

Saul's guardian angel, as Malzah, "the evil spirit from the Lord," is his evil genius and tormentor; Zelahtha is the controller of Malzah, and Peyona, an evil spirit, of course, is Malzah's consort. A very naughty pair they are, these latter twain. Demons laugh at the choruses of the prophets; they criticise events while Saul's first sacrifice is being offered; they follow the Amalekitish ghosts to Acheron, sport and jest around the mutilated remains of Agag, and follow the royal shade to hell as soon as they can thread their way through the crowd of ghostly voyagers, let loose on the late bloody battle field, for (a demon is speaking)

"The road thereto is yet encumbered
With the descending spectres of the killed.
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf;
Wherein our spirits—like terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing—
Linger perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs,
'That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,
At midnight, of the salt-flood's foaming surf,—
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

They talk sagely and tritely of human affairs—of times beyond the deluge—and have a distinct recollection of "the sweet girls of Cain, grand-daughters of first Eve;" they travel swiftly from one holy mountain to another, and across wide wastes of sea and desert, and revel in lone wildernesses, as well as among the busy haunts of men; soar to heaven's gate, and have business in Tartarus; and all in the most natural way. The better spirits perform their better functions with the same ease and freedom; and over them all the author has thrown a life and an existence which may be said to be essentially of his own devising and creating.

In this rapid sketch of the drama of "Saul," this mere skimming of its rich surface, many passages of great beauty, force, quaintness and general excellence have been culled, leaving hundreds of others interspersed through the four hundred and thirty-six precious pages, flung and strewn right and left, and scattered about "thick as autumnal leaves that show the brooks in vallebrosa." These and very many other passages in which the peculiar humour of the author is made manifest, must be sought for by the reader of this really great work. The colloquy, for instance, between Jokiel and Jared; the loves of Malzah and Peyona; the remarks of certain Hebrews at pages 64, 65 and 66; several scenes between the spirits; the comments of the watching Hebrews while David is going forth to meet Goliath: and many others. Two more selections must suffice; the first is a song of Malzah's:

"There was a devil, and his name was I;
From out Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye;
It had many a hue: in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green i' the sea, and white i' the sky
O, do not ask me, ask me why