will never die.

Truly the web of our life is a mingled yarn. When Orlando woos and weds Rosalind, how noble either of them seems in the eyes of the other. Each wonders in secret whether the other be really and objectively that which is seen by himself. Be at rest happy pair! Ye are noble in each others eyes. Ye are noble when ye look there. Each imparts nobility to the other. "Si putaveris facies," says Seneca. There are men in whose presence I feel nobler than myself; could I remain there constantly I should rise in the scale of creation. The ideal excellence visible only to the pure eye of affection is not unfrequently the real character, though at variance with facts in the prose realities of life.

IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION is truly termed a divine faculty. It is the power of seeing round an object, like that expansion of vision imparted by the stereoscope. As it discerns a relation between the minor objects included and those excluded, it has been deemed by some the faculty of generalisation. Imaginative persons do not see less, but more, of realities than others; supposing equilibrium of other powers in both. They see all the relations of which "matter-of-fact" people can see only a part. Cuvier, Owen, John Hunter, and Davy were imaginative men. They saw every subject all round. Inferior minds cannot follow them, from inability to break from the old prejudices by which they are fettered. Hence they attribute the new conclusions arrived at by inductions equally bold and novel, to something inherent in the nature of the discoverer, and entirely subjective, therefore partaking of the character of insanity. "Thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad." Brindley, a practical man, if such ever lived, had to go through this ordeal. "Oft have I heard," said Smeaton, "of castles in the air, yet, till now, never knew the place where men mean to build them." Yet the Barton aqueduct still stands, the mighty and glorious parent of the viaducts of George Stephenson, himself a self-taught generaliser of the school of Brindley, and one who crossed Chat-

Moss by steam-car despite the sneers of theorists and the derision of matter-of-fact sons of science. Brindley was unquestionably imaginative. He could scarcely read, and spelt phonetically on a somewhat eccentric system of his own. Yet, chalk in hand, he instructed the landed gentry of England, in the committee-room of the House of Commons, at his ease, like a parish schoolmaster drilling his boys. "Ye want my moddle? wait a wee." Went out—bought a large cheese. "Look ye in here, I cut un in haalf. Now look," &c. "What is puddling, sir?" asked the calm and dignified chairman. "Pooddlin? whoy—wait a wee." Goes out—returns with a huge lump of clay and bundle of light sand and loam. "Look ye heer, I mashes up clay into a form of bason loike. Give me the water. See, it winna hold un: runs out. Now see here. I mash up clay pudden loike wi' sand and dry loam and water. I lines sides. I puts layer of dry loam over. Now pour in water. Holds un toight now. That's puddlin'!" "Brindley and a bit of chalk," said Sheridan, "can conquer the world." "Why do you go round that hill, sir—you so bold and ingenious in the construction of locks?" "Whoy d'ye see running water wi' the least fall is loike a great big giant. No standin' un when's fury's up, wi' storms and such loike, lay un on's back, and he's peaceful as a lamb. I gets a level all the way by goin' round the hill." Is there not imagination there? He went to see Garrick in "Lear," but refused to repeat the visit, the acting so agitated him that several days elapsed before the impression of the scene was effaced. The simplicity of

one of his easy ready replies convulsed the committee. "What sir, do you suppose natural rivers were created for?" "To feed navigable canals," replied the enthusiast. All Brindley's creations, conceived by him in bed, without pen or paper, are now sober realities, taken by the matter of fact as things of course. "Be easy, Duke, I can do it; you only find the money," was his calm assurance when the Duke of Bridgewater, his patron, was reduced to borrow £5 and to scud across the country and hide himself in a sawpit from the pursuit of a persistent dun. The princely state of the Duke of Sutherland, and the happiness, I believe, diffused by that nobleman, stands a perennial monument to the genius of Brindley.

It is important to distinguish between the faculty itself and the objects on which it is exercised. Imagination resembles the sun's rays. Shining on material objects, the common things that round us lie, the solar light reveals to us a thousand tissues, *nuances* of tint, peculiarities of woven structure, resemblances to rare works of man's art, and delicacy of process, that escape the eye on a cloudy day. So with imagination. There is not a weed on the poorest common, not a leaf on the most despised shrub, nay, not a waste so barren, wild, or desolate, that a burst of sunshine cannot glorify, surrounding with lustre beyond art, and expand into an image of the Infinite in man.

"I love," says Shelley, "all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless; as we wish our souls to be,"

Indeed, this secret love of wild untamed steppes may

often be traced in the young. Why do we become so weary of the luscious garden, with its artful walks, its harmonised masses of foliage, its wealth of floral beauty ; and—

“Sick of flower and trim drest tree,
Long for fresh glades and forest free?”

It is that we miss the sun's creating power, his grand and bliss-fraught surprises. The dreary common is transformed by his presence. The veiled beauties of Nature are reserved for her votaries. “I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows.” We have faith in the light when it acts on earth's realities, which we then—and we only, and then only—see as they really are. It is thus with imagination.

But the sun's rays require the scattering, diffusing, and salutary modification of the atmosphere. Too concentrated and direct, they consume and wither. It is health to be “in the sun;” that is, in an atmosphere impregnated with the diffused electricity of his rays. But concentrated on the brain, they madden and consume. So imagination should ever be directed on the things around, and the man move in an atmosphere of social life, duties, affection, and practical energy. The present age is deemed “material.” Why ? Because it fain would stereotype and render permanent the forms of ideal beauty for which imagination is content to wait. The western sun shimmering through a grove of limes or elms, or gilding while it sculptures forth the graceful fern, transcends all that art can give to opulence, even though aided by the cunningest mechanism. Yet we feel it is not perman-

ent; we think that our feelings in gazing on it perhaps cannot be recalled to-morrow, and we cling to art as to a fixed possession, ever the same in beauty, and ever duteously awaiting our caprice. Nature unveils only to her worshippers. Art is our slave of the lamp. We are becoming a very material race, let it be owned. But it is not from our indifference to Nature, but from our impatience of her discipline. We love her as Henry V. loved France—we would fain conquer, hold, and command her. But the wayward Ariel revenges herself. We learn too late, no nature no art. It is the pedestrian who has wooed her in all her moods—who has “seen the wind,” as the Lancashire men term the steady line traced along high grass, bent by a breeze for some distance, when seen on a cloudless moonlight evening—who has enjoyed the gauzy veil drawn up by a July sun from the under-wood of a rich sylvan landscape, and who has viewed the morning mist from Snowdon reveal as it departs a scene fit for Satan himself to display before the eye of ambition,—it is he, I say who enjoys, with rapture unknown to the rich owner, the delicate landscape that graces his gallery. It is the young middy fresh from sea that really enjoys the play—aye, and gives sometimes the best criticism. Our age is perhaps, somewhat material, but the principle followed out will prove its own best cure—it will work itself clear. “Give me,” says Emerson, “health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of kings.” True, O Emerson! But mature manhood requires and exacts something more permanent than that which is contin-

gent on the " health " thou art driven to pray for, Make that permanent. The fountain, the statue, the grove, the picture, perhaps even the library, are often but monuments of buried enjoyment without resurrection. Dives knows their beauty, others feel and enjoy it; and he, now, enjoys only their homage. In stereotyping the past we neglect the present; and in the memory of the ideal, which will never return, we pre-empt the culture of the senses, and lose the present hour, both blossom and fruit.

The most touching attribute of imagination is her ennobled perspective of the component elements of character in their relation to the whole. This is based on nature, and harmonises with her mellowing and softening effects of time, distance, and position. When one whose virtues and graces of character were from youth entwined with our own is taken from us by death, or when we contemplate some historical character whose deeds or whose writings have interblended with our early formation of character, enkindling in our fresh heart the ideal conception of genius, heroism, beneficence, above man's ordinary standard, every good and every noble quality in his nature seems to burn and glow as in the blaze of Heaven's own light, while the less worthy qualities, however unquestionable as facts, are spontaneously shaded off and toned down. It is not so during lifetime of genius. Then—

" The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal."

And small wonder! The strength of a chain is that

of its one weak link, strong as may be every other ; and that of every piece of mechanism is no greater than its weakest component part. But death seems to modify this law. Then, to the imaginative, all the good rises, all the evil fades.

When we linger with admiration over Talfourd's "Reminiscences of Charles Lamb," Hugh Miller's "Recollections of Burns," Lord Houghton's "Life of Keats," or La Harpe's funeral "Eloge de Voltaire," we praise with wonder the alchemy of the eulogist, never disputing his sincerity, but enraptured with his unconscious art, and the exquisite perspective that tones down every fault, palliates every blemish, ignores every darker feature, or even throws, like Talfourd, a many-hued veil of eloquence over the least ideal of earthly frailties. Nemesis is at hand, but Nature ever rights herself. When detraction claims her hour, having borrowed the clear glass of hatred, impartial justice still asks, "What manner of man was he living, who dead can thus linger in the memory, inspiring with reverent and abiding love a Hugh Miller, Talfourd, or La Harpe?" Divine faculty! It rescues excellence from the grave, leaving but our baser part to its destructive power.

Again intrudes man's officious and vain desire to stereotype and reduce to mechanical rule that which is nothing unless spontaneous and spirit-born. The tributes of genius to affection must be, forsooth, servilely copied in dull mechanical routine, as the famed Chinese tailor copied the patch on the repaired elbow of the pattern garment.

The old saw, stupid as fulsome. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," is a bitter satire on such ape-like fussiness. Because genius and love actually uttering their genuine feelings, portray the dead as they (and perhaps they only) saw, and still think them, therefore are others wholly free from the influence of either of these spells to ignore, and, by suppression, to falsify, what they actually saw, and still firmly believe? No! If called on, a man should declare the whole truth to the best of his lights; and genius can do no more. Nothing is gained by this dull servility—nay, worse, it lacks the sincerity, fervour, and regard which form the excuses of the panegyrics lavished by friendship, gratitude, and sympathy. It tends to mislead the impartial, who draw more false inferences from such prescribed reticence than from the glowing praises of genius and affection, for which they are prepared to make allowances. They who aspire not to the character of advocate, yet would fain be heard in the Forum of Justice, must assume either the judge or the witness. If the first, let their summings-up be impartial, that Justice may hold her scales even; if the second, let them speak the "whole truth," such as they found it. The advocate's license extends not to either. I denounce the old saw, "De mortuis," &c., as a dull travesty and a pernicious imposture.

As reticence, by advancing one step onward, becomes prevarication, so these tributes of genius to the objects of their idolatry become contemptible when they cease to be soul born. Abuse not high gifts. Balaam was open to the detecting rebuke of

the meanest of those inferiors he was born to command.

Truth and truthfulness of spirit are necessary to imagination. The most exquisite specimens of this "toning down of faults," yet freedom from untruthfulness, are to be found in the Waverley novels—the portraits of Mary Stuart, Claverhouse, and Louis XI. In the first we trace the hand of a master. The weakness, the ambition, the conscious power of the sex, the apt prevarication—all are there, yet all are shaded. The courage, the wit, the extensive knowledge, the scholarship, and even the benefits conferred on the natural resources of her kingdom, the sympathy with excellence, the humanity, and loyalty to Rome, are all as distinct as in her skill in repartee—but in how strong a light! They stand out in relief, like the sun flashing on the diamond giving back his rays.

"Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams?
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?"

I see the Moray's silver star,
I see the dagger-crest of Mar."

Yet we never suspect Scott's good faith, or loyalty to his reader, himself, or truth. His Mary Stuart is really his own—such as the accomplished, clever flirt really appeared to the generous soul of this chivalrous son of imagination.

Divine, blest gift! that can thus triumph over the grave, yes, and over the painter's art, in giving us back the dead even in the loveliest of their looks. Long, sleeping love awakens, every sweet tone re-echoes, and nought is left to oblivion's sway but frailties and vices

which love bids perish fast, for they are not, like her immortal, but ever impeded her progress. Let them die. Let all of me perish that *can* return to dust, all that affection cares not to remember, all that imagination rejects from her coronal.

While I write the sun is slowly declining, and his rays, though to him ever the same, affect me by reason of distance and position, with unutterable feelings of a mournfulness that is not sorrow, and a tenderness that is not weakness. The distant hills melt in clear pearly hues, and the long lines of orange and purple become, to use the language of Eastlake, "dark with excessive purity." So die genius and goodness in mortals, mellowing in beauty as fierce strength decays, and, to the eye of affection, never more lovely than now. There is beauty in the barren moor, in the steep mountain, in the rugged rock, if we knew but how to view them in the light of heaven.

"Præsentiortem conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,"

writes the artificial Gray. Yet the God within us is ever creative and sustaining, whether on the untrodden rock or wild hill-top. The plain, the valley, even the street glow beneath the power of His light; and the heart's own alchemy, a soul at peace with itself, can make its own sunshine, glory, and "riches fineless" in the dark prison of poverty, the harrowing couch of sickness, or the trying, enforced, soul-frittering Bastile of ingratitude, desertion, and want, closed and closing on the remaining hours of a lonely, forsaken, and friendless old age.

SUICIDE.

“L'ÂME, toute occupée de l'action qu'elle va faire, du motif qui la détermine, du peril qu'elle va éviter, ne voit pas proprement la mort, parceque la passion fait fremir et jamais voir.

“L'amour-propre, l'amour de notre conservation se transforme en tant de manières et agit par des principes si contraires qu'il nous porte à sacrifier notre être pour l'amour de notre être. Et, tel est le cas que nous faisons de nous-mêmes, que nous consentons à cesser de vivre par un instinct naturel et obscur, qui fait que nous nous aimons plus que notre vie même.”—
“Grandeur et Decadence des Romains.”

Thus Montesquieu, in language of exquisite untranslatable finesse (dashed with delicate irony), accounts for the practice of suicide among the Romans, and, so far as the historian is concerned, simply exhausts the subject. But, to account for a thing, is not necessarily to justify it. The philosopher of the present day regards human nature and his own relations to mankind from more points of view, and perhaps from higher eminences, surveying with keener vision a wider prospect than that which tasked the powers of Cicero or Seneca. For whether he believes in what is called Christianity or not, he profits by its spirit no less than by that of ancient philosophy, now checking or controlling one by the other, now recognising the independent

excellence of both. Still, he cannot deny that Christianity represents a mighty force, not less potent from its working below the surface, in the soul's secret and silent depths; and that it dominates over the moral tone of modern civilisation. Such effects suppose a solid relation to human nature and a real connexion with absolute truth. Now, Christianity militates against the first six words of this analysis of Montesquieu. The soul before such question can arise has been trained to dread as unhealthy and immoral the being "toute occupée" with itself at all. Thus, the act that pre-supposes this inordinate self-worship, cherished as it certainly was by the Roman as essential to manly virtue, is regarded by the Christian as the deepest of crimes. Yet, the temperate words of the Bourdeaux president are no wise offensive to traditional piety. Such was the mental process of the Roman suicide, and such is to the Christian sinful in its very incipiency. It is an act of reverence to refrain from meddling with that which commands another and a wider range, and which draws its nutriment from other sources. The "future" jumped by the suicide is to the Christian a reality of retribution, that shuts up all argument whatever, rather than the *néant* of peaceful oblivion prized by others. Reverently abstaining from touching the ark of theology, let us view the subject in the dry light of philosophy.

The eloquent rhetoric of Jean Jacques Rousseau adds little if at all to our progress. The Geneva sentimentalist assumes the very thing to be proved, viz., that definite prospects of utility to man have not quite

faded from perception, or ideas of responsibility from the reflective powers. The beauty of his language would justify quotation, were I not afraid of offending the reader by supposing it necessary. Who has forgotten, "Tu parles de cesser de vivre, mais as-tu commencé?" &c.

The strong common sense of Dryden grasps the subject boldly, as boys are bidden to grasp a nettle.

"You are bent on suicide," says Dorax to Sebastian. "Be it so. 'Tis necessary for atonement. But it must be complete, including body and soul. Abandon openly all hope, renounce mercy, abjure loyalty, disown baptism. And prelude your death by some act of sheer baseness, to ensure hell."

"Horrible!" says Sebastian. "I cannot do it. I must forego my purpose and live on."

"Ah! ah!" exclaims his friend; "I felt sure of winning directly I could succeed in getting you to think for one moment."

Dryden relies on the healthy instincts of our ordinary nature. His syllogism stands thus—"That which cannot stand the test of reason must be absurd."

Suicide is killed by the slightest thinking; therefore suicide is absurd. And being destructive of what can be made useful, it must likewise be immoral.

This practical remedy, however creditable to its patentee, does not meet our present inquiry. Do the foundations of our belief rest exclusively on traditional theology; or, without its aid, whether the tone of thought described by Montesquieu, or that left on the soul by the study of Christianity, be the healthier and the wiser?

The soliloquy of Hamlet (cited *usque ad. &c.*) does, in reality, exhaust the subject. With an easy comprehensiveness, the philosopher borrows from Christianity a future state of retribution, based on moral duty. He assumes the congeniality of suicide to human nature, the magnitude of its temptations, the ease of execution—placing the question on the highest platform, not of safety, blame, or pain, but, “whether ’tis nobler.” &c. With a modest induction (that Bacon must have praised) he commits the answer to the ordeal of *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* Given, then, the miseries, the tempting oblivion, and the facility of execution, he asks “why is not suicide a daily occurrence?” From the forces that urge us to it, no age or rank is free. Oppression by the strong, insult by the haughty, in youth want of sympathy, in middle age want of justice, legal and political delays and perversions, patient industry spirit-broken by injustice and brutal ignorance, to say nothing of our many inherited infirmities, all these, and more, are, and have long been endured by—

“The wise in matter and in mind,
The soldier, sage, and priest,
King, prophet, hero, saint and bard,
The greatest soul and least”—

endured, despite temptations whose power we acknowledge, and a remedy ever at hand by the very simplest and easiest means. An endurance so universal of miseries so varied, unceasing in every age, calling, and temperament, proves that the suffrages have been taken among human nature at large, and the heart and reason of the human race have decided that the

risk is too great, that present ills must be borne, and that it is irrational to take action on an unproved negation. For reason and science, however reticent concerning the future, say not an iota against it they leave the mind to faith and hope. He who takes action on the assumption of a negative, takes up a burden nowise pertaining to him, shifting the state of the question. Before the taking of an irrevocable step, and making of an absolute present sacrifice, a wise man exacts some evidence, some security. Of this negation, what is there? None. The suffrages are universal and unanimous; they are given at the voter's own expense. Miseries common to every age and station, temptations present at every hour and place, choice, practical, and easy. Shakspeare draws the conclusion that our voluntary action must be at our own risk, and that in this case the risk is too great; the step being irrevocable, and no security perceptible of our gaining the one thing we seek, viz., peaceful oblivion, and escape from mental anguish. Such is Hamlet's reasoning.

An instinct so universal must be healthy. A decision on a question left open by reason, so variously buttressed by concurrent testimonies, must be sound, and present ills must be borne, be they what they may.

Without trespassing on theology, I think it impossible to go beyond this reasoning. The corollary that suicide is a crime, has temple and plinth elsewhere.

Perfect bodily health excludes suicide, by the magical charm with which it glorifies the mere sense

of existence. "Once begin to think," says Dryden, "and suicide cannot stand its ground." "Exercise," says Shakspeare, "the highest faculties of the mind," survey with calm courage *quod semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, you find suicide condemned without appeal, though temptation is acknowledged and miseries deplored." By one half of your fellows, says experience, you will be pronounced a lunatic or an idiot; by the other, either a coward, or the greatest of criminals. Can any fairer tests be devised? Why refuse thought when about to take action? Peace and oblivion in a painless *néant* may be worth the sacrifice of "this pleasing, anxious being;" count then your securities, ponder your evidences, and appreciate your probabilities that you will stand the slightest chance of ever obtaining either.

OLD AGE.

JOHNSON seemed to be of opinion that every special distinctive attributive of old age, as such, is a sheer evil. Feebleness and dependence, the loss of beauty, and of that elastic power which keeps us *au courant*, proneness to regard as unfailling standards of excellence, the stereotyped scenes of our youth, and, worse than all, impatience of solitude which gains on us all with every advancing year, present no attractions to the mind of a philosopher. Add to this the lurking suspicion in the aged breast, that even the respectful attentions and *provenances* of generous natures is too frequently the result of conscious superiority, and rather patronising than spontaneous. Vivid is the memory of bygone powers, both mental and physical, yet now any sudden shock or exigency reminds us too painfully of their departure. Unconscious we remain by a law of nature of the extent of our losses; yet intellect joins with pride to whisper our dangers of being ridiculous where we fain would please. We can no longer please or give pleasure as in former days; of esteem we are never sure; and esteem and pleasure together make up friendship. Gratitude, which Voltaire felicitously likened to a flower worked in upholstery, scentless even when permanent, is but sorry fare for an exacting spirit. Yet the aged have a restlessness peculiar to them, "too dull for wakefulness, too quick for slumber,"

and often are known to quit the tedium of solitude for society which they secretly despise.

This is, indeed, a serious list of drawbacks to the triumph of longevity. Yet life has already taught us that to confront known ills is an efficient form of prudence, while to flinch from is to magnify them. Let us premise that old age is neither a rest nor a retirement, but a business of itself to be learnt with docility; and fraught with perils, duties, and solaces, peculiar to itself. An old man must live in, and to, the present moment, no less than a young man. The absent, the speculative, the romantic, pay the usual penalties for neglect of the present moment, be they young or matured. The state of old age admits neither the joys of youth nor the keener worries of middle life; it has its own laws fixed by the same hand that gives unconscious charms to the helpless infant, and heroic grace to the impulsive boy.

The feebleness of old age arrests attention, from its contrast with youthful vigour. Let us then follow out this contrast. A young man is a man upon a man; he has a reserve of strength, which, unused, may rust into disease. See the athlete or runner slowly commencing and increasing gradually his exertions. Till he arrives at "his second wind" you are ignorant of his powers. It is this reserve or "second wind" that is developed to perfection by training. Now, an old man has no second man within him. The slightest hint of exhaustion he knows he must obey. Any sudden, unwonted call upon his strength prostrates him. He cannot afford the slightest

waste, and the habitual husbanding of forces is a lesson he must learn by strict application. I have seen an old man at Angelo's tire out two vigorous youths, besides vanquishing them by science, but then he knew how to husband his strength, also the value of abstinence during hard exercise, while they refreshed themselves with "Barclay and Perkins"—that traditional source of strength and endurance.(?) I have known an old man start on a hilly excursion with several young men, and prove himself, on returning, the freshest of the party, by enjoying, not only his dinner, but likewise all the gaieties of the drawing-room; but then the youngsters frequently loitered and smoked, jumped over every obstacle, and wasted their energies; the old one kept a lemon and a lozenge in his pocket drank not, and sooner than jump over a stream, walked down to where he could step over, gradually overtaking his party, and, on return, reposed for half an hour before dinner. Glass, if taken care of, will last as long as iron; and the old man's feebleness is less disheartening when he has mastered the laws of his present state of being. What a scene of character is that in Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," where the aged cardinal bids his chaplain to bring him the two-handed sword that he wielded at Rochelle! G. V. Brooke heaved up the sword above his head, then sank back over-weighted. Macready attempted to lift it, but dropped the heavy weapon ere he could raise it a foot from the ground, gave up the attempt, and bade the chaplain bring the pen. In our opinion, Macready was right. The failing loins would give the warning

long before the sword could be raised to the head. And the aged of all classes know this, and that they must obey the first hint. This error of Brooke's is not unfrequent on the stage. It is effective, I grant, but it is so at the expense of truth and nature. You never see an old man break down, or faint away in the middle of a feat. What he undertakes, he knows his ability to carry through. Lear "killed the slave that was hanging" Cordelia. He "has seen the day when he could have done more, but 'tis true, my lords, he did." An old man will stop short at the very outset, obeying some mysterious but peremptory monitor, as Macready does in Richelieu, but he never fairly embarks in what he suspects to be doubtful, fearing both ridicule and serious danger. When the old jockey in Boucicault's "Flying Scud" exclaims, "He shall win; I will ride him, though a stone too heavy," we feel sure of success. This is nature. When the same old hand attempts a hornpipe, but faints in the middle from miscalculation of strength, it is not nature—that is, if I be right. This knowledge of the *carte du pays* is the talisman of old age. When this is known as a settled law, the aged soon become acclimatised, and often contrive to enjoy life far more than the unreflecting votary of conventional pleasures. No self-respecting man will ever abandon the salutary disciplines of cleanliness, and the old need the toilet's aid far more than the young. The late Duke of Wellington fought life out at 80 with as much vigour as at Waterloo. To the last he was one of the neatest dressed men, and to the last he was his own valet.

Göethe had a finer physique, but Göethe never knew the harassing suspense and worries that tried old Arthur in Spain. Neither was a sot, yet Göethe enjoyed his bottle of Johannisberg to the last, and Wellington, though latterly temperate, had passed his youth in the most convivial set of a social nation in a drinking age. Both had urged their constitutions as far as nature could be prevailed on to permit, in laying flowers at the feet of Aphrodite. It may seem *bizarre* to see the old duke after the Waterloo banquet had closed, and all the veterans departed for their quiet rest, order the carriage "to go to Lady ——'s rout," and when I have seen his white head appear at the opera, where he mounted guard almost nightly, I have wondered what there could be to allure him in the favoured graces of Taglioni. It was impatience of solitude. At archery meetings, lawn-parties, morning concerts, no less than the opera, you always see a thick sprinkling of white and of grey heads. It may be partly the pride of display, "a wonder for his age"—partly vanity, partly a sense of duty to position, but the chief motive is, I think, that anything is better than solitude.

The aged have the power of being very agreeable with the one drawback of suspicion that their dotage (or anecdotage) may be, or seem to be, stealing over them. They are good fellow-travellers, for they care not enough for persons, or for things, to quarrel about them; and they seldom argue, content with good-humoured exposure of an opponent's absurdity. They make friends of children—and listeners, for, to these

their stories are new and exciting. And some girls, accustomed to connect grey hairs with exactions, with fretful domineering, or contemptuous neglect, receive with grateful surprise their endeavours to please. The last foe to be vanquished, and the most insidious, is the imperfect consciousness of waning intellect. The dignified form of the undying Archbishop and poor Gil Blas rises before me. The obstinacy of old age may be thus accounted for. Ideas and trains of thought complete definite for, say 20 years, remain in the mind. They have been continually polished, matured, modified, since their first conception, but they are not the less the thoughts of vigorous manhood. When dissent takes the form of an insinuation of "dotage," the old man feels himself wronged. "Argue fairly," he says, "it is 35, not 70, you are opposing." Johnson once eagerly seized on a "Rasselas;" he had not seen one for many years. He threw it away, after a page or two—"Sir, I thought it had been better." Is it not clear that his early composition had remained in his mind, was, in idea, constantly modified and improved and a sight of the printed, unchanged book disappointed him? Much of the conversation of old scholars is of this class, the venting of long-cherished opinions conceived in manhood, and, by manhood, postponed for revision. In conversation much is pardoned but the aged should never be without a wise suspicion, when they put pen to paper. Little is gained by docile consultations of others; for if I have judgment and keenness to make a wise selection of my counsellor, how should I lack it for my own enterprise?

And whom shall I trust? Warm and long continued friendship confers knowledge, but also too blind a partiality; a stranger may be impartial, but where is my guarantee of his loyalty; and before every ordinary friend, dependent or colleague, arises the fatal example of Gil Blas. No. That same warning voice that could make Richelieu drop the sword, is the only one that can be trusted to bid him drop the pen. It can be heard by the listening soul.

What a mournful sight is that of Swift reading his own "Tale of a Tub," and rising with tear-fraught eyes as the words escaped him: "What genius and power were then mine!" The proud and bitter spirit—how it chafed. Yet Sir Isaac Newton could coolly say to the inquiring *savant*, "Go to M. Demoivres; he understands everything arising from the *Principia*, better than, now, do I." And the Duke of Marlborough, at the last Privy Council he attended (by request), begged them not to be guided by, or even greatly to heed, any future letters he might write to them on political affairs! It would seem that intellect and brilliancy can wither and wane, that imagination's fire can be quenched, and even the keenness of astute sagacity be blunted. But modesty and good sense are abiding and imperishable; they can and will resist separation from the soul that has made them guides and companions humbly and loyally through life.

COMMON SENSE.

“COMMON sense, sir, is the most uncommon quality known,” was a smart remark lately made to the writer. Mr. Jingle, doubtless, thought that he had clinched a truth in a triumphant epigram. Yet he had, like many of his tribe, simply made words to do duty for ideas. Common sense was never thought to be lavishly diffused among men. It is not vulgar, or ordinary sense, but a perception and use of the *to koinosunon*—*i.e.*, of the wants, the qualities, and the powers that all men have in common, and that are recognised by the public at large. The *sensus communis* is opposed to local or specific information, to professional skill and lore, to exceptional idiosyncrasies, and to the *à priori* inductions of rare genius when quickened by imagination. It may also be distinguished from what is called good sense, or a keen and well-balancing judgment. Thus, a man in the street suddenly falls, apparently bereft of consciousness. Common sense says move him into a quiet room, give rest and tendance ; for to expect the discharge of his customary duties were absurd. Good sense says send forthwith for medical aid ; mere common sense will not suffice ; no power short of specific and professional skill can responsibly determine the presence or the absence of danger, and the necessary treatment beyond repose and watching. Common sense cannot detect

the presence of aneurism, or distinguish asthma from heart disease. Strongest when she avows her incompetency, she can never instruct us concerning the laws, customs, and religion of Japan, the ascent of the sap in trees and plants, or the classified phenomena of capillary attraction; she could never have guided us to the electric telegraph, to the polarity of the magnet, or to a knowledge of the precession of the equinoxes. And even now our common sense is powerless to balance the brilliant imaginative theories of Brewster and other astronomers against the deductive reasonings of the more sober and scrupulous dialecticians, who query the fact, while they analyse the proofs, that the planets of our system are inhabited by rational and responsible heirs of immortality. In each and all of these instances we exact trustworthy local information, careful inductions from many experiments extending over generations of philosophers, and close reasonings based on their garnered observations.

Especially for the last-mentioned theory, in which mere common sense, perceiving no *koinosunon*, can but cast the burden of proof on Brewster and his school, and say that no proof is as yet perceptible of the possibility of the existence, on any of these planets, of the one class of purely rational beings known to the inquirers. "What can we reason but from what we know?" is the crowning ultimate feat of common sense, the limit of her tether, and the boundary between her range and that of creative original genius.

In the apportioning of the jurisdiction of common sense, and of the mental departments from which this

faculty is distinguished, lies much of the art of living to oneself, and of ruling or influencing others. Common sense has a pretty wide range of power, but (like all other faculties) requires to be kept strictly within it. Life has problems she cannot solve, and tasks she is impotent to perform. She checks and audits metaphysical subtleties and transcendental mysticisms, when such come within her range, as the shepherd boy rejected the polished armour of the king. "Beautiful! but I have not proved it." But she can also confirm what she could never have created; can infer from responsible assertions—pledging reputation and long unchallenged either by the envy of rivals, or by the malignity of foes—that when contradiction was so easy confutation was impossible, and that such impossibility arose from latent elements of truth.

In positions of command, whether executive or judicial, the utility of common sense is ever apparent. A clear example presents itself in the life of Wellington. The river separated Assaye from the surrounding country, and was too deep and too turbid to ford. "Let us ride up and down," said Sir Arthur, "till we come to bridge or to ford. For how do they get their necessaries of life?"

I recall to memory a brief dispute with Kenealy, touching the verbal combination "majestic common sense," used by him in a document addressed to the Lord Chancellor, of which he was showing me the rough copy. I doubted the aptness of the word "majestic." He urged that common sense, when possessed by an ordinary individual, and employed by

him solely for self-preservation and security, might be, however valuable, less than noble. But that, when manifested in the words and deeds of one very high in official power and authority, it might merit the epithet "majestic," as being the foundation-stone of justice, and employed on a large scale for the good of others. I had the good sense to drop the point; for arguing with Kenealy resembles disputing with a Jesuit, or trying to convert a Jew. I abandoned the impossible, and now see, after some years, that my friend was right. No position is too high to derive any additional lustre from the presence and agency of strong common sense, brought to bear on the ever-varying combinations of the passions and motives by which the bulk of mankind are swayed.

Walter Scott gives many instances of the value of a quality conspicuous in himself personally. In the *Heart of Midlothian*, the Duke of Argyll reads attentively the papers presented to him by Jeanie Deans, containing the evidence, verdict, and sentence of her sister for child murder. The Duke, though no lawyer, had common sense. "Here," he said, "is a poor girl condemned for a crime which, for aught proved by the evidence, may never have been committed at all?" The union of common sense with poetic genius in Scott, is, perhaps, almost unexampled, and I can sympathise with Lord Meadowbank's canny remark, "The sense o' the callant is just mair wonderfu' than his poetry." That genius is helpless without it can scarcely be questioned, for the essential attribute of all genius is to riot, self-involved, in the opulence of

rare gifts and abnormal idiosyncrasies. But woe to the son of genius who lacks this aid, either from within or from without. Sam Weller is as necessary to Mr. Pickwick as was Sancho Panza to Don Quixote, or to Paul of Tarsus (the mobile and the irritable) was his indispensable companion, the "beloved physician," Luke. Of Voltaire it was neatly remarked by a rival that "of that sense of which every man has some he has the aggregate amount of very many." The compatibility of strong common sense with wit is proved by the examples of Voltaire and Sydney Smith; indeed, these two qualities seem naturally to blend and harmonise far more frequently and easily than either are found to accompany imagination or excessive sensibility.

A man can glide through life without a particle of originality, without any sense of the ludicrous, without a scintilla of wit or humour; he may be destitute of any sense of either music, poetry, or art—may even be unblest by science or literature, yet may live happy, and social, and unconscious of his wants, carry his secret to his grave. But the lack of common sense is quickly seen (especially by the young of both sexes), and becomes daily and hourly more apparent. Who forgets the *gaucheries* of Goldsmith, of Gay, of Parr, or of Leyden, and others? Yet how few of us do justice to their genius, learning, bravery? Common sense is like sleep. It has no substitute in nature or in art, and he who tries to live without either is in peril of drifting rapidly into madness. Common sense is an antidote to egotism, for it whispers, "What are thy

sorrows and surmises to thy neighbour?" It incites us to think of others, to accept life and nature as they are, and to aim at possible good, passing by the unattainable. It teaches us the limits of our own powers, and on matters clearly *ultra vires*, neither to contradict nor assert, but, shunning controversy, to look out for points of agreement, for the *koinosunon*.

I knew, in early life, a man of wondrous mental powers, of unquestionable genius, of a sort of phrenetic sleepless energy, and a fine organisation approaching as closely to insanity as is possible for one not yet mad. In a letter he adverts to "that foetid and ulcerating compound of cowardice, cupidity, craft, and callousness, called common sense" (adding in a postscript: "Pardon me for quoting from my own unpublished maxims"). Now, had this man possessed but a fair share of the "compound" he contemned, he would have died rich and honoured, instead of leaving England despairing and "living in a tomb," which was the last news that reached his friends.

Scarlett was magical in his addresses to the jury. A handsome person (till corpulence overran him), a genial convivial face of which the predominant expression was complacency, and the habit of command gave dignity to elegance of costume, and fully requited all that was conferred by the silk gown. His addresses to the jury were always *par nec supra*. He placed himself comfortably on their level, and *en rapport*. His standard was their standard; his honor their honor; his gods their gods. No oratory, no flowers of rhetoric, no bursts of passion, no tenderness of emotion. But

smoothly, oleaginously, he dropped into their ears his cosy, snug, flattering, and chatty common sense; fame waved her banner, and gold poured in. On the bench as Lord Abinger, the balloon collapsed. More than he possessed, valuable as it was, is required in a judge. Abinger's mind and attainments ranked scarcely above polished mediocrity; at the bar he had been buoyed up by an easy, assured manner, a goodly presence, and a perennial spring of common sense, and had he died then would have been thought great. But the bench is even as a white furnace, trying to all who lack the higher qualities of the mind.

Talfourd sustained during many years the reputation of an eloquent advocate. When he ascended the bench all prophesied failure, for Scarlett's example had given birth to the dogma that it is hopeless to expect a first-rate advocate to mellow into a good judge. All were disappointed. The new judge proved that his old master (Chitty) was not wrong when he ascribed to him, "great talent joined with as great industry." His law was ever ready and sound. The one complaint made by jurymen was that his charges were "impartial to a fault." The great qualities were there. And common sense in youth had preserved the purity of the imaginative student amid the temptations of the literary society he loved; also, in manhood, the honor of the independent politician who dared to vote against his own party in the cause of truth, justice and humanity. He died on the bench while delivering the usual charge to the grand jury, in which he urged them

to behave to their fellow-men with enlarged and judicious charity.

“ On his lips the holy lesson
 All his life had taught : he cried—
 ‘ Help the humble, help the needy ;
 Help in love.’ So Talfourd died.”

—TOM TAYLOR.

Charles Wilkins commanded a large income at the bar, without any pretension to being either a lawyer, a scholar, or a fine gentleman. A noble voice, well trained owing to an early passion for the stage, from which he was driven by the unæsthetical rotundity of his figure, enabled him to rivet the attention of the jury. In one power he was unapproached—viz., a thorough knowledge of the class of men he usually addressed. He knew how the middle class think, and feel, and judge. The voice was his, but the jury thought with him. He did not drive, guide, or lure his team—no, he accompanied them as one of themselves. One day he had the pluck (or the rashness, if you will) to attack and denounce *The Times*. Retribution that seemed dreadful seemed also easy. Few impassioned orators can stand the test of the printing of their speeches *verbatim et literatim*. And even when they can, the speech, bereft of the voice and fervour of the orator, or denied the condensing tact of the skilled reporter, is but as decanted soda-water. From that moment the speeches of Wilkins were printed as delivered with malevolent exactness, no doubt from a calculation on the disappointment of all hearers at the sight of that skeleton which yesterday had been clothed, rounded and set off with hues of beauty and outlines of

grace. But Wilkins had common sense and English grammar. He came forth quite unscathed from the ordeal. The printed speeches in defence of Manning and some other Chartists had both sense and grammar and I well remember his placing before me the malevolent report of them. "These Balaams," said he, "serve me better than they mean or suppose. I am not ashamed of that speech." Common sense may yield to other allies in brilliancy, but no one of them is so faithful, so sturdy, so loyal a henchman. And when this familiar is at our elbow, sympathy with others will gently glide in; we shall "acquire and beget a temperance and a smoothness even in the torrent" of our zeal, and thus neither genius nor mental opulence can ever become (what alas! both are too often found to be) engines of colloquial torture and oppression to listeners, dependents, and friends. Wherefore, now, let the writer obey the gentle whispers of that spirit whose might he has evoked and magnified—that spirit of common sense, to whom he owes the appreciation of the crowning grace of all composition, the *ars artium* of all speaking and writing. Anyone can begin; very many can illustrate and develope. But it is the inspiration of common sense, given freely and largely to docile genius and chastened vanity, that alone can enable a writer and speaker to seize the ripe and golden moment for leaving off.

NONSENSE.

“Illud certe constat, citra stultitiæ condimentum, nullum omnino suave esse.”—ERASMI, Mor. Enc.

THEY who view with lofty scorn that inveterate proclivity to occasional bathing in nonsense without which so many men of genius could not exist, were well, though gently, rebuked by the apt query, *Who taught the kitten to play with her tail?* Many, indeed, and droll are the traditionary legends of the “high jinks” that follow and enliven circuit bar messes in Great Britain and Ireland. Alderson, the son of a pious country parson, and the cousin of Amelia Opie, the Quakeress, a first-rate scholar and mathematician, had, indeed, a vein of pleasantry and intellectual wit that seemed, in after life, to mellow as age advanced, but his habitual refinement was not in harmony with broad humour, and from mere fun or practical waggery he always resiled. Once, indeed, he was most curiously pickled. He rose in court as counsel for the plaintiff in an undefended case, which he deemed to be self-evident. After his examination of the first and chief witness a voice was heard, clear in its well-measured modulations. “Silence in court! Sit down, sir. Who are you?” fell, of course from usher, &c. “My Lord,” was the reply, “I—am—the—hap-less de-fend-ant. Justice, my lord, birthright of e’en the humblest——” “I beg your pardon, sir,” said the courteous judge (Graham), “you

are privileged to put any questions you please to the witness—subject, of course, to the reply of that gentleman (Alderson) on the same form. Then you may address the jury. All reasonable aid you may expect from me.” And he really *did* cross-examine right pertinently. Then, unclasping the collar of his long cloak, he rose, and the eyes of all were rivetted on the leading tragedian of the local theatre. Recalling his *pose* in Othello before the senate, he raised his arm and began (*hujusmodi*)—

“Most worthy, just, and righteous jurymen! my very noble and approved good judges! Not mine the skill to make the wrong seem right; not mine the tricky quilllets of the law. Yet, by your patience, I will now de-li-ver the simple truth—a round unvarnished tale. Justice, my lord, sweet friends I stand for justice. She is immortal, though all nature burn. She will soar up above the crackling pyre with not a downy pinion ruffled,” &c.

After a splendid peroration he sat down. “Ask you, good gentles, why this withering sarcasm? Ask you why thus I brand the worthless cad? ’Tis but the honest scorn that suits the mean, the generous impulse of a Briton’s heart.”

The judge summed up favorably. The verdict was given “for the defendant,” who seemed overwhelmed with surprise on learning that he had “costs” to receive—of which same little word his notions were rather hazy.

After dinner that day no mention was made of Alderson’s defeat, but the silence was ominous. The

waiter enters. "Please, sir, large parcel, directed to Mr. E. H. Alderson," A junior counsel rises. "Mr. Senior, I move that it be opened in our presence forthwith." Seconded, put, carried *nem. con.* The parcel contained (1) a grandiose letter to Alderson, begging his acceptance of a present, in order that posterity might rank him and his conqueror of the morning with Ajax and Hector, of whom the poet says—

"Not hate, but glory made these chiefs contend,
And each to each was, in his heart, a friend."

(2) The present consisted of a sombrero Spanish hat, black-and-crimson plumed ; a crimson cloak and tunic slashed with black ; black trunk hose, slashed with crimson, russet boots, gauntlets, broad belt, long sword, in short, with all a hero needs for mediæval drama.

"Mr. Senior, I move that Mr. Alderson do don this dress, mount on the table, and recite!" Carried with acclamation.

Alderson turned several colours as the laughing juniors arrayed him, adjusting the sword, the belt, and boots, &c, and a most *prononcé* wig, with long black, flowing, cork-screw curls. But he winced a little when the rouge pot was produced, and the burnt cork applied to the eyebrow and the upper lip. He mounted the table—on which a space had been cleared—and stood for some minutes in wounded pride and palsied silence amid rounds of ironical plaudits. At length his good genius and presence of mind came to his aid. "'Tis," thought he, "'tis *nonsense*, grand, sublime, unmixed, that alone can extricate me." Starting into

an attitude wildly picturesque, he raised both arms and thus began :—

“Oh, that my limbs would bleat like buttered peas
Engendering windmills on the Irish seas,
I'd r-run full tilt against the imperative mood,
And father padlocks in Tartaric b-blood.”

The plaudits were now genuine and real. The tables were turned. The deep lawyer and scholar appeared in a new light. Smiting his forehead, and traversing moodily the table (during which he upset several decanters. &c.), the hero of the hour changed his voice, deepening its tones to low, sepulchral musing—

“Oft have I seen a hieroglyphic bat
Spring o'er the zenith in a slipshod hat ;
While, to suck infants bl-ood, with hor-r-rid strides
The damned potato on the whir-r-r-rlwind rides.”

The day was Alderson's. He used to say jocosely that his practice steadily increased from that evening, onward, until he graced the bench.

I resume my pen with hesitation, having received a withering rebuke from my Scottish pal, M'Boozie, who has just left me. I showed him the above. Having begged the loan of my MS., he perused the whole very seriously during two hours, then gave his opinion. “I hop, sirr, ye didna write siccan havers yoursel' ? It's just perfeck nonsense. It maun hae been writ by born eediot. Sir, hoo *can* a potato form a purpose to suck bluid ? An' wha e'er heard o' peeze engenderin' o' windmills ? After a varra carefu' analysis, I own I canna mak' ony sense o' the lines.” (Pause.) “Ye smile, Aiblins ye thenk, wi' some fuils, that I canna discern a joke. I had a crack the morn wi'a gowk, wha

tauld me that a Scot couldna see a joke, even though fired at hem oot o' a cannon. But I gave the creature his answer. 'Will ye kindly instruct me, sirr,' said I, 'hoo *can* a joke be fired oot fra a cannon or ither piece o' artillery—just tell me that?' I jalouse the puir feckless body will think twice afore he pokes fun at me again. Meanwhile my guid frien' pit a' ahint the fire—it's just nonsense."

If I disobey my much esteemed friend, it is because I think him right. It is what he says. But it succeeded in doing what the finest sense could not do—it made Alderson the master of the situation, and of the juniors.

Nonsense demands that most difficult task—classification. There is, first, the nonsense unconscious—meant, in sincere innocence and genuine conceit, for sense; *e. g.*, In the early part of the present century Paris had no flagged pavements (*trottoirs*) for pedestrians. An English visitor heard with horror and dismay the recurring "*Gare, gare!*" of the ruthless *cochers*. He asked a Parisian friend, "Why no *trottoirs*, the appendage being so ornamental as well as useful to streets?" "Possible, m'sieu," replied the Frenchman, with a shrug; "mais, j'aime, moi, la totalité de la rue." Now, can the wit of man find in this ready repartee the faintest haze of meaning?

Can that be called "nonsense proper" which, meant for sense, and perfectly grammatical, reveals, with *naïve* unconsciousness, that which prudence would keep concealed? Of this class was a reply once made to the writer by a very clever young Parisian during

the trial of the celebrated poisoner, Marie Cappelle (Laffarge).

“Do you think her,” asked I, “guilty?”

“Oui, m’sieu, oui,” was the reply, “certainment oui ; mais, avec des circonstances atténuantes.”

“And these circumstances, what are they ? Will monsieur guide me to them ?”

“M’sieu, c’est que c’étoit le mari. Elle n’a pas empoisonné son Amant, mais, seulement, son mari. Voila une distinction.”

Now this gentleman was wholly unconscious of the effect produced upon me by such grim, fantastic licentiousness. It is from grave and complacent characters, bereft of this sense of the ludicrous, that we sometimes hear nonsense of this class. Such persons had all along grave doubts respecting the travels of Gulliver, and think that there must be some colouring, perhaps exaggeration, in those of Munchausen, and in Lawson’s sketch of New Guinea. I knew a lady, of no small worth of breeding, who, when London *Punch* and *Boz* first appeared in their freshness, asked me earnestly to explain to her *what* the gentlemen *could* find in the pure silliness and nonsense of both to laugh at? I told her that in every page of the first there lurks beneath the motley the scholar and the philosopher, while in *Copperfield* is crystallised the very ozone of Christianity. After this avowal I sank very low in her esteem. These are the people who believe Shakspeare’s fools to be persons sheerly devoid of any intellectual perception, and Hamlet to be a lunatic in the ordinary sense. They regard every poet as a writer merely

ornamental, and are angry, not only with the preacher who quotes Tennyson from his pulpit to his congregation, but with the barrister who cites Shakspeare to a jury as an expert witness of human waywardness and passion. In Fielding they can see literally *nothing* save immorality, and in Swift's *Tale of a Tub* pure nonsense. The mention of this wondrous masterpiece brings me to the class of *conscious* nonsense, in which the incongruities are deliberate, each of them being the depositary, the vehicle, or the menstruum of humourously trenchant satire. Lord Peter's giving to his brothers a crust of dry bread, and bidding them "to drink it off, and not be bashful," adding "that *if* they even *doubted* that it was most excellent claret they were inevitably consigned to eternal perdition," is, in *words*, superb nonsense, but the quick-witted school-boy has long before perceived and enjoyed the satire underlying both this and every similar passage throughout the book.

"Then he set to work telling enormous lies—one, that he had an old sign-post of his fathers, from which he had sold timber enough to build a thousand fleets," &c., elicits from many the rebuke, "How can you read such childish fables?" the nonsense being the vehicle of stern and withering *satire*. Thackeray is never more himself than when disporting in nonsense of this kind, which should rather be termed a "nonsense trap;" for the dull comments and criticisms of the deficient minds that abuse it are the real nonsense and the true.

When you take up a criticism on art, or even on nature,

from the gushing pen of a *dilettante*, be sure that the spirit of nonsense is hovering in the air, *e.g.*, "The setting sun threw over the massive ruins a glow of transparency." What is the meaning of the last four words? A thing transparent when it permits another object to be seen on the further side of it. The "glow" on the cheek of youth arrests the eye by the vivid richness of its *colour*. Now what is a glow of transparency" but unmixed nonsense? Eastlake writes of "water dark with excessive purity"—an eulogy which the fastidious critic pauses ere accepting. I fear my defence will be rejected. Water, when not pure presents in the sunlight a brownish or a yellowish tint, but, when quite clear, a steely blue, and this more especially if the sky be cloudless. But if both clear itself and shaded, wholly or partially, by overarching, trees of rich, deep, and sombre foliage, it reflects in some degree their hues, yet without losing its own beauty. This it does all the better from its purity.

Here, reader, is all the extenuation, after extenuation. I can plead for Eastlake's nonsense—with my own. If it fail I must surrender him to the merciful consideration of the court, on account of his previous good character.

Macklin pretended to teach a system of rapid memory from the ear and associations. Foote contended that to remember without sequences was impossible, and gave the following test, to be repeated after once hearing;—"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage plant to make an apple pie. But the bear looked in at the window. 'What! no soap?' And then all the

powder flew out at his heels. But she, notwithstanding, married the barber!" No one could repeat this.

About 30 years ago, young barristers, especially University Men, took a whimsical delight in writing down the clumsy compositions of their successful though illiterate brethren. Two of these were wont to compare notes, and thus check each other, so that the following can be trustfully accepted:—Chaffinbrass, more vigorous than elegant, prosecuted a Frenchwoman in the Central Criminal Court. Witnesses called for the defence gave a totally different version of the whole affair—gave, also, to Chaffinbrass a right to reply. He skilfully analysed every witness one by one in his second speech to the jury, concluding thus:—"Next comes Madame Routelli, Madame Routen's guardian angel, impregnated with the memory of a fact that never occurred—a fact that, even when it *did* occur, was of no earthly use or benefit to any human being but that is *now* resuscitated for the first time for the express purpose of demonstrating the innocence of the prisoner at the bar."

This precious rigmarole so clung to the naturally good memory of a friend—one of the two barristers that heard it—that, after an absence of seven years, he recalled old times and scenes by repeating it *verbatim*. Yet is the sequence of ideas in it more apparent to an average intellect than it is in the humourous *galimatias* of Foote?

In poetry the road to nonsense is to quit the track of nature, and strive to do better than reality. Gifford did service to the public in his *Baviad and Mœviad*, by

smoking out the nest of perverters of taste. Byron followed in the *English Bards*, ever looking on Gifford as a literary father. The Della Cruscan school was mimicked in the *Rejected Addresses* but, the parody, like that of Dickens's on Bompas in *Pickwick*, proved to be the lesser absurdity. What can deepen or caricature the following smooth lines?—

“Gently o'er the rising billows
Proudly rise, sweet bird of night ;
Rustling through the bending willows
Fluttering seagulls mark thy flight.

“Whither now in silence bending ?
Ruthless winds deny thee rest,
Chilling night dews fast descending,
Glisten on thy downy breast.

“Seeking some kind hand to guide thee,
Wistful turns thine eager eye,
Trembling as the willows hide thee
Sheltered from the inclement sky.”

“On looking further onward,” says Gifford, “I find the ‘owl’ to have become a ‘nightingale.’ *N’importe.*”

James Smith and his brother Horace put some good nonsense into Byron's muse in their exquisite *Rejected Addresses*. It was too good not to please Byron.

“For nought is everything, and everything is nought.”

“There's a poser,” was Byron's manly remark ; “better than my best line.”

If Polonius be right, that “to discourse well on madness, what is it but to *be* mad ?” what will Dr Solomon Bigwig say, by way of analogy, of him who writes copiously on nonsense ? Let me propitiate him with one small redeeming grain of sense. The writer now wins a wager—that is provided he succeed where a very clever friend confesses that *he* has tried and failed.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

“ Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro ?
Eupolin Archilocho, comites educere tantos ?
Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ ?
Contemnere miser ! Vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia. Aut quidquid vitâ meliore parâsti,
Ponendum æquo animo.”—HOR., Sat. III.

AMID all our rich and varied accretions of scientific discovery and its adaptations, all our worship of physical well-being and social utility, and all our disposition to audit and to criticise mediæval traditions and time-honored sentiments, there never was a period at which the literature of Greece and Rome was more ardently cultivated or more genially appreciated than the present. The example of Germany, attractive in its life-like spirit and generous emulations, has trebled in England the number and the value of the appreciators of Bently and Porson, of Gainsford and Elmsley, and every review or magazine that arrives from England brings the unearthing and the popularisation of some classic long deemed to be the exclusive property of the cloister, the enkindling of many subsidiary and collateral lights, or the unveiling of many lurking beauties in our old familiar friends of youth. Greek and Roman literature will never die. It needs no cockering, no forcing. A vulgar error pervades some few very weak minds, that it has been kept alive by the English universities. No! Greece

and Rome have done more for Oxford and Cambridge than they have ever received from either; and our serials would still be enriched with critical papers on their lyrical, dramatic, and historical treasures, even were an earthquake to-day to engulf both Oxford and Cambridge, and not a trace, or even a vestige to remain of either.

The shrewd son of commerce, wealthy by watching the market, and gathering and refining sugar (in more senses than one), perceives this temper of the times in every monthly packet of home news. True to his instincts of trade and the hour, he interpolates trite schoolboyisms between sugar-refining and swamp-draining, proclaims that he can call up a hexameter as well as lay his hand on £5,000, and pray-in-aid both Horace and Suetonius, in treating of the duties on imports and the duties of legislators.

Among the popularisers of classical literature, a high place among the high must be accorded to the late John Conington. Of his translations, some are so exquisite (witness his "Persius"), as to place the mere English reader as much on a par with the trained Latinist as is possible to the faculties of man; while most are so apposite as rather to stimulate than to supersede the use of the lexicon—that awful bogie, that bugbear of lazy, puerile impatience. The youth, even the girl, charmed and interested by Conington's stirring octosyllabicals (so dear to the lovers of Scott), would fain gratify vanity and self-love by auditing and checking them with an appeal to the original text. Soon he finds that the classic is superior to the lexicon.

as the soul to the body, and that no word or phrase can ever be aptly translated unless its history, spirit, and surroundings be well-known. Were it for no other benefit than the modesty they inspire, classical studies would still be prized. They guide you to trace in the structure of a word the history and progress of the facts, thoughts, and qualities it represents. I hail with joy every fresh translation of merit, not as the vehicle that reconciles impatience with sloth, but as the breeze that brings to the hardy and buoyant pedestrian the smell of the forest he is resolved to master and to enjoy. Into the hands of every boy I would put a spirited and attractive translation of the classic he is about to read. Say Munro's "Lucretius," accompanied by Tennyson's poem. A lad who loves the Laureate will not forget the delicate and curious industry of the many indirect allusions, and implied quotations, that so gracefully are scattered over his poem of "Lucretius." "We do ill," says Milton, "to waste so much time over that which might in less time be easily done." For well Milton knew the claims of science, theoretic and practical, the value of health, and of prompt decision in common life, the ready tact and concentration that makes the man of business, and the proficiency in manly exercises. I would reform the entire present system of education. We mew up boys too much. They learn more, and more pleasantly, from the oral lecture or spirited recitation than from the fixed monotony of the printed page, which they will often seek spontaneously after their interest has been awakened, their self-love quickened, and

their ambition roused. Too many boys have been "taught" nothing but Greek and Latin, and, alas, they know little, if anything, of either.

The effects of classical study are chiefly on the structure of the mind itself. A healthful modesty is the first lesson. How flippant is often the conceit of the narrow-minded, who rejects with a contemptuous epithet whatever jars with his preconceived notions. But the classical student suddenly embarrassed calls the passage that puzzles him "a difficulty," and seeks explanation, now from Cornutus, now from Orbilius, having faith that a meaning lies somewhere—that all is but skill unknown to him. Thus, while *jejune* pertness of carping is suspended, the foundations are laid of true taste, and the grown man is critical because he knows the excellence he has proved.

The rest is the culture of the imagination, of the generalising faculty that looks round a word and grasps all its mixed modes. I had read Pope's "Homer," and sorrowed over Andromache's farewell to her "too-daring" prince. But a matter-of-fact class fellow, in construing, made her to address him as "You devil." To laugh was easy, to correct less so. How many collateral ideas must be grouped by the teacher before the boy can do justice even to Pope? Thus "Daimon" is a man's luck, his ruling passion, his good angel, "daimonios"—is one under the influence of a fixed idea that makes him disregard common prudence on every side. So a warrior, seeing but his country and his honour, and, forgetting minor claims, might be addressed, "Daimonie," or "thou precipitate, rash.

fanatic?" The boy-student learns the uses of a disciplined imagination, and the necessary predominance of the spirit over the letter. To translate well is to know the history of each and every word, and the vivid condensations of every graphic sentence. No real scholar repents his labours past; but many a victim to bad systems mourns his time miss-spent, as well as money, when he finds his self-taught competitor for life's blessings and honours far richer than himself in useful information, and even in ornamental socialities.

I read with pleasure the words of Mr. Casey (himself no mean scholar), that the present Education Act is to be taken as an "instalment," that the establishment of "high schools" is contemplated, and that the subject of education is unconnected with finality. Under a new and more practical system, I am persuaded that there is room, during the hours of schooling, for the humanising influences of classical literature, co-ordinately infused with the experiments of science and the useful trainings of chemistry and *hygiène*. It is dreary to witness the ignorance daily shown of the common laws that regulate life, cleanliness, and respiration. Yet, be it remembered, these ignorants are equally innocent of classical literature as of natural science.

How few people seem to know that hot impure air ascends, therefore, windows should be pulled down, yet whenever I give this information to servants, court-keepers, &c., their looks indicate a doubt of my sanity. How many take the warm bath after a full meal, and

stand still on a racecourse beneath the hot January sun, drinking raw adulterated brandy on an empty stomach, and with excited nerves. Yet even in these follies we are less foolish than our ancestors, and there is no connection whatever between them and the *litteræ humaniores*. I hope to see the high schools of Victoria, if not exactly equal to that which Lee made at Birmingham, and Arnold at Rugby, or Kennedy at Shrewsbury, yet in their practical adaptations a blessing to the colony and an honour to those who will found them; established, as they doubtless will be, on a new principle, on a system that husbands time, awakens interest, quickens the sense of being, and in the rearing of good citizens, not of cloistered pedants, makes the child the father of the man. The salutary discipline of Lee made real scholars; but the wise humanity of Arnold drew forth in every boy the lurking angel, and leaves, while I write, the impress of grateful affection, and of the ideal blended with the real in the breast of the strong middle-aged lawyer, surrounded by the watchful critics he continues to brave. I mean Mr. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown." These men were great despite the poverty of old systems, and their traditions and memories would effect wonders under a reformed plan of education.

As Mrs. Somerville delighted every acquaintance by her refinement, and proved by her elegance and ease that her vast mathematical acquirements had not marred or diminished the gentler train of feminine graces and accomplishments, so may the future Vic-

torian high schools turn out scholars who can translate and scan Pindar, build a tubular bridge, shoe a horse, hunt up cattle, and survey a district. The day is long enough to the earnest, who waste not their odd half-hours, and regulate life by the watch, ever punctual and ready.

And what but crass ignorance and savage superstition can delay the abolition of the vile and barbarous practice of inhumation of dead bodies—especially after the clear and beautiful essay of Sir Henry Thompson? Surely the child is born that will see it! The necessity of introducing into elementary education a knowledge of the laws of our being is most urgent, and none will recognise it more cheerfully than the scholar, who knows the superiority of Roman London to that of Queen Victoria, and the beauty and refinement of the buried Roman cities, over which the Hampshire or Yorkshire ploughboy whistles as he turns up the loamy soil. How superior to us in all the practical arts of life were the Greeks and Romans—let tell not the poem, but the statue and the bath. Hand in hand go scholarship and science. The scholar can indeed tell you of historians that transcend Macaulay and Froude—nay, of poets and orators beyond Tennyson and Disraeli; of satirists finer than Pope or Byron—but he can also gratify the matter-of-fact people by telling of baths and exercises, how to dress, to feed, and to live. Be it our study to condense, to apportion, to adorn the blessings of teaching, to fear “Desidia,” but to render industry lovely. Let all be cultivated with minuteness that savours of utility, and let not

that be neglected which raises the standard of beauty in the human soul.

It were vain to deny that the memory of a costly education is far from exhilarating, when no effects are perceived either in the manner or the conduct of life. Byron mourned that school had robbed him of Horace by its disheartening weariness of drill. And many scholars conceal their knowledge from fear of envy or of ridicule, thus justifying the busybody of the satirist, quoted in the motto, "To what end have you heaped on Plato, the poet and the dramatist, &c., when you have nothing to show for it. This slothful dawdling is unmanly; shun it, or be content to resign all that you have studied, tending to enoble life."

Under a more natural and attractive method of study, the spirit and discipline of classical literature can be cultivated without prejudice to science, to useful arts, to health, and to physical developments; nay, the rudiments of a trade or profession can concurrently be mastered before 18. The picture, the Greek or Roman play, the recitation, the oral lecture, the preliminary elegant free translation will awaken enthusiasm. Thus art is taught, and science. The day is long enough to the noble; the year too short to the unawakened.

RIVALRY.

Thou art folded, thou art lying
In the Light which is undying
Of thine own joy, and Heaven's

Light Divine.

All constellations shower
On Thee, Light, Life, and Power,
Which doth enrich thy sphere.

Thou pourest thine

On mine.

—SHELLEY : Prom. V.

I have long thought that if life really offers to us such a thing as a mental pleasure, it is when the praises of one man of genius by another are heard by a *third*, who esteems and admires both. But this pleasure is rare. The sons of genius are solitary as the stars above us, and ignorant of their compeers, as we of them all. Collins and Akenside died without appreciation of each other's merits. Shenstone knew not Gray, and Gray speaks slightly of the affections of the Lord of the Leasowes. Burns did justice to the taste of Cowper, but it is no great wonder if the wayward and robust spirit that had *buckjumpt* off him the hereditary trappings of kirk and "cutty-stool," should pity with some slight touch of scorn the amateur Calvinism of Olney. Yet I wish Byron had not written that "Cowper was no poet." Hugh Miller said not this. I commend to the reader a most delightful account by the Scottish geologist, of his excursion to

Olney. He starts from Cowper's house, with "The Task" in his hand, brings to bear his geological training, and line by line, paragraph by paragraph, follows on by Sir T. Hesketh's wall, onwards to the heath where Cowper saw the gipsies, watches and follows his "lengthening shadow" as he turns to make the circuit home, and with a charming induction alternately opening the volume, and surveying the objects and scenery as they presented themselves, tracks out and retraces Cowper's very footsteps in the justly-admired "Winter's Walk." Few papers of the kind have given to me more delight. Intellect and sensibility are so happily blended that the first is never pedantic, and the latter never fulsome. I am not surprised at Byron's feeling aggrieved, and even indirectly rebuked, by the healthy holiness of Wordsworth's solitary communings with the mountains, so different from the morbid egotisms of his own; nor that he should prize and emulate the *limæ labor* so conspicuous in the polished, trenchant satires of Pope; nor that he should join with Scott in doing justice to the tasteful vigour and fervid elegance of Campbell. I joy to find Wordsworth pointing out that "Shelley is the greatest 'artist' of us all;" and such he is. His language seems, as it were, to double back upon the idea, and to tinge it with a fresh hue while bathing it in lustre unexpected. The following lines will illustrate this:—

"Would that I loved thee not, or, loving thee,
Could but despise danger, and gold, and all
That frowns between my wish and its effect,
Or smiles beyond it! There is no escape.
Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar,

And follows me into the resort of men,
 And fills my slumbers with tumultuous dreams,
 So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire,
 And if I strike my damp and dizzy head
 My hot palm scorches it. Her very name
 But spoken by a stranger makes my heart
 Sicken and pant. And thus unprofitably
 I clasp the phantom of unfelt delight,
 Till weak imagination half possesses
 The self-created shadow."

Yet we feel wronged when Jeffery can see nothing in Wordsworth, and when Christopher North tries to stamp out Alfred Tennyson. And surely the "noteless blot" on the remembered name of Keats cannot but have fallen from the pen of one insensible to the fine spirit of Greek poetry, for a more Grecian soul than that of Keats never animated the genius of the anthologists, or the emulators of Pindar. I smile at the hasty petulance of Lord Lytton in "The New Timon," when he so wantonly attacked his more than RIVAL in *poetry*; but it fades before the mud-pelting personalities of Thackeray against "Bullwig," which the *Quarterly* pronounced to be "almost brutal." Walter Savage Landor sneered at Byron, but "Childe Harold" can afford to suffer with Plato, against whom the "deep-mouthed Bœotian" had conceived a ridiculous dislike. The haughty, eccentric solitary, however, could *love* as well as hate, and right beautiful is his affectionate friendship for Southey—the *man*, the friend, the philanthropist. "I found him (Landor) amid a cloud of pictures," writes Emerson, the American essayist. "He pestered me with Southey; but who *is* Southey?"

Genius of impertinence, can thy force go much further? Surely no, not even when employing, swaying, and directing thy familiar dæmon, vulgarity. Could not this man learn from the examples of Cicero, of Warren Hastings, of John Bunyan, of Lord Lytton, yea, even of Savage Landor himself, that a man may be but a mediocre poet, yet intellectually great in many other respects, or, even without great intellect, may be morally revered and socially beloved for the nobility of his personal character. Methinks Emerson should have asked his pert question of Coleridge, who received his American visitor with such quaint, amusing coolness at Highgate, in the house which Southey helped him to keep. Alas for the *genus irritabile*, oftener directed against rivals than against mere pretenders. Churchill well says—

“The rigid saint, by whom no mercy’s shown
To saints whose worth is greater than his own,
Will spare thy crimes. And wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, can forgive a dunce.”

Thackeray’s keen perception of any form of mannerism or trick made him a rare mimic. I once suggested to him the idea of a series of papers mimicking the style of all the writers of fiction in succession, beginning with Bulwer, of whose style I gave an off-hand burlesque. He caught at the idea, and a few days afterwards put into *Punch* “George de Barnewalle,” beginning, “It was high noon in Chepe.” Lever, Disraeli, and others followed in succession. The twentieth was reached. One day “Titmarsh” received a note from “Boz,” to the effect that he supposed his

own turn would come, but warning his rival that the mimicry of the style would be the death-song of their friendship. Thackeray yielded with a sigh. I cannot conceive a healthy mind *not* reading with gusto a *good* burlesque on his style (I am sure *I* did, some six months ago)—always provided that he clearly discerns it. But how very rarely do we find a man who *does* see it. How right was my friend who said that the pearl of great price is, “How do you behave to each other?”

The anonymity of journalism presents itself to various minds under varying aspects. On the one hand it is urged that the eloignment of both prejudice and authority—of which the first is too often purely personal and capricious, the second accidental and ill-placed—leaves the reader open to the impressions of argument and fact, and dependent on the sustained exercise of his own judgment, and knowledge of sound logical reasoning when lucidly placed before him. Authority, I admit, saves time, even as doth a school-boy’s “crib.” “Oh, this is by Sophron. Ah! he can write nothing bad. At what result does *he* arrive? Hah! just so.” Thus the pith and marrow of the article is undigested. Or, “Eh! by Ishmael. Bah! what can *he* write? To other things let me turn,” &c. But *the* leading article throws you on yourself. Vain are your efforts to *guess* the writer. On the other hand the signature of the writer fixes down the responsibility it limits, and impledges him to future consistency. But do we care so much for individual responsibility in these modern days when duelling is abolished?

And what is gained by the future exposure of the fact that the writer of 10 years back has gained fresh ideas? So much, however, is really and practically known in our very Little Pedlington that I think the signatures would not add largely to the present stock of information current in certain circles. And even if it could, I fail to see the gain to any, for who can expect any sensible man to pay more respect to his authority than to his arguments, or to rank his assertions on a level higher than his proofs? "Argument," says Bacon, "resembleth a cross-bow, being potent even in the hands of a child; testimony resembleth a long-bow, dependent on the arm that wields it." Anonymity secures to us the best part of the mind of an honourable man, and, to *him* secures that justice which bigoted personal foes would refuse, did they see his signature; while it gives to the public the *one* single good vein of a scamp whose signature might scare away many honest, respectable readers, aware of the laxity of his ordinary life.

Cumberland—a vain, querulous egotist—termed Churchill, some 25 years after his death, "the Dryden of his age." Had this been told to Churchill while yet living it would probably have prolonged his life, for the rough, racy satirist dwelt on Dryden with cordial emulation—

" Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
 Thou dearest name of all the tuneful Nine.
 What though some few cold lines, &c.
 * * * * *
 Perish my muse, ere stoop she to refine
 The generous roughness of one vigorous line."

And in like spirit of pardonable self-love, Gray

secretly longed for the name of the "modern Pindar." He certainly studied to emulate the great Emathian conqueror, and Mason has recorded his wish upon his tomb—

"No more let Greece to unrivalled fame aspire,
To Britain's bards let nations homage pay,
She boasts a Homer's strains in Milton's fire,
A Pindar's raptures in the lyre of Gray."

I am willing to admit, by way of compromise, *that* Gray's resemblance to Pindar equals that of Milton to Homer; but, much as I prize both of my compatriots, I feel that I am making but a sorry present to the author of the "Elegy." Gray could afford to leave Pindar alone, and Milton stands on his own pedestal.

Archbishop Potter, in his *Greek Antiquities*, was, I think, the first to call attention to the beautiful paraphrase of the first Pythian of Pindar (*Chrusæa Phormingæ*) in the *Progress of Poetry*, "Awake, Æolian lyre," &c. The reader will note that Gray acknowledges "the thoughts" to be borrowed. "Golden lyre, joint property of Apollo and the pansy-haired Muses, obeyed by the dancer and harmonised with by the singer, thou quenchest even the thunderbolt. The eagle, king of birds, sleeps on the sceptre of Jove, &c."

GRAY.

"On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perched on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, &c. . . .
Thee the voice, the dance obey."

Gray then winds up with the following modest self-assertion of *his own* special claims to honour—

“ Oh, lyre divine ! What daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with secure dominion
 Through the azure fields of air,
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muses' ray
 With orient hues unborrowed of the sun.
 Yet shall he mount
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far, yet far above the great.”

Some small critics are so exceeding prosaic as to offer to the public a theory that Gray, the proud, fastidious, and laborious, meant *not* himself, but—Mason the mediocrity !—Mason, of whose pert vanity and shallow conceit he draws so quaint a sketch in one of his letters to Warton ! The visions of early infancy, with their “ orient hues,” he *knew* to have been present to himself ; but how could, or would, he predicate them of any other ? And much less think of such a tomtit, while reverently gazing on the Theban eagle, the great Emathian victor.

Honour, then, to all generous rivalry. From the truly great, something can always be learnt, and from Gray we joy to accept the truth that self-assertion and ambition are compatible with appreciation of others with reverence of our superiors, and, with docile study of the mighty dead, who have bequeathed unto us such severe and lasting models of excellence, monuments of their greatness more enduring than matter, let it take what form it may.

FLATTERY.

“Tout flatteur vit aux depens de celui qui l'écoute.”

LA FONTAINE.

WHEN Rochefoucault, whose two-edged sword spared neither knave nor his dupe, laid down, for the benefit of both, that “often our professed disgust with flattery is rather of mode and of degree than of kind, that we hate not so much the flattery as the *maladresse* of the flatterer,” he penned a moral truth far more comprehensive and benignant than he probably intended, or even could conceive. Surely kind looks of genial sympathy, encouraging words, and a beautiful behavior are in themselves blameless, and may be even salutary as well as becoming, provided they be timely and sincere. But who does not resent the being made a laughing-stock to rivals by well-meaning awkwardness? still worse, by the half-veiled irony of studied malignity? A father is not “flattered” by the unbridled eulogies of his child. The pure, solid pleasures of unselfish love leave no room for “egoism,” or for inflation. “An interview with the Queen, papa? Have you really spoken with her for half-an-hour? Oh, *did* you tell her to be kind to the poor?” Macready could not have been “flattered,” because not deceived for one instant by his child’s over-estimate of his powers and privileges; but who does not envy the pure and sober delight of the father at the *naïveté* of the loving

young heart? In the popular and practical sense this is, perhaps, not admitted to be "flattery." There is a gradation, a sort of sliding-scale, through which flattery sinks into the worthless and impotent frivolity that merits our contempt—into the baseness that we abhor while detecting and repulsing it—and, worst of all, into the deception that proves as dangerous as it was insidious. By clear elementary definitions and conceptions we may, perhaps, be enabled to draw a line precise enough for life's practical guidance, and free alike from asceticism, from churlishness, or from stagnation.

1. Eulogy (*éloge*) is the connecting of terms of praise, as a matter of customary routine, with persons, places, things. It is old-fashioned, pertaining to the childhood of civilization, but critically suspected, nay, sparingly used, in its manhood—*e.g.*, "The Beautiful Gate of the temple," "The swift Achilles," "The boundless Hellespont," &c., belong to bygone days. When German waiters, kindly officious, offer to show you "the wonder-beautiful gardens," &c., English fastidiousness smiles, and thinks of *Punch*. Such expressions as "The magnificent Robinson," "the gorgeous Mrs. Bubb," &c., are generally suspected to contain a grain of irony. When attention is directed to *any* person *à propos* of nothing, we are involuntarily reminded of "that sainted woo-ooman" of the august Mr. Turveydrop. English gentlemen care but little for funeral orations, or even sermons.

2. Praise is the recognition of specific valuable qualities possessed and exercised by another, expressed

at the moment of their actual embodiment in practice. To escape ridicule, it must be honest and timely; to gain general respect, it must be also judicious and measured. "Just and well-earned praise," says a reflecting and discriminative French writer, "includes flattery to our self-love. But a well-constituted mind ought to take much less of pleasure in the hearing of it than of labour in the meriting."—Richelet.

3. When praise is given in excess we step within the dominions of flattery, and the transgression is apparent to spectators, however unperceived by the immediate parties. Wherefore, let Pylades be guarded till he and Orestes are *tête-à-tête*—till *secreti loquuntur*—for his honest enthusiasm will appear ridiculous to a third person, even as do sometimes conjugal endearments. Yet I blame neither man nor woman for feeling and acknowledging to themselves that

"La flatterie plait davantage
Quand elle vient d'un amant."

For, as in the former case, we prize the love or the the friendship of which it is the exponent and the flower.

4. Cassius says in the quarrel scene—

"A friendly eye would never *see* such faults."

The retort is—

"A *flatterer's* would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus."

—"Julius Cæsar," act iv.

Shakspeare well knew that there is no less flattery in the ignoring of faults than in the magnifying of virtues. A mother scarcely sees the faults of her child, and palliates them when too apparent. "He was so

great that I have forgotten his faults," is a noble utterance, and, when the *dead* are alluded to, is as useful and wise as noble ; but we owe it to truth to call *faults* by their right names, whether in Antoninus, in Alfred, or in Arnold. There is a purity, a dignity, a robustness of nature in true and deep love that suggests, "I can afford to admit the faults that my friend could afford to display ;" or, "I scorn that love that stoops to borrow the meretricious aid of falsehood or of palliations." Hear Molière on this head—

" Plus on aime quelqu'un, moins il faut qu'on le flatte
A ne rien pardonner, le pur amour eclate."

If, then, an involuntary blindness to faults be a weakness, a studied ignoring of them is base, and both are mischievous. In the absence of our friends there is always an escape-ladder for the ready-witted. "Lizzie lass," said a Scotch minister, "ye maun own that Jock, your Joe, swears ower muckle." "Weel, meenister," was her reply, "I'll no say but he may. Aiblins, it's nae that right, like mony ither things gude as a relish but no gude as food. As to swearin', ye'll own it gies a braw garnish to conversation, like parsley round a leg o' braxy." Stand up for your absent friend by all means, but tell the truth to yourself ; blink not the faults you see, and hide them not from him or her, but rather turn on the light more clearly.

5. The French sometimes use the word *flatterie* to designate anything that agreeably affects the senses or nerves without the aid of others. In this sense we say—

" Hope told a flattering tale."

This is more than blameless—it is salutary. Hope is given to us for this purpose. Sanguine temperaments accept *this* class of flattery without deterioration; indeed, when it fades or sinks within them they feel (*cheu?*) the entire character declining. Proud minds of a bilious temperament resent and reject all words of encouragement. It is an outrage to dare to suppose that they require to be told how much they can do; but it is high treason to suppose that their powers are better known to any other persons than themselves. Openness to flattery of this kind is rather a proof of modesty, and even of humility. In any case, it neither supposes nor leads to either baseness or to conceit.

6. We pass downward, lower and lower, to the malignant forms of flattery, comprised by the French in the old word "*flagornerie*." A *flagorneur* is a resolute, persistent liar, who holds up to abiding ridicule the man with whom he converses. "What need we of the examples of Aurelius or Titus when we have in *you* a living sovereign that eclipses both." This to George IV. Yet it went down. Otway's fulsome dedications degrade the writer, while they insult the patron. Base, even when alone with his patron, he is vile in his malignity when he degrades him before guests. Yet such characters exist. There is yet a lower depth.

7. Some *flagorneurs* add to this a steady depreciation of all absent persons known to, or supposed to rival the patron. Thus, by implication, the Amphitryon is led on to deem himself *unique*. Silly women

love to be told "What a fright Mrs. P. made of herself at the races. For my dear madam, *your* pure taste cannot but be shocked," &c. Flatterers of this class treasure up every blunder, even to a false quantity, made by their neighbours, as capital for their habitual baseness, thus gratifying not only their inherent love of mischief, but looking forward to the being paid for amusing themselves by such accretions to their quiver of flattery. Such characters are doubly base; they are assassins without resentment, and executioners without utility; their very flattery is mechanical, and their one sole merit is impartiality, for they abuse every absent patron in his turn. "The best things," says Churchill, "carried to excess, are wrong." Now hatred of flattery does *not* rank among the best things. Orestes and Pylades live in a state of mutual admiration! Well, what harm? Wherefore should they not, provided they respect third persons? Each knows his own experiences, of which he deems himself the best judge. When two friends are together, every look, every gesture is flattery. There is an irony of bluntness in the English character veiling this tenderness, and arising from the English dread of ridicule. Intimate friends chaff each other, conscious that their love is founded on a rock. "Are you comfortable, Jack?" "I am too near *you* to be *quite* comfortable; but I am as little annoyed as I *can* be, under the circumstances." Or, "I trust you do not think I would behave so absurdly as *that*, if I knew it. "Certainly not, old fellow. Your unconsciousness of your many absurdities keep you alive. Were you aware of every

daily blunder, you would, long ago, have hanged yourself."

This amuses many, while it deceives not one. It is flattery thinly veiled.

There is a false and brutal bluntness, far more detestable than the most awkward flattery. To tell a poor girl just shooting out into puberty that she never will or can have any pretensions to good looks is an act of wanton cruelty, however sincere in the speaker—however probable in itself. I hate such brutality far more than the flattery against which I can always, at least partially, protect myself. But this bluntness is bad to the very core, and is too often despotically invasive. This form of humbug did not escape Shakspeare.

" This is some fellow
Who, being praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness. *He* cannot flatter. *He!*
An honest man and plain. He must speak truth,
An they will take it—so!—if not, he's plain.
They harbour more craft and corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely."

—" King Lear," act ii. scene 2.

Such hypocrisy of frankness, such calculating rudeness, such selfish unreserve, and such cunning candour is worse than the smoothest flattery. When seen through, it is revolting—and when successful, often ruinous.

Praise is a luxury. As such it exacts temperance in its use and its application. It must be not only honest, but solid. The Roman gentleman knew how

to give dignity to affection, by trusting to the heart and to truth.

Secreti loquimur. Pulsa dignoscere cautus
Quid solidum crepet.

(Is this an unconscious prophecy of the powers of the stethoscope.)

Ut quantum mihi te sinuoso pectore fixi
Voce traham purâ, totum que hoc verba resignent
Quod latet arcanâ, non enarrabile fibri.

—PERSIUS, Sat. V.

In short, give to flattery a solid basis and you advance it to the dignity of honest praise and just recognition.

Voltaire thus wrote to Dr. W. Robertson, the historian of Charles V.:—"You are eloquent, learned, and impartial. I join myself to Europe in admiring you."

Eliza Cook says, in her poem to Miss Cushman, the American actress, "The meanest peasant owns thy power, and I can do no more." Equal to these is the well-turned compliment paid by Mackintosh to Flaxman. "As one of the committee appointed for that purpose, I naturally turned my thoughts to *you*, for reasons which it might be indelicate to *you*, but which it may be unnecessary to state to any one else."

In these three instances, the eulogists modestly sink themselves to the level of mere reporters, of a fact inevitably known to them because universally admitted; thus, the solid fabric of the merit supports the laurel-wreath that crowns and adorns it. This, as it is the most solid form of panegyric, so it

is the safest. It is when we find ourselves in a very small minority that our direct, or implied praises of friends, whether present or absent, exact the greatest amount of calculation, of judgment, and of tact, without which the most generous enthusiasm the most unselfish courage prove but little beyond their own presence and agency.

Goldsmith thus addresses Dr. Johnson:—"My last poem I dedicated to my brother, because I loved him better than any other man. He is since dead. Permit me to dedicate *this* poem to *you*."

This is beautiful and touching. But, who dare call it flattery? If any, they must class it under (5) of my previous heads.

After all, Home is perhaps not far wrong when he tell us that they who doubt the operation of flattery but little know mankind. In skilled hands it is useful, as is an instrument of chirurgery. Like such, flattery exacts polish, discretion, and measure in its use and application, and should never be wielded by the awkward, the reckless, or the unskilled. And though sometimes it may wound when it becomes censure in disguise, still it may even then serve to awaken energy, and to stimulate self-improvement. "I hold," says Boyle, "a piece of meat before my dog, higher from the ground than I know he can reach. Yet, though he seize it not, he leaps higher than he did before, or would without it." And, without flattery, what a silent and drab-colored creation we should have—to borrow the graphic simile of Paine! For, who would live in the palace of truth, pourtrayed by Madame de

Genlis? "*Tu mi aduli, ma tu mi piace,*" was the comment of a wise Italian gentleman on the flattery he saw through.

A moderate amount of self-complacency is as necessary to man as is a large amount of self-respect. Who can serve his neighbour or the public when broken-spirited and self-condemning? Timely praise is oil to the wheels of social intercourse, without which the heart and mind wither. He who delights in solitude, unbroken and perennial, is either a wild beast or a God. But he who tramples down his neighbour's honest overtures towards pleasing and giving pleasure needs but to pass through the portal of death to mature and ripen thereafter into a fiend.

TACT.

“I FOUND not Cassio’s kisses on her lips,

He that is robb’d—not wanting what is lost,

Let him not know ’t, and he’s not robbed at all.”

—SHAKSPEARE.

FROM Paul and Barnabas to Peter the Hermit and Bernard—from Xavier to George Whitfield, Henry Martyn, and Patterson—the desire to leave behind them home, comfort, and domestic joys for the unselfish enterprise of forcing upon the savage, not only the refined civilization by which life is adorned, but the ideal standards of excellence, and subjective hopes of immortality by which it is exalted, has burned in many a noble heart, and formed the dream and the exuberance of many a lofty and pure soul. Calmer natures, even while declining to imitate, withhold not their admiration, nay, stint not their praise. For surely he is void of intellect, as well as of sensibility, who warms not at the sight of blended courage, self-sacrifice, and benevolence, however perverted the process or mistaken the purpose. Cervantes, in whose inimitable allegory (or parable) lurks a moral as deep as any of Bunyan’s, illustrates to all men of every creed how ridiculous a brave and noble gentleman can become and yet retain our love; and how shrewd mother-wit can, even in its homeliest form, assert and

maintain superiority over culture and elegance, over dignified and generous beneficence.

The missionary character (if I may use some freedom) breaks out in various forms. Its extent may vary, its nature is one and the same. We are all of us open to its contagion, more or less. Like Bob Handy in "Speed the Plough," we are all of us prone to a good-natured, well-meant, but somewhat inopportune officiousness, a volunteered "improvement" or modification of our neighbour's plans and specifications; sometimes it is a war waged on some "social evil;" then it is a bounty or stimulus to some pet industry, a hobby like Indian Corn, Sorghos saccharata, or Swedish turnips, &c.; sometimes it "wears a reasoning show" like the Man of Ross, and Sir. H. Myddelton; and sometimes judgment guides wealth to make solid good a reality, when both are wielded by a Lady Burdett-Coutts. But, perhaps, even a higher triumph, and a nobler, is when the spirit of pure love, guided by graceful tact, can subdue guilt and refine brutality as was achieved by Elizabeth Fry, and, more recently, by Florence Nightingale.

We mourn not the treasures that are spent, even the blood that may have been shed, in a good cause, and in a worthy enterprise. But, we ask, why not drive at the possible good beneath your feet, and shun, or at least postpone the unattainable? Kyrle gave blessings which no one hesitated to accept, he relieved wants which every one felt, he needed no protection, no aid in teaching their value. Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale touched the right chords in nature, the

first told the degraded that she might yet be loved and happy ; the second brought to the dying soldier the comfort he needed, the sympathy he could requite. What sight more gladdening to angels, suspending their melodies to gaze and to listen, than the rough soldier turning to kiss the shadow of his benefactress as she passed his pillow to bless his comrades in her onward path of true charity ? She had tact. There lay her secret !

“ Having a torch, we give light to others.”

Right well and wisely done ! Give light to those who ask, because they *know* their needs. But why thrust your torch into my room when I am enjoying the twilight—when I am content with my darkness—when (as my friend, Dr. Bromby, hints), perhaps, my eyes are inflamed, and the wise medico may have prescribed a softened light ? “ Ho ! every man that thirsteth come drink at my fount.” But how if a man thirst not ? I have done my duty, and can wait. What success has really attended these Quixotic crusades among savages ? The African of the Gambia has a warm and affectionate heart—he clings to the white man with canine fidelity. Associating the prayer and hymn with superiority, with promotion, and with praises, “ Uncle Tom” can, perhaps, linger over the simple verses of Bishop Ken and of Watts, even try to understand the more polished devotion of Addison, Cowper, and Bishop Heber. But of the Australian aboriginal who has any hope ? The generous Catholic bishop, in a neighbouring Australian colony, was wont to present every “ convert” he bap-

tized, with some flour and some tobacco, with a knife, and sundry minor conveniences. Two months after the Sacrament, the roguish blackfellows presented themselves for a *second* baptism. They deemed the gifts an important part of the ceremony, to which, taken as a whole, they had, *certes*, no objection. But I doubt their inward reception of very much deep Christianity, historical or doctrinal. By impartial observers, the Maori is said to be superior to the Australian, to the Kaffir, to the Indian, as well as to the Negro, and when I hear or read this averment I prefer silent acceptance to obtruded ignorance. Still, I fail in the effort to accept as part of my duty the teaching to even him of so complicated a series of subjective distinctions as Christianity or the harmonising of so varied and so multifarious a literature as that contained in the wondrous and composite medley generally known as "The Bible." Sooner than emulate the generous ardour of the modern missionary Quixotes, much less copy their grotesque ministerial votaries, in crude attempts to teach the savage how to fuse into one clear narrative the historical parts of the four Evangelists, or how to reconcile the systems, the reasonings, and the principles of Paul, of Apollos, of James, and of John, let me weave under-garments of the thistle-down, and ships' cables of the dry sea sands.

This proselyting ought surely to be re-considered, and some more practical and rational form of beneficence be substituted for the curious human angling so neatly and so graphically described by my Lord

Lytton as "baiting with a missionary, and then impaling on a bayonet!"

Can we read with indifference the account of a dying Jew being worried in our hospital by an officious proselytism? Human patience has limits. I am ready to believe the Jew the better prepared for death of the two. Oh! these tract-distributors, they vex and fidget my soul! They employ ladies, no doubt well-meaning, but who, presuming on your assumed ignorance, trip up to you with so provoking a smirk of conscious superiority, and so patronising an assumption of your benighted condition that they can scarcely fail to draw forth all the latent sarcasm of those whom they could never provoke to the slightest rudeness, "Pardon me," was once the reply of a patient whose education was not known to the proselytiser, "I must decline your tracts. Look, this is unscriptural! That is misquoted! See this perversion! Are you sure that you are not (however kindly), diffusing error?" Oh! let no one aspire to follow in the steps of the Apostle to the Gentiles, who have not yet caught the rare spirit of tact that shines through his every page, and, (better still!), who has not most reverently studied the wise reticence and benignant common sense so conspicuous in the incomparable teachings and in all the inestimable dialogues of a far far greater than Paul of Tarsus!

Tact may be defined as a keen perception of the exact predicament with all its minor and collateral adjuncts, conjoined with reticence and with complete presence of mind. It is the ball-governor of talent and

energy. It is the guardian-angel of the advocate. Scarlett had average learning, and no imagination, but tact in perfection, and an elegance of demeanour. The advocate had no rival; the judge was below par. What a mighty engine of progress, of refinement, and of stability in all good, tact would render our pulpits! How often we hear learning and industry wasted in the cure of diseases which no one suffers from, the dispersion of errors into which no one has fallen, and the proof of nursery-truisms which every one believes! Surely the want must be experienced ere the blessing can be desiderated, and 'tis oft more difficult to perceive the difficulty than to understand the solution. Seldom do we hear a sermon adapted to the hearers, whether as regards needs, capacity, shortcomings, or faults, albeit often well composed, thoughtful, and pious. And in Parliament, there is no breathing without tact; even mental vigour may become suicidal, as well as barren.

But there is another form of social power over which tact claims rule, and sternly makes neglect of her often to be felt, viz., the journalist. He blends the perils, the responsibilities, and the fatigues of the missionary and the preacher with all those of the advocate—sometimes even of the detective! Success indeed, can cover every fault or shortcoming, and sometimes, compensate every toil; but who has a word of sympathy for his failures? He set forth with a rope round his neck. His averments are generally at his own peril, and his battle at his own expense; yet, too often, even when useful and successful, he is held to be but

an ordinary servant who threw light on that which could no longer be concealed! He unearths a nest of rats, fattening in their loathsome plunder; they fly at his throat, and the public, whose larders are thus preserved and purified, look coolly on to see which will win! The journalist may be likened to trapper or to whaler—" 'tis men's lives you purchase"—and, while you wisely are weighing the exact value of the conquest, let not the risk of the soldier's sanguine enterprise be forgotten.

From the science of jurisprudence may be borrowed a useful though subsidiary light. When one puts the law into regular motion, as prescribed against another, say by information laid before a magistrate, if such complainant shall be found to have been mistaken in his facts, an action will lie for a malicious prosecution. To this a good defence would be the proof, to the complete satisfaction of the jury that he was swayed, at the time of laying the information, by a real and sincere belief in its truth. *Aliter*, if he take the law into his own hands, then he must prove the facts—mere honest good faith will not suffice. Now, *semble*, that the crusader or proselytiser is in this predicament. His self-imposed responsibility is not met by mere "good intentions" and "sincere belief." He must possess that which is rare, even among the wise and learned, viz., a power of imparting to others, taken at random, the absolute certainty he inwardly feels, and of clearly proving to the unwilling, the obtuse, and the undisciplined, that which is tremulously clung to even by the docile and the loyal, nay, most cautiously whispered even among the thoughtful and the wise.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

EVERYONE has heard of Charles Fox's dun. "I well know, Mr. Fox, that yesterday you netted a large sum." "True," said Fox; "but I have to pay debts of honour. Such, you well know, always take precedence of all others." "Then, sir, I cast my vouchers into the fire, and with them your own written promises. And now, sir, that I am helpless, what call you *my* debt?" "You subdue me," said Fox; yours is, now, a debt of honour." And he paid him. Though he might perhaps know his man, the tradesman was certainly bold—if he did not know him, still bolder. Probity, in any shape, merits our encouragement; honour, then to the worshipper of "debts of honour." Yet as the line that separates the two classes is apt to get somewhat faint and fanciful, as the very distinction itself has a mediæval aroma; as if the laws of probity were capable of being suspended towards our inferiors, as the contingency of deceit, of error, and of abuse, is common to both, it may be *operæ pretium* to ask ourselves, on what basis the distinction rests? Tyranny is undesirable whether from giant, or from dwarf, and the pet valetudinary fondling of the family is oftentimes as exacting a despot as its most outrageous pickle. What are these debts of honour, and what preference does philosophy award them? Why does Captain Elboshack raise the ready, before 12, at 60 per cent, to pay Major

Vole the losings of last night ; yet calmly suffer his laundress to pine, and keep tailor and bootmaker waiting and suffering far more inconvenience than he himself could endure ? Are not *all* debts, debts of honour ? Does not he who trusts me with a necessary article of raiment, of food, or solace, confer on me a favour, and pay a compliment to my self-respect ? Could I blame him for withholding it ? Why, then, should the grace be unrequited ? Why not the sentiment be reciprocal in his hour of need ?

The truth is, that the distinction is not wholly groundless—there lurks a grain of truth in it. Moralists divide obligations into perfect and imperfect. The first are positive and demonstrable ; they can be defined and enforced. They can take care of themselves. An acceptance, a release, a bond, speak for themselves. But imperfect obligations are myriad in number, and endless in combination. They are generally relative, rather than absolute. They elude analysis. When Mr. Norton (Lord Grantley's brother) sued Lord Melbourne for damages by a *crim. con.* action, hard was the battle, piquant the evidence. The jury were brought to look on the trial itself as partaking of a political manœuvre. The energy and daring of Sir John, afterwards Lord, Campbell were only not superhuman. The verdict, "for the defendant," made Westminster-hall ring. But what of the wife ? What of the gifted Caroline Norton ? Much was sworn. Much of it was certainly combated. All sympathised yet——. At this moment promptly, and unasked, the Duchess of Sutherland asked Mrs Norton to her palace

to remain a cherished and honoured guest! Now, what gratitude, what fervour, what homage could be too great for so prompt, so delicate, and so commanding an act of generous friendship? What could ever repay it? I feel as if the clan-feeling were right, and a sense of the *allodial* obligation should be a heirloom to future generations. I cannot conceive a more striking combination of tact, affection, power, and value. And it was needed, for few ladies dared, whatever their sympathies, to take the initiative. Yet, this was but an "imperfect obligation," and the very appreciation of it is contingent on the organisation of the reader, who may, perhaps deride the writer's "extravagancy." Nay a descendant of Norton, if appealed to, for a suffering scion of this noble house, supposing such a thing possible, might plead the sound legal maxim, "That which begins in a mere courtsey can never be allowed to end in a contract."

What, then, is to become of these "imperfect obligations?" Contingent on the inner nature of the debtor,—disowned and ignored by law and judge? Shall I enumerate them? Count the sands on the seashore. Shall I tell you how to be independent of them? Cease to breathe, to see, to walk. Every day you pass of comfort and of true happiness is due to a thousand imperfect obligations from servants, from neighbours, from friends; costless, yet priceless, unbought, yet invaluable. "Do I owe thee a thousand pounds?" A million." "Hal! thou owest me thy love."

Can you, reader, appreciate the thousand courtesies you miss, when among unkempt, ungenial brutes?

How they seem to hate you for your very decencies. Yet, such is but natural, for your way of life is a continuous reproach to them. It is not so much that they are malignant, as that you miss the proprieties of others, by which life is smoothed. A timely courtesy a kind word, a graceful surrender of some trifle, a benignant look, has, I firmly believe, prolonged as well as sweetened many a life, perhaps averted that which I care not to write about, but which Hamlet had exhausted before Rousseau. Grateful indeed is the sore heart for these, and deep is the emotion they excite. But the sons of happiness, wrapt in ease, may perhaps know their book debts, their estimates, and their means. They don't know, and they will not, they cannot, until instructed by want and sorrow, know how dependent they are, hourly, on the very humblest of those around them, and even on the least-favoured of their fellow-men, whom they may casually encounter in their daily life.

The old French maxim seems to the writer to meet the case. It gives the mind a noble provocation by its paradoxical form. "Noblesse" implies "freedom from obligation." The mind is carried back to mediæval hauteur. "Freedom from obligation, oblige," *i. e.*, it is noble to do it, because he cannot compel you. The perception of *to prepon* is entirely subjective. Were it imposed *noblesse* should resist dictation. But this not being the case an obligation arises. *There* is the foundation of courtesy of language—"if you please," "will you listen to my request," "perhaps you will consider," &c. Paul's Epistle to Philemon

pushes this very far indeed. By the early inculcation of this maxim, the French secured the humanity of their "noblesse." Whenever you can defy a foe, but are not defied, or outraged, "noblesse oblige," dismount and help him. From the very security and independence of your position arises an obligation, because he cannot enforce it, and, even if a blunder, your courtesy is undeniable. The ignoble, directly they are in safety, exult and chuckle, the brave and noble begin then to obey the stimulus to requite their obligations. "Resigned to what God takes away, humbled by what He gives."

The maxim, however beautiful, is perhaps rather antiquated. In modern society, no man can, without being ridiculous, so place himself (in idea) above his fellows, as to Quixotise and patronise with an air of superiority. Still less can he "stand aloof from other men in impotence of fancied power." To act upon the maxim at all, supposes no less intellect and tact in the modern gentleman, than of generosity in the mediæval. Yet, it has a valuable remnant of utility and power. The courtesy with which you dress the arguments or petitions makes the granting it more spontaneous, and therefore more permanent. And surely that obligation may have its source in the mind of him to whose intellect you are appealing in stating your case. There is as much scope for the maxim in the superior intellect that has conscious ability to baffle argument, as in the mailed security that could formerly defy justice. Pride now has changed sides. "I refuse it,"

says the sturdy Anglo-Saxon, "as a courtesy. If not my right, I will none of it!"

There are so many imperfect obligations by which life is enriched and embellished, that this maxim will never die in the breasts of the noble and sensitive. Kindly natures are akin, and share the nobility. John Kemble was brought before the Bow-street justices for a drunken brawl. Pocketbook in hand, he asked the little crumpled old cad what recompense would satisfy him? "Give me your word, Mr. Kemble," was the reply, "that you will never again insult me by trying to play Charles Surface, and I withdraw the charge." The actor was humbled by the indirect flattery that made his art more important than his purse. Man never seems more truly manlike than when he spares without selfishness in the hour of moral and physical triumph, and, like Hamlet, uses men rather according to the dignity of his conscious endowments, than by a strict measure of deserts, perhaps as poor as his own often appear to himself when conscience claims her hour,

———"Nôris quam curta supellex".

SARCASM.

“ O SACRED weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence,
To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
Reverent I touch thee.”—POPE.

SARCASM (literally, a laceration of the very flesh) is satire concentrated on the special vice or folly of individuals, with scorn and contempt superadded. Lamoon, or pasquinade, is individual satire, but free from bitterness, and appealing to our sense of the ludicrous; while sarcasm may hold up individuals to derision, but can never *merely* amuse hearer or reader, and cares not to borrow aid from the ridiculous.

Thus, though sarcasm be included in satire, of which it is the topmost branch, it is of a far higher and more austere nature than mere general satire, which delights “*ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.*” From raillery, banter, and lamoon, we ascend to that polished and playful satire which gratifies without malice our sense of the ludicrous. I therefore apply to sarcasm the serious words of that rare masterpiece, Pope's epilogue to the *Satires*.

That the sense of the ludicrous is an attribute of first-class minds has been asserted by the writer in former papers. Its sway of Dickens took almost the form of a disease. He shows, at his own expense that we can be alive to the ludicrous traits of those

whom we most love, yet not love them the less. He made capital of both parents (in Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby), and gave the free rein to his fancy even at the funeral of a friend. Lytton had but a scant share of humour; his comedy is always farce; but his serious wit sometimes sets off most eloquent powers of sarcasm. Pope, Fielding, and Voltaire had the enviable knack of so gilding satire, and even sarcasm, with a polished wit, that it might have relieved its objects, or even its victims. So the chemist palliates with aromatic confections and sugary coating the bitterness of his drastic pill.

Wit and humour often please even while they wound. Both are generally gay and mirthful. But sarcasm is always serious. Satire can be sometimes light, airy, and playful. Sarcasm but seldom raises a smile, and still more seldom a laugh. Satire frequently causes both. The sarcastic are always—at least, for the time and subject—moralists. They denounce *ex cathedrâ*, and persuade themselves that they are defending the right, asserting and vindicating the truth, and withering the enemies of both. But as definitions are always arduous, and illustrations sometimes tedious, I pray the reader to accept from history two specimens of lofty and pure sarcasm that awaken derision rather than mirth. *Solvitur Ambulando.*

Among classical scholars is pure sarcasm most frequently to be found unsought, and when sought, found with ease. Their training has taught them to prefer its red-hot steel, of which they wield the cool end, to the short, vain, impotent cracklings of the burning

straws and thorns of personal abuse and denunciative malignity—self-exhausting child of a wasteful valour that “preying on reason, eats the swords it fights with.” Two of England’s deepest scholars come to our aid with specimens of sarcasm *pure*.

1. John Milton’s prose works are the Englishman’s prized inheritance.

“Within our veins his currents are ;
His spirit on our breath.”

Destroy *all* his glorious poems, efface from man’s brain and heart their memory, still is he great among the great. In his *Areopagitica*, speaking of the absurdity of impeding free thought in matters of religion, and of the deadening effects of reposing upon mere authority, he says :

“A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many fiddling accounts, that, of all mysteries, he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. Fain would he have the name to be religious, fain bear up with his neighbour in that. What does he, then, but resolve to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs—some divine of note and estimation. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody ; indeed, makes the very person of that man his religion, esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety.

“So that a man may say his religion is now no more

within himself, but is become a dividual moveable, and goes and comes near him according as *that* man frequents the house. He entertains him ; gives him gifts ; feasts him ; lodges him. His religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep ; rises, is saluted, and, after the Malmsey, or some well-spiced Bruage, and better breakfasted than, &c., his religion walks abroad at 8, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day *without* his religion."

Milton goes on to ask, "What need torture his head with that which others have taken into their own purveying—who have the *tonnaging and poundaging* of all free spoken truth ?" &c. The reader has marked the careful adherence to commercial terms throughout this masterpiece of dignified sarcasm.

2. Richard Porson was admitted by all to bear the palm among English scholars. When Parr was asked to name the leading classics living, he replied, characteristically, "Porson, sir, is the first ; Charles Burney is the *third* ; the *second* you may infer."

Porson's letters to Travis on *The Three Witnesses* may be perhaps new to many readers. He sides with Gibbon, whom the archdeacon had virulently attacked, and he leaves his victim sadly riddled. Yet, though proving Travis wrong, he thus criticises the Roman historian. After admitting the History to be one of the ablest performances of its kind that has ever appeared, he goes on to say :—

"His industry is indefatigable ; his accuracy scrupulous ; his reading (which is, indeed, sometimes osten-

tatiously displayed) immense; his attention always awake; his memory retentive; his style emphatic and expressive; his periods harmonious. He pleads emphatically for the rights of mankind, and the duty of toleration; nor does his humanity ever slumber, unless when women are ravished, or the Christians persecuted."

"A less pardonable fault is that rage for indecency which pervades the whole work, but especially the last volumes. If the history were anonymous, I should guess that these disgraceful obscenities were written by some debauchee, who having from age, or accident, or excess, survived the practice of lust, still indulged himself in the luxury of speculation, *and exposed the impotent imbecility after he had lost the vigour of the passions.*"

After this, Porson's remaining sarcasms are even as the spurt of a lucifer match in the noonday sun. The reader (worthy of the name) acquainted with the cold solitude of Gibbon's celibacy will appreciate the *sting* of the last sentence.

Wit may be likened to the rapier, humour to the single-stick, satire to the broadsword, and sarcasm to wrestling. A master of sarcasm, who can *time* well his strength, gives his opponent the "breadth of his back," at once dispelling doubt and hope. Nought remains but good-humoured acceptance of discomfiture. Mark how the wary Gibbon regains his legs and his self-respect:—

"The wretched Travis still smarts under the lash of the merciless Porson, whose answer I consider the

most acute and accurate piece of criticism since the days of Bently. His strictures are founded on argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit; and his adversary neither deserves nor finds any quarter at his hands.

“I am less flattered by Mr. Porson’s high encomium on the style and spirit of my History, than I am satisfied with his honourable testimony to my attention, diligence and accuracy; humble virtues which religious zeal had most audaciously denied.

“The sweetness of his praise is tempered by a reasonable mixture of acid.”

The wary historian would not admit that he was hurt, and adroitly represents the stinging sarcasm as the squeeze of a lemon to a palatable glass of punch. Porson preserves his superiority, which I take to be the life of sarcasm. The absence of this is the one sole shortcoming in the sarcasms of Junius. In admiring him I yield to none. But the laborious malignity is never veiled. He too often resembles the savage, who blisters his own hands with the red-hot pincers with which he is torturing his bound and captive foe. The exordium of his first letter to the Duke of Grafton is, perhaps, the completest bit of true sarcasm. But he too often conveys to me the idea of a wrestler who strikes a foul blow, or strikes at all.

3. In one of Lytton’s novels, a gay old peer, a sort of Lord Ogleby, is reciting to a prosperous lawyer his visit to the old hall presided over by that lawyer’s brother. “Such gory fragments of raw meat, such Homeric hunger, that I expected a coroner’s verdict,

‘Died, of the visitation of beef, John, fourth Lord M. &c.’ Ha! ha! ha! Eh, Brandon?”

“Your lordship must excuse want of practice. Two centuries and upwards have elapsed since Walter de Brandon feasted Elizabeth at Warlock, and *your* ancestor, John M., a noted goldsmith and scrivener, supplied the plate.”

“Fairly retorted,” laughed the sensible old rake, &c.; the best thing he could do. The example of Gibbon, in real life, proves the accuracy of Lord Lytton’s observation of men and manners.

An old gentleman, who believed himself to be indirectly connected with a notorious peer, contrived in the early part of the century to become conspicuous as a hanger-on to literature, and a sort of minor Boswell to some of his eminent friends as they departed. He had several sons, all of whom turned out failures. One of them once said to Professor B., “My father is about to publish a treatise on education.” “No man,” replied the sarcastic professor, “has a better claim to the attention of the public. His great success in his own family (more especially with yourself) is so well known and so generally acknowledged that it cannot fail to excite curiosity touching his principles and his theoretic knowledge.”

The young gentleman had the exceeding good sense to narrate with querulous pathos this dialogue to his acquaintance as *against* the “heartless professor.” I know not whether the book on education ever appeared, but I think that the young gentleman should have

read his *La Bruyère*—“ *Le bruit est pour le fât, l'honnête home ne dit mot !*”

Jerrold had wit and sarcasm at command. I agree with Harriet Martineau that he was never wantonly aggressive or ill-conditioned, but required definite provocation. Pretentiousness in any form roused him. His comedies contain wit and sarcasm enough for twenty. In one of them a Jew money-lender is consoling a young spendthrift whose wants he is about to supply. “ Now, ma tear, you von't mind takin' 'arf in vine? S'help me, couldn't *do* it else. I'm not hard on yer.” “ Hard? No. I accept the wine as a delicate proof of your humanity. Should I be unable to meet my acceptance when due, there is the poison ready to my hand to leave this world of troubles and die, leaving you — my blessing.”

Take another instance of sarcasm from Porson to Travis. A shrewd, Scottish friend, approving my selections, said that Porson's censure of Gibbon is as much *above* the highest sarcasm as *it* is more solid than the brightest raillery, and that I should invent a neologism to characterise it. This I decline, but leave the matter to the good sense of the reader.

“ In five of your six assertions, sir, truth and you will be found in two stories—which are we to believe? I own that politeness alone would induce me to prefer the lady, even without the magnificent character that you give her (p. 127), ‘ That she is all fair and artless, uniform and consistent, simple and sincere.’ Who shall hereafter doubt of Mr. Travis's *Christian charity*, when we find him thus honestly doing jus-

tice to his inveterate enemy?" He concludes—"Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast; for you have seen him open it."

Half a century ago the English bar rejoiced in *two* men of genius (not related), both named Phillips. One was March Phillips, a sound, deep equity practitioner, sometime Under-secretary of State. The other was Charles Phillips, an Old Bailey advocate of rare powers of spontaneous eloquence and exquisite humour, backed by a wondrous rapidity of association. The latter had had many passages at arms with Brougham, by whose vigorous sarcasm he had been sorely discomfited. When Brougham ascended the woolsack, he well knew the necessity of putting forth all his great powers. A fresh young barrister treated him to a long, flowery, harangue, that would have been exquisitely suited to his debating society. Brougham fidgetted, took snuff, &c., and when at length the gentleman sat down, hitching curiously, as was his wont, his mobile nose, as though balancing a hot potato on its tip—my coevals will recall the odd lengthening of his upper lip when sneering—"Um, um (in a stage whisper); I'm thinkin' ye've studied the *wrong* Phillips."

The words of the Jewish mob to the dying son of Mary appear to *some* to be a strongly-marked example of sarcasm—"He saved others; *Himself* he cannot save." But the same might be said of a first-class physician if on the scaffold, or on a plank in the sea. And, as in Junius, the sense of superiority is not preserved. Moreover, a very unwary admission is made

of powers that imply either merit or mystery. I could almost doubt whether such words were then uttered. I am certain they can be excised without detriment to the whole.

Jane Austen abounds with delicate feminine sarcasm, or sarcastic humor. Emma Woodhouse is the daughter of a nervous, amiable old valetudinarian. Her governess, lately married, and *well*, is the object of her father's gentle pity. "Ah! poor Miss Taylor!" &c. Riding home in the carriage from a party, her father implores her "never to give encouragement to hasty love-marriages. But you will mind, Emma dear, always *now* to give precedence to Mrs. Jackson; married women, you know——" "Dear papa," said Emma, "surely *that* is to give encouragement." "How, how?" said the old gentleman; "this is only the established etiquette." "But," said Emma, "to observe it is to encourage——" Emma saw that her father was getting nervous, and was judiciously silent. Is this sarcastic humour, or humorous sarcasm? Anywise, Emma *preserves her sense of superiority*. I leave it to the jury: the "getting nervous" is exquisite.

On a theme like this I prefer a jury of four to a jury of twelve. But I have no choice. To the many, then, who have (more or less deservedly) been the objects of sarcasm; and to the still wider many who are incompetent to wield so ponderous a two-handed sword; and to the few, the very few, who, like myself, appreciate and admire their power to use it with "a stifled smile of stern, vindictive joy," I commit these

desultory but graduated illustrations of a *carnifex* whose

“Gibbet dooms to lasting scorn,
A scourge for knaves and fools unborn.”

Like Milton, I am content with

“Fit audiences, though few ;”

and I write not either for the ignorant or for the dull.

With this piece of general, indefinite satire—or, if you will, of inoffensive sarcasm (supposing such a thing possible)—inoffensive, I say, because every one of my many readers will apply it to his neighbour, and no single reader to himself—I now withdraw from a theme which few, if any, can exhaust, and of which I have tried to sketch the functions and the difficulties—with good intentions, certainly, but I fear with more zeal than precision.

MARKING TIME.

“DANGER subtly taints,
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

PRACTICAL life owes but little to theory, of whose instructions she feels the value, which she amply repays. Use sometimes precedes analysis, and experience teaches advantages long before we learn their respective causes. Our title is taken from the earliest drill of the raw recruit, who is made to go through the form, wear the semblance, and ply the muscles, of marching, even while, practically, he is standing still, because covering the same inches of ground, and the foot falls into the place that it has left. The object is to keep up attention and consciousness of duty, and to prevent the awakened muscles from losing their tone.

Man is so much the creature of habit, that without its training and presence he cannot do anything with ease, grace, and completion. On sudden emergencies, he can make efforts both laudable and wondrous, however awkward and ineffective, but even these are untrustworthy, both in efficacy and duration, and the amateur loses his vigour when the zest of novelty has flown. Well might Buffon say that “patience is genius,” for without the visions of beauty and power unfolded by genius, and the delight thereby imparted to every stage of progress, no man could ever have the

necessary patience to master the elements of a single language, school down his fancy to primary definitions, imprint on his brain rudimentary formulations, or keep both judgment and fancy in abeyance till docility shall have mastered the novelties of abstraction.

When Wordsworth wrote, " 'Tis difficult to keep heights which the soul is competent to gain," he probed one of life's most irksome difficulties, and of man's most regrettable faults. All laziness is bad, but the inertness that reposes on the past is combined with arrogance. And we may be pardoned for doubting whether " heights " that could not be " kept " can be said to be " gained " to very much purpose—whether feats that belong exclusively to the past belong wholly to reality—and whether any worth, or virtue, or goodness that is not habitual can command the respect or repay the pursuit of a manly and rational being. Let that excellence be permanent which represents both merit and toil, and let not that labour be remitted forever that has long nourished both self-complacency and self-respect, and elicited from the fastidious measured praise.

The fact is, that most practical rules are given for their representative value and progressive tendency; their use not ceasing with the gain of their immediate object. Mohammed willed that his followers should be scrupulously clean, be the difficulties what they might. The Arab, obedient to the prophet's ritual, halted in the desert at stated hours, and, kneeling on the sands, went through a solemn pantomime of ablution, though hot air, not (alas!) cold water, was all the element at

his command, and the dry sand, that threatened to blind him, mocked the dream of his imaginary refreshment. Still he was "marking time." The habit was kept up. The physical adjuncts and temporary comfort were alike subordinated, and the mental resolution was thus made all in all. Nothing but water was wanted for a son of Islam to be as clean in body as he already was in mind; but without the inherent love and ingrained habit of constant and unremitting purifications it were vain to hope for cleanliness in man, though every meadow sparkled with crystal streams, whose rippling melody harmonised with the songs of the birds, and though frequent clouds dropped into mountain clefts and natural rocky reservoirs the garnered fulness of teeming and bounteous nature. England, to its shame, has but recently become the land of the bath: that giver and preserver of health, beauty, and complacency for upwards of three centuries was dreaded and kept at bay!

This "marking time," or instinctively keeping up the practice of a thing already long familiar, seems immediately connected with enthusiasm, ideality, and love of art. Garrick, matured in stage practice, rich honoured, and acknowledged by all classes to be first-rate, both in tragedy and in comedy, even in farce—Garrick, vain, thrifty, and self-loving, never, even after the age of 50, quitted his house in the morning to superintend his rehearsals without receiving, with the docility of a tyro, his fencing lesson, and dancing, though he had been for 20 years an admired proficient in both. Why? Because he knew the value of com-

plete off-hand ease. Should, perchance, any fencing or dancing (however slight) prove incidental to any future piece, his gestures would fall from him with bird-like grace, not like an extraneous acquirement. Think how often the soldier, the sailor, the horseman, the pugilist, even the lawyer, is detected at a glance, even when in repose or when reserved. Unconsciously escape the familiar gesture, the manner, the tone. We photo. ourselves when far from intending to do so. There can be neither grace without ease and completeness, nor perfect ease unless habit has cushioned off the sharpness of the pressure of consciousness. How great a blessing is our involuntary digestion, secretion, respiration, our changeful circulation of the vital fluid ! To reduce all these to habit would exhaust years of toil and of failures. But it is done already for us, to our hand, by an overruling power, and thus we are enabled to concentrate our perceptions and powers on outward life, and to mould external things to useful and worthy purposes. To "mark time" in all things is to copy nature, even to approximate to the perfection of her wondrous processes.

No way so easy, and so safe, and so requiting of our pains to be cleanly, to be well-bred, unselfish, punctual, trustworthy, sober, business-like, &c., or, generally to gain any quality coveted or prized by man, than to be, and to do, thus or thus, always, at all times, and altogether, in solitude and in crowds alike, for its own inherent worth, for, of, and by ourselves and the prized principle alone. He who hates dirt and drunkenness as they ought to be hated, is always clean and sober

he who appreciates politeness is never rude ; he whose word is his bond knows neither trifles nor foes. A kind sister once told me that her brother "could be—that is, when he chose—the perfect well-bred gentleman." "You have pronounced on him," was the reply, "the bitterest satire. Natural dulness claims pardon—at least, pity. But he who can, when he chooses, be gentlemanly, must be an ingrained and inherent lover of the contrary style of life, if he do not always, and in all companies choose refinement when a choice exists." Even when in company with uninteresting people, the lover of refinement will "mark time," practising himself in self-discipline and self-control for his own sake, and for that of his favourite grace and attribute. John Kemble arose one night and walked for two hours majestically up and down his bedroom. His anxious wife asked the reason. "I cannot sleep," said the grave tragedian, "so, as 'Coriolanus' is set for to-morrow, I thought to fill up vacuity by the practising of my Roman stage-walk." The reader smiles, but such quaintness should be pardoned in a man whose heart is entirely in his work. "I know," said John Wesley to his physician—"I know what would do me more good than any prescription." "Name your fancy," answered the shrewd medico ; "such instincts are not to be wholly slighted." "A good preaching to-morrow, at 5 a m., in the open air," said the patient. When a man loves his art or calling, he seeks and finds in the practice of it, not only life's zest, and health's enjoyment, but medicine and healing in the hour of sickness and prostration.

How many useful and attractive accomplishments, learnt partially in early life, are suffered to rust in our maturity, yet on an emergency, when for the first time their loss is perceived, how mortifying is their absence. "Once I could have leaped or swam this stream, now I must wait, &c. Had I but the wind and elasticity of former years," &c. Yet how little of "marking time" would have sufficed to keep up so useful an accomplishment. Then why should our youthful mental studies be left to rust? Commit to memory every morning, as a matter of routine fixed as that of the toilet, half a psalm from the Vulgate, half a page from La Bruyère, or a dozen lines from Moschus, or a dialogue of Erasmus, or a chapter from Castalio's Testament. This is, of course meant only illustratively; let the scholar take his own course; how little is requisite he well knows. Then how uncongenial it is to see a man whose intellect you respect, whose position you cheerfully reverence, rising voluntarily at some corporation or other dinner, and vainly stammering through broken sentences, suggesting the image of an idle charity-school boy trembling before the master, cane in hand, on a repetition-day. Put him down to his desk, pen in hand, he is a giant — he simply lacks the power and the habit of thinking on his legs. It is this that gives charm and value to the solitary walk, especially by bush and river. The habit of thinking consecutively on your legs, does you yeoman's service in the hour of needed oratory. An accomplished judge, whose rare gift and graces are matured and polished by every discipline of refined sociality, once regretted to the writer how unsatisfact-

ory to his own fastidious and exacting taste and judgment had been his speech in the art gallery he so worthily buttresses and adorns. "The fact is, my dear —, I am unaccustomed to speak when standing. Allowed to sit, I am at my ease," &c. So Johnson said of Goldsmith. "Place but a pen in his hand—he excels all." How easy to acquire that facility, by the habit of thinking on our legs, which so many have when seated. "I am," said O'Connell, "but a second-rate lawyer, with ordinary instincts and schooling of a gentleman—some of the latter I have perhaps forgotten. Yet have I three tricks not universally possessed. I can wake at 5 ready for work—can sustain vigour and gaiety for months without the aid of alcohol, and last, not least, can think, while upon my legs." I often wish that instead of those senseless *memoriter* speeches of boys, some plan could be devised of testing their power to speak what they have thought while standing—say an extempore debate. This faculty is better than memory, whose best part it often supposes. The young man sometimes declares, with a yawn, that he will not go to-night to Mrs. Dullman's—"so slow, you know." "I prithee, my dear hobadehoy, don thy vest, &c., and go. Go—to mark time. The more thou art in the society of virtuous women who try honestly to be refined, the better for thee. Play the Spartan, and wreath thy face with smiles. Listen with sympathy to Mrs. D., and dance with Jemima. Keep thy waltzing and thy carving, &c., up to the mark.

The best thing known to me of George IV. is that he raised always his hat in acknowledgment, even

when saluted by the sweeper of a crossing. How precarious indeed, were our very virtue, even probity, if dependent on our perception of the moral worth or social attractions of its immediate object. "*Nulla fides cum hæretico.*" Better teacheth Hamlet, "Use men, not according to their deserts, but your own honour." For these reasons I submit that that virtue or goodness which is not habitual, and almost unconscious, is neither of objective value or of subjective depth. That love can scarcely be termed deep which permits the embrace of every opportunity to profit by exceptions to the culture and to the tendance of its object. From the parade-ground, from the dancer, from the oarsman, from the racecourse may be learnt that discipline which the musician alone seems never to need. Let but nature plant the love of music, and our enthusiast will "mark time," in my sense, even whilst he is wasting it in his father's, and most probably murdering it in his own. Paley, in his "*Moral Philosophy,*" advises the Christian to keep up the practice of giving occasional alms to street beggars, irrespective of their merits, for the distress is probably real; and despite our suspicions of them, for we are training ourselves—in short, to give for our own sake, in order to keep up our habit of sympathising with woe, of pitying want, and of succouring weakness and old age. This has been criticised as no better than "a sage selfishness" by Dr. Thomas Browne, of Edinburgh (the admired successor of Dugald Stewart), and by other sons of sentiment. Without claiming for this precept of the archdeacon a very lofty pre-eminence, I may

venture to profit by the subsidiary and indirect aid given to my present purpose by the monitions of this shrewd peeper into human nature, and to rank among the appreciators of "marking time" a most practical and clear-headed Yorkshireman, the successful teacher of boys, and afterwards of men, and one whose writings, popularising both the principles and the sanctions of morality, exercised during half a century no small influence on the minds of the middle classes throughout England.

Of the two forms of selfishness or egoism, which is the lesser inconvenience—that which suspends the practice of a necessary virtue, simply because of the subjective dislike of persons present, or that which, retaining such dislike, nay, not even struggling against it, practices justice in trifles (or politeness, for the terms are convertible), advancing even hatred into a strengthening discipline—that which commands, by an effort of will, the modulations of the voice, the courtesies of the table, &c., and either contradicts with gentleness, forbearance, and refinement, or endures with Spartan fortitude nonsense incurable and unmixed? And if Paley's imaginary beggar were asked which of the two had more fervent blessing—he who gave from motive not subject to fluctuation, viz., his own self-training, from true self-interest and sense of duty, "marking time;" or he who waited for an impulse, or he who threw on his suppliant the burden of showing cause why alms should be given at all, or he who withheld his hand because of personal unsightliness, or ungraceful deformity, or squalor—I think

I may, without rashness, count on the beggar's suffrage. "Marking time" is a good principle of action *faute de mieux*, and may serve to fill up many a fraction of an hour that were otherwise perhaps in danger of being wasted in sheer idleness, that ready, useful, and efficient pioneer to the triumphant entry of vice.

"Marking time" hath its own unquestionable value, though it is not, and can never, even by the dullest, be mistaken for marching. The memory of Havelock is naturally suggested. When first the news of his death reached me, I was struck by the deep esteem with which he had, unconsciously, inspired so many brother officers who had not recently served with him. Havelock, when a subaltern, was remarkable for the closest and most conscientious attention to ordinary daily drill. With only four or five men in his company after disasters, the daily drill, parade, exercise, and all formalities were gone through as gravely as if on guard in the park at home. "I used," said an old Indian officer to the writer, "I used, being then a wayward youngster, to laugh at him for his pedantry with his handful of men, his grave visits to their 'tents,' &c. I now see in that very precision the germ of the force of character in the man. Duty was duty—independent of place, of appliances, of facilities, of prosperity, of the fluctuations of hope, the tortures of suspense, or the palsy of despair." Havelock might indeed say, with the priest in "Racine," "Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai d'autre crainte." He always "marked time" from a never-slumbering sense of duty; and thus he gained, by sheer worth, the respect

of the frivolous, who began by quizzing a conscientiousness that shamed their own listless shortcomings.

When the young man marks time from sense of duty he is in reality doing more than he recks of. When the day really comes of opportunity, "that empty wolf, who ever flies at the throat of him who fails," our son of diligence is surprised to find himself so much at home. As Jacob Faithful, in Captain Marryatt's novel, after making himself useful in Mrs. Chopper's boat, keeping her accounts, and noting accurately her various loans and disbursements, found, when subsequently appointed to a head clerkship in a navy-agent's office, that he had but little to learn—"the whole was only bum-boating on a larger scale," is his reflection—so may any, perhaps every lad who marks time like Havelock, discover to his delight that when names are seen through and technicalities and conventions mastered, there is really but little essential difference in the posts, the responsibilities, and the details of the civilised world. "How will Scud East succeed in the Indian army?" asks the Rugby boy in "Tom Brown." "Well," is the reply, "he who can rule boys, control himself, obey the Doctor, and give away his cigar case on entering the sixth form, is quite competent to discipline and govern men."

"Act well your part," says Pope. Think that the present moment, be its adjuncts what they may, possesses an importance unseen by you. You can make it a rehearsal of that which one day many will applaud, more will envy, and still more bless as an addition to life. You praise the man of genius, whom

you see for the first time in his matured and finished masterhood of his art, or his eloquence, &c., and you know not how long, how patiently, how heroically, he has, without encouragement, "worked in the secret deep."

Deem not, then, that time wasted that is devoted to the mere keeping up of tried powers—nay, think that no time ever can be wasted when life has habitually present to it this resource. The soldier loves the swing of the sabre, and the old hunter the cry of the hounds; let the man take an interest in the general well-being and well-doing. "Keep thy tools ready (says Charles Kingsley), and God will find thee work." The analogy between man's physical and his mental faculties being perceived and acknowledged the lesson is learnt. Of quaint and practical illustrations of a homely theme, the philosopher will simply remark that the business of an illustration is to illustrate the spirit, rather than the letter of important elements of thought, whether such be deductions from premises or averments of facts. In the eyes of superior intelligences, perhaps, the soldier marking time, the actor's morning practice, and the young philosopher's reverential emulations of Cornutus, or of Gamaliel, may be equally useful and equally praised. Let him, then, take from the two first that useful lesson which will enable him to give hereafter so many to them. Let him cultivate the art of arts, that of promptly embodying in practice every theory, on and after proof of its wisdom and its utility—especially that of leaving off. As the temperate strengthens himself by rising from table with a zest

yet unsated, though elegance, still pleasing the eye, may continue to veil the sensuality it refines, so the careful philosopher will ever leave off speech, or even essay, before hortation becomes tedious, enthusiasm oppressive, wit monotonous, and even illustrative anecdote begin to pall. Of this let me now set example, and reward the generous patience of the trustful reader by concluding this paper. Yet have I many more thoughts on the subject and applications of them which I fain would lay before him for his guidance. Ever learning, though but poorly wise, unrepiningly observant, and candidly reflective, I quit, always, with some reluctance this labour of love, this privilege of indirectly fostering the self-improvement of those on whose young brows beam "the hopes of unaccomplished years." As their welfare is my ambition, be their sympathy my reward.

EARLY CLOSING.

Non progredi est regredi.

LIFE'S first lesson and last, ratified even by death, whose defacing hand refuses to tarry, is that nature gives no recognition to finality, or sufference to stagnation. No edition of man can ever be stereotyped. We are like Macbeth, "returning were more difficult than advancing;" to stand still is denied to us, and if we move not *onward*, we are in spite of ourselves carried backward. Or we are like strong swimmers breasting the downward tide of a mighty river, "hastening to pay its tribute to the sea"—who *may* feel the hopelessness of stemming the current, but who *must* strike out with vigour, energy, and perseverance, if only to keep their present position, and to resist the force that can and may carry them backward against their wills.

Thus, social reforms become from time to time necessary, arising as many do out of political progress. Both spurn the vain command of the timid slave to convention and prejudice. "Thus far shalt thou go; no farther." Shortsighted conservative, learn that this is not given to man.

A larger share of liberty is ours than in any other community. Manhood suffrage exists. To comment or to regret were childish. It cannot be modified. All that can be done is both directly and indirectly to

promote the education of the individual. In a monarchy, says Montesquieu, the radical principle is honour; in a republic, virtue. The power is in the mass; the larrikin has a suffrage; and, if he be not educated *up to* its responsibilities, what is he but a maniac with a two-edged sword, or a child with a fire-brand?

An earnest appeal is now being made to the heads of large establishments to observe the custom of early closing, and thus to give to their young clerks and shopmen opportunity and leisure for recreation and self-improvement; likewise the power and the spirit of a frame and brain buoyant and unexhausted, and therefore ready and willing to profit by the facilities for study and the incentives to emulation with which our favoured city abounds. To others I leave all appeal to mere sentiment, content to address myself to those far-sighted views of true and solid self-interest of which the intellect of a man of business is in such cases the best and final judge.

Let me clear the way by considering the preliminary objection of an imaginary opponent—acute without sentiment, and selfish without improbity.

“You ask of me too much. My sacrifice of some four hours every evening will retard my retirement from business with a fortune. Am I to creep and crawl, when it is mine to bound and soar? Life is short.”

“As to the *rising* young men, let them work—even as I did. I keep them at it—true; but I am giving to them the power and the means of becoming rich as

myself. What school like the shop, the warehouse, and the mart? There are learnt men's wants, cravings, and faults; there is seen the selfishness that beginning in unthrift glides into vice, and too often ends in crime. But, with thrift and industry, my shopmen will be rich; and, in Melbourne (as in some other cities), tell me what is denied to the possessor of wealth?"

I answer—Your desire to be quickly rich may be natural, but it is shared by the gambler, the forger, and the cheat, and by the vendor of adulterated drinks. How many crimes arise out of a feverous impatience to become rich. How happy should we be if content to spend a little and save a little, to drudge less in manhood, and to enjoy life while working. If life be short, let every month have its hours of rational pleasure.

Your young men are acquiring the power to become rich. Granted. You ask with pertinence and force, "What is denied to the possessor of wealth?" I answer—Nothing. Let me pass before your mental eye, like Banquo's line of kings, some of the many powers and inherent privileges of him to whom you are now denying the leisure for humanising pursuits and studies.

(1.) His manhood suffrage. The exercise of this requires an observant and comparing mind, conscious of the rightful interests of his own class, and not unrecognisant of those of others, a mind that can keep personal likings separate from political esteem. Does not this suppose some power of reflection, some *habits* of thought? If, at the very seed-time of life, you refuse him the leisure necessary to the development of such

powers, and to the forming of such habits— will he not become an easy prey to the voluble and unscrupulous charlatan, the political stump-orator, whose distorted facts he is impotent to explain and restore, and whose daring fallacies and sophistries he is untrained to confute? This concerns *you*, and concerns you *now*. For such reckless and frothy legislators will hereafter possess the power to sport with your interests, with your liberties, perhaps even your safety. What a pleasing sight awaits you. Manhood suffrage in the hands of babies, incompetent to discriminate between the able and the worthless, and to protect your interests from the aggressions of the vile.

(2.) There is a function, apparently less dignified, but not less necessary than the legislative, I mean that of the juryman. How often have I pitied an honest farmer, or grazier, or other useful worker with arms rather than brains, his task of sitting for hours, and of concentrating his attention to the various accounts and narrations given by conflicting witnesses—to the able sophistries and fluent rhetoric of opposite counsel, &c.; and when the judge at last begins his lucid summing-up, the vacant eye of the juryman trying to listen proclaims that his words fall on an untrained brain. Yet on the perceptions of such a mind may hang your property, your liberty, perhaps even something more valuable still.

(3.) “What is refused to wealth?” Your rich boor will be raised to the magisterial bench. Here the same arguments apply, but with far greater force, and to a far greater extent. Picture to yourself a purse-

proud, wealth-swollen, small-brained, mean-souled fellow, arrogant without dignity, and loud but unimpressive, ignorant (actually) of the extent of his own ignorance, sitting on the bench and "judging" of some question in which *you* are interested. Arguments are thrown away on such an animal. Conceit, frequently found in exact proportion to ignorance, prompts him to hug and assert his *own* crude opinions purely and simply *because* they are *his*.

And, doubtless, indulgence in the one sole pleasure left to him—a pleasure which, alas, requires no training and supposes no ability—has not very perceptibly improved a temper impaired by neglect of the laws of health. The drunkard is at once excitable and weak. In youth he acquired no proficiency in manly sports, no taste for exercises, no love for nature's varied beauty and music. Domineering and jealous, he resents all recognition of intellect, learning, and eloquence in others, as high treason to the majesty of his banker's book.

Disgusted, you retire home, wondering *how* such men *can* be placed on the bench. Ah! Does not even-handed Justice now "commend the ingredients of your poisoned chalice even to your own lips?" This coarse-minded, insolent, wealth-swollen brute was, thirty years ago, your young shopman. You scorned the early closing movement. You sowed the wind. Now, reap the whirlwind.

For he might have become a far different being. Allowed to quit work before nature was exhausted, he might have been stirred to emulation by the superior

manner and address of some young man of his own class. The popular lecture might stimulate and guide the use of the treasures of the library. Even the theatre and concert might teach him that life has pleasures independent of wealth, which fails to confer happiness unless swayed and distributed by the governing mind of intellect and taste, neither of which ever smile on the lazy or on the sensual.

Who mourns not the sight of a young man in the dawn of his manhood, standing in the criminal dock for forgery, or for embezzlement? Among the causes are, probably, impatience to grow rich, and the want of national enjoyments, together with ignorance of ethics and jurisprudence. For no plea can be more utterly worthless than that of "intention to repay." I wish that lectures could be given to young men in business, imparting short practical rules for conduct such as may guard them from confusion—*e.g.*, the law of contracts and torts, and evidence; how to behave with a ferocious landlord, or (worse!) landlady, bills, I.O.U.s, trespass, burglary, &c., and other practical matters, as false pretences, embezzlement, and valueless cheques, &c. I once tried a course of such lectures up-country, and gave satisfaction to store-keepers and clerks of session (I am suggesting, be it noted, something more practical than poetry or literature). Such cases as youthful embezzlement are saddening; perhaps though *all* of them may not be known, the public has witnessed quite enough, and I am convinced that my readers have neither the

wish nor the right to be informed concerning any merciful condonements.

I am more and more persuaded that ignorance and want of mental discipline are the nurses of crime, especially in the young. Not only because whatever enlarges the intellect tends to correct and refine the heart, but because I see in life that weakness is always more severely punished than wickedness. A sharp knave will allow no one to cheat or to pillage you save himself; a weak *softie* will leave you open for daws to peck at. The knave has but to drop his sinister ways. The reformed T.L. sometimes becomes rich. But the weak man is not merely his own enemy, but an unconscious source of mischief to all in contact with him. Cynics tell me that there are many knaves who keep clear of the dock. If so, it is because they have clear heads. The dock contains more of folly than of villiany. Lay lectures such as I suggest might impress on young men the idiotic folly of the slightest breach of trust, the imminent dangers of a rash—however amiable—credulity. The disobedient prophet was punished by death, merely for credulous trust in a senior and superior, a man of sanctity and devotion. Yet the liar who seduced him was unpunished, and left to the reproaches of conscience. Weakness and credulity make both God and man our foes. (1 Kings, xiii. 18.

Chrysostom ranks our rising youths, and their training as the "heads of our usable property"

And, surely, he who improves their moral, physical, and social condition may be almost said to

create a new country. But let me keep my promise to postpone sentiment, and exclusively to appeal to that intellectual self-love which is ever at one with true social good will; in short, to the healthy instincts of rational self-preservation. The elector must be taught, the magistrate instructed as well as disciplined, and the wealthy humanised. For mere wealth cannot teach wealth's uses. Let us hear no more of "the wealthy lower orders" (bitter irony!); but be opportunity for mental culture given, *pari passu*, with the "potentiality of opulence."

Should any crabbed critic ask, "What security have I that the young men will pass their evenings in the Public Library, or at the lecture-hall, or," &c., I frankly own that I am less disposed to cudgel my brains for an answer than to query his right to put the question. Enough that you have done your duty. Say that out of every six, only two repair to the library or to the lecture-hall; one for general improvement, one to prepare a purposed speech—well. The philosopher is content if two of the remaining four should prefer muscular improvement, one betaking himself to the gymnasium, one to the river or to the forest. More virtues are fostered by the muscular development of a sound physical frame than we take heed of. Who expects a ricketty, scrofulous invalid to be other than selfish, envious, and exacting? I grant that much is possible to mental discipline, and then the more apparent the exceptional character the greater will be the exceptional merit. But a fine, athletic, and well-conditioned fellow (or, as the Scotch call him, "sweet-blooded") is

however imperfectly educated, no mean addition to the community. For the brave are always gentle and placable; the healthy, as a rule, are good-tempered, Pass, then, two out of every six as on the river, or on the cricket-ground, or as taming a buck-jumper, &c. Content thee, O employer (or Boss) for a while. The vantage (20 years hence) will be thine own.

Now, how shall we apportion the lot of the remaining two? I am not so silly as to expect perfection. Take them, vice and folly. Perhaps one plays at billiards, with nicotian intermittings and adjuncts, winding up with *quædam tacenda* into which I decline to follow him; while the other carefully reddens his cheeks and corks his brows, preparatory to the making of himself an egregious ass, among brother donkeys afflicted with a proclivity to private theatricals.

Admit that the philosophic advocate for early closing is candid and reasonable. Two in the library, two on the river, and two . . . wherever the objector pleases. Well! Is not even all this a far less evil than that the whole six should grow up with ricketty spines from monotony of posture, with scrofulous tendencies from inhaling impure heated air, and with the incipient germs of tuberculous cachexia, from lack of free play of the lungs and of varied muscular development—to say nothing of mental ignorance, or of promising youth decimated by heart-disease, induced by a prolonged erect posture. Any, perhaps *all*, of these six, can become rich; any, perhaps *all*, may be made magistrates, or chosen as legislators; and each *must*, in his turn, serve on a jury. Then, call to mind

the salutary warning you received in 1879 from an impartial onlooker, an eclectic philosopher.

Concede, then, this boon as wise and far-seeing patriots, and as clear-headed practical men who kill not the bird whose eggs are of gold. Give not to your posterity for rulers a swarm of stunted mannikins prematurely over-worked, opulent without taste, extravagant without elegance, imperious without dignity, and unsympathising as unintellectual; a curse to their families by the acerbity of their tempers, and a pest to their neighbours by their incessant exactions, and too often by their despotic bearing and their vexatious litigations. And, be your success what it may, life has few happier moments, and certainly no higher consolation, than the consciousness of having resolutely triumphed over our selfishness, by the subjecting of material interest, and even of an impatient thirst for gold, to the nobler mental pleasure of doing our

DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

THE CONVICT EXPIREE.

THE amelioration of prison discipline and internal economy provokes the censure of the stern utilitarian. "How irrational," says he, "this maudlin tenderness for the marauder on civilisation, and destroyer of her comfort! How facile the hypocrisy, how transparent the disguise by which ye are duped by those to whom simulation costs little! Not satisfied with having rendered the prison more like unto a college of instruction than a gaol of punishment—with teaching to your burglar pets (at our expense) a cleanliness and order they never knew, with feeding them better than the honest labourer, and enabling them to abridge, by simulated piety, the righteous sentence meted unto them by wisdom, tempered with humanity and intellect profiting by experience—lo! ye hasten to cocker and welcome their return to the open world with soothing words and open purses. Who would not be a tenant of the Hotel Castieau, an object of interest, with a full belly? Think ye that the hut and shanty enclose many a lowering brow, as unappreciated honesty trims the expiring brand, and thinks sadly over past temptations resisted, as he starves over a meal of which he well knows the convict would successfully complain?"

Undismayed, though perhaps silenced, the sons of humanity obey their instincts and persevere. The

Prisoners' Aid Society, graced by names that contempt cannot touch or detraction vilify, already promises to give method to energy, organisation to numbers, and concentration to enthusiasm. The philosopher may test and ascertain the prudence of the benevolence he admires while he balances the arguments of the stern wisdom he respects. Surely it is *operæ pretium* to ask whether that beneficence be rational which all own to be lovely—whether that caution be necessary which few can feel to be very attractive.

That all punishment should be remedial rather than retributive is a postulate approved by reason and rarified by nature. Man, puny man, should never touch the ark of God; least of all, never seek presumptuously to guide and aid His bolts, or to supplement their effects. If we be certain of anything it is of this, that the unerring laws of nature never fail to pursue, overtake, and punish the wicked. The murderer has no past. "Commit a crime," says Babbage, "and the earth is made of glass, every wavelet of the sea is as a detective." Memory and conscience never slumber, and I have no doubt that the inward sufferings of the prosperous undetected more than rival those of his incarcerated brother in crime. Remedial towards society our punishments can be. Retribution is in higher hands, working with more delicate machinery, and her sting survives man's visitations, and is unallayed even by man's forgiveness.

To remedy, not increase the evil we have detected should be our primary, nay, our sole object. Shall we add despair to moodiness, and turn on society a wild

beast who is assured that every man is his enemy, that for him there is no bond of humanity, no employment for industry, no trial of repentance. Better he had been undetected *ab initio*, for some simulation of decency is necessary to every one who would live—some wild flower of affection, or of friendship, blows in the most rugged heart. Better not release him at all, unless the “release” be more than a mere name; for, if the good refuse to him aid and fair play, be it remembered that old scenes have still their welcome, old comrades their sympathies, and old vices their allurements. Prison discipline has taught much; be its teaching stepping stones to the dignity of labour. When so much is done to our hands, why deem it Quixotic to turn into a right direction that energy strengthened by experience which must stray into some direction unknown as yet, because undetermined. The stream, long pent up, will foam and dash irregularly somewhere. Be it ours to turn and guide it to impel the wheels of industry while it works itself into purity, and ultimately, blessing and adorning the civilisation of man, mirrors on its own bosom the smiles of heaven.

It is not easy to guess with what feelings the convict expiree sallies forth into the world at large. With eager zest for gross enjoyment (some will say), with brain fraught with pleas for new crimes, with ardent desire for old haunts and old comrades. Why? Why judge ye thus? Because; such is his ingrained nature, will be the reply; because he knows no other pursuits or enjoyments. Good; this is the precise vacuum the

Prisoners' Aid Society aspires to fill. The chain has been broken, let us prevent the links from being soldered. The order and cleanliness were new, he has learnt their value; the discipline was new and irksome, he has felt its efficacy. The voice of kindness, not from hirelings or those self-interested in his passive meekness, but from the disinterested and the practical, who point to independence as the goal of honest toil, and present justice and fair play without cant or flattery as its incentives and auxiliaries, may indeed be novel, may indeed excite wonder, but it will fall like the light shower on the parched bush-traveller, and soon a fresh heart will rise within the breast of the outcast as the dews of the morning on the opening world. His quick instincts tell him that his new benefactors are disinterested, that they gain neither fame nor income by the numbers they can render "pious," but that, disdainful of the meek arrogance that pretends to raise man to heaven, they are content with the humbler feat of enabling him to eat the bread of honest industry on earth.

If we vain would temper the fanaticism of the bigot, who, at his ease, consigns four-fifths of the human race to endless torment, how much more ought we to guard ourselves from an implacability which were, in us mortals, either an impious assumption of the most awful of the divine attributes, or else a most dreadful crime. How glaring the inconsistency of praying for that reform based on repentance which we refuse by deeds to aid, and to profess hopes and wishes to which our conduct gives the loud lie! Prudence whispers let

not society be inundated with the wildest of its enemies, guilt and despair; justice says let not employment be refused; and conscience hints how slender the accidental difference between the convict and his judges. "In the eyes of God," said Hale, "I know not whether I be not the greater criminal of the two. Where much is given, much is required. My blessings have exceeded his; but, I fear, not my merits." What Hale felt after the passing of sentence, surely we might not be ashamed of listening to in the hour of hope and opportunity. The liberated convict has no friend, no hope. His passions, his appetites, his memories all pull him the wrong way. Let all who have the power to try to reclaim him do at least sufficient to enable them to meet the dreadful question, "Where is thy brother?"

Such are, it is assumed, the theories of this new form of beneficence, on which enlightened self-interest does not frown. Yet, let not the stern warning of the utilitarian be wholly forgotten. Let us remember that the best things carried to excess are wrong. We are in some danger. As the mother often loves most the sickly wayward little *boiteux*, so the philanthropist feeds his own self-complacency as he indulges the penitent object of his bounty, whose rising virtues (less apparent, perhaps, to others) appear, in some sort to be of his benefactor's own creation. Be work, fair play, and repentance our watchwords. Let us organise employment, not promise indulgence. Let the humble and practical be encouraged, rather than the voluble and the text-fraught. Let reason, aided by firmness,

“dart the keen lustre of her serious eye,” that no opening be afforded for ridicule to say, “He talked over the chaplain, formerly ; he now humbugs you.” Let proofs of reform be strictly exacted, and let the rewards of industry be prompt, but carefully restricted and meted. Above all, let the value of the new character be respected, that the new man may be slowly persuaded that so long as he remains honest and willing, he will never be wholly friendless.

The object is most useful, no less than beautiful. The results will, I am persuaded, make the promoters happy, and society less insecure. Let but a firm and sober practicality enable the society to advance by stages, never to attempt too much, to aim persistently at possible and practical good, to contemn the visionary, and to shun the unattainable.

CHRISTMAS.

“Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis”—LUKE, 12, 13.

“Love towards men of love”—KEBLE.

I am emboldened to follow Keble's preference of the Vulgate to the ordinary English reading by having recently learnt that, in thus yielding, I am *erring with* Thackeray. Familiar as I believed myself to be with my late friend's *every* sentiment, I had this welcome news to learn. “Peace to gentle hearts” should come with CHRISTMAS.

The choir of angels in the stilly splendour of a summer's night, probably like one of our own—the soft radiance, noted by the Greek bard as “making glad the heart of the shepherd,” gradually brightening into super-terreneous glory, striking terror where hitherto calm security had reigned—the “glad tidings” of the long-expected birth of the Desired of Nations—The lowly manger—the harmless beasts of burden and of agriculture standing near to it—the generous Chaldeans, arriving at a conclusion from some lost phase of astronomic science, and baffling by presence of mind and mother-wit, the suspicious malignity of Herod, to blend their rare gifts and rarer homage with the homelier faith of the astonished shepherds—all are wondrous, picturesque, and suggestive. But it is when they culminate in the final harmony, of earth and heaven blending, symbolised by the magi and the

shepherds joining in homage to the child in the manger, that the inner soul of man becomes touched yet awed, and chastened, yet renewed.

“Gloriæ in Excelsis Deo ;
Et in Terrâ,
Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.”

The beauty of the vulgate reading will be acknowledged by all who bow to the maxim of the schoolmen, that “whatsoever is received, is received in proportion to the recipient.” What avails the choir, the star-read Chaldaean, the glory, or the blessing, if not crowned and welcomed by the sympathising heart and gentle, loyal will? The glory of the most High is independent of His creatures. It is “*in excelsis*”—on earth be peace to the well-disciplined *will*. Peace—that peace striking deep root into the heart, merging in her own splendour the cold lights of starry intellect, as the glory eclipsed the brilliant atmosphere in which the shepherds were soothed—peace that awes even the heart it tranquillises, and unchecked by intellectual difficulties, has been righteously said to “pass understanding.”

With no ordinary feelings can any man of sensibility regard this recurring festival. I compare it with the ingathering feast of Israel, when the Giver of Good was thanked with rejoicings, and the fairest fruits of His bounty borne aloft by the young. As peace is for the pure, and purity is the result of *search*, our first care should be to take stock of the past year, and ask ourselves, have we advanced or have we retrograded?

The physical and political blessings at our com-

mand, *how* have they been used, swayed, and diffused—*how* far are they ministers of good? Born as we undoubtedly are to raise ourselves, by faith in our high origin and destiny, by receptivity of ennobling influences, by self-denying disciplines and far-seeing beneficences, can we deny that much yet lingers among us that is aimless, frivolous, and vile, yet that could have been extirpated did not our rebel works and will stain our immortal birth? Has not our unbridled liberty bordered on lawlessness, and thus become a terror to the peaceful? Is not reverence overlaid, and the parental tie—that holy cradle of all true religion—too often scoffed and derided? And do not many seem to delight in making sweet religion worse, far worse, than a mere “rhapsody of words,” a vehicle for bad passions, malignity, and revenge, and do not

Worldlings blot the temple's gold
With uses vile and base?

Is not youth growing up without the lovely grace of modesty and reverence, and is not age too often despicable in its ribald vice? Is not our very diction and dialect so vulgarised that Bolingbroke, Swift, and Windham would require an interpreter before they could converse on our brilliant racecourse with a son or with a daughter of opulence and fashion.

That spontaneous tenderness to childhood and to womanhood which (*once*) seemed to make every man regard himself as their bounden protector, that respect for purity, that horror of the uplifted arm to woman, is it on the increase, or on the wane? Next to the dastard who can strike a woman, I detest the pol-

troon who can witness, and not requite, what perhaps he could not avert. Are either of these *rare*; do not both of them exist?

Is not "smartness in business" deemed to be the one thing needed; and is not honourable conduct, spontaneous and unforced, too often called "soft," and the man who merits esteem too often simply deemed "so much the poorer"? Is man's trust in man deepened or slurred over? Is not bribery ceasing to encumber herself with the flimsy folds of decency; is merit a passport to anything whatever; is not the word always "to *have* done is nothing; if you cannot *give* to those who govern a *quid pro quo*; if you are old and waning, what claim arises from the past? Starve, and resign yourself to a pauper's grave."

Such are few—a very few—of the reflections inevitable on a retrospect of the past year. Philosophy can give but this consolation. "The past is death's. The future is thine own." Be our ingathering a festival of love. To indiscriminate alms-giving philosophy is opposed. Be *Christmas* a jubilee of hospitality, and let the "heart of the shepherd be glad." Let childhood's blithe and pure notes of gaiety ring forth around the Christmas tree, quaintly beautiful German symbol! Let old age recall happy thoughts, and renew in its shrunken veins the life of joy. Let even the haggard, scowling loafer of the tap be bribed into ablution as a condition precedent to a meal graced with his idolised adjuncts. But it is on the memory of childhood that kindnesses linger and tend to humanise maturer life. Be *Christmas-week* a jubilee;

be laid in, with loving foresight, a large stock of *resolute* forgiveness towards young and old.

Christmas is the time of justice. Let the bells ring out its dawn to souls conscious of freedom from debt. Think of the poor, self-respecting tradesman, whose "small account" is life to his family. And be not forgotten any one *real* kindness you may have received during the year, but let bounty solid as you can afford be graced and enhanced by words kind and well-chosen. Let Christmas be the grave of all sullenness and rancour; the sun of the year 1879 is *about to set*; let it not set in wrath that *can* be quenched. Have the courage to *ask* forgiveness where conscience says you need it, have the dignity to grant it, nay the generosity to proffer it. If he who envies stands self-convicted of inferiority—surely he who forgives proclaims his superiority alike in his opulence of nature and of resource.

Christmas is holiday. To the aged quiet and peace are holiday. To the young, innocent pleasures symbolical of the love they suppose. Let duty (stern old dame) dose awhile gently amid the frolic. And let the philosopher lighten and postpone his saws and monitions. The brevity of the essayist shall symbolise his love of holiday, his wish to sacrifice even the dignity of hortation to the joyous spirit of the hour. With hearts cleansed by penitence the fruit of self-examination, and that peace seldom enjoyed by the haughty worldling, with the sense that love divine can ennoble the manger, and rank the opulent sage with the humble shepherd, with the will resigned to loyalty

and love, our Christmas cannot but prove *cheerful* as well as merry. And may the new year thus baptised prove a happier one than its predecessor—happier in industry, in purity, and in love.

Thou ! Bethlehem, raised from lowly state,
 Thy walls the holy child contain,
 From Heaven He came, and Heaven's high gate
 Shall own Him for its Lord again,
 And angels veil the glowing face
 To Him who filled a sufferer's place.

Hark ! How the prophet lifts his voice !
 He points to Christ's eternal reign,
 He bids the distant isles rejoice.
 And sandy deserts bloom again.
 Fresh breaks the stream, and, clustering round,
 The rose and myrtle deck the ground.

To Christian of every shade—to Jew, to Pagan and to Positivist, to Materialist and to Agnostic, to rich, to poor, to the wise and good everywhere—even to the improvident, the reckless, and the naughty—the philosopher's earnest wish not less hearty even though somewhat premature—is

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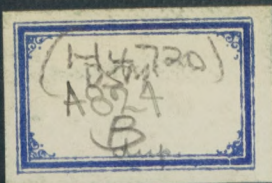
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