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FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Essays by Landor, Emerson Shelley, Bacon, Montaigne and Lytton

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

FROM THE PHILOSOPHERS

LONDON
ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS
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LANDOR

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

LANDOR

Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney

Brooke. I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

Sidney. Welcome, welcome! How delightful it is to see a friend after a length of absence! How delightful to chide him for that length of absence, to which we owe such delight.

Brooke. I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will. For names sound only upon the surface of the earth, while friendships are the purer, and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the

presence of God, the sun not only of righteousness but of love. Ours never has been chipped or dimmed even here, and never shall be.

Sidney. Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never. And now, Greville, seat yourself under this oak; since, if you had hungered or thirsted from your journey, you would have renewed the alacrity of your old servants in the hall.

Brooke. In truth I did; for no otherwise the good household would have it. The birds met me first, affrightened by the tossing up of caps; and by these harbingers I knew who were coming.

When my palfrey eyed them askance for their clamorousness, and shrank somewhat back, they quarrelled with him almost before they saluted me, and asked him many pert questions. What a pleasant spot, Sidney, have you chosen here for meditation! a solitude is the audience-chamber of God. Few days in our year are like this: there is a fresh pleasure in every fresh posture of the limbs, in every turn the eye takes.

Youth! credulous of happiness, throw down
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro:
Thou too wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age!
Who lackest heart to laugh at life's deceit.

It sometimes requires a stout push, and

sometimes a sudden resistance, in the wisest men, not to become for a moment the most foolish. What have I done? I have fairly challenged you, so much my master.

Sidney. You have warmed me: I must cool a little and watch my opportunity. So now, Greville, return you to your invitations, and I will clear the ground for the company; for Youth, for Age, and whatever comes between, with kindred and dependencies. Verily we need no taunts like those in your verses: here we have few vices, and consequently few repinings. I take especial care that my young labourers and farmers shall never be idle, and I supply them with bows and arrows, with bowls and ninepins, for their Sunday evening, lest they drink and quarrel. In church they are taught to love God; after church they are practised to love their neighbour; for business on work-days keeps them apart and scattered, and on market-days

they are prone to a rivalry bordering on malice, as competitors for custom. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity: for prosperity leads often to ambition, and *ambition to disappointment: the course* is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

Brooke. You reason justly and you act rightly. Piety, warm, soft, and passive as the ether round the throne of Grace, is made callous and inactive by kneeling too much: her vitality *faints* under *rigorous* and wearisome observances. A forced match between *a man and his religion sours his temper*, and leaves a barren bed.

Sidney. Desire of lucre, the worst and most general country vice, arises here from the necessity of looking to small gains; it is however but the tartar that encrusts economy.

Brooke. I fear Avarice less from himself than from his associates, who fall upon a man the fiercest in old-age. Avarice (allow me to walk three paces further with Allegory) is more unlovely than mischievous, although one may say of him that he at last

Grudges the gamesome river-fish its food,
And shuts his heart against his own life's blood.

Sidney. We find but little of his handywork among the yeomanry, nor indeed much among those immediately above. The thriving squires are pricked and pinched by their eagerness to rival in expenditure those of somewhat better estate; for, as vanity is selfishness, the vain are usually avaricious, and they who throw away most, exact most. Penurious men are oftener just than spendthrifts.

Brooke. O that anything so monstrous should exist in this profusion and prodigality of blessings! The herbs,

elastic with health, seem to partake of sensitive and animated life, and to feel under my hand the benediction I would bestow on them. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

Sidney. Compensation for their *weaknesses and their fears*; *compensation* for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle; and they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

Brooke. Are not also the little and lowly in our species the most happy?

Sidney. I would not willingly try nor overcuriously examine it. We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests: we were happy in my close winter-walk of box and laurustine. In our earlier days did we not emboss our bosoms with the daffodils, and shake them almost unto shedding with *our transport! Ay, my friend, there is*

a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We labour to get through the moments of our life, as we would to get through a crowd. Such is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination, in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; we should however well consider

to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest its *quantity is but too exhaustible. It is* easier to alter the modes and qualities of it, than to increase its stores. There is a sickliness in the firmest of us, which induceth us to change our side, though reposing ever so *softly*; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. Afterward, when we have fixed, as we imagine, on the object most desirable, we start extravagantly; and, blinded by the rapidity of our course toward the treasure we would seize and dwell with, we find another hand upon the lock . . . the hand of one standing in shade . . . 'tis Death!

Brooke. There is often a sensibility in poets which precipitates 'em thither.

The winged head of Genius snakes surround,
As erewhile poor Medusa's.
We however have defences against the

shafts of the vulgar, and such as no position could give.

Sidney. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented, hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us: perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with whatever I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords

us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are motes in the midst of generations: we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the most: nothing is at rest within the compass of our view, except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared with the living one.

Poets are in general prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind: the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.

Brooke. Merciful heaven! and for the fruition of an hour's drunkenness, from which they must awaken with heaviness, pain, and terror, men consume a whole crop of their kind at one

harvest-home. Shame upon those light ones who carol at the feast of blood! and worse upon those graver ones who nail upon their escutcheon the name of great. Ambition is but Avarice on stilts and masked. God sometimes sends a famine, sometimes a pestilence, and sometimes a hero, for the chastisement of mankind; none of them surely for our admiration. Only some cause like unto that which is now scattering the mental fog of the Netherlands, and is preparing them for the fruits of freedom, can justify us in drawing the sword abroad.

Sidney. And only the accomplishment of our purpose can permit us again to sheathe it: for, the aggrandisement of our neighbour is nought of detriment to us; on the contrary, if we are honest and industrious, his wealth is ours. We have nothing to dread while our laws are equitable and our impositions light: but children fly from mothers who strip and scourge them.

Brooke.

Across the hearse where homebred Law
lies dead
Strides Despotism, and seems a bloated
boy,
Who, while some coarse clown drives
him, thinks he drives,
Shouting, with blear bluff face, *give
way, give way!*

We are come to an age when we ought to read and speak plainly what *our discretion tells us is fit: we are not* to be set in a corner for mockery and derision, with our hands hanging down motionless, and our pockets turned inside-out.

Sidney. Let us congratulate our country on her freedom from debt, and on the economy and disinterestedness *of her administrators; men altogether* of eminent worth, afraid of nothing but of deviating from the broad and beaten path of illustrious ancestors, and propagating her glory in far-distant countries, not by the loquacity

of mountebanks or the audacity of buffoons, nor by covering a tarnished sword-knot with a trim shoulder-knot, but by the mission of right learned, grave, and eloquent ambassadors. Triumphantly and disdainfully may you point to others.

While the young blossom starts to light,
And heaven looks down serenely bright
On Nature's graceful form;
While hills and vales and woods are gay,
And village voices all breathe May,
Who dreads the future storm?

Where princes smile and senates bend,
What mortal e'er foresaw his end,
Or fear'd the frown of God?
Yet has the tempest swept them off,
And the oppressed with bitter scoff
Their silent marble trod.

To swell their pride, to quench their ire,
Did venerable Laws expire

And sterner forms arise;
Faith in their presence veiled her head,
Patience and Charity were dead,
And Hope beyond the skies.

But away, away with politics: let not this city-stench infect our fresh country-air.

Brooke. To happiness then, and unhappiness too, since we can discourse upon it without emotion. I know not, Philip, how it is, but certainly I have never been more tired with any reading than with dissertations upon happiness, which seems not only to elude inquiry, but to cast unmerciful loads of clay and sand and husks and stubble along the high road of the inquirer. Theologians and moralists, and even sound philosophers, talk mostly in a drawling and dreaming way about it. He who said that virtue alone is happiness, would have spoken more truly in saying that virtue alone is misery, if *alone* means *singly*; for, beyond a doubt, the virtuous man meets with more opposites and

opponents than any other, meets with more whose interests and views thwart his, and whose animosities are excited against him, not only by the phantom of interest, but by envy. Virtue alone cannot rebuff them; nor can the virtuous man, if only virtuous, live under them, I will not say contentedly and happily, I will say, at all. Self-esteem, we hear, is the gift of virtue, the golden bough at which the gates of Elysium fly open: but, alas! it is oftener, I am afraid, the portion of the strong-minded, and even of the vain, than of the virtuous. By the constant exertion of our best energies, we can keep down many of the thorns along the path of life; yet some will thwart us, whether we carry our book with us or walk without it, whether we cast our eyes on earth or on heaven. He who hath given the best definition of most things, hath given but an imperfect one here, informing us that a happy life is one without impediment to virtue. A

happy life is not made up of negatives. Exemption from one thing is not possession of another. Had I been among his hearers, and could have uttered my sentiments in the presence of so mighty a *master*, I would have told him that the definition is still unfound, like the thing.

A sound mind and sound body, which many think all-sufficient, are but receptacles for it. Happiness, like air and water, the other two great requisites of life, is composite. One kind of it suits one man, another kind another. The elevated mind takes in and breathes out again that which would be uncongenial to the baser, and the *baser draws life and enjoyment* from that which would be putridity to the loftier. Wise or unwise, who doubts for a moment that contentment is the cause of happiness? Yet the *inverse is true: we are contented* because we are happy, and not happy because we are contented. Well-

regulated minds may be satisfied with a small portion of happiness; none can be happy with a small portion of content. In fact, hardly anything which we receive for truth, is really and entirely so, let it appear as plain as it may, and let its appeal be not only to the understanding, but to the senses; for our words do not follow them exactly; and it is by words we receive truth and express it.

I do not wonder that in the cloud of opinions and of passions (for where there are many of the one, there are usually some of the other) the clearer view of this subject should be intercepted: rather is it to be marvelled at, that no plain reasoning creature should *in his privacy have argued thus*:

'I am without the things which do not render those who possess them happier than I am: but I have those the absence of which would render me unhappy; and therefore the having of them should, if my heart is a sound one

and my reason unperverted, render me content and blest! I have a house and garden of my own; I have competence; I have children. Take away any of these, and I should be sorrowful, I know not how long: give me any of those which are sought for with more avidity, and I doubt whether I should be happier twenty-four hours. He who has very much of his own, always has a project in readiness for somewhat of another's: he who has very little, has not even the ground on which to lay it. Thus one sharp angle of wickedness and disquietude is broken off from him.'

Sidney. Since we have entered into no contest or competition, which of us *shall sing or sermonize the other fast* asleep, and since we rather throw out than collect ideas on the subject of our conversation, do not accuse me of levity, I am certain you will not of irreligion, if I venture to say that comforts and advantages, in this life,

appear at first sight to be distributed by some airy, fantastic Beings, such as figure in the stories of the East. These generally choose a humpback slave or inconsiderate girl to protect and countenance: in like manner do we observe the ill-informed mind and instable character most immediately under the smiles of Fortune and the guidance of Prosperity; who, as the case is with lovers, are ardent and attached in proportion as they alight upon indifference and inconstancy.

Brooke. Yes, Happiness doats on her works, and is prodigal to her favourite. As one drop of water hath an attraction for another, so do felicities run into felicities. This course is marked by the vulgar with nearly the same expression as I have employed upon it: men say habitually *a run of luck.* And I wish that misfortunes bore no resemblance to it in their march and tendency; but these also swarm and cluster and hang one from another, until at last some

hard day deadens all sense in them, and terminates their existence.

Sidney. It must be acknowledged, our unhappiness appears to be more often sought by us, and pursued more steadily, than our happiness. What courtier on the one side, what man of genius on the other, has not complained of unworthiness preferred to worth? Who prefers it? his friend? no: himself? no surely. Why then grieve at folly or injustice in those who have no concern in him, and in whom he has no concern? We are indignant at the sufferings of those who bear bravely and undeservedly; but a single cry from them breaks the charm that bound them to us.

The English character stands high above complaining. I have indeed heard the soldier of our enemy scream at receiving a wound; I never heard ours. Shall the uneducated be worthy of setting an example to the lettered? If we see, as we have seen, young persons of some promise, yet in com-

parison to us as the colt is to the courser, raised to trust and eminence by a powerful advocate, is it not enough to feel ourselves the stronger men, without exposing our limbs to the passenger, and begging him in proof to handle our muscles? Those who distribute offices, are sometimes glad to have the excuse of merit; but never give them for it. Only one subject of sorrow, none of complaint, in respect to court, is just and reasonable; namely, to be rejected or overlooked when our exertions or experience might benefit our country. Forbidden to unite our glory with hers, let us cherish it at home the more fondly for its disappointment, and give her reason to say afterward, she could have wished the union. He who complains deserves what he complains of.

Religions, languages, races of men, rise up, flourish, decay; and just in the order I assign to them. O my friend! is it nothing to think that this

hand of mine, over which an insect is creeping, and upon which another more loathsome one ere long will pasture, *may hold forth to my fellow-men, by* resolution of heart in me and perseverance, *those things which shall outlive* the least perishable in the whole dominion of mortality? Creatures, of whom the best and weightiest part are the feathers in their caps, and of whom the lightest are their words and actions, curl their whiskers and their lips in scorn upon similar meditations.

Let us indulge in them; they are neither weak nor idle, having been suckled by Wisdom and taught to walk by Virtue. We have never thrown away the keepsakes that Nature has *given us, nor bartered them for toys* easily broken in the public paths of life.

Brooke. Argue *then no longer about* courts and discontents: I would rather hear a few more verses; for a small draught increases the thirst of the thirsty.

Sidney. To write as the ancients have written, without borrowing a thought or expression from them, is the most difficult thing we can achieve in poetry. I attempt no composition which I foresee will occupy more than an hour or two, so that I can hardly claim any rank among the poets; yet having once collected, in my curiosity, all the *Invocations to Sleep*, ancient and modern, I fancied it possible to compose one very differently; which, if you consider the simplicity of the subject and the number of those who have treated it, may appear no easy matter.

Sleep! who contractest the waste realms
of Night,
None like the wretched can extol thy
powers:
We think of thee when thou art far away,
We hold thee dearer than the light of day,
And most when Love forsakes us wish
thee ours:
O hither bend thy flight!

Silent and welcome as the blessed shade
  Alcestis to the dark Thessalian hall,
When Hercules and Death and Hell obey'd
  Her husband's desolate despondent call.

What fiend would persecute thee, gentle Sleep,
  Or beckon thee aside from man's distress?
Needless it were to warn thee of the stings
That pierce my pillow, now those waxen wings
  Which bore me to the sun of happiness,
    Have dropt into the deep.

Brooke. If I cannot compliment you, as I lately complimented a poet on the same subject, by saying, *May all the gods and goddesses be as propitious to your Invocation*, let me at least congratulate you that everything here is fiction.

Sidney. There are sensible men who would call me to an account for attempting to keep up with the ancients, and then running downhill among the moderns, and more especially for expatiating in the regions of Romance. The fastidious and rigid call it bad taste: and I am afraid they have Truth for their prompter. But this, I begin to suspect, is rather from my deficiency of power and judgment, than because the thing in itself is wrong. Chivalry in the beginning was often intemperate and inhumane: afterward the term became synonymous with valorous courtesy. Writers, and the Public after them, now turn it into ridicule. But there is surely an incentive to noble actions in the deference we bear toward our ladies; and to carry it in my bosom is worth to me all the applauses I could ever receive from my prince. If the beloved keep us from them farther than arm's length for years together, much indeed we regret that-

our happiness is deferred, but more that theirs is. For pride, and what is better than pride, our pure conscience tells us, that God would bestow on us the glory of creating it; of all terrestrial glory far the greatest.

Brooke. To those whose person and manners, and exalted genius, render them always and everywhere acceptable, it is pleasing to argue in this fashion.

Sidney. Greville! Greville! it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering. The perception of beauty, grace, and virtue, is not granted to all alike. There are more who are contented in an ignoble union on the flat beaten earth before us, than there are who, equally disregarding both unfavourable and favourable clamours, make for themselves room to stand on an elevated and sharp-pointed summit, and thence to watch the motions and scintillations, and occasional overcloudings, of some bright distant star. Is it nothing to have been taught, apart

from the vulgar, those graceful submissions which afford us a legitimate pride when we render them to the worthy? Is there no privilege in electing our own sovereign? no pleasure in bending heart and soul before her? I will never believe that age itself can arrest so vivid an emotion, or that his deathbed is hard or uneasy, who can bring before it even the empty image he has long (though in vain) adored. That life has not been spent idly which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections, by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception. How many, who have abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterward partake the nature of that vast body whereinto they run, its dreariness, its

bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion! I have known several such; and when I have innocently smiled at them, their countenances seemed to say, 'I wish I could despise you: but alas! I am a runaway slave, and from the best of mistresses to the worst of masters; I serve at a tavern where every hour is dinner-time, and pick a bone upon a silver dish.' And what is acquired by the more fortunate among them? they may put on a robe and use a designation which I have no right to: my cook and footman may do the same: one has a white apron, the other has red hose; I should be quite as much laughed at if I assumed them. A sense of inferior ability is painful: this I feel most at home: I could not do nearly so well what my domestics do; what the others do I could do better. My blushes are not at the superiority I have given myself, but at the comparison I must go through to give it.

Two poets cannot walk or sit together easily while they have any poetry about them: they must turn it out upon the table or the grass or the rock or the road-side. I shall call on you presently; take *all* I have in the meanwhile.

Afar behind is gusty March!
Again beneath a wider arch
  The birds that fear'd grim winter,
    fly:
O'er every pathway trip along
Light feet, more light with frolic song
  And eyes glance back, they know not
    why.

Say, who is that of leaf so rank,
Pushing the violet down the bank
  With hearted spearhead glossy-
    green?
And why that changeface mural box
Points at the myrtle, whom he mocks,
  Regardless what her cheer hath
    been?

The fennel waves her tender plume;
Mezereons cloth'd with thick perfume,
And almonds, urge the lagging
leaf:
Ha! and so long then have I stood
And not observ'd thee, modest bud,
Wherefrom will rise their lawful
chief!

O never say it, if perchance
Thou crown the cup or join the
dance,
Neither in anger nor in sport;
For Pleasure then would pass me by,
The Graces look ungraciously,
Love frown, and drive me from his
court.

Brooke. Considering the chances and changes of humanity, I wish I were as certain that Pleasure will never pass you by, as I am that the Graces will never look on you ungraciously.

Sidney. So little am I ashamed of the hours I spend in poetry, even a

consciousness that the poetry itself is bad never leads me to think the occupation is. Foliage, herbage, pebbles, may put in motion the finer parts of the mind; and although the first things it throws off be verses, and indifferent ones, we are not to despise the cultivator of them, but to consider him as possessing the garden of innocence, at which the great body of mankind looks only through the gate.

In the corner formed by the court-wall, sheltered and sunny, I found, earlier in the season than usual, a little rosebud, which perhaps owed its existence to my cutting the plant in summer, when it began to intrude on the path, and had wetted the legs of the ladies with the rain it held. None but trifling poetry could be made out of this, yet other than trifling pleasure was.

Brooke. Philip, I can give you only spoiled flowers for unspoiled and unopened ones: will you accept them?

Sidney. Gladly.

Brooke. On what occasion and for whom my verses were composed, you may at once discover. Deem it enough for me to premise in elucidation, that women have no favour or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us. Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness. We must chirp before them eternally, or they will not moisten our beaks in our cages. They like praise best, we thanksgiving.

Sidney. Unfold the paper. What are you smiling at?

Brooke. The names of the speakers. I call one '*Poet*,' the other '*Lady*.' How questionably the former! how truly the latter! But judge.

Poet. Thus do you sit and break the
flow'rs
That might have lived a few short hours,

brëast as you were writing these simple lines; yet I am certain it was sweet and solacing. Imagination should always be the confident, for she is always the calmer, of Passion, where Wisdom and Virtue have an equally free admittance.

Let us now dismiss until evening comes (which is much the best time for them) all these disquisitions, and let us talk about absent friends.

Brooke. We must sit up late if I am to tell you of all yours.

Sidney. While the weather is so temperate and genial, and while I can be out-of-doors, I care not how late I tarry among

Night airs that make tree-shadows walk, and sheep
Washt white in the cold moonshine on grey cliffs.

Our last excess of this nature was nearer the sea, where, when our conversation paused awhile in the stillness of midnight, we heard the distant waves

break heavily. Their sound, you remarked, was such as you could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel unto some smooth and level and still and solitary place, with all his armour and all his spoils about him, casts himself slumberously down to rest.

LOVE

EVERY promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes

marriage, and gives permanence to human society.

The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heyday of the blood seems to require, that in order to portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid should confess to be *true to their throbbing experience*, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savour of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And, therefore, I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the Court and Parliament of Love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it not less than the tender maiden, though in a different

and nobler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. It matters not, therefore, whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period will lose some of its later, he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that, by patience and the Muses' aid, we may attain to that inward view of the law, which shall describe a truth ever young and beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye, at whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is, that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the senti-

ment as it appeared in hope and not in history. For each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not, to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain stain of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and moan. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life the remembrances of budding joy, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, if seen as experience. Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and place—dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But

grief cleaves to names, and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of

complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the schoolhouse door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child disposing her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbours, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of schoolgirls, who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half-an-hour about nothing with the broad-faced good-natured shop-boy? In the village they are on a perfect equality, which *love* delights in, and without any coquetry the happy

affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing-school, and when the singing-school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By-and-by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores as incident to scholars and great men.

I have been told that in some public discourses of mine my reverence for the intellect has made me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the

young soul wandering here in nature to the power of love, without being tempted to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven seizes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men, in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft surpassing the deep attraction of its own truth to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward, they may find that several things, which were not the charm, have

more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can

give him; for the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water, but, as Plutarch said, 'enamelled in fire,' and make the study of midnight.

'Thou art not gone being gone, where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.'

In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter who said of love—

'All other pleasures are not worth its pains,'—

and when the day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into

song, when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

The passion rebuilds the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. The notes are almost articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass, and the peeping flowers, have grown intelligent; and he almost fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathises. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

'Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,—
These are the sounds we feed upon.'

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquises; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The heats that have opened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is

a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society; *he* is somewhat; *he* is a person; *he* is a soul.

And here let us examine a little nearer the nature of that influence which is thus potent over the human youth. Beauty, whose revelation to man we now celebrate, welcome as the sun wherever it pleases to shine, which pleases everybody with it and with themselves, seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness is society for itself, and she teaches his eye why Beauty was pictured with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, she indemnifies him by carrying out her

own being into somewhat impersonal, large, mundane, so that the maiden stands to him for a representative of all select things and virtues. For that reason, the lover never sees personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.

The ancients called beauty the flowering of virtue. Who can analyse the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organisation. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love known and described

in society, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, to what roses and violets hint and foreshow. We cannot approach beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find.' The same fluency may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring-wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the

sculptor is always represented in a transition *from* that which is representable to the senses, *to* that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same remark holds of painting. And of poetry, the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavours after the unattainable. Concerning it, Landor inquires 'whether it is not to be referred to some purer state of sensation and existence.'

In like manner, personal beauty is then first charming and itself, when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it than to the firmament and the splendours of a sunset.

Hence arose the saying, 'If I love you, what is that to you?' We say so,

because we feel that what we love is not in your will, but above it. It is not you, but your radiance. It is that which you know not in yourself, and can never know.

This agrees well with that high philosophy of Beauty which the ancient writers delighted in; for they said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore, the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man beholding such a person in the female sex runs to her, and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement, and intelligence of this person, because it

suggests to him the presence of that which indeed is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body, and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed
By conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly, and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker

apprehension of them. Then he passes from loving them in one to loving them in all, and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls. In the particular society of his mate, he attains a clearer sight of any spot, any taint, which her beauty has contracted from this world, and is able to point it out, and this with mutual joy that they are now able, without offence, to indicate blemishes and hindrances in each other, and give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. And, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and separating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which it has contracted in the world, the lover ascends to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

Somewhat like this have the truly wise told us of love in all ages. The

doctrine is not old, nor is it new. If Plato, Plutarch, and Apuleius taught it, so have Petrarch, Angelo, and Milton. It awaits a truer unfolding in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean prudence which presides at marriages with words that take hold of the upper world, whilst one eye is prowling in the cellar, so that its gravest discourse has a savour of hams and powdering-tubs. Worst, when this sensualism intrudes into the education of young women, and withers the hope and affection of human nature, by teaching that marriage signifies nothing but a housewife's thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim.

But this dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our play. In the procession of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding from an orb. The rays of the soul alight first on things nearest, on every utensil and

toy, on nurses and domestics, on the *house, and yard, and passengers*, on the circle of household acquaintance, on politics, and geography and history. But things are ever grouping themselves according to higher or more interior laws. Neighbourhood, size, numbers, habits, persons, lose by degrees their power over us. Cause and effect, real affinities, the longing for harmony between the soul and the circumstance, the progressive, idealising instinct, predominate later, and the step backward from the higher to the lower relations is impossible. Thus even love, which is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal *every day. Of this at first it gives* no hint. Little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes so full of mutual intelligence, of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external stimulus. The work of vegetation be-

gins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth, and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled.

'Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.'

Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine. Life, with this pair, has no other aim, asks no more, than Juliet,—than Romeo. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does

that other see the same star, the same melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same emotion, that now delight me? They try and weigh their affection, and, adding up costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow, and pain, arrive to them, as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate. The union which is thus effected, and which adds a new value to every atom in nature, for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element, is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in

clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behaviour of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear, and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each

other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

'The person love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.'

The world rolls; the circumstances vary every hour. The angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. *Their once flaming regard is so*bered by time in either breast, and, losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other, without complaint, to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object, for a cheerful, disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's de-

signs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms,—was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature, and intellect, and art, emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium.

Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person,

nor partiality, but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We *are by nature observers, and thereby* learners. That is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently *seen again, — its overarching vault,* bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds, must lose their finite character and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations must be

succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on for ever.

FRIENDSHIP

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honour, and who honour us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevo-

lence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good-will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend,—and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost

brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger

begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart, and the communications of the soul, no more.

What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which make a young world for me again? What so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter, and no night; all tragedies, all ennuis, vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured

that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great

God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I, but the Deity in me and in them derides and cancels the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard,—poetry without stop,—hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing, Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these, too, separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure, that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to 'crush the sweet poison of misused wine' of the affections. A new person is to me a great event, and hinders me from sleep. I have often had fine fancies about persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine,—and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his,—his name, his form, his dress, books, and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship, we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for

its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the

Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends, that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man

passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love.

Dear Friend—If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams,

instead of the tough fibre of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate *all poetry into stale prose. Almost all* people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long

foresight, we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

'The valiant warrior famoused for fight,
After a hundred victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.'

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk, in which a delicate organisation is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the 'naturlangsamkeit' which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have *this childish luxury in our regards, but* the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social

benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself, whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the

solemnity of that relation, and honour its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the speed in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I *may* think aloud. I *am* arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation,

courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and, omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time

in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility,—requires to be humoured; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without

requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which

I cannot choose but remember. My author says—'I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted.' I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighbourhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish

and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of ploughboys and tin-pedlars, to the silken and perfumed amity which celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit- and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.)

EMERSON

Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other, and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of 'one to one' peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several

men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company, the individuals merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but, being left alone

with each other, enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean *betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that* piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should

overstep, by a word or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the 'not mine' is 'mine.' I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognise the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle

with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honour, if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the noblest benefit.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist

on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighbourly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great, defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and

tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen, if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift worthy of him to give, and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb;—you can speak to

your accomplice on even terms. 'Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.' To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,—so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The

only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall never catch a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society, would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire,—but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to

put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world,—those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel, if we will, the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe an old faded garment of dead persons; the books their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this men-

dicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, 'Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more.' Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's, because *we are more our own?* A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger of a greater friend.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that

I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I *shall have languid moods*, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions, not with yourself but with your lustres, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent

intercourse. I will receive from them, not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtile and pure. We will meet as though we met not, *and part as though we parted not.*

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace

to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

SHELLEY

LOVE

THE period which intervened between the birth of Pericles and the death of Aristotle, is undoubtedly, whether considered in itself or with reference to the effects which it has produced upon the subsequent destinies of civilised man, the most memorable in the history of the world. What was the combination of moral and political circumstances which produced so unparalleled a progress during that period in literature and the arts;—why that progress, so rapid and so sustained, so soon received a check, and became retrograde,—are problems left to the wonder and conjecture of posterity. The wrecks and fragments of those subtle and profound minds, like the ruins of a fine statue, obscurely suggest to us the grandeur and perfection of the whole. Their

very language—a type of the understandings of which it was the creation and the image—in variety, in simplicity, in flexibility, and in copiousness, excels every other language of the western world. Their sculptures are such as we, in our presumption, assume to be the models of ideal truth and beauty, and to which no artist of modern times can produce forms in any degree comparable. Their paintings, according to Pliny and Pausanias, were full of delicacy and harmony; and some even were powerfully pathetic, so as to awaken, like tender music or tragic poetry, the most overwhelming emotions. We are accustomed to conceive the painters of the sixteenth century, as those who have brought their art to the highest perfection, probably because none of the ancient paintings have been preserved. For all the inventive arts maintain, as it were, a sympathetic connection between each other, being

no more than various expressions of one internal power, modified by different circumstances, either of an individual, or of society; and the paintings of that period would probably bear the same relation as is confessedly borne by the sculptures to all succeeding ones. Of their music we know little; but the effects which it is said to have produced, whether they be attributed to the skill of the composer, or the sensibility of his audience, are far more powerful than any which we experience from the music of our own times; and if, indeed, the melody of their compositions were more tender and delicate, and inspiring, than the melodies of some modern European nations, their superiority in this art must have been something wonderful, and wholly beyond conception.

Their poetry seems to maintain a very high, though not so disproportionate a rank, in the comparison.

Perhaps Shakespeare, from the variety and comprehension of his genius, is to be considered, on the whole, as the greatest individual mind, of which we have specimens remaining. Perhaps Dante created imaginations of greater loveliness and energy than any that are to be found in the ancient literature of Greece. Perhaps nothing has been discovered in the fragments of the Greek lyric poets equivalent to the sublime and chivalric sensibility of Petrarch.—But, as a poet, Homer must be acknowledged to excel Shakespeare in the truth, the harmony, the sustained grandeur, the satisfying completeness of his images, their exact fitness to the illustration, and to that to which they belong. Nor could Dante, deficient in conduct, plan, nature, variety, and temperance, have been brought into comparison with these men, but for those fortunate isles, laden with golden fruit, which alone could tempt anyone to embark in the

misty ocean of his dark and extravagant fiction.

But, omitting the comparison of individual minds, which can afford no general inference, how superior was the spirit and system of their poetry to that of any other period. So that, had any other genius equal in other respects to the greatest that ever enlightened the world, arison in that age, he would have been superior to all, from this circumstance alone—that his conceptions would have assumed a more harmonious and perfect form. For it is worthy of observation, that whatever the poets of that age produced is as harmonious and perfect as possible. If a drama, for instance, were the composition of a person of inferior talent, it was still homogeneous and free from inequalities; it was a whole, consistent with itself. The compositions of great minds bore throughout the sustained stamp of their greatness. In the poetry of succeeding ages

the expectations are often exalted on Icarean wings, and fall, too much disappointed to give a memory and a name to the oblivious pool in which they fell.

In physical knowledge Aristotle and Theophrastus had already—no doubt assisted by the labours of those of their predecessors whom they criticise—made advances worthy of the maturity of science. The astonishing invention of geometry, that series of discoveries which have enabled man to command the elements and foresee future events, before the subjects of his ignorant wonder, and which have opened as it were the doors of the mysteries of nature, had already been brought to great perfection. Metaphysics, the science of man's intimate nature, and logic, or the grammar and elementary principles of that science, received from the latter philosophers of the Periclean age a firm basis. All our more exact philosophy is built upon

the labours of these great men, and many of the words which we employ in metaphysical distinctions were invented by them to give accuracy and system to their reasonings. The science of morals, or the voluntary conduct of men in relation to themselves or others, dates from this epoch. How inexpressibly bolder and more pure were the doctrines of those great men, in comparison with the timid maxims which prevail in the writings of the most esteemed modern moralists. They were such as Phocion, and Epaminondas, and Timoleon, who formed themselves on their influence, were to the wretched heroes of our own age.

Their political and religious institutions are more difficult to bring into comparison with those of other times. A summary idea may be formed of the worth of any political and religious system, by observing the comparative degree of happiness and of intellect produced under its influence. And

whilst many institutions and opinions, which in ancient Greece were obstacles to the improvement of the human race, have been abolished among modern nations, how many pernicious superstitions and new contrivances of misrule, and unheard-of complications of public mischief, have not been invented among them by the ever-watchful spirit of avarice and tyranny.

The modern nations of the civilised world owe the progress which they have made—as well in those physical sciences in which they have already excelled their masters, as in the moral and intellectual inquiries, in which, with all the advantage of the experience of the latter, it can scarcely be said that they have yet equalled them,—to what is called the revival of learning; that is, the study of the writers of the age which preceded and immediately followed the government of Pericles, or of subsequent writers, who were, so to speak, the rivers

flowing from those immortal fountains. And though there seems to be a principle in the modern world, which, should circumstances analogous to those which modelled the intellectual resources of the age to which we refer, into so harmonious a proportion, again arise, would arrest and perpetuate them, and consign their results to a more equal, extensive, and lasting improvement of the condition of man—though justice and the true meaning of human society are, if not more *accurately*, more generally understood; though perhaps men know more, and therefore are more, as a mass, yet this principle has never been called into action, and requires indeed a universal and almost appalling change in the system of existing things. The study of modern history is the study of kings, financiers, statesmen, and priests. The history of ancient Greece is the study of legislators, philosophers, and poets; it is the history of men, compared with the

history of titles. What the Greeks were, was a reality, not a promise. And what we are and hope to be, is derived, as it were, from the influence and inspiration of these glorious generations.

Whatever tends to afford a further illustration of the manners and opinions of those to whom we owe so much, and who were, perhaps, on the whole, the most perfect specimens of humanity of whom we have authentic record, were infinitely valuable. Let us see their errors, their weaknesses, their daily actions, their familiar conversation, and catch the tone of their society. When we discover how far the most admirable community ever framed, was removed from that perfection to which human society is impelled by some active power within each bosom, to aspire, how great ought to be our hopes, how resolute our struggles. For the Greeks of the Periclean age were widely different

from us. It is to be lamented that no modern writer has hitherto dared to show them precisely as they were. Barthélemi cannot be denied the praise of industry and system; but he never forgets that he is a Christian and a Frenchman. Wieland, in his delightful novels, makes indeed a very tolerable Pagan, but cherishes too many political prejudices, and refrains from diminishing the interest of his romances by painting sentiments in which no European of modern times can possibly sympathise. There is no book which shows the Greeks precisely as they were; they seem all written for children, with the caution that no practice or sentiment, highly inconsistent with our present manners, should be mentioned, lest those manners should receive outrage and violation. But there are many to whom the Greek language is inaccessible, who ought not to be excluded by this prudery from possessing an exact and comprehensive con-

ception of the history of man; for there is no knowledge concerning what man has been and may be, from partaking of which a person can depart, without becoming in some degree more philosophical, tolerant, and just.

One of the chief distinctions between the manners of ancient Greece and modern Europe consisted in the regulations and the sentiments respecting sexual intercourse. Whether this difference arises from some imperfect influence of the doctrines of Jesus Christ, who alleges the absolute and unconditional equality of all human beings, or from the institutions of chivalry, or from a certain fundamental difference of physical nature existing in the Celts, or from a combination of all or any of these causes, acting on each other, is a question worthy of voluminous investigation. The fact is, that the modern Europeans have in this circumstance, and in the abolition of slavery, made an improve-

ment the most decisive in the regulation of human society; and all the virtue and the wisdom of the Periclean age arose under other institutions, in spite of the diminution which personal slavery and the inferiority of women, recognised by law and opinion, must have produced in the delicacy, the strength, the comprehensiveness, and the accuracy of their conceptions, in moral, political, and metaphysical science, and perhaps in every other art and science.

The women, thus degraded, became such as it was expected they would become. They possessed, except with extraordinary exceptions, the habits and the qualities of slaves. They were probably not extremely beautiful; at least there was no such disproportion in the attractions of the external form between the female and male sex among the Greeks, as exists among the modern Europeans. They were certainly devoid of that moral and in-

tellectual loveliness with which the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of sentiment animates, as with another life of overpowering grace, the lineaments and the gestures of every form which they inhabit. Their eyes could not have been deep and intricate from the workings of the mind, and could have entangled no heart in soul-enwoven labyrinths.

Let it not be imagined that because the Greeks were deprived of its legitimate object, they were incapable of sentimental love, and that this passion is the mere child of chivalry and the literature of modern times. This object, or its archetype, for ever exists in the mind, which selects among those who resemble it, that which most resembles it; and instinctively fills up the interstices of the imperfect image, in the same manner as the imagination moulds and completes the shapes in clouds, or in the fire, into the resemblances of whatever form, animal,

building, etc., happens to be present to it. (Man is in his wildest state a social being: a certain degree of civilisation and refinement ever produces the want of sympathies still more intimate and complete; and the gratification of the senses is no longer all that is sought in sexual connection. It soon becomes a very small part of that profound and complicated sentiment, which we call love, which is rather the universal thirst for a communion not merely of the senses, but of our whole nature, intellectual, imaginative, and sensitive; and which, when individualised, becomes an imperious necessity, only to be satisfied by the complete or partial, actual or *supposed, fulfilment of its claims.* This want grows more powerful in proportion to the development which our nature receives from civilisation; for man never ceases to be a social being. The sexual impulse, which is only one, and often a small party of

those claims, serves, from its obvious and external nature, as a kind of type or expression of the rest, a common basis, an acknowledged and visible link. Still it is a claim which even derives a strength not its own from the accessory circumstances which surround it, and one which our nature thirsts to satisfy. To estimate this, observe the degree of intensity and durability of the love of the male towards the female in animals and savages; and acknowledge all the duration and intensity observable in the love of civilised beings beyond that of savages to be produced from other causes. In the susceptibility of the external senses there is probably no important difference.

Among the ancient Greeks the male sex, one half of the human race, received the highest cultivation and refinement; whilst the other, so far as intellect is concerned, were educated as slaves, and were raised but few degrees

in all that related to moral or intellectual excellence above the condition of savages. The gradations in the society of man present us with a slow improvement in this respect. The Roman women held a higher consideration in society, and were esteemed almost as the equal partners with their husbands in the regulation of domestic economy and the education of their children. The practices and customs of modern Europe are essentially different from and incomparably less pernicious than either, however remote from what an enlightened mind cannot fail to desire as the future destiny of human beings.

LOVE

What is love? Ask him who lives, what is life? ask him who adores, what is God?

I know not the internal constitution

of other men, nor even thine, whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought sympathy, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken

in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly

see within our intellectual nature a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of everything excellent or lovely that we are *capable of conceiving as belonging to* the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain, and sorrow, and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting *that they should* resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame

whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends: and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceiv-

able *relation* to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

FRIENDSHIP

I once had a friend, whom an inextricable multitude of circumstances has forced me to treat with apparent neglect. To him I dedicate this essay. If he finds my own words condemn me, will he not forgive?

The nature of love and friendship is very little understood, and the distinc-

tions between them ill established. This latter feeling—at least, a profound and sentimental attachment to one of the same sex, often precedes the former. It is not right to say, merely, that friendship is exempt from the smallest alloy of sensuality. It rejects, with disdain, all thoughts but those of an elevated and imaginative character. I remember forming an attachment of this kind at school. I cannot recall to my memory the precise epoch at which this took place; but I imagine it must have been at the age of eleven or twelve.

The object of these sentiments was a boy about my own age, of a character eminently generous, brave and gentle; and the elements of human feeling seemed to have been, from his birth, genially compounded within him. There was a delicacy and a simplicity in his manners, inexpressibly attractive. It has never been my fortune to meet with him since my schoolboy days;

but either I confound my present recollections with the delusions of past feelings, or he is now a source of honour and utility to everyone around him. The tones of his voice were so soft and winning, that every word pierced into my heart; and their pathos was so deep, that in listening to him the tears have involuntarily gushed from my eyes. Such was the being for whom I first experienced the sacred sentiments of friendship. I remember in my simplicity writing to my mother a long account of his admirable qualities and my own devoted attachment. I suppose she thought me out of my wits, for she returned no answer to my letter. I remember we used to walk the whole play-hours up and down by some moss-covered palings, pouring out our hearts in youthful talk. We used to speak of the ladies with whom we were in love, and I remember that our usual practice was to confirm each other in the everlasting fidelity, in which we had bound

ourselves towards them, and towards *each other*. I *recollect thinking my* friend exquisitely beautiful. Every night, when we parted to go to bed, we kissed each other like children, as we still were!

BACON

LOVE

THE stage is more beholden to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever a matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons, whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows, that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except nevertheless Marcus Antonius the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man:

and therefore it seems, though rarely, that love can find entrance, not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus: 'We are a sufficiently great spectacle to one another'; as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself subject, though not of the mouth, as beasts are, yet of the eye, which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion; and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said, that the arch flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover

doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, that it is impossible to love, and to be wise. Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved, but to the loved most of all; except the love be reciproque. *For it is a true rule, that* love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque, or with an inward and secret contempt: by how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things but itself. As for the other losses, the poet's relation doth well figure them; that he that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas: for whosoever esteemeth too *much of amorous affection, quitteth* both riches and wisdom. This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity, and great adversity; though this latter hath been less observed: which both times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore, show it to be

the child of folly. They do best, who, *if they cannot but admit love, yet* make it keep quarter; and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and *actions of life: for if it check once with* business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think it is, but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men to become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometimes in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

BACON

FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together, in few words, than in that speech: 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast, or a God.' For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred, and aversation towards society, in any man, hath *somewhat of the savage beast*: but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But

little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: 'A great city, a great solitude'; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude, to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. And even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stop-

pings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart, to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe, how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship, whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be as it were

companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them 'participes curarum'; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly, that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey, after surnamed the Great, to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-

match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet: for that more men adored the sun rising, than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him, he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamed a better dream. And it seemeth, his favour was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's

Philippics, calleth him 'venefica,' 'witch'; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa, though of mean birth, to that height; as when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, That he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith: 'These things on account of our friendship I have not concealed'; and the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimus Severus and Plantianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plantianus, and would often maintain

Plantianus in doing affronts to his son: and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: 'I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.' Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were; it proveth most plainly, that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as an half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes which had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comminius observeth of his first master Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, That he would communicate

his secrets with none; and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, That towards his latter time, that closeness did impair, and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comminius might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Lewis the eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: 'Cor ne edito,' eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable, wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship, which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halfs. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friends, but he joyeth the more; and no man

that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue, as the alchemists used to attribute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts: neither is this to be understood only

of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another's: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditations. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel: they indeed are best: but even, without that, a man learneth

of himself and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point *which lieth more open*, and falleth within vulgar observation; which *is faithful counsel from a* friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his ænigmas, *Dry light is ever the* best: and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer, than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer.

For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case: but the best receipt, best, I say, to work, and best to take, is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many, especially of the greater sort, do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For as St James saith, they

are as men 'that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour.' As for business, a man may think if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well, that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all, but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing,

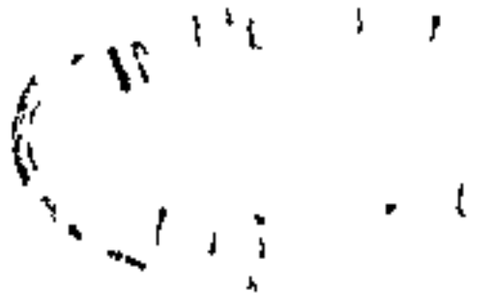
except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe, though with good meaning, and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy: even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware by furthering any present business how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of

friendship, peace in the affections, and support of the judgment, followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, That a friend is another himself; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure, that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath as it were two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but

where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy: for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there, which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them: a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations, which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son, but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms; whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

MONTAIGNE



HAVING considered the proceedings of a painter that serves me, I had a mind to imitate his way. He chooses the fairest place and middle of any wall, or panel, wherein to draw a picture, which he finishes with his utmost care and art, and the vacuity about it he fills with grotesques, which are odd fantastic figures without any grace but what they derive from their variety, and the extravagance of their shapes. And in truth, what are these things I scribble, other than grotesques and monstrous bodies, made of various parts, without any certain figure, or any other than accidental order, coherence, or proportion?

'A fair woman in her upper form terminates in a fish's tail.'

In this second part I go hand in hand

with my painter; but fall very short of him in the first and the better, my power of handling not being such, that I dare to offer at a rich piece, finely polished, and set off according to art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of Estienne de la Boetie, and such a one as shall honour and adorn all the rest of my work—namely, a discourse that he called Voluntary Servitude; but, since, those who did not know him have properly enough called it 'Le contre Un. He wrote in his youth by way of essay, in honour of liberty against tyrants; and it has since run through the hands of men of great learning and judgment, not without singular and merited commendation; for it is finely written, and as full as anything can possibly be. And yet one may confidently say it is far short of what he was able to do; and if in that more mature age, wherein I had the happiness to know him, he had taken a design like this of mine, to commit

his thoughts to writing, we should have seen a great many rare things, and such as would have gone very near to have rivalled the best writings of antiquity: for in natural parts especially, I know no man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, save this treatise only (and that, too, by chance, for I believe he never saw it after it first went out of his hands), and some observations upon that edict of January, made famous by our civil wars, which also shall elsewhere, peradventure, find a place. These were all I could recover of his remains, I to whom, with so affectionate a remembrance, upon his deathbed, he by his last will bequeathed his library and papers, the little book of his works only excepted, which I committed to the press. And this particular obligation I have to this treatise of his, that it was the occasion of my first coming acquainted with him; for it was showed to me long before I had the good fortune

to know him; and gave me the first knowledge of his name, proving the first cause and foundation of a friendship which we afterwards improved and maintained, so long as God was pleased to continue us together, so perfect, inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in story, and amongst the men of this age there is no sign nor trace of any such thing in use: so much concurrence is required to the building of such a one, that 'tis much, if fortune bring it but once to pass in three ages.

There is nothing to which nature seems so much to have inclined us, as to society; and Aristotle says, that the good legislators had more respect to friendship than to justice. Now the most supreme point of its perfection is this; for, generally, all those that pleasure, profit, public or private interest create and nourish, are so much *the less beautiful and generous*, and so much the less friendships, by how

much they mix another cause, and design, and fruit in friendship, than itself. Neither do the four ancient kinds, natural, social, hospitable, venerian, either separately or jointly, make up a true and perfect friendship.

That of children to parents is rather respect: friendship is nourished by communication, which cannot, by reason of the great disparity, be betwixt these, but would rather perhaps offend the duties of nature; for neither are all the secret thoughts of fathers fit to be communicated to children, lest it beget an indecent familiarity betwixt them; nor can the advices and reproofs, which is one of the principal offices of friendship, be properly performed by the son to the father. There are some countries where 'twas the custom for children to kill their fathers; and others, where the fathers killed their children, to avoid their being an impediment one to another in life; and naturally the expectations of the one depend upon

the ruin of the other. There have been great philosophers who have made nothing of this tie of nature, as Aristippus for one, who being pressed home about the affection he owed to his children, as being come out of him, presently fell to spit, saying, that this also came out of him, and that we also breed worms and lice; and that other, that Plutarch endeavoured to reconcile to his brother; 'I make never the more account of him,' said he, 'for coming out of the same hole.' This name of brother does indeed carry with it a fine and delectable sound, and for that reason, he and I called one another brothers: but the complication of interests, the division of estates, and that the wealth of the one should be the poverty of the other, strangely relax and weaken the fraternal tie: brothers pursuing their fortune and advancement by the same path, 'tis hardly possible, but they must of necessity often jostle and hinder one

another. Besides, why is it necessary that the correspondence of manners, parts, and inclinations, which begets the true and perfect friendships, should always meet in these relations? The father and the son may be of quite contrary humours, and so of brothers: he is my son, he is my brother; but he is passionate, ill-natured, or a fool. And moreover, by how much these are friendships that the law and natural obligation impose upon us, so much less is there of our own choice and voluntary freedom; whereas that voluntary liberty of ours has no production more promptly and properly its own than affection and friendship. Not that I have not in my own person experimented all that can possibly be expected of that kind, having had the best and most indulgent father, even to his extreme old age, that ever was, and who was himself descended from a family for many generations famous and exemplary for brotherly concord: 'And I myself

noted for paternal love towards my brothers.'

We are not here to bring the love we bear to women, though it be an act of our own choice, into comparison; nor rank it with the others. The fire of this, I confess, 'Nor is the goddess unknown to me, who mixes a pleasing sorrow with my love's flame,' is more active, more eager, and more sharp: but withal, 'tis more precipitant, fickle, moving and inconstant; a fever subject to intermissions and paroxysms, that has seized but on one part of us. Whereas in friendship, 'tis a general and universal fire, but temperate and equal, a constant established heat, all gentle and smooth, without poignancy or roughness. Moreover, in love, 'tis no other than frantic desire for that which flies from us: 'As the hunter pursues the hare, through cold and heat, over hill and dale, but, so soon as it is taken, no longer cares for it, and only delights in chasing that

which flees from him.' So soon as it enters into the terms of friendship, that is to say, into a concurrence of desires, it vanishes and is gone, fruition destroys it, as having only a fleshly end, and such a one as is subject to satiety. Friendship, on the contrary, is enjoyed proportionably as it is desired; and only grows up, is nourished and improves by enjoyment, as being of itself spiritual, and the soul growing still more refined by practice. Under this perfect friendship, the other fleeting affections have in my younger years found some place in me, to say nothing of him, who himself so confesses but too much in his verses; so that I had both these passions, but always so, that I could myself well enough distinguish them, and never in any degree of comparison with one another; the first maintaining its flight in so lofty and so brave a place, as with disdain to look down, and see the other flying at a far humbler pitch below.

As concerning marriage, besides that it is a covenant, the entrance into which only is free, but the continuance in it forced and compulsory, having another dependence than that of our own freewill, and a bargain commonly contracted to other ends, there almost always happens a thousand intricacies in it to unravel, enough to break the thread and to divert the current of a lively affection: whereas friendship has no manner of business or traffic with aught but itself. Moreover, to say truth, the ordinary talent of women is not such as is sufficient to maintain the conference and communication required to the support of this sacred tie; nor do they appear to be endued with constancy of mind, to sustain the pinch of so hard and durable a knot. And doubtless, if without this, there could be such a free and voluntary familiarity contracted where not only the souls might have this entire fruition, but the bodies also might share in the alliance,

and a man be engaged throughout, the friendship would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without example that this sex has ever yet arrived at such perfection; and, by the common consent of the ancient schools, it is wholly rejected from it.

That other Grecian licence is justly abhorred by our manners; which also, from having, according to their practice, a so necessary disparity of age and difference of offices betwixt the lovers, answered no more to the perfect union and harmony that we here require, that the other: 'For what is that love of friendship? why does no one love a deformed youth, or a comely old man?' Neither will that very picture that the Academy presents of it, as I conceive, contradict me, when I say, that this first fury inspired by the son of Venus into the heart of the lover, upon sight of the flower and prime of a springing and blossoming youth, to which they

allow all the insolent and passionate efforts that an immoderate ardour can produce, was simply founded upon external beauty, the false image of corporal generation; for it could not ground this love upon the soul, the sight of which as yet lay concealed, was but now springing, and not of maturity to blossom: that this fury, if it seized upon a low spirit, the means by which it preferred its suit were rich presents, favour in advancement to dignities, and such trumpery, which they by no means approve: if on a more generous soul, the pursuit was suitably generous, by philosophical instructions, precepts to revere religion, to obey the laws, to die for the good of one's country; by examples of valour, prudence, and justice, the lover studying to render himself acceptable by the grace and beauty of his soul, that of his body being long since faded and decayed, hoping by this mental society to establish a more firm and

lasting contract. When this courtship came to effect in due season (for that which they do not require in the lover, namely, leisure and discretion in his pursuit, they strictly require in the person loved, *forasmuch as he is to* judge of an internal beauty, of difficult knowledge *and abstruse discovery*), then there sprung in the person loved the desire of a spiritual conception by the mediation of a spiritual beauty. This was the principal; the corporeal, an accidental and secondary matter: quite the contrary as to the lover. For this reason they prefer the person beloved, maintaining that the gods in like manner preferred him too, and very much blame the poet Æschylus for having, in the loves of Achilles and Patroclus, given the lover's part to Achilles, who was in the first flower and pubescency of his youth, and the handsomest of all the Greeks. After this general community, the sovereign and most worthy part pre-

siding and governing, and performing its proper offices, they say, that thence great utility was derived, both by private and public concerns: that it constituted the force and power of the countries where it prevailed, and the chiefest security of liberty and justice. Of which the salutiferous loves of Harmodius and Aristogiton are instances. And therefore it is that they called it sacred and divine, and conceive that nothing but the violence of tyrants and the baseness of the common people are inimical to it. Finally, all that can be said in favour of the Academy, is, that it was a love which ended in friendship, which well enough agrees with the Stoical definition of love: 'Love is a desire of contracting friendship arising from the beauty of the object.'

I return to my own more just and true description, 'Those are only to be reputed friendships, that are fortified and confirmed by judgment and

length of time.' For the rest, what we commonly call friends and friendships, are nothing but acquaintance and familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which there happens some little intercourse betwixt our souls. But in the friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there is no more sign of the seam by which they were first conjoined. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I find it could no otherwise be expressed, than by making answer: because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond all that I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fated power that brought on this union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the characters we heard of one another, which wrought upon our affections more than, in reason, mere reports should do; I think 'twas by some secret

appointment of heaven. We embrace
in our names; and at our first meet
ing, which was accidentally at a grea
city entertainment, we found ourselve
so mutually taken with one another
so acquainted, and so endeared betwix
ourselves, that from thenceforwar
nothing was so near to us as one an
other. He wrote an excellent Latin
satire, since printed, wherein he excuse
the precipitation of our intelligence, s
suddenly come to perfection, saying
that destined to have so short a con
tinuance, as began so late (for we were
both full-grown men, and he some
years the older), there was no time t
lose, nor were we tied to conform t
the example of those slow and regular
friendships, that require so many pre
cautions of long preliminary conversa
tion. This has no other idea than that
of itself, and can only refer to itself
this is no one special consideration
nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a
thousand; 'tis I know not what quint-

essence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole will, carried it to plunge and lose itself in his, and that having seized his whole will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite to plunge and lose itself in mine. I may truly say lose, reserving nothing to ourselves, that was either his or mine.

When Lælius, in the presence of the Roman consuls, who after they had sentenced Tiberius Gracchus, prosecuted all those who had had any familiarity with him also, came to ask Caius Blosius, who was his chiefest friend, how much he would have done for him, and that he made answer: 'All things.' 'How! All things!' said Lælius. 'And what if he had commanded you to fire our temples?' 'He would never have commanded me that,' replied Blosius. 'But what if he had?' said Lælius. 'I would have obeyed him,' said the other. If he was so perfect a friend to Gracchus, as the histories report him to have

been, there was yet no necessity of offending the consuls by such a bold confession, though he might still have retained the assurance he had of Gracchus' disposition. However, those who accuse this answer as seditious, do not well understand the mystery; nor presuppose, as it was true, that he had Gracchus' will in his sleeve, both by the power of a friend, and the perfect knowledge he had of the man: they were more friends than citizens, more friends to one another than either friends or enemies to their country, or than friends to ambition and innovation; having absolutely given up themselves to one another, either held absolutely the reins of the other's inclination; and suppose all this guided by virtue, and all this by the conduct of reason, which also without these it had not been possible to do, Blosius' answer was such as it ought to be. If any of their actions flew out of the handle, they were neither (accord-

ing to my measure of friendship) friends to one another, nor to themselves. As to the rest, this answer carries no worse sound, than mine would do to one that should ask me: 'If your will should command you to kill your daughter, would you do it?' and that I should make answer, that I would; for this expresses no consent to such an act, forasmuch as I do not in the least suspect my own will, and as little that of such a friend. 'Tis not in the power of all the eloquence in the world, to dispossess me of the certainty I have of the intentions and resolutions of my friend; nay, no one action of his, what face soever it might bear, could be presented to me, of which I could not presently, and at first sight, find out the moving cause. Our souls had drawn so unanimously together, they had considered each other with so ardent an affection, and with the like affection laid open the very bottom of our hearts to one another's view, that

I not only knew his as well as my own; but should certainly in any concern of mine have trusted my interest much more willingly with him, than with myself.

Let no one, therefore, rank other common friendships with such a one as this.. I have had as much experience of these, as another, and of the most perfect of their kind: but I do not advise that any should confound the rules of the one and the other, for they would find themselves much deceived. In those other ordinary friendships, you are to walk with bridle in your hand, with prudence and circumspection, for in them the knot is not so sure, that a man may not half suspect it will slip. 'Love him,' said Chilo, 'so, as if you were one day to hate him; and hate him so, as you were one day to love him.' This precept, though abominable in the sovereign and perfect friendship I speak of, is nevertheless very sound, as to the practice of the

ordinary and customary ones, and to which the saying that Aristotle had so frequent in his mouth, 'O my friends, there is no friend'; may very fitly be applied. In this noble commerce, good offices, presents, and benefits, by which other friendships are supported and maintained, do not deserve so much as to be mentioned; and the reason is the concurrence of our wills; for, as the kindness I have for myself, receives no increase, for anything I relieve myself withal in time of need (whatever the Stoics say), and as I do not find myself obliged to myself for any service I do myself: so the union of such friends, being truly perfect, deprives them of all idea of such duties, and makes them loathe and banish from their conversation these words of division and distinction, benefit, obligation, acknowledgment, entreaty, thanks, and the like. All things, wills, thoughts, opinions, goods, wives, children, honours, and lives, being in effect common betwixt

them, and that absolute concurrence of affections being no other than one soul in two bodies (according to that very proper definition of Aristotle), they can neither lend nor give anything to one another. This is the reason why the lawgivers, to honour marriage with some resemblance of this divine alliance, interdict all gifts betwixt man and wife; inferring by that, that all should belong to each of them, and that they have nothing to divide or to give to each other.

If, in the friendship of which I speak, one could give to the other, the receiver of the benefit would be the man that obliged his friend; for each of them contending and above all things studying how to be useful to the other, he that administers the occasion is the liberal man, in giving his friend the satisfaction of doing that towards him, which above all things he most desires. When the philosopher *Diogenes* wanted money, he used to say, that he re-

demanded it of his friends, not that he demanded it. And to let you see the practical working of this, I will here produce an ancient and singular example; Eudamidas a Corinthian, had two friends, Charixenus a Sycionian, and Areteus a Corinthian; this man coming to die, being poor, and his two friends rich, he made his will after this manner. 'I bequeath to Areteus the maintenance of my mother, to support and provide for her in her old age; and to Charixenus I bequeath the care of marrying my daughter, and to give her as good a portion as he is able; and in case one of these chance to die, I hereby substitute the survivor in his place.' They who first saw this will, made themselves very merry at the contents: but the legatees being made acquainted with it, accepted it with very great content; and one of them, Charixenus, dying within five days after, and Areteus, by that means, having the charge of both duties de-

volved solely to him, he nourished the old woman with very great care and tenderness, and of five talents he had in estate, he gave two and a half in marriage with an only daughter he had of his own, and two and a half in marriage with the daughter of Eudamidas, and in one and the same day solemnised both their nuptials.

This example is very full, if one thing were not to be objected, namely, the multitude of friends: for the perfect friendship I speak of is indivisible; each one gives himself so entirely to his friend, that he has nothing left to distribute to others: on the contrary, is sorry that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many souls, and many wills, to confer them all upon this one object. Common friendships will admit of division; one may love the beauty of this person, the good-humour of that, the liberality of a third, the paternal affection of a fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and

so of the rest: but this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, cannot possibly admit of a rival. If two at the same time should call to you for succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary offices, how could you serve them both? Should one commit a thing to your silence, that it were of importance to the other to know, how would you disengage yourself? A unique and particular friendship dissolves all other obligations whatsoever: the secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other I may without perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself. 'Tis miracle enough certainly, for a man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extreme, that has its like; and he who shall suppose, that of two, I love one as much as the other, that they mutually love one another too, and

love me as much as I love them, multiplies into a confraternity the most single of units, and whereof, moreover, one alone is the hardest thing in the world to find. The rest of this story suits very well with what I was saying; for Eudamidas, as a bounty and favour, bequeaths to his friends a legacy of employing themselves in his necessity; he leaves them heirs to this liberality of his, which consists in giving them the opportunity of conferring a benefit upon him; and doubtless, the force of friendship is more eminently apparent in this act of his, than in that of Areteus. In short, these are effects not to be imagined nor comprehended by such as have not experience of them, and which make me infinitely honour and admire the answer of that young soldier to Cyrus, by whom being asked how much he would take for a horse, with which he had won the prize of a race, and whether he would exchange him for

a kingdom? 'No truly, sir,' said he, 'but I would give him with all my heart, to get thereby a true friend, could I find out any man worthy of that alliance.' He did not say ill in saying, 'could I find': for though one may almost everywhere meet with men sufficiently qualified for a superficial acquaintance, yet in this, where a man is to deal from the very bottom of his heart, without any manner of reservation, it will be requisite, that all the wards and springs be truly wrought, and perfectly sure.

In confederations that hold but by one end, we are only to provide against the imperfections that particularly concern that end. It can be of no importance to me of what religion my physician or my lawyer is; this consideration has nothing in common with the offices of friendship which they owe me; and I am of the same indifference in the domestic acquaintance my servants must necessarily contract with me.

I never inquire, when I am to take a footman, if he be chaste, but if he be diligent; and am not solicitous if my muleteer be given to gaming, as if he be strong and able; or if my cook be a swearer, if he be a good cook. I do not take upon me to direct what other men should do in the government of their families (there are plenty that meddle enough with that), but only give an account of my method in my own: 'This has been my way; as for you, do as you think fit.'

For table-talk, I prefer the pleasant and witty before the learned and the grave; in bed, beauty before goodness; in common discourse, the ablest speaker, whether or no there be sincerity in the case. And, as he that was found astride upon a hobby-horse, playing with his children, entreated the person who had surprised him in that posture to say nothing of it till himself came to be a father, supposing that the fondness that would then possess his

own soul, would render him a fairer judge of such an action; so I, also, could wish to speak to such as have had experience of what I say: though, knowing how remote a thing such a friendship is from the common practice, and how rarely it is to be found, I despair of meeting with any such judge. For even these discourses left us by antiquity upon this subject, seem to me flat and poor, in comparison of the sense I have of it, and in this particular, the effects surpass even the precepts of philosophy. 'While I have sense left to me, there will never be anything more acceptable to me than an agreeable friend.'

The ancient Menander declared him to be happy that had had the good fortune to meet with but the shadow of a friend: and doubtless he had good reason to say so, especially if he spoke by experience: for in good earnest, if I compare all the rest of my life, though,

thanks be to God, I have passed my time pleasantly enough, and at my ease, and the loss of such a friend excepted, free from any grievous affliction, and in great tranquillity of mind, having been contented with my natural and original commodities, without being solicitous after others; if I should compare it all, I say, with the four years I had the happiness to enjoy the sweet society of this excellent man, 'tis nothing but smoke, an obscure and tedious night. From the day that I lost him, 'A day to me for ever sad, for ever sacred, so have you willed, ye gods,' I have only led a languishing life; and the very pleasures that present themselves to me, instead of administering anything of consolation, double my affliction for his loss. We were halves throughout, and to that degree, that methinks, by outliving him, I defraud him of his part. 'I have determined that it will never be right for me to enjoy any pleasure, so long as he, with

whom I shared in all pleasures, is away.' I was so grown and accustomed to be always his double in all places and in all things, that methinks I am no more than half of myself. 'If that half of my soul were snatched away from me by an untimely stroke, why should the other stay? That which remains will not be equally dear, will not be a whole: the same day will involve the destruction of both.' There is no action or imagination of mine wherein I do not miss him; as I know that he would have missed me: for as he surpassed me by infinite degrees in virtue and all other accomplishments, so he also did in the duties of friendship. 'What shame can there be, or measure, in lamenting so dear a friend?'

'O brother, taken from me miserable! with thee, all our joys have vanished, those joys which, in thy life, thy dear love nourished. Dying, thou, my brother, hast destroyed all my happi-

ness. My whole soul is buried with thee. Thou dead, I have bidden adieu to the Muses, to all the studies which charmed my mind. No more can I speak to thee; no more hear thy voice. Never again shall I see thee, O brother dearer to me than life. Nought remains, but that I love thee while life shall endure.'

But let us hear a boy of sixteen speak. . . .

Because I have found that that work has been since brought out, and with a mischievous design, by those who aim at disturbing and changing the condition of our government, without troubling themselves to think whether they are likely to improve it: and because they have mixed up his work with some of their own performance, I have refrained from inserting it here. But that the memory of the author may not be injured, nor suffer with such as could not come near hand to be *acquainted with his principles*, I here

give them to understand that it was written by him in his boyhood, and that by way of exercise only, as a common theme that has been tumbled and tossed by a thousand writers. I make no question but that he himself believed what he wrote, being so conscientious that he would not so much as lie in jest: and I moreover know, that could it have been in his own choice, he had rather have been born at Venice than at Sarlac, and he had reason. But he had another maxim sovereignly imprinted in his soul, very religiously to obey and submit to the laws under which he was born. There never was a better citizen, more affectionate to his country; nor a greater enemy to all the commotions and innovations of his time: so that he would much rather have employed his talent to the extinguishing of those civil flames, than have added any fuel to them; he had a mind fashioned to the model of better ages. But in

exchange of this serious piece, I will present you with another of a more gay and frolic air, from the same hand; and written at the same age.

LYTTON

METELLUS thus resumed:—

Providence has placed in the human heart a disposition intimately connected with the instinct of the senses, but still plainly distinguishable from their mere animal law—viz. a tendency to selection and preference of one human being apart from the rest of his sex or hers; with whom, while the preference last, it seems as if joys were doubled and griefs were halved.

This preference, both in its early stages and in its lengthened duration, may be, and commonly is, either wholly independent of the instinct I have referred to, or, if affected by it, the influence is not discernible. The newborn reverence which the youth feels for the virgin to whom his heart is un-

accountably attached at first sight, and the first favouring thought that the virgin bestows on him from whose gaze her own eyes fall confused, are certainly as pure from any consciousness of ignobler passion as, in the Persian poetry, is the attraction of the nightingale to the rose. And, supposing this strange and mutual preference to be followed by nuptial union, long years afterwards, in the winter of old age, it may still as serenely cheer the atmosphere around it, though its light be no longer fused in the colours that it took from the senses. At the verge of the grave it will regain the purity which distinguished its image when it first revealed itself on earth, chaste in its native tenderness, like a *gentle visitant from* heaven.

Nor is this preference necessarily, nor even usually, caused by those attributes which, a physiologist might tell us, appeal the most forcibly to the intelligence of the senses. Men do not

choose their helpmates as the Spartan kings were ordained to choose their wives—from the superiority of strength and stature which may fit them to be robust wives and teeming mothers. Nor, despite all that is said, and said truly, in commendation of beauty, is beauty essential to that mysterious preference which singles out one human being from the rest of earth.

Descartes—who had known love, and who treats of it with a quaint eclecticism of romantic sentiment and surgical anatomy—tells us that he found himself especially attracted by a squint in the female face; and, pondering upon the cause of that effect on his heart, traced it to his boyish fancy for a girl who had a cast in her eye. But, always a philosopher, even in his weaknesses, when he had once thus solved, by the law of association, the mystery of strabismal fascination, he conquered the fascination itself, and the magical squint lost its charm. Unquestionably,

however, it is common enough to us all to feel a peculiar impulsion of the heart towards some general type of countenance or some specialty of feature, not on account of its beauty, but on account of its resemblance to the first woman-face by which the heart was troubled and charmed. The trains of emotion return to their former tracks according as the image which caused their first movement is brought back to us, though but in dreams.

Beauty is the rarest of earthly gifts —incomparably more rare than even genius; and if only the beautiful were loved, lovers would form not a popular Republic but an invidious Oligarchy. Perhaps, on the contrary, persons eminently beautiful, if the most flattered, are the least loved. And there is a certain degree of truth in a current aphorism, 'That no affection is so lasting as that for an ugly woman.'

A great deal of acquired vanity,

rather than impulsive preference, goes to the courtship men render to an acknowledged beauty. It is a great thing to have at one's hearth, as on one's wall, a picture that all will admire. Real and lasting preference is in proportion to its freedom from all corrupting motives in its choice—all admixture from vanity and pride, as well as from avarice or ambition. Nine-tenths of what passes for the love of another are but the reflections of self-love. Thus no men are so courted by women as those who are distinguished for something which the world admires in men as it admires beauty in women; for instance, fame, no matter how little women can comprehend the qualities by which the fame be achieved. It is said Sir Humphry Davy received more love-letters in a day than any handsome young Guardsman would receive in a year, and that the Hero of Waterloo was favoured with more declarations of passionate attachment when

he had passed the age of eighty than had ever greeted him when in the prime of life as the comparatively obscure Colonel Wellesley.

Men thus are often moved to pay courtship to beauty as women make advances to fame;—seeking less to appropriate to themselves that which they love than that which is admired.

There is a pleasant anecdote, in Tallamant's Memoirs, of the Duc de Guise (son of Balafré), who, after a long courtship, prevailed upon a fashionable beauty to grant him a private interview. The lady, observing him very restless, asked what ailed him. 'Ah, Madame,' answered the gallant, 'I ought to have been off long ago to communicate my good fortune all to my friends.' Men often marry celebrated beauties as the most decorous way of flattering their vanity by parading *a bonne fortune.*

But what is it that really attracts the heart of the one human being towards the other, apart from the qualities that allure the senses or inflame the vanity? That is the insoluble enigma. Well does the Latin elegiast say, 'In love there is no wherefore,' 'Quare non habet ullus amor,' — a thought which has been thus prettily expanded by one of our old poets:—

'Reason and wisdom are to love high treason,
Nor can he truly love
Whose flame's not far above
And far beyond his art or reason.
Then ask no reason for my fires,
For infinite are my desires.
Something there is moves me to love; and I
Do know I love, but know not how or why!'

A clever man sees a girl in whom no one else recognises attraction, and falls in love with her. A charming woman

sees a man to whom others can concede nothing to captivate the eye or win the fancy, and falls in love with him:—

'Why did she love him? Curious fool,
be still;—
Is human love the growth of human
will?'

So sings the poet of our time, to whom Nature gave all that we can suppose most captivating to the eye, the fancy, and the heart of woman, and who never seems to have been heartily loved by any one woman out of the many whom he wooed, though he united a beauty more haunting than Raffaele's, with the melody of a song more eloquent than Petrarch's.

I remember a lady in the great world who appeared the inanest mere woman of fashion, to whom satire would ascribe 'no character at all.' She had rank, wealth, that social station which in itself is, through pride, a preservative of virtue; she had that personal liberty

for the gratification of every whim, which the most indulgent of husbands has not often the temper to concede or the opulence to afford. One night, at a provincial ball, in which she was the greatest personage, a female friend, on whose arm she was leaning, felt her hand tremble, and said, in surprise and alarm, 'What ails you?'

She answered, faintly, 'I see my fate.'

'What do you mean?'

'Look there!' The friend looked where the fine lady directed her eye, and saw, entering the room, a small man with a large nose.

'Your fate?' she said, puzzled. 'That rather ugly gentleman?—Do you know him?'

'I never saw him before.'

A little while after, that poor lady fled from her splendid home, and she died in a jail to which his debts condemned her seducer.

I do not palliate the offence of this

lady, by pleading the excuse that she would have made for it. No thoughtful mind can accept fate as an excuse for conduct. Conduct is fate all the world over; and, if it were not, the world, for its own safety, must say that it is. But that preference of which I speak, and which has no wherefore, may sometimes pass through a critical stage in which all the force of reason and conscience is needed to restrain it from that terrible descent into Avernus whence there is no upward return. What is that critical stage? Happily it is not the first, and happily for woman, to whom the punishment is more awful, it can never come except through her own abandonment of all the outworks which society raises up for her defence. Not one man in a million ever went farther after a decided and contemptuous 'No!'; but a Half No from a woman is her most tempting solicitation to man.

Now, if Love be thus potent during

that part of his reign in which he is neither romantic sentiment nor serene affection, but an absorbing monopolising passion, Providence benignly admits, and the social world wisely raises up, numerous checks to a tyranny that would otherwise be destructive to moral order and domestic security. A great German poet has said that, in spite of all the laws of philosophy, the world goes on its everlasting way through the two master agencies, Hunger and Love. Not so. Thanks to the laws of philosophy, or to the philosophy of laws, the world is maintained in its progress by the vigilant safeguards and sentinels imposed on the invading irruptions of Love and of Hunger. Were all who are hungry let loose upon property, men would soon have nothing to eat unless they devoured each other. Therefore, the common sense of the common interest, by opposing law to the instinct of hunger, and impelling hunger to work, to think, to serve, and to save,

for its daily bread, protects the life of all organised societies; and hunger itself becomes thus gradually reduced to a quiet, orderly, and not very visible ministrant to that accumulated wealth by which communities are fed. A poor mechanic, in a civilised state, is rarely stung by hunger to help himself by fraud or by force to the stores of another. He has kept himself from the pressure of a want by the habitual exercise of a virtue. He has forestalled the solicitations of hunger by the provident exertion of industry. In like manner, the common sense of the common interest has protected the social world against the frenzy of love; and the checks outwardly placed on its excesses have served, like those upon hunger, to correct, regulate, and discipline the natural cravings of the instinct within. Thus love, in a very civilised state, is refined, or kept back, by a thousand counteracting suggestions, not of honour and conscience

alone, but of calculation, custom, convention. In our nineteenth century, King Cophetua might certainly fall in love with a beggar girl, but his majesty would discreetly argue himself very soon out of that unbecoming predilection, and his 'preference' would at least never become the admiring theme of the popular ballad-singer. A page might certainly fall in love with King Cophetua's daughter, but his 'preference' would never go far enough to make him a deserving subject for the Tragic Muse. And so, in the large intermediate space between monarchs and beggar girls, in proportion as a society highly educated presents to fancy and aspiration diversified objects and counter irritants of emotion, Love relaxes his practical hold upon the fate of his votaries; and when his fever comes to the crisis, the crisis is very soon over, and the patient in ordinary cases finds that, 'to bear is to conquer our fate.'

It is fortunate that, as society becomes refined and instructed, it should thus engender of itself opposing agencies to the very passion which would otherwise gain a fatal preponderance in the ampler leisure, the freer intercourse, the more cultured graces, of communities smoothed into charm by their own frivolities, as diamonds are polished by their own dust. Unquestionably, if we could image to ourselves the picture of a wealthy and luxurious commonwealth, in which there was no other food for excitement, no other vent for those strong emotions of hope and fear which have been called the 'winds of the soul,' than the single occupation of falling in love and falling out of it, we should know that the doom of that commonwealth was sealed. To use the language of astrologers—Venus and Saturn would be joint-malefics in the House of Death, subjected to the direct opposition of Jove. The whole substance of the body politic

would become corrupted: masculine dignity, womanly honour, would disappear; and love itself, in the emancipation from all salutary control, would, like other liberty carried to excess, lose amid the licence of anarchy the virtues it had acquired under the discipline of restraint.

Indeed, when we look to the old Eastern nations, in which we have sought the origin of that exaggerated influence which love has obtained in the romance of Europe, we may see that it was the mal-organisation of their society which concentred upon the single idea of love the prurient varieties of imagination diseased.

Those magnificent satraps had no masculine career: whatever intelligence they possessed, whatever excitement they sought, was directed to the gratification of sense. And to the taste of those magnificent satraps the poet naturally modulated his strains, and the tale-teller adapted his inventions.

That, in spite of the seclusion of the seraglio, woman found scope for the exercise of that power which it is her strongest tendency to acquire over man, is evident from the anecdotes scattered through Herodotus. And among the ladies of the harem were concocted the intrigues by which sultans perished, *though begirt with armaments* whose march had exhausted rivers. Indeed, the Sacred Writings furnish abundant instances of the influence which women obtained over their Oriental lords; though the lightness of this essay will not allow of illustration from so solemn a source.

So in the courts of our European, mediæval kings, wherein intellectual culture had introduced wants, unsatisfied by tedious conquests or martial forays; while, being confined to the comparative few, it had not yet stimulated those manlier forces which *require the scope and competition that* free intercourse with multitudes alone

can give—Love, corrupted into profligacy, occupied the leisure and inflamed the genius. In France, from the reign of Francis I. to the death of Louis XV., we have the records of a silken circle, in which clever men and accomplished women had little else to do but to demoralise each other. Nay, it is remarkable that wherever intellect is denied, by political laws, the field and the freedom which it is permitted without question to seek in the privileged Saturnalia of Love, there, the more elaborate the culture, the more polished the refinement—the more the object which our existent philosophy seeks in knowledge becomes defeated, and Vice, instead of being expelled by the Muses, is elected their arbitrary sovereign.

Glance over the correspondence which reveals the manners of nobles and scholars, united each to each, in the age of the Medici, by a learning so exquisite and a depravity so profound

—the sty of Epicurus adorned with the marbles of Phidias—the garbage of a hogwash served up in vessels of silver! What a type of a whole society in Aretin!—what a blot upon manhood and scholarship is that personation of intellect corrupted and fancy debauched!

In our time, the immense accumulation of images which knowledge, diffused among the many, and expanded therefore to the practical interests of the many, presents to the cultivated mind; the adaptation of sciences to the familiar uses of life; the admission of political speculation which, even in despotism, engages men's thoughts, though forbidden to determine their actions; the numerous fields opened up to the pursuit of wealth and of honours; the infinite subdivisions of mental labour which have branched out of new competitions and new rewards; that vast opulence of idea, that teeming variety of life which are

brought before us every day in the pages of our newspapers;—all tend to counteract the autocracy of a single passion, and the morbid indulgence of a single fancy.

Thus the works of imagination, in which the character of our time has been most faithfully represented, have sought many other sources of interest than that which springs out of a mere love-plot. And although, in writers of inferior genius, Fiction has laboured hard to preserve on its page that arbitary Cupid which it took from the Paphos of an exploded mythology, the poor urchin has already a faded old-fashioned air. Readers find that the little archer 'whose arrow no breast can escape, and whose wounds no balsam can heal,' is not now-a-days that despot in practical life, ruling 'court and camp and grove,' which he might have been in days gone by. Perhaps they do not positively say so—for in all superstitions a belief passes away long

before men acknowledge it has passed; but they yawn in the face of the Cupid in whose smiles or frowns their ancestors revered the mightiest vicissitudes of Fate.

Does this seem a melancholy dogma to the young and ardent? Does it provoke scornful refutation from the lover, who would blot from his life all the hours that must pass ere he see Aminta again? from the maid who believes that all light will be gone evermore from the sun, if Phaon prove false to his vows? Pause and reflect, O Aminta! O Phaon! my moral, when fairly examined, is less mournful and cold than you deem it. In those times and lands wherein love really seems to have been the mainspring of existence, was that love worth the having? Was it the love which would bid the heart yield its life-blood to save from a pang the beloved, and which the soul may bear away without stain when it soars to the realm of the angels? Dost thou,

O child of our land and our age, honour the love that held sway in the Median seraglios? in the *Parc aux Cerfs* of the Bourbon? the love that taints the rose-garden of Aretin with the breath of a cynical devil?

Thou sayst 'No,' with contempt or in shudder! But these were the times and the circles in which love boasted to be the soft despot whom thou thinkest I degrade in reducing his sway to the rule of the limited monarch. And if in concrete societies love would cease to be true love were he not held in check; so, in life, individual love would cease to be true love had he no law but his own tyrannous will.

In the course of my career I have had acquaintance with men who have adopted the craft of love-making as their exclusive profession, and among them I have never met one who had known love in good earnest. They might tell you in May that life was a blank without Chloe: meet them in

June, and they tell you the blank is filled up. What! with Chloe? 'Pooh, Chloe!—that baggage!—No. With the *nymph I saw yesterday, Daphne!*'

In fine, I believe it to be with prosaic Lotharios as with poetic Anacreons—they who are always making, and they who are always writing, love, are the last persons likely to have an intimate acquaintance with the god.

For in real love, as in perfect music, *there must be a certain duration of time.* Constancy is not its merit, but its necessity. If the one person be solemnly chosen out of the millions, the millions, though each were a Venus stepped down from her pedestal, would be but a gallery of statues. 'Love,' says Sir John Suckling in one of his letters—'*love is of the nature of a burning-*glass, which, kept in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing.'

This for the Lotharios. As for the Anacreons, Love is by temperament silent. He is too nobly jealous of the be-

loved to make her the property of the public; his heart is filled with a poetry too extravagant for artistic verse. He keeps it to himself till it become calmly subordinate to the genius over which for a time it is tumultuously supreme. A love remembered will, in due season, if known by a poet, find in verse or in fiction some adequate symbols that shadow forth the emotions past; but love felt at the moment cannot chronicle its sighs in odes. Cowley wrote a long series of amorous poems called the 'Mistress'; but of all men in the reign of Charles II., Cowley was perhaps the one most innocent of a mistress except in a poem. Very possibly, if we had an authentic biography of Anacreon himself, we should find that the great German scholar, who contends that the Teian poet was a man of temperate habits and moral character, is quite in the right, and that the real Anacreon was a sober, shamefaced old gentleman, much too careful of his health and his

peace to be fevered by Bacchus or stung by Cupid.

The true influence of Love over human beings in the civilised communities of our time and country I conceive, then, to be very much this: the great majority of men know love in its first intuitive preference; a very large proportion know love in its later stage of affectionate custom; and it is only a very small percentage that have ever known love in all the intensity, and throughout the duration, of its solemn and absolute passion.

It is this love of which Rochefoucauld speaks when he compares true love to apparitions and ghosts, of which everyone talks, and which very few have seen. Nor is it without justice that he says elsewhere, 'There are a great many people who would never have been in love if they had not heard love so much spoken of.'

In the humbler classes, the peasant or the artisan selects the sweetheart

of his own rank and degree. He has very seldom to encounter those grave obstacles which strengthen the current of the love they oppose. He does not much trouble himself with the thought how he can maintain a wife; he relies on the strength of his own arm to bear the weight of the slighter form that leans on it. And so peasant and mechanic will ever do, despite all that political economists may preach to them. It is one of the grandest advantages they have over those above them, that they are justified, even by prudence, in adding the most steadfast and the sweetest of all motives to that industry through which, humble though it seem, they are the founders of commonwealths and the mainsprings that move the civilisation of the world. As a certain amount of taxation is the best and surest means to stimulate the energies of the community that must bear the burden, so a certain additional weight on an individual's industry only

gives more force to his sinews and infuses a higher spirit into his heart.

The workman has seldom to complain of a crossed attachment. When it is crossed, the pain of his disappointment has seldom much effect on his fate. It is only in very poor novels, written by authors who knew nothing of his class, that the loss of his love makes the peasant enlist as a soldier, or sneak into the skulking craft of a poacher, in Byronic disgust of this 'wrong world.' He usually marries in youth, which is proof sufficient for all ordinary reasonings that he has known no love-grief so bitter as to turn his honest affections into gall. After marriage, there is little leisure, in his way of life, for that illicit Eros, whose torch is only lighted by idleness. Exceptions of course there are, especially in large towns. Sometimes a workman will run away with another man's wife; sometimes an artisan or even peasant (though very seldom, indeed, in England) will be

maddened by jealousy into homicide. But we do not look to the Police Court, nor to the Old Bailey, for the average specimens of humanity. The exceptions do not invalidate the general truth which all who know much of the working-class will readily own—viz. that, whatever the errors love may tempt them to commit, those errors do not last over the wedding-day—that amongst them the sanctity of the marriage-hearth is quietly preserved; and that the labourer, having once installed in his cottage the girl he has won to be his good woman, is not troubled by hope and fears for any other daughter of Eve to the end of his days.

In agricultural districts the peasant's wife is generally of better education and quicker mind than her husband: she has been kept longer at the village school; she has, perhaps, been in service in houses where she has acquired a sharper knowledge of character and life. Generally she obtains a certain

ascendency over her helpmate, and, if she ever have a rival, it is the sign of the public-house.

In manufacturing towns, on the contrary, the mechanic is usually possessed of mental acquirements far superior to those of his wife; he has read more, he has thought more. But man is by nature the most domestic of all animals; and if the mechanic and his wife are both sober, the chances are that they will agree very comfortably together; and that, in spite of his superior culture, the wife will govern the husband in the ordinary affairs of life. His temptations, poor fellow! are often sharp enough, but lawless love is not one of them; and if he shatter his household gods, it is probably by a strike for the wages which he would devote to their service.

We may presume, then, that among the humbler classes there is less to thwart the preference, and, the object of selection won, less to lead the affections illicitly astray, than in those

ranks commencing with the poorer grade of an aspiring middle class up to the loftiest spheres of aristocracy, in which the choice of the heart is necessarily curbed by conventional prejudices, and the vagaries of the senses perpetually tempted by the leisure that indulges their caprice, and the wealth that secures their gratification.

And thus love, in the humbler classes, is ordinarily bounded to the quiet preference inflamed by no obstacles, and the domestic attachment disturbed by no poignant jealousies. With them (at least in our northern climates), it escapes the critical interval of that absorbing passion in which fiction chiefly delights to present its power.

So we shall find that in those classes constituting the majority of our race, though the influence of woman over man's condition and fate is immense, and can scarcely be exaggerated, it is not the influence which fiction ascribes to the passion of Love. Only in idylls

do shepherds neglect their flocks to carve the name of Phyllis on the rind of their master's trees.

What is, then, the influence of women? The answer is, that which we shall find predominant in all classes of Christian Europe — the Domestic Influence.

The influence which really sways man's destiny, affects his character, mingles unconsciously with three parts of his thoughts, dictates mechanically three parts of his actions, is one that grows not out of his love, but out of his marriage—the subtle complexity, the binding endurance, of 'Family ties.' I shall attempt to make this truth more perceptible before I close.

Glance now over Love in his influence over the more educated classes—classes familiar with his literature and plastic to his sentiment.

In these classes how very seldom it happens that the instinctive preference to which the soul is mysteriously

attracted attains the possession of its object! How few can say that they ever won the idol of their first love! Circumstances, infinitely more numerous and hostile now than in the time of Shakspeare, rise up, not only to fret the course of true love, but to intercept its rush at the fountain-head.

Who of my readers, from the clerk to the prince, has not seen a face that irresistibly charmed him,—felt while he gazed on it as if some young dream had come into life,—as if with that face by his side he could be blessed in a desert? And the face fades away amidst the crowd, to be seen, perhaps, never more;—or, grant it to be seen again and again, he has been forced to steel his heart against its witchery. He might as well love a bright particular star. Hope is out of the question. There is some overwhelming reason, in the conditions of the world itself, why that face can never shed its smile over the world for him.

That romance of a vague unaccountable preference—stopped at the onset, and yet remembered by the old man as he sits with his eye upon dying embers, and his mind gazing into former years—that romance I believe to be far more common than the vehemence of fatal passion

'Which frets its hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more!'

Yet the vague preference has had no real effect on the great drama of social life. The man has married another, acquired or wasted fortune, grovelled or soared, laughed or wept, just as he would have done if that face had never glanced along his path.

But suppose the preference has gone further;—suppose it has found favouring occasion, and has ripened into passionate love. Well! but how many in every hundred men marry her with whom they have been most in love? Among the educated classes in European society, are there ten in a hundred?

Are there five?—I doubt it. The opposition of parents, the inequalities of fortune, an untoward quarrel, a vain misunderstanding, an infinite variety of circumstances not foreseen on earth, and ascribed by astrologers to the stars, interpose between the plighted hearts, even if both are fond and loyal. But sometimes it happens that the love is unreturned, or the beloved unworthy, and the fault of one breaks the bond that seemed insoluble to the other.

Where, therefore, love has been really felt, and felt as the poet describes, it has seldom, in our day, come to the play-writer's *dénouement* of marriage.

But thus blighted or broken off, has the memory of it left a very effective and permanent influence over the lover's destiny and character? In a few cases, yes; in the great majority of cases, decidedly no.

Grant, however, for argument's sake, that a man at the age of fifty can, on looking back, trace some distinct and

lasting influence on his nature and actions, in the sorrow he once felt for the loss of her whose haggard charms could not now raise his pulse by a beat, —how trivial that influence, at the utmost, compared to the effect which has been made on his life by marriage! By marriage, not perhaps with the object of a romantic preference, nor of an ardent love—marriage, whether happy or unhappy, whether formed lightly or with due forethought—*marriage, per se—marriage, the indissoluble adamantine bond!*

So far from life closing its golden season at the gates of Hymen, and vanishing into shade behind the recesses of the altar, as dramatists and novelists so audaciously infer, it is from marriage that, with most men, the uses of life commence,—nay, from that date that, with most men, the heart enters upon its deepest and fondest record of incident and affection. The man, before idle, begins to work in

earnest when he has wife and children to provide for. Before extravagant, he grows thrifty; before of loose moral code, and careless of the world's opinion, the depth of his interest in the sanctity of the home he has acquired, insensibly leads him now to respect all the safeguards by which homes are surrounded. Affections, before desultory and roving, become concentred and developed in the quiet daily demand on them. He may not have known for his wife, before wedlock, the preference or the passion I have described, but after wedlock it is generally her fault if she do not become dear to him. Even if he be a selfish man, is she not a part of himself? their fortunes, their names, their social position, are one. The husband converses with the wife, heart-open, as he can converse with no other human being; and the children gathering round him expand his views beyond the present hour. They connect him with their mother by the links of the

past, lengthening on to his farthest ends in the future. Thus the lives of few men have been seriously affected by a previous love not cemented by marriage; but the lives of most men, whether they have previously loved or not, are seriously affected by marriage; and Hymen has the force of that destiny which the fictionists ascribe to Cupid.

The old adage tells us that in wedlock there is no medium—it is a blessing or a curse. We must take this adage with a certain reserve. Marriage, indeed, is a curse among the darkest, where the result is the inconsolable misery of dishonour—where the heart is crushed—the objects that attach our intellect to the world shivered and scattered far and wide by the ruin that falls on the hearthstone. But such dire calamity is a lot seldom drawn from the nuptial urn. On the other hand, when wedlock is said to be a blessing, it is still

the character of other blessings on earth,—

'Where joys and griefs have turns
alternative';

or, as a poet much more unread than Herrick has said, with a depth of sadness more profound,—

'What thing is good but what some
harm may bring?—
Ev'n to be happy is a dangerous thing.'

Perhaps we must acknowledge, despite the adage, that, in the average of marriages, the habitual relation between husband and wife is neither supremely blessed nor insupportably wretched; it is alloyed and disturbed less by want of affection than want of respect; sufficient care is not taken to preserve custom from that familiarity which breeds contempt. And whereas there is no relation of life in which there should be so delicate a care not to wound the *amour propre*, there is none in which, by a hasty word, the *amour propre* is so frequently

galled. But even where this is the case, and the consequence is a snapping or a sullenness between man and wife which would be wholly unknown to two well-bred acquaintances living under the same roof, there are many things in the settled married state which counterbalance the discomfort of 'faults on both sides.' There is the routine of employments, which the regularity of domestic mechanism has established, to take off the mind from brooding over petty annoyances; there is the unity of interests which, in course of time, compels some amalgamation in the differences of temper; there are the bonds of children; above all, there is the silent operation of Habit—that great reconciler of man to the fate that he cannot change.

And if the Benedick find many little thorns in his bed which he did not count upon when he first took his Beatrice for better or for worse, still, at the end of ten years, he will own

that he has also many adequate compensations, if but in the development of his own faculties and resources, which needed the fixity and concentration of mind that home bestows. And Home! what a wonderful thing Home is! Man may have a splendid palace, a comfortable lodging, nay, even a pleasant house—but man has no home where the Home has no Mistress.

Nor, since I have quoted the authority of old poets little read, in warning against too credulous a belief in a happiness not given to mortals, should I here omit to give the exquisite picture which a poet, who deserves to be read more than those I have quoted, has left of the bright side of marriage. He speaks with a hearty enthusiasm, as if he had seen what he describes. Let us try and believe him:—

'How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not. Not another like it.

The treasures of the deep are not
so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a
man
Locked up in woman's love. I
scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near
the house.
What a delicious breath marriage
sends forth!
The violet-bed's not sweeter! Honest
wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in
a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers
take delight
To cast their modest odours; when
base lust,
With all her powder, paintings, and
pert pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-
side.'

Thus, then, it is not that love which the poets chiefly delight in describing, but rather that state of marriage into

which the poets as rarely follow the steps of mortals, as they presume to trace the soul's journey on the other side of the grave, that mostly affects the character and destiny of man. And if Love has presided over that state, and continues his sway to the last, then how infinitely more connected with all that becomes, and adorns the divine attributes of our being he is in the union than he was in the wooing!

For we have said, with the Latin poet, 'In love there is no wherefore.' The preference selects, the passion illumes, its object, without much, if any, need of qualities of the beloved, apart from the mystic charm with which she has bound the heart and blinded the judgment. We may love without having discovered any excellence of understanding, any elevation of soul, any generosity of heart—nay, any surpassing beauteousness of form. And in love of this kind, which is often the fiercest, because it cannot account

for its own excess, I know not if there be that which especially improves and dignifies ourselves. When a man wildly acknowledges that he could make a fool of himself for this or for that woman, he may perhaps move my pity, but he certainly does not command my admiration nor propitiate my esteem.

But though love can be, and usually is, when it is the love of the amatory poets, formed without a wherefore, there must be a very substantial wherefore for its long continuance. We may fall in love with little reference to the internal qualities of the beloved, but, if the internal qualities do not hold us firm, we fall out of love very soon after possession.

But in all love, consistent and enduring, strengthened and deepened by the silent intimacies of union, there is a constant call upon the thoughts and feelings that constitute the beauty of human nature. It must be a love that delights in noiseless self-sacrifices,

that keeps habitually in view the happiness of the beloved; it must be a love, too, that is maintained by other qualities than those that exclusively affect ourselves. We cannot say after union as we exclaim in courtship,—

'I know not, I care not, if guilt's in
that heart;
I know that I love thee, whatever
thou art!'

We could not, if thoroughly honest ourselves, long retain love to a person who, however fond of us, was always exhibiting a nature unlovely to others. It is not enough to think that the heart of one with whom we live is our own,—it must be a good heart, or, unless ours be a bad one, the perpetual jar on our sympathies will shatter affection.

Thus, when love is continued to the last, after union, it is nourished by all that is best in mind, in heart, and in soul. The 'wherefore' is contained in causes not to be found in the odes of Anacreon.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Hitherto I have treated chiefly of the love of man to woman. That of woman to man is, questionless, more directly influential upon her life—its errors more fatal in their consequences; and, in return, its virtues insure to her rewards which more than suffice for her felicity. A woman who loves with her whole heart, and is convinced that the partner of her existence as devotedly loves herself, needs little more for that sense of security and content which is the serenest approach to perfect happiness vouchsafed to the denizens of earth. But man, whose uses are extended over a much larger surface, has necessarily desires as widespread as the uses; and in proportion, perhaps, to his moral opulence and his intellectual activity, his life varies and expands its anxious investments of hope and fear.

One part of this truth is expressed with intense bitterness by Medea in Euripides. After complaining that a

woman must have the gift of divination to know beforehand the nature of the man in whom she receives a master, she adds, 'And if, our duties being well performed, our consort bear the yoke not reluctantly, happy indeed our life! —*if not, better to die! For when man* has his troubles and griefs in his home, he can go forth to soothe vexation in converse with some friend, some fellow-man of his own years; but it is our Necessity to look only to a single soul.'

The lines of the Greek poet have been felicitously imitated, and refined into a pathos infinitely more tender, by the great English poet of our own century. But the two concluding lines in the famous stanza I am about to quote do not seem to me equal in poetical truth and force to the forlorn despair conveyed in the single line of the Greek—

Ἡμῖν δ' ανάγχη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,

'Tis woman's whole existence; man
may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel,
and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in
exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his
heart,
And *few* there are whom these
cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but
one—
To love again, and be again undone.'

Medea does not allow to women even that one resource 'to love again and be again undone.' The woman of Medea looks but to a single soul—πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν.

Woman has, nowadays, less to complain of than she had in the time of Medea. She *has quite as much liberty* to go out and tell her woes to her friend as her lord and master enjoys. But probably, in the educated classes of society, woman nowadays as rarely

marries the object of her first preference as she did in the ages more harsh to her; and there can be no doubt that, like man, in the great majority of instances marriage is infinitely more powerful over the destiny of woman than the romance of any previous attachment. Woman, by temperament, even more readily than man, accommodates herself to the lot which circumstances impose. Who has not known many girls, by no means of shallow or fickle disposition, who, to judge by all they professed, and apparently by all they themselves believed at the time, were ardently, irrevocably, everlastingly attached to adorers from whom fate decided to part them? and who has not known those same young ladies, a year afterwards, very comfortably wedded to men who bore not the slightest resemblance to the lost ideals? Comfortably wedded! Romance says 'listless or broken-hearted.' Not a bit of it: arranging their drawing-rooms,

planning their flower-plots, consulting cheerfully their husband's taste in the culinary department, or embroidering caps in fond expectation of 'the little stranger.'

Nor are they to be blamed for this, except in romance. The main object of ambition to most girls is a home of their own. Their power commences with marriage, and the desire of power is, as the old fabliast tells us, the ruling passion of the sex. Naturally grateful where she meets with kindness, and naturally pleased when she has her own way (and only when married can she be said to get it) woman's affections easily bear transplanting. Were this not so, her life would be a curse to herself, and no blessing to man; for she has not the privilege of wooing; she must be wooed. In most civilised lands, nay, in nearly all, except where the Anglo-Saxons have settled, her choice is either determined or considerably influenced by dispassionate parents;

and even in England, among the higher classes of society, though her choice be not compelled, it is practically limited to a very narrow range. Her nature, therefore, reconciles itself to the lot which she cannot select with the same wide freedom of choice that is allowed to man; and the better her nature the more readily it is reconciled. The women who, linked to men on the whole worthy and good-natured, are always complaining that they are assorted to uncongenial minds, are generally hard and ungracious egotists, and would have found reasons for murmuring discontent and invoking compassion if they had married Apollo and settled in Arcady.

But do I then assert that love—love, in its mystic purity of sentiment, in its wild extravagance of passion—the love of sweet or terrible romance—is to be banished from the theme of singer, dramatist, and tale-teller? Assuredly not. Nothing that is to be found in

human nature can be banished from the realm of Art. I hold, indeed, that such a love is rare in the lives of civilised beings nowadays; still, rare though it be, it exists. It is among the potent agencies of mortal being; and, as such, cannot be ignored by the artist, whose scope comprehends all existence known or imaginable. But it is only one of the agencies, not the most universal. The desire of gain, for instance, is more common and more authoritative—more at the root of all that nurtures the sap of flourishing civilisation. Man's desire of gain, and not man's desire of woman, crowds the marts, covers the sea with argosies, builds the city, ploughs the glebe, invents the loom, unites law with freedom as the best security for man's industry, and the essential condition of man's unrestricted choice in the pursuit of fortune, or the promulgation of ideas by which states become enriched *because enlightened*.

But would a poet or novelist be true to human life if he bounded all his art to this desire of gain, and regularly finished all his plots with its successful *dénouement* in the invention of a cotton print, or the accumulation of a plum? 'Certainly not,' you cry. Then why should he be more faithful to the art that represents the moving agencies of civilised life, when he contracts all the business of multiform civilised being to Alphonso's desire to gain Seraphina, and ends his invariable plot with that marriage, where all that is most noble in Alphonso's love, and all which can alone test its more durable elements, do not end but begin? He has artistically an excuse for this partial and narrowed representation of life. The All is far too vast and too vague for an artist to grasp in any single survey. He must select a portion by which, through analogy, he gives a fair idea of the whole. The poet or the novelist (there is no distinction

between the two in the laws of creative fiction—their difference is in form, not in substance)—the poet or the novelist is not a biographer nor a philosophical historian. He does not track a man nor a community from the cradle to the grave. The necessity of his art compels him to a plot in which he obtains the interest of the general reader for the progress of selected events towards a definite end. Now, there are three recognised stages in man's life—birth, marriage, and death. The poet's *dénouement* cannot well be in his hero's birth; it is purely tragic if it end in his death. There remains but his marriage, as that which is the most general to man next to his birth and his death; and, as poet and novelist deal with Romance, so Romance may be said to be born with Love, and to die with Marriage. Therefore the interest of love is the most popular, and the *dénouement* of marriage is the most convenient, for that completion of

selected materials which is essential to the fulfilment of artistic story. All this I grant only to a certain extent, but that extent is exceedingly liberal. I allow to the artist the amplest right to any selection of life he chooses; when he presents to me his selection, I look at it with a conscientious desire, if he be really an artist, to judge of his work by his harmony with his own conceptions of its object and treatment. But if his selection be always of the same segment in the Great Circle, he must not blame me if the utmost praise I can give him is, 'This man shows the segment more or less ably, but his adherence to a segment does not prove to me his comprehension of the circle.' I have not the slightest objection to a novel or a play being entirely devoted to love-making and lovers; and, if well done, I should say, 'This writer understands that part of human nature which he describes; but that part of human nature does not constitute the

whole.' My reverence for the scope of his art will increase in proportion as I find that in other works he shows that man has other occupations besides love-making, and is subject to other emotions than those of love. Shakspeare gives us *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*; and by giving us both, shows, with profound truth, what novelists and play-writers seldom own—viz. that love by no means confines his frenzy to the young; that an elderly Antony can be as much carried away by the insane passion as a juvenile Romeo. And whereas inferior artists have only drawn from the love of the old, elements for farce and ridicule, Shakspeare shows that in such love there is the tragic element as awful as aught which leads the fancy of youth to calamity and death. But Shakspeare gives us also *Macbeth* and *Coriolanus*, and *Hamlet*, *King John*, and *Richard III.*, in which other great movers of the human heart besides love

—are depicted—other great mysteries in human destinies shadowed forth. He can begin even a drama of love with the altar, instead of there closing it, and commence its tragedy with the wedded life of Othello.

Indeed, if play-writers would escape from their trite conventions, and examine, even in their great master, Shakspeare, which of his plays are nowadays more popular on the stage, they would find those to be the plays in which there is the least love-making. *Romeo and Juliet* does not draw full houses unless some pretty new actress announce her *début* in Juliet; then the play draws, not from the interest of the play, but from the interest in the actress; as Miss Fanny Kemble drew, even in the *Grecian Daughter*. As for *Antony and Cleopatra*, I know not if it has been acted in my time; if so, I never saw it. True, I rarely go to a play; but I see pretty often in the playbills, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King John*,—in all of which

certainly it is not love that animates the plot and attracts the audience.

But in support of my proposition, *that Hymen has far more influence* than Cupid over human destinies, it is observable that, while nothing more fatigues an audience than the sentimental dialogues of lovers, nothing more interests all—pit, dress-box, and gallery—than the altercations between husband and wife. The audience enters heartily into their quarrels, and sheds its pleasantest tears over their reconciliation. It is this kind of interest which keeps the *Honeymoon* and the *Stranger* on the stage, outliving generations of dramas infinitely more *meritorious as literary compositions.* 'How is it,' I said once to an observant actor, who had profoundly studied the sources of dramatic effect, 'that lovers, however charming, are not dramatic personages? but let them marry and then disagree, and a drama is completed at once.'

'May it not be,' answered that great Actor, the Roscius of my time, 'may it not be that a miscellaneous audience needs, for the full force of its sympathy, situations which appeal to the most familiar elements of emotion? Few persons in such an audience ever made, *or ever will make, love as the poets do*; but most persons in that audience have had or are destined to have, quarrels and reconciliations with their wives.'

Nevertheless there is indeed a love, as intense, as absorbing, as fatal in its influence, as the wildest imagination of fiction can conceive. But, happily for the world, not only is such a love rare enough to be almost abnormal, but, in proportion as luxurious culture would otherwise tend to make the passion more frequent in highly civilised communities, counteracting agencies are created within the breast of society itself, and in the numerous distractions to one brooding thought which increased varieties of action and

contemplation press and crowd on the individual.

This rare degree of love enters within the province of fiction, but in its noblest and most metaphysical province. Great artists, indeed, in their selection from Nature, prefer rare effects; but great artists alone can deal with rare effects truthfully and grandly.

Love, in all its force and intensity, is a Moral Revolution. Revolutions happen as seldom in rational lives as they do in well-governed states. When they are enacted they are not made with rose-water; least of all the Revolution brought about by the Power who is represented to dwell among roses.

Metellus here ceased; and after I had paid him the compliments which common courtesy exacted from me, I turned my eyes to Gallus, who had not only, during the second part of the essay more than the first, evinced by

many significant gestures his dissent from the lecturer's sober reasonings, but had with difficulty been restrained from committing a breach of contract, and temerariously interrupting the thread of a discourse which, long as it is now, would have been thrice as long if Metellus (a practised extempore orator) had been provoked into additional arguments and collateral illustrations. Yet now, when Gallus had the right of reply, and reply was expected from him, he remained for some minutes silent, musingly looking down upon the grass, and abstractedly plucking up the daisies within his reach. At last, with an impatient upward movement of the head, which threw back the thick curls from his brow, and with a heightened colour, thus he spoke.

GALLUS

I do not pretend to vie with Metellus in erudition, still less in the elaborate

arrangement of methodical discourse,—and it is only the strength of my cause that can win me indulgence for the rudeness of my advocacy. The gist of my accomplished adversary's argument has been to show that love such as the poets describe, apart from that prosaic sentiment to which he gives the frigid name of 'a preference,' is very rarely known in real life, and therefore that, in literature, poets, dramatists, and novelists have represented life erroneously in ascribing so potent an influence to love, and concentrating so earnest an interest on the brief season of courtship. I deny both these propositions. I believe love—passionate and romantic love—to be infinitely more common among all ranks and classes of mankind than Metellus supposes; and for this very reason, which I think in itself suffices for proof—viz. that if it were not so, the literature that depicts it could not be so generally popular. For no genius could render generally

popular the exposition and analysis of a feeling that was not popularly felt. Metellus says, indeed, that on the stage the bickerings of married folks are always interesting; the cooings of lovers comparatively insipid. But allowing his assertion to be true, it proves nothing in support of his argument, but rather something against it. For our interest in the quarrels of married folks is in proportion to our belief that, in spite of their quarrels, they still love one another—are lovers, though married: for that reason, jealousy is an effective passion on the stage—jealousy implies love. Let two married persons introduced on the stage be supposed without strong affection for each other, and their quarrels would excite no grave interest—they would, at best, provoke comic mirth. If, on the other hand, the dialogues of lovers before marriage be wearisome on the stage, it is not *because the audience do not sympathise* with the love of courtship, however

poetically extravagant or refining, but because dramatic interest needs a *struggle between contending emotions*. Where that struggle is expressed in the dramatic representation of a love-plot, the interest of an audience is aroused; as Corneille, for instance, creates it for the lovers in the *Cid* and in *Horace*.

I will not follow Metellus into the controversy warmly debated by antiquarian critics in the last century, and which he assumes, somewhat, I think, too readily, to be now pretty well settled by the common assent of scholars—viz. as to the Eastern origin of erotic poetry and romance. What I believe is, that, though the passion of love be universal, yet it requires a certain development of the more refined elements of society before the passion finds poetic utterance. When a people has emerged from its rude and aggressive infancy, and engendered within itself classes that have leisure

for meditating the sweet and graceful fancies which form the intellectual holiday of life, then love begins to seek and to find suitable expression. And as poetry, like man himself, is essentially imitative, so it turns perforce, in the first instance, to the imitation of forms already existent. If Asia be the cradle of the human race—if in Asia the rudiments of art as of science were first commenced, and up to a certain point of beauty matured into culture—necessarily the younger peoples of Europe would not only take from Asia the subjects of myth and fable, but catch from them the idealising sentiment which suggests to each people the language and the character of its poetry and romance. But as every people has its idiosyncratic genius, and as genius, though imitative, is also transmutable and reproductive, so every European people, whatever hints it received from an Oriental one, rapidly formed a poetry peculiarly its

own, and in which what was imitated was soon fused into a new whole by elements changed and superadded. If the northern nations really, then, at first borrowed erotic poetry and romance from the Eastern, it was not because the East was more favourable to love than the North, but because, being the part of the world first peopled and first civilised, the younger nations had no choice but to borrow from it when their own civilisation had reached that stage in which the younger races borrow from the culture of the elder. But that the East was not in itself more favourable to erotic poetry than the North, as Metellus seems to imply, is proved by this, that the erotic poetry of Europe, whatever its remote obligations to that of Asia, has long since obtained not only an elevation and a delicacy, but a depth and a fervour of passion, to which, so far as we know of them, the Oriental Muses can present no parallel. Metellus says that

in those eras of the world in which erotic literature has been most exclusively cultivated and love most idolatrously worshipped, the tone of manners has been most profligate, the spirit of the age most corrupt. If we are to accept his interpretation of love and of its literature, I admit the truth of his assertion. But it is his interpretation I reject. Though love has its root in universal instinct, yet the mere instinct is not love. The savage who knocks down his squaw with his club, and carries her home to do the drudgery he is too lazy to do, and groan under the burdens he is too proud to bear, cannot be said to know love, though he is alive to an instinct. Love is the development of the instinct into sentiments and emotions that most adorn and ennoble our human nature. Libertinage is the corruption of the instinct into trains of idea that most deform and degrade it. Libertinage, therefore, is not love, but its antagon-

ism; and licentious literature is not the literature of love, but its libellous travesty. The truth of what I here advance ought to be clear to Metellus as a man of the world; for if ever he meet with a man who ridicules love, as the poets hold love to be, is not such a man, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a professed debauchee?

Metellus, in that part of his argument which he treats after the fashion of a statistician, questions whether the influence of love, as a fatal passion, or as a poetry of feeling, can be very active among the large majority of our species devoted to an existence of hardy labour; while he argues for the vast extent to which the conjugal, or, as he calls it, the domestic influence, pervades and regulates their destinies. I concede to the fullest degree the weight he attaches to the domestic influence, not only in the humbler classes, but in all ranks of life. I allow also that among the working classes,

especially in England, there are fewer disappointments in love, and fewer sins caused by its perversion or excess, than among the idlers of life. But I believe that among peasants and mechanics during the season of courtship there is much more ardent, faithful, and even poetic love, than the theory of Metellus supposes—that their love is more than the lukewarm attraction to which he gives the name of preference. He himself is constrained to limit his assertion to the labouring population of our northern isles—for few can be familiar with the rural life of Italy, Spain, and France, and deny the intense, and often tragical, extent to which love transports the peasant in those lands; but if the passion be less vehemently apparent in the British, it is, perhaps, not less keenly felt. It is our national character, among all ranks of life, to show little of what we feel.

Metellus struck you, as he did myself,

by the force of his remarks upon the counteractions and counterpoises to the despotism of love, which the affluent, practical, and multifarious nature of modern civilisation tends to create. Much of what he said on this score is, I think, both new and true in itself. But I draw different conclusions from his premises.

I agree with Metellus that love, properly so called, or at least love in its highest sense, is not a solitary power, apart and distinct from all the other great rulers and modifiers of mind, heart, and soul. But if that be so, surely the richer and grander in social attributes may be any era in time, the richer and the grander in its aggregate of ideas and sentiments should be the love which, in every era, is the culminating flower of humankind. What you call the checks and counterpoises to love are also its strengtheners. For where there is no resistance, no force is called into play. These checks and

counterpoises make love more thoughtful, more steadfast; they preserve it from the levities and inconstancies to which it may be subjected in a period of effominate gallantry. Man engaged in the masculine and healthful pursuits which an opulent and vigorous civilisation affords him, is, I grant, less prone than the wanton pleasure-seekers of a former century to fall in love —less likely to allow a wrong or misplaced passion to overmaster his reason; but where he once gives his whole heart, he is more likely to give it once for all. Metellus says that men, and women too, who have been disappointed in their affections, recover the shock—marry someone else—seem contented with their lot. The influence of blighted love on their practical life, according to him, is, for the most part, slight and evanescent. How can he know? Who goes about to advertise himself or herself as a lovelorn victim? Very possibly, however, the memory

of a baffled love does not much, if at all, change the outward, and, if you so term it, the practical life of the sufferer. But it may have potently affected his inner life, sometimes for evil—more often, I believe, for good. No one can have gone through the revolutions of a great passion, and be as he was before. He may not himself be conscious of the change within him, still less is he likely to be conscious of the cause;

'Can earth, where the harrow is driven,
The sheaf in the furrow foresee?
Or thou guess the harvest for heaven,
Where iron has entered in thee?'

And this brings me to the concluding part of my plea against the chilly rationalism of my antagonist's philosophy. As he restricts far too narrowly the influence of love upon actual life, so he curtails far too rigidly the grand functions of erotic romance, when he complains that in drama or tale there

is attached to the period of courtship—to the vicissitudes and trials of love—an importance which is out of all proportion to love's share in the real business of existence.

But every kind of the higher literature is designed not to express the commonplace business of existence, but a something which adorns and exalts the history of humankind. The expounder of intellectual philosophy writes, when earnest, as if the analysis of the mind were the fittest study of man. But how slight a proportion to the common business of life can be assigned to the consideration of abstract metaphysical problems? Where is their practical use to our bakers and grocers? Yet Metellus himself would be the first to affirm that without metaphysical authors no literature is complete. And the influence of a nation's metaphysical authors will be brought to bear, however indirectly and latently, upon that nation's popular writers and

men of action, and through them upon our bakers and grocers. So with all the fine arts—the painter, the sculptor, the musical composer, giving the best part of their own life to the art they *severally cultivate, think and feel as if* in the culture of that art the highest destiny of genius were fulfilled.

'The genius of the musician,' exclaims Rousseau, 'submits the whole universe to his art; he paints pictures by sounds—he makes silence itself *speak—he renders ideas by sentiments,* sentiments by accents; in the depth of human hearts he excites the passions he expresses.' Rousseau is here addressing himself to the young musician, and warns him that, if he feels not the charms of the great art with as enthusiastic a transport as that which is colouring the eloquence of the writer thus appealing to him, 'he must not ask what is genius in music. Why seek to know what it is, for it is denied to him?' Yet again, how small a pro-

portion of human life compared to its practical pursuits and business can be allowed to the culture or the delight in music or any of its sister arts? Still, Rousseau is right: if artists do not regard their calling with this divine extravagance of reverent fondness, no genius could enter into art, and we must strike the sense of ideal beauty out of a nation's mind. In truth, then, we are not to consider, in judging of the importance attached to the influence of love by romantic literature, whether love does or does not occupy that space in human life which such literature seems to assign to it, any more than, when reading the lucubrations of philosophers, or listening to the talk of artists, we are to consider how many men in Oxford Street or Cheapside trouble their heads about a Locke or a Gainsborough, a Kant or a Beethoven. The *mission of these love-writers is* to preserve to a passion common to all mankind the refining, ennobling attri-

butes which distinguish it from the instinct of brutes; and, by so doing, impart to the whole literature, to the whole sentiment of a nation, warmth and colour. For he errs who thinks that the influence of an erotic literature is confined to those who chiefly delight in it. Yonder lawns are not all flower-beds, but they would be only shaven grass without the relief of flowers. The phrenologists tell us that in any human head where the organ of amativeness is markedly defective, however admirably developed the other organs, moral or intellectual, may be, the whole character will want animation and glow. So it is with the literature of a people; rob it of its love-writers, and you reduce the various pomp of its colour to the cold shine of white light.

I hold, therefore, that to judge fairly of the influence of love upon human destinies, we must extend our view beyond the partial scope of circum-

stance to which Metellus confines his gaze, and enlarge the sweep of our vision to all the indirect and latent operations of love upon human thought and character. I hold, also, that it is a superficial and contracted criticism to say that, in romantic literature, love should *occupy only the same space* which a physiologist would assign to it in his work upon the organism and functions of the human species. Love is only beautiful when it is the romance of life; and, like all genuine romance, not in substance the less real because by poetry idolised.

Having thus rudely stated the main points in which I differ from Metellus, I pass on to tender to him my tribute of admiration for defining so clearly the point in which my ideas are in cordial agreement with his own. When he condemns both the sentiment and the literature of an age wherein love is altogether travestied, and is without that shame which is its truest touch-

stone, as the virgin's blush is the sweetest assurance of her dawning passion, I join respectfully in his condemnation, *with this protest*:—*That whereas* he calls such diseased conditions of time the epochs in which the empire of Love was *most* acknowledged, I call them epochs in which the royalty of Love was most ignored. But both from his scorn of that wanton caricature of love, and from his eloquent insistence *on the gravity of the domestic influence*, I draw this deduction,—that the more closely the romantic poetry of love expresses or symbolises that passion which has its close and its diviner second birth in the domestic household love—the more, in short, its poetry interests us in that singleness of devotion *which (if fates permit) the marri*age bond will solemnise and sanctify, the more artistically it will embody one of those great truths in nature which art instinctively seeks to utter. Even in the old Greek poetry of the

highest stamp this sublimer kind of love is expressed. The lovers in the *Iliad* are not Paris and Helen, still less are they Achilles and Briseis—they are Hector and Andromache.

And thus our English erotic literature of this day, though less glowing in colour, is truer to love and to nature than the French, because with the French there is something inherently disagreeable; something wrong in art—that is; to the healthful human sentiment in which art should express nature—as well as in morals; in the perpetual *réchauffé* of the same worn-out vice of theme—I mean the trifling with the marriage tie. The hero of a French fiction, nine times out of ten, is in love with another man's wife, and adultery is treated as if it were a pure and guiltless affection. The Greeks never did that, neither does Shakspeare. If our English novel-writers construct a tame story out of a lawful love, it is the fault of their genius, not

of their selection. Romeo and Juliet are ardent enough; but their love, though fatal, is not criminal. Romeo and Juliet are married.

In a word, the influence of love in every age varies as to its apparent character; in every age the literature that expresses it varies also in the mode of expression. But in no age does that influence diminish in consequence, as Metellus infers, of an improved society. On the contrary, where the state of society is the most moral, love is the most genuine, because the most constant and the most identified with the ennobling sentiments which it is its normal character to engender. And in no age does the literature of love exaggerate the bearings and weight of the passion upon social destinies, except where it really ceases to be the representative of love, and becomes the cynical mouthpiece of a rake's mockery of love. Let Metellus say what he may, love and the poetry of

thought with which it overruns into the literature that expresses it, are as imperishable as man's desire of happiness. Well says the most eloquent of all our preachers—a preacher who seems to me to deserve, at least, as well as St Chrysostom, the epithet of 'golden-mouthed'—'Nothing can please a man without love. Love is an union of all things excellent—it contains in it proportion, and satisfaction, and ease, and confidence.'

As Gallus here came to a close, Metellus, with the high-bred courtesy which graces him so well both as tranquil philosopher and sweet-tempered gentleman, smiled condescending approval. 'Well argued, young poet,' said he, with affable loftiness; 'or rather well declaimed. I recognise in what you have said much to compliment and nothing to answer. But let our host judicially decide between us.'

'Tut!' said I testily, and much alarmed,—'as if a host could ever

be an umpire between two disputative guests. His duty is to be equally complimentary to both.'

Here, however, both set upon me with denials of my right to evade by mean pretexts the duty I had tacitly incurred, in listening to two avowed disputants as an unprejudiced and dispassionate party. Thus pushed to the wall, I made the best of my unwelcome position, assumed a magisterial air, and pronounced judgment.

The difference between Metellus and Gallus is infinitely less than they imagine; it would be easy for an accomplished rhetorician of the eclectic school to bring them both into harmony, and out of their rival arguments to deduce a conciliatory conclusion: for certainly the views of either would be partial and incomplete without the views of the other. Each surveys the same ground, but one has the sun before his eyes, and the other the sun behind them. If Metellus were twenty-

five, perhaps he would have reasoned like Gallus; should Gallus attain the age of forty-five, perhaps he may reason like Metellus. As to a definition of the influence of love, whether on life or literature, so comprehensive, yet so precise, as to be acknowledged accurate by persons of all ages and temperaments, one might as well try to fix a shadow at the same point on the face of the sundial.

You have both been discussing the subject as if it were one of the problems of philosophy, whereas it is only one of the suggestive queries out of which no problem can ever be constructed. Let Gallus be disappointed in his first love, succeed at the bar, and marry a third wife, and he will smile to remember all that Gallus, the Queen's counsel, now says as Cœlebs the poet. Let Metellus fall over head and ears in love with some pretty face to-morrow, and he will be *ashamed to think how* he has sought to reduce to inch-rule

and measure the passion for which older and more ambitious men than he have sacrificed the empire of the world. Whether love, as the poets describe it, be, according to Metellus, only felt by the few—or, according to Gallus, be among the normal fates of the many—it is scarcely possible even to guess. For no man who happens to be in love is willing to believe that any other man knows what love is. Indeed, Goethe says somewhere, 'He only loves who imagines that no one before him has ever loved, and no one who comes after him ever will love, to the same degree that he does.' I say then, that a philosopher of the eclectic school could reconcile the differences between you. But how?—only by submitting you both to the same experiment. 'Experiment,' as Liebig finely observes, 'is a 'question addressed by man to Nature.' Go both of you, address that question to Nature—fall in love; then come to

me, and, small as is my science, it will be enough to show that there is no distinction between you, whether in wisdom or in folly.

Here Metellus laughed, and Gallus pished: but as neither answered, I seized the advantage their silence gave me to close a discussion which, left to itself, might have lasted till doomsday.

As we quitted the spot, the sun was slowly setting, and the birds, silent through the noonday heats, were breaking out into their evening song. When we reached the sylvan arch that forms the entrance to this favoured ground, we mechanically paused and looked back. The shadows slept on the still water and overhanging boughs, but the westering light came soft and slanting along the green alley, where the busts of the great Romans gleamed white against the dark wall of yew that backed them, bringing into bold relief the effigies of those by whom the world's practical business had been

laboured out through vehement strife or crafty rule—Augustus and Brutus side by side with the calm Mæcenas, and not higher on their pedestals than the poets who had adorned the world the business of which they did not share. But the last objects on which our eyes lingered, ere we went homeward under the arched portal, through the narrow path of dark pines, were the festoons of roses that clothed the gnarled tree-stems formed into Dionæan grottoes, and the bended image of Dione herself casting her gentle shadow over the waveless pool.