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THE STUDENT.

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# THE STUDENT

A SERIES OF PAPERS,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EUGENE ARAM," "ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH,"

&c. &c.

*Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Lytton*

"The situation of the most enchanted enthusiast is preferable to that of a philosopher who, from continual apprehensions of being mistaken, at length dares neither affirm nor deny any thing."

WIELAND'S AGATHON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY ESTEEMED AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,

COLONEL D'AGUILAR,

&c. &c.

I DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES,

E. L. BULWER.

*Hertford Street, April 20, 1835.*



## P R E F A C E.

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I PRESENT these volumes to the reader with considerable diffidence, and with the full consciousness that they need an apology. A series of papers which I published some time since in the New Monthly Magazine, under the title of "Conversations with an Ambitious Student," attracted much favourable attention; and I have been often earnestly requested to collect and republish them. I postponed, however, doing so, from time to time, in the impression that their grave and serious character was not likely to command an attentive audience with

the many, at all commensurate with the exaggerated and enthusiastic estimate already conceived of their value by the few. At length, deciding to publish certain Essays and Tales, I found that their general train of thought was so much in harmony with the Conversations referred to, that I resolved to incorporate the latter, (corrected, somewhat enlarged, and under the altered denomination of "The New Phædo,")—leaving them at the end of the collection—to be read or avoided, as the inclination of the reader may prompt him;—a sort of supplementary walk in the enclosure, at which he may stop short, or through which he may pursue his wanderings, in proportion as the preliminary excursion may have allured or fatigued him.

Of the general nature both of these Conversations and the various papers which precede them, (some of which have also appeared before,) I should observe that they belong rather to the poetical than the logical philo-

sophy—that, for the most part, they address the sentiment rather than the intellect—choosing for their materials the metaphysics of the heart and the passions, which are more often employed in the Fiction than the Essay. If the title were not a little equivocal and somewhat presumptuous, I should venture to entitle them “Minor Prose Poems:” they utter in prose, what are the ordinary didactics of poetry. I allow that they must therefore be taken *cum grano*—that they assert rather than prove, and that they address themselves more to those prepared to agree with the views they embrace, than to those whom it would be necessary to convert. This is yet more the case, perhaps, with the Essays than the Tales, in which latter the moral is often more homely—more addressed to the experience of the reason, and less constructed from the subtleties and refinements of the feelings. The Tales, in short, partake as much of the nature of the essay as the Essays themselves—availing themselves of a dramatic shape,

the more earnestly and the less tediously to inculcate truths.

Although some of the contents of these volumes have appeared before, I yet trust that the component parts have been so selected and arranged as to form a tolerably symmetrical whole — each tending to maintain an unity of purpose, and to illustrate one general vein of ethical sentiment and belief.— Nay, from my desire to effect this the more completely, I fear that I may occasionally have incurred the charge of repetition and tautology— although, perhaps, the fault was unavoidable, and it was necessary to repeat the deduction of one Essay in the problems contended for in another.

Perhaps I may hereafter, (when I have completed an historical work, in which I am now, and at different intervals, have, for years, been engaged,)—add to these volumes, by some papers of a more solid and demonstrative character, divided into two additional series—the one upon

certain topics of the Ancient Learning, the other upon Politics and Commerce. It was with this intention that I adopted the present title, which, if my plan be completed, will be more elaborately borne out than it is by these volumes, regarded as a single publication.

I repeat that it is with the most unaffected diffidence, that after mature deliberation and long delay, I decide upon committing these papers to the judgment of the Public. I am fully aware that they are trifles in themselves, and that miscellanies of this nature are liable to be considered even more trifling than they are—still they convey some thoughts, and some feelings which I wished not to have experienced without result; and the experience by which an individual believes he has profited is rarely communicated without some benefit, however humble, to the world.





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ON THE  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AUTHORS  
AND  
THE IMPRESSION CONVEYED OF THEM BY  
THEIR WORKS.

VOL. I.

B



ON THE  
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AUTHORS  
AND  
THE IMPRESSION CONVEYED OF THEM BY  
THEIR WORKS.

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THIS is one of those subtle and delicate subjects which Literary philosophers have not taken the trouble to discuss; it is one which is linked with two popular errors. The first error is in the assertion that Authors are different from the idea of them which their writings tend to convey; and the second error is in the expectation that nevertheless Authors ought to be exactly what their readers

choose to imagine them. The world does thus, in regard to Authors, as it does in other matters—expresses its opinions in order to contrast its expectations. But if an Author disappoint the herd of spectators, it does not follow that it is his fault. The mass of men are disappointed with the Elgin Marbles. Why? Because they are like life—because they are natural. Their disappointment in being brought into contact with a man of genius is of the same sort. He is too natural for them,—they expected to see his style in his clothes. Mankind love to be cheated: thus the men of genius who have not disappointed the world in their externals, and in what I shall term *the management of self*, have always played a part,—they have kept alive the vulgar wonder by tricks suited to the vulgar understanding,—they have measured their conduct by device and artifice,—and have walked the paths of life in the garments of the stage. Thus did Pythagoras and Diogenes,—thus did Napoleon and Louis XIV. (the last of whom was a man of genius if only from the delicate beauty

of his compliments,)—thus did Bolingbroke, and Chatham, (who never spoke except in his best wig, as being the more imposing,)—and above all Englishmen, thus did Lord Byron. These last three are men eminently interesting to the vulgar, not so much from their genius as their *charlatanism*. It requires a more muscular mind than ordinary to recover the shock of finding a great man simple. There are some wise lines in the *Corsair*, the peculiar merit of which I never recollect that any of the million critics of that poem discovered:—

“ He bounds—he flies, until his footsteps reach  
 The spot where ends the cliff, begins the beach,  
*There checks his speed ;* but pauses, less to breathe  
 The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
*Than there his wonted statelier step renew,*  
*Nor rush, disturbed by haste, to vulgar view ;*  
 For well had Conrad learned to curb the crowd  
 By arts that veil and oft preserve the proud :  
 His was the lofty port, the distant mien  
 That seems to shun the sight, and awes if seen ;  
 The solemn aspect and the high-born eye,  
 That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.

In these lines — shrewd and worldly to the very marrow—are depicted the tricks which Chiefs have ever been taught to play, but which Literary Men (Chiefs of a different order) have not learned to perform. Hence their simplicity, —hence the vulgar disappointment. No man was disappointed with the late Lord Londonderry, but many were with Walter Scott; none with Charles X.—many with Paul Courier; none with the late Archbishop of \* \* \* \*—many with Wordsworth. Massillon preserved in the court the impression he had made in the pulpit: he dressed alike his melodious style and his handsome person to the best advantage. Massillon was a good man, but he was a quack; it was his vocation,—for he was also a good courtier.

This, then, is the difference between the great men of letters and the great men of courts: the former generally disappoint the vulgar — the latter do not; because the one are bred up in the arts that hide defects and dazzle the herd, and



the other know nothing but knowledge, and are skilled in no arts save those of composition. It follows, then, that the feeling of disappointment is usually a sign of a weak mind in him who experiences it,—a foolish, apprentice-sort of disposition, that judges of everything great by the criterion of a puppet-show, and expects as much out of the common way in a celebrated Author as in the Lord Mayor's coach. I hear, therefore, the common cry, that a great man does not answer expectation, with a certain distrustful scorn of the persons who utter it. What right have they to judge of the matter at all? Send them to see Gog and Magog; they will not be disappointed with *that* sight. Is it not, in fact, a great presumption in the petty herd of idlers to express an opinion of the man, when they can scarcely do so of his works, which are but a part of him? Men who knew not, nor could have known, a line in the Principia, thought themselves perfectly at liberty to say that Sir Isaac Newton was quite a different man from what might have been expected. There is

scarcely a good critic of books born in an age, and yet every fool thinks himself justified in criticising persons. "There are some people," said Necker, in one of his fragments, "who talk of *our* Pascal—*our* Corneille. I am thunder-struck at their familiarity!"

In real truth, I believe that there is much less difference between the author and his works than is currently supposed; it is usually in the *physical appearance* of the writer,—his manners—his mien—his exterior,—that he falls short of the ideal a reasonable man forms of him—rarely in his mind. A man is, I suspect, but of a second-rate order whose genius is not immeasurably above his works,—who does not feel within him an inexhaustible affluence of thoughts—feelings—inventions—which he will never have leisure to embody in print. He will die, and leave only a thousandth part of his wealth to Posterity, which is his Heir. I believe this to be true even of persons, like La Fontaine, who succeed only in a particular line; men seemingly of one idea

shining through an atmosphere of simplicity—the Monomaniacs of Genius. But it is doubly true of the mass of great Authors who are mostly various, accomplished, and all-attempting: such men never can perfect their own numberless conceptions.

It is, then, in the physical or conventional, not the mental qualities, that an Author usually falls short of our ideal: this is a point worthy to be fixed in the recollection. Any of my readers who have studied the biography of men of letters will allow my assertion is borne out by facts; and, at this moment, I am quite sure that numbers, even of both sexes, have lost a portion of interest for the genius of Byron on reading in Lady Blessington's Journal that he wore a nanikin jacket and green spectacles. Of such a nature are such disappointments. No! in the mind of a man there is always a resemblance to his works. His heroes may not be like himself, but they are like certain qualities, which belong to him. The sentiments he utters are his at the moment;—if you find them predominate in all

his works, they predominate in his mind: if they are advanced in one, but contradicted in another, they still resemble their Author, and betray the want of depth or of resolution in his mind. His works alone make not up a man's character, but they are the index to that living book.

Every one knows how well Voltaire refuted the assertion of J. Baptiste Rousseau that goodness and talent must exist together. The learned Strabo, holding the same error as Baptiste Rousseau, says (lib. i.) that there cannot be "a good poet who is not first a good man." This is a paradox, and yet it is not *far* from the truth: a good poet may not be a good man, but he must have certain good dispositions. Above all, that disposition which sympathises with noble sentiments—with lofty actions—with the Beauty of the Mind as of the Earth. This may not suffice to make him a good man—its influence may be counteracted a hundred ways in life, but it is not counteracted in his compositions. *There* the better portion of his Intellect awakes—there he gives vent to enthusiasm, and

enthusiasm to generous and warm emotions. Sterne may have been harsh to his wife, but his heart was tender at the moment he wrote of Maria. Harshness of conduct is not a contradiction of extreme susceptibility to sentiment in writing. The latter may be perfectly sincere, as the former may be perfectly indefensible; in fact, the one may be a consequence, not a contradiction, of the other. The craving after the Ideal, which belongs to Sentiment, makes its possessor discontented with the mortals around him, and the very overfineness of nerve that quickens his feelings sharpens also his irritability. For my own part, so far from being surprised to hear that Sterne was a peevish and angry man, I should have presumed it at once from the overwrought fibre of his graver compositions. This contrast between softness in emotion, and callousness in conduct, is not peculiar to poets. Nero was womanishly affected by the harp; and we are told by Plutarch, that Alexander Pheræus, who was one of the sternest of tyrants, shed a torrent of tears upon the act-

ing of a play. So that he who had furnished the most matter for tragedies was most affected by the pathos of a tragedy !

But who shall say that *the feelings* which produced such emotions even in such men were not laudable and good? Who that has stood in the dark caverns of the Human Heart, shall dare to scoff at the contrast of act and sentiment, instead of lamenting it? Such scoffers are the Shallows of Wit—their very cleverness proves their superficiality. There are various dark feelings within us which do not *destroy*, but which, when roused, *overwhelm* for the time the feelings which are good—to which last, occupied in literature, or in purely mental emotions, we are sensible alone, and unalloyed. Of our evil feelings, there is one in especial which is the usual characteristic of morbid literary men, though, hitherto, it has escaped notice as such, and which is the cause of many of the worst faults to be found both in the Author and the Tyrant: this feeling is *Suspicion*: and I think I am justified in calling it the charac-

teristic of morbid literary men. Their quick susceptibilities make them over-sensible of injury,—they exaggerate the enmities they have awakened—the slanders they have incurred. They are ever fearful of a trap: nor this in literature alone. Knowing that they are not adepts in the world's common business, they are perpetually afraid of *being taken in*; and, feeling their various peculiarities, they are often equally afraid of being ridiculed. Thus Suspicion, in all ways and all shapes, besets them; this makes them now afraid to be generous, and now to be kind; and acting upon a soil that easily receives, but rarely loses an impression—that melancholy vice soon obdurates and encrusts the whole conduct of the *acting* man. But in literary composition it sleeps. The *thinking* man then hath no enemy at his desk,—no hungry trader at his elbow—no grinning spy on his uncouth gestures. His soul is young again—he is what he embodies,—and the feelings, checked in the real world, obtain their vent in the imaginary. It was the

*Good Natural*, to borrow a phrase from the French, that spoke in the erring Rousseau, when he dwelt on the loveliness of Virtue. It was the Good Natural that stirred in the mind of Alexander Pheræus when he wept at the mimic sorrows subjected to his gaze. When the time for action and for the real world arrived to either, it roused other passions, and Suspicion made the Author no less a wretch than it made the Tyrant.

Thus the tenderest sentiments may be accompanied with cruel actions, and yet the solution of the enigma be easy to the inquirer ; and thus, though the *life* of an Author does not correspond with his works, his *nature* may.

But this view is the most partial of all,—and I have, therefore, considered it the first. How few instances there are, after all, of even that *seeming* discrepitude, which I have just touched upon, between the Author's conduct and his books ; in most they chime together — and all the notes from the mighty instrument are in concord ! Look at the life of Schiller,



how completely his works assimilate with his restless, questioning, and daring genius: the animation of Fiesco—the solemnity of Wallenstein—are alike emblematic of his character. His sentiments are the echo to his life. Walter Scott and Cobbett—what a contrast! Could Cobbett's life have been that of Scott—or Scott's character that of Cobbett? You may read the character of the Authors in their several Works, as if the works were meant to be autobiographies. Warburton!—what an illustration of the proud and bitter Bishop, in his proud and bitter Books! Sir Philip Sidney\* is the Arcadia put into action;—the wise and benevolent Fénelon;—the sententious and fiery Corneille;—the dreaming and scarce intelligible Shelley;—the pompous vigour of Johnson, with his prejudice and his sense—his jealousies and his charity—his habitual magniloquence in nothings—and his gloomy independence of mind, yet low-born ve-

\* “Poetry put into action” is the fine saying of Campbell in respect to Sidney's life;—true, but the poetry of the Arcadia.

neration for rank ;—Johnson is no less visible in the Rambler, the Rasselas, the Lives of the Poets, the Taxation no Tyranny, than in his large chair at Mrs. Thrale's—his lonely chamber in the dark court out of Fleet-street—or his leonine unbendings with the canicular soul of Boswell. How in the playfulness and the depth—the eccentricity and the solid sense—the ubiquitous sympathy with the larger mass of men—the absence of almost all sympathy with their smaller knots and closer ties,—how in those features, which characterise the pages of Bentham, you behold the wise, singular, benevolent, and passionless old man ! I might go on enumerating these instances for ever :—Dante, Petrarch, Voltaire, rush on my memory as I write,—but to name them is enough to remind the reader that if he would learn their characters he has only to read their works. I have been much pleased in tracing the life of Paul Louis Courier, the most brilliant political writer France ever possessed—to see how singularly it is in keeping with the character of his writings. Talking

the other day at Paris with some of his friends, they expressed themselves astonished at my accurate notions of his character—"You must have known him," they said. "No;—but I know his works." When he was in the army in Italy, he did not distinguish himself by bravery in his profession of Soldier, but by bravery in his pursuits as an Antiquarian! perfectly careless of danger, he pursued his own independent line of occupation—sympathizing with none of the objects of others—untouched by the vulgar ambition—wandering alone over the remains of old—falling a hundred times into the hands of the *brigands*, and a hundred times extricating himself by his address, and continuing the same pursuits with the same nonchalance. In all this you see the identical character which, in his writings, views with a gay contempt the ambition and schemes of others—which sneers alike at the Bourbon and the Buonaparte—which, careless of subordination, rather than braving persecution, pursues with a gallant indifference its own singular and independent career.

A critic, commenting on writings that have acquired some popularity, observed, that they contained two views of life contradictory of each other,—the one inclining to the Ideal and Lofty—the other to the Worldly and Cynical. The critic remarked, that “this might arise from the Author having two separate characters,—a circumstance less uncommon than the world supposed.” There is great depth in the critic’s observation. An Author usually *has* two characters,—the one belonging to his Imagination—the other to his Experience. From the one come all his higher embodyings: by the help of the one he elevates—he refines;—from the other come his beings of “the earth, earthy,” and his aphorisms of worldly caution. From the one broke—bright yet scarce distinct—the Rebecca of Ivanhoe,—from the other rose, shrewd and selfish, the Andrew Fairservice of Rob Roy. The original of the first need never to have existed—her elements belonged to the Ideal; but the latter was purely the creature of Experience, and either copied from one, or moulded

unconsciously from several, of the actual denizens of the living world. In Shakspeare the same doubleness of character is remarkably visible. The loftiest Ideal is perpetually linked with the most exact copy of the commoners of life. Shakspeare had never seen Miranda—but he had drunk his glass with honest Stephano. Each character embodies a separate view of life—the one (to return to my proposition) the offspring of Imagination, the other of Experience. This complexity of character—which has often puzzled the inquirer—may, I think, thus be easily explained—and the seeming contradiction of the tendency of the work traced home to the conflicting principles in the breast of the Writer. The more an imaginative man sees of the world, the more likely to be prominent is the distinction I have noted.

I cannot leave this subject—though the following remark is an episode from the inquiry indicated by my title—without observing that the characters drawn by Experience—usually the worldly, the plain, and the humorous—stand

necessarily out from the canvass in broader and more startling colours, than those created by the Imagination. Hence superficial critics have often considered the humorous and coarse characters of an author as his best,—forgetful that the very indistinctness of his ideal characters is not only inseparable from the nature of purely imaginary creations, but a proof of the exaltation and intenseness of the imaginative power. The most shadowy and mist-like of all Scott's heroes is the Master of Ravenswood, and yet it is perhaps the highest of his characters in execution as well as conception. Those strong colours and massive outlines, which strike the vulgar gaze as belonging to the best pictures, belong rather to the lower Schools of Art. Let us take a work—the greatest the world possesses in those Schools, and in which the flesh-and-blood vitality of the characters is especially marked—I mean Tom Jones—and compare it with Hamlet. The chief characters in Tom Jones are all plain, visible, eating, drinking, and walking beings; those in Hamlet are shadowy, solemn, and mysterious—

we do not associate them with the ordinary wants and avocations of Earth—they are

“ Lifeless, but lifelike, and awful to sight,  
Like the figures in arras that gloomily glare,  
Stirred by the breath of the midnight air.”

But who shall say that the characters in Tom Jones are better drawn than those in Hamlet—or that there is greater skill necessary in the highest walk of the Actual School, than in that of the Imaginative?—Yet there are some persons who, secretly in their hearts, want Hamlet to be as large in the calves as Tom Jones! These are they who blame Lara for being indistinct—that very indistinctness shedding over the poem the sole interest it was capable of receiving. With such critics, Mari-tornes is a more masterly creation than Undine.

We may observe in Humorous Authors that the faults they chiefly ridicule have often a likeness in themselves. Cervantes had much of the knight-errant in him;—Sir George Etherege was unconsciously the Fopling Flutter of his

own satire;—Goldsmith was the same hero to chambermaids, and coward to ladies, that he has immortalized in his charming comedy;—and the antiquarian frivolities of Jonathan Oldbuck had their resemblance in Jonathan Oldbuck's creator. The pleasure or the pain we derive from our own foibles makes enough of our nature to come off somewhere or other in the impression we stamp of ourselves on Books.

There is—as I think it has been somewhere remarked by a French writer—there is that in our character which never can be seen except in our writings. Yes, all that we have formed from the Ideal—all our noble aspirings—our haunting visions—our dreams of virtue,—all the *celata Venus* which dwells in the lonely Ida of the heart—who could pour forth these delicate mysteries to gross and palpable hearers,—who could utterly unveil to an actual and indifferent spectator the cherished and revered images of years—dim regrets and vague hopes?

In fact, if you told your best friend half what you put upon paper, he would yawn in your



face, or he would think you a fool. Would it have been possible for Rousseau to have gravely communicated to a living being the tearful egotisms of his *Reveries*?—could Shakspeare have uttered the wild confessions of his sonnets to his friends at the “Mermaid?”—should we have any notion of the youthful character of Milton—its lustrous but crystallized purity—if the *Comus* had been unwritten? *Authors are the only men we ever really do know,—the rest of mankind die with only the surface of their character understood.* True, as I have before said, even in an Author, if of large and fertile mind, much of his most sacred self is never to be revealed,—but still we know what species of ore the mine would have produced, though we may not have exhausted its treasure.

Thus, then, to sum up what I have said, so far from there being truth in the vulgar notion, that the character of Authors is belied in their works—their works are, to a diligent inquirer, their clearest and fullest illustration—an appendix to their biography far more valuable and ex-

planatory than the text itself. From this fact we may judge of the beauty and grandeur of the materials of the human mind, although those materials are so often perverted, and their harmony so fearfully marred. It also appears that—despite the real likeness between the book and the man—the vulgar will not fail to be disappointed, because they look to externals;—and the man composed not the book with his face, nor his dress, nor his manners—but with his mind. Hence, then, to proclaim yourself disappointed with the Author is usually to condemn your own accuracy of judgment, and your own secret craving after pantomimic effect. Moreover, it would appear, on looking over these remarks, that there are often two characters to an Author,—the one essentially drawn from the Poetry of life—the other from its Experience; and that hence are to be explained many seeming contradictions and inconsistencies in his works. Lastly, that so far from the book belying the author, unless he had written that book, you—(no, even if you are his nearest

relation, his dearest connexion,—his wife,—his mother)—would never have known the character of his mind.

“ *Hæ pulcherrimæ effigies et mansuræ.*”

All biography proves this remarkable fact! Who so astonished as a man's relations when he has exhibited his genius, which is the soul and core of his character? Had Alfieri or Rousseau died at thirty, what would all who had personally known either have told us of them? Would they have given us any, the faintest, notion of their characters? None. A man's mind is betrayed by his talents as much as his virtues. A councillor of a provincial parliament had a brother a mathematician—“How unworthy in my brother,”—cried the councillor,—“the brother of a councillor of the parliament in Bretagne, to sink into a mathematician!” That mathematician was Descartes! What should we know of the character of Descartes, supposing him to have renounced his science, and

his brother (who might fairly be supposed to know his life and character better than any one else) to have written his biography?—A reflection that may teach us how biography in general ought to be estimated.

MONOS AND DAIMONOS.



# MONOS AND DAIMONOS.

A LEGEND.

---

I AM English by birth, but my early years were passed in a foreign and more northern land. I had neither brothers nor sisters; my mother died when I was in the cradle; and I found my sole companion, tutor, and playmate in my father. He was a younger brother of a noble and ancient house: what induced him to forsake his country and his friends, to abjure all society, and to live on a rock, is a story in itself, which has nothing to do with mine.

As the Lord liveth, I believe the tale that I

shall tell you will have sufficient claim on your attention, without calling in the history of another to preface its most exquisite details, or to give interest to its most amusing events. I said my father lived on a rock—the whole country round seemed nothing but rock!—wastes, bleak, blank, dreary; trees stunted, herbage blighted; caverns, through which some black and wild stream (that never knew star or sunlight, but through rare and hideous chasms of the huge stones above it) went dashing and howling on its blessed course; vast cliffs, covered with eternal snows, where the birds of prey lived, and sent, in screams and discordance, a grateful and meet music to the heavens, which seemed too cold and barren to wear even clouds upon their wan, grey, comfortless expanse: these made the characters of that country where the spring of my life sickened itself away. The climate which, in the milder parts of \* \* \* \*, relieves the nine months of winter with three months of an abrupt and autumnless summer, never seemed to vary in the gentle and sweet



region in which *my* home was placed. Perhaps, for a brief interval, the snow in the valleys melted, and the streams swelled, and a blue, ghastly, unnatural kind of vegetation, seemed, here and there, to scatter a grim smile over minute particles of the universal rock; but to these witnesses of the changing season were the summers of my boyhood confined. My father was addicted to the sciences—the physical sciences—and possessed but a moderate share of learning in any thing else; he taught me all he knew; and the rest of my education, Nature, in a savage and stern guise, instilled in my heart by silent but deep lessons. She taught my feet to bound, and my arm to smite; she breathed life into my passions, and shed darkness over my temper; she taught me to cling to her, even in her most rugged and unalluring form, and to shrink from all else—from the companionship of man, and the soft smiles of woman, and the shrill voice of childhood; and the ties, and hopes, and socialities, and objects of human existence, as from a torture and a curse. Even in that sullen

rock, and beneath that ungenial sky, I had luxuries unknown to the palled tastes of cities, or to those who woo delight in an air of odours and in a land of roses ! What were those luxuries ? They had a myriad varieties and shades of enjoyment—they had but a common name. What were those luxuries ? *Solitude !*

My father died when I was eighteen ; I was transferred to my uncle's protection, and I repaired to London. I arrived there, gaunt and stern, a giant in limbs and strength, and to the tastes of those about me, a savage in bearing and in mood. They would have laughed, but I awed them ; they would have altered *me*, but I changed *them* ; I threw a damp over their enjoyment and a cloud over their meetings. Though I said little, though I sat with them estranged and silent, and passive, they seemed to wither beneath my presence. Nobody could live with me and be happy, or at ease ! I felt it, and I hated them that they could love not me. Three years passed—I was of age—I demanded my fortune—and scorning social life, and pining

once more for loneliness, I resolved to journey to those unpeopled and far lands, which if any have pierced, none have returned to describe. So I took my leave of them all, cousin and aunt—and when I came to my old uncle, who had liked me less than any, I grasped his hand with so friendly a gripe, that, well I ween, the dainty and nice member was thenceforth but little inclined to its ordinary functions.

I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came into the enormous woods of Africa, where human step never trod, nor human voice ever startled the thrilling and intense Solemnity that broods over the great solitudes, as it brooded over chaos before the world was! There the primeval nature springs and perishes; undisturbed and unvaried by the convulsions of the surrounding world; the seed becomes the tree, lives through its uncounted ages, falls and moulders, and rots and vanishes; there, the slow Time moves on, unwitnessed in its mighty and mute changes, save by the wandering lion,

or that huge serpent—a hundred times more vast than the puny boa—which travellers have boasted to behold. There, too, as beneath the heavy and dense shade I couched in the scorching noon, I heard the trampling as of an army, and the crush and fall of the strong trees, and saw through the matted boughs the Behemoth pass on its terrible way, with its eyes burning as a sun, and its white teeth arched and glistening in the rabid jaw, as pillars of spar glitter in a cavern; the monster, to whom those wastes only are a home, and who never, since the waters rolled from the Dædal earth, has been given to human gaze and wonder but my own! Seasons glided on, but I counted them not; they were not doled to me by the tokens of man, nor made sick to me by the changes of his base life, and the evidence of his sordid labour. Seasons glided on, and my youth ripened into manhood, and manhood grew grey with the first frost of age; and then a vague and restless spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, “I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!”

I retraced my steps—I recrossed the wastes—I re-entered the cities—I took again the garb of man; for I had been hitherto naked in the wilderness, and hair had grown over me as a garment. I repaired to a sea-port, and took ship for England.

In the vessel there was one man, and only one, who neither avoided my companionship nor recoiled at my frown. He was an idle and curious being, full of the frivolities, and egotisms, and importance of those to whom towns are homes, and talk has become a mental aliment. He was one pervading, irritating, offensive tissue of little and low thoughts. The only meanness he had not was fear. It was impossible to awe, to silence, or to shun him. He sought me for ever; he was as a blister to me, which no force could tear away; my soul grew faint when my eyes met him. He was to my sight as those creatures which from their very loathsomeness are fearful as well as despicable to us. I longed and yearned to strangle him when he addressed me! Often I would have laid my hand on him,

and hurled him into the sea to the sharks, which, lynx-eyed and eager-jawed, swam night and day around our ship; but the gaze of many was on us, and I curbed myself, and turned away, and shut my eyes in very sickness; and when I opened them again, lo! he was by my side, and his sharp quick voice grated on my loathing ear! One night I was roused from my sleep by the screams and oaths of men, and I hastened on deck: we had struck upon a rock. It was a ghastly, but, oh Christ! how glorious, a sight! Moonlight still and calm—the sea sleeping in sapphires; and in the midst of the silent and soft repose of all things, three hundred and fifty souls were to perish from the world! I sat apart, and looked on, and aided not. A voice crept like an adder's hiss upon my ear; I turned, and saw my tormentor; the moonlight fell on his face, and it grinned with the maudlin grin of intoxication, and his pale blue eye glistened, and he said, "We will not part even here!"—My blood ran coldly through my veins, and I would have thrown him into

the sea, which now came fast and fast upon us; *but the moonlight was on him, and I did not dare to kill him.* But I would not stay to perish with the herd, and I threw myself alone from the vessel and swam towards a rock. I saw a shark dart after me, but I shunned him, and the moment after he had plenty to sate his maw. I heard a crash, and a mingled and wild burst of anguish, the anguish of three hundred and fifty hearts that a minute afterwards were stilled, and I said in my *own* heart, with a deep joy, "*His voice is with the rest, and we have parted!*" I gained the shore, and lay down to sleep.

The next morning my eyes opened upon a land more beautiful than a Grecian's dreams. The sun had just risen, and laughed over streams of silver, and trees bending with golden and purple fruits, and the diamond dew sparkled from a sod covered with flowers, whose faintest breath was a delight. Ten thousand birds, with all the hues of a northern rainbow blended in their glorious and glowing wings, rose from turf

and tree, and loaded the air with melody and gladness; the sea, without a vestige of the past destruction upon its glassy brow, murmured at my feet; the heavens, without a cloud, and bathed in a liquid and radiant light, sent their breezes as a blessing to my cheek. I rose with a refreshed and light heart; I traversed the new home I had found; I climbed upon a high mountain, and saw that I was in a small island—it had no trace of man—and my heart swelled as I gazed around and cried aloud in my exultation, “I shall be alone again!” I descended the hill: I had not yet reached its foot, when I saw the figure of a man approaching towards me. I looked at him, and my heart misgave me. He drew nearer, and I saw that my despicable persecutor had escaped the waters, and now stood before me. He came up with his hideous grin, and his twinkling eye; and he flung his arms round me,—I would sooner have felt the slimy folds of the serpent—and said, with his grating and harsh voice, “Ha! ha! my friend, we shall be together still!” I looked at him



with a grim brow, but I said not a word. There was a great cave by the shore, and I walked down and entered it, and the man followed me. "We shall live so happily here," said he; "we will never separate!" And my lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. It was now noon, and hunger came upon me; I went forth and killed a deer, and I brought it home and broiled part of it on a fire of fragrant wood; and the man ate, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the bones had choked him; and he said, when we had done, "We shall have rare cheer here!" But I still held my peace. At last he stretched himself in a corner of the cave and slept. I looked at him, and saw that the slumber was heavy, and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and took my way to the opposite part of the island; it was my turn to laugh then! I found out another cavern; and I made a bed of moss and of leaves, and I wrought a table of wood, and I looked out from the mouth of the cavern and saw the wide seas before me, and I said, "Now I shall be alone!"

When the next day came, I again went out and caught a kid, and brought it in, and prepared it as before; but I was not hungered, and I could not eat, so I roamed forth and wandered over the island: the sun had nearly set when I returned. I entered the cavern, and sitting on my bed and by my table was that man whom I thought I had left buried alive in the other cave. He laughed when he saw me, and laid down the bone he was gnawing.

“Ha, ha!” said he, “you would have served me a rare trick, but there was a hole in the cave which you did not see, and I got out to seek you. It was not a difficult matter, for the island is so small; and now we *have* met, and we will part no more!”

I said to the man, “Rise, and follow me!” So he rose, and the food he quitted was loathsome in my eyes, for he had touched it. “Shall this thing reap and I sow?” thought I, and my heart felt to me like iron.

I ascended a tall cliff: “Look round,” said I; “you see that stream which divides the island; you shall dwell on one side, and I on the other

but the same spot shall not hold us, nor the same feast supply !”

“ That may never be !” quoth the man ; “ for I cannot catch the deer, nor spring upon the mountain kid ; and if you feed me not, I shall starve !”

“ Are there not fruits,” said I, “ and birds that you may snare, and fishes which the sea throws up ?”

“ But I like them not,” quoth the man, and laughed, “ so well as the flesh of kids and deer !”

“ Look, then,” said I, “ look : by that grey stone, upon the opposite side of the stream, I will lay a deer or a kid daily, so that you may have the food you covet ; but if ever you cross the stream and come into my kingdom, so sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will slay you !”

I descended the cliff, and led the man to the side of the stream. “ I cannot swim,” said he ; so I took him on my shoulders and crossed the brook, and I found him out a cave, and I made

him a bed and a table like my own, and left him. When I was on my own side of the stream again, I bounded with joy, and lifted up my voice; "I shall be alone *now!*" said I.

So two days passed, and I *was* alone. On the third I went after my prey; the noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I entered my cavern, and behold the man lay stretched upon my bed. "Ha, ha!" said he, "here I am; I was so lonely at home that I have come to live with you again!"

I frowned on the man with a dark brow, and I said, "So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will slay you!" I seized him in my arms: I plucked him from my bed; I took him out into the open air, and we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. A fear came suddenly upon me; I was struck with the awe of the still Spirit which reigns over Solitude. Had a thousand been round us, I would have slain him before them all. I feared now because we were alone in the desert, with Silence and GOD! I relaxed my hold. "Swear,"

I said, "never to molest me again; swear to preserve unpassed the boundary of our several homes, and I will *not* kill you!" "I cannot swear," answered the man; "I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face—even though that face be my enemy's!"

At these words my rage returned; I dashed the man to the ground, and I put my foot upon his breast, and my hand upon his neck, and he struggled for a moment—and was dead! I was startled; and as I looked upon his face I thought it seemed to revive; I thought the cold blue eye fixed upon me, and the vile grin returned to the livid mouth, and the hands which in the death-pang had grasped the sand, stretched themselves out to me. So I stamped on the breast again, and I dug a hole in the shore, and I buried the body. "And now," said I, "I am alone at last!" And then *the TRUE sense of loneliness*, the vague, comfortless, objectless sense of desolation passed into me. And I shook—shook in every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the

dark ; and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have stayed in that spot a moment more if I had been made young again for it. I turned away and fled—fled round the whole island ; and gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some illimitable desert, that I might flee on for ever. At sunset I returned to my cave—I sat myself down on one corner of the bed, and covered my face with my hands—I thought I heard a noise ; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried. There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his wan eyes, and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I entered a wood—I threw myself down—there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again ! And my courage rose, and I spoke, but he answered not. I attempted to seize him, he glided from my grasp, and was still opposite, six feet from me as before. I flung myself on the ground, and pressed my face to the sod, and would not look up till

the night came on and darkness was over the earth. I then rose and returned to the cave; I lay down on my bed, and the man lay down by me; and I frowned and tried to seize him as before, but I could not, and I closed my eyes, *and the man lay by me.* Day followed day and it was the same. At board, at bed, at home and abroad, in my uprising and my down-sitting, by day and at night, there, by my bed-side, six feet from me, and no more, was that ghastly and dead thing. And I said, as I looked upon the beautiful land and the still heavens, and then turned to that fearful comrade, "I shall never be alone again!" And the man laughed.

At last a ship came, and I hailed it—it took me up, and I thought, as I put my foot upon the deck, "I shall escape from my tormentor!" As I thought so, I saw him climb the deck too, and I strove to push him down into the sea, but in vain; he was by my side, *and he fed and slept with me as before!* I came home to my native land! I forced myself into crowds—I went to the feast, and I heard music—and I

made thirty men sit with me, and watch by day and by night. So I had thirty-*one* companions, and one was more social than all the rest.

At last I said to myself, "This is a delusion, and a cheat of the external senses, and the thing is *not*, save in my mind. I will consult those skilled in such disorders, and I will be—*alone again!*"

I summoned one celebrated in purging from the mind's eye its films and deceits—I bound him by an oath to secrecy—and I told him my tale. He was a bold man and a learned, and promised me relief and release.

"Where is the figure now?" said he, smiling; "I see it not."

And I answered, "It is six feet from us!"

"I see it not," said he again; "and if it were real, my senses would not receive the image less palpably than yours." And he spoke to me as schoolmen speak. I did not argue nor reply, but I ordered the servants to prepare a room, and to cover the floor with a thick layer of



sand. When it was done, I bade the Leech follow me into the room, and I barred the door. "Where is the figure now?" repeated he; and I said, "Six feet from us as before!" And the Leech smiled. "Look on the floor!" said I, and I pointed to the spot; "what see you?" And the Leech shuddered, and clung to me that he might not fall. "The sand there," said he, "was smooth when we entered, and now I see on that spot the print of human feet!"

And I laughed, and dragged my *living* companion on; "See," said I, "where we move what follows us!"

The Leech gasped for breath; "The print," said he, "of those human feet!"

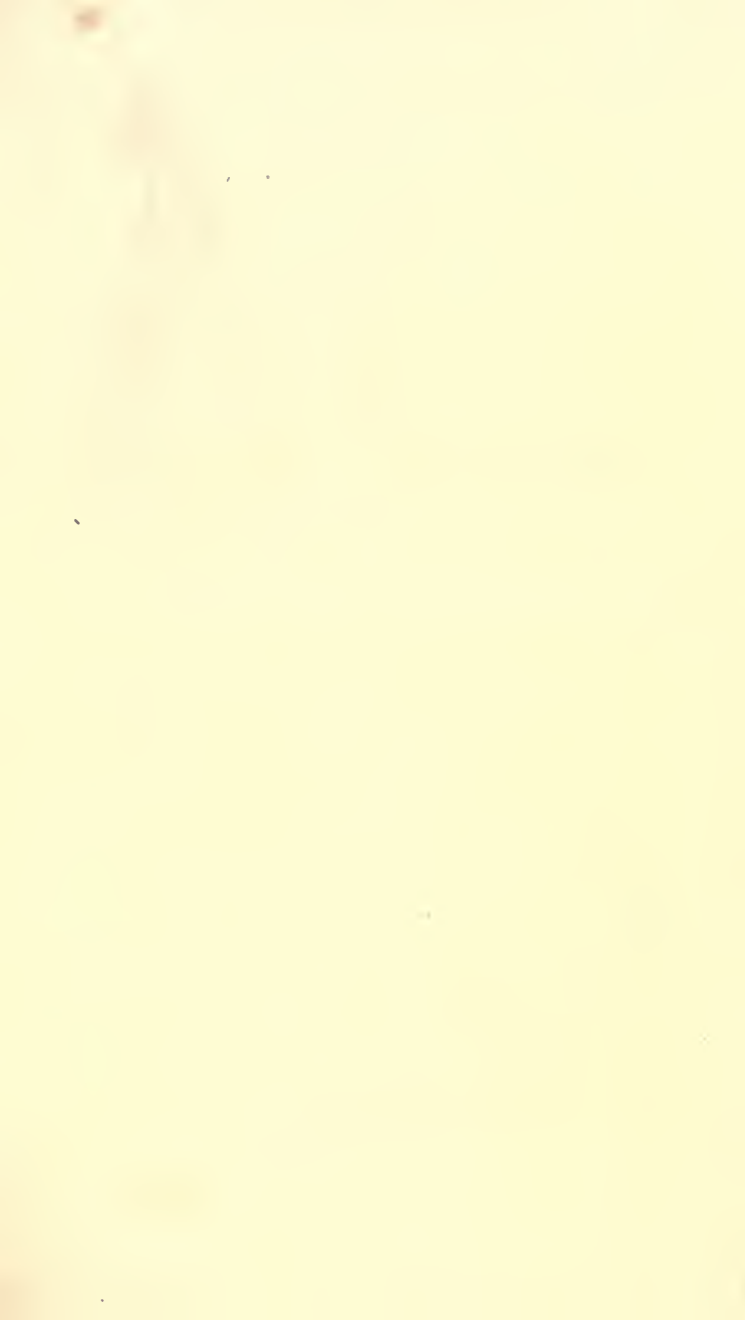
"Can you not minister to me then?" cried I, in a sudden and fierce agony, "and must I *never* be alone again?"

And I saw the feet of the dead thing trace these words upon the sand:—

"SOLITUDE IS ONLY FOR THE GUILTLESS—  
EVIL THOUGHTS ARE COMPANIONS FOR A TIME—

EVIL DEEDS ARE COMPANIONS THROUGH ETERNITY  
—THY HATRED MADE ME BREAK UPON THY  
LONELINESS—THY CRIME DESTROYS LONELINESS  
FOR EVER.”

ON THE  
DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.



ON THE  
DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

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IN the seven stages of man's life, there are three epochs more distinctly marked than the rest, viz. —the departure of Boyhood—the departure of Youth—the commencement of Old Age. I consider the several dates of these epochs, in ordinary constitutions, commence at fifteen, thirty, and fifty years of age. It is of the second that I am about to treat. When I call it the epoch for the departure of youth, I do not of course intend to signify, that this, the prime and zenith of our years, is as yet susceptible of decay. Our frames are as young as they were five years before, it is the mind that has become ma-

tured. By youth I mean the growing and progressive season—its departure is only visible inasmuch as we have become, as it were, fixed and stationary. The qualities that peculiarly belong to youth—its “quick-thronging fancies”—its exuberance of energy and feeling, cease to be our distinctions at thirty. We are young but not youthful. It is not at thirty that we know the wild phantasies of Romeo—scarcely at thirty that we could halt irresolute in the visionary weaknesses of Hamlet. The *passions* of youth may be no less felt than heretofore; it is youth’s *sentiment* we have lost. The muscles of the mind are firmer, but it is the nerve that is less susceptible, and vibrates no more to the lightest touch of pleasure or of pain.—Yes, it is the prime of our manhood which is the departure of our youth!

It seems to me, that to reflective and lofty minds accustomed to survey, and fitted to comprehend, the great aims of life,—this is a period peculiarly solemn and important. It is a spot on which we ought to rest for a while from our journey. It is the summit of the hill from

which we look down on two even divisions of our journey. We have left behind us a profusion of bright things—never again shall we traverse such fairy fields—with such eager hopes;—never again shall we find the same

“Glory in the grass or splendour in the flower.”

The dews upon the herbage are dried up. The morning is no more.

“We made a posy while the time ran by,

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they

By noon most cunningly did steal away

And wither in the hand.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent! \*

We ought then to pause for awhile—to review the past—to gather around us the memories and the warnings of experience—to feel that the lighter part of our destinies is completed—that the graver has begun—that our follies and our errors have become to us the monitors of wisdom: for since these are the tributes which Fate exacts from Mortality, they are not to be idly re-

\* George Herbert.

gretted, but to be solemnly redeemed. And if we are penetrated with this thought, our Past becomes the mightiest preacher to our Future. Looking back over the tombs of departed errors, we behold, by the side of each, the face of a warning Angel! It is the prayer of a foolish heart, "Oh that my time could return—Oh that this had been done, or that could be undone;" rather should we rejoice that so long a season of reparation yet remains to us, and that Experience has taught us the lessons of suffering which make men wise. Wisdom is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us. For no one is taught by the sufferings of another. We ourselves must have felt the burning in order to shun the fire. To refer again to the beautiful poem I have already quoted, the flowers that were

“ Fit, while they lived, for smell and ornament,  
Serve, after death, for *cures.*’

At the age of thirty most men's characters experience a revulsion. 'The common pleasures of



the world have been tasted to the full and begin to pall. We have reduced to the sobering test of reality, the visions of youth—we no longer expect that perfection in our species which our inexperience at first foretold — we no longer chase frivolities, or hope chimæras. Perhaps one of the most useful lessons that Disappointment has taught us, is a true estimate of Love. For at first we are too apt to imagine that woman (poor partner with ourselves in the frailties of humanity) must be perfect—that the dreams of the poets have a corporeal being, and that God has ordained to us that unclouded nature—that unchanging devotion—that seraph heart, which it has been the great vice of Fiction to attribute to the daughters of clay. And, in hoping perfection, with how much excellence have we been discontented—to how many idols have we changed our worship! Thirsting for the Golden Fountain of the Fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust! The experience which teaches us at last the due estimate of woman, has gone far

to instruct us in the claims of men. Love, once the monopolizer of our desires, gives way to more manly and less selfish passions—and we wake from a false paradise to the real earth.

Not less important is the lesson which teaches us not to measure mankind by ideal standards of morality; for to imagine too fondly that men are gods, is to end by believing that they are demons: the young pass usually through a period of misanthropy, and the misanthropy is acute in proportion to their own generous confidence in human excellence. We the least forgive faults in those from whom we the most expected excellence. But out of the ashes of misanthropy Benevolence rises again; we find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice—many acts of disinterested friendship where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud—and so gradually from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and feeling that no human being is wholly good, or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures

alike the optimist and the misanthrope. Without this proper and sober estimate of men, we have neither prudence in the affairs of life, nor toleration for contrary opinions—we *tempt* the cheater, and then *condemn* him—we believe so strongly in one faith, that we would sentence dissentients as heretics. It is experience alone that teaches us that he *who is discreet is seldom betrayed*, and that out of the opinions we condemn, spring often the actions we admire.

At the departure of youth then, in collecting and investigating our minds, we should feel ourselves embued with these results for our future guidance, viz. a knowledge of the true proportion of the passions, so as not to give to one the impetus which should be shared by all; a conviction of the idleness of petty objects which demand large cares, and that true gauge and measurement of men which shall neither magnify nor dwarf the attributes and materials of human nature. From these results we draw conclusions to make us not only wiser but better men. The years through which we have

passed have probably developed in us whatever capacities we possess—they have taught us in what we are most likely to excel, and for what we are most fitted. We may come now with better success than *Rasselas* to the *Choice of Life*. And in this I incline to believe, that we ought to prefer that career from which we are convinced our minds and tempers will derive the greatest share of happiness—not disdaining the pursuit of honours, or of wealth, or the allurements of a social career—but calmly balancing the advantages and the evils of each course, whether of private life or of public—of retirement or of crowds,—and deciding on each according, not to abstract rules, not to vague maxims on the nothingness of fame, or the joys of solitude, but according to the peculiar bias and temper of our own minds. For toil to some is happiness and rest to others. This man can only breathe in crowds, and that man only in solitude. Fame is necessary to the quiet of one nature, and is void of all attraction to another. Let each choose his career according to the dictates of his

own breast-- and this, not from the vulgar doctrine that our own happiness, as happiness only, is to be our being's end, and aim, (for in minds rightly and nobly constituted, there are aims *out* of ourselves, stronger than aught of self,) but because a mind not at ease is rarely virtuous. Happiness and Virtue react upon each other-- the best are not only the happiest, but the happiest are usually the best. Drawn into pursuits, however estimable in themselves, from which our tastes and dispositions recoil, we are too apt to grow irritable, morose, and discontented with our kind; our talents do not spring forth naturally; forced by the heat of circumstance, they produce unseasonable and unwholesome fruit. The genius that is roused by things at war with it, too often becomes malignant, and retaliates upon men the wounds it receives from circumstance; but when we are engaged in that course of life which most flatters our individual bias, whether it be action or seclusion, literature or business, we enjoy within us that calm which is the best atmosphere of the mind, and in which all the

mind's produce is robust and mellow. Our sense of contentment makes us kindly and benevolent to others; we are not chafed and galled by cares which are tyrannical, because ungenial. We are fulfilling our proper destiny, and those around us feel the sunshine of our own hearts. It is for this reason that happiness should be our main object in the choice of life, *because* out of happiness springs that state of mind which becomes virtue:—and this should be remembered by those of generous and ardent dispositions who would immolate themselves for the supposed utility of others, plunging into a war of things for which their natures are unsuited. Among the few truths which Rousseau has left us, none is more true than this—“It is not permitted to a man to corrupt himself for the sake of mankind.” We must be useful according, not to general theories, but to our individual capacities and habits. To be practical we must call forth the qualities we are *able* to practise. Each star, shining in its appointed sphere, each—no matter its magnitude or its gyration,—contributes to the general light.

To different ages there are different virtues—the reckless generosity of the boy is a wanton folly in the man. At thirty there is no apology for the spendthrift. From that period to the verge of age, is the fitting season for a considerate foresight and prudence in affairs. Approaching age itself we have less need of economy. And Nature recoils from the miser, caressing Mammon with one hand, while Death plucks him by the other. We should provide for our age, in order that our age may have no urgent wants of this world, to absorb it from the meditations of the next. It is awful to see the lean hands of Dotage making a coffer of the grave! But while, with the departure of youth, we enter stedfastly into the great business of life, while our reason constructs its palaces from the ruins of our passions—while we settle into thoughtful, and resolute, and aspiring men—we should beware how thus occupied by the world, the world grow “too much with us.” It is a perilous age that of ambition and discretion—a perilous age that when youth recedes from us—

if we forget that the soul should cherish its own youth through eternity! It is precisely as we feel how little laws can make us good while they forbid us to be evil—it is precisely as our experience puts a check upon our impulses—it is precisely as we sigh to own how contaminating is example, that we should be on our guard over our own hearts—not, now, lest they err—but rather lest they harden. Now is the period, when the affections can be easiest scared—when we can dispense the most with Love—when in the lustiness and hardihood of our golden prime we can best stand alone—remote alike from the ideal yearnings of youth, and the clinging helplessness of age. Now is the time, when neither the voice of woman, nor the smiles of children, touch us as they did once, and may again. We are occupied, absorbed, wrapt in our schemes and our stern designs. The world is our mistress, our projects are our children. A man is startled when he is told this truth; let him consider, let him pause—if he be actively engaged, (as few at that age are



not,) and ask himself if I wrong him?—if, insensibly and unconsciously, he has not retreated into the citadel of self?—Snail-like, he walks the world, bearing about him his armour and retreat. Is not this to be guarded against? Does it not require our caution, lest caution itself block up the beautiful avenues of the heart? What can life give us if we sacrifice what is fairest in ourselves? What does experience profit, if it forbid us to be generous, to be noble—if it counterwork and blight the graces and the charities, and all that belong to the Tender and the Exalted—without which wisdom is harsh, and virtue has no music in her name. As Paley says, that we ought not to refuse alms too sternly for fear we encourage the idle, lest, on the other hand, we blunt the heart into a habit of deafness to the distressed—so with the less vulgar sympathies, shall we check the impulse and the frankness, and the kindly interpretation, and the human sensibility, (which are the alms of the soul,) because they may expose us to occasional deceit? Shall the error of softness justify the

habits of obduracy?—and lest we should suffer by the faults of others, shall we vitiate ourselves?

This, then, is the age in which, while experience becomes our guide, we should follow its dictates with a certain measured, and jealous caution. We must remember how apt man is to extremes—rushing from credulity and weakness to suspicion and distrust. And still if we are *truly* prudent, we shall cherish, despite occasional delusions—those noblest and happiest of our tendencies—to *love and to confide*.

I know not indeed a more beautiful spectacle in the world than an old man, who has gone with honour through all its storms and contests, and who retains to the last the freshness of feeling that adorned his youth. This is the true green old age—this makes a southern winter of declining years, in which the sunlight warms, though the heats are gone,—such are ever welcome to the young—and sympathy unites, while wisdom guides. There is this distinction between respect and veneration—the latter has *always* in it something of love.

This, too, is the age in which we ought calmly to take the fitting estimate of the opinions of the world. In youth we are too apt to despise, in maturity too inclined to over-rate, the sentiments of others, and the silent influences of the public. It is right to fix the medium. Among the happiest and proudest possessions of a man is his character—it is a wealth—it is a rank of itself. It usually procures him the honours and rarely the jealousies of Fame. Like most treasures that are attained less by circumstances than ourselves, character is a more felicitous reputation than glory. The wise man therefore despises not the opinion of the world—he estimates it at its full value—he does not wantonly jeopardize his treasure of a good name—he does not rush from vanity alone, against the received sentiments of others—he does not hazard his costly jewel with unworthy combatants and for a petty stake. He respects the legislation of decorum. If he be benevolent, as well as wise, he will remember that character affords him a thousand utilities—that it enables him the better to for-

give the erring, and to shelter the assailed. But that character is built on a false and hollow basis, which is formed not from the dictates of our own breast, but solely from the fear of censure. What is the essence and the life of character? Principle, integrity, independence!—or, as one of our great old writers hath it, “that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery.” These are qualities that hang not upon any man’s breath. They must be formed within ourselves; they must *make ourselves*—indissoluble and indestructible as the soul! If, conscious of these possessions, we trust tranquilly to time and occasion to render them known; we may rest assured that our character, sooner or later, will establish itself. We cannot more defeat our own object than by a restless and fevered anxiety as to what the world will say of us. Except, indeed, if we are tempted to unworthy compliances with what our conscience disapproves, in order to please the fleeting and capricious countenance of the time. There is a moral honesty in a due regard for character

which will not shape itself to the humours of the crowd. And this if honest is no less wise. For the crowd never long esteems those who flatter it at their own expense. He who has the suppleness of the demagogue will live to complain of the fickleness of the mob.

If in early youth it is natural sometimes to brave and causelessly to affront opinion, so also it is natural, on the other hand, and not perhaps unamiable, for the milder order of spirits to incur the contrary extreme and stand in too great an awe of the voices of the world. They feel as if they had no right to be confident of their own judgment—they have not tested themselves by temptation and experience. They are willing to give way on points on which they are not assured. And it is a pleasant thing to prop their doubts on the stubborn asseverations of others. But in vigorous and tried manhood, we should be all in all to ourselves. Our own past and our own future should be our main guides. “He who is not a physician at thirty is a fool”—a physician to his mind, as to his body, acquainted

with his own moral constitution—its diseases, its remedies, its diet, its conduct. We should learn so to regulate our own thoughts and actions, that while comprising the world, the world should not bias them. Take away the world—and we should think and act the same—a world to ourselves. Thus trained and thus accustomed—we can bear occasional reproach and momentary slander with little pain. The rough contact of the herd presses upon no sore—the wrongs of the hour do not incense or sadden us. We rely upon ourselves and upon time. If I have rightly said that principle is a main essence of character, principle is a thing we cannot change or shift. As it has been finely expressed, “Principle is a passion for truth,”\*—and as an earlier and homelier writer hath it, “The truths of God are the pillars of the world.”† The truths we believe in are the pillars of *our* world. The man who at thirty can be easily persuaded out of his own sense of right, is never respected after

\* Hazlitt.

† From a scarce and curious little tract called “The Simple Cobbler of Aggavvam.” 1647.

he has served a purpose. I do not know even if we do not think more highly of the intellectual uses of one who sells himself well, than those of one who lends himself for nothing.

Lastly, this seems to me, above all, an age which calls upon us to ponder well and thoughtfully upon the articles of our moral and our religious creed. Entering more than ever into the mighty warfare of the world, we should summon to our side whatever auxiliaries can aid us in the contest—to cheer, to comfort, to counsel, to direct. It is a time seriously to analyse the confused elements of belief—to apply ourselves to such solution of our doubts as reason may afford us. Happy he who can shelter himself with confidence under the assurance of immortality, and feel “that the world is not an Inn but a Hospital—a place not to live but to die in,” acknowledging “that piece of divinity that is in us—that something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.”\* For him there is indeed the mastery and the con-

\* Religio Medici, Part II. Sect. ii.

quest, not only over death, but over life; and “ he forgets that he can die if he complain of misery !” \* .

I reject all sectarian intolerance — I affect no uncharitable jargon — frankly I confess that I have known many before whose virtues I bow down ashamed of my own errors, though they were not guided and supported by Belief. But I never met with one such, who did not own that while he would not have been worse, he would have been happier, *could* he have believed. I, indeed, least of all men ought harshly to search into that Realm of Opinion which no law can reach; for I, too, have had my interval of doubt, of despondency, of the Philosophy of the Garden. Perhaps there are many with whom Faith—the Saviour,—must lie awhile in darkness and the Grave of Unbelief, ere, immortal and immortalizing, it ascend from its tomb—a God !

But humbly and reverently comparing each state with each, I exclaim again, ‘ Happy, thrice happy, he who relies on the eternity of the soul

\* Religio Medici, Part I. Sect. xlv.



—who believes—as the loved fall one after one from his side—that they have returned “to their native country” \*—that they await the divine re-union; who feels that each treasure of knowledge he attains he carries with him through illimitable being—who sees in Virtue, the essence and the element of the world he is to inherit, and to which he but accustoms himself betimes; who comforts his weariness amidst the storms of time, by seeing, far across the melancholy seas, the haven he will reach at last—who deems that every struggle has its assured reward, and every sorrow has its balm—who knows, however forsaken or bereaved below, that he never can be alone, and never be deserted—that above him is the protection of Eternal Power, and the mercy of Eternal Love! Ah, well said the dreamer of philosophy, “How much *He* knew of the human heart who first called GOD our Father!”

As, were our lives limited to a single year, and we had never beheld the flower that perishes

\* Form of Chinese Epitaphs.

from the earth restored by the dawning spring, we might doubt the philosophy that told us it was not dead, but dormant only for a time; yet, to continue existence to another season, would be to know that the seeming miracle was but the course of nature;—even so, this life is to eternity but as a single revolution of the sun, in which we close our views with the winter of the soul, when its leaves fade and vanish, and it seems outwardly to rot away; but the seasons roll on unceasingly over the blank and barrenness of the grave—and those who, above, have continued the lease of life, behold the imperishable flower burst forth into the second spring!

This hope makes the dignity of man, nor can I conceive how he who feels it breathing its exalted eloquence through his heart, can be guilty of one sordid action, or brood over one low desire. To be immortal is to be the companion of God!

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

A TALE.

VOL. 1.

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THE WORLD AS IT IS.

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“WHAT a delightful thing the world is! Lady Lennox’s ball, last night—how charming it was!—every one so kind, and Charlotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever saw! But I must dress now. Balfour is to be here at twelve with the horse he wants to sell me. How lucky I am to have such a friend as Balfour!—so entertaining—so good-natured—so devilish clever too—and such an excellent heart! Ah! how unlucky! it rains a little; but never mind, it will clear up; and if it don’t—why one can play at billiards. What a delightful thing the world is!”

So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist. Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good family and large fortune; brave, generous, confiding, and open-hearted. His ability was above the ordinary standard, and he had a warm love, and a pure taste, for letters. He had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the calm and cold graces with which the goddess receives her servants had soon discontented the young votary with the worship. “Away!” cried he, one morning, flinging aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which he had fancied he understood; “Away with this selfish and debasing code!—men are not the mean things they are here described—be it mine to think exultingly of my species!” My dear Experience, with how many fine sentiments do you intend to play the devil? It is not without reason that Goëthe tells us, that though Fate is an excellent, she is also a very expensive, schoolmistress.

“Ha! my dear Nugent, how are you?” and Captain Balfour enters the room; a fine dark,

handsome fellow, with something of pretension in his air and a great deal of frankness. "And here is the horse. Come to the window. Does not he step finely? What action! Do you remark his forehand? How he carries his tail! Gad, I don't think you shall have him, after all!"

"Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be sorry to part with him. He is superb! Quite sound—eh?"

"Have him examined."

"Do you think I would not take your word for it? The price?"

"Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once offered me a hundred and eighty; but to you ——"

"You shall have it."

"No, Nugent—say a hundred and fifty."

"I won't be outdone—there's a draft for the one hundred and eighty guineas."

"Upon my soul, I'm ashamed; but you are such a rich fellow. John, take the horse to Mr. Nugent's stables. Where will you dine to-day?—at the Cocoa-tree?"

“With all my heart.”

The young men rode together. Nugent was delighted with his new purchase. They dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered some early peaches. Nugent paid the bill. They went to the Opera.

“Do you see that *figurante*, Florine?” asked Balfour, “Pretty ancle—eh?”

“Yes, *comme ça*—but dances awkwardly—not handsome.”

“What! not handsome? Come and talk to her. She’s more admired than any girl on the stage.”

They went behind the scenes, and Balfour convinced his friend that he ought to be enchanted with Florine. Before the week was out the *figurante* kept her carriage, and in return, Nugent supped with her twice a-week.

Nugent had written a tale for “The Keepsake;” it was his first literary effort; it was tolerably good, and exceedingly popular. One day he was lounging over his breakfast, and a tall, thin gentleman, in black, was announced, by the name of Mr. Gilpin.



Mr. Gilpin made a most respectful bow, and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nugent was instantly seized with a lively interest in the stranger. "Sir, it is with great regret," faltered forth Mr. Gilpin, "that I seek you. I—I—I—" A low, consumptive cough checked his speech. Nugent offered him a cup of tea. The civility was refused, and the story continued.

Mr. Gilpin's narration is soon told, when he himself is not the narrator. An unfortunate literary man—once in affluent circumstances—security for a treacherous friend—friend absconded—pressure of unforeseen circumstances—angel wife and four cherub children—a book coming out next season—deep distress at present—horror at being forced to beg—forcibly struck by generous sentiments expressed in the tale written by Mr. Nugent—a ray of hope broke on his mind—and *voilà* the causes of Mr. Gilpin's distress and Mr. Gilpin's visit. Never was there a more interesting personification of the afflicted man of letters than Gregory

Gilpin. He looked pale, patient, and respectable; he coughed frequently, and he was dressed in deep mourning. Nugent's heart swelled—he placed a bank-note in Mr. Gilpin's hands—he promised more effectual relief, and Mr. Gilpin retired, overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr. Nugent's respectful compassion.

“How happy I am to be rich!” said the generous young philanthropist, throwing open his chest.

Nugent went to a *converzazione* at Lady Lennox's. Her Ladyship was a widow, and a charming woman. She was a little of the blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a little of the beauty, and a little of the coquette, and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She had one daughter, without a shilling; she had taken a warm interest in a young man of the remarkable talents and singular amiability of Charles Nugent. He sate next her—they talked of the heartlessness of the world—it is a subject on which men of twenty-one and ladies of forty-five are especially eloquent. Lady

Lennox complained, Mr. Nugent defended. "One does not talk much of innocence," it is said, or something like it is said, somewhere in Madame d'Epinaÿ's Memoirs, "without being sadly corrupted;" and nothing brings out the goodness of our own hearts more than a charge against the heartlessness of others.

"An excellent woman!" thought Nugent; "what warm feelings!—how pretty her daughter is! Oh! a charming family!"

Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air; Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked about music, poetry, going on the water, sentiment, and Richmond Hill. They made up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not sleep well that night—he was certainly in love.

When he rose the next morning, the day was bright and fine; Balfour, the best of friends, was to be with him in an hour; Balfour's horse, the best of horses, was to convey him to Richmond; and at Richmond he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most agreeable of mothers—and Charlotte, the most enchanting of daughters.

The *figurante* had always been a bore—she was now forgotten. “It certainly is a delightful world!” repeated Nugent, as he tied his neck-cloth.

It was some time—I will not say how long—after the date of this happy day; Nugent was alone in his apartment, and walking to and fro—his arms folded, and a frown upon his brow. “What a rascal! what a mean wretch!—and the horse was lame when he sold it—not worth ten pounds!—and I so confiding—damn my folly! *That*, however, I should not mind; but to have saddled me with his cast-off mistress!—to make me the laughing-stock of the world! By heavens, he shall repent it! Borrowed money of me; then made a jest of my good-nature!—introduced me to his club, in order to pillage me!—but, thank God, I can shoot him yet! Ha! Colonel; this is kind!”

Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agreeable address,

entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his eyebrows.

“But,—my dear sir,—this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you, I allow it—but for what specific offence do you mean to challenge him?”

“For his conduct in general.”

The Colonel laughed.

“For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White’s.”

The Colonel took snuff.

“My good young friend,” said he, “I see you don’t know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We’ll talk over these matters. Meanwhile, you can’t challenge a man for calling you a bore.”

“Not challenge him!—what should I do then?”

“ Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—  
‘ Ah! Balfour, you’re a sad fellow !’ ”

The Colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent’s indignation at the best of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the Colonel’s invitation—he was to dine with the Lennoxes. Meanwhile, he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections.

He sat himself down in an arbour, and looked moralizingly over the initials, the dates, and the witticisms, that hands, long since mouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—their laughter and their voices preceded them. “ Yes,” said a sharp, dry voice, which Nugent recognised as belonging to one of the wits of the day—“ Yes, I saw you, Lady Lennox, talking sentiment to Nugent—fie! how could you waste your time so unprofitably !”

“ Ah! poor young man! he is certainly *bien bête*, with his fine phrases and so forth: but ’tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful !”

“Useful!”

“Yes; fills up a vacant place at one’s table, at a day’s warning; lends me his carriage-horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me: and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable: his sole charm is his foibles.”

What a description by the most sentimental of mothers, of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunder-struck; the party swept by; he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He goes to the dinner to-day! No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter: Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken there. Yes, for her sake he would go to the dinner: he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met; 'twas in a crowd.*" Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room, and the house. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, glad (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing-room; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "*We met; 'twas in a crowd.*"

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely, and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced,



and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

“ Well, well !” said poor Nugent one morning, breaking from a reverie ; “ betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, Love at the second, Benevolence lasts till death ! Poor Gilpin ! how grateful he is : I must see if I can get him that place abroad.” To amuse his thoughts, he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale in the “ Keepsake.” The satire was not confined to the work ; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, and an abortion ! These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was

a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants, of young men. He perceived that Nugent was a little out of humour. He attributed the cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

“What rogues there are in the world!” said he. Nugent groaned. “This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough: the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than three hundred pounds a-year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years.”

“ Ha !”

“ He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his own uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss, or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client’s goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his amiability.”

“ Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin !” stammered Nugent.

“ The same ! O-ho ! have you been bit, too, Mr. Nugent ?”

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal; it was from the editor of the magazine in which he had just read his own condemnation. It ran thus :

“ Sir,—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the —— Magazine having thereby de-

volved on another, who has very ill discharged its duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which, I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors—a remuneration. I have the honour to be, Sir," &c. &c. &c.

Nugent's eyes fell on the enclosed paper; it was in the hand-writing of Mr. Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

“ You seem melancholy to-day, my dear Nu-

gent," said Colonel Nelmore, as he met his young friend walking with downcast eyes in the old mall of St. James's Park.

"I am unhappy, I am discontented; the gloss is faded from life," answered Nugent, sighing.

"I love meeting with a pensive man," said the Colonel: "let me join you, and let us dine together, *tête-à-tête*, at my bachelor's table. You refused me some time ago; may I be more fortunate now?"

"I shall be but poor company," rejoined Nugent; "but I am very much obliged to you, and I accept your invitation with pleasure."

Colonel Nelmore was a man who had told some fifty years. He had known misfortune in his day, and he had seen a great deal of the harsh realities of life. But he had not suffered nor lived in vain. He was no theorist, and did not affect the philosopher; but he was contented with a small fortune, popular with retired habits, observant with a love for study, and, above all,

he did a great deal of general good, exactly because he embraced no particular system.

“ Yes,” said Nugent, as they sat together after dinner, and the younger man had unbosomed to the elder, who had been his father’s most intimate friend, all that had seemed to him the most unexampled of misfortunes—after he had repeated the perfidies of Balfour, the faithlessness of Charlotte, and the rascalities of Gilpin—  
“ Yes,” said he, “ I now see my error ; I no longer love my species ; I no longer place reliance in the love, friendship, sincerity, or virtue of the world ; I will no longer trust myself open-hearted in this vast community of knaves ; I will not fly mankind, but I will despise them.”

The Colonel smiled. “ You shall put on your hat, my young friend, and pay a little visit with me :—nay, no excuse : it is only an old lady, who has given me permission to drink tea with her.” Nugent demurred, but consented. The two gentlemen walked to a small house in the Regent’s Park. They were admitted to a drawing-room,

where they found a blind old lady, of a cheerful countenance, and prepossessing manners.

“ And how does your son do ? ” asked the Colonel, after the first salutations were over, “ have you seen him lately ? ”

“ Seen him lately ! why you know he rarely lets a day pass without calling on, or writing to, me. Since the affliction which visited me with blindness, though he has nothing to hope from me, though from my jointure I must necessarily be a burthen to one of his limited income and mixing so much with the world as he does ; yet had I been the richest mother in England, and every thing at my own disposal, he could not have been more attentive, more kind to me. He will cheerfully give up the gayest party to come and read to me, if I am the least unwell, or the least out of spirits ; and he sold his horses to pay Miss Blandly, since I could not afford from my own income to pay the salary, so accomplished a musician asked to become my companion. Music, you know, is now my chief luxury. Oh, he is a paragon of sons—the world think him

dissipated and heartless; but if they could see how tender he is to me!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, as the tears gushed from her eyes. Nugent was charmed: the Colonel encouraged the lady to proceed; and Nugent thought he had never passed a more agreeable hour than in listening to her maternal praises of her affectionate son.

"Ah, Colonel!" said he, as they left the house, "how much wiser have you been than myself; you have selected your friends with discretion. What would I give to possess such a friend as that good son must be! But you never told me the lady's name."

"Patience," said the Colonel, taking snuff, "I have another visit to pay."

Nelmore turned down a little alley, and knocked at a small cottage. A woman with a child at her breast opened the door; and Nugent stood in one of those scenes of cheerful poverty which it so satisfies the complacency of the rich to behold.

"Aha!" said Nelmore, looking round, "you



seem comfortable enough now; your benefactor has not done his work by halves."

" Blessings on his heart, no ! Oh, Sir, when I think how distressed he is himself, how often he has been put to it for money, how calumniated he is by the world, I cannot express how grateful I am, how grateful I ought to be. He has robbed himself to feed us, and merely because he knew my husband in youth."

The Colonel permitted the woman to run on. Nugent wiped his eyes, and left his purse behind him. " Who is this admirable, this self-denying man?" cried he, when they were once more in the street. " He is in distress himself—would I could relieve him ! Ah, you already reconcile me to the world. I acknowledge your motive, in leading me hither; there are good men as well as bad. All are not Balfours and Gilpins ! But the name—the name of these poor people's benefactor !"

" Stay," said the Colonel, as they now entered Oxford-street; this is lucky indeed, I see a good lady whom I wish to accost." " Well, Mrs. John-

son," addressing a stout, comely, middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, who, with a basket on her arm, was coming out of an oil shop; "so you have been labouring in your vocation I see—making household purchases. And how is your young lady?"

"Very well, Sir, I am happy to say," replied the old woman, curtsying. "And you are well too, I hope, Sir?"

"Yes, considering the dissipation of the long season, pretty well, thank you. But I suppose your young mistress is as gay and heartless as ever—a mere fashionable wife, eh!"

"Sir!" said the woman, bridling up, "there is not a better lady in the world than my young lady; I have known her since she was that high!"

"What, she's good-tempered, I suppose?" said the Colonel sneering.

"Good-tempered—I believe it is impossible for her to say a harsh word to any one. There never was so mild, so even-like a temper."

"What, and not heartless, eh! this is too good!"

“Heartless! she nursed me herself when I broke my leg coming upstairs; and every night before she went out to any party, she would come into my room with her sweet smile, and see if I wanted anything.”

“And you fancy, Mrs. Johnson, that she’ll make a good wife: why she was not much in love when she married.”

“I don’t know as to that, Sir, whether she was or not; but I’m sure she is always studying my Lord’s wishes, and I heard him myself say this very morning to his brother—‘Arthur, if you knew what a treasure I possess!’”

“You are very right,” said the Colonel, resuming his natural manner: “and I only spoke for the pleasure of seeing how well and how justly you could defend your mistress; she is, truly, an excellent lady—good evening to you.”

“I have seen that woman before,” said Nugent, “but I can’t think where; she has the appearance of being a housekeeper in some family.”

“ She is so.”

“ How pleasant it is to hear of female excellence in the great world,” continued Nugent, sighing; “ it was evident to see the honest servant was sincere in her praise. Happy husband, whoever he may be !”

They were now at the Colonel's house. “ Just let me read this passage,” said Nelmore, opening the pages of a French Philosopher, and as I do not pronounce French like a native, I will translate as I proceed.

“ In order to love mankind—expect but little from them ; in order to view their faults, without bitterness, we must *accustom* ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent,” &c.

“ And now prepare to be surprised. That good son whom you admired so much—whom you wished you could obtain as a friend, is Captain Balfour—that generous, self-denying man, whom you desired yourself so nobly to relieve, is Mr. Gilpin—that young lady who in the flush of health, beauty, dissipation, and conquest, could attend the sick chamber of her servant, and whom her husband discovers to be a treasure, is Charlotte Lennox !”

“ Good Heavens !” cried Nugent, “ what then am I to believe ? has some juggling been practised on my understanding, and are Balfour, Gilpin, and Miss Lennox, after all, patterns of perfection ?

“ No, indeed, very far from it: Balfour is a dissipated, reckless man—of loose morality and a low standard of honour : he saw you were destined to purchase experience—he saw you were destined to be plundered by some one—he thought he might as well be a candidate for the profit. He laughed afterwards at your expense, not because he despised you ; on the contrary,

I believe that he liked you very much in his way, but because in the world he lives in, every man enjoys a laugh at his acquaintance. Charlotte Lennox saw in you a desirable match; nay, I believe she had a positive regard for you; but she had been taught all her life to think equipage, wealth, and station better than love. She could not resist the temptation of being Marchioness of Austerly—not one girl in twenty could; yet she is not on that account the less good-tempered, good-natured, nor the less likely to be a good mistress and a tolerable wife. Gilpin is the worst instance of the three. Gilpin is an evident scoundrel; but Gilpin is in evident distress. He was, in all probability, very sorry to attack you who had benefited him so largely; but perhaps, as he is a dull dog, the only thing the Magazines would buy of him was abuse. You must not think he maligned you out of malice, out of ingratitude, out of wantonness; he maligned you for ten guineas. Yet Gilpin is a man, who, having swindled his father out of ten guineas, would in the joy of the moment give five to a

beggar. In the present case he was actuated by a better feeling: he was serving the friend of his childhood—few men forget those youthful ties, however they break through others. Your mistake was not the single mistake of supposing the worst people the best—it was the double mistake of supposing common-place people now the best—now the worst;—in making what might have been a pleasant acquaintance an intimate friend; in believing a man in distress must necessarily be a man of merit; in thinking a good-tempered, pretty girl, was an exalted specimen of Human Nature. You were then about to fall into the opposite extreme—and to be as indiscriminating in suspicion as you were in credulity. Would that I could flatter myself that I had saved you from that—the more dangerous—error of the two!”

“ You have — my dear Nelmore; and now lend me your Philosopher !”

“ With pleasure; but one short maxim is as good as all Philosophers can teach you, for Philosophers can only enlarge on it—it is simple—it is this—‘ TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS !’”





KNEB WORTH.



## KNEB WORTH.

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THE English arrogate to themselves the peculiar attachment to home—the national conviction of the sacredness of its serene asylum. But the Ancients seem equally to have regarded the “veneranda Domus” with love and worship. By them the hospitable hearth was equally deemed the centre of unspeakable enjoyments—their gayest poets linger on its attractions—the House as well as the Temple had its secret penetralia, which no uninitiated stranger might profane with unbidden presence; the Household Gods were their especial deities—the most fami-

liarly invoked—the most piously preserved. And a beautiful superstition it was, that of the Household Gods!—a beautiful notion that our ancestors, for us at least, were divine, and presided with unforgetful tenderness over the scene (when living) of their happiest emotions, and their most tranquil joys: a similar worship is not only to be traced to the eldest times—beyond the date of the civilized races that we popularly call “The Ancients,” but is yet to be found cherished among savage tribes. It is one of the universal proofs how little death can conquer the affections.

But with us are required no graven likeness—no fond idolatries of outward images. We bear our Penates with us abroad as at home, their Atrium is the heart. Our Household Gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the heartli round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scene of all the cares and joys—the anxieties and the hopes—the ineffable yearnings of love which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of Home. I was touched once in

visiting an Irish Cabin, which, in the spirit of condescending kindness, the Lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor;—I was touched by the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed, half gratefully, half indignantly, on the change. “It is all very kind,” said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; “but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is every thing that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working—these great folks do not understand us.” It was quite true; on that mud floor the child had played, round that hearth, with its eternal smoke, which now admitted, through strange portals, the uncomfortable daylight, he had sate jesting with the kind hearts that now beat no more. These new comforts saddened and perplexed him—not because they were *comforts*, but because they were *new*. They had not the associations of his childhood; the great folks did not understand him; they de-

spised his indifference to greater luxuries. Alas ! they did not perceive that in that indifference there was all the poetry of sentiment. The good lady herself dwelt in an old-fashioned, inconvenient, mansion. Suppose some oppressive benefactor had converted its dingy rooms and dreary galleries into a modern, well-proportioned, and ungenially cheerful residence, would she have been pleased? Would she not have missed the nursery she had played in?—the little parlour by whose hearth she could yet recall to fancy the face of her mother long gone?—Would ottomans and mirrors supply the place of the old worm-eaten chair from which her father, on sabbath nights, had given forth the holy lecture?—or the little discoloured glass in which thirty years ago, she had marked her own maiden blushes, when some dear name was suddenly spoken? No, her old paternal house, rude though it be, is dearer to her than a new palace; can she not conceive that the same feelings may make “the hut to which his soul conforms,” dearer to the peasant than the new

residence which is as a palace to him? Why should that be a noble and tender sentiment in the rich, which is scorned as a brutal apathy in the poor? The peasant was right—‘Great folks understand him not!’

Amidst the active labours, in which, from my earliest youth, I have been plunged, one of the greatest luxuries I know is to return, for short intervals, to the place in which the happiest days of my childhood glided away. It is an old manorial seat that belongs to my mother, the heiress of its former lords. The house, formerly of vast extent, built round a quadrangle, at different periods, from the date of the second crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth, was in so ruinous a condition when she came to its possession, that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down: the fourth yet remaining, and much embellished in its architecture, is in itself one of the largest houses in the county, and still contains the old oak hall, with its lofty ceiling, and raised music gallery. The place has something of the character of Penshurst,—and its venerable avenues, which

slope from the house down the declivity of the park, giving wide views of the opposite hills crowded with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half stately, and wholly cultivated, character which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger upon. As is often the case with similar residences, the church stands in the park, at a bow-shot from the house, and formerly the walls of the outer court nearly reached the green sanctuary that surrounds the sacred edifice. The church itself, dedicated anciently to St. Mary, is worn and grey, in the simplest architecture of the ecclesiastical Gothic, and, standing on the brow of the hill, its single tower at a distance blends with the turrets of the house,—so that the two seem one pile. Beyond, to the right, half-way down the hill, and neighbored by a dell, girded with trees, is an octagon building of the beautiful Grecian form, erected by the present owner—it is the mausoleum of the family. Fenced from the deer, is a small surrounding space sown with flowers—those fairest children of the earth, which



the custom of all ages has dedicated to the Dead. The modernness of this building, which contrasts those in its vicinity, seems to me, from that contrast, to make its object more impressive. It stands out alone, in the venerable landscape with its immemorial hills and trees,—the prototype of the Thought of Death—a thing that dating with the living generation, admonishes them of their recent lease and its hastening end. For with all our boasted antiquity of race, we ourselves are the ephemera of the soil, and bear the truest relation, so far as our mortality is concerned, with that which is least old.

The most regular and majestic of the avenues I have described conducts to a sheet of water, that lies towards the extremity of the park. It is but small in proportion to the domain, but is clear and deep, and, fed by some subterraneous stream, its tide is fresh and strong beyond its dimensions. On its opposite bank is a small fishing-cottage, whitely peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs, and larch, and oak, through which shine, here and there, the red berries of

the mountain ash ; and behind this, on the other side of the brown, moss-grown deer paling, is a wood of considerable extent. This, the farther bank of the water, is my favourite spot. Here, when a boy, I used to while away whole holy days, basking indolently in the noon of summer, and building castles in that cloudless air, until the setting of the sun.

The reeds then grew up, long and darkly green, along the margin ; and though they have since yielded to the innovating scythe, and I hear the wind no longer glide and sigh amidst those earliest tubes of music, yet the whole sod is still fragrant, from Spring to Autumn, with innumerable heaths and wild flowers, and the crushed odours of the sweet thyme. And never have I seen a spot which the butterfly more loves to haunt, particularly that small fairy, blue-winged species which is tamer than the rest, and seems almost to invite you to admire it—throwing itself on the child's mercy as the robin upon man's. The varieties of the dragon-fly, glittering in the sun, dart ever through the

boughs and along the water. It is a world which the fairest of the insect race seem to have made their own. There is something in the hum and stir of a summer noon, which is inexpressibly attractive to the dreams of the imagination. It fills us with a sense of life, but a life not our own—it is the exuberance of creation itself that overflows around us. Man is absent, but life is present. Who has not spent hours in some such spot, cherishing dreams that have no connexion with the earth, and courting with half shut eyes, the images of the Ideal?

Stretched on the odorous grass, I see on the opposite shore that quiet church, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—that mausoleum where my own dust shall rest at last, and the turrets of my childhood's home. All so solitary and yet so eloquent! Now the fern waves on the slope, and the deer comes forth, marching with his stately step to the water-side to pause and drink. O Nymphs!—O Fairies!—O Poetry, I am yours again!

I do not know how it is, but every year that

I visit these scenes I have more need of their solace. My departed youth rises before me in more wan and melancholy hues, and the past saddens me more deeply with the present. Yet every year, perhaps, has been a stepping-stone in the ambition of my boyhood, and brought me nearer to the objects of my early dreams. It is not the mind that has been disappointed, it is the heart. What ties are broken—what affections marred! the Egeria of my hopes,—no cell conceals, no spell can invoke her now! Every pausing-place in the life of the ambitious is marked alike by the trophy and the tomb. But little men have the tomb without the trophy!

It is a small, and sequestered, and primitive village that of Knebworth, though but thirty miles from London; consisting of scattered cottages, with here and there a broad green patch of waste land before the doors; and one side of the verdant lane, which makes the principal street, is skirted by the palings of the lesser park, which is not devoted to the deer. The steward's house, and the clergyman's, are the only ones—

(save the manor-house itself)—aspiring to gentility. And here, nevertheless, did Dame Nature find her varieties—many were they and duly contrasted, when first, in the boundless sociability of childhood, we courted the friendship of every villager. The sturdy keeper, a stalwart man and a burley, whose name was an heirloom on the estates; and who, many years afterwards, under another lord, perished in a memorable fray with the implacable poachers;—the simple, horn-eyed idiot, basking before the gardener's door, where he lodged—a privileged pensioner, sitting hour after hour, from sun-rise to sunset—what marvels did not that strange passive existence create in us—the young, the buoyant, the impetuous! how we used to gather round him, and gaze, and wonder how he could pass his time without either work or play!—the one Patriarch beggar of the place, who seemed to beg from vanity not from want; for, as he doffed his hat, his long snow-white locks fell, parted on either side, down features of apostolic beauty—and many an artist had paused to sketch the ve-

nerable head;—the single Lais of the place, stout and sturdy, with high cheekbones and tempting smile, ill-favoured enough it is true, but boasting her admirers;—the genius, too, of the village—a woman with but one hand, who could turn that hand to any thing; nominally presiding over the dairy, she was equally apt at all the other affairs of the public life of a village.—Dogs, cows, horses—none might be ill or well without her august permission; in every quarrel she was witness, juryman, and judge. Never had any one more entirely the genius of action: she was always in every thing, and at the head of every thing—mixing, it is true, with all her energy and arts, a wonderful fidelity and spirit of clanship towards her employer. Tall, dark, and muscular was she; a kind of caught-and-tamed Meg Merriles!

But our two especial friends were an old couple, quartered in a little angle of the village, who, hard on their eightieth year, had jogged on, for nearly sixty revolutions of the sun, hand in hand together, and never seemed to have stum-

bled on an unkind thought towards each other. The love of those two old persons was the most perfect, the most beautiful I ever beheld. Their children had married and grown up and left them—they were utterly alone. Their simple affections were all in all to them. They had never been to London, never above fifteen miles from the humble spot where they had been born, and where their bones were to repose. There the march of Knowledge had never reached. They could neither read nor write. Old Age had frozen up the portals of Intellect before the schoolmaster had gone his rounds. So ignorant were they of the world, that they scarce knew the name of the king. Changes of ministry, peace and war, the agitations of life, were as utter nothings to them—as to the wildest savage of Caffraria. Few, as the Arithmetic of Intellect can comprise, were their ideas; but they wanted not to swell the sum, for the ideas were centred, with all that the true sentiment of love ever taught the wisest, within each other. If out of that circle extended their radii of love, it was to

the family under whom they had vegetated, and to us who were its young hopes. Us indeed they did love warmly, as something that belonged to them. And scarcely a day ever passed—but what, in all the riot and glee of boyhood, with half a score of dogs at our heels—we used to rush into the quiet of that lonely cottage—scrambling over the palings—bustling through the threshold—sullyng, with shoes that had made a day's circuit through all the woods and plantings, the scrupulous cleanliness of the hearth, and making their old hearts glad, and proud, and merry by the very discomfort we occasioned. Then were the rude chairs drawn into the jaws of that wide ingle nook—then was the new log thrown on the hearth—then would the old dame insist upon chafing our hands numbed with the cold, as one of us—ah, happiest he!—drew forth the fragment of cake, or the handful of figs and raisins—brought to show that they had not been forgotten. And, indeed, never were they forgotten by a more powerful hand and a more steady heart than ours, for daily from the



hall came the savoury meal which, the old woman carved tenderly for her husband, (for his hands were palsied,) and until his appetite was sated, sate apart and refused to share. Old Age, so seldom unselfish!—and the old age of the poor peasant woman, how many young hearts full of the phrases of poetry and the mockeries of sentiment, would it have shamed!

I see the old man now in a great high-backed tapestry chair, which had been a part of the furniture of the old manor house: in his youth he had been on the sporting establishment of a former squire, my grandfather's predecessor and uncle, and he had contrived to retain still, fresh and undimmed, through how many years Time might forget to register, a habit of green velvet, whose antiquated cut suited well his long grey locks and venerable countenance. Poor Newman Hagar! a blessing on that old head—surely you are living yet!—while I live, you are not all vanished—all swallowed up by the oblivious earth. And, even after I have joined you, this page, surviving both, shall preserve you

amongst those whom the world does not willingly let perish! And on the opposite side of the hearth sate the partner of that obscure and harmless existence, with a face which, when *we* were there, never was without a smile at our presence, or a tear for our parting. Plain though her features must ever have been, and worn and wrinkled as they were then, I never saw a countenance in which not the *intellect*, but the *feeling* of our divine nature, had left a more pleasant and touching trace.

Sometimes, as the winter day closed in, and dogs and children crowded alike round the comfortable fire, we delighted to make the old man tell us of his dim memories of former squires—the notes of bugles long silenced—the glories of coaches and six long vanished—how the squire was dressed in scarlet and gold—and how my lady swept the avenues in brocade. But pleasanter to me, child as I was, was it to question the good old folks of their own past fortunes — of their first love, and how they came to marry, and how, since, they had weathered the winds of the changing world.

“ And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman,” said I once : Old Newman looked down, and the wife took up the reply.

“ Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it.”

“ And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often.”

“ Nay,” said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, “ how can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day ? It may be for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world ; but who should make him forget them but his own wife ? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is only on one side.”

Who taught this poor woman her wisdom of Love ? Something less common than ordinary Nature, something better than mere womanhood. For, verily, there are few out of novels to whom

either Nature or Womanhood hath communicated a similar secret !

And we grew up from children to boys—from boyhood to youth. And old Hagar died—he died during my absence ; and when I returned—I called at the old woman's solitary house—I opened the latch—there she sate by the hearth with dull, lack-lustre eyes. And Newman's high chair was opposite in the accustomed place, and the green velvet habit was folded carefully on the seat. Poor old woman ! her pleasure at seeing me could be revived no more. She was past all pleasure. Year after year Time had essayed in vain to numb her gentle feelings and kindly sympathies: but one single hour—that had taken from her side its helpmate—had done the allotted task. Newman was dead—and the widow could feel no more. She lived on—but it was clock-work. She did not seem to mourn for him—so much as to be indifferent to every thing else. Once only I saw her weep—it was when, out of compassion for her solitary age, we wished to

place a companion—a nurse in the cottage. “The sooner I’m dead the better,” she said. “How can I bear to see a strange face where the old man used to sit?”

It is over now—the broken bridge is past—they are again united. If I were an Atheist for myself I would still pray that there may be a heaven for the Poor! Without another world, who can solve the riddle of the disparities of this?

How many hours in the summer nights have I passed in the churchyard, which lies embedded in that green and venerable park! There, no unseemly decorations maintain, after the great era of Equality has commenced, the paltry distinctions of the Past;—distinctions of a day—the Equality of the Eternal! There, for the most part unmarked and unrecorded, rise the green hillocks of the humble dead—or, where the stone registers a little while the forgotten name and departed date, the epitaph is simple and the material rude. It is the very model—the very ideal, of the country church; so quiet is it—so solitary—so ancient—so unadorned. It is the

spot above all others where Death teaches—not as the spectre, but the angel; obtruding on us no unreal terror, but eloquent with its great and tender moral of “*Repose.*” And who has not felt his heart echo to that saying of the brilliant Frenchwoman’s,\* half intended as a point, but carried by nature, against the very will of the speaker, into a homely and most touching truth; “At times I feel the want to die, as the wakeful feel the want to sleep!”

This is the justest of similes—worn, wearied, and sated, who has not felt the want to die, as the wakeful the want to sleep? But this is not the lesson which, after a little thought, the true morality of the Grave bequeaths. No, it is from Death that we extract the noble and magnificent lesson of life. Awed by the sense of its shortness, we turn away elevated also by its objects. If short, let us crowd it with generous and useful deeds—if eternity be at hand, let us prepare ourselves for its threshold, by the aims and ends which are most worthy of the soul; and by the

\* Madame du Deffand.

glory of our own thoughts and our own deeds, walk naturally as it were to the Immortal. Filling ourselves with this ambition, we rise beyond our sorrows and our cares—we conquer the morbid darkness that satiety gathers round us, and take from the Dead a moral won from their spirits and not their dust. He who fails in this, penetrates not the true philosophy of the tomb.

The churchyard—the village—the green sward—the woods—the fern-covered hills—the water-side, odorous with the reeds and thyme—the deep-shagged dells—the plain where the deer couch,—all united and blended together, make to me, the place above all others, which renews my youth and redeems it from the influences of the world. All know some such spot—blessed—and blessing;—the Kaäba of the Earth—the scene of their childhood—the haunt of their fondest recollections. And while it is yet ours to visit it at will—while it yet rests in the dear and sacred hands to which it belonged of yore—while no stranger sits at the hearth, and no new tenants chase away “the old familiar

faces," who has not felt as if in storm and shower, there was a shelter over his head—as if he were not unprotected—as if fate preserved a sanctuary to the fugitive—and life, a fountain to the weary?

A blessing upon that Home, and upon its owner! In the presence of a Mother we feel that our childhood has not all departed! It is as a barrier between ourselves and the advance of Time. Chased and wearied out by the Cares of Manhood, we enter the temple dedicated to Youth,—("a guardian standing near us,"\*)—and our persecutors sleep while we linger at the altar.

\* Æschylus—The Furies.



THE  
CHOICE OF PHYLIAS.

A TALE.



THE  
CHOICE OF PHYLIAS.

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PHYLIAS was a young Athenian, whom the precepts of Socrates had reared in the two great principles (or rather, perhaps, affections) which a State should encourage in her sons—the desire of Glory, and the worship of Virtue. He wished at once to be great and to be good. Unfortunately Phylis nourished a third wish, somewhat less elevated, but much more commonly entertained—the wish to be loved! He had a strong thirst for general *popularity* as

well as *esteem*; and to an aspiring soul he united a too-susceptible heart.

One day, as he was wandering amongst the olive-groves that border Cephisus, and indulging in those reveries on his future destiny which make the happiest prerogative of the young, his thoughts thus broke into words:—

“ Yes, I will devote my life to the service of my countrymen: I will renounce luxury and ease. Not for me shall be the cooks of Sicily, or the garlands of Janus. My chambers shall not steam with frankincense, nor resound with the loud shouts of Ionic laughter. No; I will consecrate my youth to the pursuit of wisdom, and the practice of virtue; so shall I become great, and so beloved. For when I have thus sacrificed my enjoyments to the welfare of others, shall they not all honour and esteem me? Will they not insist that I take the middle couch at the public festivals? and will not all the friends of my youth contend which shall repose upon my bosom? It is happy to be virtuous; but, O

Socrates, is it not even happier to be universally beloved for your virtue?"

While Phylas was thus soliloquizing, he heard a low sweet laugh beside him; and, somewhat startled at the sound—for he had fancied himself entirely alone—he turned hastily round, and beheld a figure of very singular appearance. It was a tall man, in the prime of life; but one side of the face and form was utterly different from the other: on one side the head was crowned with the festive wreath—the robes flowed loose and disordered—joy and self-complacency sparkled on the smiling countenance. You beheld a gaiety which you could not help liking; but an air of levity which you could not respect. Widely contrasted was the other half of this strange apparition: without crown or garland, after the fashion of a senator of the Areopagus, flowed the sober locks; the garb was costly, but decent and composed; and in the eye and brow the aspect was dignified and lofty, but somewhat pensive, and clouded either by thought or care: in the one half you beheld a

boon companion, whom you would welcome and forget—in the other a lofty monitor, from whom you shrank in unacknowledged fear, and whom even in esteeming you were willing carefully to shun.

“And who art thou? And from what foreign country comest thou?” asked the Athenian, in astonishment and awe.

“I come from the land of the Invisibles,” answered the apparition: “and I am thy tutelary demon. Thou art now of that age, and hast attained to that height of mind, in which it is permitted me to warn and to advise thee. What vain dreams, O Phylis, have crept into thy mind! Dost thou not see that thou art asking two boons utterly incompatible with each other—universal fame and universal regard? Take thy choice of either; thou canst not combine both. Look well at the guise and garb in which I appear to thee; if thou wouldst be loved, thou seest in one half of me the model which thou shouldst imitate; if renowned, the other half presents thee also with an example.

But how canst thou hope to unite both? Look again; can any contrast be stronger? Can any opposites be more extreme? Waste not thy life in a chimera. Be above thy race, and be hated; be of their own level, and be loved. Thou hast thy choice!"

"False demon!" answered Phylis; "thou wouldst sicken me of life itself couldst thou compel me to be hated on the one hand, or worthy to be despised on the other. Thou knowest not my disposition. It hath in it nothing cynical or severe; neither should I presume upon any distinction I might attain. Why should men hate me merely for *proving* the sincerity of my affection to them? Away! thou utterest folly or fraud, and art not of that good race of demons of which Socrates was wont to speak."

Once more the demon laughed. "Thou wilt know me better one of these days; and what now thou deemest *folly*, thou wilt then term *experience*. Thou resolvest, then, to seek for glory?"

“ With my whole soul !” cried the Athenian.

“ Be it so; and from time to time contrast thyself with Glaucus. Farewell !”

The apparition vanished: musing and bewildered Phylis returned home.

His resolutions were not shaken, nor his ambition damped. He resigned the common pleasures of his youth; he braced his limbs by hardihood and temperance, and fed the sources of his mind from the quiet fountain of wisdom.

The first essays of his ambition were natural to his period of life. He went through the preparatory exercises, and entered himself a candidate for the victorial crown at the Olympic Games. On the day preceding that on which the Games commenced, Phylis met amongst the crowd, which a ceremony of such brilliant attraction had gathered together at Olympia, a young man whom he had known from his childhood. Frank in his manner, and joyous in his disposition, Glaucus was the favourite of all who knew him.

Though possessed of considerable talents, no



one envied him; for those talents were never exerted in order to distinguish himself—his ambition was to amuse others. He gave way to every caprice of his own or of his comrades, provided that it promised pleasure. Supple and versatile, even the sturdiest philosophers were charmed with his society; and the loosest profligates swore sincerely that they loved, because they were not driven to respect, him. His countenance never shamed them into a suspicion that their career was ignoble; and they did justice to his talents, because they could sympathize with his foibles.

“You do not contend for any of the prizes, I think,” said Phylis; “for I do not remember to have seen you at the preparatory exercises?”

“Not I, by Hercules,” answered Glaucus, gaily. “I play in the Games the part I play in Life—I am merely a spectator. Could I drink more deeply, or sleep more soundly, if my statue were set up in the sacred wood? Alas! no. Let my friends love Glaucus their comrade—not hate Glaucus their rival. And you?”

“ I am a competitor in the chariot race.”

“ Success to you ! I shall offer up my sacrifice for your triumph ; meanwhile I am going to hear Therycides read his new play. Farewell !”

“ What a charming person is Glaucus !” thought Phylas.

Even Phylas liked Glaucus the better for knowing Glaucus was not to be his antagonist.

The morning rose—the hour of trial came on. With a flushed cheek, and a beating heart, Phylas mounted his chariot. He was successful : his locks were crowned with the olive-wreath. He returned to Athens amidst the loudest acclamations. His chariot rolled through the broken wall of his native city ; the poets lauded him to the skies. Phylas had commenced the career of fame ; and its first fruits were delicious. His parents wept with joy at his triumph ; and the old men pointed him out as a model to their sons. Sons hate models ; and the more Phylas was praised, the more

his contemporaries disliked him. When the novelty of success was cooled, he began to feel that the olive-crown had its thorns. If he met his young friends in the street, they saluted him coldly: "We do not ask you to come to us," said they; "you have weightier matters on hand than our society can afford. We are going to sup with Glaucus: while you are meditating, we suppose, the best way to eclipse Alcibiades."

Meetings like these threw an embarrassment over the manner of Phylis himself. He thought that he was ill-treated, and retired into the chamber of pride. He became shy, and he was called supercilious.

The Olympic Games do not happen every day, and Phylis began to feel that he who is ambitious has no option between excitement and exhaustion. He therefore set about preparing himself for a nobler triumph than that of a charioteer; and from the government of horses aspired to the government of men. He fitted himself for the labours of public life, and the

art of public speaking. He attended the popular assemblies—he rose into repute as an orator.

Every one knows that at that time Athens was torn by intestine divisions. Alternately caressing and quarrelling with the passionate Alcibiades, his countrymen now saw him a foe in Sparta, and now hailed him a saviour in Athens. Phylis, dreading the ambition of that unprincipled genius, and yet resisting the encroaching tyranny of the four hundred rulers, performed the duty of a patriot, and, pleading for liberty, displeased both parties. Nothing could be more disinterested than his conduct, or more admired than his speeches. He proved his virtue, and he established his fame; and wherever he went he was universally abused.

He frequently met with Glaucus, who, taking no share in politics, was entertained by all parties, and the most popular man of Athens, because the most unobtrusive.

“You are become a great man now,” said Glaucus to him one day; “and you will doubt-

less soon arrive at the last honour Athens can confer upon her children. Your property will be confiscated, and your person will be exiled.”

“ No !” said Phylis, with generous emotion ; “ truth is great, and must prevail. Misinterpretation and slander will soon die away, and my countrymen will do me justice.”

“ The gods grant it !” said the flattering Glaucus. “ No man merits it more.”

In the short intervals of repose that public life allowed to the Athenians, Phylis contrived to fall in love.

Chyllene was beautiful as a dream. She was full of all amiable qualities ; but she was a human being, and fond of an agreeable life.

In his passion for Chyllene, Phylis, for the first time in his career, found a rival in Glaucus ; for love was the only passion in which Glaucus did not shun to provoke the jealousy of the powerful. Chyllene was sorely perplexed which to choose : Phylis was so wise, but then Glaucus was so gay ; Phylis was so distinguished, but then Glaucus was so popular ; Phylis made

excellent speeches,—but then how beautifully Glaucus sung !

Unfortunately, in the stern and manly pursuits of his life, Phylas had necessarily outgrown those little arts of pleasing which were so acceptable to the ladies of Athens. He dressed with a decorous dignity, but not with the studied, yet easy, graces of Glaucus. How, too, amidst all his occupations, could he find the time to deck the doors of his beloved with garlands, to renew the libations on her threshold, and to cover every wall in the city with her name added to the flattering epithet of *καλη*. But none of these important ceremonies were neglected by Glaucus, in whom the art to please had been the sole study of life. Glaucus gained ground daily.

“ I esteem you beyond all men,” Chyllene could say to Phylas without a blush. But she trembled, and said nothing, when Glaucus approached.

“ I love you better than all things !” said Glaucus, passionately, one day to Chyllene.

“ I love you better than all things, save my country,” said Phylia the same morning.

“ Ah, Phylia is doubtless the best patriot,” thought Chyllene; “ but Glaucus is certainly the best lover !”

The very weaknesses of Glaucus were charming, but his virtues gave Phylia a little of austerity. With Phylia Chyllene felt ashamed of her faults; with Glaucus she was only aware of her excellence.

Alcibiades was now the idol of Athens. He prepared to set out with a hundred ships for the Hellespont, to assist the allies of Athens. Willing to rid the city of so vigilant a guard upon his actions as Phylia, he contrived that the latter should be appointed to a command in the fleet. The rank of Glaucus obtained him a lesser but distinguished appointment.

Chyllene was in danger of losing both her lovers.

“ Wilt thou desert me ?” said she to Phylia.

“ Alas ! my country demands it. I shall return to thee covered with laurels.”

“And thou, Glaucus?”

“Perish Alcibiades, and Greece herself, before I quit thee!” cried Glaucus, who, had there been no mistress in the case, would never willingly have renounced luxury for danger.

Phylas, with a new incentive to glory, and a full confidence in the sympathy of his beloved, set out for Andria. Glaucus was taken suddenly ill, remained at home, and a month afterwards his bride Chyllene was carried by torchlight to his house. It is true that every body at Athens detected the imposition; but every one laughed at it good-humouredly; “for Glaucus,” said they, “never set up for a paragon of virtue!” Thus his want of principle was the very excuse for wanting it.

The expedition to Andria failed—Alcibiades was banished again—and Phylas, though he had performed prodigies of valour, shared in the sentence of his leader. His fellow-citizens were too glad of an excuse to rid themselves of that unpleasant sensation which the superiority of another always inflicts on our self-love.



Years rolled away. Phylis had obtained all that his youth coveted of glory. Greece rang with his name; he was now aged, an exile, and a dependent at the Persian court. There, every one respected, but no one loved him. The majesty of his mien, the simplicity of his manners, the very splendour of his reputation, made the courtiers of Persepolis uneasy in his presence. He lived very much alone; and his only recreation was in walking at evening amongst the alleys of a wood, that reminded him of the groves of Athens, and meditating over the past adventures of his life.

It happened that at this time Glaucus, who had survived both his wife and his patrimony, had suffered himself, under the hope of repairing his broken fortunes, to be entrapped into a conspiracy to restore the Oligarchy, after the death of Conon. He was detected, and his popularity did not save him from banishment. He sought refuge at Persepolis: the elastic gaiety of his disposition still continued, and over his grey hairs yet glowed the festive chaplet of

roses. The courtiers were delighted with his wit—the king could not feast without him:—they consulted Phylas, but they associated with Glaucus.

One evening as Phylas was musing in his favourite grove, and as afar off he heard the music and the merriment of a banquet, (held by the king in his summer-house, and with Glaucus at his right hand,) the melancholy exile found himself gently plucked by the hem of his garment. He turned hastily round, and once more beheld his genius.

“Thy last hour fast approaches,” said the demon; “again, then, I come to visit thee. At the morning of life I foretold that fate which should continue to its close: I bade thee despair of uniting celebrity and love. Thou hast attempted the union—what hath been thy success?”

“Mysterious visitor!” answered Phylas, “thy words were true, and my hope was formed in the foolishness of youth. I stand alone, honoured and unloved. But surely this is not

the doom of all who have pursued a similar ambition."

"Recollect thyself," replied the phantom: "was not thy master Socrates persecuted unto death, and Aristides ostracised on account of his virtues? Canst thou name one great man who in life was not calumniated for his services? Thou standest not alone. To shine is to injure the self-love of others; and self-love is the most vindictive of human feelings."

"Yet had I not been an Athenian," murmured Phylias, "I might have received something of gratitude."

"They call Athens ungrateful," answered the spectre; "but every where, while time lasts, the ingratitude shall be the same. One state may exile her illustrious men, another merely defame them; but day is not more separate from night, than true fame from general popularity."

"Alas! thou teachest a bitter lesson," said Phylias, sighing; "better, then, to renounce the glory which separates us from the indulgent

mercies of our kind. Has not my choice been an *error*, as well as a *misfortune*?"

The countenance of the genius became suddenly divine. Majesty sat upon his brow, and unspeakable wisdom shone from his piercing eyes, as he replied, "Hark! as thou askest of me thy unworthy question, the laugh of the hoary Glaucus breaks upon thy ear. The gods gave to him the privilege to be beloved—and despised. Wouldst thou, were the past at thy control,—wouldst thou live the life that he hath lived? wouldst thou, for the smiles of revellers, or for the heart of the mistress of thy manhood, feel that thy career had been worthless, and that thy sepulchre should be unknown? No; by the flush upon thy cheek, thou acknowledgest that to the great the pride of recollection is sufficient happiness in itself. Thy *only* error was in this,—the wish to obtain the fleeting breath of popular regard, as the *reward* for immortal labours. The illustrious should serve the world, unheeding of its frail applause. The whisper of their own hearts should convey to them a diviner

music than the huzzas of crowds. Thou shouldst have sought *only* to be great, so would it never have grieved thee to find thyself unbeloved. The soul of the great should be as a river, rejoicing in its mighty course, and benefiting all—nor conscious of the fading garlands which perishable hands may scatter upon its tide.”

The corpse of Phylas was found that night in the wood by some of the revellers returning home. And the Persian king buried the body in a gorgeous sepulchre, and the citizens of Athens ordained a public mourning for his death. And to the name of Phylas a thousand bards promised immortality—and, save in this momentary record, the name of Phylas has perished from the earth!



LAKE LEMAN,  
AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.





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AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

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THERE are some places in the world, which imaginative persons, who contract a sympathy with Genius, feel it almost a duty to visit. Not to perform such pilgrimages, seems a neglect of one of the objects of life. The world has many a Mecca and many a Medina for those who find a prophet in Genius, and an holiness in its sepulchre. Of these none are more sacred than

“Leman with its crystal face.”

The very name of that lovely lake is a poem in itself. It conjures up the living and actual shapes of those who have been greater than

their kind. As the thought of Troy brings before us at once the bright Scamander—the heaven-defended towers—the hum of the wide Grecian camp—with the lone tent of Achilles, sullen at his loss—and the last interview of Hector and her to whom he was “father, mother, brethren”—so with the very name of Lemán rise up—the rocks of Meillerie—the white walls of Chillon—we see the boat of Byron, with the storm breaking over Jura—the “covered acacia walk”—in which, at the dead of night, the Historian of Rome gazed upon the waters after he had finished the last page of his deathless work: Voltaire, Rousseau, Calvin—beings who were revolutions in themselves—are summoned before us. Yes, Lemán is an epic; poetical in itself, it associates its name with the characters of poetry;—and all that is most beautiful in nature is linked with all that is most eloquent of genius.

The morning after my arrival at the inn, which is placed (a little distance from Geneva,) on the margin of the lake, I crossed to the house which Byron inhabited, and which is al-

most exactly opposite. The day was calm but gloomy, the waters almost without a ripple. Arrived at the opposite shore, you ascend, by a somewhat rude and steep ascent, to a small village, winding round which, you come upon the gates of the house. On the right-hand side of the road, as you thus enter, is a vineyard, in which, at that time, the grapes hung ripe and clustering. Within the gates are some three or four trees, ranged in an avenue. Descending a few steps, you see in a small court before the door, a rude fountain; it was then dried up—the waters had ceased to play. On either side is a small garden branching from the court, and by the door are rough stone seats. You enter a small hall, and, thence, an apartment containing three rooms. The principal one is charming,—long, and of an oval shape, with carved wainscoating—the windows on three sides of the room command the most beautiful views of Geneva, the Lake, and its opposite shores. They open upon a terrace paved with stone; on that terrace how often he must have “watched

with wistful eyes the setting sun!" It was here that he was in the ripest maturity of his genius—in the most interesting epoch of his life. He had passed the bridge that severed him from his country, but the bridge was not yet broken down. He had not yet been enervated by the soft south. His luxuries were still of the intellect—his sensualism was yet of nature—his mind had not faded from its youthfulness and vigour—his was yet the season of hope rather than of performance, and the world dreamt more of what he would be than what he had been.

His works (the Paris edition) were on the table. Himself was everywhere! Near to this room is a smaller cabinet, very simply and rudely furnished. On one side, in a recess, is a bed,—on the other, a door communicates with a dressing-room. Here, I was told, he was chiefly accustomed to write. And what works? "Manfred," and the most beautiful stanzas of the third Canto of "Childe Harold," rush at once upon our memory. You now ascend the stairs, and pass a passage, at the end of which

is a window, commanding a superb view of the Lake. The passage is hung with some curious but wretched portraits. Francis I., Diana of Poitiers, and Julius Scaliger among the rest. You now enter his bed-room. Nothing can be more homely than the furniture; the bed is in a recess, and in one corner an old walnut-tree bureau, where you may still see written over some of the compartments, "Letters of Lady B——." His imaginary life vanishes before this simple label, and all the weariness, and all the disappointment of his real domestic life come sadly upon you. You recall the nine executions in one year—the annoyance and the bickering, and the estrangement, and the gossip scandal of the world, and the "Broken Household Gods." \* Men may moralize as they will, but misfortunes cause error,—and atone for it.

I wished to see no other rooms but those oc-

\* "I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of Nature and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this, the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and

cupied by him. I did not stay to look at the rest. I passed into the small garden that fronts the house—here was another fountain which the Nymph had *not* deserted. Over it drooped the boughs of a willow; beyond, undivided by any barrier, spread a vineyard, whose verdant leaves and laughing fruit, contrasted somewhat painfully with the associations of the spot. The Great Mother is easily consoled for the loss of the brightest of her children. The sky was more in harmony with the *Genius Loci* than the earth. Its quiet and gloomy clouds were reflected upon the unwrinkled stillness of the Lake; and afar, its horizon rested, in a thousand mists, upon the crests of the melancholy mountains.

The next day I was impatient to divert the more *home desolation* which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me."—*Byron's Journal of his Swiss Tour.*

feelings which the view of Byron's villa from the garden of my lodgment occasioned, and I repaired on a less interesting pilgrimage, though to a yet more popular, and perhaps imperishable shrine. What Byron was for a season, Voltaire was for half a century: a power in himself—the cynosure of civilization—the dictator of the Intellectual Republic. He was one of the few in whom thought has produced the same results as action. Next to the great Reformers of Religion, who has exercised a similar influence over the minds of men and the destinies of nations? Not indeed according to the vulgar sentiment that attributes to him and to his colleagues the *causes* of Revolution: the causes existed if no philosopher had ever lived; but he ripened and concentrated the effects. Whether for good or ill, time must yet show—this only can we say that the evil that has resulted was not of Philosophy, but of Passion. They who prove a disease exists, are not to be blamed if, after their decease, wrong remedies are applied. The misfortune of human affairs is, that Sages point

out the rottenness of an old system—but it is quacks that build up the new. We employ the most scientific surveyors to estimate dilapidations, and the most ignorant masons to repair them. This is not the fault of the surveyor. “Les partisans de la liberté sont ceux qui détestent le plus profondément les forfaits qui se sont commis en son nom.”\*

The drive from Geneva to Ferney is picturesque and well cultivated enough to make us doubt the accuracy of the descriptions which proclaim the country round Ferney to have been a desert prior to the settlement of Voltaire. You approach the house by an avenue. To the left is the well known church which “Voltaire erected to God.” (“Deo erexit Voltaire.”) It is the mode among tourists to wonder at this piety—and to call it inconsistent with the tenets of its founder. But tourists are seldom profound inquirers. Any one, the least acquainted with Voltaire’s writings, would know how little he was of an Atheist. He was too clever for such a belief. He is one of the strongest arguers

\* Influence des Passions.



Philosophy possesses in favour of the existence of the Supreme Being; and much as he ridicules fanatics, they are well off from his satire, when compared with the Atheists. His zeal, indeed, for the Divine existence sometimes carries him beyond his judgment, as in that Romance, where Dr. Friend (Doctor of Divinity, and *Member of Parliament!*) converts his son *Jenni*, (what names these Frenchmen do give us!) and Jenni's friend Birton, in a dispute before a circle of savages.—Dr. Friend overthrows the sturdy atheist with too obvious an ease. In fact, Voltaire was impatient of an argument against which he invariably declared the evidence of all our senses was opposed. He was intolerance itself to a reasoner against the evidence of Reason. I must be pardoned for doing Voltaire this justice—I do not wish to leave Atheism so brilliant an authority.

Opposite to the church, and detached from the house, was once the theatre, now pulled down—a thick copse is planted on the site. I should like, I own, to have seen, even while I

defend Voltaire's belief, whether "Mahomet" or "Le Bon Dieu" were the better lodged!

The house is now before you—long, regular, and tolerably handsome, when compared with the usual character of French or of Swiss architecture. It has been described so often, that I would not go over the same ground if it did not possess an interest which no repetition can wear away. Besides, it helps to illustrate the character of the owner. A man's house is often a witness of himself.

The *salle de réception* is a small room, the furniture unaltered—the same needlework chairs in cabriole frames of oak—the same red flowered velvet on the walls. The utter apathy of the great Author to the Beautiful is manifest in the wretched daubs on the walls, which would have put an English poet into a nervous fever to have seen every time he looked round—and a huge stove, magnificently trumpery, of barbarous shape, and profusely gilt, which was "*his own invention!*" It supports his bust. In this room is the celebrated

picture of which tradition says that he gave the design. Herein Voltaire is depicted as presenting the "Henriade" to Apollo, while his enemies are sinking into the infernal regions, and Envy is expiring at his feet! A singular proof of the modesty of merit,—and of its toleration! So there *is* a hell then for disbelievers—in Voltaire! But we must not take such a design in a literal spirit. Voltaire was a conceited man, but he was also a consummate man of the world. We may depend upon it that he laughed himself at the whole thing as much as any one else. We may depend upon it that when the old gentleman, tapping his snuff-box, showed it to his visitors, with that visage of unutterable mockery, he said as pleasant a witticism on the subject as the wittiest of us could invent. How merry he must have been when he pointed out the face of each particular foe! How gaily he must have jested on their damnatory condition! In fact, it was one of those boyish ebullitions of caricature which are too extravagant for malice, and which, to the last, were peculiar to the great

animal vivacity of Voltaire. It was a hearty joke into which he plunged himself for the sake of dragging his enemies. Voltaire knew the force of ridicule too well, to mean to make himself, as the stupid starers suppose, gravely ridiculous.

The bed-room joins the salon; it contains portraits of Frederic the Great, Mad. Du Chatelet, and himself. The two last have appeared in the edition of his works by Beaumarchais. You see here the vase in which his heart was placed, with the sentiment of "*Mon esprit est partout—Mon cœur est ici.*" "As I think," said my companion, more wittily than justly, (as I shall presently show,) "that his *esprit* was better than his *cœur*, I doubt whether the preference given to Ferney was worth the having." Le Kain's portrait hangs over his bed. Voltaire was the man to appreciate an actor: he himself was the Shakspeare of artifice. One circumstance proves his indifference to natural objects. The first thing a lover of nature would have thought of in such a spot, would have been to

open the windows of his favourite rooms upon the most beautiful parts of that enchanting scenery. But Voltaire's windows are all carefully turned the other way! You do not behold from them either the glorious Lake, or the haughty Alps, which (for they are visible immediately on entering the garden) might so easily have been effected. But the Lake and the Alps were not things Voltaire ever thought it necessary either to describe or study. Living in the country he was essentially the poet of cities. And even his profound investigation of men was of artificial men. Men's tastes, their errors, and their foibles,—not their hearts and their passions. If men had neither profound emotions, nor subtle and intense imaginations, Voltaire would have been the greatest painter of mankind that ever existed.

You leave the house then—you descend a few steps: opposite to you is a narrow road; with an avenue of poplars. You enter into a green, over-arching alley, which would be completely closed in by the thick-set hedge on either side, if here and there little mimic win-

dows had not been cut through the boughs; through these windows you may take an occasional peep at the majestic scenery beyond. That was the way Voltaire liked to look at Nature, through little windows in an artificial hedge! And without the hedge, the landscape would have been so glorious! This was Voltaire's favourite morning walk. At the end is a bench, upon which the great man, (and with all his deficiencies, when will France produce his equal?) was wont to sit, and think. I see him now, in his crimson and gold-laced coat—his stockings drawn half-way up the thigh—his chin resting on his long cane—that eye, light (he is misrepresented sometimes as having dark eyes) and piercing, fixed, not on the ground, nor upward, but on the space before him;—thus does the old gardener, who remembers, pretend to describe him: I see him meditating his last journey to Paris,—that most glorious consummation of a life of literary triumph which has ever been afforded to a literary man—that death which came from the poison of his own laurels.

Never did Fame illumine so intensely the passage to the grave; but the same torch that flashed upon the triumph, lighted the pyre. It was like the last scene of some gorgeous melo-drame—and the very effect which most dazzled the audience was the signal to drop the curtain!

The old gardener, who is above a hundred, declares that he has the most perfect recollection of the person of Voltaire; I taxed it severely. I was surprised to hear that even in age, and despite the habit of stooping, he was considerably above the middle height. But the gardener dwelt with greater pleasure on his dress than his person; he was very proud of the full wig and the laced waistcoat, still prouder of the gilt coach and the four long-tailed horses. Voltaire loved parade—there was nothing simple about his tastes. It was not indeed the age of simplicity.

Amidst a gravel space, is a long slip of turf, untouched since it was laid down by Voltaire himself, and not far from hence is the tree he planted, fair, tall, and flourishing; at the time

I saw it, the sun was playing cheerily through its delicate leaves. From none of his works is the freshness so little faded. My visit to Byron's house of the day before, my visit now to Ferney, naturally brought the habitants of each, in contrast and comparison. In the persecution each had undergone, in the absorbing personal power which each had obtained, there was something similar. But Byron attached himself to the heart, and Voltaire to the intellect. Perhaps if Byron had lived to old age and followed out the impulses of Don Juan, he would have gradually drawn the comparison closer. And, indeed, he had more in common with Voltaire than with Rousseau, to whom he has been likened. He was above the effeminacy and the falseness of Rousseau; and he had the strong sense, and the stern mockery, and the earnest bitterness of Voltaire. Both Byron and Voltaire wanted a true mastery over the *passions*; for Byron does not paint nor arouse passion;\* he paints

\* Byron has been called by superficial critics, the Poet of Passion, but it is not true. To paint passion,



and he arouses *sentiment*. But in Byron sentiment itself had almost the strength and all the intensity of passion. He kindled thoughts into feelings. Voltaire had no sentiment in his writings, though not, perhaps, devoid of it in himself. Indeed he could not have been generous

as I have elsewhere said, you must paint the struggle of passion; and this Byron (out of his plays at least) never does. There is no delineation of passion in the love of Medora, nor even of Gulnare; but the sentiment in each is made as powerful as passion itself. Every where, in Childe Harold, in Don Juan, in the Eastern Tales, Byron paints sentiments, not passions. When Macbeth soliloquizes on his "way of life," he utters a sentiment;—when he pauses before he murders his King—he bares to us his passions. Othello, torn by that jealousy which is half love and half hatred, is a portraiture of passion: Childe Harold moralizing over Rome, is one of sentiment. The Poets of Passion paint various and contending emotions, each warring with the other. The Poets of Sentiment paint the prevalence of one particular cast of thought, or affection of the mind. But the crowd are too apt to confuse the two, and to call an author a passionate writer if his hero always says he is passionately in love. Few persons would allow that Clarissa and Clementina are finer delineations of passion than Julia and Haidée.

with so much delicacy, if he had not possessed a finer and a softer spirit than his works display. Still less could he have had that singular love for the unfortunate, that courageous compassion for the oppressed, which so prominently illustrate his later life. No one could with less justice be called "heartless" than Voltaire. He was remarkably tenacious of all early friendships, and loved as strongly as he disdained deeply. Any tale of distress imposed upon him easily; he was the creature of impulse, and half a child to the last. He had a stronger feeling for Humanity than any of his contemporaries: he wept when he saw Turgot, and it was in sobs that he stammered out, "Laissez-moi baiser cette main qui a signé le salut du peuple." Had Voltaire never written a line, he would have come down to posterity as a practical philanthropist. A village of fifty peasant inhabitants, was changed by him into the home of one thousand two hundred manufacturers. His character at Ferney is still that of the father of the poor. As a man, he was vain, self-confident, wayward, irascible;

kind-hearted, generous, and easily moved. He had nothing of the Mephistophiles. His fault was, that he was too human—that is, too weak and too unsteady. We must remember, that in opposing religious opinion, he was opposing the opinion of monks and Jesuits;—and Fanaticism discontented him with Christianity. Observe the difference with which he speaks of the Protestant faith—with what gravity and respect. Had he been born in England, I doubt if Voltaire had ever attacked Christianity—had he been born two centuries before, I doubt whether his spirit of research, and his daring courage, would not have made him the reformer of the church and not its antagonist. It may be the difference of time and place that makes all the difference between a Luther and a Voltaire.

As an Author, we are told that he has done many things well, none pre-eminently well—a most absurd and groundless proposition. He *has written* pre-eminently well! He is the greatest prose writer, beyond all comparison, that his country has produced. You may as well

say Swift has done nothing pre-eminently well, because he is neither so profound as Bacon, nor so poetical as Milton. Voltaire is Swift *en grand*. Swift resembles him, but ten thousand Swifts would not make a Voltaire. France may affect to undervalue the most French of her writers—France may fancy she is serving the true national genius by plagiarising from German horrors—neglecting the profundity of German genius; but with only isolated exceptions, all that of later times she has produced truly national and promising duration, is reflected and furnished forth from the peculiar qualities of Voltaire;—the political writings of Paul Courier, the poetry of Beranger, the novels of Paul de Kock. Her Romanticists are to her, what the Della Cruscans were to us: only they have this advantage—they would be immoral if they could. They have all the viciousness of the eunuch, but happily, they have his impotence also.

But this digression leads me to one whom I must except from so general a censure. From

Ferney I went to Coppet: from the least I diverted my thoughts to the most sentimental of writers. Voltaire is the moral antipodes to De Stael. The road to Coppet from Ferney is pretty but monotonous. You approach the house by a field or paddock, which reminds you of England. To the left, in a thick copse, is the tomb of Madame de Stael. As I saw it, how many of her eloquent thoughts on the weariness of life rushed to my memory! No one perhaps ever felt more palpably the stirrings of the soul within, than her whose dust lay there. Few had ever longed more intensely for the wings to flee away and be at rest. She wanted precisely that which Voltaire had—common sense. She had precisely that which Voltaire wanted—sentiment. Of the last it was well said, that he had the talent which the greater number of persons possessed in the greatest degree. Madame de Stael had the talent which few possess, but *not* in the greatest degree. For her thoughts are uncommon, but not profound; and her imagina-

tion is destitute of invention. No work so imaginative as the "Corinne" was ever so little inventive.

And now the house is before you. Opposite the entrance, iron gates admit a glimpse of grounds laid out in the English fashion. The library opens at once from the hall; a long and handsome room containing a statue of Necker: the forehead of the minister is low and the face has in it more of *bonhommie* than *esprit*. In fact, that very respectable man was a little too dull for his position. The windows look out on a gravel-walk or terrace; the library communicates with a bedroom hung with old tapestry.

In the *salle à manger* on the first floor, is a bust of A. W. Schlegel and a print of Lafayette. Out of the billiard-room, the largest room of the suite, is the room where Madame de Stael usually slept, and frequently wrote, though the good woman who did the honours; declared, "she wrote in *all* the rooms." Her writing indeed was but an episode from her con-

versation. Least of all persons, was Madame de Stael one person as a writer, and another as a woman. Her whole character was in harmony; her thoughts always overflowed and were always restless. She assumed nothing factitious when she wrote. She wrote as she would have spoken.\* Such authors are rare. On the other side of the billiard-room, is a small salon in which there is a fine bust of Necker, a picture of Baron de Stael, and one of herself in a turban. Every one knows that countenance full of power, if not of beauty, with its deep dark eyes.

\* Madame de Stael wrote "*à la volée.*" "Even in her most inspired compositions," says Madame Necker de Saussure, "she had pleasure to be interrupted by those she loved." There are some persons whose whole life is inspiration. Madame de Stael was one of these. She was not of that tribe who labour to be inspired, who darken the room and lock the door, and entreat you not to disturb them. It was a part of her character to care little about her works once printed. They had done their office, they had relieved her mind, and the mind had passed onward to new ideas. For my own part, I have no patience with authors who are always invoking the ghosts of their past thoughts.

Here is still shown her writing-book and ink-stand. Throughout the whole house is an air of English comfort and quiet opulence. The furniture is plain and simple — nothing overpowers the charm of the place; and no undue magnificence diverts you from the main thought of the genius to which it is consecrated. The grounds are natural, but not remarkable. A very narrow but fresh streamlet borders them to the right. I was much pleased by the polished nature of a notice to the people not to commit depredations. The proprietor put his “grounds under the protection” of the visitors he admitted. This is in the true spirit of aristocratic breeding.

It is impossible to quit this place without feeling that it bequeaths a gentle and immortal recollection. Madame de Stael was the *male* Rousseau! She had all his enthusiasm and none of his meanness. In the eloquence of diction she would have surpassed him, if she had not been too eloquent. But she perfumes her violets and rouges her roses. Yet her heart



was womanly, while her intellect was masculine, and the heart dictated while the intellect adorned. She could not have reasoned, if you had silenced in her the affections. The charm and the error of her writings have the same cause. She took for convictions what were but feelings. She built up a philosophy in emotion. Few persons felt more deeply the melancholy of life. It was enough to sadden that yearning heart—the thought so often on her lips, “Jamais je n’ai été aimée comme j’aime.” But, on the other hand, her susceptibility consoled while it wounded her. Like all poets, she had a profound sense of the common luxury of *being*. She felt the truth that the pleasures are greater than the pains of life, and was pleased with the sentiment of Horne Tooke when he said to Erskine, “If you had but obtained for me ten years of life in a dungeon with my books, and a pen and ink, I should have thanked you.” None but the sensitive feel what a glorious possession existence is. The religion which was a part of her very nature, contributed to render to this

existence a diviner charm. How tender and how characteristic that thought of hers, that if any happiness chanced to her after her father's death, "it was to his mediation she owed it:" as if he were living!—To her he was living—in heaven! Peace to her beautiful memory! Her genius is without a rival in her own sex; and if it be ever exceeded, it must be by one more or less than woman.

The drive homeward from Coppet to Geneva is far more picturesque, than that from Ferney to Coppet. As you approach Geneva, villa upon villa rises cheerfully on the landscape; and you feel a certain thrill as you pass the house inhabited by Marie Louise after the fall of Napoleon. These excursions in the neighbourhood of Geneva, spread to a wider circle the associations of the Lake;—they are of Lemman. And if the exiles of the earth resort to that serene vicinity, hers is the smile that wins them. She received the persecuted and the weary—they repaid the benefit in glory.

It was a warm, clear, and sunny day, on

which I commenced the voyage of the Lake. Looking behind, I gazed on the roofs and spires of Geneva, and forgot the Present in the Past. What to me was its little community of watch-makers, and its little colony of English? I saw Charles of Savoy at its gates—I heard the voice of Berthelier invoking Liberty, and summoning to arms. The struggle past—the scaffold rose—and the patriot became the martyr. His blood was not spilt in vain. Religion became the resurrection of Freedom. The town is silent—it is under excommunication. Suddenly a murmur is heard—it rises—it gathers—the people are awake—they sweep the streets—the images are broken: Farel is preaching to the council! Yet a little while, and the stern soul of Calvin is at work within those walls. The loftiest of the Reformers, and the one whose influence has been the most wide and lasting, is the earliest also of the great tribe of the persecuted the City of the Lake receives within her arms. The benefits he repaid—behold them around! Wherever property is secure, wherever

thought is free, wherever the ancient learning is revived, wherever the ancient spirit has been caught, you trace the work of the Reformation, and the inflexible, inquisitive, unconquerable soul of Calvin ! He foresaw not, it is true, nor designed, the effects he has produced. The same sternness of purpose, the same rigidity of conscience that led him to reform, urged him to persecute. The exile of Bolsec, and the martyrdom of Servede, rest darkly upon his name. But the blessings we owe to the first inquirers compensate their errors. Had Calvin not lived, there would have been not one, but a thousand, Servedes ! The spirit of inquiry redeems itself as it progresses ; once loosed, it will not stop at the limit to which its early disciples would restrain it. Born with them, it does not grow with their growth, it survives their death—it but commences where they conclude. In one century, the flames are for the person, in another for the work ; in the third, work and person are alike sacred. The same town that condemned *Le Contrat social* to the conflagra-

tion, makes now its chief glory in the memory of Rousseau.

I turned from Geneva, and the villa of Byron, and the scarce-seen cottage of Shelley glided by. Of all landscape scenery, that of lakes pleases me the most. It has the movement without the monotony of the ocean. But in point of scenic attraction, I cannot compare Lemán with Como or the Lago Maggiore. If ever, as I hope my age may, it is mine to "find out the peaceful hermitage," it shall be amidst the pines of Como, with its waves of liquid sunshine, and its endless variety of shade and colour, as near to the scenes and waterfalls of Pliny's delicious fountain, as I can buy or build a tenement. There is not enough of glory in the Swiss climate. It does not bring that sense of existence—that passive luxury of enjoyment—that paradise of the air and sun, which belong to Italy.

The banks of Lemán, as seen from the middle of the water, lose much of their effect from the exceeding breadth of the lake; and

the distance of the Alps beyond, detracts from their height. Nearness is necessary to the sublime. A narrow stream, with Mont Blanc alone towering by its side, would be the grandest spectacle in the world. But the oppression, the awe, and the undefinable sense of danger which belong to the sublime in natural objects, are lost when the objects are removed from our immediate vicinity. The very influence of the landscape around Lemman renders it rather magnificent than grand. There is something of sameness too in the greater part of the voyage, unless you wind near the coast. The banks themselves often vary, but the eternal mountains in the background invest the whole with one common character. But to see the Lake to the greatest advantage, avoid, oh, avoid the steam-vessel and creep close by either shore. Beyond Ouchy and Lausanne, the scenery improves in richness and effect. As the walls of the latter slowly receded from me, the sky itself scarcely equalled the stillness of the water. It lay deep and silent as death, the dark rocks crested with

cloud, flinging long and far shadows over the surface. Gazing on Lausanne, I recalled the words of Gibbon; I had not read the passage for years; I could not have quoted a syllable of it the day before, and now it rushed upon my mind so accurately, that I found little but the dates to alter, when I compared my recollection with the page. "It was," said he, "on the day or rather the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." What a picture! Who does not enter into what must have been the feelings of a man who had just completed the work that was to render him immortal? What calm fulness of triumph, of a confidence too stately for vanity, does the description

breathe! I know not which has the more poetry, the conception of the work or the conclusion—the conception amidst the “ruins of the Capitol, while the bareheaded friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter,” or the conclusion at the stillness and solitude of night, amidst the Helvetian Alps. With what tranquil collectedness of thought, he seems to bask and luxuriate as it were in the sentiment of his own glory! At such a moment did Gibbon feel that his soul which produced the glory, was no less imperishable. For my own part, *I* should have felt that my soul was diviner than my genius;—the genius is but an effort of the soul, and the artificer is greater than the work. The triumphs we achieve, our conquests of the domain of Time, can but feebly flatter our self-esteem, unless we regard them as the proofs of what we are. For who would submit to deem himself the blind Nursery of Thoughts, to be grafted on other soils, when the clay which nurtured them has crumbled to unproductive atoms?—To consider what Shakspeare thought, while on earth,



is a noble contemplation, but it is nobler yet to conjecture what, *now*, may be the musings, and what the aspirations, of that spirit exalted to a sublimer career of being. It were the wildest madness of human vanity to imagine that God created such spirits *only* for the earth: like the stars, they shine upon us, but their uses and their destinies are not limited to be the lamps of this atom of creation. So vast a waste of spirit were, indeed, a monstrous prodigality, wholly alien to the economy and system of the Universe!

But new objects rise to demand the thought. Opposite are the heights of Meillerie; seen from the water, they present little to distinguish them from the neighbouring rocks. The village lies scattered at the base, with the single spire rising above the roofs. I made the boatmen row towards the shore, and landed somewhere about the old and rugged town or village of Evian. Walking thence to Meillerie along the banks of the lake, nothing could be richer than the scene around. The sun was slowly sink-

ing, the waters majestically calm, and a long row of walnut trees fringed the margin; above, the shore slopes upward, covered with verdure. Proceeding onward, the ascent is yet more thickly wooded, until the steep and almost perpendicular heights of Meillerie rise before you—here grey and barren, there clothed with tangled and fantastic bushes. At a little distance you may see the village with the sharp spiral steeple rising sharp against the mountain; and winding farther, you may survey on the opposite shore, the immortal Clarens: and, whitely gleaming over the water, the walls of Chillon. As I paused, the waters languidly rippled at my feet, and one long rose-cloud, the immortalized and consecrated hues of Meillerie transferred from their proper home, faded lingeringly from the steeps of Jura. I confess myself, in some respects, to be rather of Scott's than Byron's opinion on the merits of the Héloïse. Julie and St. Preux are to me, as to Scott, "two tiresome pedants." But they are eloquent pedants! The charm of Rousseau is not in the characters he draws, but in

the sentiments he attributes to them. I lose the individuality of the characters—I forget, I dismiss them. I take the sentiments, and find characters of my own more worthy of them. Meillerie is not to me consecrated by Julie, but by ideal love. It is the Julie of one's own heart, the visions of one's own youth, that one invokes and conjures up in scenes which no criticism, no reasoning, can divorce from the associations of love. We think not of the idealist, but the ideal. Rousseau intoxicates us with his own egotism. We are wrapt in *ourselves*—in *our own* creations, and not *his*;—so at least it was with me. When shall I forget that twilight by the shores of Meillerie—or that starlit wave that bore me back to the opposite shore? The wind breathing low from Clarens—Chillon sleeping in the distance, and all the thoughts and dreams—and unuttered, unutterable memories of the youth and passion for ever gone, busy in my soul. The place was full, not of Rousseau, but that which had inspired him—hallowed not by the Priest—but, by the God.

I have not very distinctly marked the time in which the voyage I describe was broken up; but when next I resumed my excursion it was late at noon.

I had seen at Vevay, Ludlow the regicide's tomb. A stern contrast to the *Bosquets* (now, alas! potato-grounds) of Julie. And now, from the water, the old town of Vevay seemed to me to have something in its aspect grateful to the grim shade of the King-slayer. Yet even that memory has associations worthy of the tenderness of feeling which invests the place; and one of the most beautiful instances of woman's affection, is the faithful valour with which his wife shared the dangers and vicissitudes of the republican's chequered life. His monument is built by her. And, though in a time when all the nice distinctions of justice on either side were swept away, the zeal of Ludlow wrote itself in blood that it had been more just to spare, the whole annals of that mighty war cannot furnish a more self-contemning, unpurchaseable, and honest heart. His ashes are not the least valuable relics of the shores of Lemane.

Again; as you wind a jutting projection of the land, Clarens rises upon you, chiefly noticeable from its look of serene and entire repose. You see the house which Byron inhabited for some little time, and which has nothing remarkable in its appearance. This, perhaps, is the most striking part of the voyage. Dark shadows from the Alps, at the right, fell over the wave, but to the left, towards Clarens, all was bright and sunny, and beautifully still. Looking back, the lake was one sheet of molten gold—wide and vast it slept in its glory; the shore on the right indistinct from its very brightness—that to the left, marked and stern from its very shadow.

Chillon, which is long, white, and, till closely approached, more like a modern than an ancient building, is backed by mountains covered with verdure. You survey now the end of the lake; a long ridge of the greenest foliage, from amidst which the frequent poplar rises, tall and picturesque, the spire of the grove. And, now, nearing Villeneuve, you sail by the little isle hallowed by Byron—

“ A little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile,  
The only one in view,  
A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,” &c.\*

The trees were still there, young and flourishing; by their side a solitary shed. Villeneuve itself, backed by mountains, has a venerable air, as if vindicating the antiquity it boasts.

I landed with regret, even though the pilgrimage to Chillon was before me. And still I lingered by the wave—and still gazed along its soft expanse. Perhaps, in the vanity common to so many, who possess themselves in thought of a shadowy and unreal future, I may have dreamt, *as* I paused and gazed, that from among the lesser names which Lemane retains and blends with those more lofty and august, she may not disdainfully reject that of one who felt at least the devotion of the pilgrim, if he caught not an inspiration from the shrine.

\* Prisoner of Chillon, line 341.

THE  
TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A MORAL TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.





# THE TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A MORAL TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

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NEVER were two persons more passionately attached to each other than Adolphe and Celeste! Their love was a proverb. Of course it was an unhappy attachment—no body loves heartily, unless people take pains to prevent it. The spirit of contradiction is prodigiously strong in its effects.

Adolphe was rich and noble—Celeste was noble and poor. Their families were at variance; the family of Adolphe was exceedingly

ambitious, and that of Celeste exceedingly proud. Had they been the best friends in the world, their fathers would not have assented to the loves of their children—Adolphe's father because he desired a rich match for his son—Celeste's because he was too proud to be under an obligation, and he was sufficiently a man of the world to know that you are to be considered obliged when a rich nobleman marries your daughter without a dowry. Celeste's father would have married her to a wealthy *parvenu* that he might have borrowed his money, in parading his condescension. For it is a maxim in good society, that no favour can be conferred by a *roturier*. Gratitude is for him to feel, if you accept his services. No sooner therefore was the dawning attachment of the lovers discovered, than their relations thought it necessary to be amazingly angry. There cannot be a doubt that you have an absolute right to the eyes, nerves, and hearts of your children. They have no business to be happy, unless it be exactly in the way most agreeable to yourself.

These self-evident truths were not, however, irresistible for Adolphe and Celeste. Although the latter was locked up, and the former was watched; they continued often to correspond, and sometimes to see each other. Their love was no passing caprice—despite all difficulties, all obstacles, all dangers—it was more intense than ever at the end of a year. Celeste had gallantly refused two young merchants, handsome and ardent,—and a very old banker, who would have left her a widow in a year. Adolphe—the gay and handsome Adolphe—had renounced every flirtation and conquest;—all women had palled in his eyes since he had seen Celeste. But though their passion was strengthened by time, time had failed to increase their hopes of its success—they began to doubt and to despair. The rose fled from Celeste's cheek—she pined away, her lip had lost all its smile, her form shrunk from all its roundness, tears stood constantly in her eyes, and she sighed so that it went to the hearts of all the servants in the house. In fine, she fell ill,—poor girl,—she

was dying for love. The more violent passion of Adolphe produced also its disorder. His pulse burnt with fever, his language was often incoherent—his great grandfather had been mad—Adolphe promised fairly to take after his ancestor.

Alarmed, but not softened, the father of our lover spoke to him earnestly. “Renounce but this ill-placed love—if only for a time. Idleness is the parent of this youthful folly. I will devote half my fortune to purchase you that situation at court you have so often thought the height of your ambition. My son, you are young, bold, and aspiring; your fortunes, your fame will be secured. I willingly make you this sacrifice, provided you abandon Celeste.”

Adolphe wrung the hand of his father. “Impossible!” he murmured, “one look from her is worth all the dreams of ambition.” So saying, he left the room.

At length, finding they could not live together, our lovers formed the desperate design—not to live divided; (it is a favourite alterna-

tive in the country in which they were born,)—in short, they resolved upon suicide. I wish I had been able to obtain the letters which passed between them on this melancholy subject. I never read any so simple and so touching; if you had seen them you would have thought it the plainest proposition in the world—that persons, with any real affection for each other, ought never to be unprovided with prussic acid:—who knows but what an accident may separate them of a sudden; and to be separate!—how much pleasanter to be dead!

The lovers agreed, then, to poison themselves on the same night. Their last letters were written, blistered with each other's tears. It was eleven o'clock. Adolphe had retired to his chamber—he took up the poison—he looked at it wistfully. “To-morrow,” said he, musingly—“to-morrow”—and he extracted the cork—“to-morrow—it smells very disagreeably—to-morrow I shall be at rest. This heart”—he shook the phial—“how it froths!—this heart will have ceased to beat—and our cruel parents will not forbid us a

common grave." So saying, he sighed heavily, and muttering the name of Celeste, gulped down the fatal draught.

Meanwhile, the father and mother of Adolphe were still at supper. The old butler, who had wiped his eyes when Adolphe had left the room, fidgeted to and fro, with the air of a man who has something at his heart. As his master was very hungry, and his mistress very sleepy—the good old man was heeded by neither. At length, when the other attendants had withdrawn, the old man lingered behind—thrice he re-set the glasses—and thrice he re-arranged the decanters.

"That is quite right—that will do—shut the door after you."

"Sir—yes, Sir.—Did you—hem."

"Did I what?"

"My young master, Sir—yes, Sir."

"Your young master. Well"—

"Alas! Sir, I fear he is not quite right. Did you observe how he looked when he left the room?"

“*Ma foi*. I was engaged with the chicken.”

“And you, Madam—he kissed your hand very affectionately.”

“Ah, yes, (drowsily,) he has an excellent heart, *le cher enfant!*”

“And, Madam, I don’t like to say any thing—but—but—my young master has been muttering very odd things to himself for the last two or three days, and all this morning he has been poisoning the dogs by way, he said, of experiment.”

“Poison!” said the mother, thoroughly awakened—“has he got any poison?”

“Ah, yes, Madam—his pockets full.”

“Heavens!” cried the father, “this must not be—if he should in despair—he is a very odd boy. His great-grandfather died mad. I will instantly go to his room.”

“And I too,” cried the mother.

The good couple hurried to Adolphe’s chamber; they heard a groan as they opened the door; they found their son stretched on the bed, pale and haggard; on the table was a phial, labelled ‘poison;’ the phial was empty.

“ My son, my son !—you have not been so wicked—you have not—speak—speak !”

“ Oh ! I suffer tortures !—Oh ! oh ! I am dying. Leave me ! Celeste also has taken poison—we could not live together—Cruel parents—we mock you, and die !”

“ Recover—recover, my son, and Celeste shall be yours,” said the mother, half in hysterics.

The father was already gone for a surgeon. The surgeon lived near to Celeste, and while he was hastily preparing his antidotes, his visitor had the charity to run to the house of Celeste’s father, and hastily apprise him of the intelligence he had learnt. The poor old gentleman hobbled off to his daughter’s room. Luckily he found his wife with her ; she had been giving the *petite* good advice, and that is a very prolix habit. Celeste was impatiently awaiting her departure ; she was dying to be dead ! In rushed her father—“ Child, child—here’s news indeed !—Are you alive, Celeste—have you poisoned yourself ? That young reprobate is already—”



“Already!” cried Celeste, clasping her hands —“Already!—he awaits me, then. Ah, this appointment at least I will not break!” She sprang to her bedside, and seized a phial from under the pillow; but the father was in time—he snatched it from her hand, and his daughter fell into fits so violent, that they threatened to be no less fatal than the poison.

## CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER the exaggerations of our lovers, they loved really, fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die—the antidotes were given in time—he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous—she suffered, poor child, a delirious fever, and was several weeks before her life and reason were restored.

No parents could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers—*il faut céder*. Besides, such events derange one's establishment and interrupt one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms when one

begins to be annoyed oneself. The old people then made it up, and the young people married. As the Bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened at once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful gardens—they were both accomplished—clever—amiable—young—and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible to *ennui*? They could never bear to lose sight of each other.

“ Ah, Adolphe—traitor—where hast thou been ?”

“ Merely shooting in the woods, my angel.”

“ What, and without me ! Fie ! promise this shall not happen again.”

“ Ah, dearest ! too gladly I promise.”

Another time—

“ What, Celeste !—three hours have I been seeking for you ! Where have you hid yourself ?”

“ Don't look so angry, my Adolphe, I was only directing the gardener to build a little ar-

hour for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise."

"My own Celeste! but three hours—it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you."

"My own dearest, dearest Adolphe! how I love you—may my company ever be as dear to you!"

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely, that it lasted several months. What at first was passion had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but to look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:

"Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me—put down that odious book you are always reading."

“Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me. I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face.”

“My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy.”

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep—“Bless me,” thought he, “I never saw this before—let me look again—yes, certainly, she has—a wart on her chin!”

Adolphe rose and dressed himself—Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast—the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits, Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

“Let us ride to-day,” said Celeste.

“My dear, I have a headache,”

“Poor child! well, then, let us read the new poem.”

“My dear, you talk so loud.”

“I!” and Celeste, gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived, for the first time, something in his eyes that surprised her—she looked

again—"Good Heavens!" said she to herself, "Adolphe certainly squints."

On the other hand, Adolphe murmured, "The wart has grown greatly since morning."

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had upon Adolphe. He thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of—but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming. Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Every body else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart on her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more rounded, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin! The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day—to Adolphe's eyes it threatened speedily to absorb the whole of the face. Nay, he expected, in due time, to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could, because he was naturally well-bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind

to herself—he smothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate apartments.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced. "He certainly did not squint before we married," thought Celeste; "it is very unpleasant—it makes one so fidgety to be stared at by a person who sees two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly—the habit can't yet be incurable."

As wives are always the first in the emulation of conjugal fault-finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint—on the first favourable opportunity.

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you," said Adolphe one morning.

"Ah! down, down! Pray turn him out; see the mark of his paws. I can't bear dogs, Adolphe."

"Poor thing!" said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favourite.

“ Was that to me, or to the dog?” asked Celeste.

“ Oh! to him, to be sure.”

“ I beg your pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if the truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye.”

“ Madam!” said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

“ Don’t be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it, if it did not get worse every day; it is yet to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight.”

“ A wafer on the top of my nose! Much better put one at the tip of your chin, Celeste.”

“ My chin!” cried Celeste, running in her turn to the glass, “ What do you mean, Sir?”

“ Only that you have a very large wart there, which it would be more agreeable to conceal.”

“ Sir!”

“ Madam!”



“ A wart on my chin—monster !”

“ A cast in my eye—fool !”

“ Yes ! How could I ever love a man who squinted !”

“ Or I a woman with a wart on her chin !”

“ Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder — you can't see ! I pity your infirmity.”

“ Madam, I despise your insinuations ; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you.”

“ Yes, send for a physician ; he will say whether you squint or not—poor Adolphe, I am not angry, no, I pity so melancholy a defect.”

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went himself for the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician—he took his pony, and ambled back with Adolphe. By the way he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. “ The perfidious

woman,"—said Adolphe, "would you believe it?—we braved every thing for each other—never were two persons sō much in love—nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a longer separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriages for her sake—too happy that she was mine without a dowry—and now she declares I squint. And, oh, she has *such* a wart on her chin!"

The Doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As to the wart, Sir," said he, "it is not difficult to cure."

"But if my wife won't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured. I would not mind if she would but own it. Oh the vanity of women!"

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you"—

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married."

‘O-ho,’ thought the Doctor, sinking into a reverie—I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other a few months ago, were not alienated only by a wart or a cast in the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe’s villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife!

“Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I’ll forgive all,” said Adolphe.

“Nay, why so obstinate as to the cast of the eye—I shall not admire you less, (though others may,) if you will not be so vain as to disown it.”

“Enough, Madam—Doctor, regard that lady—is not the wart monstrous—*can* it be cured?”

“Nay,” cried Celeste, sobbing, “look rather at my poor husband’s squint. His eyes were so fine before we married.”

The Doctor put on his spectacles—he regarded first one and then the other.

“ Sir,” said he, deliberately, “ this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin’s head. And, madam, the pupil of your husband’s right eye is, like that of nine persons out of ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of the left. This is the case, as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder, that you, Sir, think the pimple so enormous ; and you, madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day !”

The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction ;—when an express arrived breathless, to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three months, Adolphe returned. Celeste’s wart had entirely vanished, and Celeste found her husband’s eyes were as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learnt then, that warts rapidly grow upon chins, and squints readily settle upon eyes,—that are too constantly seen. And that it is easy for two persons to

die joyfully together when lovers, but prodigiously difficult, without economizing the presence, to live comfortably together when married.



ON THE  
WANT OF SYMPATHY.





ON THE

## WANT OF SYMPATHY.

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I SMILE when I hear the young talk, in luxurious anticipation, of the delight of meeting with a wholly congenial spirit—an echo of the heart—a counterpart of self. Who ever lived that did not hope to find the phantom, and who ever lived that found it? It is the most entire and the most eternal of all our delusions. That which makes up the nature of one human being—(its nerves, sentiments, thoughts, objects, aspirations)—is infinitely multiplied and complex; formed from a variety of early circumstances,

of imperfect memories, of indistinct associations, of constitutional peculiarities, of things and thoughts appropriate only to itself, and which were never known but partially to others. It is a truism which every one will acknowledge, that no two persons were ever wholly alike, and yet every one starts from the necessary but gloomy corollary, that therefore you can never find a counterpart of yourself. And so we go on, desiring, craving, seeking, sympathy to the last! It is a melancholy instance, too, of the perversity of human wishes, that they who exact sympathy the most, are, of all, the least likely to obtain it. It is a necessary part of the yearning and wayward temperament of the poet. Exactly as he finds his finer and more subtle visions uncomprehended by the herd, he sighs for the Imagined One to whom he can pour them forth, or who can rather understand them most in silence—by an instinct—by a magnetism—by all that invisible and electric harmony of two souls, which we understand by the word ‘Sympathy,’ in its fullest and divinest sense. Yet in

proportion, evidently to the rareness of this nature is the improbability of finding a likeness to it. And if we succeed at last, if we do find another being equally sensitive—equally wayward—equally acute and subtle—instead of sympathizing with us, it demands only sympathy for itself. The one most resembling a poet would be a poetess. And a poetess is, of all, the last who could sympathize with a poet. Two persons linked together, equally self-absorbed, morbid, susceptible, and exacting!—Mephistophiles himself could not devise a union more unhappy and more ill-assorted! It is a strange thing, that those who are most calculated to bear with genius, to be indulgent to its eccentricities and its infirmities, to foresee and forestall its wishes, to honour it with the charity and the reverence of love, are usually without genius themselves, and of an intellect comparatively mediocre and humble. It is the touching anecdote of the wife of a man of genius, that she exclaimed on her death-bed, “Ah, my poor friend, when I am no more, who will un-

derstand thee?" Yet this woman, who felt she did comprehend the nature with which her life had been linked, was of no correspondent genius. Biography that immortalizes her tenderness, is silent upon her talents. In fact, there is no real sympathy between the great man and another, but that which supplies its place is the reverent affection of admiration. And I doubt whether the propensity to venerate *persons* be a common faculty of the highest order of the mind. Such men know indeed veneration, their souls are imbued with it; but it is not for *mortals*, over whom they feel their superiority, it is for *things* abstract and incorporeal—for Glory or for Virtue—for Wisdom—for Nature, or for God. Even in the greatest men around them, their sight, unhappily too acute, penetrates to the foibles; they measure their fellow mortals by the standard of their Ideal. They are not blinded by the dazzle of genius, for genius is a thing to them household and familiar. They may pity, but they cannot admire. God and the angels compassionate our

frailties, they do not admire our powers. And they who approach the most to the Divine Intelligence, or the Angelic Holiness, behold their brethren from a height;—they may stoop from their empyreal air to cherish and to pity—but it is the things above them that they reverence and adore.

It is in a lower class of intellect, yet one not unelevated as compared with the herd, that the principle of admiration is most frequent and pervading, an intellect that seeks a monitor, a protector, a standard or a guide—one that can appreciate greatness, but has no measure within whereby to gauge its proportions. Thus we observe in biography, that the friendship between great men is rarely intimate or permanent. It is a Boswell that most appreciates a Johnson. Genius has no brother, no co-mate; the love it inspires is that of a pupil or a son. Hence, unconscious of the reasons, but by that fine intuition into nature, which surpasses all philosophy, the poets usually demand devotion, as the most

necessary attribute in their ideals of love; they ask in their mistress a being, not of lofty intellect, nor of brilliant genius, but engrossed, absorbed in them;—a Medora for the Conrade. It was well to paint that Medora in a savage island,—to exclude her from the world. In civilized life, poor creature, caps and bonnets— an opera box, and Madame Carson, would soon have shared her heart with her Corsair! Yet this species of love, tender, and unearthly though it be, is not sympathy. Conrade could not have confided in Medora. She was the mistress of his heart, not, in the beautiful Arabian phrase, “the keeper of his soul.” It is the inferior natures then that appreciate, indulge, reverence, and even comprehend genius the most, and yet how much is there that to inferior natures it can never reveal! How can we pour forth all that burning eloquence of passion and memory which often weighs upon us like a burden, to one who will listen to us indeed with rapt ears, but who will long, as Boswell longed, for Mr. Somebody to be present to hear how finely we can talk?

Yet we have brief passages in life when we fancy we have attained our object; when we cry "Eureka"—when we believe our counterpart, the wraith of our spirit, is before us! Two persons in love with each other, how congenial they appear! In that beautiful pliancy—that unconscious system of self-sacrifice which are the character of love in its earlier stages; each nature seems blended and circumfused in each—they are not two natures, they are one! Seen by that enchanting moonlight of delicious passion—all that is harsh or dissonant is mellowed down; the irregularities, the angles, sleep in shadow; all that we behold is in harmony with ourselves. Then is our slightest thought penetrated, our faintest desire forestalled, our sufferings of mind, or of frame, how delicately are they consoled! Then even sorrow and sickness have their charm—they bring us closer under the healing wings of our Guardian Spirit. And, fools that we are, we imagine this sympathy is to endure for ever. But TIME—there is the divider!—by little and little, we grow apart

from each other. The daylight of the world creeps in, the moon has vanished, and we see clearly all the jarring lines and corners hidden at first from our survey. The lady has her objects, and the gentleman his.

My lost, my buried, my unforgotten! You, whom I knew in the first fresh years of life—you, who were snatched from me before one leaf of the Summer of Youth and of Love was withered—you, over whose grave, yet a boy, I wept away half the softness of my soul;—now that I know the eternal workings of the world, and the destiny of all human ties, I rejoice that you are no more!—that custom never dulled the music of your voice—the pathos and the magic of your sweet eyes—that the halo of a dream was round you to the last! Had you survived till now, we should have survived—not our love, indeed—but all that renders love most divine—the rapt and wild idolatry that scarce believed it adored a mortal thing of frailty and of change—the exaggerated, the measureless credulity in the faith,



the virtues of each other, that almost made us what it believed, in our desire not to fall short of the god-like standard by which we were raised in our mutual eyes above the children of earth. All this,—how long since would it have passed away!—our love would have fallen into “the portion of weeds and worn out faces,” which is the lot of all who love. As it is, I can transport myself from every earthly disappointment when I recur to you! On your image there rests no shadow of a shade! In my hours of sickness—in the darkness of despondency—in the fever of petty cares, and all the terrors of the future—you glide before me in your fresh youth, and with your tender smile—for from you never came the harsh word or the wronging thought. In all that I recall of you there is not one memory which I would forget. Death is the great treasure house of Love. There, lies buried the real wealth of passion and of youth; there, the heart, once so prodigal, now grown the miser, turns to contemplate the hoards it has hidden from the world.

Henceforth, it is but the common and petty coins of affection, that it wastes on the uses and things of life.

The coarser and blunter minds, intent upon common things, obtain, perhaps, a sufficient sympathy to satisfy them. The man who does nothing but hunt, will find congeniality enough wherever there are hounds and huntsmen. The woman, whose soul is in a ball-room, has a host of intimate associates, and congenial spirits. It was the man of the world who talked of his numerous friends—it was the sage who replied, sadly, “Friends! happy art thou, I have never found one!”

There are two remedies for the craving after sympathy, and the first I recommend to all literary men, as the great means of preserving the moral health. It is this; we should cultivate, besides our more intellectual objects, some pursuit which we can have in common with the herd: Some end, whether of pleasure, of business, of politics, that brings us in contact with our kind. It is in this that we can readily

find a fellowship—in this we can form a vent for our desire of sympathy from others. And thus, we learn to feel ourselves not alone. Solitude then becomes to us a relief, and our finer thoughts are the seraphs that watch and haunt it. Our imagination, kept rigidly from the world, is the Eden in which we walk with God. For having in the crowd embraced the crowd's objects, and met with fellowship in return, we no longer desire so keenly a sympathy with that which is not common to others, and belongs to the nobler part of us. And this brings me to the second remedy. We learn thus to make our own dreams and thoughts our companion, our beloved, our Egeria. We acquire the doctrine of self-dependence,—self suffices to self. In our sleep from the passions of the world, God makes an Eve to us from our own breasts. Yet sometimes it will grieve us to think we shall return to clay, give up the heritage of life, our atoms dissolve and crumble into the elements of new things—with all the most lovely, the most spiritual part of us untold!—

What volumes can express one tithe that we have felt? How many brilliant thoughts have broke upon us—how many divinest visions have walked by our side, that would have mocked all our efforts to transfer to this inanimate page? To sit coldly down, to copy the fitful and sudden hues of those rainbow and evanescent images varying with every moment!—no! we are not all so cased in authorship, we are greater than mere machines of terms and periods. The author is inferior to the man! As the best part of Beauty is that which no picture can express,\* so the best part of the Poet is that which no words have told. Had Shakspeare lived for ever, could he have exhausted his thoughts?

It is a yet harder thought, perhaps, than the reflection which I have just referred to, and which has in it something of vanity—to know how much, for want of sympathy in those around us, our noblest motives, our purest qualities, are misunderstood. We die—none have known us!—and yet all are to declaim on our charac-

\* Bacon.

ter—measure at a glance the dark abyss of our souls—prate of us as if we were household and hackneyed to them from our cradle. One amongst the number shall write our biography—the rest shall read and conceive they know us ever afterwards. We go down to our sons' sons, darkened and disguised; so that, looking on men's colourings of our mind and life, from our repose on the bosom of God, we shall not recognise one feature of the portrait we have left to earth!



ARASMANES;

OR,

THE SEEKER.





# A R A S M A N E S ;

OR, THE SEEKER.

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## CHAPTER I.

IN the broad plains of Chaldæa, and not the least illustrious of those shepherd-sages, from whom came our first learning of the lights of heaven, the venerable Chosphor saw his age decline into the grave. Upon his death-bed he thus addressed his only son, the young Arasmanes, in whose piety he recognised, even in that gloomy hour, a consolation and a blessing; and for whose growing renown for wisdom and

for valour, the faint pulses of expiring life yet beat with paternal pride.

“Arasmanes,” said he, “I am about to impart to you the only secret which, after devoting eighty years to unravel the many mysteries of knowledge, I consider worthy of transmitting to my child. Thou knowest that I have wandered over the distant regions of the world, and have experienced, with all the vicissitudes, some of the triumphs, and many of the pleasures, of life. Learn, from my experience, that earth possesses nothing which can reward the pursuit, or satisfy the desire. When you see the stars shining down upon the waters you behold an image of the visionary splendours of hope: the light sparkles on the wave; but it neither warms while it glitters, nor can it, for a single instant, arrest the progress of the stream from the dark gulf into which it hastens to merge itself and be lost. It was not till my old age that this conviction grew upon my mind; and about that time, I discovered, from one of the sacred books to which my studies were then applied,

the secret I am now about to confide to thy ear. Know, my son, that in the extremities of Asia there is a garden in which the God of the Universe placed the first parents of mankind. In that garden the sun never sets; nor does the beauty of the seasons wane. *There*, is neither Ambition, nor Avarice, nor false Hope, nor its child, Regret. *There*, is neither age nor deformity; diseases are banished from the air; eternal youth, and the serenity of an unbroken happiness, are the prerogative of all things that breathe therein. For a mystic and unknown sin our first parents were banished from this happy clime, and their children scattered over the earth. Superhuman beings are placed at its portals, and clouds and darkness veil it from the eyes of ordinary men. But, to the virtuous and to the bold, there is no banishment from the presence of God; and by them the darkness may be penetrated, the dread guardians softened, and the portals of the divine land be passed. Thither, then, my son—early persuaded that the rest of earth is paved with sorrow and with

care—thither, then, bend thy adventurous way. Fain could I have wished that, in my stronger manhood, when my limbs could have served my will, I had learned this holy secret, and repaired in search of the ancestral clime. Avail thyself of my knowledge ; and, in the hope of thy happiness, I shall die contented.” The pious son pressed the hand of his sire, and promised obedience to his last command.

“ But, oh, my father !” said he, “ how shall I know in what direction to steer my course ? To this land who shall be my guide, or what my clue ? Can ship, built by mortal hands, anchor at its coast ; or can we say to the camel-driver, ‘ Thou art approaching to the goal ? ’ ”

The old man pointed to the east.

“ From the east,” said he, “ dawns the sun—type of the progress of the mind’s light ; from the east comes all of science that we know. Born in its sultry regions, seek only to pierce to its extreme ; and, guiding thyself by the stars of heaven ever in one course, reach at last the ADEN that shall reward thy toils.”

And Chosphor died, and was buried with his fathers.

After a short interval of mourning, Arasmanes took leave of his friends; and, turning his foot-steps to the east, sought the gates of Paradise.

He travelled far, and alone, for several weeks; and the stars were his only guides. By degrees, as he progressed, he found that the existence of Aden was more and more acknowledged. Accustomed from his boyhood to the companionship of sages, it was their abodes that he sought in each town or encampment through which the wanderer passed. By them his ardour was confirmed; for they all agreed in the dim and remote tradition of some beautiful region in the farthest east, from which the existing races of the earth were banished, and which was jealously guarded from profane approach by the wings of the spirits of God. But, if he communicated to any one his daring design, he had the mortification to meet only the smile of derision, or the incredulous gaze of wonder: by

some he was thought a madman, and by others an impostor. So that, at last, he prudently refrained from revealing his intentions, and contented himself with seeking the knowledge, and listening to the conjectures of others.

## CHAPTER II.

AT length the traveller emerged from a mighty forest, through which, for several days, he had threaded his weary way; and beautiful beyond thought was the landscape that broke upon his view. A plain covered with the richest verdure lay before him; through the trees that, here and there, darkened over the emerald ground, were cut alleys, above which arched festoons of many-coloured flowers, whose hues sparkled amidst the glossy foliage, and whose sweets steeped the air as with a bath. A stream, clear as crystal, flowed over golden sands, and, wherever the sward was greenest, gathered itself into delicious

fountains, and sent upward its dazzling spray, as if to catch the embraces of the sun, whose beams kissed it in delight.

The wanderer paused in ecstasy; a sense of luxurious rapture, which he had never before experienced, crept into his soul. "Behold!" murmured he, "my task is already done; and Aden, the land of happiness and of youth, lies before me!"

While he thus spake, a sweet voice answered—"Yes, O happy stranger!—thy task is done: this is the land of happiness and of youth!"

He turned, and a maiden of dazzling beauty was by his side. "Enjoy the present," said she, "and so wilt thou defy the future. Ere yet the world was, Love brooded over the unformed shell, till from beneath the shadow of his wings burst forth the life of the young creation. Love, then, is the true God, and whoso serveth him he admits into the mysteries of a temple erected before the stars. Behold! thou enterest now upon the threshold of the temple; thou art in the land of happiness and youth!"

Enchanted with these words, Arasmanes gave himself up to the sweet intoxication they produced upon his soul. He suffered the nymph to lead him deeper into the valley; and now, from a thousand vistas in the wood, trooped forth beings, some of fantastic, some of the most harmonious, shapes. There, were the satyr and the faun, and the youthful Bacchus—mixed with the multiform deities of India, and the wild objects of Egyptian worship; but more numerous than all were the choral nymphs, that spiritualized the reality, by incorporating the dreams, of beauty; and, wherever he looked, one laughing Face seemed to peer forth from the glossy leaves, and to shed, as from its own joyous yet tender aspect, a tenderness and a joy over all things; and he asked how this Being, that seemed to have the power of multiplying itself every where, was called?—And its name was Eros.

For a time the length of which he knew not—for in that land no measurement of time was kept—Arasmanes was fully persuaded that it



was Aden to which he had attained. He felt his youth as if it were something palpable; every thing was new to him—even in the shape of the leaves, and the whisper of the odorous airs, he found wherewithal to marvel at and admire. Enamoured of the maiden that had first addressed him, at her slightest wish, (and she was full of all beautiful caprices,) he was ready to explore even the obscurest recess in the valley which now appeared to him unbounded. He never wearied of a single hour. He felt as if weariness were impossible; and, with every instant, he repeated to himself, “In the land of happiness and youth I am a dweller.”

One day, as he was conversing with his beloved, and gazing upon her face, he was amazed to behold that, since the last time he had gazed upon it, a wrinkle had planted itself upon the ivory surface of her brow; and, even while half doubting the evidence of his eyes, new wrinkles seemed slowly to form over the forehead, and the transparent roses of her cheek to wane and fade! He concealed, as well as he could, the

mortification and wonder that he experienced at this strange phenomenon; and, no longer daring to gaze upon a face from which before he had drunk delight as from a fountain, he sought excuses to separate himself from her, and wandered, confused and bewildered with his own thoughts, into the wood. The fauns, and the dryads, and the youthful face of Bacchus, and the laughing aspect of Eros, came athwart him from time to time; yet the wonder that had clothed them with fascination was dulled within his breast. Nay, he thought the poor wine-god had a certain vulgarity in his air, and he almost yawned audibly in the face of Eros.

And now, whenever he met his favourite nymph—who was as the queen of the valley—he had the chagrin to perceive that the wrinkles deepened with every time; youth seemed rapidly to desert her; and instead of a maiden scarcely escaped from childhood, it was an old coquette that he had been so desperately in love with.

One day he could not resist saying to her, though with some embarrassment—

“ Pray, dearest, is it many years since you have inhabited this valley?”

“ Oh, indeed, many !” said she, smiling.

“ You are not, then, very young?” rejoined Arasmanes, ungallantly.

“ What !” cried the nymph, changing colour, —“ Do you begin to discover age in my countenance? Has any wrinkle yet appeared upon my brow? You are silent. Oh, cruel Fate! will you not spare even this lover?” And the poor nymph burst into tears.

“ My dear love,” said Arasmanes, painfully, “ it is true that time begins to creep upon you; but my friendship shall be eternal.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when the nymph, rising, fixed upon him a long, sorrowful look, and then, with a loud cry, vanished from his sight. Thick darkness, as a veil, fell over the plains; the NOVELTY of life, with its attendant, POETRY, was gone from the wanderer's path for ever.

A sudden sleep crept over his senses. He awoke confused and unrefreshed, and a long

and gradual ascent, but over mountains green indeed, and watered by many streams gushing from the heights, stretched before him. Of the valley he had mistaken for Aden not a vestige remained. He was once more on the real and solid earth.

### CHAPTER III.

FOR several days, discontented and unhappy, the young adventurer pursued his course, still seeking only the east, and still endeavouring to console himself for the sweet delusions of the past by hoping an Aden in the future.

The evening was still and clear; the twilight star broke forth over those giant plains—free from the culture and the homes of men, which yet make the character of the eastern and early world; a narrow stream, emerging from a fissure in a small rock covered with moss, sparkled forth under the light of the solemn heavens, and flowed far away, till lost amongst the gloom

of a forest of palms. By the source of this stream sat an aged man and a young female. And the old man was pouring into his daughter's ear—for Azraaph held to Ochter that holy relationship—the first doctrines of the world's wisdom; those wild but lofty conjectures by which philosophy penetrated into the nature and attributes of God; and reverently the young maiden listened, and meekly shone down the star of eve upon the dark yet lustrous beauty of her earnest countenance.

It was at this moment that a stranger was seen descending from the hills that bordered the mighty plains; and he, too, worn and tired with long travel, came to the stream to refresh his burning thirst, and lave the dust from his brow.

He was not at first aware of the presence of the old man and the maiden; for they were half concealed beneath the shadow of the rock from which the stream flowed. But the old man, who was one of those early hermits with whom wisdom was the child of solitude, and who, weary with a warring and savage world, had

long since retired to a cavern not far from the source of that stream, and dwelt apart with Nature—the memories of a troubled Past, and the contemplation of a mysterious Future,—the old man, I say, accustomed to proffer to the few wanderers that from time to time descended the hills (seeking the cities of the east) the hospitalities of food and shelter, was the first to break the silence.

Arasmanes accepted with thankfulness the offers of the hermit, and that night he became Octor's guest. There were many chambers in the cavern, hollowed either by the hand of Nature, or by some early hunters on the hill; and into one of these the old man, after the Chaldæan had refreshed himself with the simple viands of the hermitage, conducted the wanderer: it was covered with dried and fragrant mosses; and the sleep of Arasmanes was long, and he dreamed many cheerful dreams.

When he rose the next morning, he found his entertainers were not within the cavern. He looked forth, and beheld them once more by

the source of the stream, on which the morning sun shone, and round which fluttered the happy wings of the desert birds. The wanderer sought his hosts in a spot on which they were accustomed, morning and eve, to address the Deity. "Thou dost not purpose to leave us soon," said the hermit; "for he who descends from yon mountains must have traversed a toilsome way, and his limbs will require rest."

Arasmanes, gazing on the beauty of Azraaph, answered, "In truth, did I not fear that I should disturb thy reverent meditations, the cool of the plains and the quiet of thy cavern, and, more than all, thy converse and kind looks, would persuade me, my father, to remain with thee many days."

"Behold how the wandering birds give life and merriment to the silent stream!" said the sage; "and so to the solitary man are the footsteps of his kind." And Arasmanes sojourned with Ochter the old man.

## CHAPTER IV.

“THIS, then, is thy tale,” said Ochter; “and thou still believest in the visionary Aden of thy father’s dreams. Doubtless such a land existed once for our happier sires; or why does tradition preserve it to the race that behold it not? But the shadow wraps it, and the angel guards. Waste not thy life in a pursuit, without a clue, for a goal that thou never mayest attain. Lose not the charm of earth in seeking after the joys of Aden. Tarry with us, my son, in these still retreats. This is the real Aden of which thy father spake; for here comes neither passion nor care. The mortifications and the disappointments of earth fall not upon the recluse. Behold, my daughter hath found favour in thine eyes—she loveth thee—she is beautiful and tender of heart. Tarry with us, my son, and forget the lessons that thy sire, weary with a world which he yet never had the courage to quit, gave thee from the false wisdom of Discontent.”



“Thou art right, venerable Octor,” cried Arasmanes with enthusiasm; “give me but thy daughter, and I will ask for no other Aden than these plains.”

## CHAPTER V.

THE sun had six times renewed his course, and Arasmanes still dwelt in the cave of Octor. In the fair face of Azraaph he discovered no wrinkles—her innocent love did not pall upon him; the majestic calm of Nature breathed its own tranquillity into his soul, and in the lessons of Octor he took a holy delight. He found in his wisdom that which at once stilled the passions and inspired the thoughts. At times, however, and of late more frequently than ever, strong yearnings after the Aden he had so vainly pursued were yet felt. He felt that curse of monotony which is the invariable offspring of quiet.

At the end of the sixth year, as one morning

they stood without the door of the cavern, and their herds fed tranquilly around them, a band of men from the western hills came suddenly in view : they were discovered before they had time to consider whether they should conceal themselves ; they had no cause, however, for fear—the strangers were desirous only of food and rest.

Foremost of this band was an aged man of majestic mien, and clothed in the richest garments of the east. Loose flowed his purple robe, and bright shone the jewels on the girdle that clasped his sword. As he advanced to accost Ochter, upon the countenance of each of the old men grew doubt, astonishment, recognition, and joy. “ My brother ! ” burst from the lips of both, and the old chief fell upon Ochter’s bosom and wept aloud. The brothers remained alone the whole day, and at nightfall they parted with many tears ; and Zamielides, the son of the chief, (who was with the band,) knelt to Ochter, and Ochter blessed him.

Now, when all were gone, and Silence once more slept upon the plains, Ochter went forth

alone, and Azraaph said unto her husband, " My father's mind seems disquieted and sad ; go forth, I pray thee, my beloved, and comfort him ; the dews lie thick upon the grass, and my father is very old."

By the banks of the stream stood Octor, and his arms were folded on his breast ; the river-horses were heard snorting in the distance, and the wild zebras came to drink at the wave ; and the presence of the beasts made more impressive the solitude of the old man.

" Why art thou disquieted, my father ?" said Arasmanes.

" Have I not parted with my near of kin ?"

" But thou didst never hope to meet them ; and are not thy children left thee ?"

Octor waved his hand with an unwonted impatience.

" Listen to me, Arasmanes. Know that Zamiel and I were brothers. Young and ardent, each of us aspired to rule our kind, and each of us imagined he had the qualities that secure command ; but mark, *my* arm was the stronger

in the field, and *my* brain was the subtler in the council. We toiled and schemed, and rose into repute among our tribe, but Envy was busy with our names. Our herds were seized—we were stripped of our rank—we were degraded to the level of our slaves. Then, disgusted with my race, I left their cities, and in these vast solitudes I forgot ambition in content. But my brother was of more hopeful heart; with a patient brow he veiled the anger he endured. Lo, he hath been rewarded! His hour came—he gathered together his friends in secret—he smote our enemies in the dead of night; and at morning, behold, he was hailed chieftain of the tribe. This night he rides with his son to the king of the City of Golden Palaces, whose daughter that son is about to wed. Had I not weakly renounced my tribe—had I not fled hither, that glorious destiny would have been mine; *I* should have been the monarch of my race, and my daughter have matched with kings. Marvellest thou, now, that I am disquieted, or that my heart is sore within me?"

And Arasmanes saw that the sage had been superior to the world, only while he was sickened of the world.

And Ochter nourished the discontent he had formed to his dying day; and, within three months from that night, Arasmanes buried him by the source of the solitary stream.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE death of Ochter, and his previous confession, deeply affected Arasmanes. He woke as from a long sleep. Solitude had lost its spell; and he perceived that inactivity itself may be the parent of remorse. "If," thought he, "so wise, so profound a mind as that of Ochter was thus sensible to the memories of ambition—if, on the verge of death, he thus regretted the solitude in which he had buried his years, and felt, upon the first tidings from the great world, that he had wasted the promise and powers of life, how much more accessible

should *I* be to such feelings, in the vigour of manhood, and with the one great object which I swore to my father to pursue, unattained, and even unattempted? Surely it becomes me to lose no longer time in these houseless wastes; but to rise and gird up my loins, and seek with Azraaph, my wife, for that Aden which we will enter together!"

These thoughts soon ripened into resolve; and not the less so in that, Octor being dead, Arasmanes had now no companion for his loftier and more earnest thoughts. Azraaph was beautiful and gentle; but the moment he began to talk about the stars, she unaffectedly yawned in his face. She was quite contented with the solitude, for she knew of no other world; and the herds, and the streamlet, and every old bush around the cavern, were society to her; but her content, as Arasmanes began to discover, was that of ignorance, and not of wisdom.

Azraaph wept bitterly on leaving the cavern; but by degrees, as they travelled slowly on, the novelty of what they saw reconciled her to

change ; and, except at night, when she was weary of spirit, she ceased to utter her regrets for the stream and the quiet cave. They travelled eastward for several weeks, and met with no living thing by the way, save a few serpents, and a troop of wild horses. At length, one evening, they found themselves in the suburbs of a splendid city. As they approached the gates they drew back, dazzled with the lustre, for the gates were of burnished gold, which shone bright and glittering as they caught a sunny light from the lamps of naphtha that hung, frequent, from the mighty walls.

They inquired, as they passed the gates, the name of the city ; and they heard, with some surprise, and more joy, that it was termed, “The City of Golden Palaces.”

“Here, then,” cried Azraaph, “we shall be well received ; for the son of my father’s brother is wedded to the daughter of the king.”

“And here, then, will be many sages,” thought Arasmanes, “who will, doubtless, have some knowledge of the true situation of Aden.”

They were much struck, as they proceeded through the streets, with the bustle, and life, and animation, that reigned around, even at that late hour. With the simplicity natural to persons who had lived so long in a desert, they asked at once for the king's palace. The first time Arasmanes asked, it was of a young lord, who, very sumptuously dressed, was treading the streets with great care, lest he should soil the hem of his robe. The young lord looked at him with grave surprise, and passed on. The next he asked was a rude boor, who was carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulders. The boor laughed in his face; and Arasmanes, indignant at the insult, struck him to the ground. There then came by a judge, and Arasmanes asked him the same question.

“The king's palace!” said the judge; “and what want ye with the king's palace?”

“Behold, the daughter of the king is married to my wife's cousin.”

“Thy wife's cousin! Thou art mad to say it; yet stay, thou lookest poor, friend, (here the



judge frowned terribly.) Thy garments are scanty and worn. I fancy thou hast neither silver nor gold."

"Thou sayest right," replied Arasmanes; "I have neither."

"Ho, ho!" quoth the judge; "he confesses his guilt; he owns that he has neither silver nor gold. Here, soldiers, seize this man and woman. Away with them to prison; and let them be brought up for sentence of death to-morrow. We will then decide whether they shall be hanged or starved. The wretches have, positively, neither silver nor gold; and, what is worse, they own it!"

"Is it possible!" cried the crowd; and a shudder of horror crept through the bystanders. "Away with them!—away with them! Long life to Judge Kaly, whose eye never sleeps, and who preserves us for ever from the poor!"

The judge walked on, shedding tears of virtuous delight at the reputation he had acquired.

Arasmanes and Azraaph were hurried off to prison, where Azraaph cried herself to sleep, and Arasmanes, with folded arms and downcast head, indulged his meditations on the very extraordinary notions of crime that seemed common to the sons of the City of Golden Palaces. They were disturbed the next morning by loud shouts beneath the windows of the prison. Nothing could equal the clamour that they heard; but it seemed the clamour of joy. In fact, that morning the princess who had married Azraaph's cousin had been safely brought to bed of her first child; and great was the joy and the noise throughout the city. Now, it was the custom in that country, whenever any one of the royal family was pleased to augment the population of the world, for the father of the child to go round to all the prisons in the city, and release the prisoners. What good fortune for Arasmanes and Azraaph, that the princess had been brought to bed before they were hanged!

And, by-and-by, amidst cymbal and psalter,

with banners above him and spears around, came the young father to the jail, in which our unfortunate couple were confined.

“Have you any extraordinary criminals in your prison?” asked the prince, of the head jailor; for he was studying, at that time, to be affable.

“Only one man, my lord, who was committed last night; and who absolutely confessed in cold blood, and without torture, that he had neither silver nor gold. It is a thousand pities that such a miscreant should be suffered to go free!”

“You are right,” said the prince; “and what impudence to confess the crime! I should like to see so remarkable a criminal.”

So saying, the prince dismounted, and followed the jailor to the cell in which Arasmanes and his wife were confined. They recognised their relation at once; for, in that early age of the world, people in trouble had a wonderfully quick memory in recollecting relatives in power. Azraaph ran to throw herself on the prince's

neck, (which the guards quickly prevented,) and the stately Arasmanes began to utter his manly thanks for the visit.

“These people are mad,” cried the prince, hastily. “Release them; but let me escape first.” So saying, he ran down stairs so fast that he nearly broke his neck; and then, mounting his horse, pursued his way to the other prisons, amidst the shouts of the people.

Arasmanes and Azraaph were now turned out into the streets. They were exceedingly hungry; and they went into the first baker’s shop they saw, and asked the rites of hospitality.

“Certainly; but your money first,” said the baker.

Arasmanes, made wise by experience, took care not to reply that he had no money; “But” said he, “I have left it behind me at my lodging. Give me the bread now, and lo, I will repay thee to-morrow.”

“Very well,” said the baker; “but that sword of yours has a handsome hilt: leave it with me till you return with the monies.”

So Arasmanes took the bread, and left the sword.

They were now refreshed, and resolved to leave so dangerous a city as soon as they possibly could, when, just as they turned into a narrow street, they were suddenly seized by six soldiers, blindfolded, gagged, and hurried away, whither they knew not. At last they found themselves ascending a flight of stairs. A few moments more, and the bandages were removed from their mouths and eyes, and they saw themselves in a gorgeous chamber, and alone in the presence of the prince, their cousin.

He embraced them tenderly. "Forgive me," said he, "for appearing to forget you; but it was as much as my reputation was worth in this city to acknowledge relations who confessed to have neither silver nor gold. By the beard of my grandfather, how could you be so imprudent? Do you not know that you are in a country in which the people worship only one deity, the god of the precious metals? Not to have the precious metals is not to have virtue;

to confess it, is to be an atheist. No power could have saved you from death, either by hanging or starvation, if the princess, my wife, had not been luckily brought to bed to-day."

"What a strange—what a barbarous country!" cried Arasmanes.

"Barbarous!" echoed the prince: "this is the most civilized people in the whole world,—nay, the whole world acknowledges it. In no country are the people so rich, and, therefore, so happy. For those who have no money it is, indeed, a bad place of residence; for those who have, it is the land of happiness itself. Yes, it is the true Aden."

"Aden! What then, you, too, have heard of Aden?"

"Surely! and this is it—the land of freedom—of happiness—of gold!" cried the prince, with enthusiasm: "remain with us and see."

"Without doubt," thought Arasmanes, "this country lies in the far east: it has received me inhospitably at first; but perhaps the danger I escaped was but the type and allegorical truth of

the sworded angel of which tradition hath spoken." "But," said he aloud, "I have no gold, and no silver, O my prince!"

"Heed not that," answered the kind Zamielides: "I have enough for all. You shall be provided for this very day."

"But will not the people recognise me as the poor stranger?"

The prince laughed for several minutes so loudly, that they feared he was going into fits.

"What manner of man art thou, Arasmanes?" said he, when he was composed enough to answer.

"Knowest thou not that the people of this city never know what a man has been when he is once rich? Appear to-morrow in purple, and they will never dream that they saw thee yesterday in rags."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE kind Zamielides, then, conducting his cousins into his own chamber, left them to attire themselves in splendid garments, which he had ordered to be prepared for them. He gave them a palace and large warehouses of merchandise.

“Behold,” said he, taking Arasmanes to the top of a mighty tower which overlooked the sea: “behold yonder ships that rise like a forest of masts, from that spacious harbour; the six vessels with the green flags are thine. I will teach thee the mysteries of Trade, and thou wilt soon be as wealthy as myself.”

“And what is Trade, my lord?” said Arasmanes.

“It is the worship that the people of this country pay to their god,” answered the prince.



## CHAPTER VIII.

ARASMANES was universally courted; so wise, so charming a person had never appeared in the City of Golden Palaces, and as for the beauty of Azraaph, it was declared the very masterpiece of nature. Intoxicated with the homage they received, and the splendour in which they lived, their days glided on in a round of luxurious delight.

“Right art thou, O Zamielides!” cried Arasmanes, as his ships returned with new treasure; “the City of Golden Palaces is the true Aden.”

## CHAPTER IX.

ARASMANES had now been three years in the city; and you might perceive that a great change had come over his person: the hues of health had

faded from his cheeks : his brow was care-worn —his step slow—his lips compressed. He no longer thought that he lived in the true Aden ; and yet for Aden itself he would scarcely have quitted the City of Golden Palaces. Occupied solely with the task of making and spending money, he was consumed with the perpetual fear of losing, and the perpetual anxiety to increase his stock. He trembled at every darker cloud that swept over the heavens ; he turned pale at every ruder billow that agitated the sea. He lived a life of splendid care : and the pleasures which relieved it were wearisome because of their sameness. He saw but little of his once idolized Azraaph. Her pursuits divided her from him. In so civilized a country they could not be always together. If he spoke of his ships he wearied her to death ; if she spoke of the festivals she had adorned, he was equally tired of the account.

## CHAPTER X.

THE court was plunged in grief. Zamielides was seized with a fever. All the wise men attended him; but he turned his face to the wall and died. Arasmanes mourned for him more sincerely than any one; for, besides that Arasmanes had great cause to be grateful to him, he knew, also, that if any accident happened to his vessels, he had now no friend willing to supply the loss. This made him more anxious than ever about the safety of his wealth. A year after this event, the king of the City of Golden Palaces thought fit to go to war. The war lasted four years; and two millions of men were killed on all sides. The second year Arasmanes was at a splendid banquet given at the court. A messenger arrived, panting and breathless. A great battle at sea had been fought. Ten thousand of the king's subjects had been killed.

“ But who won the battle?” cried the king.

“ Your majesty.”

The air was rent with shouts of joy.

“ One little accident only,” continued the herald, “ happened the next day. Three of the scattered war-ships of the enemy fell in with the vessels of some of our merchants returning from Ophir, laden with treasure, and, in revenge, they burnt and sunk them.”

“ Were my ships of the number?” asked Arasmanes, with faltering tongue.

“ It was of thy ships that I spoke,” answered the messenger.

But nobody thought of Arasmanes, or of the ten thousand subjects that were killed. The city was out of its wits with joy that his majesty had won the victory.

“ Alas ! I am a ruined man !” said Arasmanes, as he sat with ashes on his head.

“ And we can give no more banquets,” sighed his wife.

“ And every body will trample upon us,” said Arasmanes.

“And we must give up our palace,” groaned the tender Azraaph.

“But one ship remains to me!” cried Arasmanes, starting up, “it is now in port. I will be its captain. I will sail myself with it to Ophir. I will save my fortunes, or perish in the attempt.”

“And I will accompany thee, my beloved,” exclaimed Azraaph, flinging herself on his neck; “*for* I cannot bear the pity of the wives whom I have outshone!”

The sea was calm, and the wind favourable when the unfortunate pair entered their last ship; and, for a whole week, the gossip at court was of the folly of Arasmanes, and the devotion of his wife.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THEY had not been many weeks at sea, before an adverse wind set in, which drove them entirely out of their destined course. They were beaten eastward, and, at length, even

the oldest and most experienced of the mariners confessed they had entered seas utterly unknown to them. Worn and wearied, when their water was just out, and their provisions exhausted, they espied land, and, at nightfall, the ship anchored on a green and pleasant shore. The inhabitants, half naked, and scarce escaped from the first savage state of nature, ran forth to meet and succour them: by mighty fires the seamen dried their wet garments, and forgot the hardships they had endured. They remained several days with the hospitable savages, repaired their vessel, and replenished its stores. But what especially attracted the notice of Arasmanes, was the sight of some precious diamonds which, in a rude crown, the chief of the savages wore on his head. He learned from signs easy of interpretation, that these diamonds abounded in a certain island in the farthest east; and that from time to time large fragments of rock in which they were imbedded were cast upon the shore. But when Arasmanes signified his intention to seek this island, the savages, by ges-

tures of horror and dismay, endeavoured to denote the dangers that attended the enterprise, and to dissuade him from attempting it. Naturally bold, and consumed with his thirst for wealth, these signs made but little impression upon the Chaldæan; and one fair morning he renewed his voyage. Steering perpetually towards the east, and with favouring winds, they came, on the tenth day, in sight of an enormous rock, which shone far down over the waters with so resplendent a glory, as to dazzle the eyes of the seamen. Diamond and ruby, emerald and carbuncle, glittered from the dark soil of the rock, and promised to the heart of the humblest mariner the assurance of illimitable wealth. Never was human joy more ecstatic than that of the crew as the ship neared the coast. The sea was in this place narrow and confined, the opposite shore was also in view—black, rugged, and herbless, with pointed rocks, round which the waves sent their white foam on high, guarding its drear approach: little recked they, however, of the opposite shore, as their eyes

strained towards "the Island of Precious Stones." They were in the middle of the strait, when suddenly the waters became agitated and convulsed; the vessel rocked to and fro; something glittering appeared beneath the surface; and, at length, they distinctly perceived the scales and tail of an enormous serpent.

Thereupon a sudden horror seized the whole crew; they recognised the truth of that tradition, known to all seamen, that in the farthest east lived the vast Snake of the Ocean, whose home no vessel ever approached without destruction. All thought of the diamond rock faded from their souls. They fell at once upon their knees, and poured forth unconscious prayers. But high above all rose the tall form of Arasmanes: little cared he for serpent or tradition. Fame and fortune, and life, were set upon one cast. "Rouse thee!" said he, spurning the pilot, "or we drive upon the opposite shore. Behold, the island of inexhaustible wealth glows upon us!"

Scarce had the words left his lips, when, with



a slow and fearful hiss, the serpent of the east seas reared his head from the ocean. Dark and huge as the vastest cavern in which ghoul or Afrite ever dwelt was the abyss of his jaws, and the lurid and terrible eyes outshone even the lustre of the diamond rock.

“ I defy thee,” cried Arasmanes, waving his sword above his head; when suddenly the ship whirled round and round; the bold Chaldæan was thrown with violence on the deck; he felt the waters whirl and blacken over him; and then all sense of life deserted him.

When he came to himself, Arasmanes was lying on the hot sands of the shore opposite to the Diamond Isle; wrecks of the vessel were strewn around him, and here and there the dead bodies of his seamen. But at his feet lay, swollen and distorted, the shape of his beautiful Azraaph, the sea-weeds twisted round her limbs, and the deformed shell-fish crawling over her long hair. And tears crept into the eyes of the Chaldæan, and all his old love for Azraaph returned, and he threw himself down beside her mangled re-

mains, and tore his hair; the schemes of the later years were swept away from his memory like visions, and he remembered only the lone cavern and his adoring bride.

Time rolled on, and Azraaph was buried in the sands; and Arasmanes tore himself from the solitary grave, and, striking into the interior of the coast, sought once more to discover the abodes of men. He travelled far and beneath burning suns, and at night he surrounded his resting-places with a circle of fire, for the wild beasts and the mighty serpents were abroad: scant and unwholesome was the food he gleaned from the berries and rank roots that now and then were visible in the drear wastes through which he passed; and in this course of hardship and travail he held commune with his own heart. He felt as if cured for ever of the evil passions. Avarice seemed gone from his breast, and he dreamt that no unholy desire could succeed to its shattered throne.

One day, afar off in the desert, he descried a glittering cavalcade—glittering it was indeed,

for the horsemen were clad in armour of brass and steel, and the hot sun reflected the array like the march of a river of light. Arasmanes paused, and his heart swelled high within him as he heard through the wide plains the martial notes of the trumpet and the gong, and recognised the glory and pomp of war.

The cavalcade swept on ; and the chief who rode at the head of the band paused as he surveyed with admiration the noble limbs, and proud stature, and dauntless eye of the Chaldean. The chief summoned his interpreters ; and in that age the languages of the east were but slightly dissimilar ; so that the chief of the warriors conversed easily with the adventurer. “ Know,” said he, “ that we are bent upon the most glorious enterprise ever conceived by the sons of men. In the farthest east there is a land of which thy fathers may have informed thee—a land of perpetual happiness and youth, and its name is Aden.” Arasmanes started ; he could scarce believe his ears. The warrior continued — “ We are of that tribe which lies to

the extremities of the east, and this land is therefore a heritage which we of all the earth have the right to claim. Several of our youth have at various times attempted to visit it, but supernatural agents have repelled the attempt. Now, therefore, that I have succeeded to the throne of my sires, I have resolved to invade and to conquer it by force of arms. Survey my band. Sawest thou ever, O Chaldæan, men of such limbs and stature, of such weapons of offence, and shields of proof? Canst thou conceive men more worthy of such a triumph, or more certain to attain it? Thou, too, art of proportions beyond the ordinary strength of men—thou art deserving to be one of us. Come, say the word, and the armourers shall clothe thee in steel, and thou shalt ride at my right hand.”

The neighing of the steeds, and the clangour of the music, and the proud voice of the chieftain, all inspired the blood of Arasmanes. He thought not of the impiety of the attempt—he thought only of the glory: the object of his whole life seemed placed within his reach. He

grasped at the offer of the warrior; and the armourer clad him in steel, and the ostrich-plume waved over his brow, and he rode at the right hand of the warrior-king.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE armament was not without a guide; for, living so near unto the rising of the sun, what with others was tradition with them was knowledge; and many amongst them had travelled to the site of Aden, and looked upon the black cloud that veiled it, and trembled at the sound of the rushing but invisible wings that hovered over.

Arasmanes confided to the warrior his whole history; they swore eternal friendship; and the army looked upon the Chaldæan as a man whom God had sent to their assistance. For, what was most strange, not one of the army ever seemed to imagine there was aught unholy or profane in the daring enterprise in which they had enlisted; accustomed to consider

bloodshed a virtue, what was the crime of winning the gardens of Paradise by force?

Through wastes and deserts they held their way; and, though their numbers thinned daily by fatigue, and the lack of food, and the fiery breath of the burning winds, they seemed not to relax in their ardour, nor to repine at the calamities they endured.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

DARKNESS gloomed like a wall! From heaven to earth stretched the palpable and solid Night that was the barrier to the land of Aden. No object gleamed through the impenetrable blackness; from those summitless walls hung no banner; no human champion frowned before the drear approach: all would have been silence, save that, at times, they heard the solemn rush as of some mighty sea; and they knew that it was the rush of the guardian wings.

The army halted before the darkness, mute

and awed; their eyes recoiled from the gloom, and rested upon the towering crest and snowy plumage of their chief. And he bade them light the torches of naphtha that they had brought with them, and unsheath their swords; and, at the given sound, horseman and horse dashed in through the walls of night. For one instant, the torches gleamed and sparkled amidst the darkness, and were then suddenly extinguished; but through the gloom came one gigantic hand wielding a sword of flame; and, wherever it turned, man smote the nearest man—father perished by his son—and brother fell gasping by the death-stroke of his brother; shrieks and cries, and the trample of affrighted steeds, rang through the riven shade—riven only by that mighty sword as it waved from rank to rank, and the gloom receded from its rays.

## CHAPTER XIV.

AT eve the work was done; a small remnant of the warriors, alone escaped from the general slaughter, lay exhausted upon the ground before the veil of Aden. Arasmanes was the last who lingered in the warring gloom; for, as he lay struggling beneath the press of dying and dead, the darkness had seemed to roll away, and, far into its depths, he caught one glimpse of the wonderful loveliness of Aden. There, over valleys covered with the greenest verdure, and watered by rivers without a wave, basked a purpling and loving sunlight, that was peaceful and cloudless, for it was the smile of God. And there, were groups of happy beings scattered around, in whose faces was the serenity of unutterable joy; even at the mere aspect of their happiness—happiness itself was reflected upon the soul of the Chaldæan, despite the dread, the horror, and the desolation of the hour. He stretched out his arms imploringly, and the vision faded for ever from his sight.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE king and all the principal chiefs of the army were no more; and, with one consent, Arasmanes was proclaimed their leader. Sorrowful and dejected, he conducted the humbled remnant of the troop back through the deserts to the land they had so rashly left. Thrice on their return they were attacked by hostile tribes, but by the valour and prudence of Arasmanes they escaped the peril. They arrived at their native city to find that the brother of their chief had seized the reins of government. The army, who hated him, declared for the stranger-chief who had led them home. And Arasmanes, hurried away by the prospect of power, consented to their will. A battle ensued; the usurper was slain; and Arasmanes, a new usurper, ascended the throne in his stead.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE Chaldæan was no longer young; the hardships he had undergone in the desert had combined with the anxieties that had preyed upon him during his residence in the City of Golden Palaces to plant upon his brow, and in his heart, the furrows of untimely age. He was in the possession of all the sources of enjoyment at that period when we can no longer enjoy. Howbeit, he endeavoured to amuse himself by his divan of justice, from which everybody went away dissatisfied, and his banquets, at which the courtiers complained of his want of magnificence, and the people of his profligate expense. Grown wise by experience, he maintained his crown by flattering his army; and, surrounded by luxury, felt himself supported by power.

There came to the court of Arasmanes a strange traveller; he was a little old man, of plain appearance, but great wisdom; in fact, he

was one of the most noted sages of the east. His conversation, though melancholy, had the greatest attraction for Arasmanes, who loved to complain to him of the cares of royalty, and the tediousness of his life.

“ Ah, how much happier are those in a humbler station !” said the king ; “ How much happier was I in the desert-cave, tending my herds, and listening to the sweet voice of Azraaph !— Would that I could recall those days !”

“ I can enable you to do so, great king !” said the sage ; “ behold this mirror ; gaze on it whenever you desire to recall the past ; and whatever portion of the past you wish to summon to your eyes shall appear before you.”

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE sage did not deceive Arasmanes. The mirror reflected all the scenes through which the Chaldæan had passed : now he was at the feet of Chosphor, a happy boy—now with elastic

hopes entering into the enchanted valley of the Nymph ere yet he learned how her youth could fade—now he was at the source of the little stream, and gazing on the face of Azraaph by the light of the earliest star ; whichever of these scenes he wished to live over again reflected itself vividly in the magic mirror. Surrounded by pomp and luxury in the present, his only solace was in the past.

“ You see that I was right,” said he to the sage : “ I was much happier in those days ; else why so anxious to renew them ?”

“ Because, O great king,” said the sage, with a bitter smile, “ you see them without recalling the feelings you then experienced as well as the scenes ; you gaze on the past with the feelings you *now* possess, and all that then made the prospect clouded is softened away by time. Judge for yourself if I speak true.” So saying, the sage breathed over the mirror, and bade Arasmanes look into it once more. He did so. He beheld the same scenes, but the illusion was gone from them. He was a boy once more ;

but restlessness, and anxiety, and a thousand petty cares at his heart: he was again in the cave with Azraaph, but secretly pining at the wearisome monotony of his life: in all those scenes he now imagined the happiest he perceived that he had not enjoyed the *present*; he had been looking forward to the future, and the dream of the unattainable Aden was at his heart. "Alas!" said he, dashing the mirror into pieces, "I was deceived; and thou hast destroyed for me, O sage, even the pleasure of the past!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ARASMANES never forgot the brief glimpse of Aden that he had obtained in his impious warfare; and, now that the charm was gone from Memory, the wish yet to reach the unconquered land returned more powerfully than ever to his mind. He consulted the sage as to its possibility.

"Thou canst make but one more attempt,"

answered the wise man ; “and in that I cannot assist thee ; but one who, when I am gone hence, will visit thee, shall lend thee her aid.”

“ Cannot the visitor come till thou art gone ? ” said Arasmanes.

“ No, nor until my death, ” answered the sage.

This reply threw the mind of Arasmanes into great confusion. It was true that he nowhere found so much pleasure as in the company of his friend—it was his only solace ; but then, if he could never visit Aden, (the *object* of his whole life,) until that friend were dead !—the thought was full of affliction to him. He began to look upon the sage as an enemy, as an obstacle between himself and the possession of his wishes. He inquired every morning into the health of the sage ; he seemed most provokingly strong. At length, from wishes for his death, dark thoughts came upon the Chaldæan ; and he resolved to expedite it. One night the sage was found dead in his bed ; he had been strangled by the order of the king.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE very next day, as the king sat in his divan, a great noise was heard without the doors; and, presently, a hag, dressed in white garments of a foreign fashion, and of a hideous and revolting countenance, broke away from the crowd, and made up to the king: "They would not let me come to thee, because I am homely and aged," said she in a shrill and discordant voice; "but I have been in a king's court before now ——"

"What wantest thou, woman?" said Arasmanes; and he felt, as he spake, a chill creep to his heart.

"I am that visitor of which the wise man spake," said she; "and I would talk to thee alone."

Arasmanes felt impelled as by some mighty power which he could not withstand; he rose from his throne, the assembly broke up in surprise, and the hag was admitted alone to the royal presence.

“Thou wouldst re-seek Aden, the land of Happiness and Truth?” said she, with a ghastly smile.

“Ay,” said the king, and his knees knocked together.

“I will take thee thither.”

“And when?”

“To-morrow, if thou wilt!” and the hag laughed aloud.

There was something in the manner, the voice, and the appearance of this creature, so disgusting to Arasmanes that he could brook it no longer. Aden itself seemed not desirable with such a companion and guide.

Without vouchsafing a reply he hastened from the apartment, and bade his guards to admit the hag no more to the royal presence.

The sleep of Arasmanes that night was unusually profound, nor did he awaken on the following day till late at noon. From that hour he felt as if some strange revolution had taken place in his thoughts. He was no longer desirous of seeking Aden: whether or not the



apparition of the hag had given him a distaste of Aden itself, certain it was that he felt the desire of his whole life had vanished entirely from his breast; and his only wish now was to enjoy, as long and as heartily as he was able, the pleasures that were within his reach.

“What a fool have I been,” said he aloud, “to waste so many years in wishing to leave the earth! Is it only in my old age that I begin to find how much that is agreeable earth can possess?”

“Come, come, come!” cried a shrill voice; and Arasmanes, startled, turned round to behold the terrible face of the hag.

“Come!” said she, stamping her foot; “I am ready to conduct thee to Aden.”

“Wretch!” said the king, with quivering lips, “how didst thou baffle my guards? But I will strangle every one of them.”

“Thou hast had enough of strangling,” answered the crone, with a malignant glare. “Hast thou not strangled thy dearest friend?”

“What! tauntest thou me?” cried the king;

and he rushed at the hag with his lifted sabre: the blade cut the air: the hag had shunned the blow; and, at the same moment coming behind the king, she clasped him round the body, and fixed her long talons in his breast; through the purple robe, through the jewelled vest, pierced those vulture-fangs, and Arasmanes shrieked aloud with the terror and the pain. The guards rushed in at the sound of his cry.

“Villains!” said he, as the cold drops broke from his brow, “would ye leave me here to be murdered? Hew down yon hell-hag; her death only can preserve life to you.”

“We saw her enter not, O king,” said the chief of the guards, amazed; “but she shall now die the death.” The soldiers with one accord made at the crone, who stood glaring at them like a hunted tigress.

“Fools!” said she, “know that I laugh alike at stone walls and armed men.”

They heard the voice—they saw not whence it came—the hag had vanished.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE wound which the talons of this horrible visitor had made in the breast of the king refused to heal: it gave him excruciating anguish. The physicians tended him in vain; in vain, too, did the wise men preach patience and hope to him. What incensed him even more than the pain was the insult he had suffered—that such a loathsome and obscene wretch should dare to maim the person of a king!—the thought was not to be borne. But, what was most strange, the more pain the king suffered, the more did he endeavour to court pleasure: life never seemed so charming to him as at the moment when it became an agony. His favourite courtiers, who had been accustomed to flatter his former weakness, and to converse with him about the happiness of Aden, and the possibility of entering it, found that even to broach the subject threw their royal master into a paroxysm of rage. He foamed at the mouth at the name of

Aden—he wished, nay, he endeavoured to believe, that there was no such place in the universe.

## CHAPTER XXI.

AT length one physician, more sanguine than the rest, assured the king that he was able to cure the wound and relieve the pain.

“Know, O king,” said he, “that in the stream of Athron, which runneth through the valley of Mythra, there is a mystic virtue which can cure all the diseases of kings. Thou hast only to enter thy gilded bark, and glide down the stream for the space of twenty roods, scattering thine offering of myrrh and frankincense on the waters, in order to be well once more. Let the king live for ever !”

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was a dark, deep, and almost waveless stream ; and the courtiers, and the women, and the guards, and the wise men, gathered round the banks ; and the king, leaning on the physician, ascended his gilded bark ; and the physician alone entered the vessel with him. “ For,” said he, “ the god of the stream loves it not to be profaned by the vulgar crowd ; it is for kings only that it possesses its healing virtue.”

So the king reclined in the middle of the vessel, and the physician took the censer of precious odours ; and the bark drifted down the stream, as the crowd wept and prayed upon the shore.

“ Either my eyes deceive me,” said the king, faintly, “ or the stream seems to expand supernaturally, as into a great sea, and the shores on either side fade into distance.”

“ It is so,” answered the physician.—“ And

seest thou yon arch of black rocks flung over the tide?"

"Ay," answered the king.

"It is the approach to the land thou hast so often desired to reach: it is the entrance into Aden."

"Dog!" cried the king, passionately, "name not to me that hateful word."

As he spoke, the figure of the false physician shrunk in size; his robes fell from him,—and the king beheld in his stead the dwarfish shape of the accursed hag.

On drifted the vessel; and the crowd on the banks now beheld the hag seize the king in a close embrace: his shriek was wafted over the water, while the gorgeous vessel, with its silken streamers and gilded sides, sped rapidly through the black arch of rocks: as the bark vanished, the chasm of the arch closed in, and the rocks uniting, presented a solid barrier to their gaze. But, piercing through the barrier, they shudderingly heard the ghastly laugh of the hag, as she

uttered the one word—"NEVER!" And from that hour the king was seen no more.

And this is the true history of Arasmanes, the Chaldæan.





ON ILL HEALTH.

AND ITS CONSOLATIONS.



# ON ILL HEALTH,

AND ITS CONSOLATIONS.

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WE do not enough consider our physical state as the cause of much of our moral—we do not reflect enough upon our outward selves:—What changes have been produced in our minds by some external cause—an accident—an illness! For instance, a general state of physical debility—ILL HEALTH in the ordinary phrase,—is perhaps among the most interesting subjects whereon to moralize. It is not—like most topics that are dedicated to philosophy—refining and

abstruse;—it is not a closet thesis—it does not touch *one* man, and avoid the circle which surrounds him;—it relates to us all—for ill health is a part of Death;—it is its grand commencement. Sooner or later, for a longer period or a shorter, it is our common doom. Some, indeed, are stricken suddenly, and Disease does not herald the Dread Comer;—but such exceptions are not to be classed against the rule; and in this artificial existence—afflicted by the vices of custom—the unknown infirmities of our sires—the various ills that beset all men who think or toil—the straining nerve—the heated air—the overwrought or the stagnant life—the cares of poverty—the luxuries of wealth—the gnawings of our several passions—the string cracks somewhere, and few of us pass even the first golden gates of Life ere we receive the admonitions of Decay. “Every contingency to every man and every creature doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old Sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave where we must lay our sins, or our sorrows.”

Life itself is but a long dying, and with every struggle against disease “we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funerals. Every day’s necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which Death fed on all night when we lay on his lap, and slept in his outer chambers.”\*

As the beautiful mind of Tully taught itself to regard the evils of Old Age, by fairly facing its approach, and weighing its sufferings against its consolations, so, with respect to habitual infirmities, we may the better bear them by recollecting that they are not without their solace. Every one of us must have observed that during a lengthened illness the mind acquires the habit of making to itself a thousand sources of interest—“a thousand images of one that was”—out of that quiet monotony which seems so unvaried to ordinary eyes. We grow usually far more susceptible to commonplace impressions:—As one whose eyes are touched by a fairy spell, a new world opens to us out of the surface

\* Jeremy Taylor on Holy Dying.

of the tritest things. Every day we discover new objects, and grow delighted with our progress. I remember a friend of mine—a man of lively and impetuous imagination—who, being afflicted with a disease which demanded the most perfect composure,—not being allowed to read, write, and very rarely to converse,—found an inexhaustible mine of diversion in an old marble chimney-piece, in which the veins, irregularly streaked, furnished forth quaint and broken likenesses to men, animals, trees, &c. He declared that, by degrees, he awoke every morning with an object before him, and his imagination betook itself instantly to its new realm of discovery. This instance of the strange power of the mind, to create to itself an interest in the narrowest circles to which it may be confined, may be ludicrous, but is not exaggerated. How many of us have watched for hours with half-shut eyes the embers of the restless fire?—nay, counted the flowers upon the curtains of the sick-bed, and found an interest in the task! The mind has no native

soil; its affections are not confined to one spot,—its dispositions fasten themselves everywhere,—they live, they thrive, they produce, in whatever region Chance may cast them, however remote from their accustomed realm. God made the human heart weak, but elastic;—it hath a strange power of turning poison into nutriment. Banish us the air of Heaven—cripple the step—bind us to the sick couch—cut us off from the cheerful face of men—make us keep house with Danger and with Darkness—we can yet play with our own fancies, and after the first bitterness of the physical thralldom, feel that despite of it we are free!

It has been my lot to endure frequent visitations of ill-health, although my muscular frame is strong, and I am capable of bearing great privation and almost any exertion of mere bodily fatigue. The reason is that I reside principally in London, and it is only of late that I have been able to inure myself to the close air and the want of exercise that belong to the life of cities. However languishing in the confine-

ment of a metropolis, the moment I left the dull walls, and heard the fresh waving of the trees, I revived,—the nerves grew firm—pain fled me—I asked myself in wonder for my ailments! My bodily state was, then, voluntary and self-incurred, for nothing bound or binds me to cities: I follow no calling, I am independent of men, sufficiently affluent in means, and, from my youth upward, I have learnt myself the power to live alone. Why not then consult health as the greatest of earthly goods? But is health the greatest of earthly goods? Is the body to be our main care? Are we to be the minions of self? Are we to make *any* corporeal advantage the chief end—

“ Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”

I confess that I see not how men can arrogate to themselves the Catholic boast of Immortal Hopes—how they can utter the old truths of the nothingness of life—of the superiority of mental over physical delights—of the paramount influence of the soul and the soul's objects—



and yet speak of health as our *greatest* blessing, and the workman's charge of filling up the crannies of this fast mouldering clay as the most necessary of human objects. Assuredly health is a *great* blessing, and its care is not to be despised; but there are duties far more sacred,—obligations before which the body is as nought. For it is not necessary to live, but it *is* necessary to live nobly! And of this truth we are not without the support of high examples. Who can read the great poet “who sung of heaven,” and forget that his acts walked level with the lofty eminence of his genius—that he paid “no homage to the sun,” that even the blessing of light itself was a *luxury*, willingly to be abandoned—but the defence of the great rights of earth, the fulfilment of the solemn trust of nations, the vindication of ages yet to come, was a *necessity*, and not to be avoided—and wherefore? because it was a duty! Are there not duties too to *us*—though upon a narrower scale—which require no less generous a devotion? Are there not objects which are

more important than the ease and welfare of the body? Is our first great charge that of being a nurse to ourselves? No: every one of us who writes, toils, or actively serves the state, forms to himself, if he knoweth anything of public virtue, interests which are not to be renounced for the purchase of a calmer pulse, and a few years added to the feeble extreme of life. Many of us have neither fortune, nor power, nor extrinsic offerings to sacrifice to mankind; but all of us—the proud, the humble, the rich, the poor—have one possession at our command;—we may sacrifice ourselves! It is from these reasons that, at the time I refer to, I put aside the hope of health;—a good earnestly indeed to be coveted, but which, if obtained only by a life remote from man, inactive, useless, self-revolving, may be too dearly bought: and gazing on the evil which I imagined (though erroneously) I could not cure, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to its necessity.

And first, it seems to me that when the nerves are somewhat weakened the senses of

sympathy are more keen—we are less negligent of our kind:—that impetuous and reckless buoyancy of spirit which mostly accompanies a hardy and iron frame, is not made to enter into the infirmities of others. How can it sympathize with what it has never known? We seldom find men of great animal health and power possessed of much delicacy of mind; their humanity and kindness proceed from an overflow of spirits—their more genial virtues are often but skin deep, and the result of good humour. The susceptible frame of women causes each more kindly and generous feeling to vibrate more powerfully on their hearts, and thus also that which in our harsher sex sharpens the nerve, often softens the affection. And this is really the cause of that increased tendency to pity, to charity, to friendship, which comes on with the decline of life, and which Bolingbroke has so touchingly alluded to. There is an excitement in the consciousness of the glorious possession of unshaken health and matured strength which hurries us on the road of that

selfish enjoyment, which we are proud of our privilege to command. The passions of the soul are often winged by our capacities, and are fed from the same sources that keep the beating of the heart strong, and the step haughty upon the earth. Thus when the frame grows slack, and the race of the strong can be run no more, the Mind falls gently back upon itself—it releases its garments from the grasp of the Passions which have lost their charm—intellectual objects become more precious, and, no longer sufficing to be a world to ourselves, we contract the soft habit of leaning our affection upon others; the ties round our heart are felt with a more close endearment, and every little tenderness we receive from the love of those about us, teaches us the value of love. And this is therefore among the consolations of ill-health, that we are more susceptible to all the kindlier emotions, and that we drink a deeper and a sweeter pleasure from the attachment of our friends. If, too, we become, as the body progressively declines from the desire of

external pursuits, more devoted to intellectual objects, new sources of delight are thus bestowed upon us. Books become more eloquent of language, and their aspect grows welcome as the face of some dear consoler. Perhaps no epicure of the world's coarse allurements knows that degree of deep and serene enjoyment with which, shut up in our tranquil chambers, we surround ourselves with the WISDOM, the POETRY, the ROMANCE of past ages, and are made free, by the Sybil of the world's knowledge, to the Elysium of departed souls. The pain, or the fever, that from time to time reminds us of our clay, brings not perhaps more frequent and embarrassing interruptions, than the restlessness and eager passion which belong to the flush of health. Contented to repose—the repose becomes more prodigal of dreams.

And there is another circumstance usually attendant on ill-health. We live less for the world—we do not extend the circle of friendship into the wide and distracting orbit of common acquaintance—we are thus less subject to ungenial

interruptions — to vulgar humiliations — to the wear and tear of mind—the harassment and the vanity,—that torture those who seek after the “gallery of painted pictures,” and “the talk where no love is.” The gawd and the ostentation shrink into their true colours before the eye which has been taught to look within. And the pulses that have been calmed by pain, keep, without much effort, to the even tenor of philosophy. Thus ill-health may save us from many disquietudes and errors—from frequent mortification—and “*the walking after the vain shadow.*” Plato retired to his cave to be wise; sickness is often the moral cave, with its quiet, its darkness, and its solitude, to the soul.

I may add also, that he who has been taught the precariousness of life, acquires a knowledge of its value. He teaches himself to regard Death with a quiet eye, and habit\* gifts him with a fortitude mightier than the stoicism of the Porch. As the lamb is shorn so the wind

\* Exilia, tormenta, bella, morbos, naufragia, meditare, ut nullo sis malo, Tyro.—*Senec. Epist.*

is tempered. Nor is the calm without moments of mere animal ecstasy unknown to the rude health, which, having never waned from its vigour, is unconscious of the treasure it inherits. What rapture in the first steps to recovery—in the buoyant intervals of release! When the wise simplicity of Hesiod would express the overpowering joy of a bridegroom, in the flush of conquest hastening to the first embraces of his bride, he can compare him only to one escaped from some painful disease, or from the chains of a dungeon.\* The release of pain is the excess of transport. With what gratitude we feel the first return of health—the first budding forth of the new spring that has dawned within us! Or, if our disease admit not that blessed regeneration, still it has its intervals and reprieves: moments, when the Mind springs up as the lark to heaven, singing and rejoicing as it bathes its plumage in the intoxicating air. So that our state may be of habitual tranquillity, and yet not dumb to raptures which have no

\* *Hes. Scut. Herc.* line 42.

parallel in the monotony of more envied lives. But I hold that the great counterbalancing gift which the infirmity of the body, if rightly moralized upon, hath the privilege to confer, is, that the mind, left free to contemplation, naturally prefers the high and the immortal to the sensual and the low. As Astronomy took its rise among the Chaldæan shepherds, whose constant leisure upon their vast and level plains enabled them to elevate their attention undivided to the heavenly bodies,—so the time left to us for contemplation in our hours of sickness, and our necessary disengagement from the things of earth, tend to direct our thoughts to the Stars, and impregnate us half unconsciously with the Science of Heaven.

Thus while, as I have said, our affections become more gentle, our souls also become more noble, and our desires more pure. We learn to think, with one of the most august of our moralists, that “earth is an hospital, not an inn—a place to die, not live in.” Our existence becomes a great preparation for death, and the



monitor within us is constant, but with a sweet and a cheering voice.

Such are the thoughts with which in the hour of sickness I taught myself to regard what with the vulgar is the greatest of human calamities ! It may be some consolation to those who have suffered more bitterly than I have done, to feel that, by calling in the powers of the mind, there may be good ends and cheerful hopes wrought out from the wasting of the body ; and that it is only the darkness—unconsidered and unexplored—which shapes the spectre, and appals us with the fear.



# THE LAW OF ARREST.

A TALE FROM FACTS.

VOL. I.

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# THE LAW OF ARREST.

A TALE FROM FACTS.

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THE immediate interest which the proceedings of the Legislature have attached to the existent Law of Arrest, and its probable reform, induce me to relate the following story.

Once upon a time there lived at Hamburgh a certain merchant of the name of Meyer—he was a good little man; charitable to the poor, hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely respected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his property which was

vested in other people's hands, and called "debts," was the sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the Captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in my opinion should in a free country never be permitted,—viz. the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, but not altogether unacquainted with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat?" said he to a man whom he asked to conduct him to the Captain's house, "vat is dat fine veshell yondare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta — sails to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's house, Sir, and he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red-brick house—door green—brass knocker. Captain Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue jacket without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally termed the bluff honesty of the seaman.

Captain Gregory Jones seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend—he begged for a little further time. The merchant looked grave—three years had already elapsed. The Captain demurred—the merchant pressed;—the Captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed—he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed—his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw

open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

“ Ah, dere comes de monish,” thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached—the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. “ Ah, ver vell, I vill sign, ver vell !”

“ Signing, Sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, Sir; my house is extremely comfortable—gentlemen of the first fashion go there—quite moderate, too, only a guinea a-day—find your own wine.”

“ I do — no — understand, Sare,” said the merchant, smiling amiably, “ I am ver vell off here—thank you—”

“ Come, come,” said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, “ no parlavoo, Monseer, you are our prisoner—this is a warrant for the sum of 10,000*l.* due to Captain Gregory Jones.”

The merchant stared—the merchant frowned—but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Mynheer Meyer 500*l.*, had arrested Myn-



heer Meyer for 10,000*l.*; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

“Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!” said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. “Vat be you in prishon for?” said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion—“for vat crime?”

“I, Sir, crime!” quoth the prisoner; “Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate’s had me suddenly arrested for 2,000*l.* Before I get bail the election will be over!”

“Vat’s that you tell me? arrest you to prevent you giving an honesht vote? is that justice?”

“Justice, no!” cried our friend, “it’s the Law of Arrest.”

“And vat be you in prishon for?” said the merchant, pityingly, to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

“An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—*I*, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but *I*, Sir—alas! my family will starve before *I* shall be released. Sir, there are a set of men called discounting attornies, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk.”

“Mine Gott! but is dat justice?”

“Alas! No, Sir, it is the Law of Arrest.”

“But,” said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession; “dey tell me, dat in Englant a man be called innoshent till he be proved guilty; but here am

I, who, because von carrion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounts, takes an oath that *I* owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that schoundrel's single oath, clapped up in a prison. Is this a man's being innoshent till he is proved guilty, Sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing:—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But, mine Gott! is dat justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it's the Law of Arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine goot Sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently

have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones !”

“ De teufel ! but, Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant ?”

“ Remedy ! oh, yes—indictment for perjury.”

“ But vat use is dat ? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off—to Calcutta !”

“ That 's certainly against your indictment !”

“ And cannot I get my monish ?”

“ Not as I see.”

“ And *I* have been arreshted instead of him !”

“ You have.”

“ Sare, I have only von vord to say—*is* dat justice ?”

“ That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the Law of Arrest,” answered the magistrate ; and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

ON SATIETY.



## ON SATIETY.

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MORALISTS are wrong when they preach indiscriminately against Satiety and denounce the sated. There *is* a species of satiety which is productive of wisdom. When Pleasure palls, Philosophy begins. I doubt whether men ever thoroughly attain to knowledge of the world, until they have gone through its attractions and allurements. Experience is not acquired by the spectator of life, but by its actor. It was not by contemplating the fortunes of others, but by the remembrance of his own, that the wisest of Mortals felt that "All was vanity." A true and practical philo-

sophy, not of books alone, but of mankind, is acquired by the passions as well as by the reason. The Temple of the Science is approached by the garden as well as by the desert—and a healing spirit is distilled from the rose-leaves which withered in our hand.

A certain sentiment of satiety, of the vanity of human pleasures, of the *labor ineptiarum*, of the nothingness of trite and vulgar occupations, is often the best preparation to that sober yet elevated view of the ends of life, which is Philosophy. As many have blest the bed of sickness on which they had leisure to contemplate their past existence, and to form an improved chart of the future voyage—so there is a sickness of the soul, when exhaustion itself is salutary, and out of the languor and the tedium we extract the seeds of the moral regeneration. Much of what is most indulgent in Morals, much of what is most tender and profound in Poetry, have come from a sated spirit. The disappointments of an enthusiastic and fervent heart have great teaching in their pathos. As the first converts to the



gospel were amongst the unfortunate and the erring—so the men who have known most the fallacies of our human nature, are perhaps those the most inclined to foster the aspirations of the spiritual. To the one Faust who found a comrade in the Fiend, there are a thousand who are visited by the Angel.

The more civilized, the more refined, becomes the period in which we are cast, the more are we subject to satiety—

“ That weariness of all

We meet, or feel, or hear, or see.”

The even road of existence, the routine of nothings, the smooth and silken indolence, which is destined to those amongst us who, wealthy and well-born, have no occupation in life but the effort to live at ease, produce on the subject the same royalty of discontent that was once the attribute of a king. In a free and a prosperous country, all who are rich and idle are as kings. We have the same splendid monotony and unvarying spectacle of repeated

pageants of which the victims of a court complain. All society has become a court, and we pass our lives like Madame de Maintenon, in seeking to amuse those who cannot be amused, or like Louis XIV., in seeking to be amused by those who cannot amuse us. Satiety is, therefore, the common and catholic curse of the idle portion of a highly civilized country. And the inequalities of life are fittingly adjusted. For those who are excluded from pleasure in the one extreme, there are those who are incapable of pleasure in the other. The fogs gather dull and cheerless over the base of the mountain, but the air at the summit exhausts and withers.

Yet the poor have their satiety no less than the wealthy—the satiety of toil and the conviction of its hopelessness. “Picture to yourself,” wrote a mechanic once to me, “a man, sensible that he is made for something better than to labour and to die, cursed with a desire of knowledge, while occupied only with the task to live, drudging on from year to year,

to render himself above the necessity of drudgery; to feel his soul out of the clutches of want, and enabled to indulge at ease in the luxury of becoming better and wiser—picture to yourself such a man, with such an ambition, finding every effort in vain, seeing that the utmost he can do is to provide for the day, and so from day to day to live battling against the morrow. With what heart can he give himself up at night to unproductive tasks. Scarce is he lost for a moment, amidst the wonders of knowledge for the first time presented to him, ere the voice of his children disturbs and brings him back to the world,—the debt unpaid—the bill discredited—the demands upon the Saturday's wages. O, Sir, in such moments, none can feel how great is our disgust at life, how jaded and how weary we feel;—we recoil alike from amusement and knowledge—we sicken at the doom to which we are compelled—we are as weary of the sun as the idlest rich man in the land—we share his prerogative of satiety, and long for the rest in the green bed where

our forefathers sleep, released for ever from the tooth of unrelenting cares.”

The writer of this was a poet—let me hope that there are not many of his order condemned with him to a spirit out of harmony with its lot. Yet as knowledge widens its circle, the number will increase, and if our social system is to remain always the same, I doubt whether the desire of knowledge, which is the desire of leisure, will be a blessing to those who are everlastingly condemned to toil.

But the satiety of the rich has its cure in what is the very curse of the poor. Their satiety is from indolence, and its cure is action. Satiety with them is chiefly the offspring of a restless imagination and a stagnant intellect. Their minds are employed on trifles, in which their feelings cease to take an interest. It is not the frivolous who feel satiety, it is a better order of spirits fated to have no other occupation than frivolities. The French memoir writers, who evince so much talent wasted away in a life of trifles, present the most melancholy pictures we

possess of satiety and of the more gloomy wisdom of apathy in which it sometimes ends. The flowers of the heart run to seed. Madame D'Epinay has expressed this briefly and beautifully—"Le cœur se blase, les ressorts se brisent, et l'on finit, je crois, par n'être plus sensible à rien."

Oh, that fearful prostration of the mind—that torpor of the affections, that utter hopeless indifference to all things—

“ Full little can he tell who hath not tried  
What hell it is!”

To rise and see through the long day no object that can interest, no pleasure that can amuse, with a heart perpetually craving excitement to pass mechanically through the round of unexcitable occupations—to make an enemy of Time—to count the moments of his march—to be his captive in the prison-house—to foresee no delivery but death—to be a machine and not a man, having no self-will and no emotion—wound up from day to day—things in a dream,

in which we act involuntarily — feeling the best part of us locked up and lifeless, and that which is active, a puppet to a power that fools us with its objectless fancies—passive but not at rest;—the deep and crushing melancholy of such a state, let no happier being venture to despise.

It is usually after some sudden pause in the passions that we are thus afflicted. The winds drop, and the leaf they whirled aloft rots upon the ground. It is the dread close of disappointed love, or of baffled ambition. Who ever painted love when it discovers the worthlessness of its object and retreats gloomily into itself, that has not painted, even to the hackneying of the picture, the weariness that succeeds—the stale and unprofitable uses to which all the world seems abruptly and barrenly resolved? So with ambition—the retirement of a statesman before his time, is perhaps the least enviable repose that his enemies could inflict on him. “*Damien’s bed of steel*” is a luxury to the bed of withered laurels; the gloomy exile of Swift,

fretting his heart out, “a rat in a cage;” the spectre of Olivares—the petulance of Napoleon wrestling with his gaoler upon a fashion in tea-cups—what mournful parodies of the dignity of human honours! Between the past glory and the posthumous renown—how awful an interlude! The unwilling rest to a long continued excitement, is a solitude from which the fiends might recoil!

But happy those on whom the curse of satiety falls early, and before the heart has exhausted its resources; when we can yet contend against the lethargy, ere it becomes a habit, and allow satiety to extend only to the trifles of life, and not to its great objects; when we are wearied only of the lighter pleasures, and can turn to the more grave pursuits;—and the discontent of the Imagination is the spur to the Intellect. Satiety is the heritage of the Heart, not of the Reason: and the Reason properly invoked possesses in itself the genii to dissolve the charm, and awake the sleeper. For he alone, who thoroughly convinces himself that he has duties

to perform—that his centre of being is in the world and not in himself—can conquer the egotisms of weariness. The objects confined to self becoming worn out and wearisome, he may find new and inexhaustible objects in the relations that he holds to others. Duty has pleasures which know no satiety. The weariness then known and thus removed, begets the philosophy I referred to in the commencement of these remarks. For wisdom is the true phœnix, and never rises but from the ashes of a former existence of the mind. Then perhaps, too, as we learn a proper estimate of the pleasures of this life, we learn also from those yearnings of our more subtile and tender soul, never satisfied below, a fresh evidence of our ultimate destinies. A consolation which Preacher and Poet have often deduced from the weariness of our disappointments—contending that our perpetual desire for something unattainable here, betokens and prophesies a possession in the objects of a hereafter—so that life itself is but one expectation of eternity. As birds, born in a



'cage from which they had never known release, would still flutter against the bars, and, in the instinct of their unconquered nature, long for the untried and pathless air which they behold through their narrow grating ;—so, pent in our cage of clay—the diviner instinct is not dead within us ;—at times we sicken with indistinct and undefinable apprehensions of a more noble birthright—and the soul feels stirringly that its wings, which it doth but bruise in its dungeontenement, were designed by the Creator—who shapeth all things to their uses—for the enjoyment of the royalties of Heaven.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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