ETIQUETTES OF GRIEF.

There is nothing in which peculiarities and differences of character show themselves more strikingly than in the variety of ways in which people take their griefs. By griefs, we mean shose sorrows which are the result of some bereavement. There is no one whose heart is so dead to all regard for others, or so absorbed by self-love, that there is not some one object the loss of which would plunge him into the most profound grief. Every one has his tender side, as well as his weak point. Some possess a greater number of interests than others, but every one has something, a husband, a wife, a child, or a friend which occupies his thoughts and care, the presence or loss of which makes life a pleasure or a blank. It is quite true that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and that no one can properly estimate the trials of his neighbor, or calculate beforehand how any one will conduct himself under affliction. You cannot argue upon it, nor sately draw any in-terences on the subject. It is one or the mysteries of the human heart which no one can solve, and, being so, it is as unfair as it is narrow minded to say that this or that person does not feel so strongly as another because his conduct or expression does not tally with certain laws or rules which we may have chosen to lay down on the matter. It is quite possible to argue both ways on a subject of this kind; bat it is not safe to pronounce upon any one as really deficient in feeling because he does not act according to our notions of the way in which we believe that we should ourselve: act under similar circumstances. We are not lawgivers, and have no right to lay down rules for others in such matters, especially as they are beyond the reach of any law.

A great grief often changes the character so wonderfully that we are not able to recog-nize it again. Like a veil, it hides from our sight the expression with which we have grown familiar and are wont to look for; or, like blindness, it takes the light out of the eyes that used to shine brightly upon us. We have known instances of persons who were the gayest of the gay, on whom the ordinary trials of life could make no impression; who have seemed to live in the present, and to be the life of the circle in which they moved; who had no care, no thought for the morrow; apparently without any special interests, because the whole world was to them as an instrument of sweet music, which was always ready to respond to their slightest touch, and about whom it would have been difficult to predicate what would or would not touch We have known such struck down by an them. overwhelming griet. Death laid his hands on some treasure which they scarcely knew how much they prized, and of which they always felt secure, because it was always there; the reaper came and carried off the flower they loved, and in a moment the heart was frozen, ice-bound with grief. The sunshine had gone out of their lives, and had left them to grope their way in the darkness. From that moment they were changed, transformed almost beyond the power of recognition.

Others, again, have lived for years in the sel-fish enjoyment of the blossings which sur-rounded them, have culpably neglected those who have been the chief ministers to their com-fort, treating them with selfish indifference, and showing but little if any regard for their happiness; and when death has deprived them of the companionship of one whose unselfish, unwearied, and patient love chiefly conduced to their comfort, they have bewailed their loss in ceaseless tears, and have exhibited the most overwhelming sense of their bereavement, and have quite taken the world by surprise at their poignant grief, betokening an affection for which no one gave them credit. There have been men of great reserve who feel acutely, but the outward signs of whose joys and sorrows do not lie on the surface. No one supposes them to be capable of any great sensibility, and yet they suffer acutely; grief gnaws into their hearts; they go on their way silently but deeply mourning over the graves of their dead. Even they who have been exceedingly demonstrative in their affection towards a beloved object will sometimes occasion the greatest surprise to their friends by the manner in which they be-have under affliction. They will speak almost lightly of the dead; will comment upon the last moments; repeat over again and again the last words; describe the last looks; and even discuss the appearance of the body as it lies shrouded in its coffin. They will speak of themselves as "crushed," "annihilated," and "desolate" in tones and accents inconsistent with such lan-They will take the greatest personal inguage. terest in the arrangements for the funeral; will act as a kind of master of the ceremonies, or chlef undertaker; or will be strict in their inquiry how everything went off; and will demand the most exact and detailed account of the proceedings of the day, and the remarks that were made; and will take an evident pride in the respect that may have been paid to the memory of the deceased. Others, again, who have seemed to live only in the presence of some beloved one. will shrink from the very mention of the name; will never suffer it to be uttered in their presence, much less ever allow it to escape their own lips. It is almost as if some disgrace were attached to it, as if something of dishonor and shame were associated with it. It is folded up in the past, never to be unfolded again; or erased, as if a sponge had been taken to blot out the name for ever. And yet it is not really formation. ver. And yet it is not really forgotten. The beloved name is enshrined in the heart, trea-sured up there like withered flowers within the leaves of some precious book, or like the relics which the devout pilgrim honors. There are they also whose love is beyond all dispute, who take an entirely opposite line, and can talk of nothing else. It is the unvarying theme of their conversation and their letters. If any attempt is made to divert the thought into some other channel bearing more upon daily life and the blessings that remain, they ingeniously manage to make them drift back again to the subject of their them drift back again to the subject of their sorrow. Every scrap of writing is produced, to be read again and again; every incident is marrated till sympathy is almost worn thread-bare, and the over-indulged grief becomes a monomania. We are strangely constituted beings, often, in extremes, moved in various ways by our passious and affections. It is quite intelligible that a violent shock should, for a time, almost unhinge the mind, and drive it into eccentricities; and it is, therefore, the more unfair to judge and condemn barshly any form which sorrow may take that is not alto-gether in unison with received customs. We cannot grieve by rule and measure. Smalt griefs are loud, but great ones still. are loud, but great ones still.

then it must be acknowledged that society then it must be acknowledged that society bas no direct and positive claim upon them. It is one of the penalties of the most exaited rank, that they who occupy it must, to a cor-tain extent, put a restraint upon their material desire for privacy. In her gradual approach to her former life, let us deal gently and lovingly with our Queen, as a child would towards a parent that they may them the the direct and parent, that she may know that we understand and can appreciate the great sacrifice she is making of herself for the public good, and that we are fully sensible that human nature is the same in all—that the stricken heart of both rich and poor alike need repose and time to recover itself.

There is, however, one aspect of this subjectthe expression of griel—with which we con-iess to have very little patience. We allude to certain etiqueties which, in many instances, are followed to an absurd extent. There are some persons in the world who cannot exist without satisfying themselves that all they do is en regle. We have known in-stances in which when the death of a relation has been approach of the state of stances in which when the death of a relation has been announced, for whom the survivors had no feeling but that of dislike, that they think it necessary to shut themselves up in their rooms, as if they were overwhelmed with affliction. They go through the farce of pre-tending to a sorrow which all the world knows they do not feel. Heirs who never cared for these from whom they inherit think it neces those from whom they inherit, think it necesary to go through certain formalities. A brother who has supplanted us in our birthright, or in the affections of some one on whom we were dependent, and who has plotted against us to his own advantage and our injury; a child, whose disobedi-ence and want of affection has been the trial and torment of our lives; a mother, who has forsaken or neglected her children; and a wife, who has been the bane of her home, cannot cause the same sorrow and regret as those whose faithfulness, tender care, dutiulness, unselfsh-ness, fand uprightness have endeared them to all who have been associated with them. And yet no distintion is made; the same etiquettes are observed, the same retirement from the world, the same expressions, the same language is adopted in both instances. We do not of course, refer to the custom of wearing mourn-ing, which is a rule which cannot be dispensed with; and, so far, etiquette may serve us in good stead, when it prevents our proclaiming too plainly to the world the estimation in which we have held our deceased relatives and friends. It is said that "blood is thicker than water," that ties of relationship bind more strongly than other ties. It may be so where the mutual obligations of relationship are cheerfully fulfilled, but certainly not where those obligations have been neglected, set at nought, and contradicted through life.

"To be wroth with one we love

Doth work madness in the brain;" and ties of relationship are worse than without force, when all the affection, kindness, and consideration which they are supposed to repreent, are not only wanting but reversed. Two rather absurd and amusing instances occur to us connected with the subject of etiquettes of grief. One was that of a parish clerk who was called upon to take part in the funeral equies of one of our country magnates. The clergyman, having been somewhat dis-concerted by the apparent backwardness of the clerk to make the responses, which, when he did make tnem, were not in his usual tone and manner, but rather as if he suffering from a severe cold, were quired, after the service was over, whether he was ill. The clerk both looked and expressed astonishment at being so interrogated. The clergyman explained, and added that he was atraid he was suffering from a severe cold. The cierk instantly drew down the corners of his mouth, and said, in the same snuffling, lachrymose tone, that he was not ill, but that he thought it his duty to appear affected. The other was that of a lady who had recently become a widow. She had not been conspicuous for fidelity or conjugal affection, and when she saw some of her husband's relatives for the first time after his death, and observed or thought she observed them scanning, with looks of disappro-bation, her uncovered head, forestalled all re-monstrance by saying, with a sigh, that "dear Tom" had made her promise she would not dis-figure herself by wearing that hideous head-dress called a widow's cap; "dear Tom," she well knew, was not a man to know or trouble himself about any woman's dress when he was alive, and it was not likely that his rest would be disturbed by the thought that his lovely widow might be disfiguring herself by wearing the sign of her widowhood. It continually happens, during a London season, that a whole family is shut out from society by the death of a relative for whom they never cared, and whom some of them never beheld. The rule of etiquette has en-acted that no one shall mix in society till after a certain time has elapsed after the death of a relative, and a kind of graduated scale has been fixed, varying according to the degrees of rela-tionship. Any infringement of this rule is severely commented upon, and the transgressors are denounced as unfeeling, indecent, beartless, and many other things besides. A mother who has several daughters to dispose of -or perhaps it may be only one, but that one on the apparent verge of a proposal from a most eligible parti-is sometimes suddenly shut out from society by an etiquette which demands of her a retirement from the world for a season, on account of the death of a relation for whom none of them ever cared, or had any reason to regret, and she has perhaps to bear, in addition, the uncertainty whether the anxiously expected marriage will ever "come off," the course of true love having been interrupted at a critical moment. Instances might be multiplied ad infinitum, exposing both the inconveniences and absurdities which result from a compliance with the rigorous laws of etiquette. There are people who think it indecorous, at such times, to meet the different members of their family at dinner, but manage to get over their grief at tea time, and have little coteries in their bed-room or sitting-room; or who think it bonoring the dead to darken one of their windows for a twelve-month with a huge unsightly hatchment; and who consider mutes, and an assemblage of mourning coaches and private carriages, indispensable appendages of grief. The custom of people sending their private carriages closed, as their representa-tives, to tollow in the train of a funeral proces-sion, is certainly one of the strangest imagina-ble. In fact, all funerals in this country have a somewhat pagan aspect, owing to the power of etionetic which has prescribed what chall or etiquette, which has prescribed what shall or shall not be done, and which scarcely any one dares to resist. When the heart is bowed down dares to reast. When the neart is bowed down with grief, and silently pleads to be let alone, the undertaker has it all his own way, and hatbands and scar's of silk and crape swell the amount of his bill, and help to make the solemn ceremony a profit to himself. The clerk gets another breadth for his wife's Sunday gown, and the observant's wife or daughter a near and the clergyman's wife or daughter a new silk apron. The tradesman complies with etiquette, and puts up a shutter in honor of a deceased patron, which also serves as an advertisement to the living, and conciliates the survivors. After living, and conciliates the survivors. After the lapse of a certain time, during which the relatives mourn, or are supposed to mourn, in private and retirement, cards of thanks for kind inquiries are sent out, which are meant to express that the mourners are well disposed to other society than their own. In short, from first to last, effquette has prescribed, with a surprising definiteness, all the minutize of the symbols and expressions of griet; so much so that an amusing definiteness, all the minutice of the symbols and expressions of grief; so much so that an amusing anecdote has been told, perhaps more bea tro-vato than true, of a lady who went to one of the great mourning warehouses in London, and, on mentioning what she required, was politely re-quested by one of the shopmen to go further on. "This, madame, is the light affliction depart-ment; the heavy bereavement is further on." The result of all this system of etiquette is, that, while invideon uses may be avoided, there is a considerable amount of unreality under-lying the whole question. A combination of triend and relation is of infinite value; a bless-ing to be prized, and to be bewalled when lost; but it is possible to have a friend whose love of women; or a daughter-in-iaw like Buth, or heaved be solve and the start, while further the start, when the the bar of the start whose love of women; or a daughter-in-iaw like Buth, their right to indulge [their preference; but]

No outward expressions of grief can ever sufficientlyrepresent the sorrow which their loss must occasion those who are called upon to pear it, and who are properly sensible of it. It is when a deep and overwhelming sorrow comes upon us, that all minor considerations are lost sight of. The heart that is really stricken has neither in-

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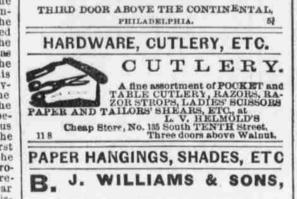
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'Angry hearts grieve lond awhile, Broken hearts are dumb and smile,"

Laughter comes not from profound joy, nor weeping from deep sorrow. It is true that tears and sorrow are frequent companions, but rarely in their highest excesses, and therefore there is nothing more fallacious than the outward sights of sorrow. The chances are, that the affliction which shrinks from publicity, seeks to be in-visible, and avoids ceremony, is more true and deep than that which finds its solace in that outward display which invites the comment of the world at large. It always appeared to us as peculiarly hard

that our gracious Queen was at one time cen-sured for indulging her sorrow. If any one had sured for indulging her sorrow. If any one had greater cause than another to mourn, it was she. Placed by Providence in an exalted and trying position, she needed all the support and aid that an intelligent mind and a faithful, loyal, and loving heart could afford. No sorrow, care, or anxiety had hitherto entered her home, which was the very type of domestic felicity. Suddenly, the greatest of all possible trials befell her, at a time when the age of her children made a father's hand and counsel all the more necessary; and who could blame her that she did not mourn by rule? that she still reshe did not mourn by rule? that she still re-veres and honors the memory of one for whom the whole nation wept? There have been others in humbler mank, ho doubt, equally sorely tried, who have mourned all the days of their life, and who can never bring themselves to discard the symbols of their desolation, or to