

Bishop. In the evening the Catholics retaliated by smashing the windows of a dissenting minister's meeting-house. Every impartial person must, however, admit that the advantage was on the side of the Protestants, the person injured by them being of the very highest ecclesiastical dignity. In matters of this kind, we fancy that a prelate bears the same ratio to a nonconformist clergyman that a general killed in action does to a subaltern who has shared the same fate.

According to the latest accounts, we understand that it was the intention of the authorities to seek the aid of the military to suppress the riots. But why, let us ask, should such proceedings be tolerated a single hour? Much a howlance may be made for the notional predilections of Irishmen, and the unextinguishable animosity with which Orangemen and Roman Catholics invariably regard each other; but surely the Belfast rioters have been allowed to trespass a little too much on the patience of those to whom society looks for its protection.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is universally acknowledged as a duty, and as such is affected by us all. We are glad, and find pleasure, a dozen times a day, and do no more than is expected of us—in fact, should pass for morose fellows if we did not smile at the accent of every acquaintance; and if we cannot superadd an air of brisk self-assertion at the good fortune of the encounter, so much the better. If, then, we have all to seem cheerful, a few speculations on different kinds of cheerfulness, what is the sort, and how we may invest ourselves with it, cannot come amiss. The ideal cheerful man is, indeed, a great benefactor. He is a moral tonic to every one about him. For cheerfulness is a genial strength; it can carry weights and support the weak. At its greatest it is a form of magnanimity. It is not ignoring the troubles of the world, but looking at them, and owning them, meeting them, and rising above them. And it teaches others to do the same. It is a happy union of fine qualities—of an unruined temper, a clear judgment, and well-proportioned faculties. It is the expression of an inward harmony. However, if we are to have much cheerfulness, it cannot be all of this superlative quality; and, looking among our acquaintance, the readiest examples are not of the heroic standard; though even this is not so rare but that we believe every man's experience has, at some time or other, come in hardly contact with it. Except that cheerfulness in this nobler sense can hardly be spontaneous; this is not compatible with human infirmity; it may look so, but the man himself is conscious of effort, and has his moments of reaction. We know this by the rules for cheerfulness laid down by persons who have been distinguished for it in conjunction with great powers of mind—rules and precepts which all show consciousness of melancholy as an enemy at our very doors. Great powers, as far as we can judge, are not friendly to this habit of mind. Poets, philosophers, deep thinkers, even wits, are not often cheerful men for themselves. All by turns have a touch of poor Bunyan's experience, "as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light, and as if the stones in the streets and the tiles upon the houses did bend themselves against them"—but this only because these powers are not well balanced; for where there is excess there is too commonly defect somewhere. There is some unappreciated in the broad difference that constantly exists between the cheerful man and the cheerful companion. Even Falstaff is a different man in soliloquy; but many of those most noted for their powers of raising others' spirits have been habitually hipped and sad in their solitary hours. Sydney Smith is a contrary instance. He did not affect solitude, it is true, but he describes his spirits as perennial, and those who lived with him never saw him depressed, or that he stayed and fretted of his household existence. But even he had his rule—namely, "to take short views of life," to hold by the present for all that is good in it, to refuse to look forward to a possible change to worse, however imminent that worse may appear; all things more easily said than done, and not always wisely they could be done. It may, however, be because women are more constantly occupied with the immediate present, because their employments are more connected with the time being than building up a future either of fame or prosperity, as well as because there is in the feminine organization a more even balance of powers, that our readiest examples of cheerfulness are, we think, women. The girl cheers up home more than the boy, the old maid is unquestionably more cheerful than the old bachelor; and if we would raise up the image, the very poetry, of cheerfulness, we recall some fair matron, the presiding genius of the hearth, bright-eyed, persuasive, who can

Change by her power
Every weed into a flower,
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble agitate.

Every form of this quality, whether in a man's self or for his fellows, should be infectious; the spring of content should scatter drops of refreshing, and make us gay too for more than the moment. All cheerfulness, even to be attractive, ought to do us good, and not to be a mere attribute of the man. But all does not do us this good turn. There is, of course, for example, a more offensive fellow than one who insists on being jolly, totally irrespective of our mood. A good deal of cheerfulness is on the Miller-of-Dee principle, and consists in not caring. So long as we do not find this out, it is all very well; but the disenchantment is complete when circumstances disclose, under the jaunty, easy hilarity, a hard indifference and positive incapacity for sympathy. Such cheerfulness can only be sustained by selfishness reduced to a system, and there is no greater discouragement, when things are going wrong with us, than to fall in with people who affect "pity in their smiles of comfort," and yet smile on. We must not be hard on merely constitutional cheerfulness. It sometimes seems as if these social butterflies, these summer friends, had a place in our economy, but at best it is only to add to our mirth or to distract us momentarily from our trouble, not really to alleviate it. There is a form of cheerfulness which nobody can stand:—

Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles—

perhaps because it is impossible the smiles should be real, but rather, we incline to think, because smiles should be rare things, and cheerfulness that is always parading itself in smiles is of the wrong sort. People

ostentatiously and notoriously cheerful are at best foolish people, their spirit of a brisk but thin quality—nothing about them in good working order. The thing we respect and admire shows itself more consistently in its quiet moments, the soul looking out through the eyes. Anybody can smile; out to look bright, with the muscles all at rest, betoken a habit of seeing things at their best, and making the best of them.

Those in whose way it falls to hear of the characteristics of modern ascetics are constantly informed of the exceeding cheerfulness, the almost childlike hilarity, observable in persons who have renounced the pleasures of the world, abandoned every natural tie, and made themselves desolate for religion's sake. Whenever a knot of converts gets together, we hear of much laughter and boyish ebullition of spirits. No one visits a nunnery but, if the rule admit of his seeing a nun at all, he comes back charmed by her smiles. No young lady falls in with a Sister but she is struck, not by her resigned expression, that "leadens eye that loves the ground," but by her cheerfulness. Perhaps serenity is not enough; the fair ascetic is positively merry, and laughs with a silvery laugh. None in the hour of recreation are often described as children over again. Some persons regard this conventional hilarity as a strong sanction for this mode of life—as, in fact, a miraculous reward for utter self-renunciation. For our own part, whatever reflection we may incur by the avowal, we never hear of these ineffable good spirits without irritation. What right have these people to be so happy? Why should they have lighter hearts than any of us can expect to have? What chance have they, in their connexion is there between seclusion and separation and this exuberant joyousness? We even ask, if these people who have turned their backs on us laugh while we take life as a very grave affair, are we necessarily in fault; must the contrast be owing to our worldliness? What is it that makes men whose lot it is to live in the world often heavy and depressed? what is it that gives the sense of weight? Not, we think, the society of pleasure, for some are pleased to assume, but the burdens of life pressing on shoulders not strong enough or properly disciplined to bear them, to bear them lightly. If the celibate or the nun is merry when we are sad and lumps, it may be of course the sunshine of a pure conscience breaking out into smiles; but may it not also be because they are free from the anxieties which oppress us, and which they have taken violent means to be rid of? There is a certain class of worries inseparable from the duties of the professions, and which cannot exist where the natural affections are suppressed and superseded. For, in order to exchange our burden for theirs, their existence would be an intolerable vacuity and restraint to us; we lack, it may be, their contemplative faculty. But nevertheless they have shaken themselves loose from the natural trials that beset us, that compose our countenance into grave lines, hinder our smiles from being as frequent or as bounding as they might be, and make free, careless hilarity of memory with which they can never again expect to have anything to do. For, in truth, the most fortunate existence has cars enough to make good its natural condition. The way to be a child again, is, it seems, to throw them all over, though it be to assume more onerous tasks, if only they do not pull at the heart-strings.

We are not saying that life is not pleasant. If it is, an "auxiliary" being, the most constitutionally melancholy of poets, calls it "pleasing," and "cheerful" too. Grave as we are, we are probably happier than we look; while, on the other hand, we have not much cause to be so. We are now speaking of it. It is compatible, we know, with long fits of dreariness and misgiving. If it be not also compatible with a latent yearning for "le bon vieux temps quand j'étais si malheureux," we are greatly mistaken. The happiness of nature life does not show itself in marked, fussy expression; it may look low under some dissipated evidence of harassment. It is only the outside part of us that we reduce to misery, and cheerfulness like a child, and that we reduce to misery, and refreshment of spirit in childish things which have nothing in them for "his coming to rest." But all the same we say that, if she would have been sad at her own old home—for the brother that has gone astray, for the sister drooping in premature decay, for the mother fretted into ill temper by her trials—and is now merry, having separated herself by one strong act from the tyranny of these caring cares, we see no particular reason to regret her jollity, though we do not grieve at the cheerfulness; say also that, whatever she gains, she is losing one most important part of training—the sorrows and pains of the affections. She may serve the outer world, the poor and stranger, with an energy of self-sacrifice; but she cannot love with quaking nerves and throbbing pulses any but the heart's natural belongings. And this fact will be written in the smiles of which so much account is made, which, however beautiful in themselves, do not cheer our spirits, for the very reason that there is, and can be, no sympathy and fellowship in them. But we have digressed, not only into gravity, but into polemics.

We sometimes think that mankind must at one time have been endowed with a more robust cheerfulness than our civilization can boast, to carry them through the trials to which they were exposed in lawless times. History is such a succession of miseries, tyrannies, cruelties, and wrongs, that how people stood it and lived out their days is sometimes a marvel. But something constantly lets out that life under these conditions was vigorous—that people caught, with an alacrity foreign to us, the pleasure within their reach. Even where torture and hideous forms of death curdle the modern reader's blood, there are continually indications, if we look for them, of a somewhat jovial society in the thick of these horrors, and that not only among the victimizers. What a wild cheerfulness characterizes, in Mr. Motley's book on the Netherlands, all the scenes principally and most fatally concerned! Spirits may be crushed in the end, but while there is hope, excitement will always engender cheerfulness, just as soldiers are cheerful; and probably both from the same necessity of "taking short views of life," while the present is occupied by stirring events.

We may be a little over-educated for this frank, careless form of cheerfulness. Ours must be in some degree the result of rule and self-discipline, yet still the first qualification, the indispensable ally, must be courage. There can be no cheerfulness without it. We must have no ingenuities, no frightful fiends in our rear which we dare not turn upon. The cheerful man must be able to look everything in the face—take it in, in its just proportions, but not dwell upon it. Such remedies as occur to him he applies with promptness, but he broods upon nothing. Hence cheerfulness is most rare and difficult to an active imagination, unless this is allied to the most sanguine temperament. It is all very well to tell some people