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beggar who waylays you in the streets with a professional drawl about hunger and cold and you are overwhelmed with a torrent of thanks; refuse it and you go home with a curse upon your head; assist an infirm old lady into an omnibus—You are a gentleman, sir, says she, in a grateful whisper; offer the legal fare to the conductor when you get out, and you are told by that individual, 'you are no gentleman to dispute about three pence; give up your seat in the front box at a pantomime to a couple of noisy children.'—Sir, you are a gentleman, says the gratified father; refuse the customary extortion of a penny to the waiter at a cheap dining-room, and you are told by that hitherto obsequious person that 'he is sure you are no gentleman; and if you ever go to that establishment again, make up your mind to an inferior cut of the beef or mutton, and a cold potato left from somebody else's dinner.'

Somebody has cleverly said that in every block of marble is concealed an unheaven statue; and so we earnestly believe that in every true and noble nature lies the germ and spirit of nobility, no matter what the merely worldly condition of that nature be; mark, in every block of marble; but for one specimen of the true mineral there are half a dozen counterfeit imitations in mere chalk and rubble. Your true gentleman is not a thing of purchase and sale, and can no more be manufactured than the diamond; it is a hard thing to say but half your gentlemanly jewels—bright and polished and well set in gold and silver though they be—are paste, sir, mere paste! 'A king can make a belted knight,' sang Burns, 'a marshal duke and all that'—what a poor notion of manufactured nobility the upensioned exciseman must have had when he wrote that song! But there's no bitterness in it, not a morsel; he merely felt, as all true nature feel, whether clothed in velvet or rustian, that 'a man's a man for a' that.'

As we said, it is easy to say what a gentleman is not, though my friend Heavytop imagines that the essence of nobility lies in a good found income, first rate dinners and a handsome balance at your bankers. Heavytop is a highly respectable man; has a stake in the country—a pretty large one too—and has some very fair notions on the subject, especially with regard to the 'balance'; but these are, if anything, the mere *aidenda*, and not the essence of gentility: they don't constitute the 'real thing,' as Sam Slick says, but when Heavytop backs his pretensions by an oath over his cups, and his friends (not my friends) applaud vociferously—of course he is a gentleman. Not a bit of it. It won't do Heavytop; that last dinner betrayed you—gentlemen very seldom swear, and never drink to excess.

Then, again, there's little Jack Holiday, he is a gentleman entirely, in his own opinion. He is a member of a good family, well-looking, easy tempered, high spirited, liberal, kind to his sisters, and knows how to conciliate those below him without making them feel as if they compromised their independence. He rides the best horses, keeps a good table, is quite up to the mark in the literature and politics of the day, esteems himself a tolerable judge of pictures, always makes a point of visiting the academy on the first of May, is something of a musician, and is altogether the neatest dresser you ever saw. Jack Holiday is what is called in certain circles, 'a devilish gentlemanly fellow'; but he is not altogether a gentleman, I am sorry to say, for he is so devoted to play that he would cheat his own mother at hazard, if he could get that dear old sixteen stone of good nature and dress to sit down with him.

No man need despair, if he be in the mind, of being thought a gentleman; for, if a high standard of morality, an unflinching love and practice of truth, honesty, unimpeachable, and virtue and justice, unstained, constitute, as we believe they do, the true signs by which a gentleman may be known, then is there hope for every one of us; and if we possess not these attributes we must strive to gain them. 'Princes have but their titles, to their glories,' Shakespeare tells us, and without the innate nobility of soul which distinguishes the true nobleman from the churl.

Between their titles and low name There's nothing differs but the outward frame."

There is erected in society an invisible standard of gentility; and, if we possess it not ourselves, we have within us a secret talisman by which to try the true from the false; everybody knows a gentleman when he is encountered—though a black coat and kid gloves go but a short way in making one, and many a 'Paris nap' covers a snob.

For best in good breeding and highest in rank,

Though lowly or poor in the land, Is Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank.

The man with his heart in his hand."

But lest any should be in doubt as to the true gentlemanly metal, it may be as well to say, that though a gentleman may be a rake, he is neither a liar a cheat, a scoffer at other men's religion, a loud talker, a showy dresser, a boaster, a drunkard, a swindler, a hanger on at taverns, a frequenter of gambling houses, a maker of accommodation bills, a pimp, a bully, or an unceremonious attorney. Whenever you are in doubt, ascertain if your acquaintance is any of these, and if not, then you may conclude he is a gentleman.

Opinion is the great pillar that upholds the Commonwealth. Real greatness is of the heart.

From the London Family Economist. HOW GEORGE JONES PUT MONEY INTO THE SAVINGS' BANK.

'I say, Jones! I can't think how it is your wife goes pretty nearly every Monday to put something into the Savings' Bank.'

This remark was addressed by a workman with a pipe in his mouth, to an acquaintance whom he overtook one morning in the street, on his way to work.

'Like enough, Jenkins,' answered the other 'and two years ago I should have said just the same; and if I am a little wiser now than I was then, it is but fair to say that my wife is to be thanked for it.'

'How so?'

'Why, you see, two years ago I never went to work without a pipe in my mouth, and besides that, there was always a smoke or two in the evenings. My wife sometimes complained that the smell of tobacco poisoned the house, and made the children cough; but I didn't care for that, and felt sure I couldn't do without my pipe.'

'That's true,' said Jenkins, 'a man as works ought to smoke.'

'It's more than likely that I should say so too,' continued Jones, 'if my wife had never done anything but complain. But she's a tidy hand at reckoning, and one night, when I went home, she had got some figures set down on a bit of paper.'

'What for?'

'I'll tell ye Jenkins. You see, it never cost me less than sixpence a week for tobacco; well, as there's 52 weeks in a year, Harriet set down 52 sixpences; these 52 sixpences made 26 shillings, and then she wrote down underneath all the things that could be done with 26 shillings. First—the money would buy nearly or quite coals enough to carry us through the winter; second—it would pay for half a year's decent schooling for our biggest boy; third—it would buy a bedstead, which we very much wanted; and then in the matter of clothes and shoes there was no end to the good that was to be done with 26 shillings.'

'Did you believe it?'

'To tell the truth, I felt a little put out at first that my wife should seem to have more sense than I; so I sat down and lit a pipe, just to show that I was master. Well, Harriet didn't say anything, she let the bit of paper lay on the table, and after a minute or so I took it up and looked at it, and read it over again; and then I looked at our boy Tom who was reading an old ragged book, and thinks I, it's a little too bad not to give the boy a chance, seeing that he's fond of his book, and so without another word I emptied my tobacco box into the fire.'

'What a flat!'

'Well, well said Jones, without heeding the interruption, 'Tom looked at his mother as the stuff blazed away in the chimney; and she—why Jenkins, her eyes shone as bright in a minute as they used when I first went a courting her—she jumped up, and gave me a kiss, and said, 'thank ye George, for such a good beginning,' in a voice that made my blood tingle with pleasure; talking about it even makes me almost ready to dance.'

'And did you stick to it?'

'Why, not exactly; but somehow I managed to get through the first week, and then I took to the pipe again. However, after what had happened I was ashamed to smoke at home, so I took a whiff in the street or the shop.'

'Ah, I thought you wouldn't be able to do quite without.'

'Wait a bit,' replied Jones; 'my wife talked to me about it once or twice in a quiet way, and at last I promised her I'd give it up. It was hard work though, to wean myself from tobacco. Sometimes I mixed a little brimstone along with it, and then the smoke half choked me; but the best thing was trying a quarter of a pound of lead to the end of my pipe. This made it so heavy that my jaws ached again with holding it, and I was obliged to take it out of my mouth every two or three minutes, and lay it down on my bench. But 'twas desperate work; at times I felt inclined to keep on smoking whether or no, and I half wished Harriet would say something to make me angry, and give me an excuse for keeping on; but she didn't, and before three months were over, I cared no more for tobacco than I did for physic.'

'You can't be in earnest,' said Jenkins, 'for I don't see why a fellow should give up smoking just to please his wife; some women like the smoke of a pipe.'

'I'm quite in earnest: my wife didn't ask me to leave off just to please her; she proved that we should all be the better for it at home and without worrying me she took care somehow I shouldn't forget that sixpence a week made one pound six a year.'

'Tisn't much to brag of, after all,' retorted Jenkins.

'That's true in one sense,' answered Jones, 'but then it's a beginning; and as the saying goes, he who begins well ends well. It was not long before I began to think that two shillings or more was going away every week for beer; two shillings for beer and sixpence for tobacco made half a crown; and half a crown a week is six pounds ten shillings a year; a nice little sum. It's hard upon three years now since we began; we have kept ourselves and the house comfortable, the children have had good schooling; we have had a holiday or two, and now there's a matter of eleven pounds of ours in the Savings' Bank. You'll understand now why my wife goes to add a little to it pretty nearly every Monday—but here we are at the workshop, and I am at the end of my story.'

'Just one word before you go in,' said Jen-

kins, 'do you think any body else could leave off drink as well as you?'

'Not a doubt of it; leaving off beer wasn't half so hard as leaving off the pipe. Try it, Jenkins, and before the year's over you'll have a pound or two safe in the bank.'

Jenkins shook his head, and walked on, but by the time he reached home and sat himself down to his loom, he had half made up his mind to try whether what Jones said was true. Some day we shall hear if he prospered.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE USEFUL MORE ENDURING THAN THE BEAUTIFUL

THE tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with its cedar, and gold, and ivory; and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself—are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in its rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save confused mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—importing to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence.

From the Easter Offering.

THE COPENHAGEN FOLK.

THE joyous population of Copenhagen is always in motion, always going to and fro. It is always in quest of some novelty, seek to amuse itself, or enjoy the hour and the day. In winter there are theatres, masks, museums—all that can excite the taste for the beautiful or the comic. In spring, it is the *Skovene* (woods). When the beeches are in leaf, all the population of Copenhagen rushes forth to see the woods. Gharlottenlund and the Dyrehaven swarm with people. Whole families dine out and drink tea in the shadow of the beech groves, where the nightingales sing in the blooming thorn.

Have you seen the woods? is the general question at this season to the stranger; for the stranger is not forgotten in Copenhagen. He must partake of the best that the people have; he must share of their good things; he must, in spring go out and see the woods; be present at the family festivity in Dyrehaven, just as in winter he must see Thorwaldsen's Museum, Holberg's comedy and other master-pieces of the Danish stage.

From the London Family Economist.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

ALL circumstances well examined, there can be no doubt, Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be its strength, as she is its solace; that he should be its wisdom, as she its grace; that he should be its mind, its impetus, and its courage, as she is its sentiment, its charm, and its consolation. Too great an amelioration could not be effected, in our opinion, in the system generally adopted, which far from correcting or even compensating the presumed intellectual inequality of the two sexes, generally serves only to increase it. By placing, for example, dancing and needlework at the extreme poles of female study, the one for its attraction and the other for its utility, and by not filling the immense interval with anything more valuable than mere monotonous, imperfect, superficial, and totally unphilosophical notions, this system has made of the greater number of female seminaries, establishments which may be compared alike to nursery grounds for coquettes and sempstresses. It is never remembered that in domestic life conversation is of more importance than the needle or choregraphy; that a husband is neither a pacha nor a lazzarone, who must be perpetually intoxicated or unceasingly patched; that there are upon the conjugal dial many long hours of calm intimacy, of cool contemplation, of cold tenderness; and that the husband makes another home elsewhere if his own hearth offers him only silence; or what is a hundred times worse, merely frivolous and monotonous discourse. Let the woman play the gossip at a given moment, that is all very well; let her superintend the laundry or the kitchen at another, that is also very well; but these duties only comprise two-thirds of her mission.—

Ought care not to be taken that during the rest of her time she could also be capable of becoming to her husband a rational friend, a cheerful partner, an interesting companion, or at least an efficient listener, whose natural intelligence, even if originally inferior to his own, shall by the help of education have been raised to the same level.

CURIOUS PECULIARITY IN THE ELEPHANT.

THE Bombay Times notices a paper by Dr Impey in the 'Transactions of the Bombay Medical and Physical Society,' containing an account of the rise of a malignant pestilence from contact with the flesh of a dead elephant. It furnishes a new and curious fact in the natural history of the animal. It is so seldom, says the Bombay Times, that tame elephants amongst us die from natural causes, or under such circumstances as permit of dissection, that this peculiarity of the elephant has not, we believe, till now been described, though perfectly well known to the natives. A baggage elephant accompanying the third troop of horse artillery having died on the march between Mhow and Poona at the commencement of the hot season of 1846, the elephant was cut up by some of the artillerymen and attendants under the superintendence of Dr Impey, to see, if possible, to determine the cause of its death. The *mochee* was ordered to work amongst the rest, but could not be induced to touch the carcass until he had smeared his hands and arms with oil, assigning as the reason of his aversion the certainty of disease supervening, and its liability periodically to attack those who had once suffered from it. This at the time was heartily ridiculed; but the laugh was on the *mochee's* side when every man employed in the dissection but himself was two days afterwards attacked with acute disease. The character of this was at first purely local: the pain felt like that arising from the bite of a venomous insect; it was accompanied by slight local inflammation. This soon extended and became a sore. These deepened to the bone and extended on all sides, manifesting a remarkable degree of sluggishness and inactivity. Fever accompanied the earlier symptoms, exhibiting a remittent type, and being most severe towards the evening. After a fortnight secondary fever appeared, and three weeks elapsed before the sores could be healed up. The patient had by this time become emaciated, sallow, and enervated, so that active dietetic measures required to be taken for his restoration.

From 'Fairy Tales of all Nations.'

TWO MISERS.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser—more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as an humble commender in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student. 'Welcome!' said the miser of Bassora; 'we will straight go into the market to make some purchase.' They went to the baker. 'Hast thou good bread?' 'Good indeed, my masters; and fresh and soft as butter.' 'Mark this, friend,' said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa, 'butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two. As we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper; and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly too, in being satisfied with butter.' They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter. 'Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil,' was the answer. 'Mark this, also,' said the host to his guest; 'oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore, by much ought to be preferred to the latter.' They next went to the oil vendor. 'Have you good oil?' 'The very best quality—white and transparent as water,' was the reply. 'Mark that, too,' said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa, 'by this rule water is the very best: now at home, I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you.' And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread. 'God be praised!' said the miser of Kufa, 'I have not journeyed this long distance in vain.'

MAXIMS OF MONEY.

THE art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependant upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel in want before you provide against it. You are more sure that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it. When you are underdressed as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.