

This new feature in your bearing will probably startle the more shrewd and observant of your former friends; but never mind that—it is precisely the impression you desire to make. It is even possible that some of them may express by *their* manner towards *you* a feeling of irritation at your new mode of treating them. Meet it by an expression of surprise at *their* conduct, and by increased coolness. There is now good ground for a quarrel—not open hostility, of course, but the warfare of distant looks and haughty salutations. Improve it to the utmost, and wonder what the fellows mean.

Observe that the whole of this nice process of dissolving former associations is carried on without one angry or offensive word being said on either side—without the slightest approach to an overt act of hostility; you, particularly, being as bland as ever. The whole is effected by look and manner alone.

To the gentleman who is rising in the world there are few things more offensive than the familiarity of old acquaintanceship when presented in the shape of notes and letters. Your old friends, still obstinately overlooking your advancement in the world, will in all probability continue to write to you when they have occasion to do so, in the free-and-easy way of former days. They will even sometimes so far forget themselves and you as to address you in a jocular strain. This must be instantly put down. Do it by brief and grave replies; take no notice of their jokes, and never attempt an approach to one in return. This in time will cure them; if not, you must have recourse to stronger measures. You must either not answer at all, or administer some decided dampers.

Should any of your former friends seek your patronage—a very probable case—take an early opportunity, while doing him some trifling service, of letting him feel sensibly your relative positions, all the while, however, exhibiting towards him the most friendly dispositions. But let him ever and anon feel the bit gently—let him feel that he has got somebody on his back. Begin as soon as possible to lecture him in a gentle way—all for his own good of course. Your character of patron gives you a right to

do this; and under this guise you can say the most cutting things to him without affording him the slightest ground for complaint. Under this guise you can address the most insulting language to him, and defy him to take it amiss. If he should, however, you can without any difficulty prove him to be one of the most ungrateful monsters that ever lived. You were doing all you could for him, and when you ventured to *advise* him—having nothing but his own good at heart—he chose to take offense at you, and to resent the friendly advice you gave him. Such an ungrateful dog!

As few men can stand such treatment as that above alluded to long, we can venture to promise you that by a steady course of proceeding in the way we have pointed out, you will soon clear your hands of your old friends. C.

RAPIDITY OF TIME.—Mankind passes away like the flowers which blossom in the morning, and which at night are already withered and trampled under foot. The generations of men glide along like the waves of a rapid stream; nothing can withstand time, which hurries along with it whatever seems most steadfast. Thyself, O my son—my dear son, thyself—who now enjoyest a youth so brisk and full of pleasure, remember that this fair age is but a flower, which will be dried up almost as soon as opened; thou wilt see thyself change imperceptibly; the sportive graces, the soft pleasures which attend thee, strength, health, and joy, will vanish like a bright dream; nothing of these will remain for thee but a sad remembrance; old age, which is faint and avorse to pleasure, will come and wrinkle thy face, bend thy body, debilitate thy limbs, dry up within thine heart the very springs of joy, make thee disgusted with the present, afraid of the future, and render thee insensible to aught else besides pain. To thee this time appears distant: alas! thou art mistaken, my son; it hurries on—lo! it is coming; that which advances so rapidly cannot be far off; and the present which rushes by is already gone, since it perishes while we are speaking; and can never come back.
—*Fenelon.*