

G. H. Hille

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

[MESSRS. EDITORS—I send you the following letter recently received from a friend now in Europe. It was not intended for publication, which will perhaps add to its interest. One acquainted with German will readily see that German is the vernacular of the writer. I have allowed the Germanisms to remain uncorrected, and with the exception of a few omissions, send the letter just as it was written.

A. G. T.]

PARIS, 27 March, 1872.

* * *,—

Though it seems to me as if I had become a stranger to you since I left America, still as I once had the pleasure of being a fellow-teacher of yours, I hope you will not be disinclined to hear something of your old friend's transactions on this side of the Ocean.

However interesting to me my stay at the Capital of Germany has been, I cannot write you at present anything about it. How I here

succeeded in seeing for ten Silber-groschen the Empress Augusta, the Grossfürst von Mecklenburg, and the Emperor "Bill" himself (about eight cents a piece); or how at the Opera for one five-sixth Thalers I got right in the midst of a crowd of Prussian aristocrats, or how beautifully there Pauline Lucca sang, or how excellent there the orchestra was; all this and much else I will have to reserve for some other time.

About Vienna, where I had the most agreeable surprise of finding a good many of my former colleagues and friends, I only tell you that much, that since I left it, it has become a most beautiful city, and that the new Opera there surpasses in taste and elegance anything I ever saw before or since, and that the orchestra there is as complete as any that can be found on this globe.

But now I arrive to Pesth.—Liszt is living there. He is certainly the most respected pianist that ever lived; he is Abbé, Doctor, Rit-

now here visiting the battle fields of the sorties during the great siege. Before yesterday we were in fort Issy, yesterday at Vincennes, Joinville, Champigny (where General Ducrout made his great sortie.)

We have still found many frag-

ments of Prussian shells, especially in the walls of fort Issy; and also of the Communistic battles we can see the effects on the many ruins that this still splendid city now contains. * * * * *

Very respectfully,

***.

MORGANDALE.

BY THOS. B. BALCH, D. D.

There is a little hamlet in Fauquier, Virginia, which bears the name of Salem, but large enough to be marked on our maps. It is not a handsome place, but as Salem means Peace, its good natured people will not quarrel with the writer. They never make a man an offender for a word. Should they however, we can give them the amende honorable by saying that the town is embosomed in the choicest scenery that nature any where presents to the sight, which is the most delightful of all our senses. Persons on their way to Oak Hill ride through the town under whip or spur, when by turning to the left for the distance of a mile and a half, they could find a gem for sentimentalists, not on the margin of the sea, or in the mines of Sofala, but set in its mountain frame by the Sire of nature for the admiration of his creatures. That gem is Morgandale.

It will be conceded if a person has found out a plat of scenery far beyond the common order, that person ought if he can to make it known. He enlarges the area of human pleasure, by causing us to be better satisfied with the world in which our lot has been cast. The writer has never been to the Canary or Azore islands, and yet he has enjoyed the accounts of them given by the early navigators, who sailed under the auspices of Henry, the Portuguese Prince. They have described their birds, vines, rivulets and mountains. We pity the man who with ordinary feelings could read the letters of Columbus about things peculiar to the latitude of the West Indies, for he heard green and blue parrots talking in the woods. He noticed birds of gorgeous plumage, and oranges of far superior quality to any he had ever seen in Spain. His feelings were analagous to those of Solomon,

when the latter wrote: "The winter is over and gone, the time for the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." The same enthusiasm is expressed by Vasco de Gama, who may be called the Marco Polo of the sea, and by Camoens, who has been honored as the Portuguese Virgil. They acted on the principle that the imagination of men is fed on novelty. (There is a gratification in any thing new.) We ought to thank any one to explain to us the nature of zodiacal light, or to resolve the question whether comets be solid or gaseous. Many persons are mere Zetetics, pursuing after knowledge not so much by study, as by questions addressed to those who have studied. We admit that a dale three miles long and scarcely a mile broad, is but a small affair, and some would regard it as insignificant. But these are about the dimensions of Tempe, and the sight of the Thessalian Tempe, as well as that of the English Dove-dale, has thrilled many hearts with delight.

The writer is far from saying that no other dales can be found in Virginia which would please beholders. There are many besides Morgan, and we wish they could be depicted either by our writers in words or artists by their pencils. Such fractional landscapes would create an integral picture worthy the eye of Homer, who was a great observer. He took notice of the mountain as well as the valley which slumbered at its feet, and

of the roaring ocean, but did not forget the brook that sent on its tributary drops to the Ægean sea. His eye followed the eagle, but the sparrow found a nest for itself in his imagination. And so with the war-horse, or the bee of Hymettus, the plantain, or the bush that held its currant clusters. But we will not expatiate, though Homer be the subject. We will hand him over to Gladstone, the Premier, or to Bryant, the New York Editor. We respect an Editor, just as much as a Prime Minister.

Was introduced years ago to William Morgan, Esquire, who was educated at the University of Charlottesville. He was fully competent to the delineation of the scenery in the midst of which he resided, but his bashfulness was such that he could never appear in print.— Sorry to say that he is now deceased. We lost in him an excellent friend. He said to the writer:

"Your temperament disposes you to seclusion. You would not for the world make such a noise as Bonaparte did with his conscripts. Come then, and shut yourself up in our romantic dale. Even the illustrious Milton longed for a hermitage, and you need not scruple to follow his example."

"Yes," I rejoined, "we can follow him *sed non paribus passibus*. When he stood up to perform his part in the melody of the universe we modern Lilliputians might be tucked away into one of the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. But *Deo volente* your kind invita-

tion is accepted. We always promise on that condition, for what is human life? It is often but a vapor—an April violet, or a weaver's shuttle—a rose that scarcely survives the summer by which it has been nursed, or a shepherd's tent set up for a night but dissolved in the morning."

"What you say is true," said my friend. "We have felt the force of it in our happy dale; but let us not look back on our sorrows, but forward to the crapeless land. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"At what time," I asked, "does the dale make its best appearance. In May no doubt, for that month is a kind of queen to the solar king who guides the circling year."

The reader may ask why don't you set out on your pilgrimage. My answer. Some preparation was necessary. Couldn't mount an elephant like Hannibal, or a camel like Cyrus, or a mule like Bonaparte. No objection, however, to a palfrey like the one Queen Isabella of Arragon rode to the Moorish wars when the Alhambra was captured. A pony must be bought, and his gaits must be subjected to several trials, and my chaffering ended in the purchase of a small bay, which answered my purpose far better than the celebrated Bucephalus tamed by Alexander the Great. A fall from a diminutive animal is not half so dangerous as one from a lofty horse. Started.—Called at Meadow Grove on my

way. Salem never appeared to greater advantage. The mountains at some little distance were shining in the sun, and the Kirks lent a moral influence to my feelings. They were standing at the time, but were nearly pulled to pieces in the war. We wish that all soldiers would behave themselves like that band of Irish robbers who resolved never to commit any one act of sacrilege. Robin Hood was not without a chaplain; but we fear that some chaplains may possess books to which their title is rather questionable. But we shall not enter into particulars. We leave the record of all wanton devastation to the future historian for all the cannon and trumpets of Wellington could not prevent the erection of that fearful tribunal which bears the name of History. All conquerors must appear at its bars. Even Napoleon, who, in his anger, slew a man, and in his self-will digged down walls which divided between nationalities. He has yet to pass under the scrutiny of sterner judges than Carlyle, Abbott, and Headley, and to be weighed in more impartial scales than those held by Thiers. He committed great crimes for which he must render an account to the most distant posterity. Why send him a poor captive to a lone, grassless Isle. We answer that unparalleled depotism called for an unparalleled retribution. But let us seek out the peaceful dale, and not St. Helena. The one is bristled all over with forbidding rocks, but on the

other the hand of Nature has laid down a carpet greener than the emerald, and filled with mosses, among which the Queen of the Hanging Gardens would not have disdained to saunter.

Waveland. This was the name of the seat occupied by my friend whose family gave their guest a cordial welcome. The building was of brick, and the rooms were most commodious. It stood on the summit of a hill, so that the dale lay below like a miniature map. "Thou shalt not covet any thing that is thy neighbor's," and it was difficult to suppress an emotion of avarice till my preference of a cottage or a palace was called to mind. The temptation was put to flight. Cincinnatus was satisfied with a tenement standing on sixteen roods of land, and was found at his plow when sent for to rescue Rome from the dangers by which the city was environed. A fondness for retirement is not inconsistent with utility. There could not be a greater enthusiast about solitude than Zimmerman, and yet he became physician to the King of Hanover. We like to think of Plato in his grove on the Ilyssus, or of Chaucer in his Woodstock home, but the one travelled far and wide, and the other concerned himself about the Astrolabe by which to take the altitude of the sun.—The pursuits of Galileo and Newton demanded loneliness, for each of them liked a promenade among the galleries of the Constellations, and yet one was a Professor in

Pisa, and the other served out his time in the Mint. We had no desire to live in so roomy a house as Waveland, but had we owned four acres in the dale as a Kaiosk, we would never have asked Uncle Sam to be our grand sire. But the places that know us now soon know us no more forever. Years after my visit, the Honorable Bedford Brown, Senator in Congress, purchased Waveland, and its owner moved to Clover Hill, the distance of half a mile. There the ex Senator might have been happy as a bug in a rug, or as a bee riding on some chariot flower, but could not resist the re-attractions of North Carolina.—Foreseeing the war, he hastened back to that modest and ancient Commonwealth, the land of the Gaston's, Iredell's, and Brevards. None of the soldiers stood up more bravely in the late war than the North Carolinians. They fought, not beating the air as did the Grecian Boxers, or cutting it as did the Roman Gladiators.

Waveland was then bought by Colonel Washington after the sale of Mount Vernon to our patriotic ladies, which brought vastly more than four hundred shekels. The Colonel fell in West Virginia. He was a gentleman of the olden stripe. The writer saw him last dispensing hospitality to his guests at Mount Vernon, and we hope that his remains were brought to Morgandale, for it is worthy to be the resting place of patriots. It is eulogium enough to say that he was the friend of Robert E. Lee.—

Dr. Beattie, in his *Minstrel*, describes the spot in which he wished to be buried. Had he died at Waveland instead of Aberdeen, his wish could have been gratified.

We do not say that Morgandale is perfect. It lacks a miniature lake for the accommodation of Anglers and mineral Springs for the healing of the gentry from our cities. Nor is its area large enough for the laying off of a Park extensive as the one at Mount Airy in the county of Richmond. We should dislike the noise of huntsmen in a piece of earth so habitually serene. But the dale is charming enough without such appendages, if you will only choose the month of May for the sight. Mind, gentle reader. We challenge you to the vision in *May*, but dare assert that it makes quite a respectable show of itself in the affluence of summer, or dressed in autumnal colors, or when passing through the dark shadows of winter. Even in that dreary season, like the white metal called zinc, the dale holds on to some of its azure shades, for the ever-blue ridges stands like a rear guard, the haze of which transcends the snow and flings its curves round the dell to protect it from the war of the elements. We love it for its simplicity, and though many years have elapsed since my visit, Memory overflows with a sense of its unpretending charms. We have no disposition to show it off in an artificial panorama, or in the Kaleidoscope of Sir David Brewster, if one capa-

acious enough to receive it could be procured. Sitting one day on the porch, we tried a prism on the whole of the prospect. But the flush was rather too fine. It resembled the gorgeous Baltimore bird, and we were glad to lay down the prism that the dale might re-assume its natural contour. Its features are so simple that a description of them is far from being difficult. In approaching it from Salem, you descend a slight hill, when the tympanum of the ear is suddenly regaled by the murmur of a brook, the water of which is transparent as that of the Shenandoah. The chalk-like road runs all the way to the mill, the wheel of which is turned by a mountain rivulet; and a mill is essential to rural prospects, and for this reason becomes necessary to the lute of the poet and the brush of the artist. Knolls, as they are called in Scotland, line the sides of this road with glossy trees as well as ivy slopes, along which the mill-boy rides chanting, we suppose, the verses of Elliot the corn-rhymer, and thinking that Henry Clay was happier when acting on the same capacity than when he addressed listening Senates.

A word about the views from Waveland. Carter Valley was all in sight, and the Carter's once owned more hills and vales than any people in Virginia. One of them who lived in Lancaster was a sort of King in our Old Dominion, nor like Bonaparte did he obtain the title by profound hypocrisy.—

To this abbreviated sketch we must add the crowns of hills, the jagged spurs of mountains, blue patches of the concave sky, convex clouds rivalling snow, and evenings full of mellow light.

And aye, the sunny mountains half way down
Oft echo flageolet from Salem town.*

My friend Gulielmus Morgan joined me on the Waveland porch.

"Tis my wish, friend Morgan, to ask you a question. Have you any wish that a railway should ever pass through this happy dale? My own opinion deliberately formed is that should Watt, the Greenock mechanic, ever bring into play his odious engine he will be the agent of great mischief. The present staging system we admit cripples a man occasionally, but he will kill off people in mighty heaps. The cars will turn us all into business machines and greatly diminish our literary enjoyments. Financiers will say we can jump from Richmond to Alexandria in four hours; but should they fall over a precipice of forty feet it is possible they may not see old Bellhaven in four months. They will bring men into such juxtaposition that the agitators of Boston will be tossed into Cincinnati, and women will get into a terrible muss about their imaginary rights, and instead of continuing the ornaments they will aim to be the lords of creation.— They will study Ovid to see whether Eves cannot be metamorphosed into Adams, and they will rename

* Campbell.

all the fowls of the air, though their appellations were given before the helpmeet of man had opened her eyes on the glories of Nature. The cars will break up all the blessed wayside inns that line the Virginy roads, though kept by widows that have no other means of support.— Bedford Brown when a senator told me that their inevitable tendency would be to a desecration of the Sabbath, but be circumspect, he said, for if you say a word against them you may be sent to Fort Warren or perhaps to the Libby, though Virginians have always been great sticklers for the right of opinion. How many more evils could be detailed as flowing from the mechanical fever which will seize on the people of the United States. But we forbear to lift the veil for in that event we would both shudder like aspen trees. Your guest is an old foggy and has a right to enter his protest against any raids on our quiet habits. We speak pro bono publico and not for our personal convenience."

"To what inconvenience will you be subjected by the introduction of railways?" said my interlocutor. "Is there no advantage in swift travelling?"

"To men of business," I replied, "who love to break their necks in getting through the world, but none at all to men of deliberation. At present it takes me four days to reach Washington, which is thirty-five miles from my dwelling. We call at Potesi, the seat of Alfred Ball, where we chat about Wesley,

then at Chantilly, the seat of Calvert Stuart, where we talk about the Oxford Martyrs, then to Sharon where Knox is the topic of conversation, though Catesby Jones its owner be a Commodore. Then on the fourth day the ride to Washington is tolerably easy."

"Are you then opposed to internal improvements?" asked my friend.

"Not at all," I replied. "The Duke of Bridgewater is one of my greatest favorites. He permeated England with his canals. That's a sensible way to travel, and we should like to see Virginia connecting her mountains with the lowlands by that genteel mode of conveyance. But should a railway ever come in this direction your rabbits will be whistled off, your squirrels will stop cracking their nuts, your whippowills will not be heard of summer nights, your forest stags will take the alarm, your fawns will escape, your trees will be hewed down to speed on the machine, and your Sabbaths will cease to be tranquil. What a pity that a dale so lovely should be disfigured by the inventions of men. We care not how it was produced. If by some convulsion of nature it is still certain that every object fell into its appropriate niche. Not one rock is misplaced—nor a clump of ivy—nor a wild plant among the crags, nor one vista for the eye—nor a hillock—and if natural beauty emerge from chaos we care not how many convulsions may occur.—Moses tells us that our planet was the scene of great commotions,

probably for a vast series of ages, and must have been upheld by supernatural and even by infinite power, notwithstanding the katachisms by which it was agitated. But the six glorious days of creation at last arrived when the æsthetics of the world commenced—Many things were then made for the benefit of useful people, and many beautiful things to please men of imagination. Tasso, the idealist, was entitled to consideration as well as my Lord Verulam, the utilitarian. For this cause we read of a paradise watered by a river that parted itself into four streams with gold, onyx and bdellium margins. The District of Eden sent up its graceful animals to the gates of the garden to hear their names, and we hope that the gazelles hurried on to show themselves to the sire of mankind. Hannibal was fond of elephants; but we fancy less clumsy creatures. And in the naming of the birds Adam must have been pleased with the little hummers that rolled onward like diamonds endowed with motion to take their place in the great nomenclature. But we pause, for it's no use to fall into a rhapsody. Friend Morgan, we ask you a question."

"Well," he replied, "a railway would add to the value of this property, but interest must yield to the repose of the Kirkgoing Day."

"Satisfied," was my answer.

A company of young ladies attended by a gentleman. Wondered at their not calling, for my host

was just as hospitable as was Abraham under his Mamre oak. They might have been on a visit to Salem from Millwood or Warrenton, and possibly wished to compare the dale with the localities from which they had come. A passion for scenery is rather on the increase among the ladies of the Old Dominion. But we need not be dependent on company for entertainment at all times. There are moments when we prefer serene clouds, serene breezes, serene grass, a serene home and serene reading to the exhilaration of company. Found a copy of the *British Spy*. Skipped a number of its leaves, for we had read it before and thought it an admirable work. We value it for the severe taste with which it is written. It was first published in a newspaper. So was the "*Citizen of the World*," by Goldsmith. It appeared whilst the literature of Virginia was scarcely budding.—Richmond was founded in 1742, but in 1803 it had not reached a population of more than five thousand. There was something brave in seizing the pen at that early day for the entertainment of the town. But some queer religionists object that Wirt was not a *British Spy*. We know it, for he was born 1772, among the sands and near the Chalybeate Spring of Bladensburg. Nor was Goldsmith a Chinaman, though he wrote Chinese letters, nor were Lyttleton and Montesquieu Persians, though they wrote Persian letters. What a simpleton must Walpole have been

to call Chatterton an impostor, because for the entertainment of Bristol, he affected to have brought to light some poetry of the fifteenth century. Suppose a man in Richmond should desire to write the "*Letters of a Blue Ridge Spy*," could any man be so devoid of sense as to call him an impostor when he is only acting hypothetically to give interest to his speculations. Could such an one be found in the Capital of Virginia, the Legislature ought to vote him as a gift to Mermaid Barnum, who would make money out of such a Plato. But we had along a little book called the "*Lay Preacher*," by Dennie, of Philadelphia, of which we think as highly as possible, though Harper has never dressed it out in his wooden pictures. We believe that Dennie was a clerk in the office of Timothy Pickering, who lost power under the elder Adams. But the clerk established the *Port Folio*, in which periodical this collection of essays first appeared.—They were put into volume form. The paper of my copy was very indifferent, but this was of no account in a work written with Addisonian purity of style. The author archly professes that he had never been a student of Divinity. Serious Theology would not have suited the *Port Folio*, or any other literary periodical. How then did he proceed? As a layman he took his texts from simple incidents or sentences in the sacred record and treated them with great elegance in point of style and a reverential

tenderness as regards feeling.—They were highly popular, and of course greatly admired for the artless and unaffected tone of the composition. There is no inflation of language, and no studied pomp in the periods. In essays modelled on this plan it is impossible to detect a grain of harm. It would be the easiest of all tasks to evince that the Inspired Book has been the fountain of the noblest literature, but it would be inexpedient at present to enter on any protracted discussion. George Buchanan, of Edinburgh, Hannah More, of Barley Wood, and Milman, of London, have written sacred dramas not for the stage, but for the closet and the studio. The very fact of their being grounded on the historical characters of the Bible would forever have excluded them from Covent garden and Drury lane. The writer is aware that Griswold, of New York, has charged the Lay Preacher with affectation, but surely he must, through a slip of the memory, have been speaking of some other person, and not of the inimitable Joe Dennie. Took up the reflections of Sir Robert Boyle, who spent his life in extorting the secrets of Nature. After leaving Ireland he resided at Stalbridge, in Dorset, but subsequently died in London. All English writers bear witness to the innocence of his character. In looking over the book which was small enough for the Lilliputians, we were surprised to find that the preliminary part of it was devoted to an angling excursion taken by the

illustrious philosopher. Some persons ambitious of distinction affect a passion for the art of fishing. For example, H. W. Beecher. He writes papers on the excursions of the anglers, but he will never make a Walton, nor yet a novelist like Sir Walter Scott. It is desirable that he should pull some of his irons out of the fire. Non omnes possumus omnia. But such was the simplicity of Sir Robert's character that we may be positively certain his enjoyment of the brooks, commons and downs of Dorset was genuine as that of Sir Humphry Davy for the fishing grounds of Cornwall and Devon. Somerville's "Chase" was never much of a favorite with the guest of Waveland. Its author lived at his seat in Warrick, England, the same shire in which the infamous Earl of Leicester gave his great blow out to Queen Bess, when for twenty days Kenilworth resounded with the viols of melody. Shenstone who probably knew him at Oxford, alleges that Somerville became embarrassed and sought consolation in wine. The Chase is an animated poem, for it opens and closes with the noise of the horn. Hunting after poor Reynards was at one time very common in Virginny. To such an extent was it carried in Dinwiddie and Nottoway that the good Devereux Jarratt was obliged to preach a sermon on the subject. But the sport is giving way among our Nimrods to a love of books. Boswell states that for once in his life Johnson went on a fox chase. He made an awk-

ward appearance, but how much more would it have been had his steed in leaping a gully fallen short of the opposite bank. Accidents often occur. Some get maimed for life, and even ladies are crippled in attempts to surmount fences.— We pity poor Cræsus, once King of Lydia, notwithstanding his riches. He sent his son Atys on a boar hunt, placing him with many precautions under the protection of a guest. A wild boar from the woods rushed on the Prince, and the guest in casting his javelin at the animal, killed the son. The gold of Pactolus grew dim in the eyes of Cræsus. The fry of small books was larger than those which have been named; but modesty forbids my trespassing further, for the *present*, on the columns of the OLD DOMINION.— Virginny never tires. Ten days together with their nights had quietly passed off at Waveland, and it was time to take leave of my friend—the owner of the establishment and his amiable consort. Before leaving we invoked the muses and went so far as to tease them for a little inspiration, but regarding the dale as beyond description, the ill-natured creters put me off with the following mediocre lines:

How Eden-like is Morgandale,
The haunt of shrubs and pictur'd trees,
Where summer rills that never fall
Are gliding on to where they please.

Sure Tempe with its classic name
Was not a nook one half so green,
Nor lay within its mountain frame
Mid tints so perfectly serene.

The far off view of mountain line,
With curves on curves all running down,

Seems like the antiquated Rhine,
Whose banks round hills and castles crown.

But near—quite near are hillside slopes
That chain and charm the roving eye,
And make one dream of antelopes
That bound beneath an alpine sky.

Dale of clear brooks and small round hills,
And sheep that seek each woodland shade,
And wheels that turn at rustic mills,
'Til morn away to evening fade.

And plants are thine for humming bees,
And thine are clumps for speckled birds,
Whilst in the distance grassy lens
Are sprinkled o'er with brindled herds.

My eye has travelled far and wide
To read the leaves of Nature's Book,
But never has this eye espied
So sweet and marvellous a nook.

Took leave, for man continueth
not in the same stay. Pony had
met with such juicy grass at Wave-
land that his rider had occasionally
to touch him up with the whip, but
this was nothing to his discredit,
for after a while his gaits became
brisk as ever.

WRITERS have often adduced Na-
poleon as an example of wakeful-
ness, asserting that he rarely passed
more than three or four hours in
his bed; and this unfounded as-
sumption has not yet come to be
entirely regarded as a myth. Mar-
shal Marmont, however, who was
as familiar with the personal hab-
its of Napoleon as any man, de-
clares that on the contrary, "he
slept a great deal, and he required
it—as is the case with all persons
at all nervous, and whose mind is
active."—*Journal of Health*.

HE THAT will be angry for any-
thing will be angry for nothing.