

The professionals, again, who formerly always starved in banishment, living miserably in garrets at the Hague, or other free places, now find it easier to get a living; the world is before them, and they frequently prosper, till they have, considered merely as cultivated animals, nothing in their country to regret. They are well fed, warmly clothed, and, barring the climate, sufficiently well housed. It is not given to every one to prosper as the Financial Secretary of the Confederate States did in England; but other exiles can be named, both in England and America, who, pecuniarily, have nothing to regret. The poor, again, who formerly died in banishment of want, now go to America, English or Spanish, or to the great cities of Europe, and find employment in their own trades at rates quite as remunerative as at home. Indeed, a majority of them would probably benefit physically by exile, and find, like the Germans who fled in 1848, or who retreat even now before the rigid laws of conscription, that America offers them, if not a pleasanter home, at least a richer one than the Fatherland. The physical evils of exile have, in fact, been modified till they scarcely exist; but that is not the case with the mental evils. To the men likely to be exiled for political reasons, banishment means the loss of all things which make life sweet, except bodily comfort. Their mental interests are either snapped short, or have the savour taken out of them. They are like politicians condemned by ill-health to inaction, forced to change the rôle of actors who are forwarding the play, and are, therefore, not only interested in its success, but occupied by it, for that of mere spectators, weary with desire to be once more on the stage, and seeing in those who supersede them only imbeciles. Occupations may not cease, but the occupations which were chosen as by instinct, which made life delightful, and filled it with the pleasant sense of efficiency and use, are all closed; and the others taken up to diminish ennui are like gardening to a city man, or novel-reading to a man who has shared in "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife," of political debate. The Princes of Orleans, for example, may still in London be interested in French politics; but they cannot advance them, cannot even see them as quickly as of old, are like citizens driven into remote villages against their own consent, always conscious of being behind the time. They can have society at will, but it is not the society of those who are making history in the only country they care about, not, as it were, the society of the living; they can have conversation, but either they or their interlocutors must use a foreign tongue, and so lose half their spontaneity; they can engage in affairs, but the affairs are not their own. The mere fact that they cannot enter their own land is of itself a pain, aggravated by the truth, always patent to intelligent exiles, that every year of absence makes them more strangers; and that when they return, some powers, some kinds of knowledge, some habitudes of mind essential to their careers, will have been sadly, it may be fatally, diminished. They lose, while in exile, the use of their heaped-up treasure of experience, and feel while they stay away that they make no additions to it. Their careers are, in fact, ended before old age has set in. The loss of friends, too, is heartbreaking. Men cannot keep up friendships by correspondence, still less continue that founding of new friendships without which life is certain to become in its end so solitary. No man, however cosmopolitan, quite finds that foreigners replace to him his own countrymen, least of all Frenchmen, whose country has for them a charm like that of Rome for a patrician. The Roman noble under sentence of death had usually the alternative of exile, and often accepted the quick penalty, rather than the slow one. Life under such circumstances loses flavour, and in its insipidity is a penalty which often produces true *tedium vite*—that most exhausting of all forms of melancholy—and always something of that ennui which is the great burden of a long imprisonment. Exiles, it is noticed, hunger for occupations, as prisoners do, and not unfrequently prefer, like prisoners, those occupations which prevent thought, rather than compel the mind to apply thought to the full. The sentence of banishment, where it is felt at all, does not take away life; but it takes away most of its happiness, and that is a severe penalty, and is the heavier in proportion as the sufferer has in his own country made his life full, and active, and beneficial to all around him. Men can dream anywhere, but for those who do not dream, some reality in the objects of life, and fittingness of relation between them and their surroundings, are essential not only to happiness, but even to the maintenance of their

powers. A large proportion of men who retire from business grow rapidly and perceptibly weaker, and banished men are business men condemned to perpetual inaction. The suffering differs in every individual case, but the best proof of its reality is the inability of the exile ever to do anything serious or great, unless it be to intrigue for his own return. Prisoners of war are not accounted happy men, nor are they; and exiles by compulsion are but prisoners of war, with a few material comforts and liberties, but also, to counterbalance them, with a bitter sense of oppression and disappointment. Every exiled man has had hopes, dreams, affections, often the solace of entire lives, all inextricably bound up with the native land, which, as Danton said, one does not carry away on the sole of one's shoe. You cannot carry away, for instance, that which to most men is part of their own identity, namely, your own precise place in the world, your own title to recognition or regard, or it may be deference. That place has been given to men by their history, and is as inextricably welded into the social system of their own country as any stone into a building. Without the building, its look, its use, its very meaning, are all entirely changed. Even Princes feel such a fate most painfully, and European Princes are of necessity, by connections, by pursuits, and by habits of mind, the most cosmopolitan of men, and should, therefore, feel exile the least.

DISLIKE.

CONSIDERING how large a part the impulses which divide human beings take in this imperfect world, it is somewhat surprising to reflect how small a space has been accorded to them, in those pages from which many persons derive their chief knowledge of character. Fiction, painting so largely the sympathies by which human beings are bound together, has taken but little account of those antipathies, equally real, which not only divide them, but also, it must be confessed, do to some extent tend by external pressure to unite more closely for a time those who are united already. However, we somewhat exaggerate the feeling we mean in calling it *antipathy*, and it is by no means easy to name it without exaggeration. Almost all synonyms for it are stamped with blame, so that it seems impossible to mention an incapacity for satisfactory intercourse with another person as a mere fact about one's relation to him, and not as some contribution to an estimate of his own character. The word which has least of such a suggestion is "distaste," and it is a significant fact that the sense from which we borrow the expression is the most idiosyncratic of all means of communication with the outer world. Speaking broadly, we may say that a disagreeable sound or colour is disagreeable to every one, while we have to inquire after our neighbours' tastes, before we know what flavours they would consider agreeable or disagreeable; everybody dislikes the screech of a slate-pencil, and nobody is surprised at another person's not sharing his own preference for a particular flavour. The contrast between the peculiar separateness of taste, and the common element in the other senses, so that many may gaze at once on the same picture, and crowds may listen to the same low note, while no two persons can taste the same morsel, has thus become a symbol of that individuality, that subjectivity in the region of personal feeling, which allows us to describe attraction or repulsion without implying judgment.

Miss Cobbe, in the useful expression introduced into one of her essays, "Heteropathy"—the opposite, that is, not the contrary, of sympathy—has bestowed on us the means of bringing forward and realising this moral neutrality of distaste. We are not necessarily influenced *against* the person who is distasteful to us, we are conscious merely of a heterogeneity of affection, a different response to the same excitement, which makes us mutually unintelligible. Where distaste becomes disapproval, indeed, it is a mixed feeling, and the only important instance which we can call to mind of an attempt to paint this "heteropathy," which in the world of experience is so common, Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," seems to us somewhat impaired by the amount of justification with which the impartial poet has provided the man of the world who finds himself out of sympathy with the man of genius. Tasso, we presume, is meant to be an exhibition of the weakness of the poetic temperament *abandoned to itself*, and there is no character the unreasonableness of which more jars on the taste of a sensible man, practised in affairs, and ready to adapt himself to almost any other character. And there is no feeling more jarring to

an imaginative man, when he perceives it, than the tolerance which Antonio expresses when he tries to be just. "Yet often with respect he speaks of thee," says Leonora Sanvitale, when she is trying to soothe Tasso's irritation; and most of us can sympathise with his answer,—

"'Tis even that disturbs me, for his art
Is so to measure out his careful words
That seeming praise from him is actual blame."

The words convey an admirable suggestion of the withering effect of distaste drying up all that aims at being appreciative, and leaving nothing so distinct as the effort it costs the speaker to find any excellence in the object of his praise. The relation, perhaps, was the model of Miss Yonge, in her pretty creation, "The Heir of Redclyffe;" but she seems to us to have inverted the mistake of Goethe (if we may be so profane as to find mistake in Goethe), and to have spoilt the situation by painting the person who inspires dislike as too faultless. Dislike, under such circumstances, becomes envy,—a feeling quite different from heteropathy. There is, in an unfinished romance by Hawthorne (not the one just published), a delicate little touch, exactly realising this feeling, in the description of the two persons intended in the first sketch of the story for lovers, bringing out, with all the author's subtle power, that sense of sudden recoil which sometimes strangely interrupts even a mutual affection not founded on a true harmony of character, and which is felt most distinctly just after the moments of closest union, just as the most intolerable discord is nearest to unison. The relation was found unmanageable, and drops out of the story, much to the disappointment of at least one reader, to whom it appeared a promise of a most characteristic display of Hawthorne's peculiar genius. But it is almost unfair to bring the half-obliterated sketch for an unfinished romance into the same page with one of the best known works of Goethe, even under the exigencies of a search for specimens of the rarest kind of dramatic delineation.

The relation which Hawthorne found too delicate to paint may well, indeed, have been avoided by the artist. Perhaps it is not one very well suited to dramatic elaboration,—at least, the feelings with which it is often associated are much more dramatic than itself, and tend to throw it into the shade. Envy, jealousy, and resentment are broad, simple emotions, easily described; distaste, no doubt, opens the way for them, but is perfectly distinct from them, and does not, in a liberal and cultivated mind, imply even any sense of condemnation. "'Tis, I am barbarous here, my tongue unknown," was the complaint of a polished Roman, made to realise the true meaning of the word "Barbarian;" and perhaps Ovid may have learnt in his exile to appreciate the arrogant spirit with which the Roman applied it to all the world but his countrymen. Any one can feel, when he is himself the barbarian, that unintelligibility supplies no material for judgment; but it takes qualities of a high order to perceive this, when the case is reversed. Yet it is a familiar experience that distaste may appear unreasonable, even to him who feels it. The very associations which cluster round the epithet "well-meaning," testify to the familiarity of the struggle between distaste and an acknowledgment of qualities that should ensure respect; and probably many selfish and indolent persons arouse far less sense of heteropathy than a large proportion of the enthusiastic and the benevolent. Most people have felt at some time or other what was expressed by the dying man who, when told that he was going where the wicked would cease from troubling, responded, earnestly, "And the good, too, I hope!" For our own part, we have sometimes thought that if the good would cease from troubling, we would gladly take our chance of the wicked. Even the hero may inspire the feeling, as well as the saint. The faults of a large, impressive character are often peculiarly galling to those who stand very close to it; and when the biographer has said all he has to say, we sometimes discover, if we learn more about his subject, that the relation assumed as one of grateful subordination was, in reality, that of a continuous protest. We are very apt to be unjust to those who find a large character distasteful, in assuming their blindness to its nobility. If we suppose that distaste never enters a relation till love quits it, we shall fail to appreciate many of the most faithful and dutiful relations by which human beings are bound together. Distaste is no mere growth of the acquaintance world, where we have nothing to do but to yield to it; it shows itself in many a faithful friendship, it springs up on the fertile soil of family affection,

it is by no means a stranger even to the sacred enclosure of marriage. No other atmosphere, indeed, is so propitious to it as that cooling affection which often both joins and separates many a pair who never cease to love each other. Gratitude for life-long services does not exclude it, nor do the services which have earned that gratitude; it may mingle with self-sacrificing devotion, even with strong admiration. There is almost no feeling by which man is bound to man which it may not dilute; and he who should refuse to continue any friendship or affection which involved a struggle with it would find himself, at some time or other, almost alone.

No one will deny that the experience of feeling or inspiring distaste is common, but many will consider that we do not want it made more definite by description. To put it into words gives it a permanence which it might lack, if left in the vague region of feeling; and whoever gives as much expression to it as to the opposite feeling, not only exaggerates it in appearance, but greatly increases it in fact. Moreover, the expression certainly tends, to some extent, to justify the feeling. The discovery that in proportion as any one gives utterance to those feelings and opinions which are most characteristic he hurts some sense of fitness in his company, strangely bars the entrance on common ground, even when this is close at hand. And then, too, dislike, with all that it implies, is not pathetic, or striking, or tragic, it is only disagreeable; and why, it may be asked, should Art mirror the part of life that is only disagreeable? We should misrepresent some of those we loved best, if we were to recall even with the most careful accuracy how little they loved each other, and a late famous example surely forms the strongest argument for the rule that no biographer should attempt to leave a record of the distastes of his hero. It is indeed impossible to give the feeling the same proportion in the record that it had in life. The gamut of expression has not that compass which such an utterance demands. The faintest and gentlest hint at any lack of sympathy has a force and distinctness that eulogium is wholly without. It always suggests a good deal behind.

We heartily agree to the rule that any record of actual life should give as small a place as possible to distaste. But it is precisely the fact that biography cannot give distaste its due proportion, and should not therefore make any attempt at embodying it, while yet it is an important part of actual experience, which makes us desire to see it represented in the only kind of literature where all that is meant can be expressed. A good picture of a difficult situation gathers up a large part of whatever advice might be given for dealing with it, and it is often the only form in which such advice is possible. It makes an era in the hidden autobiography which we peruse in silent hours, when some voice from a larger nature has recalled and retouched—thereby wonderfully diminishing them—our own perplexities; and a large part of the charm of fiction consists in the fact that this is often the only possible channel of such a confidence. The rare glimpses which we attain of the attitude of a large, richly-endowed nature, conscious of distaste returned where friendship was sought, is such a lesson of tolerance and magnanimity as no sermon could convey. Once or twice in a lifetime we may come upon a glimpse of such a state of mind, perhaps as we decipher the faded characters from a hand that has long been still, for oftenest all that makes the relation intelligible is only visible afar off. Or a few words at some crisis of life and death, reveal that what looked like blindness to dislike was a self-suppressing oblivion of it. But for the most part, the more completely vanity or sensitiveness is conquered in meeting such a feeling, the more the victory is hidden, and we rarely learn from any experience of actual life what would afford the greatest help in some of its difficulties,—how a noble mind meets distaste.

The best substitute for such aid, though it be a poor one, is to remind ourselves that the region of distaste is, after all, confined to a narrow part of our whole being. The world of our animal nature is one of resemblance; and so is that of our spiritual nature, if we can but reach it. We are similarly affected, on the whole, by all things outward. We all dread pain, hunger, weariness, while food, rest, warmth, and the like, in different proportions, are desirable to all. And there is a region of the inward life which is as characteristic of humanity as is the outward life, though it is far less accessible, and much more liable to be confused with heterogeneous elements. But between the region of the *physical* life and that of the *spiritual* life lies that borderland of idiosyncrasy—that which we specially mean

when we speak of a person's nature—which is the region of heteropathy. On this domain we are often as hopelessly at a loss for any practical expression of goodwill as we should be, if suddenly transported to a planet where fatigue was cured by active exercise, and hunger by fasting, so that to offer a tired person an easy-chair, or provide food for one who declared himself faint with hunger should be a malignant action. If a humorous view of the situation is to you a potent auxiliary in enduring its difficulties, while to me it adds insult to injury, your benevolent attempt to lighten some common vexation by putting it in a ludicrous point of view will only make me feel it more bitterly. If, in a common loss, you are striving to forget our friend, and I to remember him, the very fact that we both loved him will make us bad company to each other. How many such miscalculations we see, feel, or make, in our endeavours to console each other! "Time softens every grief," we say, to one who feels it the supreme agony that the beloved image must fade. Or we try to soothe some proud heart, racked with the thought of compassion, by the assurance that others feel for its pangs! Under such "heteropathy," all affection, all active good-will, becomes an engine of torment. The victim flies to indifference, as a welcome exchange for such benevolence, and feels the atmosphere of slight acquaintance a delightful variety, after that intimacy which has given his friend a right to inflict an amount of suffering that would have satisfied the heart of an enemy. The golden rule, in such circumstances, becomes useless. To do unto others as we would they should do unto us, is to sharpen their discomfort in our neighbourhood, unless, indeed, all we desire from them is their absence; and distaste, when it is sufficiently important to attract attention, is rarely capable of so simple a solution. For it is sometimes woven in with the web of life's duties, and even of its cherished possessions. Surely, in such circumstances, it should be a great help towards justice, both to those we dislike, and towards those who dislike us, to realise that this kind of antagonism is confined to a certain limited portion of our being; and that if we could carry on our intercourse within either that simpler world of the senses where men want all the same thing, or that deeper world of moral conviction where they all reverence the same thing, we should find distaste suddenly vanish; and though, practically, this is impossible, the fact that it is not inconceivable is by no means an unimportant one.

This sense of some possible fugitiveness or error in the feeling of Distaste should be materially reinforced by the discovery that it is by no means invariably mutual, and by what is another side of the same truth, that it sometimes lies very near to perfect sympathy. It may be excited by those who, just because they are unlike us, are best able to help us. Leonora says of Tasso and Antonio,—

"Two foes are there who should be closest friends,
For nature formed in each but half a man,
And in their union were the perfect whole."

And though in such cases the need be mutual, the perception of that need is often not so. We often understand the language that we cannot speak, and so mysterious is the chemistry of human relation, that the same difference which on one side tells as a repulsive strangeness, is on the other welcomed as a delightful variety. It is but the change of a couple of letters which converts the *hostis* to the *hospes*, and it is a change almost as trifling—a mere shifting of spiritual attitude—which shows us the spiritual foreigner as friend or foe. We sometimes see this change curiously brought out in the feelings of the same person towards different members of the same family. You meet the son of your old friend, you recognise in almost every word some trace of the companion whose presence made life delightful to you. Perhaps in your sober judgment you would acknowledge that the son is, on the whole, worthy of his father. But you discover that some slight change of proportion, or some almost imperceptible introduction of a new element, is enough to destroy all spiritual affinity. There is nothing more disagreeable than to dislike one who reminds us of those we have loved; but the experience is full of instruction. Or again, we may realise the marvellous effect of this change of proportion in the nearness of heteropathy itself to sympathy. The first experience of an entire mutual understanding is the best thing in life, and many a one has felt that it was also the first experience of self-knowledge. For we completely understand ourselves only when we find an interpreter in another soul; and there can be no revelation of the self, except by one

who resembles the being he reveals. It is as true of the things of Earth as of Heaven, that we must be like any one, if "we shall see him as he is." But how slight a change here brings us from the closest union to something that almost resembles hatred! The society of one who mirrored all the weaknesses and difficulties of our own character, would be quite as intolerable as the society of one who understood neither our weakness nor our strength. "There are but three fingers' space," says the Talmud, "between Heaven and Hell." It is a profound sentence, and its truth is nowhere more evident than in the varied and mysterious world of human relation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LOCAL RATING AND TENANT-RIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—Knowing the influence which the opinions of the *Spectator* exercise upon the minds of politicians, especially Liberal ones, will you allow me to state the views of the Farmers' Alliance upon the above two subjects, which you treated of last week? From the outset, we have distinctly recognised the doctrine that the rates of a farm fall ultimately upon the owner. Great efforts have been made by the Alliance to educate farmers upon this ratal question, and the following old couplet was resuscitated with this object:—

"The higher the rates, the lower the rent;
The lower the rates, the higher the rent."

Rates, however, are not a fixed quantity; for instance, the highway rate and the education rate have considerably added to the rates levied upon many farms. Although ratal is mainly and in the long-run an owner's question, landlords would very naturally object to pay the whole amount of the burden, seeing that tenants exercise greater power than themselves over the expenditure of rates. It may be argued that as rates increase or decrease, there should be a readjustment of rent; but those who understand farming affairs know that such an arrangement would be troublesome and distasteful to both parties, hence the Alliance has contended that a division of rates between owner and occupier is the most practical as well as the most just arrangement; its advocates have, moreover, the advantage of being able to point to the fact that in Scotland the plan has long been in force, and that it works satisfactorily. When, therefore, you assert of this proposal that "though very dear to the farmer, it is a cry for the moon," I am compelled to conclude that you have not looked very narrowly into the arguments we have put forth.

With reference to our demands for tenant-right, I would observe that they are grounded entirely upon public policy. A great part of the land of the country has never been highly farmed, and in the opinion of the Alliance never will be, until the whole interests of tenants in their holdings are secured to them. In the past, a tenant's interests in his holding have been liable to confiscation in two ways:—(1.) Withholding compensation to an outgoing tenant for the capital he has put into or upon the soil, and which is not removable. (2.) Raising the rent after a tenant has increased the fertility, or value of the holding, styled "a revaluation." The latter has been a far more common mode of procedure than the former, and has, moreover, exercised a far more deterrent influence upon the enterprise of tenants. The Farmers' Alliance has maintained that if it is necessary, in the interests of the public, to secure outgoing tenants against injustice, there is even greater necessity to secure that much larger class who desire to remain upon their farms, after they have effected the improvements they deemed necessary for its profitable occupation; and on this point all that is demanded is that a tenant who has improved his holding shall have a power of appeal to an impartial tribunal against an arbitrary rise of rent upon his own improvements,—nothing, be it remarked, is demanded for the bad or the unimproving farmer. With respect to freedom of contract, I would simply remark that if the question of tenant-right is to be argued on these lines, and the doctrine is to be upheld, there is no need to trouble the Legislature; but surely the day has gone by for taking a stand upon this ground, the experience of the Agricultural Holdings Act, the Report of the Royal Commission, and the opinions of statesmen formerly opposed to compulsory legislation, are conclusive on the point. I started by asserting that the demands of the Farmers' Alliance are grounded upon public