SHELLS from the SANDS of TIME

By the Dowager
LADY LYTTON

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THE DOWAGER LADY LYTTON.

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CONTENTS.

ON BAD MANNERS.

OUR friend, the German poet, hiſtorian, metaphyſician, and portrait painter, quoted by Burton, but whoſe name, unfortunately (not to ſay unfairly), has not deſcended to poſterity, by his revelations about England, reminds us of the debt of gratitude we ſtill continue to incur to "diſtinguiſhed foreigners," for eternally pointing out to us mines of vice and mountains of virtue which, without their kind intervention, our own indigenous perceptions would neither have been ſufficiently elevated nor profound to have diſcovered; and even when they note a palpable and indiſputable fact, they generally prop it up with an auxiliary or mine it with a motive that we natives ignored before. Thus, the French *will* have it to this day, that Engliſh women are inſanely *romantic*, it has even paſſed into a proverb with them—*romaneſque comme une*

Anglaiſe:" and as they are the only people who go to war for an idea, ſo are they the only people who generouſly and gratuitouſly graft their ideas on the numſkulls of other nations, and in ſo doing, they have decided that this "given" romantic mania of Engliſh women has its origin in tea, toaſt, green veils, and grooms; that is, from an over-indulgence in the three former, and from young ladies (*des jeunes "meeſſes"*) being allowed to ride out *ſola* with the latter. This was the ſtereotyped French theory of the eighteenth century, and neither the intercourſe of a ſixty or forty years' peace, nor a conſequently nearer view of, and more intimate acquaintance with, bottled porter, beef-ſteaks, and Balmoral boots, has at all been able to diſpel this "romantic" idea from French brains. The next chimera, not only of the French, but of moſt continental peoples, is the exceeding domeſticity and love of home of the *male* as well as the female ſpecimen of the Anglo-Saxon. They have an *idée fixe* that even *mi Lord Bull*, in the higheſt claſſes, is benevolently addicted to balancing his own babies, while my Lady Bull is equally perſevering in ſewing on ſhirt buttons, and offering her maſter the deferential homage of a ſilent admiration,—in ſhort, that an Engliſhman, like a ſnail, can with difficulty be got to protrude his head beyond his

houſe, as is clearly demonſtrated by our Clubs, ceaſeleſs continental tours, and univerſal *domophobia* in the upper claſſes; and the gin-palace, the tap-room, and the "ring," in the lower. But Henrich Heine, in his "RIEISBILDER," is kind enough to point out the *cauſe* of this exceeding ſtay-at-homeativeneſs among Engliſhmen; and here it is, in all its ſtartling novelty and profundity:—"L'Anglais cherche cette ſatiſfaction de l'âme (dans ſon intérieur) que ſa gaucherie naturelle, ſous le rapport ſocial, lui interdit hors de chez-lui."[1]

It is certain that good manners are our national deficiency, and bad ones, our national curſe. This is ſo patent, that marvels are made of the few exceptions that prove the rule, and we conſtantly hear, as a noticeable and memorable thing, after a brief *réſumé* of a perſon's ſocial virtues or ſhortcomings, as the caſe may be,—"But then Lady ——, Lord ——, Mr. This, or Mrs. That, have ſuch charming manners," as in other countries perſons are cited for their ſcientific or artiſtic attainments. Nor does this *gaucherie*, ſhyneſs,

[1] "An Engliſhman ſeeks that internal ſelf-complacency at his own fireſide which his natural awkwardneſs of manner in regard to all ſocial intercourſe precludes his enjoying beyond his own family circle." Granted the awkwardneſs of manner, but denied that it takes refuge in, and confines itſelf to, its own chimney-corner. Would that it did!

or whatever you chooſe to call it, ſo much originate in pride, as in ſelfiſhneſs. An Engliſhman's firſt dread, in extending a civility, or venturing upon anything like acquaintanceſhip with ſtrangers, is, that it *may* by ſome remote poſſibility entail boredom upon him of ſome ſort; and from his earlieſt dawn the Anglo-Saxon has been in the habit of referring everything to ſelf, and never troubling his head what effect that very diſagreeable autocrat may produce upon others; hence, the ill breeding and, in many inſtances, poſitive beariſhneſs of brothers and ſons to their mothers and ſiſters, and of huſbands to their wives and daughters. And what we have not in our own homes, depend upon it, we cannot take out into the world with us; and though a more gracious and courteous bearing may now and then be borrowed, like plate or jewels, for ſome ſpecial occaſion, they are not *ours*, and form no part of us. The root of good breeding is Chriſtianity; and the eſſence of genuine Chriſtianity is *gratuitous and diſintereſted kindneſs*. If among all our job commiſſionerſhips we only had commiſſioners of good breeding, and its evidence, good manners, the only teſt they could poſſibly obtain for the diſcovery of real gentlemen and gentlewomen would be to ſee them (unknown to the ſaid gentlemen and gentlewomen) with their inferiors,

or with thoſe who were under obligations to them, or who wanted their ſervices. For as the devil can quote Scripture to further his own ends, ſo even the moſt ſelfiſh and ill-bred perſons can be the moſt amiable, *empreſſé*, and *prévenant*, if they have a point to carry; but the point once carried, the boundary wall once ſcaled, ſuch perſons are apt to kick down the ladder too ſoon, never recollecting that it might again be *wanted* at ſome future time; for it is part of the ſubtle chemiſtry of God's retributive juſtice that nothing ſhould be ſo narrow and ſhort-ſighted as Selfiſhneſs,—that ſtrange, many-handed, no-hearted monſter, which is at once the parent and the offspring of every vice.

In a quaint old book, tranſlated into Engliſh in 1730, and written by one Don Baltasar Gratian, the Locke of Spain, entitled "The Compleat Gentleman, or a Deſcription of the ſeveral Qualifications, both Natural and Acquired, that are neceſſary to form a Great Man," and dedicated by the tranſlator (Mr. T. Saldkeld) to John Lord Boyle, among much heavy rubbiſh in the way of ſtyle, and ruſty allegories, which were the knowledge vehicles then in vogue, there are many gems. And yet, perhaps, one has no right to complain of this circumlocution, for if it were the mere pith of the matter we wanted, the leaſt thinking amongſt us are, hourly

and daily feeling, acting, and uttering, condenſed into a proverb, ſome one of thoſe truths which are elaborated in, and diffuſed over, an eſſay. Don Baltaſar was evidently a man poſſeſſing great practical knowledge of the world, and as ſuch was duly imbued with that great truth, conſtituting the firſt principles of ſocial intercourſe, that—

> Manners make the man, want of them the fellow,
> And all the reſt is leather and prunella.

I ſhall therefore give, *in extenſo*, his notions upon this all-important point, as ſet forth in a letter addreſſed to his friend Don Bartholomew de Morlanes.

"That maxim, *A manner in all things*, ought to be, dear Morlanes, one of the firſt you ſhould ſtudy to practiſe, ſince Cleobulus was ranked amongſt the wiſe men of the firſt claſs for only having taught it. Not to injure that philoſopher, or wrong the judgment of antiquity, that has honoured him with ſo excellent a name, I ſhould think it infinitely more glorious to practiſe a thorough regularity and decency of behaviour, than to teach it in the moſt flouriſhing academy. To know how to preſcribe excellent rules, and nothing more, is to be only a ſimple rhetorician; but to teach, and to practiſe what one teaches, is to be a philoſopher in earneſt; *that* entitles one firſtly to the denomination of a philoſopher and wiſe man

in the true ſenſe of the words. Be that as it will, *A manner in everything* is one of the acknowledged maxims neceſſary in practice; as there are certain principles allowed as ſelf-evident in ſpeculation. No; a man ſhould never be negligent about the MANNER in any matter whatſoever; for the MANNER is that which is always moſt obvious and viſible; 'tis the outſide, the mark, the ſign, and the ſpecification, as it were, of the THING. By that external we come to the knowledge of the internal; by the *rine* [rind] and outſide of the fruit, which is viſible to the eye, we conjecture and judge of its nature and quality. A man likewiſe, whom we never ſaw in our lives, makes himſelf known to us in ſome meaſure by his air and his figure. Thus, is a manner ſo far from being an indifferent circumſtance with reſpect to merit, that it is the very thing which notifies it to our ſenſes, 'tis that which rouſes our attention and engages it towards an object that has already been capable of pleaſing us at firſt ſight. This ſort of perfection (for a perfection it is) comes within the reach and capacity of all people,[1] conſequently,

[1] No, verily, Don Baltaſar, it does *not*, for, like poets, they muſt be "to the manner *born*." But what *does* come within the reach of all, with care and attention, if they would only put aſide their ſelfiſhneſs and doff their ſelf-conceit, is to be a little leſs ill-bred, by being more mindful of the feelings, or even it may be of the prejudices, of others.

it is unpardonable to renounce it, whatever ſome pretenders to ſolidity may allege, who look upon manner as a trifling, inconſiderable circumſtance. Some perſons are born with happy diſpoſitions for the acquiring of this talent, but yet they will never have it in perfection unleſs they themſelves ſecond the advances that nature has made in their favour. There are others who have no previous diſpoſitions towards this talent; theſe muſt remedy that diſadvantage by their own induſtry; art will, at leaſt in ſome meaſure, ſupply the defect of their natural deficiency. But when Nature in this reſpect is ſeconded by Art and application, from that union will proceed a merit that charms mankind, a *je ne ſçay quoy*,[1] an inexpreſſible ſomething that adorns our actions, beautifies our perſons, and ennobles nobility itſelf. TRUTH indeed has its force, REASON its power, and JUSTICE its authority; but every one of theſe loſes much of its value if it be not ſet off and adorned with a becoming manner, but if they be accompanied by a ſuitable manner, how greatly then is their value enhanced! The charm of manner does yet more: it ſupplies the very place of a thing itſelf, and compenſates for the meanneſs or defect of it. It gives ſtrength to a feeble truth, depth to a ſuperficial reaſon, and weight to

[1] Je ne ſais quoi.

an inſufficient authority. It even makes us forget —what do I ſay? it actually covers and razes— that is too little ſtill—it graces and adorns the imperfections of Nature, and makes amends for the niggard portion ſhe has given us. In a word, MANNER is a kind of univerſal ſupply that furniſhes us with every thing we want. How many affairs have been ſpoiled and ruined by a diſagreeable manner and behaviour, and how many, on the other hand, have been proſperous and ſucceſsful, ſolely through the advantage of an agreeable deportment!

"The monarch's power, the ſtateſman's aſtuteneſs, the general's bravery, the ſcholar's learning, are all imperfect qualities, if they be deſtitute of a ſuitably graceful demeanour; but this equivalent, enhancing attribute (if I may ſo expreſs it), becomes a ſubſtantial, eſſential perfection, in thoſe perſons who are born to govern, or choſen to command. Generally ſpeaking, all ſuperiors gain more reſpect and deference by condeſcenſion and humanity than by demanding or exacting them in a deſpotic or imperious way; and a ſovereign in particular, who ſhades his greatneſs with an air of kindneſs and benevolence, doubly engages us to do our duty. By that means he reigns in our hearts, and conſequently over all the reſt.

"In ſhort, Manner is in all conditions and ſituations, an irreſiſtible attraction and engage-

ment; it procures good-will at firſt ſight, and after having made that ſtep, it advances by degrees, and gains eſteem, and by theſe progreſſive motions it riſes at laſt to encomiums and applauſe. We ought, therefore, as I before ſaid, to omit no means or pains whatſoever, towards the forming of this talent, if Nature has not implanted it in us; for after all, they that are pleaſed with it (and who is there, that is not?) do not inquire whether it be natural or acquired; they reliſh the pleaſure of it, without any further examination or inquiry.

"MANNER,[1] in regard to the productions of wit and underſtanding, is almoſt a fundamental point. In the firſt place, if any piece of literature be grown antiquated, or ſunk into oblivion or obſcurity, or neglected and thrown by, from having been writ by an unſkilful author, this talent alone will bring it out of that ignominy and obſcurity into light, with honour and advantage. It reforms the antique groſſneſs of ſuch pieces, that would be offenſive to the modern politeneſs; it trims and dreſſes 'em up ſo agreeably, that the world receives them with as much applauſe as if they were new products of the writer's own genius.[2] But as we grow

[1] *i.e.* Style.

[2] Terrible encouragement (by no means wanted) for wholeſale plagiariſts, this!

every day more and more perfect, the preſent prevailing taſte, you'll ſay, and not the ancient, is to be conſulted, to ſurpriſe the modern reigning taſte out of a ſuperannuated compoſition, or old-faſhioned treatiſe. A ſmall alteration is often ſufficient for that purpoſe, ſome little new turn, which diſguiſes the old thought, and makes it paſs for a new one.[1] Every thing ſeems to become new in ſome men's hands,[2] that have a certain peculiar caſt of wit. With that talent they take out all that 's flat in a mean author, all that is inſipid in a trite ſubject, and all that's ſervile in an imitation. Let the matter they handle be what it will, hiſtorical or rhetorical, the hiſtorian will be read and the orator will be heard; for though the ſubject may be common, yet 'tis treated after a new and uncommon manner.

[1] Indeed! What a pity that this art, like that of painting on glaſs, ſhould be loſt to the preſent generation!

[2] As in thoſe of the Moſaic-Arab gentlemen of Monmouth Street or the Minories, for inſtance, or as a politician's coat, however often turned, or even what may be called a gilt-gingerbread calibre of intellect, from the groteſque traſhineſs of its ſubſtratum, plaſtered on the ſurface with an ornate gorgeouſneſs of glitter that amounts to vulgarity, may, with manner and temper combined, vanquiſh the fatal Hydra Ridicule itſelf, which keeps watch and ward at the baſe of Ambition's very dirty ſlippery *mât de cocagne*, ſucceed in climbing it, and vigorouſly ſeize from its pinnacle the onerous burdens of its golden taliſmans of power and poſition.

"In the ſecond place, things that are in themſelves choice and exquiſite, 'tis true, do not weary us, though they be preſented to our minds over and over again. But yet if they do not weary us, they at leaſt ceaſe to entertain us with equal pleaſure. Now this is the time we ſhould perceive it neceſſary to have recourſe to the magic of manner, and to give the ſubject that new dreſs which it ſeems to require. The new decoration ſtrikes and awakens the fancy, and pleaſes it as much as if ſome new objects were preſented to it; whereas they are only the ſame, placed in a new and different light; old pictures juſt vamped up, and re-varniſhed. Theſe, then, are two maxims conſtantly true in matters of literature: that, on the one hand, the moſt ingenious piece will not be pleaſing to the taſte if it be not ſeaſoned and diſhed up with an agreeable manner, and, on the other hand, the moſt common or trivial thing is no longer ſo, if it be treated in a polite(!) way, in that engaging manner which new-models every thing it takes in hand.

"A manner is likewiſe of great advantage in civil ſociety,[1] in the common, ordinary converſe of life. Let two men relate the ſame ſtory: the

[1] So it is to be preſumed, for without good manners ſociety, were it called *la crême de la crême*, can ſcarcely *be* civil.

one ſhall pleaſe, and the other diſguſt; this is a wide difference, whence does it proceed? Why, it proceeds entirely from the manner. The one has ſomething in his air and manner that is either affecting, engaging, humorous, or *piquant*, the other has ſomething awkward or dull in his perſon and language, which tires the hearers, or lulls them to ſleep. But the worſt of all is, when a man's manner and behaviour is not only not agreeable, but is poſitively bad and diſagreeable, and that wilful and affected too, as is often the caſe with men in great poſts and employments. How many have we known whoſe harſh, rude, inſolent, brutiſh manner has made all mankind avoid them! 'Your haughty, ſupercilious air,' ſaid a wiſe man once—to one that you and I know[1]—'is not indeed in itſelf a vice which ought to brand you with diſhonour; but nevertheleſs, it is a fault, and ſuch a conſiderable

[1] The reader will have the goodneſs to bear in mind, "*que c'eſt Marc Aurèle qui parle, ce n'eſt pas moi:*" it is Don Baltasar's pen this philippic emanates from, not mine; and that the *you* and *I* here invoked are himſelf and Don Bartholomew de Morlanes. I myſelf—I, gentle reader—have ſpared you not only the battering-rams of *italics* with which Don Baltaſar aſſaults this official Growley of *his* day, but even all the capitals (at leaſt all thoſe of Europe) that he had crammed into this paſſage, to make it the more impregnable and impoſing.

fault too, that it alienates all civilized people from you, and baniſhes them from your houſe and preſence. Have you a mind to recover and bring back theſe amiable fugitives? do but put on a gracious, obliging air; that attraction alone will bring them all again; for that metamorphoſis and change of the exterior will perſuade them there was firſt of all one within.'

"A volume would not be ſufficient to particularize all the advantages of an agreeable manner. It intermixes ſo many civil things, even in a refuſal, that we ſcarcely perceive it to be one. At leaſt, we take it more kindly than a favour granted us with an ill grace and reluctant countenance. It ſo qualifies a reprimand too, that it makes it appear more like an admonition than a reproof. Under a kind approbation of our conduct, which it ſeems to look upon as diſcreet, it will couch and inſinuate a genteel(!) remonſtrance, finely to point out and intimate to us, that we are not ſo perfect as we ſhould be. In a word, MANNER is a ſort of univerſal ſpecific for all diſorders,[1] an univerſal ſupplement

[1] If Don Baltaſar be right, *this* quite accounts—deſpite our draining and lighting and ſanitary improvements—for our ever-increaſing bills of mortality; but it's an ill wind (and *not*, it would appear, an ill manner,) that blows nobody any good; and what a paradiſe England muſt be, and *is*, for M.D.s! They have only to make a name, and, like Moſes

to all defects and imperfections, an universal means towards an universal success.

"But after all, say you, what is this manner you speak of? in what does it precisely consist? It is, in short, a thing not to be defined; for it consists in a certain *je ne sçay quoi* [*je ne sais quoi*], an indefinable something, that cannot be explained either. Without attempting, then, to analyze its nature and essence, I shall only call it an assemblage, or conjunction of perfections, a master-piece of work, finished by the hands of all the Graces.

"We need not go back to former ages for an example of this masterpiece, this inexplicable, inexpressible, something. Isabella de Bourbon, Queen of Castile, was possessed of this union of perfections, attested by the general admiration and applause of all Spain, not to mention a thousand other qualities, which gained her more glory than any queen of her name ever merited in this kingdom. This princess had such a charming manner, such engaging, winning ways, an affability so natural, easy, and yet majestic, that she won the hearts of all who approached her. She did a great deal in a little time. She lived universally admired, and died universally lamented.

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in the "Vicar of Wakefield," to go to sleep. They need fear no rival healers in good manners!

"Heaven ſoon claimed this angelic vertue [*i. e.* virtue], of which this world was not worthy. Iſabella de Bourbon, after having been the too ſhort-lived felicity of this kingdom, was taken hence to the fruition of an eternal felicity prepared for her merits."

But to return to our own bad manners. I do maintain that they ariſe more from intenſe ſelfiſhneſs than pride, as foreigners ſuppoſe; or rather that pride, the vulgar fungus commonly ſo called, is but the ſecondary reſult of the firſt principle, ſelfiſhneſs. As one, among many inſtances, of the ſort of almoſt incredibly bad manners which perſons are ſubjected to in this country in their unavoidable public intercourſe with their compatriots, I will relate one of which I was eye and ear witneſs. A ſhort time ago, on a ſummer's Sabbath evening, I ſtrolled into a mediæval church to look at the monuments and painted windows, which during the ſervice I had of courſe been unable to examine. I ſoon perceived that I was not alone in my explorations, but that two ladies—I mean LADIES—were ſimilarly employed. At length, tired by their reſearches, they entered a pew near the reading deſk, while I ſoon after took poſſeſſion of an oppoſite one. The two ladies upon going into their ſeat had knelt down to pray, we three being the only perſons then in the church.

They had ſcarcely concluded their devotions when the firſt bell began to toll for evening prayers, and ſoon after the verger came down the centre aiſle, and after having lit the gas at the reading deſk, handed them a hymn book, which ſeemed to endorſe, as it were, their right to the places they had ſelected, though no doubt they, like myſelf, were under the impreſſion that at the evening ſervice, whoever came firſt were free to take any vacant ſeat they choſe. All went on ſmoothly till towards the end of the Firſt Leſſon, when two young—*ladies*, I ſuppoſe they would have called themſelves—but terribly beflowered, befurbelowed and befeathered figures, came ruſtling and buſtling down the aiſle, and, not ſpeaking in that low, ſubdued tone which inferiors generally adopt before their earthly ſuperiors—ſtill more in the Houſe of God—they daſhed open (for I can deſcribe it in no other way) the pew door where the two ladies ſat, and ſaid in a *loud* voice, "You can't ſit here —this is *our* pew."

Now what conſiderably added to the *Chriſtian* grace of this proceeding was, that there was ample room in the pew for four. The LADIES did not wait for a ſecond notice to quit, and opening my pew door for them I betook myſelf to another, not but what there was plenty of room in the one I occupied; but after the ſpecimen of

good breeding they had juſt experienced I thought they might prefer being alone.

This accurſed omnipreſence of ſelf is for ever riſing to the ſurface, and tainting and twanging all beneath, like that horrid oil by which the Italians exclude the air (at the expenſe of the flavour of the wine) on the top of their flaſks of Monte Pulciano and Falernian; or that "*Spirate* of Cinnamon," which Algernon Sidney wrote to his friend, Mr. Furley, at the Hague, to get for him, with the warmeſt Indian gown he could find at Amſterdam, adding, touching the *Spirate*:—

"Perhaps you may at the ſame place *heare* of that ſpirate of cinnamon that you ſent me once into France, and I ſhould be glad to have as much more now, if I could have that which is right and good, but I *heare* there is knavery in *that buſineſſe* as well as many others; and the way of ſending the laſt, with *Oile* on the top, was good to preſerve it, but I never found a way ſoe to take it off but it mixed with the *ſpirate* and ſpoilt the taſte and ſmell."

And verily ſo does this rancid oil of ſelfiſhneſs (which is intended as a ſafeguard to the body over which it preſides) "mix with the ſpirit," and ſpoil the flavour and aroma of all other qualities. And the worſt effect of this ſelfiſhneſs is, that the heart, which God made and

intended to be *elaſtic*, is hardened and narrowed into a pſychology of the Greek ſculptor's "Homunculus meaſuring the Coloſſal Statue by its Thumb." Theſe ſelfiſh homunculi meaſure all greatneſs by ſome homœopathic rule of thumb of their own. A large heart, a great mind, and ſtill more, a great nature, *they* cannot underſtand; and only look upon them as convenient reſervoirs of folly for ſupplying their wants. So that with ſuch perſons, let them be under whatſoever obligations they may to others, decency is difficult, and gratitude impoſſible. For in every way they are as tough and obtuſe as a rhinoceros; to win them is alſo impoſſible, to offend them is equally ſo; for their own intereſt, or at leaſt *ends*, being the only thing they keep ſteadily in view, though under ordinary circumſtances their manners may be uncouth and repulſive in the extreme, yet no ſooner is it a queſtion of inſult verſus intereſt than ſtraight they are

> "Made all of falſe-faced ſoothing, when ſteel grows
> Soft as the paraſite's ſilk."

And oh! how ſhocked ſuch reptiles are, with their toad-like fibres that can diſpenſe with the very breathing element of other natures, and ſtill drag on their ſlow, cold, marrowleſs exiſtence, how utterly ſcandalized they are, when they have

goaded ſome frank, honeſt nature, by treachery and baſe ingratitude, into one of thoſe terrific heart-quakes, where

> "What the breaſt forges the tongue muſt vent;
> And being angry, do forget that ever
> They heard the name of death."

For then the *ſæva indignatio* reigns ſupreme.

Well-bred perſons, whatever inconvenience they may put themſelves to or ſacrifices they may make to ſerve another, were it to the amount of more than half their worldly goods, would of courſe *leſſen* and make light of the favour to the *obligée;* but towards the genuine Anglo-Saxon this is a moſt ſupererogatory piece of delicate generoſity, as they are ſure to put *that* conſtruction on it, and to point it out to you, ſo as in fact to tranſpoſe the poſitions, and endeavour out of your own mouth to prove that *you*, not *they*, are the debtor; for moſt perſons, though by no means too proud to accept any ſort of aſſiſtance, are generally too mean to acknowledge it. If out of *ſheer* compaſſion, at a great ſacrifice of perſonal or pecuniary comfort, you give houſeleſs and friendleſs perſons a home, though they may be morally and phyſically everything that is moſt antipathic and obnoxious to you; when on the firſt opportunity they play you ſome Judas trick, and you are ſtung by their baſe

ingratitude into complaining of the bad return ſuch conduct is for the years of kindneſs they have received from you, the odds are they tell you "Why, you yourſelf told me that, ſo ſolitary a life as you led, it was quite an acquiſition to have any one to ſtay with you!" or if, out of the ſame fooliſh compaſſion, you have allowed ſome thoroughly diſagreeable and in no way deſirable perſon to infeſt your houſe all the year round, merely becauſe you knew he or ſhe *wanted* a dinner, and had not the means of procuring it; and that further, you had adminiſtered to his or her pecuniary neceſſities far more largely than your own warranted—when the turn of the wheel ſeparates you, whatever ſorrows or miſfortunes may befall you, though they be not of a deſcription ſimilar to thoſe you relieved in them, and though there are pens, ink, paper, and poſtal arrangements all the world over, not one word of ſympathy or remembrance will you receive from your *friends*, till, perhaps, at the end of another decade, they may want again a ſum of money; and not knowing any other fool ſo likely as the former oft-tried one to give it them, *then* will come a letter ſaying, "from your many *former profeſſions of friendſhip*, he or ſhe is ſure you will not refuſe," but not one ſyllable about or alluſion to the many ſignal ſervices they had received from you; the truth of the matter being

that you never had felt or could feel, for so narrow and sordid a nature, any friendship; still less had you *professed* to do so, though out of sheer compassion for their distress you *had done* them many signal services. But the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* are inseparable from little minds and shallow hearts in *all* things, but more especially where gratitude is due, and being thoroughly insolvent in that virtue, like other unprincipled creditors, they prefer swindling you by any dirty quibble or chicanery. Not that I have any pecuniary debtors, for to that sort of person I never lend money, but always give it; which is a practical illustration of making a virtue of necessity; for as I am very sure it would never be repaid it is as well to take the initiative, and by robbing oneself save them the additional sin of defrauding one. Now all this dearth of proper feeling and good principle is disgusting and discouraging in the extreme; not as regards oneself individually; for anyone who does a kind act, be it great or small, from a motive of praise, reward, or gratitude, or indeed from *any* motive but the ONE golden one enjoined to us from above, of DOING UNTO OTHERS AS WE WOULD THEY SHOULD DO UNTO US, deserves not only ingratitude, but censure; but it *is* discouraging, when one *hears* so much about the alchemic power of Progress, to find how very,

very little it has yet done towards tranſmuting the droſs of human nature. Perhaps all this ariſes from our being in a tranſition ſtate, wherein the fine old title of GENTLEMAN is much abuſed; indeed, the race of men and women (like that of children) appears to be extinct; *all* perſons are ladies and gentlemen nowadays, which may account for a gentleman or a gentlewoman, in the ſingular number, being ſo rare. I only wonder that maids-of-all-work don't advertiſe as *ladies* not objecting to do houſehold work, when a far lower claſs of perſons, thoſe figuring in ſtreet brawls and police reports, tenaciouſly inſiſt upon the grade; for we conſtantly read, "the priſoner denied having punched the *lady's* eye or torn her bonnet; he and *another gentleman* were going along, and merely aſked her the way to Oxford Street." * * And the other day there was an account of a poor over-driven bull ruſhing into a public-houſe, where two builders were drinking and ſmoking their pipes in the tap-room; and the public was informed that after ſetting all the taps of the ſpirit-barrels flowing "in its headlong courſe, the bull ruſhed into the tap-room, where the two *gentlemen* were ſmoking," &c.

Speaking of bulls naturally reminds one of Iriſh labourers, the lower order of which are very witty *gentlemen* indeed, and what is better, have wit in their anger, and when they meet with a

jauntleman who has no pretenſion to being a gentleman, they know how to repay his ingratitude in his own coin. A happy inſtance of this occurred at a faſhionable watering-place a ſhort time ago. A portly "well-to-do" looking *gentleman* was out boating for his pleaſure in a ſomewhat rough ſea; a ſudden guſt capſiſed the boat, all hands ſtruck out for the ſhore, but the ſtout gentleman, though accuſtomed to keep his head above water all his life, evidently did not know how to ſwim, and in fact was in imminent danger, when a poor Iriſhman ſtanding on the eſplanade threw off his coat, jumped into the ſea, and at the riſk of his own life ſaved that of the ſtruggling man, and bore him to ſhore amid the loud cheers of the ſpectators. No ſooner did the *gentleman* in broadcloth find himſelf on *terra firma*, and give himſelf a ſort of Newfoundland-doggiſh ſhake in order to make ſure of his own identity, than, putting his hand into his pocket, he generouſly preſented his deliverer with SIXPENCE! Pat put it on the palm of his left hand, which he held out at arm's length, and contemplated it in every poſſible light, making the moſt comical face imaginable at it—ſuch as Gulliver may have done at the firſt Liliputian that he ſcrutiniſed in the ſame way—only the Iriſhman ſcratched his head with his right hand the while, till ſuddenly running after the ſtout gentleman, he touched him on the

arm with one hand, while between the finger and thumb of the other he tendered him the coin, throwing back his head in a deprecating ſort of way, as he ſaid out loud for every one to hear—

"Here it is, *ſur*—I *cudn't*, *indade* I *cudn't;* it would go *agin me* conſcience entirely, to take *ſich* a ſum from yez; for faix! it's *jiſt* fivepence halfpenny *tree* fardings more *nor* yer worth!"

If roars of laughter could avenge or reward, Pat was amply compenſated and avenged. But the ſtout gentleman was ſaved for the nonce, and to perſons of an habitual and ſtony ſelfiſhneſs[1] it never occurs, when an immediate danger or neceſſity is once paſt, that diſaſters and dilemmas at all events are conſtantly repeating themſelves; and that the rinds of the oranges they have ſqueezed and are therefore ſo prompt to fling away, may under ſome other and future phaſe of their career be again uſeful to them. For they do not reflect that in this ſhort-ſighted ingratitude to its agents it is PROVIDENCE itſelf that they outrage, which may teach them the leſſon they ſo much require in the ſevere ſchool of retribution when next fate

[1] No doubt ſome will exclaim, "But the ſtout gentleman's ungrateful conduct aroſe from ſheer ſtingineſs, and not from ſelfiſhneſs or ill breeding." Pardon me, my dear ſir or madam; but if *well* analyſed, you will find that *all* meanneſs, but more eſpecially pecuniary meanneſs, is nothing but the hardeſt ſort of ſelfiſhneſs, or petrified egotiſm.

places a ſpringe, a pitfall, or a barrier in their way. Alas! ſuch natures but too incontrovertibly prove to us that Martial was not far wrong when he aſſerted that animals are often more generous than the ſelf-ſtyled "paragon of animals," MAN; for they evince on many occaſions a ſort of humanity where men ſhow nothing but brutality, "and if quadrupeds degenerate ſometimes on this ſcore," adds the poet, "it is only becauſe they are corrupted by the examples of men."

And ſo far he is right, for being all the creatures of habit, we are of neceſſity influenced and moulded more by example than by precept; and our intenſe ſelfiſhneſs, and the bad manners and ill breeding growing out of them ariſe from early miſrule, and being allowed to indulge in them in our own families, and where, deſpite the *verbal* moral axioms they *hear* (of which even among the leaſt virtuous there is never any lack) they are naturally led to practiſe what they *ſee*. For as Lord Bacon truly obſerves in one of his ableſt eſſays, that "*Of Cuſtome and Education*," "Many examples may be put of the force of *Cuſtome*, both upon *Minde* and body. Therefore ſince *Cuſtome* is the *principall* magiſtrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavour to obtain good *Cuſtomes*, and certainly *Cuſtome* is more perfect when it beginneth in young years."

But it is the little *bienſéances* and all-buying and little-coſting amenities of ſociety, thoſe little things of GREAT IMPORT, the minor morals of life, in which, nationally ſpeaking, we are ſo lamentably deficient, all of which *lèſe-bienſéances* might be eaſily avoided if we would make it a rule to ſay to ourſelves, "If this were a king, a queen, or any other great perſonage, or one from whom I wanted or expected ſomething, or that it was in any way my intereſt to pleaſe or to conciliate, would I thus cavalierly keep them waiting, or break an appointment of my own making? or leave their letter unanſwered? or ſhow how much their viſit bored or deranged me? or curtly refuſe any requeſt they might make me? or *ungraciouſly* grant it? or be ſo inadvertent as to ſay or do the very thing which I was perfectly aware was the thing of all others moſt calculated to wound or annoy them?" Conſcience could have but one anſwer to this catechiſm—an unqualified No!

Then believe me it is wrong ſo to act towards our uninfluential equals, doubly wrong if there is anything unjuſt and exceptional in their poſition or circumſtances, which ſhould on that account be given by courteſy the higheſt rank, and treated with every deference and conſideration. And trebly wrong is this ill-bred remiſſneſs towards our ſocial inferiors and

dependants. But when we are guilty of any of theſe ſhortcomings we ſhould take heed that the remedy be not worſe than the diſeaſe—that is, that the apology, from an aſſumption of patronage and implied ſuperiority, be not more offenſive than the original rudeneſs. For here again our national *gaucherie* and omnipreſence of ſelf generally tranſpoſes the poſitions, and inſtead of expreſſing (as common good breeding demands) *their* regret and loſs at not having been able to come and ſee you for ſo long a time, they generally begin by condoling with *you*, for *your* diſappointment in not having ſeen them, and fearing you muſt have thought them very unkind. But the worſt of theſe epidemic bad manners is that they are infectious, for it is not in human nature, if too long goaded, to reſiſt the temptation of retaliation, as, like all other animals of better inſtincts and leſs reaſon, we are apt under great provocation to confound retaliation with redreſs, and ſo, for the moſt part, follow the example of the King of Bavaria, who ſaid, when Napoleon I. kept him and ſeveral other legitimate royalties waiting for him for a full hour of a bitter cold January day in the carriage at the gates of Malmaiſon while he was paying a *ſub roſâ* viſit to his divorced Joſephine: "Puiſqu'on nous traite comme des laquais, ma foi! divertons-nous

comme tels;"[1]—and forthwith diſpatched a real lackey to a neighbouring *cabaret* for bread, cheeſe, and wine.

In ſooth, all bad manners and vulgar repriſals *have* a ſpice of the lackey in them.

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[1] "Since we are treated like footmen, the beſt thing we can do is to amuſe ourſelves in the ſame way as if we really were Knights of the Shoulder-Knot."

SAMUEL PEPYS AND FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM AND VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

SAMUEL PEPYS and Lord Bacon: one of the '*littleſt*' and one of the greateſt men who ever lived! "Why, what a jumble!" exclaims the reader, "for even chronologically ſpeaking, Lord Bacon ought to have precedence."

> "True, I grant you, on that ground alone,
> But on none other, as it ſhall be ſhown."

This, the nineteenth century, among many more high-ſounding titles, calls itſelf an age of progreſs, but *that* it never can or will be ſo long as mere intellectual ſupremacy continues to paſs current for an all-ſufficient expiation of every ſpecies of moral obliquity and turpitude. Therefore ſhall Francis Lord Bacon, "the brighteſt, wiſeſt, meaneſt of mankind," be weighed

in the balance with Samuel Pepys, and be found wanting. Sylla wiſely choſe the title of *Felix* rather than that of *Magnus;* we do the very reverſe. The whole ſtudy of the age is to be great—not in reality, for that were meritorious, but in appearance; for this is eſſentially an era of ſhams and ſeemings. However, deduced from the falſe premiſes from which we ſtart in all things, this is ſo far logical, that we *may* be apparently great upon falſe pretences; whereas, in order to be happy, we muſt return to firſt principles, thoſe that we ſet before the children in their copy-books; that is, we muſt be GOOD. Don't be alarmed; I am not going to give you an elaborate diſſertation, reader, upon that unknown pagan divinity, ſuppoſed to be VIRTUE, but as to whoſe nomenclature no two heathens, however illuſtrious, could ever agree, Ariſtotle calling it the glory of humanity; Salluſt, the badge of immortality; Seneca, man's only good; Cicero, the root of happineſs; Apuleius, the impreſs of the Deity; Sophocles, inexpreſſible riches; Euripides, a rare treaſure; Virgil, the beauty of the ſoul; Cato, the foundation of authority; Socrates, the fountain of felicity; Menander, his buckler; Horace, his ſtrength; Bias, his all; Valerius Maximus, a thing ineſtimable; Plautus, the price of all things; Cæſar, the perfection of all great qualities; and which,

in the eighteenth century, under the auſpices of Mr. Samuel Richardſon, culminated in "Pamela," and was for the firſt and laſt time REWARDED!

No, no! if my betters could not break in this Cruiſer of an attribute, ſo as that "a child might ride it," I am not going to attempt it. Why ſhould I, when Socrates, who had the advantage of living in an age and country where there was no law of libel, and no periodical preſs nor Quarterly Reviews, gave it as his opinion that there was not a man living who thoroughly underſtood anything? If this was the caſe *then*, when there was ſo much leſs to *be* underſtood, and ſo many more people to underſtand it, (philoſophers included), what Bœotian imbecility it would be in me, who am a lineal deſcendant from Socrates' majority (limited), to attempt to analyſe the problematic concrete! I only meant to ſay, and I repeat it, that in order to be happy we muſt be good, and in this at once ſimple yet profound art, Heaven itſelf has condeſcended to be our teacher; for unto every ſoul born into this world God has given a moral chronometer, called conſcience, which He has originally ſet by his own great horologe of omniſcience and eternity; if we neglect it, it will run down and be ſilent; if we tamper with it, and regulate it according to falſe computations, it will deceive

both ourſelves and others; but it cannot deceive the Maker, who knows that all its works were perfect when it left His hands; and will demand a ſtrict account of the manner in which they have been neglected or perverted.

For which reaſon, I ſhall proceed to prove that the little, pompous, whilom Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, was, not a better, but certainly *a leſs bad* man than Francis Lord Bacon, Lord High Chancellor of England; *both* having (with ſome exceptions, greatly in favour of Pepys) the ſame range of vices in perfection. For though a brother chancellor might find that "there was not ſo much amiſs in my Lord Verulam"[1]—probably becauſe in this age of mouth amenity and moral turpitude, it is part of the *arcana cana* of our ſyſtem of popular fallacies to conſider it *contra bonos mores* to breathe a *word* againſt a predeceſſor (however remote), or indeed

[1] All Mr. Hepworth Dixon's apotheoſis of Lord Bacon (publiſhed ſince this was written) goes to prove is, that bribery, corruption, and ſelf-ſeeking were more openly and honeſtly carried on in thoſe days than they are now, and that my Lord Verulam was no worſe than his contemporaries—only managed ugly buſineſſes more cleverly. The worſt thing againſt him is the *primâ facie* evidence; for it is a villainous countenance, ſuch a one as Lavater would have paſſed the ſame ſentence upon that he did on Mirabeau: "You have every vice, and have done nothing to check them."

to ſpeak the truth about any one, or any thing, if it can be poſſibly avoided—yet any graduate of a ragged ſchool well up in his Catechiſm and the Ten Commandments would be inclined to hold a different opinion of my Lord Bacon. Of courſe, no one cognizant of the economy, not to ſay parſimony of Nature, in the production of real greatneſs and ſuperiority, whether in the moral, animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms, is ſo unreaſonable as to expect that John Bramſtones ſhould grow upon every bramble—that righteous judge of Charles I.'s time, whom hiſtorians concur in telling us "popularity could never flatter into anything unſafe, nor favour bribe to anything unjuſt," ſtill there are degrees in everything, and there is, moreover, ſuch a thing as wearing one's vices, like one's rue, "with a difference."

Having given Mr. Pepys the *pas* in the firſt inſtance, I ſhall continue to do ſo, making a little hieroglyphical ſum in addition (as he himſelf might have done) of his merits and demerits and thoſe of Lord Bacon; ſetting down 1 whenever the balance is in favour of the Secretary, and 0 when it is againſt the Chancellor.

Pepys.

Pepys kept a Diary or Confeſſional, and open
1 confeſſion is good for the ſoul.

In that diary, with unexampled candour, and to ſave that celeſtial ſecretary, the recording angel, trouble at the Day of Judgment, he pithily gives his motives for refuſing a tempting bribe that had been offered him to do a little dirty work.

"For I did not think them ſafe men to receive ſuch a gratuity from, and that I might have it in my power to ſay I *had* refuſed it."

The mean, ſelfiſh motives for this right conduct are ſhared by thouſands of highly reſpectable individuals. The unflinching honeſty of volun-
1 tarily acknowledging them is perhaps UNIQUE.

Pepys, as we have ſeen, did not take bribes; and inſtead of hypocritically anathematizing all who were guilty of that iniquity, he honeſtly, if not exactly nobly (!) tells us *why* he did not do ſo; at all events, he avoided the committal of the ſin, though neither purity nor principle had anything to do with his integrity. But on the very rare occaſions that cowardice makes men act honeſtly, it is hard that the trembling monitor ſhould not receive its meed of praiſe. Neither did Pepys delude and betray his ſuitors. On the contrary, he ſpent much time in ſigning pardons gratis, as was proved by the following

BACON.

Lord Bacon did not. *He* was wiſer (in his generation), and wrote pompous eſſays denunciatory of his own eſpecial vices. o

My Lord Verulam invariably took bribes with *both* hands — that is, from his client and his client's adverſary—and whichever bribe weighed the heavieſt furniſhed him with the moſt weighty reaſons for *legally* deciding in favour of the donor. Yet hear how this intellectual Janus, o this judicial Judas, *wrote* upon this very iniquity of bribery :—

* * * * *

" The Vices of *Authority* are chiefly *foure :— Delaies ; Corruption ; Roughneſs ;* and *Facilitie.* For *Delaies* give eaſie acceſſe; keepe times appointed. Go through with that that is in hand; and interlace not buſineſſe, but of neceſſity. For *Corruption ; Do not only bind thine own hands from taking, but alſo thy ſervants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of ſutours* [*ſuitors*] *alſo from offering* [!] *For integrity uſed doth the one ; but integrity profeſſed, and with a manifeſt deteſtation of* BRIBERY [!!] *doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the ſuſpicion.*" !!!

(As my Lord Bacon evidently thought he was cleverly doing by this impious hypocriſy!)

Brought over 2

comment in his "Diary" on this philanthropic expenditure of his time: "I got nothing for it, which did trouble me much." *Anglicè*, like many more, he had much trouble for nothing.

1 *Poverino* Pepys!

THE TWO CLOAKS.

Pepys alſo combined loyalty with economy, and if he often evinced the ſpirit of his father the tailor, he invariably eſchewed the *gooſe*, where his own pocket and perſon were concerned. So the Diary has the following very ſenſible entry, which was no doubt the aboriginal "COMBINING ELEGANCE WITH ECONOMY" now ſo common in tailors' advertiſements:—

"I did countermand the making of my velvet cloak for a time, till I ſhould ſee which way the queen's illneſs did iſſue."

(Mem.) Pepys had never received any honours or emoluments from Charles II.'s queen,

1 as Lord Bacon had done from Elizabeth.

Pepys, on the contrary, never betrayed or did anything to injure *his* patrons, my Lord Sandwich or the king; but on the contrary, was remarkably civil and *prêvenant* always to their reſpective "Miſſes," as honorary wives were in thoſe days called. And upon once being preſſed

Brought over OO

BACON.

"*Whoſoever is found Variable, and changeth manifeſtly, without manifeſt cauſe, giveth ſuſpicion of Corruption.*"

(For which reaſon my Lord Verulam never *changed*, for he never *decided* till he knew he had good and *ſufficient* reaſons for his deciſion.)

IN HYPOCRISY FIVE HUNDRED FATHOMS BELOW PEPYS. OOOOO

THE TWO CLOAKS.

When on the 23rd of March, 1602, the day before Queen Elizabeth died, my Lord Verulam took water at Whitehall to go down to Richmond "to inquire how long the Queene's Highneſſe was like to laſt, he chid his ſerving man for giving him his beſt cloake,—when neither the queene, nor the weather, were like to hold out. On getting to Richmond he met Dr. Whitgift, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, who told him the Queene had juſt commanded her coronation ring, which had grown into the fleſh, to be filed off her finger: and the almonds of her ears having begun to ſwell and an univerſal numbneſs to ſeize her. She was far on her laſt journey. The rain now beginning to come down, my Lord haſted back to his barge, well pleaſed that he had had more forethought than his

Brought over 4

PEPYS.

to cook certain accounts he flatly refuſed, as the Diary tells us, "from fear, and from unwillingneſs to wrong the king; and *becauſe it was no profit to me*" [!] Here is Truth again, in her anti-crinoline coſtume, drawn up out of her well, and the pariſh beadle and county gaol on active ſervice, *vice* conſcience and honour, promoted. Then Pepys, though he was always making eſſays on love, never wrote one; and whether we contemplate him being ſpat upon at "the play-houſe" by a lady, and not minding it when he found ſhe was pretty, or getting up an ecſtaſy at the ſight of Lady Caſtlemaine's "*laced ſmock as it did hang out to dry*," or giving "Nym" £5, when he only gave Mrs. P— £2, as will ſometimes happen in the beſt regulated families, he was always the greateſt gallant poſſible in a ſmall way. 1

Pepys carried always about him in his beſt coat pocket, and did not care to ſhare its contents with any one ſo long as it contributed to his own perſonal comfort, a ſmall homœopathic caſe of poiſonous globules of the moſt infiniteſimal variety, which he took regularly and felt quite comfortable, even to thinking when he was in his own beſt Niagara of a wig, with its cataracts of curls, that in *déſhabille* the king was but a poor

Brought over OOOOOO

BACON.

ſervitors, not to waſte *a faire cloake on foule weather!*" O

My Lord Verulam, having too great a mind for ſo lowly and humble a virtue as gratitude to take root in, *prudently* betrayed his too generous friend, patron, and benefactor, Eſſex, thinking, no doubt, that for a genius with ſuch a head as his, a friend's head was as good a ſtepping-ſtone as any in the court of ſo profligate, heartleſs, and unwomanly a ſovereign as Elizabeth. What a pity it is that he did not *leave to the world, and after a while to this country*, an eſſay on Gratitude as well as that on "Love!" as it would, there is little doubt, have been well worthy of the man who wrote: "It is a poor ſaying of Epictetus—*Satis magnum alter, alteri theatrum ſumus*—as if a man, made for the contemplation of Heaven and all noble objects had nothing to do but kneel before a little Idoll and make himſelfe ſubject, though not of the mouth (as Beaſts are), yet of the eye, which is given for higher purpoſes!" O

Lord Bacon's ſelf-valuation was allopathic and coloſſal, and he purpoſely bequeathed it to the world as an all-ſufficient portion. The ſtupendous brilliancy of ſuch an intellect, in the midſt of ſo low and miry a moral organization, may be compared to a Bude light in a charnel

Brought over 5

PEPYS.

looking fellow, though when ſilked and ſatined he looked noble. Pepys, with all his little Liliputian pompoſity, never hypocritically pointed out the right way to others; he only took care to go by it himſelf, *not* from the glorious immortality promiſed at the end of it—for he had no ſuch lofty aſpirings — but becauſe he dreaded the ſnares, ſpring guns, and foul things that might bemire his fine clothes, or even the caſualties that might ſtrip him of them altogether, if, tempted by a

6 ſhort cut, he took a wrong turn.

BACON.

houſe, illuminating in all its loathſomeneſs the corruption it could not purify. He *knew* what was right, and pointed it out to others, not indeed from a laudable wiſh for their welfare, but to put them by hypocriſy on a wrong ſcent; and while indicating to them the beſt road, prevent their perceiving the crooked and foul ways by which he himſelf travelled.[1]

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[1] But all this is only a proof how well my Lord Verulam underſtood and practiſed his own axioms on "*vaine glory*," which are ſo perfectly underſtood and carried out alſo in our own times. "In fame of learning," ſaith he, "the flight will be ſlow without ſome feathers of *Oſtentation*. *Qui de contemnendâ Gloriâ libros ſcribunt, Nomen ſuum inſcribunt.* SOCRATES, ARISTOTLE, GALEN, were men full of *oſtentation*. Certainly *vaine glory* helpeth to perpetuate a man's memory; and Vertue was never ſo beholding to Humane Nature, as it received its due at the ſecond hand. Neither had the Fame of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Plinius Secundus*, borne her age ſo well, if it had not bin joined with ſome *vanity* in themſelves. Like unto varniſh, that maketh ſeelings [ceilings] not only to ſhine, but laſt." All of which, though elaborately practiſed now, was condenſed in the Syrian proverb ſome thouſands of years ago, "Give yourſelf *one* ear-ring of gold, and the world will ſoon give you the other."

Having now ſhown, what Lord Bacon himſelf would have called "A TABLE OF THE COLOURS OR APPEARANCES OF GOOD AND EVILL, AND THEIR DEGREES, AS PLACES OF PERSWASSION AND DISWASION, AND THEIR SEVERAL FALLAXES AND THE ELENCHES OF THEM," between the pigmy and the giant, it is clearly proved, by moral gauge, which is God's meaſure and the only one we ſhall be judged by hereafter, although it is quite the reverſe *here*, that although with regard to their ſmall vices it is ſix of one and half-a-dozen of the other, between the Chancellor and the ſecretary, yet morally ſpeaking the balance is in favour of the latter; Samuel Pepys being on the *ſame* ſcores ſix times a leſs bad man than FRANCIS LORD BACON. The how, when, and wherefore, of this great ſameneſs, yet great difference, in the *modus operandi* of ſimilar vices in two individuals created out of ſuch widely different argils and in antipodical ſpiritual and intellectual hemiſpheres, muſt be left to metaphyſicians to determine.

Dr. Clarke and Wollaſton conſidered moral obligation as ariſing from the eſſential difference and relations of things; Shafteſbury and Hutcheſon as ariſing from the moral ſenſe; and the generality of divines as ariſing ſolely from the will of God. On theſe three principles practical morality has been built. "Thus has God been

pleaſed," adds Warburton, "to give three different excitements to the practiſe of virtue, that men of all ranks, conſtitutions, and educations might find their account in one or other of them,—ſomething that would hit their palate, ſatisfy their reaſon, or ſubdue their will. But this admirable proviſion for the ſupport of virtue hath been in ſome meaſure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have ſacrilegiouſly untwiſted this threefold cord."

Exactly ſo, and this brings us to the great and inſoluble problem of why it ſo often happens that the cleareſt and loftieſt intellects, as in the inſtance of Lord Bacon, are found linked with the very baſeſt moral obliquities. This, truly, is the Mezentian puniſhment, of the dead body bound and chained to the living one, ſpiritualized, and perpetuated on into an inexorable eternity. Such men, who have for the moſt part but a ſmall *worldly* ambition, even to achieve *that* play the wrong card; for nothing in heaven or earth has any vitality in it ſave *goodneſs—not* the *appearance* but the REALITY.

If God Himſelf were merely great it is very probable that we ſhould even be *afraid* to pray to Him; Omnipotence may will, and in willing awe; Omniſcience may know, and with the ſubtle myſteries of ſuch infinite knowledge work miracles; but it is GOODNESS alone which can ſave

or attract, for Goodneſs is the heart of Time and the ſoul of Eternity. When we appeal to God it is *not* His power we invoke; on the contrary, we often dread that; but it is to his GOODNESS we pray, and to *that* we TRUST.

If the *manes* of the departed are cognizant of the phantaſmagoria going on in this world after they have paſſed the great Rubicon, and ſtill more, if they can either gladden or wince under the poſthumous verdicts of their fellow men, I cannot imagine my Lord Verulam's puniſhment having reached its grand climacteric, or his myriads of defrauded clients being appeaſed, till he found himſelf coupled with Samuel Pepys, and even loſing by the compariſon!

Notwithſtanding this *Fiat juſtitia*, however, I feel bound to return my grateful thanks for the many pleaſant hours I have paſſed with my Lord Bacon, more eſpecially in his "Gardens," wondering the while when he talked ſo much of DEW-BAYES yielding ſuch ſweet odours of a morning, "GERMANDERS,[1] that give ſuch good flower to the eye," with "CORNELIANS," and

[1] Doubtleſs the "PRIME-ROSES" mentioned ſo often, and with befitting praiſes, by Lord Bacon, were merely the anceſtors of our own little darling meadow-ſtars the Primroſes, and, like all other names, theirs was originally beſtowed to deſignate a peculiarity or a quality, that of their being the firſt roſes of the year.

for fruits, of "GINNITINGS," "QUADLINGS," and "MELO-COTONES"—I could not help wondering, I ſay, the while, what and where they were; though I could perceptibly inhale the perfume of the dainty muſk-roſes, that of the wooing white violets, and the ſpicy tufted pinks, in all directions.

For the benefit of a certain claſs of young ladies who may not have read his "Eſſaies," from thinking Bacon vulgar in any ſhape, I will leave the "Gardens" and return into the "Buildings," and go into that "*Goodly Roome above ſtaires of ſome forty feet high*," or rather into the ſmall *ſanctum* next to it, on "*the houſehold ſide*," and take from under a heap of parchments that little ſquare *booke* with its red edges, bearing date 1597, being the firſt edition of thoſe wonderful "Eſſaies," and read you one of the quainteſt, that "OF MASQUES AND TRIUMPHS," (xxxvii.)—merely aſking by the way, what would be thought of a Lord Chancellor in the year of grace 1876, who wrote upon operas and ballets, merely becauſe the Queen *would* have ſuch gauds, and being the keeper of her Majeſty's conſcience he thought it his duty to look after the *coryphées ?*

Of Masques and Triumphs.

THESE things are but Toyes, to come amongſt ſuch ſerious obſervations, but yet, ſince Princes will have ſuch things, it is better they ſhould be Graced with Elegancy, than Daubed with coſt.—*Dancing to Song*, is a thing of great State, and Pleaſure. I underſtand it, that the ſong be in Quire[1] placed aloft, and accompanied with ſome broken Muſicke: And the Ditty fitted to the Divice. *Acting in Song*, eſpecially in *Dialogues*, hath an extreme Good Grace: I ſay *Acting*, not *Dancing:* (for that is a mean, and vulgar Thing;) And the *Voyces* of the *Dialogue* ſhould be ſtrong and manly (a Baſe, and a Tenour, no Trebble) And the *Ditty* High, and Tragicall; Not nice, or Dainty. *Severall quires*, placed one over againſt another, and taking the voyce by Catches, *Antheme* wiſe, give great Pleaſure. *Turning dances* into *figure*, is a childiſh Curioſity.—And generally let it be noted, that thoſe Things, which I here ſet downe, are ſuch as do naturally take the ſenſe, and not reſpect petty wonderments. It is true the alterations of ſcenes, abound with *Light*, ſpecially coloured, and varied: And let the Maſquers, or any other, that are to

[1] Choir.

come downe from the Scene, have ſome Motions upon the *Scene* itſelfe, before their Comming downe, For it drawes the Eye ſtrangely, and makes it with great pleaſure, to ſee, that, it cannot perfectly diſcern.—Let the *Songs* be *Loud* and Cheerefull, and not *Chirpings*, and *Pulings*. Let the *Muſicke* likewiſe be *Sharpe* and loud (!) and well placed. The *Colours* that ſhew beſt by Candle light, are; White, Carnation, and a kinde of Sea-water-Greene; and *Ols*, or Spangs,[1] as they are of no great coſt, ſo they are of moſt Glory [!]; as for rich *Embroidery*, it is loſt and not Diſcerned. Let the *Sutes* of the Maſquers be Gracefull, and ſuch as become the perſon, when the Vizars are off. Not after examples of known attires; Turkes, Souldiers, Mariners, and the like. Let *Anti-maſques* not be long; they have been commonly of Fooles, Satyres, Baboons, Wilde-Men, Antiques, Beaſts, Spirits, Witches, Ethiopes, Pigmies, Turquets [?], Nimphs, Ruſticks, Cupids, Statuas, Moving, and the like. As for Angels,—it is not comicall enough [!] to put them in *Anti-maſques*, and any thing that is hideous, as Devils, Giants, is on the other ſide, as unfit: But chiefly let the *Muſicke* of them be Recreative, and with ſome ſtrange changes. Some *Sweet Odours* ſuddenly coming forth, without any drops falling, are in

[1] *i.e. Oripeaux* and ſpangles.

ſuch a Company, as there is Steame and Heat, Things of great Pleaſure, and Refreſhment. *Double Maſques*, one of them, another of Ladies, addeth State and Variety. But all is nothing, except the *Roome* he kept Cleare, and Neat. For *Juſts*, *Turneys*,[1] and *Barriers;* the Glories of them are chiefly in the Chariots, wherein the Challengers make their Entry; eſpecially if they be drawne with Strange Beaſts; as Lions, Bears, Camels, and the like; or in the Devices of their Entrance, or in Bravery of their Liveries; or in the Goodly Furniture of their Horſes, and Armour. But enough of theſe Toyes."

I think ſo too; but *Cede magnis!*

[1] *i.e.*, Jouſts and tourneys.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHOEVER firſt linked they twain together in "holy matrimony" knew human nature *well;* as forgetting is the ſynonyme of forgiving. Till we *do* forget we cannot forgive. It muſt be an unchriſtian ſpirit indeed that would not forgive even the moſt irremediable injuries, *if aſked to do ſo,* coupled with an aſſurance of ſincere regret, on the part of the aggreſſor. But there are ſome natures ſo Phariſaical and mean, that their *modus operandi* is always to merge a leſſer outrage in a greater. This is ſheer folly, ſo far as the attempts at impunity of ſuch evil-doers are concerned; for there can be no ſuch thing as willing martyrs where the faggot and the fire are *alone* provided and the crown is withheld;—as to appeal to a perſon's generoſity is one thing (and with generous natures, to appeal to it is to obtain it), but to ſwindle them out of it by ſnares and ſubterfuges

is another, and the ſure way to render oblivion impoſſible. For would God Himſelf forgive us, if, inſtead of aſking His forgiveneſs in a humble and contrite ſpirit, we on the contrary tried to ſhift all the onus of our ſins upon Him, ſaying that if He had not created us or put temptation in our way we ſhould not have tranſgreſſed; and that therefore He muſt clearly perceive, that he owed *us* great reparation, for having allowed our ſins to find us out, and bear the bitter fruit of puniſhment which we ourſelves had planted. And yet there are many ſuch inverſe natures, ſo warped by falſe pride and low cunning, that they invariably tranſpoſe the poſitions, and arraign their victims for the peril *they* have entailed upon them, whenever detection follows crime; which is preciſely the ſame ſpecies of inverted logic reſorted to by a certain highwayman in George the Firſt's time; who, upon finding himſelf for the ſecond time in the dock at the Old Bailey, put his arms akimbo, and knitting his brows and looking the judge full in the face, ſaid in a loud bullying voice, ſo that the whole court might hear it.—

"Harkee, my lord! *this* is the ſecond time I have ſtood in this dock; if I find myſelf here a *third* time I ſhall bind you over to keep the peace, ſwearing you have put me three times in fear of my life."

But ſo indiſpenſable is this Lethean proceſs to forgiveneſs that with the ungratefully treacherous or the criminally weak, who yield to or connive at the miſdeeds of others, againſt their own better natures, we often find,—that it is part of the inſcrutable ſubtlety of God's chemiſtry of retribution that *they cannot forget*, and conſequently *cannot forgive themſelves*. Thus Judas flung down the thirty pieces of ſilver, and went out and hanged himſelf, thereby acting as his own judge and executioner. And Suetonius mentions that ſhortly after the Crucifixion, Tiberius deprived Pontius Pilate of his office, and the ex-procurator retired to Vienna;[1] where, falling into a profound melancholy, he committed ſuicide.

While then forgiveneſs of injuries depends ſo entirely upon the oblivion of them, there are ſome injuries ſo chronic, concrete, and ubiquitous, that they are incorporated with not only every SOURCE but with every CHANNEL of our exiſtence, and therefore we muſt forget *it*, before we can forgive *them*. Moreover, it is an incontrovertible truth, that "Pardon to the injured doth belong;" therefor is it that evil-doers, that is, aggreſſors, are always ſo implacably irate at their victims, putting their deeds into words, and inveigh amain againſt that Engliſh

[1] Vienne, in Gaul (France).

ſocial, literary, and political Bogie—their "ſtrong language," while the poor victims can but retort, with Electra in the iambics of Sophocles,

> "*You* do the deeds, and your unholy deeds find *me* the words."

What then is to be done, ſince oblivion is the only ſeed from which forgiveneſs can ſpring, but one thing: pray to God, to give us that forgetfulneſs which will enable us, not merely in words, but in truth and in ſpirit, to forgive thoſe who have chronically and irreparably injured us? And oh! what a bleſſed anchor is it, in life's moſt devaſtating ſtorms, to the beſt as well as to the worſt amongſt us, to remember that even that great omnipotent God of Mercy was once alſo A Man of Sorrow!

PITY.

IT would appear from the following paragraph, which I read the other day in a newſpaper, and indeed from ſeveral other little inſtances that one meets with in life, that Pity—that gentle dew of human kindneſs, which freſhens and fertiliſes all upon which it reſts,—like money, generally goes to thoſe who don't deſerve it. Take the following example :—

"There are in Egypt three hundred miles of railroad. When the running of the trains was commenced MUMMIES were uſed for fuel, and are ſaid to make a very hot fire. The ſupply is almoſt inexhauſtible, and they are uſed by the cord. What a deſtiny!"

What a deſtiny indeed! For if the mummies retain a *ſpice* of ſentiment, if it has not been all *pitched* out of them by time, tombs, pyramids, pedantry, and one thing or another,

they muſt be charmed to find themſelves not only ſuddenly called upon to be uſeful to other *ſleepers*, whom they never dreamt of, but alſo to think that

"Still in their aſhes glow their wonted fires."

But Pity being the theme, ſhe really might beſtow a tear to think how inanimate, inſentient things, ever outlaſt, in this little material planet of ours, the living, breathing, high-aſpiring heirs of immortality, whoſe vaſſals and gauds they are for a brief ſpace. I have been led to this reflection by the revelations of Egypt, which are likely to beat M. de Cuſtine's "Revelations of Ruſſia" quite out of the field. Monſieur de Mariette, another Frenchman, has diſcovered in one of the tombs of the Egyptian kings the jewel-box of one of Egypt's queens, which, with its contents, is now the admiration of elegant and artistic Paris, where even Oberon's and Titania's choiceſt marts for *bijouterie* and knick-knackery have long been eſtabliſhed, and where the ſhades of Benvenuto Cellini and Aſcanio might revel as in a bright little Elyſium of their own. Well, even *there* is this Egyptian caſket, with its carcanets, creating boundleſs admiration from their elaborate workmanſhip and exquiſite finiſh, which the perfectioniſed art of the preſent day could not ſurpaſs, either in deſign or execution.

Among other things is a ſmall regal crown, curiouſly wrought in fine gold, and a thick gold chain ſix feet long! Think of *that*, ye aldermen of England, who eat turtle and green peas! think of it, I ſay, *even* if, as the French dramatiſt ſo ſublimely and hiſtorically expreſſes it, there *does*

"*Coule dans vos veines le plus* NOBLE *ſang d'Angleterre,*"
Et que
"*Votre biſaïeul a été même* DEUX *fois Lord Maire!*"

In this Egyptian queen's jewel-box there is no mention made of any large pearls (or "unions," as they uſed to be called,) being found. Perhaps Cleopatra diſſolved the laſt? For in Egypt and in thoſe barbaric times ſuch matters might have been conſidered regal luxuries, but in England, in this enlightened age, when everything is for the million, unions are diſſolved in vinegar daily, or permanently, as the caſe may be, by the Divorce Court, which enacts, not exactly the Antony, but the antidote, on ſuch occaſions.

But though there were no pearls in the caſket, there was a token of that other priceleſs pearl in life's bitter cup—LOVE! which, until it *is* diſſolved, converts the very bittereſt into nectar. For there was amid this treaſure-trove a beautifully chiſelled gold plate or medallion, with a man's portrait upon it, it is ſuppoſed, the portrait of the king, or at all events of the monarch of

its quondam owner's affections, and this, the fragile trinket of ſome gala hour, is now all that remains of the imperial archives of that queenly heart, the only veſtige of that great world of love it then reigned over. And yet—no; tranſition is *not* death. All other paſſions may be mortal, and to be returned to the King of kings at our demiſe, as the inſignia of various orders of knighthood are returned to earthly ſovereigns, to be beſtowed upon others who ſucceed us. But LOVE is the nucleus of eternity, *the* ſubtle all-pervading fluid of that myſterious concrete of immortality of which each human portion is a SOUL.

It may, nay, it *muſt* change, but it *cannot* die. The light of heaven, the breath of flowers, the ſong of birds, the ſummer air, the ſmile of hope, the ſigh of memory, are each and all full to over-flowing of it. We ſee it, hear it, breathe it, in all things; whether it be in ſtorm or in ſunſhine, in pleaſure or in pain, it is *ſtill there*,—omnipreſent, for it is the atmoſphere of God's creation; and who can ſay then that the Egyptian queen may not even now be SITTING IN CASSIOPEA'S CHAIR, LOOKING THROUGH A MYRIAD STARRY EYES STILL FONDLY DOWN UPON HER CHERISHED LOVE GIFTS OF LONG LONG AGO!

ON THE GRATITUDE WE OWE OUR ENEMIES.

IT was a pithy ſaying that of Lorenzo de' Medici, and true as pithy, that we are enjoined to forgive our enemies, but nowhere are we told that we ſhould forgive our friends. One thing is certain, that even our moſt inveterate and moſt influential enemies could prevail but little againſt us (ſo invariably does unſcrupulous malice defeat itſelf), but for the treachery, colluſion, cowardice, weakneſs, or imbecility of our nominal friends! Therefore we owe this debt of gratitude to our enemies (and it is not a ſmall one), that they have been the means of our diſcovering the vipers that we have unconſciouſly been warming at our hearths, or worſe ſtill, it may be, in our boſoms, before they had the power of injuring us further. Appeal to any one's experience, and he will tell you that he has largely (that is, with ſo few exceptions as

to eſtabliſh the rule), proved the truth of Rochefoucault's maxim, "Faire un bienfait, faire un ingrat;" and yet, as in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms there grows an antidote near every poiſon, ſo in the moral world are there innumerable antidotes to this moſt deadly of all poiſons, ingratitude, even in the immenſity of unſuſpected, gratuitous, unalloyed, and therefore almoſt ſublime goodneſs, that exiſts up and down and round about the world. For ſeldom does any flagrant inſtance of baſeneſs or ingratitude befall us, but the reaction of the blow ſtrikes at other hearts that we ignored till then, and ſets the unſealed fountains of their ſympathy and ſenſe of outraged juſtice guſhing towards us in a thouſand acts of kindneſs and devotion. For no tittle of God's word ever fails, and thus is His promiſe fulfilled, that if we caſt our bread upon the waters, after many days it ſhall return to us. But to convince us of our own weakneſs and His ſtrength, it generally does return to us at times and places where we could have leaſt hoped for it, or rather where we moſt deſpaired of it. When the neceſſity is at the greateſt and the ſpirit at the fainteſt, *then* comes the miraculous bread in the wilderneſs, WHICH, OUT OF HUMAN IMPOSSIBILITIES, NOT ONLY SUPPLIES OUR WANTS, BUT EXCEEDS THEM.

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE NOT MENTIONED BY ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

THERE are few more charming books in the language for a fireſide companion than D'Iſraeli's "Curioſities of Literature." Still a man cannot read everything, any more than he can know everything. And moreover, thoſe cocks of the walk in literature may be the very antipodes of the chanticleer celebrated by Æſop. *They* may *only* care for gems, and deſpiſe grains of barley, whereas fortunately for you, friend reader, I'm not proud, and therefore much more reſemble the other feathered agriculturiſt in the fable, from infinitely preferring (where a good laugh is the deſideratum) a barley grain, a rogue in grain, or in ſhort anything, to a gem; for there is a brilliancy and intrinſic value about all gems which preclude the poſſibility of laughing at them. But before I hoſpitably and generouſly invite you to ſhare with me,

dear reader, the particular and ſomewhat curious grain of barley upon which I happen to be feaſting at this time, I'll tell you exactly where I was fortunate enough to ſcratch it up. Premiſing that in conſequence of the preſent democratic movement and tendency to fuſion of claſſes, I don't ſee why aſſes ſhould not be occaſionally ſtall-fed, poor things! as well as oxen, and therefore, I own it, *I* for one, am much addicted to old book ſtalls. Shallow people, that is, moſt perſons, often expreſs their wonder, that ſleek, civilized, gentlemanlike, well bred, well fed dogs, ſhould be ſo fond of poking about, and excavating from ineffable garbage all ſorts of old bones and fragments in their walks; aye, and even little pampered, petted, affected, fine lady, ſilken-pawed, velvet-eared Blenheims and King Charleſes, have to a ſpeckle, the ſame *canimania;* but never (though bleſt with a tolerable good library at home) do I find myſelf before a ſtall covered with old dog-eared, dilapidated looking books,—ſome with ſhining, dark, gingerbread-looking covers, others in old emboſſed gold-paper ones, others in parchment that had once been white, till done brown by that ſwindler, Time, but looking dropſical withal, as if from too deep potations at the Pierian ſpring, and others with no covers at all,[1]—that I do not perfectly

[1] In one of my ſtall *bones*, to wit, "A Dissertation on

underſtand the phyſiology (perhaps I ought to ſay the philomathy) of the whole affair. For in wiſtfully eyeing theſe old bones of literature I feel, with the dogs, that what others once feaſted upon may perchance ſtill contain ſome ſcraps worthy either of a dog's noſe or a man's notice; though both in the canine and the critical reſearch, it cannot be denied that there intermingles a great deal of Dr. Johnſon's definition of a ſecond marriage,—namely, "The triumph of hope over experience." However, the identical grain of barley that we are now about to diſcuſs was not ſo much ſought out by me as that it fell in my way. For in a box of books I received lately was a catalogue of old and ſecond-hand volumes; in ſpelling

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READING THE CLASSICS, and Forming a Juſt Style: addreſſed to The Right Honourable JOHN LORD ROOS, the Preſent DUKE OF RUTLAND. By HENRY FELTON, D.D. Printed by Jonah Bowyer, at The Roſe, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1723," is the following inſtruction to *book keepers, printed* in a ſquare black frame, under the armorial bearings of its former owner, one Mr. Chriſtopher Toogood, and for *this* "Caution to Sinners" it was I bought the volume:—

> The firſt thing you ought to do, when you borrow a Book, is, to read it; that you may *return* it as ſoon as poſſible TO THE OWNER.

it over, I was irresistibly attracted by the title of the one I am about to lay before you, *not in extenso*, for *that* would be no joke, but a heavy infliction. And when I received this precious volume it so far surpassed my most sanguine expectations, both as to matter and manner, that I instantly had it bound in a most conspicuous manner, so as that every one coming in could not fail to notice it; for it is far too good and unique to be sacrificed to any individual monopoly. Even the author's name is unique and pre-Adamitishly original, for I not only never heard it before, but never heard a name at all resembling it. But let it and its owner speak for themselves; and to begin at the beginning, here is the title-page :—

"Young Gentleman and Lady's Privàte[1] Tutor. In Three Parts. The First Part contains a Preliminary Discourse on Moral and Social Duties, &c., viz. Piety, Wisdom, Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, Temperance, Love, Friendship, Humanity, &c. The Second Part contains Rules for behaving Genteel [!] in all Stages of Life, of Behaviour to God, Parents, Company, Brothers, Sisters, Superiors, Equals, Inferiors, Teachers, Servants, in Company, at Meals, at Cards, &c. Walking

[1] No doubt the accent over the à in "privàte" is according to the author's ideas, to denote the *genteel* way of *publicly* pronouncing this egotistical and unsociable word.

alone, With Company, &c. The Third Part contains Behaviour in the Dancing School, with Directions for Dancing a Minuet, Walking, Standing, Giving, Receiving, Bowing, and to make a Curtſey, &c. To which is added a Set of Figures of young Gentlemen and Ladies, adapted to the above Rules. Alſo Habits proper for Gentlemen and Ladies when Dancing, with Rules, and Cautions: and Figures ſetting forth the true Uſe of the Fan. By Matthew Towle, Dancing Maſter, in Oxford. Printed for the Author,[1] MDCCLXX. Sold by J. Fletcher in Oxford; J. Fletcher in London; and by the Author's Father and Brother at all the Schools they attend."

Then aſk, "What's in a name?" indeed!
Oh, ſophiſtry moſt foul!
Shakeſpeare, could even *you* have lived
If *your* name had been Towle?

Mr. Towle next proceeds to find great fault with the artiſt who furniſhed the plates for his valuable work; and not without reaſon, I think, for as he juſtly obſerves, theſe ſaid plates are completely *diſhed*, from a ſtrange (but ſtill perfectly original) defect in the anatomy of the figures and the perſpective of the inanimate

[1] This was, perhaps, a ſupererogatory announcement, except as it additionally tends to prove that in no ſingle particular has the uniform and ſingular originality of this production been departed from.

objects repreſented; the former appearing for the moſt part with the palms of their hands turned to the poſition that the backs generally occupy; and amid the vagaries of the latter are diſtant garden walls and eſpaliers inſiſting upon taking precedence of the mantlepieces and cabinets within the apartment, which, to a gentleman like Mr. Towle, devoting his energies to writing upon good manners, humility, and doing everything "*Genteel!*" muſt have been particularly harrowing and diſtreſſing; ſo that one cannot greatly wonder at the ſavage revenge he takes. But hear it in his own words, for

"None but himſelf can be his parallel."

One may almoſt fancy that one ſees him: his head thrown back, "quite genteel!" his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," his left hand on his hip, as with his right he prepared to make his ſword leap from its ſcabbard and ſplit the unhappy *George Langly Smith*, of *Little Kirby Street*, *Hatton Garden*, *London*, as if he had been a Dunſtable lark, predeſtined to grilled bread crumbs and claret. But huſh! TOWLES LOQUITUR:

"The COPPER PLATES given in this Book coſt *Seventeen Pounds*, *Six Shillings*, beſides the expences of a *Law Suit*. . . . Engraved[1] by

[1] Query the lawſuit. The italics are Mr. Towles's, ſtuck like larding-pins through and through the unhappy George Langly Smith.

George Langly Smith, in Little Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. The very great expence I have been at, I hope will atone and excuſe me from cenſure for publiſhing theſe Copper Plates: and I doubt not, but my Subſcribers will corroborate [!] *in their opinions with me* [!] that the following lines, taken from *Oldham*, are applicable to the above *Attempter*:—

'*To Mr. S. M——h.*

'Perhaps thou hop'dſt that thy obſcurity
Should be thy ſafeguard, and ſecure thee free.
No, wretch! *I* mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like ſentenc'd felons to be dragg'd about;
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to ſcorn and ſhame,
I mean to hang and gibbet up THY NAME!'"

After this, doubtleſs exhauſted by the effort, exit TOWLE and enter ſubſcribers:—

"WE, whoſe names are hereunto Subſcribed, do approve the following Sheets, containing the firſt RUDIMENTS OF A POLITE EDUCATION, and recommend them, as very uſeful and proper to be introduced into all *Schools* and Families."

Here follows, not a ſingle name, but a long blank ſheet.

It is to be hoped, however, that the great TOWLE himſelf conſidered that by this ſtrict preſervation of the anonymous his ſubſcribers were behaving "very genteel," and that the large

white blank ſpace left after their note of admiration was at once a delicate and a humorous way of intimating to him, that inſtead of a vulgar, ordinary ſubſcription, they gave him *carte blanche*.

Then comes the preface; but no, that is merely ſolemn ſtupidity turned up with bad grammar, and therefore not worth tranſcribing; but there is a note appended to it, pointed out by a typographical hand, that really *is* noteworthy! Ecco!—

"The Author humbly hopes to find Favour, in the judgment of his ſuperiors, in Age and Learning, and that they will view this Work as a *Juvenile Attempt*, and paſs over in ſilence all ſuch Errors as may occur, unleſs of a Criminal Nature."!

True it is indeed, that not *only* the evil but ſometimes "the good men do 'lives' after them;" for the foregoing would be an invaluable model note (with perhaps another ſort of note incloſed in it) for every author to ſend with his book to each of the *Reviews*. If it could not inſure a puff, which depends more upon cliqueiſm than even money or merit, ſtill it could not fail to ward off a blow, except, perhaps, in the inſtance of The "S——y R——w," which, even in the teeth of ſo humble and touching an appeal, might be capable of this ſort of growl:—

"In compliance with the author's requeſt, we paſs over his work in ſilence; but muſt proteſt againſt his having publiſhed it at all, as that appears to us fully to come under the denomination of what he terms 'Errors of a Criminal Nature.'"

As I have invited you, reader, to this *petit dîner fin*, I ſhall now proceed to recommend to you ſome of the choice *morceaux* of the feaſt, not, however, helping you too largely; for *that* Mr. Towle, in his valuable rules "How to Behave *Genteel* at Meals," eſpecially deprecates in ſome ſarcaſtic (or, being at dinner, I ſhould ſay, cutting) remarks upon one Mr. *Lombum*, of whom he has informed poſterity that "though he eats but little, that is no reaſon he ſhould pick and cull the meat, and take juſt what he thinks proper. If any pudding comes to table you ſee he cuts it half, and eats not one fourth part of what he cuts.[1] So ſome of the company go without any, unleſs they will accept of his plate[!] If a fowl comes to table he takes the

[1] A very good plan of Mr. Lombum's for preventing the "company" coming again, and an evident proof that in claſſic Oxford in thoſe days they imitated the noble frugality of the ancients, when not ſacrificing at a great banquet, and might, like Seneca, have been ſurpriſed with a solitary meſs of lentil pottage, or, like Pliny the Younger, over a ſingle gentleman of a grey mullet and a cucumber.

prime pieces,[1] though he eats but little of them either. In ſhort, he ſerves everything ſo that comes in his way. If a tart comes to table he cuts it, though nobody eats it,[2] and at the ſame time he will put in the ſpoon, take out the juice, and eat it with the ſame ſpoon, and after it has been in his mouth [!] he will put it into the tart again, for the perſons at table to help themſelves to, if they pleaſe!"[3]

A grain of example being at all times better than a buſhel of precept, I ſhall ſtudiouſly avoid giving you too large pieces of Mr. Towle's pudding (which I am ſure you would *Lumbumiſe* if I did), and merely pick out the plums here and there. But before he expatiates on manner and deportment he has very properly two preliminary articles, entitled "OUR DUTY TO GOD AT HOME," and "OUR DUTY TO GOD OUT WALKING"!

In the firſt of which he tells us (and *this* may not be altogether new to the readers of the

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[1] Which really *is* foul, and *not* fair.

[2] If nobody eat it? Why, oh Magnus Towle! be ſo ſevere upon the taking ways of MR. LUMBUM? for by this it would appear that they *all* cut the tart.

[3] I knew it! There is always an adequate reaſon for everything, however ſtrange or unwonted, if people could only find it out, and this ſpoony behaviour of MR. LUMBUM's fully accounts for the reſt of "the company" exerciſing their ſelf-denial with regard to the tart.

preſent generation), that it is our duty to God at home *to ſay our prayers!* but that "out of doors this is not neceſſary, as our duty there *is to behave genteel!*"[1]

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But "Chapter XII. *Of Behaviour in Walking with Company*," though rather a long walk, is ſo very amuſing, that it cannot poſſibly fatigue anybody.

"The next thing neceſſary," ſays Mr. Towle, "is to know how to behave in walking with company abroad.

"In the firſt place, conſider who you are walking with and their RANK (with a big R!) and in how great a degree they are your ſuperiors, or whether they are your equals. If they are your ſuperiors in age, fortune, or birth, to them reſpect is due. By ſuch conſiderations you

[1] It is quite clear from this that the terſe TOWLE, evidently in advance of his age as he was, had no ſuſpicion of open-air preaching then "looming in the future," or he would have ventilated the ſubject in his own inimitable manner; for in another part of his valuable work he tells us that our prayers in church are *not* acceptable to the Almighty "*unleſs we behave ourſelves genteel*"! which he explains by warning the ladies againſt ogling through the ſticks of their fans, and the men "doing *the like* over the rims of their hats," and "*both not omitting to bow or curtſey, polite and genteel, to their Superiors in the pew, every time they riſe from kneeling at their devotions.*"

will always know how to addreſs and behave politely to the Company you are with. It is impoſſible that you ſhould behave well or *genteel*, and in a proper manner, unleſs you always take a full view of them firſt near[1] and attentive, then you will be able to behave to every one according to their Rank. Should you ſuffer yourſelf to neglect this rule, you will daily give offence undeſignedly, and by that means bring yourſelf to Diſgrace. It will alſo render you an improper perſon for private Company as alſo public. A man muſt ſhine in private Company, even to appear in a decent manner in public.[2]

"I hope you will obſerve what I have ſaid, and then it will anſwer our purpoſe. As I have given you to underſtand that it is neceſſary for you to know your Company,[3] I ſhall ſay no more of it, but proceed. If you are walking with your ſuperiors, pay the reſpect due to them, then will you give ſatisfaction.[4] It is your duty to give

[1] This really is making no allowance whatever for the many perſons, as well as things, to whom

"Diſtance lends enchantment to the view."

[2] Towle! Towle! *nous avons changé tout cela.*

[3] Mr. Towle is here evidently labouring under a ſort of vulgar curioſity to know and find out who you are, employing for that purpoſe the ingredients of the proverbial receipt, "Tell me your company and I'll tell you what you are."

[4] Here the author had evidently a retroſpective eye to footmen.

them the wall in walking and to walk even with them, if there is not too great a number to walk abreaſt [!] In this caſe you ſhould agree to make two parties; then take care to let your elders walk firſt; it is their place, therefore never attempt to take it of them, becauſe that would be behaving rude and ungenteel [!]; but when you are walking with your father or mother, governeſs or teachers, then it is your place to go firſt, and take care you walk upright and genteel.[!] In the next place you are to walk at a proper diſtance, not too nigh nor too far off; the inconveniencies ariſing from walking too nigh or too far off are diſagreeable to them that walk firſt, viz. if they are ladies you may in all probability tread upon their GOWNS, SAQUES, or TROLLOPEES [!], and very often may by an unguarded ſtep tread upon their heels; this would not be very acceptable to the ladies. Should it be dark and dirty,[1] you would by going too nigh ſplaſh them all over; this they will think rude of you, although it might happen to any one in the dark. The only way to avoid theſe inconveniencies is

[1] In this counſel Mr. Towle (who appears to have been a perſon of ſuch ſubtle, ſatirical wit as to make it almoſt baffle detection,) muſt have meant a fling at the Mohawks, who *were* addicted to walking in large parties abreaſt in the dark and in the dirt, otherwiſe among no claſs were theſe miry tenebrious perambulations among the "Games and Paſtimes of England."

not to walk too nigh them; about two yards is a proper diſtance; on the other hand you are not to exceed that ſpace, if you do you are guilty of bad manners to a great degree for walking ſix or ten yards behind your company, or as though you were talking of them or upon ſome ſubject that would be improper for them to hear, or as if you would rather walk by yourſelf. In the next place, it would be inconvenient to them to make you hear when they thought proper to ſpeak to you, which is very often the caſe, as you and every one muſt think. Be always attentive to what they ſay, and walk quietly and decently; avoid all coxcombical airs in walking, for this[1] *will give every one that ſees you an opportunity of knowing that you are a fool full as well as if they had been long acquainted with you.*[!] But I hope by this time you are ſo well acquainted with the rules of behaviour as to require my ſaying no more on ſelf-love and ſelf-conceit, ſo I will pro-

[1] Surely Towle the Terpſichorean does not, in his impenetrably diſguiſed irony, mean to ſay that by *not* giving himſelf coxcombical airs the mythological ſample young gentleman here invidiouſly pointed out would be anticipating the "courſe of time" by the revelation alluded to in the italiciſed paſſage that follows. No, no; it muſt only be one of thoſe grammatical errors into which he is conſtantly falling, in his laudable anxiety to avoid "criminal" ones, and he muſt have inadvertently ſubſtituted "this" for they, and ſo have achieved a *non*-ſenſe.

ceed in my diſcourſe. Let all your converſation that paſſes be ſpoken in a ſoft tone of voice, in ſuch a manner as your company may hear, but you are not obliged to ſpeak ſo loud that all the people in the ſtreet may hear too; there is not any thing that points out low, ill bred perſons more than talking loud in the ſtreet. [True, this, at all events.] If you ſuffer yourſelf to converſe in that manner, ſhould you be worth ten millions of money [!] you would be only one degree above any one in Billingſgate.[1] It is not money that makes the gentleman[2] always. Money does, I own, with ſome baſe people; but what are they better than beaſts of the field? No, not one jot; they even wrong their God of his due; then how can men expect to meet with civility and love from thoſe who even make

[1] It might have been ſo in *your* time, Towle, but other times other Towles, alias tactics, and *we* are wiſer in our generation; for any one with even a tithe of that "*very genteel*," becauſe by no means common, competency, TEN MILLIONS! may not only talk as loud, but be as low as he pleaſes. For this is really the Golden Age, or at leaſt the age of gold. We read of ponies being ſhod with golden ſhoes in Auſtralia, but there is nothing original in this; for a certain potentate of the Netherlands, not fit to "mention to ears polite," has always had *his* hoofs ſhod with gold when he wiſhed to make ſure of a good footing amongſt us.

[2] Another error this in the Towlean philoſophy, for the gentleman who makes money makes all other gentlemen bow down to him—or to his money, which is all the ſame thing.

no ſcruple to wrong their juſt God for that falſe and baſe god, MONEY, and make a wrong uſe of it for it ever? Obſerve theſe words:—'It is eaſier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Notwithſtanding they have ſuch a caution from the mouth of the Son of God, I may venture to ſay [indeed, Towle, you may!] that there are ſome people who make money their god, and none other do they worſhip. They are ſworn enemies to humanity and to the poor, they even hate all kind of civility and politeneſs, except what is ſhewn to themſelves; that man is a fine gentleman who has money; they never inquire how he got it, or whom he wronged; what orphan or what widow; or whom he plundered or murdered; all wrongs are looked on as a perfection in him. The money makes the gentleman with ſome perſons, but I hope it never will with you, for men who are ſo inclined will even forfeit their own ſouls, they will ſell their daughters, in ſhort, they will ſtick at nothing to get money, and yet they can only have the uſe of it for this life."[1]

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[1] Few perſons are ſo *exigeant* as to require, or ſo unreaſonable as to expect, it longer. It is doubtful (mind, I do not venture to ſay that it is *certain* he would not,) yes, it *is*

Mr. Towle then continues for four pages more in the ſame ſtrain, but as it is alſo nearly *verbatim* the ſame as what I have juſt helped you to, allow me to recommend to you a few of his other *friandiſes.*

Article II.: or Second Course.

"When your company think proper to go into a houſe, church, or *any other place*,[1] you muſt let *them* go firſt; ſhould it be *an* houſe where you are not acquainted then you are to ſtay till you are aſked to walk in, which you

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doubtful whether even the Marquis of ——— contemplates having his rental, his cheque-book, and the key of the cellar packed up in his coffin with him. But *quand même, cui bono?*

[1] Could Mr. Towle, by the ſtreſs he lays on "*any other place*," have been alluding to the ſtory of a certain teſty old gentleman who upon one occaſion, when about to take his diurnal drive, on being aſked by the coachman, "Where to, ſir?" reſponded in his gruffeſt tones, "To the D—l." The obedient Jehu made no reply, but gathered up his reins and proceeded. Several hours elapſed under the uſual ſlow jog-trot family-coach pace, during which the old gentleman's choler decreaſed as his hunger increaſed, ſo, pulling the check, he cried out, "Where on earth are you going, John?" "Where you told me, ſir," was the reply. John's maſter, being tickled at once by the fun and the phlegmatic philoſophy of this anſwer, ſaid, with a latent twinkle in his eye and an expreſſion of bland remonſtrance on his lip, "Well, but how will you manage about yourſelf when you get there?" "Oh, no need to trouble about *me*, ſir. *I ſhall back you in.*"

may depend upon it they *will do*. [Query, "You will be."] When you *are* aſked to walk in, take off your hat in your left hand, bow, and go in; if they aſk you to ſit down, do it, and at the ſame time bow or curtſey, ſaying, 'Thank you, ſir,' or 'madam.' Take your ſeat at THE BOTTOM OF THE ROOM, if you have not a place told you to ſit in; ſhould the room not be full of company then you are to take the bottomeſt ſeat next your company; but you will have a chair placed for you to ſit in, or at leaſt there ought to be one. You muſt be cautious here in your behaviour, never to ſpeak unleſs you are ſpoken to, then addreſs them Sir or Madam, as I have given you inſtructions before how to addreſs every one, according to their quality and fortune.

"Always be conciſe in your opinion, expreſs your ſentiments in few words, and as diſtinct as poſſible. [Very good advice.] When your company think proper to go let your ſuperiors go out firſt; then take leave of the company that are in the room in a genteel manner, paying a juſt reſpect to them all. When you come to the ſtreet door bow to the gentleman or lady that waits on you to the door; *for you may depend on't they are very genteel people who wait on their gueſts to the door*. I would not have you miſunderſtand me wrong, and think that I mean they

are rich, and the like.[1] No; I mean that they know how to behave polite and genteel. If they come to the door, bow with all the reſpect you are maſter of, ſaying, 'Madam,' or 'Sir, I am very ſorry to give you this trouble.' And again, ſhould there be no ſervant to open the door, if you are well acquainted with the houſe, ſooner than give the maſter or miſtreſs the trouble to open the door, ſay, in a polite manner, 'Madam,' or 'Sir, give me leave to open the door, we can do very well without giving you the trouble to attend us to the door;' but if they inſiſt on it do not diſpute with them, but take care not to detain them at the door, leaſt they catch cold thereby.

"Now you are in the ſtreets again, if you ſee anything that may appear ſurpriſing do not ſtop to look at it, but look at it as you go on; ſhould you ſtop, as I have ſaid before, it would be rude, but I ſhall forbear to ſay more, as I have ſaid enough before.[2] You are never to call after any of your acquaintance in the public ſtreet, but if you ſee any one that you want to ſpeak to go up

[1] Every one knows there is *nothing* like being rich, therefore what *can* "rich and the *like*" poſſibly mean? Perhaps ſome of our modern writers who affect thoſe moſt deteſtable of all vulgariſms of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, "the like," and "ſuch like," may be able to tell, but I really cannot.

[2] I think ſo too.

to him firſt.[1] It is not genteel, neither is it polite, to point[2] at any one, or to point in at any ſhop window. Should you ſee any thing pleaſing to the company and would communicate it, ſpeak decently thus: 'Gentlemen,' or 'Ladies, if you pleaſe to look this way here is ſomething that will pleaſe you;' but forbear to ſay 'Look yonder,' or 'Look there,' for if you *was* to expreſs yourſelf ſo it would be imitating oyſter girls or boys; for none but thoſe ſort of people uſe ſuch kind of language. In the next place, you are to avoid dreſſing yourſelf in the ſtreet.[3] Poſſibly you may aſk what I mean by *that?* But to ſave you the trouble of aſking I will do my endeavours to inform you. In the firſt place, I mean that I would have you appear decent as you walk along, free from affectation, pride, *and the like.* But in order that you may underſtand me better I will give you an example, by ſhewing you that inſufferable Fop, Mr. GAUDY. This is a fop, of whom I will do my endeavours to draw the outlines, as near as poſſible, but it would be a work

[1] This is generally conſidered to be a neceſſary preliminary.

[2] Of courſe, this does not apply to pointers with regard to partridges; therefore it is to be hoped, even if not "genteel," they will be too well bred to conſider this remark perſonal.

[3] A bedroom cannot be too airy, but certainly ſuch an *al freſco* dreſſing-room as the ſtreet would be anything but deſirable, to ſay nothing of the impropriety of ſuch a proceed-

of time to draw a juſt PIECE of him,[1] but I think you will have an opportunity of ſeeing him if you will walk this way. O, now you ſee him, there he is! now you will ſee fifty different motions betwixt here and the bottom of the ſtreet; now you ſee him beholding himſelf! now he looks behind him, to ſee who is looking at him; every one that looks at him he thinks admires him;[2] if a lady looks at him he imagines ſhe admires him as ſomething more than fleſh and blood and real nature. There! obſerve him rubbing his hands, beholding them with admiration. Now you ſee he ſmiles with the pleaſing thoughts that his hands begin to make him amends for all the trouble and expenſe he has been at *about his hands!* Ah, what makes you look at me ſo? what do you wonder at? you will ſay, For heaven's ſake, what expenſe can he have been at about his hands?

ing. But this, perhaps, is what is meant in the old plays of the Congreve and Wycherly ſchool, by having "the *airs* of a man, or woman, of *quality*." *Now* the only airs of a ſtreet are thoſe ground on a barrel organ.

[1] Now really, unartiſtic ignoramuſes might have ſuppoſed that it was eaſier to draw a *piece* of Mr. GAUDY than even the outline, though, as a whole, he might have required all the vermilion and gamboge laviſhed on his ſunſets and ſunriſes by the late Mr. Turner, R.A.

[2] This diſtemper, oh Towle! I can aſſure you, is quite as much an epidemic among "gents" in pegtops in our day as it was among Gaudys in periwigs in yours.

Why, I will tell you, theſe kind of people lie in lamb-ſkin gloves,[1] and go to a great expenſe in buying waters to waſh their hands in to make them look fair. But obſerve him pulling down his ſhirt-ſleeves;[2] now placing his ruffles, there, now his neckcloth, now his hat. But obſerve that porter who comes along; it is ten to one that he hits that thing on his ſhoulder againſt him, for you ſee he looks likely enough to do it, for he pays no reſpect to perſons. Ah! ah! now you ſee, juſt I ſaid, ſo it is; you ſee he has *diſ-obliged* [!] Mr. Gaudy's hair, which was ſo curiouſly dreſſed, and ſplaſhed the dirt all over him too. That is very monſtrous indeed, and you ſee the rogue ſmiles, as if he had done it for the joke's ſake. Poor fop, quite out of patience, you ſee; he takes his handkerchief to wipe his ſtockings, and by hanging down his hands makes them red; what a pity indeed to have his hands ſo much changed, *all along with ſuch a fellow!* Notwithſtanding this misfortune, you ſee he is eaten up with affectation; now his ſhirt is not right, now he is placing his neckcloth, now his finger is in his hair, now he looks behind him, now his coat-ſleeves are pulled down, they are not low enough,

[1] Verily, this is only a venial offence, ſeeing that ſome perſons will lie in anything and through everything.

[2] Surely, oh Towle the Terrible! you would not have him pull them up?

and if you were to follow him all day he would never be rightly dreſſed. Obſerve the firſt operator's ſhop for the hair, if he does not go in there; there, now he goes into the ſhop. Poor creature! you ſee he is quite ſick, his face ſhows he is ready to faint with vexation. Now we will leave him there, to undergo a fatigue for an hour and a half."

Grateful in the extreme to Mr. Gaudy for having gone into the hairdreſſer's ſhop (though I don't exactly ſee how *that* was to get the mud off his ſtockings), I will now proceed, dear reader, to place before you the laſt of this feaſt of fragments, in the form of a panegyric and a philippic, by the maſterly hand of Towle. The former you may conſider as a *ſoufflé*, winding up our repaſt, and the latter as ginger ice, it is at once ſo cool and yet ſo ſpicy.

"MASTER LOUTES.

"A PANEGYRIC.

"Compliance is an honourable diſpoſition of the mind [!] where it is truly united in *an* humane heart. Happy is that man who hath it in his poſſeſſion; he is ſure to be reſpected and eſteemed in company; he condeſcends to oblige others in never contradicting their deſires, if honourable and conſiſtent with reaſon.

"This ſort of complaiſance makes him agreeable.[1] He is loved, becauſe he is of an eaſy, flexible temper: his will ſeems not his own. Every deſire of his friends would he do, and all that was in his power, in order that they might be happy. MASTER LOUTES is of this complaiſant turn. You cannot look at what you want[2] before he is up and fetches it, before you have time to aſk. He doth it with ſo much good nature and eaſe, that you would imagine he was upon ſome peculiar buſineſs of his own, and all the time he is entirely ſtudying what may pleaſe you. So ſweet is the diſpoſition of MASTER LOUTES, there is not one day paſſes but he diſtinguiſhes himſelf by his complaiſance and ſweet temper."

Once on a time lived Anacharſis Cloots,[3]
Who about the human race did howl;
But more than bleſt, thrice happy, Maſter Loutes,
You—you have found an orator in TOWLE!

[1] There cannot be a doubt of it.

[2] Then Mr. Loutes *père* muſt have been greatly to be pitied, as it is evident from this that Maſter Loutes was *up to everything*.

[3] Pronounced Clouts.

An Invidious Philippic, not against Mother Church, but against Mothers at Church.

"'My little ladies, I will here give you friendly advice. I hope you will not take it amiſs, as I think it my duty ſo to do in everything that lies in my power.

"'When you are ſeated in your place at Church do not get up again till the ſervice is begun; then riſe, place your eyes on your prayer-book, and there keep them till ſuch time as that part of the ſervice is over. If you, on the contrary, get up and look about you, or through your fan at any one, you will be guilty of a breach of that modeſty which is peculiar to your ſex, or ought to be.'

"S. 'Yes, ſir, I do not diſpute your judgment, but I have ſeen my mamma and Lady *Mears* do ſo.'

"M. 'Something extraordinary might happen. Very poſſibly your mamma could not ſee for the ſun, that might be the cauſe of it; and Lady *Mears* is always laughing, ſhe being ſenſible of the crime, though ſhe has not prudence enough to avoid it; therefore ſhe is aſhamed to ſhow her face.'

"S. 'Yes, ſir, my mamma hath done it, that

ſhe might look at L——y *G——d's* ſilk gown. She hath bid me do ſo too. She bought me and herſelf a fan each, with holes in the mounts on purpoſe. She can tell all or moſt of all the ladies' dreſſes that are in church. There is not a ſtranger but what ſhe knows who they are with, and what they had on, and who ſuch and ſuch gentlemen looked at.'

" M. 'But my little lady, you may be miſtaken. This notice ſhe may take when the ſervice is over.'

" S. 'No, ſir, my mamma bid me obſerve laſt Sunday, in the middle of the ſermon, the parſon's diamond ring and his white hand.'

" M. 'Miſs, I will allow that you might underſtand your mamma as ſuch, but I'm inclined to think that you are under a miſtake. She might tell you to mind the parſon and not play with your hand and ring, for I am of an opinion your mamma is of a more ſedate turn, or ought to be, after being the mother of ten children,[1] ſo

[1] In claſſing the prolific among the ſedatives, does Mr. Towle mean to imply that ten children are a ſort of maternal henbane? But mark the mingled prudence and fine irony of this paſſage: " I am of *an* opinion that your mamma is of a more ſedate turn, *or ought to be!*" Then the ſubtle, Bellerephon plan he adopts for letting the mothers know what their tell-tale daughters ſay of them, by the way in which he begs the queſtion in theſe dialogues.

I hope you are under a miſtake; but my dear child, do not think I doubt your veracity, only you might miſtake the thing.'"

There are about twenty pages more, all in the ſame ſtrain—a fine and perfectly parliamentary one: in which he denounces all the impious horrors of the mamma's ogling propenſities in church, and then ſuddenly pulls up to tell "the little lady" that not for a moment does *he* ſuppoſe *her* mamma capable of anything of the kind.

But the moſt charming part of this truly charming work is Mr. Towle's modeſty, in what he himſelf would call "taking the bottomeſt place" [!] in the different eulogiums ſcattered throughout it; for it will be remembered that he was a dancing-maſter, and although, after ſetting forth all the gliding graces of the minuet, he expatiates eloquently on thoſe leſs dignified but more inſpiriting French dances, the *Rigadoon*, the *Louvre*, the *Courant*, and the *Borée*, and animadverts upon ladies' dreſſes, not ſparing their *ſacques*, *night-gowns*,[1] and *trollopees*, telling them

[1] At that time, what we call evening dreſſes were always called *night-gowns*, as they were in Elizabeth's time, when men's dreſſing-gowns were alſo called *night-gowns*; hence the following entry by her Majeſty's "privy purſe:" "To a fine Murray *Velut*, frizzed on the wrong ſide, choſe by her Highneſs as a night-gown for my Lord of Leiceſter."

how they are attired, or at leaſt *how they ought to be!* (that favourite clauſe of his), and finds ruffles "marvellous proper" things for grown-up ladies, but abominations for "little miſſes,"—thereby, I ſuppoſe, meaning to ſay, that young ladies ſhould never be ruffled. Still, he never ſays one word in praiſe of the charming art of which he is a profeſſor till the very climax of his exhortations, when to be ſure, to make up for loſt time, he *does* "come it rather ſtrong" by breaking out into the following exclamation, for which he has not even the kindneſs to prepare his readers, as we were once prepared for and warned againſt the French invaſion:—

"I believe it is beyond a doubt that dancing is acceptable to God; and as a *proof* obſerve theſe words—'*Praiſe Him in the cymbals and dances.*'"

And not another word does he add to this ſtartling announcement. How could he, without making an anti-climax?

But ſoon after, both in rhyme and reaſon, he gives ſome very good advice to the fairer part of the creation, as to their choice of colours;

> One would think it was Minerva's owl
> Blandly preaching through the lips of Towle.

"There are different colours," ſaith he, as ſome gentlemen among the Latin poets have ſaid

before him, "that agree with different complexions, and this is a matter really worth the ladies' obſervation; but this ſubject I will leave to the ladies' own inſpection," [query, ſelection?] "only giving them the opinion of a poet that now lies before me."

Of *courſe*, as it is an underſtood thing that poets excel in fiction, the poet *lies* before him.

"Let the fair nymph in whoſe plump cheeks are ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in verdant green;[1]
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go,
So in their graſſy beds freſh roſes blow.

"The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With b ighter yellow ſhould o'ercome her own;
But the fair maid in whoſe pale cheeks of ſnow
No bluſhes riſe nor blooming roſes glow

"Far above all ſhould potent ſcarlet fly,
And ſooner chuſe the ſable's mournful dye:[2]
So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night."

One more *bonne-bouche*, and then Magnus Towle may be removed.

"The dreſs is the next thing to be conſidered.

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[1] "Blue or yellow, or light green, *blue yellow* (again) ſtraw, or ſtriped ſilks of the ſame colours."—Towle.

[2] "Or Pompadour." Strange advice, Mr. Towle, as Pompadour is orange; certainly *not* a becoming tint to perſons of a pale complexion.

Every young lady ought to be dreſſed genteel; that is, in ſilk or linen, with linen according to it; [?] the ſtockings ſilk or cotton, the ſhoes ſilk, or morocco, or ſtuff, neatly made; for the feet are more the object of notice in *dancing* than any other part in *dancing*.

" Each young lady ought to be dreſſed according to her age. Whatever ladies wear ought to fit them,[1] for not anything is a greater diſadvantage than clothes badly fitted. Some mammas take a pleaſure in ſeeing the ſhoulders of their children left bare, even down to the elbows, but I promiſe them that there are many ill conſequences attending it; but perhaps they will ſay it is looſe and genteel. Looſe, indeed, it is, and indecently genteel too. On the other hand, they may plead for an excuſe that they do not love to ſee their children confined about the ſhoulders, and that it gives them room to grow. *That* is my opinion too, even till their ſhoulders touch their ears, and *learns* them to grow ſluttiſh and ungenteel. I would recommend to thoſe who would have their children appear decent and genteel, to take care that their children's ſlips fit very exactly on the ſhoulders, for it is of infinite ſervice to thoſe who are inclinable to

[1] Though this is true, yet it does not apply to truth, ſince *ex nihilo nihil* fit.

grow high-ſhouldered—it helps to keep their ſhoulders down in their proper place. I ſhall further recommend gathered tuckers as a decent and abſolutely neceſſary part of dreſs; it alſo adds to a genteel fall[1] from the ſhoulders. Some ladies may ſay: 'Oh ſir! my daughter muſt appear agreeable, ſo fine a ſkin as ſhe's got.' Ladies, I agree with you; a fine ſkin is agreeable, but decency is much more ſo, eſpecially if it add beauty to the wearer.

"Hats, tippets, and ſhades [?] are not to be worn in dancing; *it is* [!] impertinent, awkward, and clowniſh. The dreſs of the neck I leave every one to dreſs as they think proper (only thoſe who have long necks I adviſe them to wear ſomething, as that is genteel.)

"The next thing that demands our attention is, the dreſs of the head. For young ladies from three to fourteen years old, a feather, a flower, egret, or *ribbond*, or pompoon; theſe are proper for dancing in. Ladies above this age may do as they pleaſe,[2] only I think the

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[1] Query: Would Mr. Towle have conſidered the Falls of Niagara as genteel, or too much of a fall, ſo as to come under the category of the foregone philippic?

[2] I rather think that *that* age, viz., when ladies may do as they pleaſe, has not yet arrived, or even ſet out; for though "a good time" has long been announced as "coming" for

preſent faſhion is very becoming,—I mean the rolls, &c."[1]

Now we will go upſtairs to coffee; and I hope, reader, you will think that "Le véritable Amphitryon eſt celui chez qui l'on—danſe!"

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the "boys," there has not been a word ſaid about any ſuch "welcome gueſt" being *en route* for the girls.

[1] Mr. Towle does not ſpecify *what* rolls, but of courſe he means *French rolls*.

ON THE COMPARATIVENESS OF GREATNESS.

WE read in the old Chronicles, that "In the firſt of Queen Mary, the braveſt ſhip in England, called 'The Great Harry' (by reaſon of its having been built in Henry VIII.'s time, and called after him), was burnt through negligence at Woolwich. It was 1,000 tons; and the people did think that the ſudden deſtruction which had overtaken it [!] was a judgment of God's diſpleaſure at man's preſumption to build ſo mighty a veſſel, to try and maſter as it were His winds and waves, which can only be maſtered by Himſelf."

The logic of this is rather Hibernian; for once granted that we may, do, and have launched hazel-nut and walnut ſhells on God's great ocean, there can ſurely be no additional ſin in increaſing the ſize of theſe nut-ſhell crafts to

that of cocoa-nuts, or even of calabaſhes. We ſmile at theſe little homœopathic and opaque ſuperſtitions of our forefathers, and yet in this our boaſted nineteenth century, when we have achieved a more rare wonder than Mr. Rarey, by taming the lightning to drive in our MAIL PHAETONS, and when, if we have not actually "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," we *have* thrown a chain acroſs the Atlantic, ſtill, we have *not* outgrown, we have only changed the *venue* of our ſuperſtition; for when the "Great Eaſtern" exceeded the "Great Harry" by 22,600 tons,[1] it was not its coloſſal ſize that alarmed the pious ſuſceptibilities of the "Britiſh

[1] The burden of the "Great Eaſtern" is 23,600 tons! But the mighty "Great Eaſtern" itſelf pales (in all but ſize) before the *liburnæ* of Caligula, of which Suetonius gives ſuch a glowing deſcription; thoſe fairy-tale like barks, made of the perfumed cedar, with their party-coloured ſilken ſails, ſilver cordage, purple and gilded ivory prows, their porticoes, ſaloons, and baths, their fragrant and blooming gardens, luxuriant vines and variety of fruit-trees, in which triumphs of art over nature the luxurious monſter, the to "laſcivious tunings" of golden lutes, would loll the ſultry hours away, as he ſkirted the ceſtus ſhores of lovely Campania. Theſe *liburnæ*, moreover, appear to have been a ſort of ſteamboats with the ſteam left out, for they were impelled by three wheels on each ſide, but without touching the water, conſiſting of eight ſpokes jutting out from the wheel about a hand's breadth, and ſix oxen within, which, by turning an engine, worked the wheels, the revolutions of which, driving the

Public," as a preſumptuous braving of Omnipotence, but ſimply its original name of the "*Leviathan*" !!! which, why or wherefore folly only knows (for it would indeed be a metaphyſical puzzle to try and trace the origin of ſuch an aſſociation of ideas), but certain it is, that in the eſtimation of theſe worthies the name being ſelected from the Bible, with a ſtrange inverſe holineſs (?) on that account they ſeemed to conſider profane, though no doubt, had it been chriſtened the "Crocodile" they would not have winced a letter; and yet Fry conſiders that the whole deſcriptions of the "behemoth," "leviathan," and "crocodile," in Job, all tally ſo remarkably in every particular and peculiarity, as to be ſuppoſed to mean one and the ſame monſter; and "behemoth," at ch. xl. ver. 19, is ſpoken of as "unequalled," and "leviathan" at ch. xli. ver. 33, is alſo ſpoken of as unequalled, which cannot be ſaid of either of two different animals or of two diſtinct magnitudes; and moreover, the deſcription of the habits of the crocodile, given by all naturaliſts and travellers, exactly agrees with thoſe imputed to the "leviathan" or "behemoth" by Job. But as I ſaid before, ALL

water backward, impelled theſe *liburnæ* forward with ſuch force and ſpeed that no three-oared galley was able either to keep up with or to reſiſt them.

greatneſs, whether moral, phyſical, intellectual, or ſocial, that of fame or that of conventionality or chance, is wholly and ſolely Comparative, not to ſay geographical, and the POSITIVE has, it is to be feared, very little to do with its appreciation among them. Further, I contend that time and place are great make-weights, and that the local has much to do with the laudatory. "GREAT" was "Diana of the Epheſians," on *earth;* ſhe ſhone rather leſs as Luna in the celeſtial regions; dwindled into an "unprotected female" as Proſerpine, in the infernal ones; became poſitively obnoxious as Hecate; and if, under the travelling title of Trivia, ſhe had occaſionally at ſome ſlippery croſs-road a dog, a lamb, or a little honey offered to her in the way of propitiation by a few timorous wayfarers, ſtill, that was but poor compenſation for her former ſplendour. However, ſhe always had the advantage of her former divinity hanging about her; unlike mere mortals under a reverſe of fortune, for they, poor wretches, invariably go to the dogs, inſtead of getting even a ſingle dog brought to them. Then as a check to all earthly greatneſs (or as Mr. Towle would ſay, what at leaſt *ought to ſuch*), comes DEATH! with his grim gambols, playing at bowls with crowns, ſceptres, wiſe heads and wicked ones, and after his paſtime, banqueting alike on golden hearts that

never beat but to good and glorious motives, or on grovelling, narrow ones, that never glowed with even ONE generous impulſe.

Edward III., "the glorious conqueror," as he was called in his own day, and certainly one of the moſt popular of Engliſh kings, "fell," as the chroniclers tell us, "into his laſt ſickneſs at Richmond. When he was drawing on, his concubine, Alice Pierce, came, and took the rings from his fingers, leaving him gaſping for breath. And the officers of his court rifled him of whatſoever they could. A prieſt, lamenting the king's miſery, that among all his ſervants had none to aſſiſt him in his laſt moments, exhorted him to repent and implore the mercy of God. The king had loſt his ſpeech, but at theſe words uttered his mind imperfectly, and made ſigns of contrition; but his voice failing him in pronouncing the name of Jeſus, he yielded up the ghoſt."

A little goodneſs, however humble, unknown, and inſignificant, at this laſt ſupreme hour, that *muſt* ſtrike for *all*, is worth a world-wide greatneſs, falſely ſo called. Had Edward III. been a better man, though a leſs great king, that is, had he eſchewed flatterers and avoided Alice Pierces "*and the like*," he might have died with his rings on his fingers and his pockets unſcathed by the rifle corps movement. And he ſhould

have done ſo; for the ſpark of ſacred fire was there, had he but kindled inſtead of ſmothering it. Alas, poor human nature! what know we of MOST of all—the droſs through which our ſpirit works its way, upward and onward, to its HOME? As in the chemiſtry of common things, the moſt heterogeneous rubbiſh goes to fine wine, jelly, or coffee, and bring them ultimately to that tranſlucent purity that conſtitutes their perfection, may it not be the ſame with ourſelves? or as Wordsworth finely expreſſes it in thoſe magnificent lines of his—

> "Duſt as we are, the immortal ſpirit grows
> Like harmony in muſic: there is a dark
> Inſcrutable workmanſhip that reconciles
> Diſcordant elements, makes them cling together
> In one ſociety. How ſtrange, that all
> The terrors, pains, and early miſeries,
> Regrets, vexations, laſſitudes, interfuſed
> Within my mind, ſhould e'er have borne a part,
> And that a needful part, in making up
> The calm exiſtence that is mine, when I
> Am worthy of myſelf! Praiſe to the end."[1]

Among the *vulgar errors* Sir Thomas Browne has omitted to note, is that *very* vulgar one of ſuppoſing AMBITION to be a noble paſſion; when, on the contrary, it is one of *the* moſt

[1] "The Prelude and Growth of a Poet's Mind," an Autobiographical Poem, by William Wordsworth. Moxon.

vulgar of paſſions, from being the moſt ſelfiſh, mean, ſordid, unſcrupulous, and conſequently unchivalrous, of all the paſſions; for truly, moſt ambitious men may be accurately ſummed up in Lowell's lines—

> "He had been noble, but ſome great deceit
> Had turn'd his better inſtinct to a vice;
> He ſtrove to think the world was all a cheat,
> That power and fame were cheap at any price;
> That the ſure way of being ſhortly great
> Was ever to play life's game with loaded dice:
> Since he had tried the honeſt plan, and found
> That vice and virtue differ'd but in ſound."

And all this terrible ſelf-ſacrifice of body and ſoul—for ſuch it *literally* is—to find *all* VANITAS VANITATUM, OMNIA VANITAS!

UPON THE GREAT DIFFERENCE OF THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES IN OUR OWN CASE AND THAT OF OTHERS,

WHICH ALWAYS HAS EXISTED, AND IT IS TO BE FEARED ALWAYS WILL EXIST.

Written juſt after the Diſaſter of Sedan.

"Meus mihi, ſuus cuique eſt carus."—PLAUTUS.

HOW ſtrange and unforeſeen are the revenges which "the whirligig of Time" brings about! and in moſt of them how inciſively Nemeſis points the moral! At the preſent criſis it is curiouſly intereſting, to read by the glare of the torch of diſcord of the preſent Franco-Germanic war, Voiture's letter of panegyric on Cardinal Richelieu a brace of centuries ago, upon *his* annexation of Alſace and Lorraine; *the* letter in fact which Monſieur Perrault compared to Pliny's panegyric upon Trajan. Well, compariſons are proverbially

odious, and ſometimes even odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop has it; but if the ſhade of Pliny retains a ſhadow of the good ſenſe he poſſeſſed in the fleſh it will only ſmile and glide on, remembering that the compariſon was made by a Frenchman. But the letter itſelf contains ſuch good advice to victors as well as vanquiſhed, that it is a thouſand pities that all Germany, as well as all France, cannot ſpare time from the glorious work of butchering each other, to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digeſt" it. *Cela poſe*, I will give a tranſlation of the letter *in extenſo:*—

"I am not one of thoſe, as you would ſeem to imply, who delight to improve all my Lord Cardinal's actions into miracles and waft his praiſes beyond due bounds, and who, while they would make the world believe well of him, ſacrifice all regard to credibility. On the other hand, I am not of ſuch a baſe detracting nature as to hate a man merely becauſe he is above the reſt of the world, neither will I ſuffer myſelf to be carried away by popular prepoſſeſſions, which I know generally ſpeaking to be unjuſt. I conſider him with an unprejudiced judgment, where paſſion has nothing to do on the one ſide or the other; and I behold him with the ſame eyes that poſterity will behold him. And certainly *two hundred years hence*,[1] when

[1] M. Voiture did *not* foreſee that Lorraine and Alſace

thoſe who look upon him after us ſhall read in our hiſtory that the great Cardinal de Richelieu demoliſhed Rochelle, confounded the heretics, and by one ſingle *coup de main* took thirty or forty of their cities all at once—when they ſhall come to know, that at the time of his adminiſtration the Engliſh were beaten and repulſed, Picardy conquered, Caſſel relieved, Lorraine annexed to France, the greateſt part of Alſatia ſubjugated by us, the Spaniards defeated at Vellaine and Avien; I ſay, that when they ſhall find that *while he* preſided over our affairs France had not one neighbour over whom ſhe did not gain ſome important victory or town, if they have the leaſt drop of French blood in their veins and any love for the honour of their country, can they read theſe things without having a great love for him? And do you think they will love or eſteem him the leſs becauſe the payments of the Hôtel de Ville came in ſomewhat of the floweſt? or becauſe ſome new offices were erected? Great things cannot be done without great expenſe, and to cramp them for want of money is to maim their execution. But if we are to look upon a kingdom as immortal, and to conſider the advantages it will reap in future ages, as if they were *actually preſent*, let us compute how

would be wreſted back from the great Cardinal's dead graſp by a German Richelieu.

many millions this man, who they pretend has ruined France, has ſaved her by the bare taking of Rochelle? which town two thouſand years hence, in all the minorities of our kings, upon every diſcontent of our nobles, and upon all occaſions of revolt, would moſt certainly have rebelled, and have entailed upon us a perpetual expenſe. Our kingdom had only two enemies to fear: the Huguenots and the Spaniards. My Lord Cardinal no ſooner entered upon affairs but he immediately reſolved to ruin both? Was it poſſible for him to form more glorious or more advantageous deſigns? He has happily effected the one, but not completed the other. However, if he has failed in his firſt deſign, thoſe who now cry out that it was a raſh unreaſonable reſolution to pretend to attack and humble the power of Spain, and that experience had ſufficiently ſhown it, yet would they not have been as forward to condemn his deſign of ruining the Huguenots? Would they not have told us that we ought not to have embarked in an enterpriſe wherein three of our kings [Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.] had miſcarried, and which the late king [Henri Quatre] did not ſo much as think of? And would they not have concluded, as erroneouſly as they do in this other affair, that the thing was not feaſible merely becauſe it was not already done? But let us conſider, I beſeech you, if it was his or Fortune's fault, that he has not

as yet accompliſhed the deſign. Let us ſee what method he took to effect it, and what engines he ſet in motion. Let us examine whether he has failed much in felling that mighty tree, the Houſe of Auſtria, and has not ſhaken the very root of the trunk, whoſe two branches covered the north and the weſt, and overſhadowed the reſt of the earth. He went as far as the northern pole to find out that hero[1] who ſeemed predeſtined to lay the axe to it and bring it to the ground. It was his ſkill, combined with his thunder, which filled all Germany with fire and deſolation, and the noiſe of which echoed through the world. But when this tempeſt was diſperſed and Fate had turned away the impending blow, did *he* ſtop ſhort in his courſe or ceaſe his deſigns? and did he not bring the Empire lower than it had been brought by the loſſes of the battle of Leipſic and that of Lützen? His aſtuteneſs and energy raiſed us up ſuddenly an army of forty thouſand men in the heart of Germany, with a general at the head of them who was maſter of all the great qualities requiſite to bring about a revolution in any ſtate. If the King of Sweden threw himſelf into danger more than became a perſon of his deſign and rank, and if the Duke of Friedland, by over-delaying his enterpriſe, ſuffered it to get wind and be diſcovered, was it poſſible for the

[1] Guſtavus Adolphus.

Cardinal either to charm the bullet which killed the former in the midſt of victory, or render the latter impervious to the blows of a *partiſan ?* And if after this diſmal blow, to complete the ruin of our affairs, the generals who commanded the armies of our allies before Nördlingen gave battle at an unſeaſonable time, was it poſſible for the Cardinal, who was above two thouſand leagues from the ſpot, to change this reſolution, and check the unadviſable raſhneſs of thoſe who, for an empire that would have been the certain price of victory, would not ſtay three days longer ? Thus you ſee it was impoſſible to ſave the Houſe of Auſtria and hinder the execution of the Cardinal's deſigns, which ſome perſons pretend were ſo raſh that had not Fortune wrought three ſurpriſing miracles, that is to ſay, three great events, which in all probability it would have been thought never could have happened—I mean the death of the King of Sweden, that of the Duke of Friedland, and the loſs of the battle of Nördlingen—you will tell me he has no reaſon to complain of Fortune for croſſing him in this, ſince ſhe had ſerved him ſo faithfully in all his other deſigns; ſince ſhe put places into his hands without his so much as laying ſiege to them ; and ſince alſo by her favour he commanded armies ſo ſucceſsfully without the leaſt experience to direct him, ſhe leading him always as it were by the hand, and bringing him ſafe out

of the greateſt perils into which he had thrown himſelf, and made him appear, bold, wiſe, and preſcient without any merit of his. Let us therefore behold him in his evil fortune, and examine if even then he evinced leſs boldneſs, wiſdom, and foreſight. Our affairs were in no very good poſture in Italy, and as it is the deſtiny of France to win battles and loſe armies, ours was exceedingly diminiſhed ever ſince the laſt victory we had gained over the Spaniards. We had not much better luck before Dôle, where the length of the ſiege made us apprehend its ill ſucceſs, when we received news that the enemy had entered Picardy, that they had at the firſt onſet taken Caſſel, Caſtelet, and Corbie; and that theſe three places, which ought to have held out eight months, ſcarcely held out as many days. All was in fire and aſhes to the banks of the Oiſe; we might behold from our ſuburbs the ſmoke of the villages which the enemy had burnt. All the world was alarmed at this ſudden progreſs, and the capital city of our kingdom was in the higheſt conſternation. In the midſt of theſe calamities advices came from Burgundy that the ſiege of Dôle was raiſed, and from Xaintoigne that fifty thouſand peaſants were up in arms, and that it was feared the infection would ſpread to Poitou and Guienne. Ill news came pouring upon us from all parts, the whole face of heaven was overcaſt, the tempeſt invaded us from

every ſide, and we had not the leaſt proſpect of good fortune to ſupport us in theſe extremities. We could not perceive daylight through the ſmalleſt aperture. But in all this darkneſs did the Cardinal ſee leſs clearly than at other times? Did he loſe either his judgment or reſolution? And during this ſtorm, did he not always keep the rudder in one hand and the compaſs in the other? Did he call out for the long-boat to ſave himſelf? And if the great veſſel which he ſteered was deſtined to be caſt away, did he not ſhow that he was the firſt man who reſolved to periſh? Was it Fortune that delivered him out of this labyrinth, or his own prudence and magnanimity? Our enemies were within fifteen leagues of Paris, and his were in the town; he received daily advices that cabals were held and deſigns formed to ruin him; France and Spain were, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, joined in a conſpiracy againſt him alone. Now amidſt all theſe threatening circumſtances and concurrences, in the midſt of ſo dreadful and black a conjunction, how did this man look, whom they pretended would be caſt down upon the leaſt ill ſucceſs, and who, as they gave out, had fortified Havre de Grace on purpoſe to make it a place of retreat in caſe of any diſaſter? He does not go one ſtep backwards for all this. He is taken up with the dangers of the ſtate, and not with his own; and all the alteration we could obſerve

in him at this time was, that whereas he never uſed to go abroad without two hundred guards, he now walked out every day attended only by five or ſix gentlemen. All the world muſt own that an adverſity ſupported with ſo good a grace and with ſo much courage is to be preferred to victory and proſperity itſelf. He did not appear to me ſo great and victorious, even when he made his entry into Rochelle, as then; and the daily viſits he made to the arſenal were, in my opinion, more glorious to him than his famous expedition on the other ſide of the mountains, when he took Pignerol and Suſa. Therefore, let me conjure you to open your eyes and to prepare for beholding ſo bright an object. Lay aſide your averſion to the man who is ſo happy in revenging himſelf upon his enemies, and ceaſe to wiſh ill to him who knows how to turn it to his glory by bearing himſelf ſo undauntedly under it. Leave your party before they leave you, as a great number of the great Cardinal's enemies have done, who were converted by the laſt miracle they ſaw him perform. If the war ſhould ceaſe, as there is reaſon to hope it will, he'll ſoon find a way to gain the reſt over to his ſide. Being ſo wiſe as he is, he muſt certainly know, after ſo much experience, what is beſt for us, and will aim all his deſigns ſo as to make us the moſt flouriſhing people in the world, after he has made us the moſt formidable.

"He will content himſelf with an ambition that is to be preferred before all others, and which is practiſed but by few: I mean, to make himſelf the beſt and moſt beloved man in the kingdom, and not the greateſt and moſt feared. He knows that the nobleſt and the moſt laſting conqueſts are thoſe of the heart and the affections; that laurels are barren plants, which yield nothing but ſhade, and are not to compare with the harveſt and fruits with which PEACE is crowned. He conſiders that it is *nothing near ſo meritorious to enlarge the limits of a kingdom a hundred leagues and more as to leſſen our taxes twelve pence in the pound; and that there is leſs grandeur and real glory in defeating a hundred thouſand men than leaving twenty millions at their eaſe and in ſecurity.*

"Thus this mighty genius, who has been hitherto ſolely employed in contriving and raiſing funds for the ſupport of the war, in raiſing recruits, taking cities, and gaining battles, will for the future wholly buſy himſelf in eſtabliſhing PEACE, WEALTH, and PLENTY. The ſame head which brought forth a Pallas armed cap-a-pie, will ſhow us the goddeſs with her olive branch, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied by all thoſe arts which are generally to be found in her train. He will publiſh no more new edicts but ſuch as may tend to reſtrain luxury and promote

commerce. Thoſe great veſſels that were built to carry our arms beyond the Straits, ſhall for the future only bear our merchants and keep the ſeas open, and we ſhall have no more war but with the Algerines. Then the enemies of my Lord Cardinal will not be able to ſpeak, as hitherto they have not been able to act, againſt him. Then the citizens of Paris ſhall be his guards, and he will be convinced how much more pleaſing and ſatisfactory it is to hear his praiſes in the mouth of the people than in that of the poets. But I beſeech you not to ſtand aloof till this happens, and ſtay not to be his FRIEND till you are forced to be ſo; but if you are reſolved to perſiſt in your opinion I ſhall not attempt to uſe any violence to diſſuade you from it. However, be not ſo unjuſt as to take it ill that I have defended my own; and I freely promiſe you to read whatever you may think fit to write to me by way of anſwer, when the Spaniards have taken Corbie.—I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant, VOITURE."

It is to be wiſhed that not only thoſe of France and Germany, but all the European Powers, would carefully read and ponder the italiciſed paragraph in the foregoing letter. For civilization is a *fiaſco*, and verbal Chriſtianity an impious mockery, ſo long as nations from time to time continue to get up monſter human ſhambles, call

it "glory," inſtead of what it *is*—gory, and thank Providence for the amount of wholeſale murder; as if they ignored that great myſterious fact, that although, for ſome inſcrutable purpoſe, God *permits* evil of every ſort, yet He never *endorſes* it, even when it calls itſelf Victory. As for Napoleon III., no one of courſe in this enlightened age, is ſo ſilly as to defend a dead lion. Given a uſurper, and of courſe you have that moſt ſelf-ſeeking and unſcrupulous of all things — AMBITION. Still, the hollow, bitter world, with all its unlimited ingratitude, ſhould not quite ſo ſoon forget, and ſtill leſs ſhould the French forget, the two decades of plethoric proſperity, European influence, and above all and more precious than all, the *order*, he beſtowed upon France. As for, at this time of day, collecting cairns from which to lapidate the fallen Emperor's domeſtic immorality, *that* is ſuch a very pot-and-kettle proceeding for any one man to do to another, that it is doubly contemptible, from being both hypocritical and ridiculous. The very worſt that can be ſaid of the ex-Emperor—for it includes all that is evil—is, that he graduated at GORE HOUSE —that cradle of all vice, and tomb of all virtue. It is to be hoped *that* emporium of ſocial, political, and literary turpitude, may never have a ſucceſſor.

"Dî talem terris avertite peſtem!"

AN ESSAY UPON ESSAYS.

IF there be ſuch a thing as ſincerity in authors or truth in books, eſſay writing is unqueſtionably the trueſt and moſt ſincere of any ſpecies of compoſition; for I take it that an eſſay is, as it were, the lining of at leaſt one particular phaſe of the writer's mind, and conſequently a modified reflex of the entire tone and calibre of his whole nature. But, as in the planetary ſyſtem the ſun is the original of the moon, ſo are there in the ſcheme of human intelligences ſolar minds, ſelf-radiating in their own ſtupendous, inexhauſtible, creative, and vivifying powers, and lunar minds, which reflect their rays, with great beauty and clearneſs, it is true, and with a certain influence upon the flux and reflux of events which form the tides of human opinions, but with no *univerſality* of power to penetrate into the moſt ſecret receſſes of the innermoſt core of the great and many-pulſed heart of nature, like the omni-

preſent original luminary. For the fire, the ſacred fire, is the *ſoul* and centre of the one, and its mere calm, cold, ſimulated reflex is the intellectual head-work of the other. Among theſe rare ſolar minds were thoſe of Shakeſpeare and Montaigne; the Univerſal was *in*, and emanated *from* both; while pre-eminent among the pale, cold, reflective, intellectual luminaries, were Lords Bacon and Shafteſbury. They might have written, but I doubt if either of them would have ever taken up the trade of THINKERS (for ſuch it was with them), if Montaigne had not left them ſuch an inexhauſtible mine of original ore to work, and ſuch ready excavated ingots to ſtamp into popular currency. But here comes the great difference between the original luminary, with its glowing ſoul, that by one electric ſpark carries yours on, and up, into the illimitable worlds of thought, and thoſe mere cold, ſoulleſs, reflected, intellectual lights, which indeed ſhed a beauty and a charm upon even the moſt ordinary and commonplace things, and ſhow us clearly all that is to be ſeen in the phyſical world, making a ſort of moral inventory for us of the property our mother Nature has bequeathed to us, and marking off thoſe particular items that our ſtepmother Fate will try to defraud us out of, but which from themſelves, poſſeſſing no vital warmth, cannot impart it, and from whoſe

catalogue of dry, hard, incontrovertible, unproductive, if not unſuggeſtive facts, we derive about as much pleaſure and *real* good as we do when Suetonius informs poſterity that Tiberius Cæſar's eyes were ſo luminous that he could ſee every object in the dark as clearly as by daylight, and that he had ſuch auctioneer-hammer ſtrength of knuckle that with one fillip of his fingers he could knock down a page and break his head into the bargain; which only proves what an admirable modern critic his imperial majeſty would have made, being ſuch an adept in the ſummary demolition of pages. And though very recondite and ingenious, the world has not derived any great benefit, or even an additional idea, from Hippocrates' account of the Macrocephali, or race of people with long heads—a race which indeed is ſtill extant on the other ſide of the Tweed.

That "*rien n'eſt beau que le vrai*" is the *trueſt* truth that ever was uttered; and as light was ſublimely ſaid by Plato to be the "ſhadow of God," ſo is SIMPLICITY, the ſhadow or evidence of TRUTH, and the real teſt of greatneſs of mind. About the ſham and the aſſumed there is always a glitter, a *faux brillant*, an *effort*, in fact, *de ſe faire valoir*, to *appear*, where to *be* is impoſſible. Monarchs wear diamonds, gold, and ermine, but the tinſel, cut glaſs, cotton velvet,

and cat-ſkins of their mimic repreſentatives on the ſtage, are of neceſſity lit up and ſet off with all ſorts of falſe lights to dazzle the vulgar, and to *ſeem* like the reality for which they would fain paſs. All this is the difference that ever has and ever will exiſt, between gilding and gold; but had there been no gold there would be no gilding, and this, like all other ſhadows,

"Proves the ſubſtance true."

The ambition to *attain* and to *appear*—that is, the angling for the opinions of men, with the ſemblance, or at leaſt with the infiniteſimal fragments, of virtues and eſtimable qualities, where, with half the ſame trouble we might in reality poſſeſs and practiſe them, is the infallible ſign of an empiric, whether in an emperor, an author, a private individual, or a pſeudo-philoſopher. Now this ſtraining after appearances and wiſhing to *ſeem* great, was eſpecially the caſe with that "meaneſt of mankind" (and his brilliantly lacquered and gilded intellect) my Lord Verulam. As Tacitus ſays of Veſpaſian, he was *omnium quæ diceret aut ageret arte quadam oſtentator;* that is, he had a certain art of ſetting off all he ſaid or did, with a ſort of oſtentation; or like Corbulo, whom the ſame honeſt hiſtorian repreſents as *ſuper experientiam ſapientiamque etiam ſpecie inanium validas*, namely, that beſides his

wiſdom and experience, he made every trifling appearance become prevalent. Now, ſetting aſide one's knowledge of the utter hollowneſs and corruption of Lord Bacon's character, but on the contrary, giving him the benefit of ſuppoſing that he fully acted up to the ſtraight geometrical line of worldly probity and prudence that he inculcated in his writings, ſtill it *is* but *worldly* ſtraightforwardneſs and prudence, derived from the very narroweſt, ſhalloweſt, and moſt mundane ſource; and you may read him forever by his own bright and perfectly well-trimmed patent lamp, and never feel the ſlighteſt love for or going out towards the man; your head unequivocally agrees with him, but your heart never communes with him for the beſt of all poſſible reaſons—that he *has* no heart to commune with. Even the very fire he takes from the altar, in *his* hands is but a pale borrowed taper; for his religion (?) ſuch as it was, was but an adoption of the laſt, and beſt, diſcovered lubricative for the STATE MACHINE—the decent and expedient covering for a cold heart and an attenuated ſoul. Incapable of love, he was equally impervious to friendſhip,[1] but the *theory* of the thing is of

[1] Such men as Lord Bacon have tools, flatterers, and what he himſelf would have called "followers;" but how could he (ſurcharged as he was with his own egotiſtical worldlineſs), poſſibly have felt friendſhip? For truly ſays Montaigne,

courſe to be reduced to proper worldly maxims, emanating from, revolving round, and reverting excluſively to SELF. And ſo he writes a tame, bald Eſſay "ON FOLLOWERS AND FRIENDS," and ſets out with the following highly-prudential axioms:—

"Coſtly followers are not to be liked, leſt, while a man maketh his train longer he maketh his wings ſhorter. I reckon to be coſtly, not them alone which charge the purſe, but which are wearisome and importune in ſutes [ſuits]; for ordinary followers ought to challenge no higher condition than countenance, recommendation, and protection from wrongs;"—with a great deal more of ſuch well-weighed, purely ſelfiſh, and one-ſided conſiderations, all of which might be ſummed up into the following apothegm:—

WITH REGARD TO THE WANTS, SORROWS, HOPES, FEARS, WRONGS, RIGHTS, FEELINGS, AFFECTIONS, OR WELFARE OF YOUR FELLOW CREATURES, INVARIABLY MAKE YOUR OWN INTERESTS THE FILTERING MACHINE.

How different is all this ſelf-worſhip and ſelf-

"Friendſhip is a ſacred thing, which can only ariſe between good men;—exiſts only by mutual eſteem; ſupports itſelf, not ſo much by ſervices on either part, as by goodneſs of life. That which makes one friend certain of another, is the knowledge that he has integrity; the ſureties which he has for him are his good diſpoſition, fidelity, and ſteadfaſtness."

patenting from dear old ſelf-forgetting and ſelf-abnegating Michel de Montaigne![1] With a mind as immeaſurably beyond Lord Bacon's, as the Andes or Mount Olympus are above Primroſe Hill. It never enters into his wiſe, ſimple, honeſt head to be proud or vainglorious of the ſtupendous capacity God has given him; for inaſmuch as it *was* the gift of Omnipotence it appears to him as much a matter of courſe as his eyes, ears, hands, feet, or any other of the compound parts that make up the man called Michel Montaigne. The mind, the wondrous mind, he merely keeps well tended and cleared, as *the* light the ſame beneficent Creator has given him to guide him on his apointed way, and keep him in the right path. In his every act, in his

[1] Montaigne has been falſely called an egotiſt, becauſe he had ſo much ſincerity and ſo little vanity, as without reſerve to ſhow the ſhreds and croſs-grains of his mental hangings, as the obliging Gobeliners do of their tapeſtry to inquiſitive viſitors, after they have been charmed and inſtructed by the rich colouring and graphic epics produced by theſe curious ulterior workings. But egotiſm, properly ſo called, belongs to the odious moral, or rather groſſly immoral, attribute of ſelfiſhneſs. Of this moſt Stygian and polluting of all vices, the kind-hearted old Gaſcon gentleman's ever prompt and primary conſideration for others, whether his friends, his equals, his inferiors, or his ſuperiors, proved that he had not a particle. And as for the mere conſtant repetition of the pronoun "I," that is unavoidable in eſſay-writing, which is a ſort of phyſiographic autobiography.

every thought, without any flouriſh of trumpets in the way of profeſſions or fine ſentiments, you *feel* that he *knows* that the MORAL, and not the INTELLECTUAL, is the lever of life—a lever whoſe fulcrum is in ETERNITY! His religion is neither a form, a ſect, nor even a creed, ſo much as a deep, pure, ſubtile eſſence, a ſort of angel leaven, which, while it cauſes his nature to riſe above the earthly droſs with which the beſt of human things are kneaded, at the ſame time curbs all his higher attributes into the moſt profound abnegation, the moſt unqueſtioning and child-like ſubmiſſion, to the Giver of thoſe attributes; and even if he cannot ſuppreſs a ſmile at ſome of the nominal miracles of mediæval Italy, how quiet, how tolerant is that ſmile! for he knows that all ſuch are but garbled legends of God's great concrete miracle of creation!

Never had a man, and ſtill more a genius, ſo little of the *ego* in him. Whether he is giving a *feſta di balla* and ſilk aprons and gauze headdreſſes to the peaſant girls at Della Villa (the baths of Lucca), taking a hint how cheaply he may improve his beds at Montaigne and thoſe of the poor on his eſtate, or regretting he did not bring a cook with him that he might have picked up the knack of ſome of the quince ſoups and other nondeſcript *plats* he mentions,—all his wiſhes and actions have a ſpontaneous

reference to the well-being or pleaſure of others, and are jotted down in the ſame ſimple, truthful, unoſtentatious way, with no fictitious motives aſſigned to them, and no finiſhing touches of either ſtyle or ſentiment, ſo that they may appear to the more advantage in the Great Exhibition of publication. Then he honeſtly owns the badneſs of the Italian, in which his diary is written, for he has not the leaſt wiſh or intention to impoſe the fiction on the public that he can write Italian as fluently and correctly as he does Latin or French, but only wrote in Italian, as he ſays, to exerciſe himſelf in that language, honeſtly regretting that during his tour he had aſſociated too much with his own countrymen to make all the progreſs in the *lingua toſcana* that he wiſhed. My Lord Bacon would have either re-written it in Latin or choice Elizabethan Engliſh, put the bad Italian into the fire, or elſe have had it remodelled by ſome Roman *ſavant*, and ſo duly quartered with his own acquirements,—learning a croſs, pretenſe, *fitchée*, humbug. I have always had a theory, and Montaigne confirms it, that the greateſt minds are conſtructed upon the ſame principle as an elephant's trunk; that is, that while endowed with the ſtrength and neceſſary power to raiſe and maſter the greateſt things, they are at the ſame time gifted with a delicacy and minuteneſs of perception, for obſerving and picking

up the ſmalleſt. And ſo we find Montaigne, on his journey through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, quietly locking up the great laboratory of his mind, putting the key in his pocket, and with all the accuracy of the moſt perfect, thrifty, and notable houſewife, obſerving and retaining the ſlighteſt novelty and improvement in domeſtic economy, were it only in the mode of airing linen, dreſſing a trout, or placing a ſaltcellar on a table; for he knew too much, not to know that it is of *little* things that that wondrous arcana that we call "life" is compoſed. There would be no globes if there were no globules. The analytic chemiſt is by far the ſubtleſt. The moſt ſcientific workmen are employed for the minuteſt portions of watches and all other machinery. The fineſt lace, with its endleſs mob of bobbins and maze of almoſt inviſible threads, is wrought by ſolitary women underground, leſt the air ſhould ſnap the threads (which are themſelves like woven air, ſo impalpable,) and thus mar the deſign which is ſo beautiful, and though ſo complex, in its details, ſo ſimple in its effect, as a completed whole. Why then cannot the delicate threads attached to the clumſy and more oſtenſible bobbins of this great (and to our ignorant and uninitiated eyes) complicated lace pillow of creation remain in their places, and truſt to the guidance of the ſkilful hand that knows how beſt to move

them? Why all this bother about "woman's miſſion?" Woman's miſſion, like woman's ſphere, is EVERYWHERE, though ſhe has but ONE ORBIT, and that is, her HOME. True, ſhe may, by the injuſtice or brutality of man, be ſhot from out that orbit, in its moſt ſtringent and conventional ſenſe, and often have we cauſe to regret in the preſent day,

> —— "that women, whoſe price is ſo far above rubies,
> Should fall to the lot of ſuch brutes and ſuch boobies;"

but what then? A true woman, like a bee, can find and hive ſweets, and make a home anywhere, whether in a garden or in a deſert. "Woman's miſſion," like man's miſſion, is *to do her duty in that ſtate of life into which it has pleaſed God to call her*. They may not, indeed, in many inſtances have any witneſſes to their fulfilment of this glorious miſſion, or, as the caſe may be, martyrdom, beſides that God who has appointed it; they may not even have the homœopathic *douceur*, the ſmall Victoria medal, a biographer, to chronicle either their miſſion or their martyrdom; for more Doctor Johnſons than are known, have lived and died, without a faithful Bozzy to make a double-entry of all the good things they ſaid and the better things they did; and whole circulating libraries of Miſs Brontës have been relieved from life's hard tread-

mill, without benefit of a Mrs. Gaſkell to perpetuate the manner in which they pealed potatoes and the meritorious manner in which they did *not* "eat mutton cold," but converted it into a haſh for dinner. But nevertheleſs, all and each of theſe very important little things, which make up their great account, *have* been duly entered, depend upon it, in the imperiſhable Doomſday Book above. Now don't let any woman who does me the honour of reading theſe pages ſuppoſe for one moment that I am preaching up the limited liability houſehold drudge ſyſtem for women. God forbid! In a general way, it is their ignorance that is their infirmity; the more they know (mind, I don't ſay that they *pretend* to know, *or wiſh to be thought to know*), yes, the more they know, the more they'll *do* and the better they'll be. Some women, if in a garret, a cellar, or more horrible than either, the cabin of a ſhip! contrive to fill it with a happy and HOME atmoſphere, which is a ſort of Claude glaſs, that beautifies the worſt proſpects into a pleaſing view. I knew an Engliſh lady once, who, after all her life being uſed to every luxury, was condemned to three ſmall rooms in a continental hotel. She was not exactly popular among her compatriots. Who is poor in purſe, and not equally poor in ſpirit? Inſolence, with money, is independence; but independence of character

without money is pride. Moreover, the miſſes called her a "blue," becauſe ſhe was guilty of knowing a little more than they did; the men, becauſe ſhe was not a flirt nor a worſhipper of their hereditary ſuperiority, proſcribed her as "a ſtrong-minded woman," and

"Calomniez, calomniez!—il en reſte toujours quelquechoſe,"

as Scribe ſays; ſo I confeſs I was attacked with the epidemic prejudice againſt her; for I do not like blues, bores, or *ſo called* ſtrong-minded women, any more than I like arſenic, ſtrychnine or oxalic acid; only I have lived long enough to know, that in this great drug mart, the world, poiſons are often by miſtake labelled Simples, and *vice verſâ;* but for one perſon who inveſtigates the matter for himſelf, ten are poiſoned by nominally innocent preparations, and twenty avoid innocuous panaceas from their ſuppoſed deleterious qualities, owing to the undeſerved bad name beſtowed upon them. But ſo it has been ever ſince the world's dentition. Our eyes, which ſeldom deceive us, are rarely if ever conſulted; while our ears, which have been filled with falſehoods ever ſince his Satanic majeſty was co-reſpondent in Paradiſe, are generally implicitly believed. Once, and once only, did I hear anything like enthuſiaſtic praiſe beſtowed upon this lady, and that was by a Frenchman,

who, upon hearing her duly diſſected by a countrywoman of her own, fired up and ſaid—

"Non, non! elle eſt charmante; à côté de l'eſprit elle n'eſt pas anglaiſe, et puis, c'eſt la meilleure pâte de femme que la terre aît porté; elle fait du bien à tout le monde, d'autant plus, qu'elle *ſait comment le faire.*"

And then, twirling his mouſtache and turning to me, who ſat next to him, he ſaid—

"Tenez, madame; je vous dirais deux mots charmants d'elle."

He then told me that one night, at Madame Récamier's, Châteaubriand had knocked down with his elbow a little Sèvre cup belonging to a *déjeuner*. He was in deſpair at his awkwardneſs, but Madame Récamier made light of it, and ſaid it was of no conſequence; whereupon Mrs. Greville, the Engliſh lady in queſtion, ſaid, turning to Châteaubriand—

"Ah, monſieur! on voit bien, que madame n'eſt pas *Atala*, car elle ne met pas ſon bonheur en chaque taſſe! (*Chactas.*)"

"C'eſt tres-joli, n'eſt ce pas?" ſaid the Frenchman; to which I fully aſſented.

He then told me the other, which was, that he met Mrs. Greville at dinner one day at the Princeſs L——'s. On going into dinner the ſandal of her ſhoe broke, and the Ruſſian Prince,

G——, who was taking her in, ſeized it, and putting it into his waiſtcoat pocket, ſaid—

"Ce petit brin de ruban ſera le roman de ma vie!"

The hoſteſs, hearing the word "roman," turned round and aſked—

"De quel roman parlez vous, Prince?"

To which Mrs. Greville laughingly replied—

"Du dernier roman de Soulié, madame."

This was quite enough, and as the only thing I reſolutely avoid is a fool, be it male or female, I reſolved that I would call upon Mrs. Greville the next day. I did ſo, and after aſcending the uſual number of dirty ſtairs and encountering the *obligato* moſaic of atrocious odours indigenous to continental hotels,—of which that greateſt of all abominations, ſtale tobacco ſmoke, is the *alpha* and *omega*—once within her rooms, the atmoſphere was that of Arabia Felix; there was a delicate tepid perfume, floating, as it were, on the current of thorough freſh air that circulated freely through them. The firſt thing that ſtruck you on entering was the appearance of intenſe and habitual comfort and the brilliant cleanlineſs. All the knickknackery was in ſuch perfect order—the buhl blotting-books and deſks poliſhed as mirrors, the flowers ſo exquiſitely arranged, the books looking what books ought to be—friends

and companions, and not merely ſtuck up, doing company for the ſake of their gorgeous bindings; ſo that every Engliſh perſon that came in exclaimed, "Oh! what deliciouſly coſy, comfortable rooms!" and every foreigner, "*Ah! comme c'eſt ſoignee! comme tout cela a l'air grande dame!*" And yet poor Mrs. Greville had not even "a maid of her own!" and on that account, though ſo eſſentially and pre-eminently ſocial, was obliged to relinquiſh going into ſociety. But all this *bien-être* and elegant *entourage* were the daily work of her own hands. If you dined with her, though ſhe never gave you but two things, they were perfect of their kind; and there was no continental tagrag and deficits in the arrangements of the table—the glaſs, plate, and linen all having the ſame brilliant luxury of cleanlineſs; for ſhe had broken in one particular waiter and chambermaid to her ways. So true is it that ſome perſons have the happy art, not only of *ſeeming* but of *being* more generous with ſixpence than others can be with a hundred pounds; becauſe generoſity conſiſts in the feeling and the manner with which a thing is beſtowed, and therefore is it, that the *obolus* of a really liberal nature, will always *win* more good will than a miſer's thouſands can *purchaſe*. When I knew Mrs. Greville more, I found out that I could have backed her againſt all the nurſes of Scutari

in a ſick room, and that in the confection of a ſhirt or a *ſalmi* ſhe would have eclipſed the beſt *chef* and ſempſtreſs extant; and although, added to all this, the woman *was* guilty of being able to argue with you from Ariſtotle or expound to you from Epictetus, "pedantry" remained in her dictionary and was to be nowhere to be found in *her;* for I never knew a more thorough and *femininely* feminine WOMAN in her habits and *ways*, and the depth and delicacy of her feelings; ſo much ſo, that no one would have ever ſuſpected that ſhe was

> "learned, ſave in gracious houſehold ways.
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
> No angel; but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel inſtincts; breathing Paradiſe,
> Interpreter between the gods and men."

Withal generous and ſelf-ſacrificing, as *only* women *can* be, and what, had ſhe been a man, would have been called "*the* beſt fellow in the world!" But the alchemy of COMFORT in which ſhe was ſo pre-eminently ſkilled, and which is one of the eſſential parts of "woman's miſſion," aroſe from her ſcientific knowledge of and artiſtic attention to detail, or *ſmall things*—which are the *primum mobili* of all great ones. Archimedes moved the greateſt weights by the ſimple contrivance of three or four ordinary pieces of timber joined together, but the ſecret conſiſted in the *order* and the art of their combination.

The greateſt events in life, for good or evil, whether for nations or individuals, if traced to their ſource, will be generally found to have ariſen from the *ſmalleſt*, and therefore apparently the moſt inſignificant, cauſes. And truly ſays Cicero, in his fifth Philippic, *Quis neſciat minimis fieri momentis maximas temporis inclinationes?* namely, Who does not know that the greateſt variations of time proceed from the minuteſt moments? Women, however, like Mrs. Greville, who *quietly* do their duty in that ſtate of life into which it has pleaſed God to call them, ay, and do it even to the inanimate things about them, neglecting nothing, muſt reſign themſelves to living un*pronée* and dying unchronicled.

Que voulez vous? The greateſt heroes are often born with a *valet de chambre* appended to them, and the greateſt bores with a Bozzy. But courage, true-hearted women! Remember, that when Bethulia was to be delivered from the army of Holofernes, God did not employ mighty and ſteel-clad warriors, but He "*broke down their ſtatelineſs by the hands of a woman.*" What has been, may be again.

But to return to Montaigne. The greateſt charm of the man to me is, his *reality*. He writes, *not* to gain a reputation, nor even to aſſume the ſuperiority of teaching his fellow-men, but becauſe the deep well-ſpring of thought is *there*,

and muſt guſh out; and *that*, conſidering the perilous and bigoted times in which he wrote, with a pure, undefiled, and fearleſs honeſty, is beyond all praiſe. And this genuineneſs and guileleſs ſimplicity pervaded his whole character. For in his journal, when he ſpeaks of the ovations he received in his travels, it is always with a little innocent ſort of humble vanity, as if he thought it *ſo* good and kind of the people; and never dreamt of arrogating any compliment as a juſt debt to his own merits; ſo that one can almoſt fancy one ſees the reflection of his half pleaſurable half modeſt bluſh on the paper when he adds, "But no doubt it is their cuſtom to offer theſe courteſies to all ſtrangers of a certain rank." Of the immeaſurable ſuperiority in calibre, depth, breadth, and originality of Montaigne's mind over Lord Bacon's there can be no doubt; and as far as mere learning goes, which is not intellect, but merely the food of intellect, there is a greater and deeper ſource of it in *one* of Montaigne's eſſays, to ſay nothing of the pith and marrow of *true* wiſdom, than in all Lord Bacon ever wrote. Like the golden thigh of Pythagoras, mentioned by Diogenes Laertius, but which Plutarch tells us in his life of Numa was a mere charlatanic ſtratagem of the philoſopher's [!] to convey to his admirers and the vulgar, (who conſtitute the ballaſt of all artificial

celebrity,) an impreſſion of his divinity, ſo my Lord Bacon, if duly weighed in the ſcales of impartiality, will be found to have given us more golden thigh than golden rules.

To gauge the minds of the two men, it is only neceſſary to recall Lord Bacon's Capel-Court-Minories maxims,—how to avoid riſking our own welfare, intereſt, or comfort in any way for our friends, and how always to make uſe of them without giving them any chance of returning the compliment (*here*, at all events, the great man, the peripatetic of the golden thigh, *practiſed* what he preached!)—you have only, I ſay, to recall theſe crooked, hard, worldly maxims, and compare them with Montaigne's friendſhip for and devotion to, the memory of Monſieur de la Boëtie. There is nothing on record more true, more perfect, or more beautiful, than the former, or more tender, touching, and conſtant, than the latter. The truly great are thoſe, not whoſe writings make us wiſer in the world's ſhallow lore, but thoſe whoſe lives make us better. Great, then, is the debt that the world owes to thee, oh! MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE! for after a life ſpent in life's beſt humanities and kindlieſt links, who ever left a lovelier example, not ſo much of the ruling paſſion as of the ruling virtue "ſtrong in death" as thou didſt? For we are told that ſhortly before his death, his tongue becoming

paralyzed, he could not ſpeak; ſo writing down to have all his ſervants called in, he got out of bed, put on his dreſſing-gown, and when they were aſſembled *gave* them each with his own dying hands, the legacies he had left them, fearing that when he was dead, they might be put to inconvenience, trouble, or expenſe to obtain them. Ten minutes after he had conferred this, his laſt, act of conſiderate kindneſs upon them, he expired.

Verily this was better, nobler, greater, than the vain-glorious, arrogant, and therefore ſomewhat ludicrous pompoſity of a man's bequeathing his own fame to the world, and after a time, to his country; for it was leaving his whole nature — that inalienable perſonal eſtate — to ETERNITY, and APPOINTING OMNIPOTENCE AND THE RECORDING ANGEL AS HIS EXECUTORS! The fruit and foliage are the viſible, and ſought-after portions of a tree, but its and their vitality is in the roots; and the *morale* is the root of humanity. It is for this reaſon that the merely intellectual, however tranſcendent, is but an air-plant, that has no radical ſource of duration. Thus the world outgrows its Mirabeaus, Bolingbrokes, Humes, Gibbons, and Voltaires, which are but ſo much head-gear, the faſhion of which changeth and paſſeth away; but the world, or rather human nature, never outgrows its Shakeſpeares, Senecas, and Montaignes; be-

cauſe ſuch minds are the pulſes and arteries of its great univerſal heart. Goethe, if we take the mere meaſure of his brain, was of larger calibre than Schiller; but the moral organization of the MAN, being cold, ſhallow, and defective, dies with his body, and finds no embalming proceſs in the hearts of his fellow-men, as Schiller did, when once his light had gone out. For poſterity is juſt; and it is always THE WHOLE MAN, and not the mere brain, that it diſſects. Therefore, all honour to *thee*, now and evermore, wiſe, good, ſubtle yet ſimple, profound, clear-minded, nice-conſcienced, broad-hearted, MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE!

AN OLD MAN'S SAYING.

I HAD once a grandfather; indeed I believe the thing is *not* uncommon, though it is the faſhion to ſay that ſome perſons never had one. Be that as it may, I'm ſure no one ever had ſuch a dear old lovable grandfather as mine was. I'm not going to ſentimentalize over him. Heaven forbid that I ſhould ſo mock the manes of the nobleſt nature and trueſt heart that ever iſſued from the Maker's mint, and which, when called in, returned to it, with the Sovereign's likeneſs and ſuperſcription in no way defaced or corroded by their long currency among men. No, I'm not going to ſentimentalize over him, for *he* was no ſentimentaliſt,—fortunately for himſelf, and more fortunately ſtill, for thoſe belonging to him. For your profeſſed ſentimentaliſt is generally a finiſhed ſcoundrel, or at beſt a frothy theoriſt, totally devoid of affections and principles.

Beſides, about ſentimentaliſts as about all other charlatans and pretenders, there is generally a ſpice of pompoſity, and my grandfather had not an atom of that Bœotian buckram about him. His manners (the moſt finiſhed of the old ſchool, which *had much* artiſtic finiſh about it,) were far too bland, eaſy, poliſhed, and high bred, to have the ſlighteſt taint of the *parvenu* rigidity of pompoſity in them. It was not on account of his being the hero of a hundred fights, his having conducted ſeveral embaſſies and miſſions to a ſucceſsful iſſue, or the broad ribbon of the Bath that glowed acroſs his ample cheſt, the ſtars of half the European orders that formed a galaxy on his breaſt, the freedoms of cities in their gold boxes, the ſable peliſſes and the diamond ſnuff-boxes he poſſeſſed in ſufficient number to have put away each of his own virtues ſeparately in, nor even his brilliant and truly claſſical wit, that lightened in his eyes before it flaſhed from his lips, which ſtamped him ſo unmiſtakably for what he was—A THOROUGH GENTLEMAN, but the genuine, genial, and practical Chriſtianity of his whole life, that made him the idol of thoſe two juſtly judging extremes—YOUTH and AGE.

Many men have not only a fine outline but an amiable quality of character; but they lack the minute Flemiſh painting of detail, the womanly anticipatory kindneſs of *little* things, the gentle

glidings of true unſelfiſh goodneſs, which is ſeen and *felt*, but is too noiſeleſs to be ever *heard.* And theſe my grandfather had, more even than any *woman* I have ever known. He did not hang up his cremona behind the door at home, like many other celebrated performers in the *rôle* of *beaux eſprits* in ſociety, but with an inexhauſtible fund of anecdote, chiefly gleaned from his own ſtirring and eventful life, had always the *mot pour rire;* he was juſt as racy, brilliant, and agreeable *en petit comité*, with us children on a ſummer lawn, or by a winter fireſide, as he would have been among all the magnates of the land. For he was at once a realization and an incarnation of Biſhop Hall's axiom, that "Love and action do neceſſarily evince each other. True love cannot lurk long unexpreſſed: it will be looking out at the eyes, creeping out of the mouth, breaking out at the finger's ends, in ſome actions of dearneſs; eſpecially thoſe wherein there is pain and difficulty to the agent, profit or pleaſure to the affected. O Lord, in vain ſhall we profeſs to love Thee if we do nothing for Thee! Since our goodneſs cannot reach up unto Thee, who art our glorious head, O let us beſtow on Thy feet (Thy poor members here below,) our tears, our hands, our ointment, and whatever other gifts or endeavours may teſtify our thankfulneſs and love to Thee in them."

With the moſt joyous and genial nature, that diffuſed itſelf like ſunſhine over all around him, yet, in the great fellowſhip of human ſorrow and human ſuffering, was he ever foremoſt. His firſt *thought* was always how he could either ſerve, ſave, or give pleaſure; and, as in fire-arms, the report follows the flaſh, ſo in his moral arſenal the deed ever followed quick upon the thought. Truly his whole life was a redemptive conflict to a glorious and eternal victory! For ſhall not thoſe who ſuffer for, and with their fellow pilgrims, and thus ſerve their God as He has ordained here, reign with Him hereafter? Yea, verily, as ſurely as yon golden ſun that ſets to-day ſhall riſe again in glory to-morrow!

Dear old man! not only is thy ſhadow leſs on this bleak cold earth now, but few other ſubſtances are there, worthy to replace even that beneficent ſhadow which never *darkened* any threſhold; but with a holier and more tempered light, ſuch as an angel's wing might do, laden with glad tidings.

But heaven knows beſt; let none diſpute it. My grandfather lived and died juſt as, and when he ought. He could never have got on in the preſent day at all. The ticket-of-leave ſyſtem of politics alone, would have driven him mad; for he had ſpoken in Parliament when oratory was the *thing*, not the *word;* and patriotiſm was deemed a

ſine quâ non for its foundation; and when *his* voice woke the ſenate, he had had Europe for an echo, and Edmund Burke for an auditor and a panegyriſt. Neither am I at all ſure that the literature, or rather the *literati*, of the preſent day would have ſuited him; for, as he was fully capable of appreciating the improvement in the *former*, and the degeneration in the latter, he would have been continually deploring, that where ſuch an immenſe floating capital of undeniable talent of a very high order exiſts, the owners of it had not the ſame advantage as that attributed to Terence by an old writer, who, in ſpeaking of the graphic and vividly life-like delineations of character and the unctuous humour of his comedies, thinks that his chief merit was owing to his having had the good fortune to have Scipio and Lælius to give his *dramatis perſonæ* "the true turn of gentlemen."

But above all, this preſent time would not have ſuited my grandfather, nay, it would have been poſitively antipathetic and antagoniſtic, to him, from its being a utilitarian age, that generally walks, no matter how dirty the ways, moſtly in highlows, and *always* with its breeches pockets cloſely buttoned. It never *ſays* either a fooliſh or a rude thing, but it alſo never *does* a kind or a civil one. It goes about giving lectures to the great unwaſhed, for it is an old and a

true ſaying, that words coſt nothing; whereas the ſmalleſt modicum of ſoap (with the exception of ſoft-ſoap), would neceſſitate at leaſt ſome trifling globule of pecuniary outlay. It takes up ſtarving wretches for preſuming to beg, but it never begs any meaſure to prevent them ſtarving. It builds, Bibles, miſſions, magnifies, preaches, and *profeſſes* Chriſtianity; in ſhort, does everything but *practiſe* it. Our philanthropy, which, like our preſerves, *uſed* to be confected at home, is now all done abroad, in joint-ſtock, companies, limited (and *very* limited too), *viâ* ragged ſchools, penitentiaries, ſhoeblack brigades, anything and everything that can enable us to buy our benevolence in the cheapeſt market, and blazon it in the deareſt. But to hope for one *individual* touch of ſympathy, or even common humanity, from theſe wholeſale charity-mongers, would indeed be like the futile taſk of attempting to extract ſunbeams from cucumbers, as a ſingle ſtiver from theſe profeſſional Samaritans' [?] *own* coffers is never forthcoming. On *principle*, they never do anything of the kind; for this is a commercial country, where *intereſt* and principal are very properly inſeparable; and unknown, anonymous individual ſympathy (that had not been organized into a committee, or incorporated in a fat commiſſionerſhip), would be *interfering in private affairs;* and beſtowing a ſixpence that did

not flow from the tributary ſtreams of public contribution, would be encouraging idleneſs and vagabondiſm, and is ſhocking, immoral, and not to be thought of—and ſo it never *is* thought of.

Alas for my poor primitive, unphiloſophical, and monetarily immoral grandfather! though he did ſubſcribe largely, to all the hoſpitals and public charities, yet there were, as there ſtill are and ever will be, ſo many ſharp, keen, yet ſhamefaced neceſſities, that never come within the pale of public munificence, ſuch myriads whoſe rags have been *once* fine linen, who cannot dig, and who to beg are aſhamed, that ſomehow or another my grandfather's hand was never out of his own pocket; but what it took from thence, ſo far as its owner was concerned, always remained a myſtery between himſelf and the God in whoſe ſervice he beſtowed it, and although

"Open as day to melting charity,"

that ſaid right hand of his, was the only cloſe ſecretive thing about him; for I verily believe its ſiſter hand quitted *this* world, in total ignorance of the ſplendid collection of light hearts and bright faces, it had ſo laviſhly bought; till their final account was audited in the next. But the gifts of that hand (and a beautiful one it was, by-the-by, as if to bleſs and to give were

all it had been created for, and that, conſequently, it had done naught elſe), unſtrained as theſe gifts were, they were but the ſpray and ſprinklings, from that inexhauſtible fountain, his pure, deep, illimitable heart. When I look back upon the quiet beauty of that old man's life, I envy him not ſo much even for all the good he did, as for the *way* in which he did it, he ſo thoroughly underſtood the art; but then, to be ſure, it was his whole ſtudy. If it were only to buy a toy for a child, or a trinket for a young girl, he always took the pains to ſift out the identical toy or trinket that was moſt wiſhed for; and any affair he undertook for others, however intricate, tedious, or even hopeleſs, he was not ſatisfied to wait till ſome tangible buſineſs point had been achieved, to communicate with thoſe for whom he had undertaken it; for, as he himſelf was wont to ſay, all buſineſs is ſlow, but ſuſpenſe is feveriſh and wayward; and moreover, to thoſe who ſuffer and hope, and ſtill more, to thoſe who ſuffer and fear; minutes ſeem hours, hours days, days weeks, weeks months, and months years; and ſo he filled up the great deſolate ſpace between expectation and fruition, with kind words of ſympathy and hope. This would have been *real* goodneſs, even had he been an idle man, with a large ſurplus of golden leiſure to ſpend as he pleaſed; but he

was not, for, although an habitually and conſtitutionally early riſer, every minute of his twelve hours had its appointed work; and though I have often heard him complain of not having had time to anſwer the letters of very great perſonages as immediately as his nice punctilio of good breeding deemed right, yet I never knew him not to *make* time, to anſwer, or to take the initiative in writing to, thoſe who were in any way diſtreſſed "in mind, body, or eſtate;" ſo that it was a high compliment (and we felt it and meant it as ſuch) when my couſins and ſiſters and myſelf ſaid his dear, honeſt, noble, handſome old head reminded us of Nep's. Nep, or Neptune, was a big Newfoundland dog, at once our idol and our victim, and the "guide, companion, friend," of the whole family. Only Nep's handſome head was black, with merely a white mark up his forehead, that we uſed to call a ſalt-ſpoon; and my grandfather, continuing the faſhion of his day, wore powder; but it was the ſweeteſt of all violet powder, with a ſubſtratum of peculiarly fragrant jeſſamine pomatum, which Pendrel, his old valet, who had been with him in all his campaigns, would have thought ſacrilege to have got anywhere but where he had got it for forty years,—at Smith's, in Bond Street. Never to this day does a ſoft breath of violets and jeſſamine ſigh through the air, without bringing the tears

to my eyes, and all my youth back to me, with its long ſunny viſtas, and that dear old grandfather, and Nep, my mother, couſins, ſiſters, all! peopling them as vividly as of old. Such magical and myſtical "open ſeſames" of memory's moſt ſecret cells, are the "linkèd ſweetneſs" of both muſic and perfumes!

But tuſh! there is no uſe in my going back all this way to meet thoſe who never can return to meet me here. Would that I could hope to be worthy of meeting them hereafter! And yet, were juſtice alone to gauge God's goodneſs, dare the beſt amongſt us hope? But between the twin ſeraphs—Mercy and Faith—the worſt need not deſpair.

When I began this paper I merely intended to have recorded one ſaying of my grandfather's, but truly, "Out of the fullneſs of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh." So now let me make up for loſt time, by recording that golden ſaying, or, I ſhould rather ſay, rule, of his,—which I have never forgotten; and may all who read it here never do ſo either!—which is one of the beſt wiſhes I can offer them.

It was on a guſty evening in September, we were at Richmond, in one of thoſe pleaſant houſes cloſe to the Park. There were no railways in thoſe days, but admirable poſting (worth them all, except for ſpeed), and long ſtages and

ſhort ſtages, and mail coaches, and pack-horſes, and canal-boats, *et voilà tout*, and no penny poſtage, ſo the twopenny poſt was thought a great deal of, and conſidered one of the greateſt boons and improvements of modern times. It was, as I before ſaid, a guſty evening in September, and we children, with the deſſert (for there were no *dîners à la ruſſe* in thoſe days), had juſt made our appearance. Now, if my grandfather *had* a fault, it was that he was a bit of a coddle; but no; it was not a fault, it was an averſion, that he ſhared in common with all old people, to draughts, night air, and moving immediately after dinner. Juſt before dinner, he had deſpatched couſin Robert, Meg, and me, in preference to a ſervant, with a note to a poor gentleman of the name of Trevor, a half-pay captain, who, with a wife and four children, was lodging over a bookſeller's ſhop in the town. I ſuſpect the note contained a ſomewhat more flimſy incloſure, for my grandfather always wrote upon very thick-ribbed wove paper, and uſed envelopes, which at that time nobody elſe did, except, perhaps, old Lord Hertford, the Prince Regent, and the perſons immediately about him. Not that for a moment I mean to claſs theſe with nobodies,—their phyſical greatneſs alone, and the immenſity of evil they did in their generation (which we in ours are now paying for), would preclude

my doing ſo. And ſo, from the thickneſs of the paper, I could not be ſure about the incloſure, for Robert had orders to ſend it up by the ſervant and wait in the ſhop for the anſwer, that he might not in any way intrude on the Trevors. But from the tears that were in the poor gentlèman's eyes when he himſelf brought us down the anſwer, I long after ſuſpected that there was an incloſure,—for at the time, child-like, I thought nothing about it. Juſt as we returned with the captain's miſſive the letters *viâ* the evening's poſt were brought in, and amongſt them was a long official document, "O.H.M.S.," with a large War Office ſeal on it. My grandfather, who was in the act of raiſing a glaſs of wine to his lips, put it down, and haſtily broke the ſeal of the long blue parallelogram.

"Come! that's capital!" he exclaimed. "Bring me my hat, great coat, and gloves," ſaid he to the butler, from whom he had juſt taken the letters, as the latter was about to leave the room.

"Surely, my dear father," ſaid my mother, "you are not going out! more eſpecially on foot?"

"Tut, tut! that am I," rejoined my grandfather, riſing as he ſpoke.

"I can tell you it's blowing what you call great guns, ſir," put in Robert, longing to begin upon the walnuts without incurring the delay of any exodus.

"Why, my dear child," ſaid my grandfather, addreſſing my mother, "I muſt go, to give poor Trevor the good news before it cools and he ſees it firſt in the *Gazette* to-morrow. Fancy! the poor fellow has got his majority, and the appointment at Corfu alſo; ſo now he'll do!"

"I'm very glad of it; but ſurely a ſervant can go? or Robert will go again," remonſtrated my mother.

"No, no; I would not miſs the fellow's face when he hears of it," ſaid my grandfather, "for a Field-marſhal's baton! For *I* never held out any hopes to him, and *he* was *quite ſure he* never ſhould get either his promotion or the appointment."

And this was ſaid with a long face, a ſhake of the head, and a deep ſigh, in ludicrous imitation of poor Captain Trevor, which ſet all of us children laughing.

"Well, but grandpapa," ſaid I, "you can go and tell him to-morrow morning."

"Child!" he cried, turning ſharply round, and laying his hand with ſome force on my ſhoulder, ſo as to impreſs his words, as it were, "you are a good girl enough, in your way, and though not likely ever to injure your health by too cloſely poring over your books," (I was then twelve), "yet, I ſuppoſe you know what the copybook ſays, that 'PROCRASTINATION IS THE

THIEF OF TIME?' Well, *I* tell you that it's *worſe*, for it is often the MURDERER both of opportunity and of thoſe whoſe hopes and lives hang upon very ſlender threads. So remember, my child, if you wiſh to be all *en régle*, and have your paſſport properly *viſé* for your final journey, for which none of us know how ſoon the *route* may come—

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW THE MAKING A SAD HEART GLAD, IF IT CAN BE DONE TO-NIGHT."

SERVANTS.

CICERO relates that the ugliest and most stupid slaves in Rome came from England. Moreover, he urges his friend Atticus *not* to bring slaves from Britain, on account of their stupidity, and their inaptitude to learn music and other accomplishments. Cæsar also describes the Britons as a nation of very barbarous manners. In another place he remarks, "In their domestic and social habits the Britons are regarded as the most savage of all nations."

> "But, pray, young England, don't your sires despise,
> For just *such*, *you* seem, to many modern eyes."

And so, my young friends, you are likely to appear in the eyes of Europe, till each individual Briton can resolutely resolve to shuffle off his national arrogance and self-sufficiency, and strenuously apply himself to *individual reform;* for

believe me, manners, next to morals, are the moſt important ingredient in the great ſocial *olla podrida*, and like hard eggs in a *mayonnaiſe*, unleſs they be blandly blent with the other nominally more important items, but mar them all by *their* ſingle failure. And general rules and wholeſale ſyſtems never will achieve this equal and moſt deſirable amalgamation, for each ſeparate adjunct requires a ſpecial and individual caſe. You want morally, what Herodotus tells us the Egyptians had phyſically: "Each phyſician," he ſays, "applies himſelf to ONE diſeaſe only, and no more. But all places abound in phyſicians; ſome are for the eyes, others for the head, others for the teeth, others for internal diſorders." And it is impoſſible to mix with any grade of Engliſh ſociety, without feeling how much, how very much, the MANNERS DOCTOR is needed for the community at large; for every one, with the few and rare exceptions that prove the rule, ſprouts his or her own thiſtle, and alas! *Non inultus premor.*

And this being the only thing *piquante* about the ſaid ſociety, unfortunately does not render it the more agreeable. And moſt decidedly, no claſs requires the MANNERS, and above all, the MORALS DOCTOR, ſo much as the ſervants—or rather, the no-ſervants of the preſent day—who poſſeſs in a pre-eminent degree all the diſqualifi-

cations attributed by Cicero to their anceſtors; the ſlavery only entirely left out, as they are much more nearly related to a certain Cuffy upon an American planter's eſtate, previous to the abolition of the infernal inſtitution of ſlavery (that is, of chartered ſlavery, for *un*chartered ſlavery, it is to be feared, will, like "the poor," never ceaſe from the earth). Well, Mr. Cuffy, that typical "nigger," upon being remonſtrated with by his owner, calling him "A lazy raſcal, who was afraid of work," replied with equal truth and ſimplicity, "Me not afraid of work, maſſa; me lie down and go to ſleep beſide him." But theſe modern Engliſh ſemi-detached Cuffies, the preſent race of ſervants, do more than this, for they have a noble contempt for work, and neglect it altogether; always, like the Levite in the parable, "paſſing by, on the other ſide." There can be no doubt that the power of disfiguring paper with ink, and, as if ſtung into revenge by all the "ſpelling bees," making a raid upon orthography, ſupplemented by the power of reading all their maſters' and miſtreſſes' letters, and enabling "Lizer" to incite "Sarer Jane," *viâ* the penny poſt, to additional malpractices and inſubordination, miſnomered "education," which has been beſtowed upon it, has a great deal to anſwer for, "a *little* learning" being proverbially a dangerous thing,

whether derived from the *Pierian* or the pariſh ſpring. But the chief "origin of evil," ſo far as the female claſs of domeſtic ſervants is concerned, is the want of thoſe admirable vanity ſafety-valves, ſumptuary laws, which would provide and enforce a neat, decent, and becoming coſtume for them, and prevent their exaggerating what is already a hybrid between a nightmare and a caricature, *i.e.* each ſucceeding hideous faſhion, the preſent moſt unbecoming and indecent *ſortir du bain* ſtyle of dreſſes having cauſed even a new Shakeſpearean reading, which ſays:—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> And a *tied back* in the affairs of women!"

For dreſs, however ugly, trumpery, and disfiguring, is always *coſtly* to every claſs, according to its means, or *want of means*, for indulging in it. And the high prieſt which enables the "ſervant gal" claſs to ſacrifice to this Moloch is, DISHONESTY; for there are a hundred ways of being diſhoneſt, without reſorting to the ſtraightforward and perilous one of putting hands into other perſons' pockets, or abſtracting bank notes from their deſks or *eſcritoires;* ſuch, for inſtance, as making their employers pay toll upon everything that comes into their houſes; purchaſing, both in food and all other articles, the cheapeſt

refuſe, and charging the higheſt price aſked for the beſt things; in ſhort, ſtrictly carrying out the late Sir Robert Peel's commercial axiom, a very ſupererogatory one, ſo far as England is concerned, of "always buying in the cheapeſt and ſelling in the deareſt market." But the very worſt, and to their employers moſt ruinous, to their maſters and miſtreſſes, or rather as things now are, to their ſlaves and dependents, is, their want of knowing *how* to do the commoneſt things, either in the ſhape of houſehold or needle work, in the firſt place, and their idleneſs in the next, as they live on and for excitement alone, *viâ* conſtant "outing" and excurſion trains. Their worſt and moſt ruinous diſhoneſty, I maintain, ariſes from their total neglect; which cauſes everything entruſted to them, whether plate, glaſs, china, linen, books, or furniture, to go to deſtruction. But all this, fills their exchequer for the three or four months they condeſcend to ſtay in a place, and *viâ* the ſaid trumpery dreſs and the eternal excurſions, to provide their *one* aim in life, a "young man," whom they literally "pick up" and marry, without a farthing in their pockets or the moſt latent power of earning one in their head, or hands, or habits, ſo as to make anything like a *home* for themſelves or the "young man." And hence all the horrible and ſummary wife-murders, from drink and deſperation, cauſed by

dirt, diſorder, and domeſtic diſcomfort. Formerly, no one would think of taking a ſervant who had lived *only* ſix months in a place; now, that is thought a long term; and as to a character from their laſt place, they are quite independent of *that*, either by falſe ones, or through thoſe ſocial peſts, called "ſervants' regiſtry offices," whoſe ſole *raiſon d'être* is to fleece both the hirer and the hired, and who know nor care nothing for either. Formerly, ſervants had at leaſt, good, honeſt, induſtrious mothers, who before their daughters ever attempted to go to ſervice, taught them their place, if they could not teach them their buſineſs; and above all, took care to inculcate the golden rule of "ſubmitting to thoſe in authority over them," and alſo habits of thrift, with ſufficient induſtrial knowledge to enable them to make and mend, their own clothes. Now, thanks to ſewing machines, and other royal roads to idleneſs, they do not know how to thread a needle, much leſs how to uſe one; and aſk the rector or curate of any pariſh, and he will tell you the ſame ſtory; with variations, it may be, but the motive is invariably the ſame, *i.e.*, that if he give to the mother of an almoſt ſtarving family half-a-crown of a Saturday evening, it is *not* food it will be transformed into, but ſome coarſe imitation of a flower, or a rat's-tail of a feather for

the eldeſt girl's hat, to enable her to look additionally vulgar and diſreputable on the following day at church. Naturally, *je prêche pour ma paroiſſe;* for having for thirty years had the good old thorough-bred, well trained, efficient, truſtworthy, devoted ſervants, overflowing with gratitude for what was *leſs* than their due, and who lived with me till they died, the preſent extreme of incapacity, vulgar inſubordination, and black ingratitude, was really too great a ſhock to ſoul, nerves, and body. Formerly, when I eulogized, as in common juſtice I never was tired of doing, the good qualities and devotion of my ſervants, I was met with, "Oh, no wonder you have good, truſtworthy, and devoted ſervants; ſee how kind and how liberal you are to them." Now, when I complain of their incapacity, inſubordination, and the not being able to humaniſe, much leſs to buy them at any price, the anſwer is, "No wonder; you ſpoil, and are too generous and too indulgent to them, and the common Engliſh nature never underſtands that ſort of thing, more eſpecially as they don't meet with it elſewhere, and ſo they only take advantage of you in every way they can, thinking it is folly, and not kindneſs, which makes you act in ſo exceptional a manner."

This *is* verifying Prior's lines with a vengeance!—

"Gently touch and ſmooth a nettle,
It will ſting you for your pains;
Uſe it rough, as man of mettle,
And it ſoft as ſilk remains.
'Tis the ſame with vulgar natures—
Treat them kindly, they rebel;
Uſe them rough as nutmeg-graters,
Then the rogues will treat you well."

But, conſidering that ſo many of the *ſoi-diſant* ladies (?) of "the period" have adopted the language of ſervants and all the verbal kitchen exotics, it is not much to be wondered at that the tone of their minds ſhould, as a natural ſequence, ſink to the ſame calibre; for when one hears what, according to their ſocial poſition, ſhould be gentlewomen, ſay to a ſervant, "Tell *Cook* I ſhall dine at ſeven," or, "Tell *Coachman* I want the carriage at two;" or when they ring the bell, ſay, "Coals, *pleaſe*," or "Tea, *pleaſe*," and call going in a carriage or cab "*riding*," or call needlework by the generic term of "ſewing," or perfume by the intenſely vulgar and peculiarly ſervant's-hall name of "ſcent," it is not, verily, much to be wondered at, that, in hiring a ſervant for a friend, by way of courting popularity with the very low upſtarts who now call themſelves ſervants, inſtead of impreſſing their duties upon the nominal ſervant, they ſhould lower their *ſoi-diſant* friend in every poſſible way, by ſaying, "This lady is very fidgetty,"—the kitchen term

for any miſtreſs who exacts order and obedience in her houſe,—"But *you* muſt *put up* with that, and I'm ſure you'll find it a good place upon the whole." One of theſe "ladies" with the minds of laundreſſes, having got a cook for a friend, which cook turned out a confirmed drunkard and thief—which was no poſſible fault of the lady who hired her, but only her misfortune, juſt as, if ſhe had turned out perfection, it could have been no merit of this lady's, but merely a fortunate coincidence—yet, when another friend tried her hand, and got for her friend another cook, who turned out a worſe thief and drunkard than the former one, inſtead of expreſſing any ſympathy or commiſeration to her friend for her continued trouble and diſappointment, the high-minded and amiable view the firſt lady took of her friend's uncomfortable poſition was to rub her hands and ſay, "Ah! I'm glad others cannot ſucceed any better than I did!" Verily "Lizer" or "Sarer Jane" could not have ſaid more!—though even *they* might have ſaid leſs.

Next comes the exceeding ſtuckupativeneſs[1] of theſe ſtarving waifs and ſtrays from cellars, gar-

[1] A lady, a few evenings ago, ſpeaking upon this peculiar phaſe of the "ſervant gal" craze upon "the genteel," in which they even ſurpaſs Mr. Towle, told an amuſing anecdote of the letter-bag being opened one day at breakfaſt, and, among the other contents, was a letter on pink paper, directed "To Miſs

rets, and back lanes. They are too fine to carry a parcel, were it only the ſize of a penny roll, and did the fate of an empire depend upon having it immediately, and no matter how great the loſs to their employers. Of courſe it was not *their* fault; for they are all popes as to infallibility, and kings that can do no wrong. They ordered it, and the tradeſpeople promiſed to ſend it directly; ſo what more could *they*, the ſervants, do?

This reminds me of two ſtories. One a friend of mine told me whoſe grandfather was Biſhop of ——. She ſaid, going through the hall one day, he heard a tremendous ſquabbling, and very loud excited voices in the lower regions; and upon inquiring the cauſe of the butler, who had juſt announced that the carriage was at the door, he was told that ſomething was wrong with the oven; and the cook having ordered Bridget the kitchen-maid to take a certain veniſon paſty, that could not be baked at home, to the baker's, that young lady had flatly refuſed to walk through the ſtreets ſo encumbered. Whereupon, the biſhop ordered both the delinquent and the paſty, to come to him. Then, telling the carriage to wait till his return, he marched the bluſhing Bridget in Indian

Jemima Jenkins, Eſqr." (!) This turned out to be for the kitchen-maid; ſeeing her maſter's letters ſo directed, no doubt ſhe had informed her correſpondent that this was the "*genteel* thing to do," and exacted this tribute to her ſocial ſtatus.

file before him, took the paſty himſelf, and carried it in great ſtate to the baker's, as if he had been walking at a coronation, with the crown on a velvet cuſhion. The legend further tells, that Bridget never again refuſed to carry paſties or anything elſe to the baker's, and even carried *herſelf* in a much more becoming manner ever after.

The other ſtory is better known, being of Rowland Hill, who told his coachman to go every morning to a farmhouſe, at about a mile's diſtance, for the milk and cream for breakfaſt. Whereupon that functionary refuſed, with much offended dignity, ſaying that that was not *his* buſineſs to do. "Oh, I beg your pardon," ſaid Rowland Hill; "then may I aſk, what you do ſtrictly conſider your buſineſs?"

"Why, to drive the carriage, ſir."

"Oh, very well! Then have it at the door every morning at half-paſt ſix punctually; and drive Mary the houſemaid to —— farm for the cream."

Formerly no girl thought of going to ſervice until ſhe had learnt at leaſt the rudiments of houſehold work from her mother, which even the pooreſt mother, in thoſe days, was capable of teaching. Now, they iſſue ready dreſſed out, from their cellars, garrets, or back lanes, knowing *literally* nothing, and quite determined they won't be taught any thing, and think it "very *ard* they are told ſo often the ſame thing;" but it never

enters their heads to think it at all hard for their miſtreſs to have to tell them the ſame thing ſo often. When I firſt married, it was one of my ways of trying to ſerve my fellow creatures, to take girls out of the village when in the country, and have them thoroughly well trained under the houſekeeper in all the uſages of houſehold work, and what is equally eſſential, taught the quiet, reſpectful manners of a ſervant; and *then*, but not till then, they ſought a place, aſking but little wages at their firſt ſituation, and gradually aſking more as they improved in capability and deſerved more. Now, every dreſſed-out ſlattern, who has never lived in ſervice before, and is conſequently obliged to own that ſhe knows nothing of houſehold work, but modeſtly adds ſhe has no doubt ſhe can do it all if ſhe tries, begins by aſking, or rather demanding, £20 a year;[1] which *uſed* to be the wages one gave one's own maid, ſkilled in dreſs-making, hair-dreſſing, and all the other duties belonging to her department. The pre-

[1] Now though it is unfortunately quite true that houſe rent, taxes, and every ſpecies of food, groceries excepted, are three times as dear as they were twenty, and twice as dear as they were ten years ago, yet the only two things upon which maid-ſervants ſpend their money, namely, trumpery dreſs, and excurſion trains, on the other hand, are twice as cheap as they were at either of the above-named periods; ſo that there is no valid reaſon, or even plauſible pretext, why their wages ſhould have increaſed ſo prepoſterouſly.

ſent houſemaidenly *dēbutantes* alſo loſe no time in ſtating moſt ſtringently and ſpecifically, *their* requirements as to hours of riſing, going to bed, and their Sundays out; with other holidays, and being allowed to ſee their friends, which of courſe means their "young man." Being, thank heaven, once more in ſmooth waters, with excellent ſervants, which I am happy to find ſtill *can* be had, clean, competent, obedient, truſtworthy, and attached, I can laugh, though not without a retroſpective ſhudder, at the bitter trials I have had in this way. One gigantic drum-major in petticoats that I had, was of ſuch a diabolical temper, with ſuch a vulgar Billingſgate way of ſhowing it, that ſhe frightened not only me but the whole houſe, and did not even know how to ſweep a carpet properly; and as I had for many years a firſt-rate houſemaid, who was in fact a perfect furniture doctor, and had ſecrets for keeping oil-paintings, carvings, bronzes, mirrors, and all ſorts of *bric-à-brac* in perfection, I told the drum-major all theſe, and inſiſted upon having all my things kept up as they had always been; at firſt ſhe reſiſted, doing ſo in the moſt inſolent manner; at laſt, when ſhe found how my ways of doing things ſimplified her work, and abridged the time it took, ſhe condeſcended to ſay one day, "Yes," or as ſhe pronounced it, "*Yaas*, I don't ſay but what your way is the beſt, for I ſee it is now." "That," ſaid I,

"is not the point; beſt or worſt, I chooſe to have things done in my own way in my own houſe." Added to her inſolence, ſhe was very ungrateful and equally diſhoneſt, and ſo offenſively rude to every one, that I threatened to report her conduct to the lady who had recommended her to me as a treaſure of honeſty, and good temper!

"*She* did not care for Mrs. ——, nor for me, nor for any one; and *ſhe* was not going down upon her knees to people with that cringing civility that the other ſervants did!"

"Ah," ſaid I, "you had better kneel to God, and pray to Him to change your heart and temper."

"God's nothing to me!" was her horrible anſwer.

"I fear not," I replied.

While another *lady* of the ſame genus, upon my daring to tell her that ſhe ſhould not have let one of the bed-room fires go out, clenched her fiſt and ſtamped her foot as ſhe vociferated, "Ah! the gentry will ſoon get no ſervants at all, and be obliged to do their own work,—that's what we are trying for!"

"We have to do our own work now," ſaid I, "and to pay ſervants very dearly at the ſame time for not doing it; but don't you think, for your *own* ſakes, ſo long as you condeſcend to take our money and eat our bread, it would be better,

and more to your own advantage, if you conducted yourselves a little more conscientiously? I am not for one moment saying that you are not quite as good, or even a great deal better, than we are; but *that* has nothing to do with it. Suppose the positions were reversed, and I was obliged to become your servant to-morrow; there would be no earthly use in thinking what I was born to, or what I had been accustomed to; you would then be my mistress; and though all my ways would be very different from yours, it would not only be my duty but my interest, in return for the food and wages you gave me, to endeavour to please and conform to your requirements in every way that I could, instead of raising a standard of rebellion at every order you gave me."

Well, this amiable democrat ended by going upon the streets, and the drum-major got a place with a false character, which at all events must have been better than her real one.

Another young lady—also, of the genus housemaid—living in a clergyman's family, having let her master out, was about to refasten the hall door, when his little boy, who was in the hall, said, "You need not do that, Jane, for your master will be back directly."

"Who do you mean by *my master?*" cried the Amazon, turning fiercely round and glaring at the child.

"Why, papa, to be ſure."

"He 's not *my* maſter, he 's my employer!"

While a young lady at a National ſchool in the country, who was waſting her time over a little bit of uſeleſs crochet, which ſhe had converted into a ſort of cotton blackamoor, which never could be ſcrubbed white, while her ſtockings were well ventilated with large holes; upon my ſaying to her—

"Now Mary, inſtead of waſting your time upon that perfectly uſeleſs crochet, don't you think it would be better if you mended your ſtockings?"

"Pleaſe um, mother don't like me to mend ſtockings; ſhe ſays as it ain't *gen*-teel."

All this inſubordination and ſtuckupativeneſs combined it is, which is the moral dry-rot that is ſapping the foundations of ſociety. What all England requires to be taught, the higher quite as much as the lower orders, is, that WORK is about the moſt ennobling thing in the world; and as *every* ſort of work *muſt* and ought to be done,—there is in reality no ſuch thing as "menial work"—that bogean myth, which middle-claſs vulgarity ſo dreads. The only really menial, and therefore degrading things, are, idleneſs, uſeleſſneſs, dependence, ſhams, ſubſtitutes, braggadocia, and worldlineſs; which latter, is the nucleus of all vulgarity—VULGARMINDEDNESS.

HAPPY JACK.

THERE can be no doubt that the flatneſs, ſtaleneſs, unprofitableneſs, and inanity of Engliſh life ariſe from its block machinery ſort of uniformity, and total want of individuality in thought, action, or character; its echo and follow-my-leader ſort of conventionality, which cauſes anything like originality or independence of opinion or action, in the raſh perpetrator of either, to paſs for mad or bad; and be tabooed accordingly. Unleſs indeed the ſaid individual happens to be exceptionally rich, as every thing is "*for the million*" now-a-days, whether financially or ſocially ſpeaking, or elſe placed on the pinnacle of the world's ſlippery high places; *then* indeed, eccentricities, however outrageous, or vices, however flagrant and notorious, not only paſs unchallenged, but are cited with laudation, as proofs of genius and ſuperiority, and ſerve to

form additional hecatombs of truth and juſtice to the foul national fetiſh, PUBLIC LIFE! which, ſo far as politicians go, might be deſcribed in the identical words of the keeper of a menagerie, who addreſſed a ſchool of young gentlemen as follows:—

"This ere hanimal, my little dears, is a leopard. His complexion is yaller, and agreeably diwerſified with black ſpots. It vos a wulgar herror of the hancients, that the critter vos hincapable of changin his ſpots; vich vos diſproved in modern times, by obſerwin that he wery frequently ſlept in one ſpot, and next night changed to another, cordin as it ſuited him beſt."

And there is ſomething ſo exceptionally petrifying in the whole arcana of political life, that the American epitaph upon the miſer who died of ſoftening of the brain, would do admirably for that of moſt "diſtinguiſhed members of the legiſlature," viz.:—

"His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain ſoftened, but his heart never could." But leaving all this block machinery, let us go into the highways and byways, and ſee if we cannot pick up ſomething like character, freſhneſs, and originality, among the weeds and wild flowers, that are hedged within their little ſpheres by the roadſide. It ſo happened, that in walking the other day to Foreſt-hill I was caught in one

of thoſe drenching ſhowers, that have been ſo prevalent during this ſevere ſummer of 1876. But fortunately there came rattling by, a return cab, which I ſtopped, and got in. The man drove me to my deſtination, at Foreſt-hill, where I remained about half-an-hour, the cabman having, to my great ſatisfaction, driven his horſe and himſelf, under the ſhelter of a hoſpitable archway. On my return, long before I reached my own gate, the ſky became blue and cloudleſs, and

> "No ſun upon an Eaſter day
> Is half ſo fine a ſight"

as that ſun was, playing bopeep with the hawthorns and acacias and among the white horſe-cheſtnuts and the glorious rich red Spaniſh cheſtnut bloſſoms. So that, being particularly ſtruck by the gloſſy coat, and, for a hack, the unuſually fat ſleek ſides of the bright bay, full-ſized, high-ſtepping cab-horſe, I ſtopped to pat him and give him ſome green boughs, as he was trying to gather a ſalad for himſelf; then, turning to the cabman, I complimented him upon the high condition of his horſe, which, as I told him, was much to his credit, as it ſhowed what good care he took of him.

"Ay; care in courſe I takes on him," ſaid he, twirling a ſtraw in his mouth. "But care be blowed! It ain't *that* as does it; it 's his mind."

Thinking a horſe "with a mind" ought to have a name, I aſked, "What do you call him? what is his name?"

"Well, his *criſſen* name is Jack, but I calls him 'Happy Jack,' for 'tis his mind as does it; for he's *that* contented and happy in his mind, that if he war fed upon tenpenny nails and packthread, he'd be in better condition than any oſs in England. Yer ſee he don't never let nothink put him out, don't Jack; he juſt takes the world as it goes."

"As moſt cab-horſes do," I put in.

"Ay, but that don't pervent Jack having pinions of his own; but he keeps 'em to his ſelf, and takes the world as it goes."

"In ſhort, he don't, let his *pinions* fly away with him?"

"That's about it. Jack knows what's what, but when he comes in *contac* with them as knows nothing, he never interferes with their little ſtock in trade."

"Truly a wiſe horſe, a moſt wiſe horſe; and like all wiſe heads, he has a ſilent tongue in his."

"Then yer ſee, 'tain't only his mind, but he can eat hany think"——

"That he has a mind to?" I put in.

"No, hany think; gloves, boots, horange peel, money—hany think"—ſpreading the two florin pieces I had juſt given him on the palm

of his hand, and offering them to the omnivorous Jack of the great mind, and correſponding appetite.

"Ah," ſaid I, "nothing eaſier than to eat money; but, poor fellow, let him eat his, in oats, and don't make him ſwallow thoſe."

"Why not? I allus tells him as he's the beſt right to the money, as he arns it; but carrots is *his* turtle and wenſon, only there ain't none worth eating now but French ones, and they's dear."

"Well, tell me where Jack's ſtable is, and I'll ſend him a hamper of French carrots."

"Ho! will yer though? well, I'm uncommon obleeged to yer! That's fuſt rate!"

"I will indeed, for I think very well of you, for being ſo fond of your horſe."

"Fond on him! I ſhould think ſo. The parſon ſays it's wicked, when I ſays my miſſus and the kids is all very well in their places, but that place is not afore Jack; for in pint of cleverneſs they are not fit to hold a pail of water to him. Then yer ſee, this is the way on it: I ſticks up all the more and thinks a deal the more on him, hon account of hall the lies, hill natur, and defamation he's ſubjec to hon account of my mates being henvious of him and me; they never have a good word to ſay of either on us; they tells my fares that I ſhall upſet the cab, that Jack's a roarer, and that he jibs!"

"Well, they fibs," ſaid I.

"And no miſtake! Did yer ever ſee water through a ſolar *mikerſcope*, marm?—with all them devils let looſe, a devouring, a running down, and a tearing on heach other to pieces? Vell, *that 's* the world to a hair; ſo no wonder ſo many poor critters wiſhes, and takes theirſelves out of it."

In my own mind, I ſo perfectly endorſed the truth of the cabman's ſimile, that I thought it better to end this philoſophical *ſéance* with a Burleighan nod of the head to him, and another pat of the fat ſides of that "paragon of animals," Jack. But there was ſuch quinteſſential truth, in what this poor man had ſaid of his compeers' uſage of his excellent and therefore much calumniated equine friend, that it ſet me thinking that the world's opinion of moſt perſons, is as various as that of hiſtorians and biographers, on that of Edward Lord Clarendon, who was alternately deified and defamed for party purpoſes. Southey declares him to have been the wiſeſt and moſt upright of ſtateſmen, while Brodie does not heſitate to repreſent him as a miſerable ſycophant and canting hypocrite; and Hume, on the other hand, embalms him with the greateſt reſpect and admiration. Hallam is cautious and timid in his praiſe,—that worſt, becauſe leaſt honeſt, ſpecies of condemnation. Agar Ellis unheſitatingly pronounces him an unprincipled man of talent. The

old ſtory of the chameleon, might greatly aid a correct ſolution of theſe divers contradictory opinions, both as regards public and private characters; and thus award to each ſeparate and oppoſing verdict its quota of truth. But in the midſt of much that is dubious in all ſuch matters, one thing at leaſt is certain, and that is, that none of theſe judgments individually, no, nor taken all collectively, can ever hit upon the true interdependencies and ſequences of events, at all accurately; any more than they can upon their origin. And how ſhould they? Since the *real* motives of our actions are for the moſt part ſo ſubtile and concrete, as to become, even to ourſelves, a "great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood." But all theſe are only pſychological experiments *in corpore vili*, alias human nature; ſo, to return to the nobler, becauſe the more innocent animal, the poor cab-horſe,—the next morning, his devoted ſlave, alias his maſter, came for his hamper of carrots. "Happy Jack" indeed! to whom happineſs was ſo eaſy! Unlike the world's little great men, to whom hampers of kingdoms, make happineſs impoſſible.

MACAULAY.

I WISH I had the honour of knowing Mr. Trevelyan perſonally, that I might have the pleaſure of thanking him *vivâ voce* for the immenſe boon he has beſtowed upon *me individually*, irreſpective of my being one of the atoms that make up the world at large, by his publication of "The Life and Letters" of his exceptionally gifted and diſtinguiſhed kinſman, the really great Thomas Babington Macaulay. It is given to ſo few of us here below, to complete the cycle of our thought, and ſtill leſs, to realize that of our *ideal*, that what greater boon can one human being beſtow upon another, than the proofs that one at leaſt of his or her golden idols had *not* feet of clay, and that, though albeit of coloſſal dimenſions, the ore was pure and unalloyed from ſummit to baſe? And this is preciſely the incalculable ſervice which

Mr. Trevelyan[1] has juſt rendered me. I never was, even in my "ſalad days," much addicted to hero-worſhip; I believe thoſe who live much among what are called "celebrities" ſeldom are, they being too nearly in the ſame category as ſupers and ſcene-ſhifters in a theatre, who ſee too much of the ugly machinery, paint, and tinſel, to be capable of winding themſelves up to admiration point at the fineſt and moſt glittering transformation ſcene ever produced; however marvellous the effect may be upon thoſe outſiders, called "the public," who know or ſee nothing of the *modus operandi;* but—

"In that ſoft amber light of long ago."

From the very firſt appearance of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," wherein I made Macaulay's acquaintance—alas! only in print—the cultus I then and there offered up at the altar of his genius, has gone on ſteadily increaſing in devotion, as in the courſe of time diſcrimination has been grafted upon enthuſiaſm. It was on "A Night in Ancient Rome," that I firſt meet him,—that gem *par excellence*, from the antique, ſo wondrouſly and clearly inciſed to the moſt delicately minute touches, ſo exquiſitely and highly poliſhed, not only externally but inter-

[1] M.P. for the Border Boroughs.

nally, that even he himſelf, though ever working up to the ſame pinnacle, never ſurpaſſed it. Poor Praed, too, ſo charming as far as he went, the "Vivian Joyeuſe" of "Knight's Quarterly," confirmed me in my new creed, and told me I did not and could not overrate Macaulay, and promiſed that ſome day he would make him known to me. Woe is me! that "ſome day," like ſo many other "ſome days," never came. Had he lived perhaps it might. Well! who knows, but in the "good time coming," which never comes on this ſide Styx, all our days may be theſe happy long due "ſome days?" Of courſe it did not need Mr. Trevelyan's upon the whole very able life of his illuſtrious uncle, to additionally ſpread the fame of Macaulay's *genius* from pole to pole, but it *did* need it to ſet the ſeal of genuineneſs upon the MAN—the hall-mark upon his virtues—which, though outlined very plainly, even through the dazzling effulgence of his great intellectual ſolar light, could not, of courſe, be verified in detail. It was impoſſible to read a ſentence Macaulay ever wrote or ſpoke, even in that great arena of humbug, and ſham Areopagus, St. Stephen's, without *feeling* that all *was* what it profeſſed to be. Even his wondrous and unapproachable ſtyle, was as natural and ſpontaneous, as the ruſhing water-worlds of Niagara, or the rich gorgeous fertility of tropical

vegetation. You *felt* by intuition that he did not, as it is called, "get up" the ſubject; but that it was all the infallible reſult of the richneſs of the indigenous ſoil, evenly, carefully, and ſcientifically handled and cultivated, then ſown with endleſs variety of the choiceſt and beſt kinds of ſeed, which only required the genial auxiliaries of time, ſeaſon, and atmoſpheric influences, to produce their inevitably luxuriant crops; where it was ſo manifeſt that to the planting of Paul and the watering of Apollos, God had ſo glorioufly and unlimitedly given the increaſe.

Yes, in all he wrote, in all he ſaid, in all he did, you felt that the greatneſs, that is, the goodneſs, of the man was genuine; *he* could not *act* a part, becauſe the one, nature had intended him to create in the world's drama was too noble a one. Like all ſingle-minded, broad, deep, natures, he had the courage of, not only his opinions, but of his likes or diſlikes, in great things or ſmall, with the ſtream for, or againſt it. This it was, which cauſed him never to loſe an opportunity of denouncing and detecting, that arch-charlatan and vulgar-minded ſelf-ſeeker and ſelf-worſhipper, Henry, Lord Brougham; or of proclaiming amid any amount of ſneers, ironical ſmiles, and raiſed eyebrows, his love and admiration of "Clariſſa Harlowe." Of courſe it was only poor, patient, perſecuted Clariſſa that he loved, and of courſe

he had an equally ſtrong and laudable wiſh to have ſtrangled the whole of the Harlowe family, and have ſold Harlowe Place after, for a private madhouſe; and regretted that there was a chronological impoſſibility exiſting to prevent his having had the ſatisfaction of even ſo tardily having rid the world, of that typical fine gentleman, Mr. Lovelace. Nay, more, I have not the leaſt doubt that he not only would have endorſed but even had admired! deſpite the "Lays of Ancient Rome," that ſonnet "To the Author of Clariſſa," which appeared in the ſecond edition of Richardſon's beſt work:—

"To the Author of Clarissa.

"O maſter of the heart! whoſe magick ſkill
The cloſe receſſes of the ſoul can find;
Can rouſe, becalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguiſh thrill.

Thy moral page, while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the age deſigned,
Wit, ſtrength, truth, decency, are all combin'd,
To lead our youth to good and guard from ill.

O long enjoy what thou ſo well haſt won,—
The grateful tribute of each honeſt heart,
Sincere, nor hackney'd in the ways of men;
At each diſtreſsful ſtroke their true tears run,
And nature, unſophiſticate by art,
Owns and applauds the labours of thy pen."

But if Macaulay had never uttered or written a ſyllable but the golden axioms contained in the following excerpt from Mr. Trevelyan's juſt-publiſhed "Life" of him, they alone, would have ſufficed to immortalize him, as a practical outcome of his true and honeſt nature, illuſtrated by his own choice:—

"I often wonder what ſtrange infatuation leads men who can do ſomething better, to ſquander their intellect, their health, their energy on ſuch objects as thoſe which moſt ſtateſmen are engaged in purſuing. . . . . That a man before whom the two paths, of literature and politics, lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, ſhould chooſe politics and quit literature, ſeems to me madneſs. On the one ſide is health, leiſure, peace of mind, the ſearch after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendſhip and converſation: on the other ſide, is almoſt certain ruin to the conſtitution, conſtant labour, conſtant anxiety. Every friendſhip which a man may have, becomes precarious, as ſoon as he engages in politics. . . . . Who would compare the fame of Charles Townſhend, to that of Hume? that of Lord North to that of Gibbon? that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnſon?"

Yes; but the moſt extraordinary infatuation of all is, that as the great ambition of this ſort of men is *to live*, that is, to go down to poſterity,

they cannot comprehend that nothing *can* live but what has life in it, and there is no vitality in anything but the *real*, and alike for the moſt exalted, as well as for the meaneſt intellect, their daily and hourly chequered life, of hopes, fears, duties, trials, ſtruggles, ſorrows, affections, diſlikes, temptations, the warring againſt them, or ſuccumbing to them; in a word, each human being's ſchool of ſelf-diſcipline is his *only real* and immortal life, and not the adventitious external circumſtances by which he is ſurrounded, whether they be the pomps and vanities or the perils and pauperiſm of earth's lottery. But the fact is, that worldlineſs is the moſt vulgar-minded and vulgariſing, as it is nearly the moſt univerſal of all vices; and like Death it enters everywhere, for it is quite as often found on the higheſt rung of the ladder, among thoſe born in the purple, as in the ſuburban villa or behind a counter. A mind like Macaulay's would naturally recoil from the ſewers and ceſſpools of political life, but he was only one of the few exceptions that prove the rule, for there can be no doubt that PUBLIC LIFE is the great *fetiſh* of England, and the wholeſale ſacrifices made to it, and for it, are even more unſpeakably and revoltingly hideous than thoſe of its African prototypes. And what wonder? when it is no matter how worthleſs, unprincipled, and immoral a man's private or real life may be, *that*,

is completely ignored, and never for a moment makes him ineligible for not only aſpiring to but obtaining the higheſt poſitions in public life, which only require a certain amount and verſatility of brain power and unlimited moral elaſticity. For half-a-dozen Macaulays in the world, who can comprehend and feel that though, of courſe, nepotiſm and back-ſtair influence can and do beſtow power and poſition, there are no ſuch things as real honours except thoſe which have been honourably earned or nobly won. Yet I am ſure there is hardly a ſecond, who would have had the honeſt ſimplicity to have evinced his gladneſs as he did, when his unſought peerage was offered him. Still, it was quite in keeping with the whole tenour of his life, which was, to confer benefits upon all who came within his reach; and verily, if any honour there were in this caſe, it was moſt unqueſtionably all on the ſide of the peerage.

But public men, in their inſatiable cravings for what they imagine to be immortality [?] forget what ironical jades the Fates are, and how TIME, who ought to be old enough to reſpect what ſo eſpecially belongs to him, aids and abets them in their iconoclaſtic pranks. The preſent and the future have their intereſt, at their reſpective antipodes. For inſtance, if in theſe days of railways and electric telegraphs, any one got a letter putting

him confidentially *au fait* of the projected "Royal Titles Bill," five days, or even four-and-twenty hours, before the newſpapers were on the ſcent of it, even if it did not afford any great delight, or indignation, or intereſt, to the recipient of the letter, it would do ſo as goſſip capital for the viſitors and neighbours of the favoured receiver of the early intelligence. Yet juſt put the dial on two or three hundred years, and no one then living will care one ſtraw about the "Royal Titles Bill," from the child that learns all about it hiſtorically as a taſk in the ſchool-room, to the child's parent, who liſtens to it as a duty from the child at ſecond hand. But if, indeed, ſome private letters of this time ſhould turn up, were they only from Queen Victoria's real *femme de chambre* (not miſtreſs of the robes) to a ſiſter Abigail in London, ſtating that—

"Has her Majeſty is to be made a Hempreſs, which I don't conſider no ſuch great matter for a Hengliſh queen, taint as hif ſhe was one of them furreners, nor hif indeed as they was a going to raiſe her ſalary with it, that would be a different thing; but all I looks to his, that praps it will hadd to *my* dooties conſiderable, has of courſe the eads will be wore higher than hever, and I not a penny the better for it; but hif there hain't that 'ere dreſſing-room bell on the rampage again. I'll

write from Gummany next week. So no more at preſent, from

"Yours truly,
"DOROTHY DRESSER"

—this charming epiſtle would excite more intereſt and converſation from one end of the kingdom to the other, than the moſt ſtirring political events of the preſent day will in poſterity of three hundred years' growth. We enjoy, it is true, ſo far as a laugh goes, that piece of ſtale politics called "Queen Elizabeth's golden ſpeech," *i.e.*, her laſt to her Parliament, wherein ſhe told them that all the glories and improvements during her reign, were due wholly and ſolely to her own wiſdom and preſcience, but all the ſhort-comings and miſcarriages "*were their culps;*" yet ſtill *we* ſhould now take much more intereſt in hearing how many "Sirrahs" ſhe beſtowed upon her grooms for "*their culps*," when ſhe remounted her palfrey on her return to her palace, or how many "ſwinging" boxes on the ear ſhe beſtowed upon her miſchievous maids of honour, when ſhe diſcovered that they had rouged the tip of her noſe inſtead of her cheeks. And who, now-a-days, cares one jot for the political and public affairs in "The Paſton Letters"? One is glad, indeed, that Judge Yelverton's ſpiteful pamphlet, trying to make out the Paſtons were

villains, or *glebæ aſcripti,* was eventually diſproved; and alſo, that though the Duke of Northumberland did eſcheat, or *tout bonnement* cheat, poor John Paſton out of Caiſter Caſtle, which bluff Sir John Faſtolf had left him, it was afterwards reſtored to the family. But how much more intereſt does one take even in the "worſted doublet which his wife Margaret brought John Paſton from Worſted, when ſhe went to ſee him in London;" and of which he found the threads "almoſt like ſilk." And moſt intereſting are the parental outburſts of affection in the ſhape of "good thraſhings," regularly twice a week, of Elizabeth Paſton, or the "head broken in two or three places," from the ſame weekly allowance to her Aunt Margery. One only regrets that there is not a graphic deſcription of the *miſe en ſcène, i.e.*, the furniture and dimenſions of the room in which this more than monaſtic diſcipline took place; and likewiſe, as they were ſuch notable houſewives and "ſkilful leeches" in thoſe days, that after their precious balms had broken their children's heads, they do not tell us what precious ointments they applied to heal them. Their exact and reſpective dreſſes and coifs, too, are great omiſſions, as well as the not clearly ſpecifying with what implements the caſtigations were adminiſtered,—birch, cane, ſlipper, or cat? As for poor Margery Paſton,

"who ſadly demeaned herſelf" by marrying Richard Calle, a faithful dependent of the Paſtons, and was turned out of the houſe for perſiſting in her intention, by John the Second, who ſaid that "Calle ſhould never have his good will to make his ſiſter ſell candles and muſtard at Framlingham,"—I wiſh I had been there to have helped her in my little way, by giving an order, not indeed that the gas ſhould have been cut off in the lower regions, ſeeing that in thoſe days they had none, but that nothing but tallow ſhould be burned in the Netherlands, that every thing ſhould be dreſſed *à la tartare*, and that all the maids (for of courſe the men would not have ſubmitted—they never do—to anything; which proves their ſuperiority,) well, yes, that all the maids ſhould have worn muſtard plaſters *en permanence*, whether they had colds or not—which, living in Norfolk, of courſe they would have had, or ought to have had, all the year round.

As for the abſence of all family affection among us Engliſh, that ſeemed to ſo puzzle and aſtound all foreigners in thoſe days, and cauſed the Venetian Ambaſſador to doubt whether in high or low life any Engliſhman ever could have been in love; I am ſure we modern Engliſh have no changes or innovations in domeſticities to reproach ourſelves with. Any little maudlin

family affection we may be encumbered with, there is always ſelf-intereſt, like the Queen's Proctor in the Divorce Court, "intervening" to adjuſt the balance; ſo that

> "Love light as air, at ſight of human ties,
> Plumes his light wings, and in a moment flies."

But, as we are alſo told that whatever abſence of affection there might be in the Engliſh of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and ſixteenth centuries, they were remarkable for their good breeding and extreme politeneſs, this proves to us what a total loſs we *urſa majors* of the nineteenth century have ſuſtained. If there was any chance of infuſing a little, even a few drops of this loſt life-blood into them, one would almoſt be tempted to recommend a courſe of educational viviſection, after the manner of the Paſtonian weekly thraſhings and broken heads, for the riſing generation.

But as a more modern and illuſtrious inſtance of the vitality of reality reaching to immortality, in fact, the only well authenticated proof of the truth of the Darwinian theory of "the ſurvival of the fitteſt," Macaulay's family muſt, as a matter of courſe, be juſtly proud of his genius and his fame, a pride that will deſcend to his lateſt poſterity; but for the immediate portion of it ſtill living, I feel ſure that, great and immortal as that genius and fame are, they are yet the two attributes

which, when recalling him, the family dwell on leaſt. No, it is the kind, conſiderate, ever ſympathetic and affectionate friend, the large-hearted, genial, many-ſided good man, who not only thought of giving dinner parties to children in his rooms at the Albany, for that would have been nothing, but who invariably had the thought and took the trouble of ſeeing that everything was got that his little gueſts could poſſibly like. Ah! great univerſal mother NATURE, there *you*, as always, ſat enſhrined and paramount in the heart, the deep, pure heart, of this great man, though his intellect *was* brilliant-cut, and flaſhed its myriad facets upon liſtening ſenates, and an admiring world. No wonder, not that his family, which was *his* nucleus, but that all who came within the ſphere of his influence, loved him; not, by all accounts, from any perſonal graces or charm of manner, for it was ſaid that in appearance he was ungainly; no, it was the ſheer triumph of mind, ay, and of ſoul, over matter; crowned by that impalpable but ſubtle and divine halo which goodneſs ſheds around all who poſſeſs it.

I would have given more than I poſſeſs or am ever likely to poſſeſs, to have been an inviſible eye and ear witneſs to the ſcene of *his* "arreſt of the five members"—I mean when the five irate Quakers waited upon him at the Albany, to

expoſtulate with him about the too life-like portrait he had limned of their idol William Penn. "Its tone," as Mr. Trevelyan truly ſays, "reminds one of Johnſon," only from its conciliating effect it muſt have lacked the other leviathan's ſledge-hammerativeneſs."

"I wrote," ſaid Macaulay, in reply to their complaint, "the hiſtory of four years, during which he was expoſed to great temptations; during which he was the favourite of a bad king and an active ſolicitor in a moſt corrupt court. His character was injured by the aſſociations. Ten years before, or ten years later, he would have made a much better figure. But was I to begin my book ten years ſooner or later for William Penn's ſake?"

"His viſitors," adds Mr. Trevelyan, "complimented him upon his courteſy and candour, and parted from him on the beſt of terms."

So I ſhould ſuppoſe; but though Cæſar (Julius), as Suetonius tells us, lacked the *vis comica*, and therefore with all his greatneſs muſt have been but a dull fellow, Macaulay did not, ſo it is *his* face that I ſhould ſo much like to have ſeen, after the departure of the five Quakers. If they had only been "Friends in Council" and knew how to keep their own, they might have known before they came, that *their* Penn could have had no poſſible chance againſt Macaulay's.

I am now glad that I did not ſee his face, for it would have been that ſupererogatory thing, an additional ſorrow, to be among thoſe who

"Ne'er can look upon that face again."

Truly,

"His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth for evermore."

PROPOSED PLAN FOR A SUPPLEMENTARY COLLEGE TO THE UNIVERSITIES,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF SAVING TIME AND TROUBLE WITH RESPECT TO UNDERGRADUATES LIKELY TO BE PLUCKED.

FOLLOWED BY TWO GHOST STORIES.

"THERE is a river," ſaith my friend Burton (not Burton-upon-Trent) "at the Swallow, that ſinketh into the earth and riſeth again two miles nearer Leatherhead. They do ſay a gooſe was put in, and came out again alive, though with the loſs of all its feathers."

This would appear to be a far ſhorter and more ſwimming mode of plucking than the ordinary proceſs in uſe at the Univerſities, ſo we ſtrongly recommend that the propoſed Supplementary Plucking College ſhould be built at the *Swallow;* and the vicinity to Leatherhead is another con-

genial deſideratum that would make the *pluckee* feel quite *en pays de connaiſſance* at the little light dinner, given by Godfrey Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, in 1470, at his palace at York, to a few of his friends among the nobles, clergy, and gentry, wherein he ſpent 300 quarters of wheat, 330 tuns of ale, 104 tuns of wine, one pipe of ſpiced wine, 80 fat oxen, ſix wild bulls [!], 1,004 ſheep, 300 hogs, 3,000 calves, 3,000 geeſe, 2,000 capons, 300 pigs, 100 peacocks, 200 cranes, 200 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 rabbits, 240 bitterns, 4,000 ducks, 400 herons, 200 pheaſants, 500 partridges, 4,000 woodcocks, 400 plovers, 100 curlews, 100 quails, 1,000 egrets, 200 rees, above 400 bucks, does, and roebucks, 1,056 hot veniſon paſties, 4,000 cold veniſon paſties, 1,000 diſhes of jelly parted, 4,000 diſhes of jelly plain, 4,000 cold porpoiſes [!] and 400 tarts, 4,000 cold cuſtards, 2,000 hot, 300 breams, 8 ſeales.

At this feaſt the Earl of Warwick was ſteward, the Earl of Bedford treaſurer, the Lord Haſtings comptroller, with many other noble officers. And there were 1,000 ſervitors, 62 cooks, 515 ſcullions, and innumerable turnſpit dogs. It is ſad to add that in a few years after giving theſe agreeable little dinners (as will ſometimes happen in more modern times), this poor gentleman fell into difficulties and died in great diſtreſs, or as

the chronicle ſets forth, "The king ſeized on his eſtate and ſent him priſoner into France, where he was bound in chains[1] and died in great poverty. Juſtice," concludes this Joſeph Hume of an hiſtorian, "thus puniſhing his former prodigality."

But dear me! if we are to believe all, ay, or even *half* we hear, the above little *ambigu* was nothing to the way in which thoſe eccleſiaſtical commons, the monks, ate, and thoſe *too well* protected females, the nuns, drank. Juſt liſten to the requirements of a king's daughter and a king's ſiſter in that way, according to Rymer. As there was no *Times* newſpaper in thoſe days with philanthropic advertiſers, anxious "to receive as inmates, Ladies [!], and Gentlemen of intemperate habits," we muſt charitably hope that in this inſtance it was not *in vino veritas.*

But here is the little item:

"In 1307," ſays Rymer, "Edward the Second confirmed the grant his father, Edward the Firſt, had made to his ſiſter, Mary, a Nun at AMBROSEBURY, of 200*l. per annum*, 40 oak trees for firing in her chamber,[2] and 20 *dolia*

[1] Like Lord Bateman, without, however, meeting with a "Fair Sophia," which would not have been proper for an archbiſhop, and altogether inconvenient in the event of his being recalled from exile, as there were no coaches and three in thoſe days to bring her back in, and the Church was his legitimate bride.

[2] Surely it muſt have been too hot to hold her!

[or hogſheads] of wine, as long as ſhe continued in the Nunnery and lived in England.[1] And," adds the innocent Rymer, "the reader will not, I believe, be diſpleaſed to ſee the care that was taken in thoſe days for the *ſuſtentation* of the daughter and ſiſter of a king of England." Whereupon he gives the following ſtate paper:

"The *King* to the *Sheriff* of *Wilts*, greeting.

"Foraſmuch as we are indebted to our deareſt ſiſter *Mary*, a *Nun of Ambroſebury*, in the ſumm of 12*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* As well for hay, oats, litter, and ſhooing, as for her ſervants wages, whileſt ſhe tarried at *Windſor*, in the month of *December* laſt paſt, as alſo for her expenſes in travelling from *Windſor* to *Ambroſebury*, as in a Bill of our *Warderobe*, delivered by our ſiſter into our Chancery, appears more at large. We, willing to ſatisfy our ſiſter in the particular with all ſpeed we may, do hereby command you to pay to our ſaid ſiſter, or her lawful *Attorney*, the ſaid ſumme out of the iſſues of your Bailifry, without Delay; and we in our accounts at your Exchequer ſhall make all due allowance for the ſame.

"*Witneſſe the King at* Windſor, Jan. the 1ſt, 1313.

"By a *Bill of the* Warderobe."

[1] She muſt, in a meaſure, have infringed the contract by being often half-ſeas over.

But though I cannot, friend Reader, feaſt you with a thouſand hecatombs like Godfrey Nevil, nor fluſh you with twenty dolias of wine, like the royal Nun of Ambroſebury, yet I can, in order to "ſpeed the parting gueſt," act upon a ſage axiom of another old chronicler, Ingulfus, who opined that "However dull a *Boke* might be at ye onſet, and even in ye maine parts thereofe; it ſhould not faile to have a *ſpirate* in ye ende."

Therefore I ſhall conclude with *two* ſpirits, by giving you a brace of well authenticated ghoſt ſtories, as told to me ſome years ago by the two ſtill living actors in them, a lady and a gentleman, both of a certain age and pre-eminently *un*imaginative, or what is vulgarly called *not* given to romancing. One happened in broad daylight to an enthuſiaſtic diſciple of Iſaac Walton, while angling the ſultry ſummer hours away. This I ſhould have conſidered unique, and therefore apocryphal, in the archives of ghoſtology, except for the many ghoſts who began to ſee daylight about the reign of George I. according to Andrew Moreton, in that curious collection of ſupernatural biographies of his, entitled "THE SECRETS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD DISCLOSED, OR AN UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF APPARITIONS, SACRED AND PROFANE, UNDER ALL DENOMINATIONS, *whether* ANGELICAL, DIABOLICAL, OR HUMAN SOULS DEPARTED; with a great variety

of ſurpriſing and diverting examples never publiſhed before; alſo ſhowing how we may diſtinguiſh between the APPARITIONS OF GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS, and how we ought to behave to them.

"'SPIRITS, in whatſoever ſhape they chuſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.'—MILTON.

Sold by Thomas Worral, at Judge Coke's Head, againſt St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet Streeet. MDCCXXXV."

The copper plates are not the leaſt curious part of this book, next to the open and ſtraightforward proceedings of the apparitions; moſt of which travel by fields, lanes, and gardens, knock at cedar-parlour windows at noon-day, are ſeen of more than one perſon, and, moſt marvellous of all, for the moſt part belong to *living* bodies, who in order not to bear the brunt of their fantaſtic doings, go to great trouble and expenſe to prove an *alibi* of ſeveral miles', and often ſeveral hundreds of miles', diſtance, at the time their ſpirits were ſo unwarrantably pawning their honour and getting duplicates of their forms. But there is not ONE in the Moreton collection, in my opinion, half ſo wonderful as the two well authenticated, not to ſay "well-conditioned" apparitions, I ſhall now have the honour of preſenting to you.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy."—HAMLET.

Place aux dames! even though we are going ſo much out of the world. It is now ſome five-and-twenty years ſince I became acquainted, in a German town, with two ſiſters, of the claſs I denominate "ſenſible women," vulgarly called "old maids." They were not only ſenſible, but, like *moſt* really ſenſible people, extremely agreeable and well-informed, the eldeſt particularly ſo, who had for many years rubbed up againſt Göthe and Jean Paul, while ſhe occupied a poſt in the little court of Weimar. But if *ſhe* had it in the head her ſiſter carried off the palm in heart, for a more thoroughly lovable, amiable, unſelfiſh perſon it would not be eaſy to find; but then, to be ſure, ſhe had graduated in that moſt humanizing and mellowing of all ſchools—affliction, and drawn her ſympathy for others, from the deep ſource of a great perſonal ſorrow; not that there was any ſurface ſadneſs or even penſiveneſs about her; on the contrary, her manner was *enjouée* and *prévenante*, always ready to promote or join in any of thoſe thouſand little *jeux de ſociété* which paſs away an evening ſo pleaſantly, and which French woman (for they were French, not German,) ſo pre-eminently poſſeſs the ſecret of making graceful as well as amuſing. Still, at

times, deſpite her cheerful manner, a deep ſhadow would ſteal over her perfectly pale face, giving it that intenſely deſolate and unearthly look which a ſnow landſcape aſſumes when a gorgeous ſun ſuddenly ſets, taking with it all the red and golden roſes it had but the minute before been ſtrewing on that wintry winding-ſheet. She always dreſſed in black, but merely rich black ſilk, not mourning properly ſo called. Nevertheleſs, ſhe had acquired the *ſobriquet* of "the widow," and the miſſes (for there *are* miſſes, even in Germany, as well as ſentimental ſauſage-eating *Fräuleins*), yea, verily, even the miſſes giggled when they ſpoke of her as ſuch, and my curioſity being piqued to know how ſhe had acquired this honorary freedom of the conjugal ſtate, upon inquiry I was told that thereby hung, not only a romantic tale, but a ghoſt ſtory,—that Mademoiſelle Stéphanie de A—— had, fifteen years previouſly to the time of which I am writing, been engaged to be married to a M. Vander—ſomething—a Dutchman. Everything was arranged, the day fixed, and they were to be married in a month, when he was accidentally drowned. To this part of the cataſtrophe it was that the ghoſt ſtory was appended. Mademoiſelle Stéphanie de A—— was in Hungary when ſhe heard of the death of her *fiancé*, and for two years after, on her return to ——, ſhe wore

deep widow's weeds, and hence her *ſobriquet* of "*la veuve.*"

One Chriſtmas Eve that I was to paſs at the De A——'s I found Mélanie, the eldeſt of the two ſiſters, alone, arranging the Chriſtmas tree. As ſoon as the ſervant who had been helping her to decorate it had aſked her when he ſhould light up the little tapers about it, and had withdrawn, after extolling her taſte, ſhe and I went into the other drawing-room or reception-room, and as we had it all to ourſelves we were no ſooner ſeated in our reſpective *bergères* at each ſide of the bright crackling pine fire, than I was determined to lead up to the matter that was preoccupying me; and after having broached the ſubject of apparitions in general, and individual viſitations in particular, I aſked her point-blank if ſhe believed in ſuch things?

"*Comment! ſi j'y crois? Eh! mon Dieu! nous en ſavons bien aſſez!*" was her reply, with a momentary ſhudder.

I then ventured ſo far as to ſay, that the *on dit* at —— was, that her ſiſter had once ſeen a viſion of ſome ſort.

She ſhook her head two or three times, ſlowly but affirmatively. At length ſhe ſaid, after a ſhort pauſe—

"*Ecoutez!* I believe Stéphanie likes you well enough to tell you the hiſtory herſelf, and to-night,

when everyone is gone, I will try and get her to do ſo, and alſo to *ſhow* you the proof of what ſhe aſſerts. *Mais chut! la voici!*"

And as ſhe ſpoke *la veuve* entered, and as ſoon after, the gueſts began to arrive, of courſe the converſation became general. But I reſolved within myſelf that I wouldn't "go home till morning," if it were neceſſary, in order to hear the ghoſt ſtory; in which expectation, I confeſs, the evening appeared unuſually long, notwithſtanding that I had the good fortune to win an *étui*, with a gold thimble, ſciſſors, and needles, —moſt uſeful things in themſelves, but to *me* rather in the category of what the ſailors call "a watch-pocket for a cow." However, no matter how agreeable or how ſtupid a party may be, the time at length arrives when the comers muſt go. And go they did—all but myſelf. I was the laſt. I made a feint to follow the others, but Mélanie, propoſing that "we three" ſhould have a *bonne cauſerie* and ſome ſpiced wine, I, with a faint ſhow of reſiſtance, yielded to her *douce violence*.

"*Allons*," ſaid ſhe, "*racontez-nous, une de vos bonnes hiſtoires.*"

I obeyed with the moſt amiable alacrity, and ſoon had both the ſiſters in fits of laughter. Mélanie then gave us an *impayable* anecdote of Madame de Staël-Holſtein, which, though it

did very well *en petit comité*, as *ſhe* managed to tell it, would not exactly do for print, for we are *very* proper in *print*—we Engliſh, (would to goodneſs we were equally ſo in practice!). At length it became the turn of Stéphanie to cater for our amuſement. She began by excuſing herſelf, ſaying ſhe was ſo ſtupid that ſhe really knew nothing worth our liſtening to.

"*Oh, que ſi!*" proteſted Mélanie; and riſing and whiſpering ſomething in her ſiſter's ear, ſhe added aloud, "*Oui, de grâce, ma bonne Stéphanie, je t'en prie!*"

And I adding my entreaties to hers, we at length prevailed upon her to narrate the following moſt extraordinary circumſtance:

"I muſt tell you that about ſixteen years ago, I was engaged to be married to M. Vanderveldt de Witt, of Amſterdam. Everything was arranged for the wedding to take place in a month, not in Holland but in Hungary, at the *château* of my friend, the Comteſſe de G——, whom you have met here, and with whom I was then ſtaying on a viſit. It was late in October. I had on the morning of the 23rd received an *écrin* of very beautiful pearls and ſapphires from my *fiancé*, and very kind letters from his mother and his ſiſter Madame G—— de Z——. We were all in high ſpirits, and at ſupper (for in Hungary and Germany in thoſe days people ſupped) the

Comte de G—— drank to the health of the future bride and bridegroom. A withered old diplomate, Baron von S——, alone refuſed to drink the toaſt, ſaying it was unlucky, and quoting the proverb, 'Many a ſlip 'tween the cup and the lip.' As you may ſuppoſe, I thought this both unkind and ill-bred, and left the table in tears. Madame de G—— followed me up to my room, abuſing Baron von S——, who ſhe ſaid had always been an old *brouillon*, even in diplomacy, which only required head and no heart, and aſked me how I could be ſo ſilly as to let the croaking of ſuch a notorious old raven diſtreſs me, when I had had ſuch cheering and delightful letters that very morning, and would in one little month be able triumphantly to refute the Baron's beariſh growls? I replied, 'Ah! what may not happen in or long before the expiration of a month, and I be none the wiſer?'[1]

"'*Bah! eſt elle donc bête, cette petite fiancée?*' was her only anſwer, and ſhe rang for Theckla, my *femme de chambre*, and tapping me on the cheek wiſhed me good night. Now I muſt tell you that my bedroom was large and gloomy, an old wainſcoted room, with the bed in an alcove,

[1] There were neither railways nor electric telegraphs on any part of the Continent at that time, ſo that the tranſit of letters and all other news was ſlow, but by no means ſure.

as the beds in thoſe old Hungarian *châteaux* generally are; a good fire blazed on the hearth, but not a ſingle thing in the ſhape of water, hot or cold, in the room; for at the *inner* ſide of the alcove (in which the bed fitted as *cloſely* as a bracelet in a caſe) was a door opening into the dreſſing-room, where there was another fire, with a kettle of hot water, and all the hip-baths, baſins, cans of cold water, and other waſhing-things; ſo that had I wanted a glaſs of water, or *ſirop*, or *tiſanne*, or anything, in the night, I muſt either have got out of bed and gone into the dreſſing-room for it, which was eaſy, the door opening from the wall, inſide the bed, or have rung for it; as, to ſave my life, I could not at either ſide of the bed have had a table or chair, however ſmall, placed ſo as to have had a cup or glaſs ſtanding upon it. You will ſee as I go on, that it was neceſſary fully to explain this to you. There was alſo of courſe *another* door into the dreſſing-room at the end of the room, *outſide* the foot of the bed. After I had waſhed and ſaid my prayers, Theckla ſtayed as uſual to put out the candles, both in the bedroom and dreſſing-room, and then left me. Tired out with the excitement of the day, as well pleaſurable as painful, I fell aſleep, and may have ſlept for about an hour and a half, when I awoke with a loud ſcream, having dreamt that I ſaw Carle de

Witt fall into ſome deep black-looking water, that I had caught hold of him to try and ſave him, but his coat had given way, and he fell in with a terrific ſplaſh! and that was it, that woke me; but imagine my horror when, as if to prove it was a reality and no dream, I felt all the front of my nightgown, from the ankles to the ſhoulders, wringing wet and deadly cold! I rang the bell at the head of the bed violently, for I was ſo paralyzed between grief and fear that I could not get out of bed. Theckla appeared, as ſoon as ſhe could get down out of her own room, with a ſhawl haſtily thrown over her ſhoulders and her ſtockingleſs feet thruſt into her ſlippers.

"'*Mon Dieu! eſt-ce que mademoiſelle eſt malade?*' ſaid ſhe, hurrying to the bedſide with the light.

"'For heaven's ſake, Theckla, look here! What *can* this be?' ſaid I, putting my hand upon her ſhoulder and getting out of bed; when both ſhe and I, to our terror and aſtoniſhment, beheld my night things, not only ſplaſhed with a black muddy water from the ankles to the ſhoulders, but *dripping wet*.

"'*Seigneur Dieu!*' ſhe exclaimed, 'what has happened to you?"

"I firſt told her to bring me another nightgown, and on *no* account to have the one I took off waſhed, but to let it dry, and put it carefully by.

I then told her my dream. She was ſo aghaſt that ſhe made no attempt at refuting it, but kept on wringing her hands and turning up her eyes. I could not return to bed again, neither could I ſtand. I made Theckla bring pen, ink, and paper; I aſked her to look at my watch and tell me exactly what o'clock it was; and allowing for the ten minutes that had elapſed from the time I had rang my bell to the time it had taken her to reach my room, and alſo allowing for the five additional minutes it had taken me to tell her my dream, I told her to write down in clear, large, legible letters (for my own hand trembled ſo much that I could not,) what I ſhould dictate to her, and then to pin the ſtatement to the night-gown and put them both carefully away. She accordingly wrote as follows, accompanying herſelf the while with innumerable "*Eh mon pères!*" and "*Eſt-il poſſibles!*"

"'On the night of the 23rd of October, 18—, Stéphanie de A— being at the *château* of the Comte de G— in Hungary, near ——, dreamt, at a quarter to twelve at night, that ſhe ſaw M. Carle Vanderveldt de Witt's foot ſlip, and that he fell into ſome deep, black-looking water, nd athat ſhe in vain tried to ſave him, when ſhe awoke with the fright, and, wonderful to relate, found the front of her nightgown wringing wet, and ſplaſhed in a ſpiral and perpendicular direc-

tion, exactly as would have been the caſe had ſhe been ſtanding in it on the bank of a river and a heavy ſubſtance had fallen ſuddenly into the water.

"'Witneſſed by me, THECKLA MORGANSTEIN,
at the Château de G——,
in Hungary, this night of the
23rd of October, 18—,
at half-paſt 12 at night.'

"I could not, as I have before ſaid," continued Stéphanie, "return to bed the whole of that night, and the next morning I was in a brain fever; but as ſoon as letters could arrive from Holland, there came one to Madame de G—— from Marie de Witt (Madame G—— de Z——), to beg of her to break the fatal tidings to me. This letter bore the date of the 24th of October, and ſtated that on the previous day her brother Carle, had dined with her, and ſtayed late, talking over his future proſpects and approaching marriage. As the night was very foggy, ſhe wanted him to return home in her carriage, but he ſaid he preferred walking. Paſſing one of the canals, the fog became ſo denſe he could not ſee his hand before him, and ſtopping, it is ſuppoſed, to count the chimes of the Stadt Houſe clock, then ſtriking a quarter paſt twelve (at which hour his own watch was found to have ſtopped), on reſuming

his courſe, as is ſuppoſed by the man at the bridge, who heard the heavy ſplaſh, his foot ſlipped and he fell into the canal. Lanterns and flambeaux were immediately brought, but it was half-an-hour before the body could be found, and then it was quite dead.

"Seeing is believing," added Stéphanie, her voice almoſt inarticulate with emotion, as ſhe roſe, and taking a ſmall trefoil key out of her pocket, opened a drawer of an old carved oak *bahut*, or cabinet, and produced the nightgown, with the paper Theckla had written ſtill pinned to it. The dark ſplaſhes of foul, muddy water, exactly as ſhe had deſcribed, broad and heavy at the ſkirt from the hem, and tapering and ſprinkling in miry drops as the ſplaſh deſcended, was, without exception (under the circumſtances), the moſt extraordinary thing I ever ſaw in my life. After we had all three gazed on it for full five minutes in profound ſilence, ſhe took it, replaced it in the cabinet, put the key again in her pocket, and walked, without uttering a word, like a perſon in her ſleep, out of the room.

"*Pauvre Stéphanie!*" murmured her ſiſter.

"*Pauvre femme!*" ſighed I, as I preſſed Mélanie's hand, and quitted the houſe without any other adieux, to ponder on this ſtrange, but ower true tale.

Before I narrate the other ghoſt ſtory, which

was really an *apparition*, though in broad daylight, I may as well cite a few of Mr. Moreton's theories reſpecting apparitions. After largely quoting from what he is good enough to call "Mr. Milton's fine poem," he next proceeds to turn the greater part of the "Paradiſe Loſt" into ſomewhat ludicrous proſe, deſcriptive of the Devil's innumerable metamorphoſes to tempt Eve; he then goes on through all his (Satan's) various apparitions, as well as the celeſtial ones, throughout the Bible.

His claſſification of ſpirits is threefold; namely, angelic, or good; demoniacal, or evil; and the ſouls of living or dead men, which are not neceſſarily either evil or good, but from being *ſpirit* and not matter, have perfect volition, and under peculiar and exceptional circumſtances, and the will of a higher power, perfect ubiquity. And as an argument that our ſpirits, or, as they are called in Scripture, our "angels," may appear to others, when our ſtill living bodies are far diſtant, he inſtances Matthew xviii. 10, Chriſt's ſaying of little children, "*in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.*" And again, Acts xii. 15, when Peter knocked at the door where the diſciples were gathered together, and they, believing him to be in chains and in the priſon, ſaid, "*It is his angel.*"

He then goes on to ſay, while theoriſing on the poſſible nature and attributes of ſpirits—

"Others run out to an imaginary ſcheme of guardian angels attending every man and woman while they are upon earth; a notion ſo uncertain, if granted, and that has ſo many difficulties, that it is much better to leave it where it is, and which I ſhall explain preſently a much eaſier way.

"Now I ſay this is not my preſent buſineſs, to reconcile theſe diſtant and claſhing opinions, at leaſt not in this work. I have ſtarted a queſtion; poſſibly my opinion is with the affirmative, at leaſt I think it poſſible, and that it is rational to believe it; perhaps I may name you as improbable a notion, and much more inconſiſtent with the Chriſtian religion, which yet Philoſophy bids us call rational, and directs us to believe.

"How are we put to it, to form inhabitants for the planetary worlds! Philoſophy ſays they are habitable bodies, ſolid, opaque, as the earth, and we will have them be inhabited alſo, whether it be with or without, for or againſt, our reaſon and underſtanding; 'tis no ſatisfaction to them, or will it ſtop their cavils to ſay 'tis not a fact, that they are *not* habitable; that both *Saturn* and *Jupiter* are uncomfortably dark, and inſufferably cold, and would congeal the very ſoul

(if that were poſſible), and ſo are not habitable on that account. That *Mercury* and *Venus* are intolerably hot, that the very water would always boil, and the fire burn up the vitals, and that in ſhort no human creatures could exiſt in ſuch heat. But this is not ſatisfactory neither, but rather than not have all theſe opaque worlds inhabited, and even their *Satellites*, or moons, about them too, they will have God be obliged to create a ſpecies of bodies ſuited to their ſeveral climates.

"In *Saturn* they are to live without eyes, or be as it were illuminated from their own internal heat and light, ſo as that they can ſee ſuccinctly from their own beams.[1]

"In *Jupiter* there muſt be another kind, who can live in twilight, and by the reflection of their own moons, and ſubſiſt in a continued froſt.[2]

"In *Mercury* the ſpecies muſt be all ſalamanders, and live in the continued fire of the ſun's rays, more intenſe than what would be ſufficient to burn all our houſes, and melt our iron, lead, and copper in the very mines. So that the inhabitants muſt be of a kind better able to bear

[1] Even in our little homœopathic globule of a planet, the earth, many perſons do this, and many more would be far better off if they would do the ſame. Only, unfortunately, thoſe who are illuminated from within, with us—can't.

[2] Theſe *we* have alſo in perfection.

fire than thoſe metals, and would ſtill live, though they were continually calcining or vitrifying.

"In *Venus* the heat would boil the water, and conſequently the blood in the body,[1] and a ſet of human bodies muſt be formed who could live always in a hot bath,[2] and neither fuſe out their ſouls nor melt their bodies.

"In *Mars*, ſo very dry in its nature, no vegetables or ſenſitives could ſubſiſt that we have any notion of, for want of moiſture; and the men that lived there muſt be dried up ſufficiently for pulverization on any ſuitable occaſion,—I mean human beings of our ſpecies.

"Now if God muſt not be ſuppoſed to have created ſo many habitable worlds without peopling them, and if it would reflect on his wiſdom to lay ſo much of His creation waſte that all the planets ſhould ſeem to be made for nothing but to range about the waſte, as a kind of dark inhabitants, of no uſe but to ſhine a little, and that with but borrowed luſtre[3] too,

[1] In our little planet, the earth, it is juſt the reverſe, for it is *ugly* things, more eſpecially what is emphatically called "*an ugly buſineſs*," that makes *our* blood boil.

[2] Here we Earthmen ſhow our ſuperiority again; for how many amongſt us there are who *do* live continually in hot water, and by the *laws* of our planet, are never out of it!

[3] Here again we Earthites beat them hollow; as we can, by innumerable modern inſtances, prove that ſuch a ſtate of

upon this little point called earth, where only a ſet of rationals[1] can exiſt,—I ſay, if this muſt not be ſuppoſed; but on the contrary, that there are certainly people of one kind or another in all theſe worlds, let the trouble of making them be what it will; if this be the caſe, and if this muſt be believed in ſpite of many difficulties and inconſiſtencies, then allow me to argue a little upon the following inquiry:

"Why may I not as well ſuggeſt, and that with every jot as much probability, that there are, or at leaſt may be, a certain number of appointed inhabitants in the vaſtly extended abyſs of ſpace, a kind of ſpirits (other than the angels, good or bad, and alſo other than the unbodied or uncaſed ſouls of men,) who dwell in the inviſible world, and in the vaſt *nowhere* of unbounded ſpace, of which we can neither ſay what it is, what it contains, nor how determined? That great waſte, of the extent of which, it is hardly poſſible even the ſoul itſelf can conceive, and of which all the accounts we give and the gueſſes we make, are ſo remote, look ſo enthuſiaſtic, ſo improbable, and ſo like impoſſible, that inſtead of informing the ignorant part of the world by it, we only arm them with jeſt and ridicule, and

luminouſly uſeleſs exiſtence (or, at leaſt, of no uſe but to the owner), is quite poſſible.

[1] Query, irrationals?

reſolve them in incurable unbelief, depending that what it is not poſſible to conceive of is not poſſible to be.

"Now is this immenſe ſpace indeed a void? is it all a waſte? is it utterly deſolate? or is it peopled by the Omnipotent Maker in a manner ſuited to His own glory, and with ſuch inhabitants as are ſpiritual, inviſible, and therefore perfectly proper to the place?

"I muſt needs ſay 'tis more rational to ſuggeſt this to be, than to bring out a ſpecies of human bodies to live in the intenſe heat of *Mercury* or the acute cold of *Jupiter* or *Saturn*. The latter is agreeable to the general underſtanding we all have of ſpiritual[1] beings. We are all well aſſured that there are ſome always there, and that they can very well ſubſiſt there; that the place is ſuitable to them, and that there are ſpirits of ſome kind or other, and why not ſuch as we ſuggeſt?

"It remains then only to examine what communication theſe ſpirits have with us; whether they are or are not able to hold converſation with us, and whether they do converſe familiarly with us, yea or no?"

[1] Or as Mr. Moreton calls them, "*ſpirituous*" beings; So that one would really ſuppose that he was writing of the denizens of our own little planet before the advent of Father Mathew.

"If it ſhould be granted that there are ſuch ſpirits in exiſtence, and that they paſs and repaſs, live, and have egreſs and regreſs there: that they inhabit, as a certain bombaſtic author has it,

'Thro' all the liquid mazes of the ſky,'

I ſay, if this ſhould be granted, then it remains that there is a fourth ſpecies that may aſſume ſhapes; for ſpirits can do that, and may appear among us, may converſe with our embodied ſpirits, whether by dream, viſion, or apparition, or any ſuperior way, ſuch as to them, in their great knowledge of things, may ſeem meet. To ſpeak as diſtinctly of this nice point as I can, permit me to explain myſelf a little.

"If we grant that the ſpirit, though inviſible in itſelf, may aſſume ſhape, may veſt itſelf ſo with ſeeming fleſh and blood as to form an appearance, then all ſpirit may do it, ſince we have no rule given us by which we may diſtinguiſh ſpirits one from the other; I mean, as to their actings in the capacity of ſpirits. We may indeed, as I have ſaid already, diſtinguiſh them by the effect, that is to ſay, by the errand they come on, and by the manner of their operations; as whether they are good or evil ſpirits; but not by their nature *as* ſpirit.

"The devil is as really a ſpirit, though a degenerated, fallen, and evil ſpirit, I ſay he is as

much a ſpirit, to all the intents and purpoſes of a ſpirit that we are capable of judging of, as an angel And he is called the Evil Spirit. He has inviſibility and multipreſence, as a ſpirit has; he can appear, though the doors be ſhut, and go out through them, though bolted and barred. No priſon can hold him, but his laſt eternal dungeon. No chain can bind him, but the chains faſtened on him by heaven, and the angel of the bottomleſs pit. No engine or human art can wound him. In ſhort, he is neither to be ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood, unleſs he pleaſes; and he can make himſelf be both ſeen and heard too if he pleaſes; for he can aſſume the ſhape of man or beaſt, and in theſe ſhapes or appearances can make himſelf viſible to us, terrify and affright us, converſe in a friendly or a frightful manner with us, as he thinks fit. He can be a companion or a fellow-traveller in the day, an apparition or a horrible monſter in the night. In a word, he can be among us, and act upon and with us, viſibly or inviſibly, as he pleaſes, and as he finds to his purpoſe."

* * * * *

After reiterating this argument much in the ſame ſtrain, the author again cites the apparitions in ſacred hiſtory, pointing out and expatiating upon the grandeur or neceſſity of theſe angelic

manifeſtations, and then adds, with much truth and ſome humour, with reſpect to the general run of vulgar ſuperſtitions and popular errors and fallacies—'But here you have an old woman dead, one it may be that has hid a little money in the orchard or garden, and an apparition is ſuppoſed to come and diſcover it, by leading the perſon it appears to to the place, and makes a ſignal that he ſhould dig there. Or a man is dead, and having left a legacy to ſo-and-ſo, the executor does not pay it, and then an apparition comes, and haunts this fraudulent executor till he does juſtice and pays it. Is it likely an angel ſhould be ſent from heaven to find out the old woman's earthen diſh, with thirty or forty ſhillings in it? Or that an angel ſhould be ſent to haraſs this man for a legacy of perhaps five or ten pounds? And as to the *Devil*, will any one charge *him* with being ſolicitous to have juſtice done? Thoſe who know him at all muſt know him better than to think ſo erroneouſly of him."

Another of his theories about the inviſible world is, that ſpirits are perhaps allowed to forewarn us of both coming good or evil and hence what we call "preſentiments;" but that they are not allowed to do more, that is, that they have no power to lead us actually out of evil or into good. At this rate, what would be the uſe

of their myſtical tale-bearing? And then again, what "mocking devils" ſome of theſe ſpirits muſt be,

"Who never warn us till the deed is done!"

Mr. Moreton then waxes warm, grows ſatirical, touching the fops of his own times, and grows perfectly ſavage reſpecting the ancient and honourable order of "free and accepted Maſons." As I never belonged to the former, the ſtill more ancient, though leſs worſhipful order of Fops, I ſhall certainly not tarry to break lances for them; and as for the Freemaſons, their order has ſurvived all the quoits hurled at it by the malignant Moreton, and their good deeds and Chriſtian philanthropy as men are the beſt and moſt triumphant refutation of all calumnies againſt them, paſt, preſent, or future. However,

"Odioſa eſt oratio, cum rem agas longinquum loqui;"

So without any further beating about the buſh or digreſſion, I will juſt give one more extract from Andrew Moreton, as a curioſity of literature, and then proceed to "put in an appearance," *alias*, narrate my ſecond ghoſt ſtory.

"This hypotheſis of a ſuppoſed new claſs of ſpirits," ſays Moreton, "would lead me into a great many uſeful ſpeculations; and I might remark, with great advantages from it, upon the general indolence which it is evident has ſo fatally

poſſeſſed our men of wit in this age. To ſee a fool, a fop, believe himſelf inspired! A fellow that waſhes his hands fifty times a day; but if he would be truly cleanly ſhould have his brains taken out and waſhed, his ſkull trepanned, and placed with the hind ſide before, that his underſtanding, which Nature placed by miſtake with the bottom upwards, may be ſet right, and his memory placed in a right poſition. To *this* unſcrewed engine talk of ſpirits and of the inviſible world, and of *his* converſing with unembodied ſoul, when he has hardly brains to converſe with anything but a barber or a powder puff, and owes it only to his being a fool that he does *not* converſe with the *Devil*, who, *if* he has any ſpirit about him, it muſt be one of thoſe indolent angels I ſpeak of; and if he has not been liſted among the infernals it has not been for want of wickedneſs, but only for want of wit.

"I DON'T wonder ſuch as thoſe go a mobbing among thoſe meaneſt of mad things called *Free-Maſons;* rough cheats and confeſſed deluſions are the fitteſt things to amuſe them. They are like thoſe fooliſh fiſh that are caught in large nets, that *might* get out at every ſquare meſh, but hang by the gills upon a mere thread, and chooſe to hamper and tangle themſelves when there is no occaſion for it, ſo that they are taken even in thoſe ſnares that are not laid for them.

"I now come to the main and moſt diſputed point of ſhadowy appearance, viz., the apparition of unembodied ſoul.

"It is a material difficulty here, and ought to be conſidered with the utmoſt plainneſs, viz., what we mean by *unbodied ſouls;* whether we underſtand by it ſouls which *have* been incaſed in fleſh, but being unhouſed are now moving about—in what ſtate we know not—and are to be ſpoken of in their ſeparate capacity; or whether there is any ſuch thing as A MASS OF SOUL, as a learned but inconſiſtent writer calls it, which is waiting to be embodied, as the ſuperior diſpoſer of that affair (be that who or what he pleaſes) may direct.

"This, I confeſs, is to me ſomething unintelligible, looks a little *Platonic*, and as if it were akin to the tranſmigration whimſey of the antients; but if they would found it upon anything rational, it muſt be on the ſuggeſtion mentioned above, viz. of a middle claſs of ſpirits, neither angelic-heavenly nor angelic-infernal, but ſpirits inhabiting the inviſible ſpaces, and allowed to act and appear here under expreſs and greatly ſtrained limitations, ſuch as are already deſcribed, and of which much more may ſtill be ſaid.

"But that I may clear up your doubt as to the point I am upon, I have added at the head of this ſection the word '*Departed*,' to intimate to

you that I am orthodox in my notion, and that I am none of the ſect of ſoul-ſleepers, or for impriſoning ſouls in the *Limbus* of the antients; but that in a few words, by the appearance of ſouls unembodied, I mean ſuch as, having been embodied or impriſoned in fleſh, are diſcharged from that confinement, or, as I call it, unhouſed, and turned out of poſſeſſion; for I cannot agree that the ſoul is in the body as in a priſon, but rather that, like a rich nobleman,[1] he [I thought the ſoul was feminine?] is pleaſed to inhabit a palace of his own building [!] where he reſolves to live and enjoy himſelf, and does ſo, till by the fate of things, his fine palace being overturned, whether by earthquake or otherwiſe, is buried in its own ruins, and its noble owner turned out of poſſeſſion without a houſe.

"This ſoul, we are told (and I concur in the opinion), has ſometimes made a tour back into this world, whether earth, or the atmoſphere of the earth—call it what you will, and expreſs it how you will, it matters not much. Whence it comes, how far the journey, how and why it came hither, and above all, how it goes back again, and what thoſe various apparitions are which

[1] Then how about thoſe ſouls incarcerated in the ſuffering, ſtruggling, ſtarving bodies of poor beggars, and in thoſe of (the worſt ſort of paupers) poor gentlemen and gentlewomen?

counterfeit theſe ſpirits,—enquire within, and you ſhall know farther.

"That the unembodied ſouls of dead men, or as we ſay, departed, *have* appeared, we have affirmed from the authority of Scripture, which I muſt allow to be an authentic document, whatever the reader may pleaſe to do, till a hiſtory more authentic and of better authority may be produced in the room of it."

In ſhort, Mr. Moreton goes on to prove, by many marvellous, well-authenticated hiſtories, that as we ſhould put on our cloaks or great coats for an airing, ſo diſembodied ſpirits ſometimes put on their bodies, or body coats, for a ſtroll back into this world, which, if they were wiſe ſouls, they would be only too glad to get out of, and be well rid of that cumbrous natural crinoline, the body. Though truly, the following hiſtory goes far to confirm Mr. Moreton's theory.

As I before premiſed, the chief actor in this moſt extraordinary apparition ſtory was by no means an imaginative, or even an impreſſionable perſon, nor yet a *raconteur;* he was ſimply a highly reſpectable paterfamilias, of ſtrict probity and ſcrupulous veracity, of middle age, and rather taciturn, when I knew him, or, it might be, ſobered by that moral ſoda-water, the cares of a large family, and that moſt ſedative of all fever

draughts, high birth and low means. He had formerly been in a crack cavalry regiment, and winced, *tant ſoit peu*, as Mr. Moreton's "*great noblemen ſouls*" are apt to do when thruſt into a hovel inſtead of a palace of fleſh; in fact, he did not like—who does?—the change from the brocade to the huckaback of life; but he ſo far bowed to the rod as to take to it, and was ſo inveterate an angler and ſo keen a ſportſman that there was no diſtance too great for him to go, nor no trouble too much for him to take, for the chance of a bite; he haunted every ſtream, and therefore knew the favourite haunts of every trout and grayling for miles round. I can well underſtand how either the meditative or the miſerable, are ſo fond of angling, were it only for the bleſſed practical wiſdom of the angler's motto—"I watch and I hope." But what I *don't* underſtand is, how, from being planted ſo long in the damp graſs, with a watery grave before them, and little fiſhes eternally popping up their heads open-mouthed againſt them, like thoſe in the enchanted frying-pan of the Arabian Nights—what I cannot underſtand, I ſay, is, that they don't get a chronic purſed-up mouth *en cœur*, like that of their patron ſaint, dear old Izaac Walton himſelf, as he has come *flâneur*-ing down to poſterity in that prim perch of a looking portrait that hangs out like a ſign

at the frontiſpiece of his lives of Donne, Hooker, Sir Henry Wotton, George Herbert, &c., and where it is as palpable and patent, as if his wife had juſt whiſpered the fact to one, and that one *ſmelt* the lavender out of the drawer from which they had been taken—that that rigidly new doeſkin glove and thoſe two broad, maſſive, fine gold rings were not put on *every* day!—and a good thing too, for as Mr. Fact uſed to obſerve in Charles Matthews ſenior's inimitable *répertoire*, they'd "*frighten the fiſh!*" No, I'm not ſurpriſed at men whom that jade, Fortune, has jilted becoming anglers, for if they can but keep their fancies from vagabondiſing after "Shelſey cockles," "Chicheſter lobſters," "Arundel mullet," and "Amerly trout," what a dual leſſon of patience under diſappointment, and habits of ſtrict temperance may the Fordidge trout teach them! which ſaith Walton—"never afford an angler any ſport, but either live their time of being in the freſh water by their meat formerly gotten in the ſea, (not unlike the ſwallow or frog), or by the virtue of the freſh water only, or as the birds of paradiſe and the chameleons are ſaid to live, by the ſun and the air;"—which, as any pariſh beadle or overſeer, or even ariſtocratic philanthropiſt, can tell you, is preciſely the proper diet and allowance for poor, and more eſpecially for deſtitute,

bipeds. Then, none but thoſe who have tried it, know the ſoothing myſteries of ivy-juice; which, while it bewitches the fiſh, "cheers and *not* inebriates" the gentleman by whom, poor ſilly thing, ſhe is ſo taken. But even the oldeſt angler in the world, HOPE! not only ceaſes to angle, but ceaſes to exiſt, when ſhe is quite ſure that the waters are ſo troubled that ſhe can catch nothing, various as her baits are: for ambition, power; for avarice, wealth; for love, phantom hearts, that in his own ſun-light *look* like golden ones, wreathed with chains of everlaſting flowers, which do admirably to ſtrew upon his own early grave; for poverty, guineas; and for indefatigable anglers, guiniads. Ah! whether we look down into the ſtream, which, like our life, is ever flowing from us, or up, into the heavens, which are eternally awaiting us—

> Hopes, what are ye? April ſhowers,
> A rainbow, for life's waiting hours;
> Bright tints that ſpan far diſtant ſpheres,
> All fading as that future nears!

Yet, ſweeteſt and gentleſt of all ſpirits, viſible or inviſible, ſiſter of charity of the heart, miniſtering angel of the mind—who ever dwelleſt with the poor and lowly, and bindeſt up the gaping wounds made by cruelty and injuſtice; who when we faint and writhe on earth whiſpereſt of Heaven;

who, when caſt away and tempeſt-toſt, ſaveſt us with thine anchor—think not that for worlds of realized happineſs I would be ſo impious as to breathe one diſparaging word of thee! For when at laſt thou leaveſt us, it is but in the ſpirit of truth, becauſe thou knoweſt that when Fate has left nothing to thee, there is no longer anything for us, and thou muſt of neceſſity give up thy garriſon; for when a life has been poiſoned, not only at every ſource, but through every channel, thou, with all thy bleſſed healing art, canſt only for a time mitigate ſuffering; thou canſt not give an effectual antidote; Death alone can do that. But ſo good, ſo kind, art thou, that the poor four-footed creatures thou leadeſt with a ſurer inſtinct than ourſelves, or elſe never would the poor Vicar have exclaimed, in (the moſt touching of all the records of one of God's ready-made angels) his journal:[1]

"Truly, there muſt be ſomething which attracts the unfortunate towards me; if anyone is in want he comes firſt to me—me! who have ſo little to give. I have remarked alſo, that when I am dining anywhere from home, and there is a dog in the houſe, it is on my knee that he always lays his cold noſe firſt in ſearch of a morſel."

[1] One of the moſt, not to ſay the moſt, charming ſtories ever written, "Journal of a Poor Vicar," by Henry Zſchokke.

But I ſee Colonel H. has got his baſket and all his fiſhing-tackle ready, and as to his varieties of bait, I rejoice that I am neither angler nor naturaliſt enough to deſcribe them; no doubt *he* had read every line of Ulyſſes Aldrovandus "De Piſcibus;" I have not, and I'll venture to ſay *you* have not either, Reader, which will give us the leſs to carry, ſo let us ſet out. There is no uſe in telling the world at large (which, I dareſay, has other fiſh to fry,) how in the brawling, bubbling, bounding Dee, Colonel H. broke one rod with a crafty old barbel. For, as Walton affirmeth, "the barbel affords the angler choice ſport, being a luſty and a cunning fiſh; ſo luſty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line by running his head forcibly towards any covert or hole in the bank, and then ſtriking at the line, to break it off with his tail; as is obſerved by Plutarch in his 'De Induſtriâ Animalium;' and alſo ſo cunning as to nibble off your worm cloſe to the hook, and yet avoid letting the hook come into his own mouth."

Bullied by this diplomatic old barbel, determined to walk much further on towards a mountain (for it was in North Wales), to a quieter part of the river, where he knew the trout moſt did congregate, at length he walked ſo far, that he quite loſt his way; but having had excellent ſport during the day, he had not, till the ſun

began to ſink into its gorgeous bed of crimſon and gold, remarked how far he had ſtrayed out of his uſual beat. He began to look about him in queſt of a road one way or the other, but above him was nothing but mountains, behind him interminable thickets of underwood and ſtunted oak, and before him the ſhallow river, where no coricle could have ſkimmed, on account of the giant ſtones ſcattered in all directions and riſing from the bed of the river, always ſhallow at this juncture in ſummer: ſo ſhallow, that anyone as nimble as Colonel H. was might with eaſe have croſſed it by jumping from ſtone to ſtone, without ever wetting his feet. It however never entered his head juſt at that time to think of croſſing it; he was ravenouſly hungry—completely *déſorienté*, not to ſay *déſarçonné*—and not a human being of whom, or even a human habitation where, he could have aſked his way; no, nor even an intelligent ſheep-dog, that can do better than ſpeak—for they always act, and that ſenſibly and effectually. The landſcape was ſtill flooded with the glorious light of the departing ſun, but ſtill, above his golden diadem was one of thoſe draperies of purple-black clouds which in mountainous countries are the ſure heralds of a coming and ſudden ſtorm.

"Well, this is pleaſant!" ſaid Colonel H., looking about him in all directions for at leaſt

the twentieth time. "What on earth am I to do? I ſee no road in any direction; and to go back, dodging along the river as I came, at this hour and a ſtorm coming on, would be madneſs." And again he aſked himſelf out loud what he was to do, without obtaining any more ſatisfactory anſwer. Then adding in his own mind, "I wonder, if I croſſed over to the other ſide, whether I ſhould find any ſort of a road?" In order to do ſo, he ſtooped down to pick up ſome of his fiſhing tackle, and arrange it more compactly and portably on the top of his baſket. As he looked up from completing his packing he ſaw, ſtanding oppoſite to him, on one of the large ſtones in the centre of the bed of the river, an exceedingly pretty little girl between five and ſix years old, with dark blue eyes, bright golden hair, that fell from under a large round ſtraw hat in a profuſion of ringlets on her ſhoulders. She had on a little dark blue or purple bodice, with a bright red petticoat, little white ſocks, with black ſhoes buttoned round the ankle, with a ſtrap from the heel, ſuch as young children wear. But as ſhe ſtood, the ſun forming a complete halo round her, ſhe looked far more like a little opera *coryphée* than a peaſant's child.

After having gazed at her for about a ſecond in ſurpriſe and admiration, Colonel H. called out—

"Ho! I ſay, my pretty little girl! can you tell me if there is any road or houſe near this? There muſt be ſome houſe, or elſe you would not be here."

No anſwer. The child moved on, *how*, he could not tell, as ſhe certainly neither jumped nor made any other movement; ſtill, ſhe had advanced three or four ſtones further on, but kept looking back at him, not with what is generally denominated a ſmile, but ſomething more; it appeared like an irradiation from within, lighting up her whole face, without however any muſcular movement of the mouth or any other feature.

"'Pon my word," ſaid he, "you are a pretty, fantaſtic little creature! not a common child, evidently. I wonder who you are, and how they came to let you out by yourſelf, to take ſuch a dangerous ramble!"

And then he repeated his former queſtion in a louder voice.

Still no anſwer, but the child kept looking wiſtfully back at him.

"Do you mean that I ſhould follow you?" he aſked. She ſlightly nodded her head.

"Well, by Jove, I *will!*" cried he, jumping at once from ſtone to ſtone into the centre of the river, and trying to balance himſelf like a man on a tight-rope without a balancing pole. But by the time he had reached the ſecond large ſtone,

where the child had ſtood, ſhe was again ſeveral yards in advance of him.

"Come, tell me your name, there's a good little girl?"

But ſhe only accelerated her pace—*how*, he could not tell, as, watch as cloſely as he would, or, rather, as he could, in the attention he was obliged to beſtow on his own ſtepping, he could not diſcover; but upon looking ſuddenly up after one of his own tranſits, he perceived ſhe was then at a conſiderable diſtance from him.

"Heyday! my dear little Will-o'-the-wiſp! this will never do. I really cannot get over the ground, or rather, over the ſtones, as you do."

The child pauſed, and remained perfectly motionleſs for about five minutes, till he had come up with her, to within a few yards, when he ſtretched out his hand, reſolved to clutch her dreſs, that ſhe ſhould not again eſcape him; but he only clutched the air, and ſhe was once more ever ſo far before him. And then again ſhe ſtood quite ſtill, to give him time to reach her; but, as before, in vain he tried to touch her, for in an inſtant ſhe was yards further.

In ſhort, this ſort of phantom chaſe continued for more than an hour, and extended over full three miles, the clouds gradually growing darker and more portentous, till at length a loud clap of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flaſh of light-

ning and a few large heavy drops, announced that the gathering ſtorm had culminated. Colonel H. was beginning to experience a degree of myſtification that almoſt amounted to fear, as he recalled all the wild legends of the Hartz and the Lurlei, and did not half reliſh the idea of *his* being ſelected as Goblin Maſter of the Revels, to take the initiative in introducing them into England, or at leaſt Wales, which was much the ſame thing. So ſuddenly ſtopping, he called out at the top of his voice—

"I tell you what, my little ſprite—elf, fairy, or whatever you are! I'm not going to be led this wildgooſe chaſe by you all night; ſo if you won't tell me your name, or at leaſt where you are going and what you want, I'll turn back,—which I was a precious fool not to have done long ago."

The child again ſtood perfectly ſtill, and looked back at him. She did not beckon, neither did ſhe fold her hands and hold them up, as if praying; but deep as the twilight now was, he could ſee the expreſſion of her face as clearly as if it had been noon; her very ſoul ſeemed, as it were, to be kneeling in her eyes, and ſaid more imploringly than any words could have done—

"Do, *pray do*, come on!" And in ſpite of himſelf, and without any volition in the matter, on he went, for it might be about another mile;

it was now quite dark, the rain falling in torrents, but his myſterious little leader was occaſionally revealed to him by a vivid flaſh of lightning. He by this time felt that ſort of reckleſs reſolution which may be termed the courage of deſpair, and he would not have turned back if he could; and ſtrange to ſay, now that he had ceaſed to ſee where he was going, and therefore carefully to pick his ſteps, he ſeemed to bound on with a ſort of involuntary and preternatural elaſticity. At length there came one broad vivid flaſh, that ſteeped the whole landſcape in flame for about a ſecond, and revealed to him, on the right-hand ſide of the river, a thickly-wooded mountain ſide, with a ſteep narrow ſheepwalk winding-up it. Thither the child now darted, as uſual, firſt looking back at Colonel H. to follow,—a mandate which he had no longer either the power or the inclination to reſiſt; and he even experienced a ſort of phyſical relief at finding himſelf once more on *terra firma*. The rain by this time was coming down in ſuch rivulets, that it made that hiſſing, ſeething ſort of noiſe, which reſembles the ſhooting of cart-loads of gravel; and after about half-an-hour's more walking, or rather being propelled by ſome unaccountable impetus, he ſuddenly ſtopped, breathleſs, panting, and drenched to the ſkin, when another flaſh of electric fluid, leſs vivid, but more blue and

lurid than the one which had diſcloſed the ſheep-walk at the foot of the mountain, now ſhowed him a ſmall cottage like a ſhepherd's hut, againſt the door of which, the little figure leant, and with a ſmile that was perfectly ſeraphic, beckoned to him, pointed to the door, and as he ſtretched out his hand to graſp hers immediately diſappeared! For a few ſeconds Colonel H. remained breathleſs and ſtupefied, not well knowing whether his imagination had become the ſport of ſome fantaſtic dream, or whether he was really a waking ſane man; at all events, the exhauſtion, and the wet, with which his clothes were ſaturated, were but too real. After wringing ſome of the water from his coat, he put out his hand in the direction that a minute or two before, he had ſeen by the lightning was the cottage door, though half dreading that it would only again meet with empty air; but to his inexpreſſible relief it met with the ſolid reſiſtance of an oaken door, upon which he loſt no time in knocking loudly with his knuckles. No anſwer; or if there was one, the fierce loud conteſt between the wind and rain prevented his hearing it. So he knocked again, louder than before, and called out, "Any one within? For the love of heaven open the door!" and before he had well ceaſed ſpeaking, a bolt was drawn, and the ſharp click of an iron latch announced the opening of the door, at which an

old woman, with one of thoſe dazzlingly white, well-ſtarched linen mob-caps that the Welſh peaſant women wear, and a grey plaid ſhawl over that again, (as a protection againſt the ſtorm,) appeared on the threſhold, and ſaid in Welſh, and in the uſual national high, ſhrill, quick key, "Is that you, Amos Price? it's time for you, leaving me all theſe hours with what can never be company to me again, poor dead lamb! poor dead lamb! We had no buſineſs to make a king's child of her, as we did, and ſo God has taken her, as we made an angel of her."

The concluſion of this ſpeech was ſobbed out rather than ſpoken, and Colonel H., not waiting for an invitation, walked in, ſlammed to the door, and ſaid to the old woman, in as much Welſh as he could muſter, that he was not Amos Price, but an Engliſh gentleman, who had loſt his way in the mountains, and that if ſhe would allow him to dry his clothes, paſs the night on the oak bench beſide her fire, and dreſs him ſome trout for his ſupper (of which he had brought plenty) he would pay her well for her trouble.

The latter ſentence is one that never fails to be heard by the deafeſt Welſh ears and to touch even the hardeſt Welſh heart. So the old woman dropped a low curtſey, with a—

"Yes, ſure, ſir!" adding, "Eh! but *hur's* juſt *arownded!*" in her beſt Engliſh, proceeding to

diſencumber her unexpected gueſt of his coat and fiſhing-rods; after which ſhe knelt down before the wood embers burning on the hearth, and blowing them with her breath, lit a ruſh-light, and from it, to do all honour to her viſitor, a ſmall lamp in a tin ſconce, that hung above one of the oak ſettles inſide the ponderous chimney; while a wooden ſcreen of nearly black oak, divided into ſquare compartments, like a window frame, and poliſhed by time, projected from the right-hand ſide of the fireplace, to keep off the draught from the door and the window, as is common in old Welſh farm-houſes and cottages. Meanwhile, Colonel H. took off his hat and coat, and aſked the old woman to hang the latter on the back of a chair to dry; while ſhe, perceiving by the light that he really was a gentleman, redoubled in her alacrity and civility, and while, according to his directions, ſhe was taking the fiſh out of the baſket, ſaid—

"I'm ſure I beg *hur* pardon, but I thought te was my old man come back."

And here ſhe put the corner of her apron to her eyes and ſighed deeply.

Colonel H., pre-occupied with his ſtrange adventure, flung himſelf into the oak ſettle inſide the warm old chimney corner, and ſtretching his feet to the full length of it (firſt having taken off his boots and put them to dry againſt one of the

iron dogs), while he gazed liſtleſſly at the fire for a few ſeconds, experienced that luxurious *dolce far niente* which a reclining poſition after extreme fatigue always ſuperinduces. Meanwhile, the old woman beſtirred herſelf, and laid a clean, coarſe, unbleached cloth on a little round table, with knife, fork, pepper, ſalt, and a brown loaf, and having put two plates againſt the other iron dog oppoſite the boots to get hot, reached down a fryingpan from among ſome bright tin ſaucepan covers, and a ſmall braſs peſtle and mortar that graced the mantlepiece. And it was not till Colonel H. heard the welcome ſounds of the trout being initiated into the habits of civilized life, that he was rouſed from his reverie, and half ſtarting up, ſaid—

"I'm ſure I'm very much obliged to you! I'm ſorry to give you ſo much trouble. Can I help you?"

"Ha, ha! *te* ain't no trouble; put hur ſorry hur ain't cot no pier, nor cider, nor nothing put water."

"Never mind," ſaid her gueſt, laughing, and rubbing his hands, as ſhe now transferred the trout to a hot diſh and placed it on the table; "Never mind, for my ſpeckled friends, here are all temperance people, and never touch anything elſe; but if you will be ſo good as to give me a glaſs of water, I'll drink your and their health, for I'm choking with thirſt."

After he had fulfilled his promiſe and pledged the old woman, H. bowed to the trout, and ſaid—

"Gentlemen, here's to you! I'm charmed to ſee you, but as *l'éloge ſe fait en mangeant*, I'll ſoon prove my ſincerity," and cutting a thick piece off the brown loaf, he ſoon began to eat, as men do eat, who have walked and faſted nearer twelve hours than ten. As ſoon as his hunger was in ſome degree appeaſed, *viâ* a ſecond *entrée* of the ſame diſh, he aſked the name of his preſent whereabout. The old woman told him ſome unpronounceable Welſh name, which got entangled in the burr in her throat and left him as wiſe as he was before. Fortunately, he was in the habit, on his fiſhing expeditions, of ſleeping at little village inns, ſo that his family, knowing how far his favourite paſtime led him, would not be alarmed at his abſence on the preſent occaſion; ſtill, being determined to return as early as poſſible in the morning, he now aſked his hoſteſs how far they were from ——? She told him fifteen miles.

"Whew!" ſaid he, giving a long whiſtle, deadly tired as he was that night, and having to paſs it without a bed, not much reliſhing the idea of ſo long a walk before breakfaſt. "I wonder," ſaid he, "you are not afraid to live in ſuch a lonely place."

"What would we have to be te feared of?

Poor people like us have no need to be te feared te thieves."

"Well, I don't exactly mean thieves; but witches and ghoſts, and that ſort of thing."

"Eh! te was only in old times there was ſuch things as them; there ain't none now."

"What? out of ſeaſon, eh? like green peas at Chriſtmas. So you have no faith in ſpirits?"

"If my old man was te home he could get hur *ſperits* at the 'Queen's Head,' but we ha'nt none."

Colonel H. ſmiled, and aſſured her he would not trouble her old man for any ſuch purpoſe. He then ſaid, looking up at her bright array over the mantlepiece, "You have a ſnug little nook of it here, and you keep it very nicely, which is the whole ſecret of making any place nice or the reverſe, be it a palace or a hovel."

And then he caſt a look all round. Oppoſite to him was what he ſuppoſed to be a bed in a receſs, by the blue and white checked curtains, with plaited valance at the top that was drawn before it. When, as his eyes travelled round, and reſted on the wall oppoſite the large fireplace, upon which an additional faggot now made a cheerful blaze, his cheek blanched and he gave a ſudden ſtart; for there he ſaw hanging up, *the* little red petticoat, blue bodice, and

large round ſtraw hat, that the phantom child who had lured him to the cottage had worn! while, that no ſingle identification might be wanted, on a table underneath them, on the top of a large Bible, were placed the little black kid ſhoes and a pair of white ſocks.

"Good heavens!" ſaid he, addreſſing the old woman, as he felt the cold drops of terror ſtanding on his forehead, while he pointed to them, "To whom do thoſe little clothes belong?"

The old woman ſank down into a low chair, and covering her face with her hands, and rocking herſelf backwards and forwards, ſobbed out—

"They did belong to our little Amy, but *ſhe'll* never put them on again; ſhe's with the angels now, and it's juſt to the Vicarage at —— that Amos Price is gone, to tell the daughter of the Vicarage[1] how it happened; and as ſhe was ſo fond of the poor little ſoul, and taught her to read, and all her pretty ways—too pretty, it ſeems, for this world!—to ſee if ſhe could not get enough

[1] In North Wales the common people ſeldom give perſons their proper name, but generally call them by that of the name of the houſe, or even of the ſign of the public-houſe, where they live; ſo that it is a common thing to hear a publican's ſon deſignated by the Oſſianic and grandiloquent title of "the Son of the Eagle," or his daughter, by the Oriental one of "the Daughter of the Moon;" and it is always the ſon or daughter "of the vicarage," and never "of the vicar."

from the gentlefolks, that uſed to be good to her, to put up a ſtone to her; for I ſhould be ſorry for her little grave to be loſt in nettles and weeds—ſhe that was ſo fond of flowers, and brought home ſuch a frockful from the mountain the very day before. But I've put 'em all ready for her to take with her. My old man ſaid it was nonſenſe, for there were better flowers in Heaven; but hur loved thoſe while hur was here, and hur *ſhall* have them." And here the poor old creature went off into a violent paroxyſm of hyſterics.

Colonel H. roſe and brought her a glaſs of water, and ſaid to her ſoothingly,—for indeed the tears were in his eyes, as he thought, although thoſe who had loved poor little Amy would never ſee her in her bright little fantaſtic dreſs again, how recently and ſtrangely he had done ſo; though there it hung, at once myſtifying, baffling, and confounding his reaſon, on that white wall before him,—yea, almoſt tenderly, he ſaid to her, for he ſpake from his heart—

"Don't fret yourſelf about a tombſtone for your little Amy; I'll take care that ſhe has one as pretty as herſelf."

"Cot pleſs hur! I'm ſure, ſir, I thank hur kindly. Ah, ſhe *was* pretty! You would have ſaid ſo, ſir, but you never ſaw her."

He did not care to contradict her, and ſo merely ſaid—

"Poor little thing, ſhe was your child?"

"Grandchild, ſir."

And again the old woman covered her face, and rocked herſelf to and fro.

"Ah, I ſuppoſe her parents are away?" probed Colonel H., his curioſity excited to know how the very commonplace old peaſant woman before him could be really the grandmother of ſo beautiful and poetical looking a child.

"Parents, indeed!" muttered the old woman.

"What? ſhe hadn't any? Both dead?"

"Yes, yes; ſhe had a mother, *my* child, worſe luck! She was as pretty as Amy. It's a great curſe, a great ſnare, ſir, is beauty!"

And here ſhe burſt into a freſh paroxyſm of tears. Colonel H. perceived there was ſome painful hiatus in the child's parentage, and was at no loſs to fill it up. So not additionally to diſtreſs the poor old woman by again alluding to this point, he merely ſaid—

"When did your poor little Amy die?"

"Only yeſterday, ſir."

"Dear me, how ſad! Was ſhe long ill?"

"No, no!—*drownded, drownded!*"

And again ſhe rocked herſelf backwards and forwards, in uncontrollable grief. At length ſhe ſaid, looking up at him—

"Do look at her, ſir; it's not like death, it's juſt like a picter."

And taking the lamp from out of the chimney ſhe walked to the bed and drew aſide the curtain, when to Colonel H.'s ineffable ſurpriſe, and not without a cold ſhudder running through his very marrow, he beheld—as if in that calm and profound ſleep which only children know, and which, from its peaceful beauty, angels may well be ſuppoſed, not only to watch over, but to whiſper every dream that haunts it—yes, there he beheld the little figure that had ſo long flitted before him and lured him to the cottage! the rich maſſes of her ſilken hair ſhading her beautiful face, and falling like ſhowers of rippling gold againſt the marble of her cheeks and the ſnowy whiteneſs of her little night-dreſs, while the little hands were folded on her boſom; and placed under them, and ſupported by her cheſt, ſince the muſcles that death had relaxed could no longer hold them, was a bunch of faded wild flowers, the very laſt, as the old woman informed him, that ſhe had gathered the morning of her death, a few hours before ſhe had fallen into the river.

Colonel H. felt a choking, ſuffocating ſenſation in his throat and a moiſture in his eyes that made him want to get into the air; and yet, as he honeſtly confeſſed to me, he did not like venturing to leave the cottage alone.

"Poor little Amy!" ſaid he, "you were indeed

beautiful! but you are better off now, for you are where you will never be leſs ſo."

He gently drew the curtain, turned away from the bed, put a ſovereign into the woman's hand, and aſked her where ſhe intended to have the child buried, for, as he before told her, he would take care ſhe ſhould have a ſuitable monument, for which the old woman was profuſe in her bleſſings and thanks. He then aſked her if there was no village near, where he could procure any ſort of conveyance to return by that night. She ſaid, "Yes, at Llantys" ſomething, where the Vicarage was ſituated, which was only two miles from thence; and that when Amos Price returned he ſhould ſhow him the way.

So, deſpite his impatience to be gone, as the ſtorm had now ceaſed and the moon was ſhining brilliantly, he was fain to wait patiently for another hour, till the old man came back.

This ſtrange ſtory I tell as it was told to me. In the ſtrict veracity of the chief actor in it, who narrated it to me, I have implicit faith, knowing it to be unimpeachable. As to explaining ſuch things, that is beyond mortal ken; and though *cui bono*-ing them may prove our ignorance, it cannot enlighten it. But of this I am convinced, that our intelligence, when even of the moſt exalted nature of which humanity is capable, is,

by an all-wiſe Omnipotence, adviſedly made finite; for if "by ſearching we *could* find out," or by ſpeculating we *could* ſoar to, and penetrate the myſteries of the infinite, not *one* of us, from the monarch who beſtows honours, to the mendicant who begs alms, would or could, for even a ſingle hour, go his circumſcribed and monotonous rounds in *the* particular mill allotted to each of us, and which, however apparently and comparatively inſignificant, is as *abſolutely* neceſſary to the vaſt machinery of God's concrete and complex creation as A WHOLE, and the progreſſive working out of its ultimate deſign, as are the broad baſis, or the all-important axis, of

"THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF."

And now, Reader, once more farewell! This is an archæological and curioſity-ſeeking age. In the hope of amuſing you through an idle hour, I have placed before you a few quaint old things from the Regalia of Remphan, which are not to be found even in the right good collection of the South Kenſington Muſeum. If they are not fortunate enough to pleaſe you, the fault is not wholly mine, becauſe the matter is not wholly mine; I have only been a bad purveyor, of which there are but too many in this utilitarian age. I can, therefore, but conſcientiouſly aſſure you that

I have adulterated none of the articles, but have given them to you genuine as I imported them.

Fabian, Speed, Stow, Sir Matthew Hale, Camden, and Biſhop Fleetwood (the latter in his "CHRONICON PRECIOSUM"), all tell us that up to the reign of John both the bold barons and the monks were allowed to coin their own money[1] —delightful privilege! which they ſo abuſed that at length it was reſcinded[2] (an abuſe which perhaps in the preſent day ſometimes extends to authors in the habit of coining their own books). So that this right, at length became veſted ſolely in the Crown, the conſequence of which was, that each reign had a different coinage peculiar to itſelf. From the mancas of the Saxons, to the

[1] But even after they were deprived of this privilege the Crown occaſionally, by various charters and grants, allowed ſeveral biſhoprics and abbeys the right to erect a mint within their own juriſdiction, and there to coin their own money; ſuch as the Abbot of St. Edmund's Bury, the Archbiſhop of York, and the Biſhop of Durham. But they had not the domination of ſtamp or alloy. Camden mentions having ſeen ſome copper coinage of the time of Claudius Cæſar, ſtruck in London, and bearing the inſcription *Pecunia Londoni Signata*, and others when London was called Auguſta, with that of *Præpoſitus Theſaurorum Auguſtantium*, namely, "The treaſurer of the mint of Auguſta," or London.

[2] It was Henry II., not John, that put a ſtop to this coining uſurpation of the baronage. He coined new money, and ordained that none other but what iſſued from the royal mint ſhould paſs current throughout his kingdom.

mark of the Middle Ages, the groſſus or groat,[1] the ſilver penny, (firſt weighed againſt wheat grains), the Eſterlings, as they were called, the *oboli* (galley-pence—ſo called from being imported from Genoa, with which we had once great trade), the crocards or cocodines and roſaries (all afterwards called in by Elizabeth), the ſalutes or angels (ſtruck in France by Henry V., and made current in England), the pollards, ſtepings, ſtaldings, ſuſkins, blanks of Henry VII., the dandypratts and the doitkins (alſo ſtruck by Henry V., and from this latter comes our to this day current expreſſion of "not worth a doit"), the deep, rough, indented croſſed coin of the Conqueror, made ſo deep as to be eaſily broken in halves or quarters for purpoſes of traffic, before halfpence and farthings were invented; the gold halfpennies and farthings (!) of Edward III.[2] and

[1] In 1378 a groat, or 4*d.*, was paid to the king for every man and woman;—a very pretty little poll-tax, and hence, no doubt, the origin of the ſaying, "Not worth a groat," which, poor creatures, it may be ſuppoſed one-half of them were not, either in a moral or monetary point of view.

[2] According to Fabian, Edward III. it was, who firſt cauſed farthings and halfpennies to be coined *round*, and as a ſeparate coin, for till then the croſſed coin of William the Conqueror, had been broken into halves and quadrantes, or farthings; and Fabian gives the following piece of "poetry" as he calls it, made at the time to commemorate the *royal* invention:—

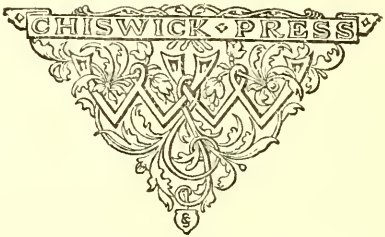
Richard II., the angels, roſe nobles, and ſpur royals of Elizabeth and James I.'s times; the Commonwealth crowns, with their Phariſaical motto of "GOD WITH US;" yea verily! from the firſt coin ſtruck by Prince Cunobeline,[1] ruler of the Trinobantes, before which the ancient Britons, lacking ſpecie of any kind, trafficked with rings of iron[2] and plates of braſs—*all* have had their day, down to the ſovereign of our own times.

So have I given you, Reader, the coinage of many minds, and if the black mail or copper currency has not been *all* called in, I hope you will at leaſt find amongſt it, one or two gold farthings.

"EDWARD did ſmite round penny, halfpenny, farthing,
The Croſſe paſſes the bond of all throughout the ring;
The king's ſide was his head, and his name in written,
The Croſſe ſide what city it was in coyned and ſmitten.
To poor man, ne to prieſt, the penny frayeth nothing.
Men give God ay the leaſt, they feaſt him with a farthing.
A thouſand, two hundred, four ſcore years and mo,
On this money, men wondered, when it firſt began to goe."

[1] This Prince Cunobeline lived, according to Stow, at Camalodunum, now called Malden, in Eſſex, and flouriſhed about the time of Julius Cæſar, in imitation of whom, he had his own image ſtamped upon this coin,—the firſt ever made in England, and ſtruck at Malden.

[2] Speed ſays that he himſelf had ſeen dug out of the earth, in little cruſes or pitchers, theſe rings and braſs plates, the ſubſtitutes for coin of the ancient Britons.



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