

without delay a complete change in both the civil and the military government of Ireland, and to bring a large number of Roman Catholics instantly into office. His Majesty, it was most ungraciously added, had taken counsel on these matters with persons more competent to advise him than his inexperienced lord lieutenant could possibly be.—MACAULAY'S HIST. OF ENG., ch. 6.

99. ADVICE, ill-timed. *A. Lincoln.* [Some Western gentlemen were excited about the commissions and omissions of the Administration.] "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable, or keep shouting to him—'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south'? No, you would hold your breath, as well as your tongue. . . . The government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them."—RAYMOND'S LINCOLN, p. 752.

100. ADVICE, Legacy of. *By Augustus to the Romans.* On the death of that emperor, his testament was publicly read in the senate. He bequeathed, as a valuable legacy to his successors, the advice of confining the empire within those limits which nature seemed to have placed as its permanent bulwarks and boundaries: on the west, the Atlantic Ocean; the Rhine and Danube on the north; the Euphrates on the east; and toward the south, the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. . . . Happily for the repose of mankind, the moderate system recommended by the wisdom of Augustus was adopted by the fears and vices of his immediate successors.—GIBBON'S ROME, ch. 1.

101. ADVOCATE, A personal. *Not by Proxy.* [An old legionary asked Augustus to assist him in a cause which was about to be tried. Augustus deputed one of his friends to speak for the veteran, who, however, repudiated the vicarious patron:] "It was not by proxy that I fought for you at the battle of Actium." Augustus acknowledged the obligation, and pleaded the cause in person.

102. ESTHETICISM, Brutality of. *Gladiators.* The Laniste, whose business it was to instruct these gladiators in their profession, taught them not only the use of their arms, but likewise the most graceful postures of falling and the finest attitudes of dying in. The food . . . prescribed to them was of such a nature as to enrich and thicken the blood, so that it might flow more leisurely through their wounds, and thus the spectators might be the longer gratified with the sight of their agonies. . . . [They took the following oath:] "We swear that we will suffer ourselves to be bound, scourged, burned, or killed by the sword, or whatever Eumolpus ordains, and thus, like freeborn gladiators, we religiously devote both our soul and our body to our master."—TYTLER'S HIST., Book 4, ch. 4.

103. ESTHETICISM, Realistic. *Romans.* [Nero's reign.] The specific atrocity of such spectacles—unknown to the earlier ages which they called barbarous—was due to the cold-

blooded selfishness, the hideous realism of a refined, delicate, æsthetic age. To please these "hisping hawthorn-buds," these debauched and sanguinary dandies, Art, forsooth, must know nothing of morality; must accept and rejoice in a "healthy animalism;" must estimate life by the number of its few wildest pulsations; must reckon that life is worthless without the most thrilling experiences of horror or delight! Comedy must be actual shame, and tragedy genuine bloodshed. When the play of Afranius called "The Conflagration" was put on the stage, a house must be really burnt, and its furniture really plundered. In the mime called "Laureolus," an actor must really be crucified and mangled by a bear, and really fling himself down and deluge the stage with blood. When the heroism of Mucius Sævola was represented, a real criminal must thrust his hand without a groan into the flame, and stand motionless while it is being burnt. Prometheus must be really chained to his rock, and Dirce in very fact be tossed and goaded by the wild bull; and Orpheus be torn to pieces by a real bear; and Icarus must really fly, even though he fall and be dashed to death; and Hercules must ascend the funeral pyre, and there be veritably burnt alive; and slaves and criminals must play their parts heroically in gold and purple till the flames envelop them. It was the ultimate outcome of a degraded and brutalized society.—FARRAN'S EARLY DAYS, p. 40.

104. AFFECTION, Conjugal. *Josephine.* [The night following the execution of the deed of divorce, Josephine approached with hesitation the bed and the spouse from whence she had been ejected.] Forgetting everything in the fulness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He also wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent, undying love. [It was their last private interview.]—ANNOT'S NAPOLEON B., vol. 2, ch. 10.

105. ——. *Andrew Jackson.* The people of Nashville, proud of the success of their favorite, resolved to celebrate the event by a great banquet on the 22d of December, the anniversary of the day on which the general had first defeated the British below New Orleans. . . . Six days before the day appointed for the celebration, Mrs. Jackson . . . suddenly shrieked, placed her hands upon her heart, sunk upon a chair. . . . For the space of sixty hours she suffered extreme agony. . . . She recovered the use of her tongue . . . to implore . . . her exhausted husband to recruit his strength for the banquet. He would not leave her, but lay upon the sofa and slept a little. The evening of the 22d she appeared so much better that the general consented, after much persuasion, to sleep in the next room. When he had been gone five minutes . . . Mrs. Jackson gave a loud, inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by the death-rattle in her throat. All night long he sat in the room, occasionally looking into her face, and feeling if there was any pulsation in her heart. The next morning, when one of his