

A BOOKFUL OF STORIES.

MR. RUSSELL PRINTS HIS COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES.

A Few Plums From The Pudding He has Prepared for British Readers—All of Them are not new. But all are Good—They Relate to Prominent Persons.

The man who chronicles or invents a new story, if it be a good one, is more to be honored than the discoverer of a gold mine. What shall be said then of a man who enriches an effete generation with a bookful of good stories? This is what Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M. P., has done under the pseudonym of 'One Who Has Kept a Diary,' in a volume entitled 'Collections and Recollections.' It is a collection of tales about prominent people of this and the preceding generation, and of stories so good in themselves that the personnel is immaterial.

Lord Shaftesbury told the following story of his uncle, Lord Melbourne:

"When the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert she wished him to be made King Consort by act of Parliament, and urged her wish upon the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. At first that sagacious man simply evaded the point, and when her Majesty insisted on a categorical answer, 'I thought it my duty to be very plain with her. I said, "For G—'s sake, let's hear no more of it, ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them."

Very interesting are the anecdotes which throw a distressingly white light on the state of society at the close of the last century, when from all the evidence of notable people who had been in contact with it, Mr. Russell is obliged to conclude that "religion was almost extinct in the highest and lowest classes of English society."

Here are some quotations from an unpublished diary of Lord Robert Seymour, who was born in 1748 and died in 1831.

"The Prince of Wales declares there is not an honest woman in London excepting Lady Parker and Lady Westmoreland and those are so stupid he can make nothing of them; they are scarcely fit to blow their own noses.

"The P. of W. called on Miss Vaneck last week with two of his Equerries. On coming into the Room he exclaimed, 'I must do it; I must do it.' Miss V. asked him what it was that he was obliged to do when he winked at St. Leger and the other accomplice, who lay'd Miss V. on Floor, and the P. positively wiped her. The occasion of this extraordinary behavior was occasioned by a Bett which I suppose he had made in one of his mad fits. The next day, however, he wrote her a penitential Letter, and she now receives him on the same footing as ever."

In these days, and even later only sixty years ago. 'Hard drinking was the indispensable accomplishment of a fine gentleman, and great estates were constantly changing owners at the gaming table.'

'One night at Newmarket: he lost a colossal sum at hazard, and, jumping up in a passion, he swore that the dice were loaded, put them in his pocket, and went to bed. Next morning he examined the dice in the presence of his boon companions, found that they were not loaded, and had to apologize and pay. Some years afterward one of the party was lying on his death bed, and he sent for the Duke. 'I have sent for you to tell you that you were right. The dice were loaded. We waited till you were asleep, went to your bedroom, took them out of your waistcoat pocket, replaced them with unloaded ones, and retired.'

'But suppose I had woke and caught you doing it?'

'Well, we were desperate men—and we had pistols.'

Such were the manners of high society. As for the morals, such things as morals were not for the great.

'When Lord Melbourne had accidentally found himself the unwilling hearer of a rousing evangelical sermon about sin and its consequences, he exclaimed in much disgust as he left the church: 'Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life!'

'Arthur Young tells us that a daughter of the first Lord Carrington said to a visitor: 'My papa used to have prayers in his family; but none since he has been a peer.'

As an example of manners in society the following is striking:

'I have been told by one who heard it from an eyewitness that a great Whig duchess, who figures brilliantly in the social and political memoirs of the last century, turning to the footman who was waiting on her at dinner, exclaimed, 'I wish to G—that you wouldn't keep rubbing your great greasy stomach against the

back of my chair.' Men and women of the highest fashion wore like troopers; the Princes of the Blood Royal, who carried into the middle of this century the courtly habits of the last, setting the example.'

Mr. Russell has many good stories to tell of clergymen. Here are a couple of Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol college, Oxford:

"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies had left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance; and then, bending down the table toward the offender, said in the shrillest tone: 'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair. It was really a stroke of genius thus both to terminate and to rebuke the impropriety without violating the decorum due from host to guest."

'At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, the one of whom had just been made a Judge and the other a Bishop. 'Oh,' said Henry Smith, 'I think the Bishop is the greater man. A Judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a Bishop can say 'You be d—d.' 'Yes,' characteristically twittered the Master; 'but if the Judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged.'

In his collection of repartees Mr. Russell has many old friends, but all are good. Here are a few examples:

'Lord Bowen is immortalized by his emendation to the Judges' address to the Queen, which had contained the Heep-like sentence: 'Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness for the great office to which we have been called.' 'Wouldn't it be better to say, Conscious as we are of one another's unworthiness?'

'One of the best repartees ever made, because the briefest and the justest, was made by 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' to Napoleon III. When Prince Louis Napoleon was living in impecunious exile in London he had been a constant guest at Lady Blessington's hospitable and brilliant but bohemian house. And she, when visiting Paris after the coup d'etat, naturally expected to receive at the Tuileries some return for the unbounded hospitalities at Gore House. Weeks passed, no invitation arrived, and the imperial court took no notice of Lady Blessington's presence. At length she encountered the Emperor at a great reception. As he passed through the bowing and curtsying crowd, the Emperor caught sight of his former hostess. 'Ah, Miladi Blessington! Restez-vous longtemps a Paris?' 'Et vous sire?' History does not record the usurper's reply.'

'When the German Emperor paid his visit to Leo XIII. Count Herbert Bismarck was in attendance on his imperial master, and when they reached the door of the Pope's audience chamber the Emperor passed in, and the Count tried to follow. A gentleman of the Papal Court motioned him to stand back, as there must be no third person at the interview between the Pope and the Emperor. 'I am Count Herbert Bismarck,' shouted the German, as he struggled to follow his master. 'That,' replied the Roman, with calm dignity, 'may account for, but it does not excuse, your conduct.'

There is a very amusing chapter on 'Tinks.' Mr. Russell has a very democratic scorn for these 'handles' to a name and is good-humoredly satirical on the subject. Talking of Irish peerages, which used to be a cheap and convenient method of rewarding political services, until recent legislation put an end to their creation, he tells the following story of Pitt:

'Pitt, when his banker, Mr. Smith (who lived in Whitehall) desired the right of driving through the Horse Guards, said: 'No, I can't give you that; but I will make you an Irish peer; and the banker became the first Lord Carrington.'

As to baronets:

'What is a baronet? ask some. Sir Wilfrid Lawson (who ought to know) replies that he is a man 'who has ceased to be a gentleman and has not become a nobleman.'

The order of baronets, as Mr. Russell reminds us, grew out of the rebellion in Ulster. When created, each baronet had to pay as much as would maintain thirty soldiers three years at 8 pence a day. 'As a historical memorial of their original service the baronets bear as an augmentation to their coats of arms the royal badge of Ulster, a bloody hand on a white field. It was in apt reference to this that a famous Whip, on learning that a baronet of his party was extremely anxious to be promoted to the peerage, said: 'You can tell Sir Peter Proudlesh, with my compliments, that if he wants a peerage he will have to put his bloody hand into his pocket. We don't do these things for nothing.'

strange Butterflies.

There is an old story about some facetious students making a remarkable looking insect by gluing together parts of various creatures, and then taking it to their professor and asking him what kind of bug that was. The man of science glanced at it, and promptly classified it as a humbug.

The professor would have needed to exercise all his wits if he were living in these days, for a young biologist has succeeded in grafting living moths piece upon piece in ways that have produced the most astonishing results. In his juggling with anatomic subjects he has created two-headed butterflies, tandem butterflies, moths with two heads and no tails, and various other combinations, all living and able to give proofs that they are no humbugs. Beyond these grotesque results, there is a possibility of important additions to the science of biology.

A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

He Became so Run Down that Work Was Almost Impossible—His Whole Body Racked With Pains.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:—"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles, all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work, will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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