

in the simple demonstrations of malignity, apart from its doings; in the war but of words and looks and fierce gesticulations, though no violence should be inflicted on the one side or sustained upon the other. To make the aggressor in these purely mental conflicts intensely miserable, it is enough that he should experience within him the agitations and the fires of a resentful heart. To make the recipient intensely miserable, it is enough that he should be demoniacally glared upon by a resentful eye. Were this power which resides in the emotions by themselves sufficiently reflected on, it would evince how intimately connected, almost how identified, wickedness and wretchedness are with each other. To realize the miseries of a state of war, it is not necessary that there should be contests of personal strength. The mere contests of personal feeling will suffice. Let there be mutual rage and mutual revilings; let there be the pangs and the outcries of fierce exasperation; let there be the continual droppings of peevishness and discontent; let disdain meet with equal disdain; or even, instead of scorn from the lofty, let there be but the slights and the insults of contempt from men, who themselves are of the most contemptible; let there be haughty defiance, and spiteful derision, and the mortifications of affronted and irritated pride—in the tumults of such a scene, though tumults of the mind alone, there were enough to constitute a hell of assembled maniacs or of assembled malefactors. The very presence and operation of these passions would form their own sorest punishment. To have them perpetually in