fever and the diseases by which he was surrounded, he replied: "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness have been my preservatives."

At the same time it must be acknowledged that the healthy constitution bears stimulants, and the weak constitution often requires them. By the power of habit, things noxious become innocuous and even necessary. Once, when the saying "Habit is second nature," was quoted to the Duke of Wellington, he replied: "Second nature? Why, habit is ten times nature." The maxim, *sanis omnia sana*, is perhaps the best that can be followed; and healthy men may and do eat flesh-meat, and drink wine and beer in moderation, to as ripe an age as any teetotaller or vegetarian.

When Cyrus Redding, at the age of eighty-five, was asked how he had enjoyed such perfect health, he replied: "I have always drank good wine, and plenty of it." But when cross-questioned, it turned out after all that the "plenty" meant "moderation," accompanied by regular and active exercise. Sydney Smith, with his accustomed good sense, hit the mark when he said: "The common rules are best; exercise without fatigue; generous living without excess; early rising and moderation in sleeping. These are the apothegms of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult that very few persons can attain to it."

To these illustrations of the healthy old age of brain-workers may be added that of the celebrated rifle-shooter and deer-stalker, Captain Horatio Ross, who thus accounted, in *Sportscrapiana*, for the preservation of his remarkably fine physique. "I attribute it," he said, "in a great measure to having always kept myself in a state of moderate training. I have always lived well, and for many years have drunk nothing but light claret, one bottle per diem; but I have never omitted, wherever I was, whether in town or country, whether the weather was fair or the reverse, to walk regularly eight miles, and generally twelve miles, every day of my life, unless I had an opportunity of going out shooting. I have also, for a great many years, been very particular in taking a sponging bath of cold water every morning." And now, at sixty-eight—an age when most men are verging towards "second childhood"—he can walk his fifty miles at three and a half miles an hour, without fatigue.

Even with respect to early rising, on which Franklin, Wesley, Sydney Smith, and others, placed such reliance, there are considerable differences of opinion. Some old men find it exhausting instead of refreshing, and consider that it takes too much out of them at the beginning of the day. We have seen that Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury, who lived to ninety-two, held that it was essential to long life that you should "lie abed in the morning until you are done enough." Many contend that old age is the period of repose, and that work should be avoided. But to a man whose life has been spent in active pursuits, idleness is irksome. The retired tallow-chandler, who "went back on melting days," applies to many conditions of life. How often do we see men withdraw from active life, only to sink into despondency and drop suddenly into the grave.

That brain-work in moderation is not prejudicial to life—that it is on the whole favorable to longevity—is proved by the great ages to which some of our most eminent statesmen, lawyers, naturalists, and philosophers have attained. "Subtil, and acute, and eager inquisition shorten life," says Bacon, "for it tireth the spirit and wasteth it;" but "admiration and light contemplation are very powerful to the prolonging of life, for they hold the spirits in such things as delight them, and suffer them not to tumultuate or to carry themselves unquietly, and waywardly."*

* Bacon, *History of Life and Death.*

Natural philosophers for the most part enjoy long lives. The pursuit of truth is pleasurable, and promotes the serenity of the mind. "If I could conceive," said Bossuet, "a nature purely intelligent, it seems to me that I should devote it only to know and love truth, and that that only would render it happy." The search after truth, laborious and difficult though it may be, is always full of enjoyment. Moreover, its tendency is to raise men above grovelling indulgence in the pleasures of the senses.

Hufeland, in his *Art of Prolonging Life*, says: "Deep-thinking philosophers have at all times been distinguished by their great age, especially when their philosophy was occupied in the study of Nature, and afforded them the divine pleasure of discovering new and important truths; the purest enjoyment, or beneficial exaltation of ourselves, a kind of restoration which may be ranked among the principal means of prolonging the life of a perfect being." Thus, among the philosophers who have lived to between seventy and eighty, we find the names of Roger Bacon, Galileo, Leibnitz, Euler, Dalton, Linnæus, Priestley,* Cavendish, Haller, Reumar, Van Sweeten, Jenner, Fallopius, Galen, and Spallanzani; among those who have lived to between eighty and ninety, were Newton, Franklin, Buffon, Halley, Herschel, Young, Watt, Simson, Harvey, Duhamel, Astruc, Pinel, Morgagni, and Sir David Brewster; and among those who have lived to ninety and upwards, were Wren, Lewenhoek, Humboldt, Herberden, Reysch, and Fontenelle. Theodore de Beza lived to eighty-six, and his health was so perfect that he declared he had never known what it was to have a headache. Arnauld lived to eighty-three, reading and writing to the last without the aid of glasses. Dr. Mollison, when citing the names of the most celebrated long-lived men, said: "I have sought to add to my list of octogenarians any persons of vicious character, but I have not been able to find one." Thus length of years and sobriety of living are the complements of each other.

* Priestley began life with a feeble frame, and ended a hearty old age at seventy-one. At fifty-four, he said: "So far from suffering from application to study, I have found my health steadily improve from the age of eighteen to the present time."

The proportion of poets and literary men who have lived to a great age, is not so great as in the case of philosophers: yet many have exceeded threescore and ten. Montfaucon survived to eighty-seven, and nearly to the end of his life he spent eight hours daily in study. Goethe studied and wrote until nearly eighty-four; Corneille lived to seventy-eight, and Wieland to eighty. The laborious John Britton went on studying topography and antiquities until he was eighty-six; and Isaac D'Israeli lived and worked amongst his books until he was eighty-two—cheerful and hopeful to the last. The joyous mind is usually a strong mind, and cheerfulness is not only a sign of health, but one of its most potent preservers.

For nearly half a century, Jeremy Bentham devoted eight, and sometimes ten or twelve hours a day to study, and his health and cheerfulness were proverbial. Hazlitt said of him, that his appearance presented a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and the venerableness of age. When over eighty he wrote to Chamberlain Clark: "We are both alive, I turned of eighty, you a little short of ninety. How little could we have expected any such thing when we were scraping together at O. S. S. House two parts out of the three in a trio, and amusing ourselves with 'The Church,' and 'Monkey Dogs.' I am living surrounded with young men, and merrier than most of them. I have lost but little of the very little strength I had when young, but do not expect to reach your age." *

* Dr. Bowring, *Memoirs of Bentham*, p. 605. Bentham lived to eighty-four.

Leigh Hunt was another Old Boy who carried his cheerfulness to the verge of extreme old age; indeed, he was an Old Boy to the last. He used to remark that boys about town nowadays exhaust the enjoyments of life so early, that nothing remains to them in manhood and old age but ennui and regrets, and that there would soon be nothing but old boys left. And there are Old Girls too. Take the following "delicious memorandum," as Leigh Hunt calls it, from Mrs. Inchbald's *Diary:* "One Sunday I dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark, she and I, and her son William, walked out, and I rapped at the doors in New Street, and ran away." This was in 1788, when Miss Inchbald was thirty-five. What would the tenants have thought if they had been told that the runaway knocks had been given by one of the most respectable women of the day—the authoress of the *Simple Story?* "But," says Leigh Hunt, "such people never grow old."

The instances of old statesmen are very numerous. Men of eager and impetuous nature may be consumed by the fret and fever of political life, but those of staid and patient temperament grow stronger by the stimulus of debate. The interest they take in the life of others seems to preserve their own. Of Wellington, the latter part of whose life was political, it was said that he had exhausted nature as he had exhausted glory. His contemporaries, Talleyrand, Metternich, and Nesselrode, all lived to be old men. Of aged statesmen of late years may be mentioned Lansdowne, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Palmerston, and Gladstone.

The age to which lawyers, and especially judges, have survived, is extraordinary. Coke lived to eighty-four; Mansfield to eighty-eight; Eldon to eighty-nine, and Stowell to ninety-one. Judge Lefroy was forced to leave the Irish Bench because of his old age, though his mind was in full vigor, and he lived to ninety-three. Probably the health of lawyers is in some measure attributable to their long and

entire rest between terms. They then go grouse-shooting, or enjoy the pleasures of a country life. Some of them have been temperate, others not. Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Eldon, were free livers. Eldon would drink his two bottles of port at a sitting in his eighty-seventh year.

Henry Taylor observed that "a statesman, if he would live long,—which to do is a part of his duty, granting him fitted to render good service to the state,—must pay a jealous and watchful attention to his diet. A patient in the fever ward of an hospital scarcely requires to be more carefully regulated in this particular." * The observation is no doubt generally true; yet strength and habit will enable some men to do with impunity, what would occasion disturbance and ill health to others of weaker constitution.

* Henry Taylor, *The Statesman*, p. 230.