

the Sovereign and the State. Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted positions he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. Notwithstanding his age and his diminished strength, he would most assuredly have gone anywhere, and have accepted any post in which his personal assistance might have been essential to the safety or advantage of the realm. He had more pride in obeying than in commanding, and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so thrust upon him. It was in this dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow-creatures, and who, in pursuit of any object at which his mind grasped, trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed themselves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and to whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least, ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal; these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good; but latterly he became morose and inaccessible, and cursed and swore at the people who sought to approach him, even on the most serious and necessary occasions.

Although the Duke's mind was still very vigorous, and he wrote very good papers on the various subjects which were submitted to his judgment and opinion, his prejudices had become so much stronger and more unassailable that he gave great annoyance and a good deal of difficulty to the ministers who had to transact business with him. He was opposed to almost every sort of change and reform in the military administration, and it was a task of no small difficulty to steer between the exigencies of public opinion and his objections and resistance. As it was always deemed an object to keep him in good humour, and many considerations forbade anything like a dissension with him, or an appeal against him to the public, the late ministers often acted, or refrained from acting, in deference to his opinions and against their own, and took on themselves all the responsibility of maintaining his views and measures, even when they thought he was wrong. His habits were latterly very solitary, and, after the death of Arbuthnot, he had no intimacy with any one, nor any friend to whom he could talk freely and confidentially. As long as Arbuthnot lived he confided everything to him, and those who wished to communicate with the Duke almost always did so through him.—*Greville Memoirs*.

#### BEAU BRUMMELL.

BEAU BRUMMELL, whose curious life by the late Captain Jesse has just been republished in an edition of appropriate costliness, was nothing but a beau; and Brummell was the most perfect specimen, if he was the last of his kind. The best-known of his predecessors, Beau Nash, had performed other functions besides that of being ornamental. We may not be inclined to assign a very high rank among human occupations to the calling of a master of ceremonies. Yet it has—or at least had—its utility. Nash gave the air of fashion, and therefore of prosperity, to the Assembly-room and Pump-room of Bath. The city regarded him, and not without reason, as its second founder, and paid him appropriate honours in life and death. In the species, as finally and fully developed in Brummell, the organ of utility, so to speak, has disappeared; we see the fop, and nothing else; but we see him becoming, to the shame of his generation, on the mere strength of his foppery, a power in society. The history of his success seems almost incredible as we read it; we look, but we look in vain, for personal qualities which may help us to account for it, and we are forced to attribute it to the stupendous and exceptional folly of the times in which he flourished. His birth was not distinguished, for though his father was a successful placeman, his grandfather had been a confectioner, and had let lodgings in Bond Street. He was not rich, for his fortune

never amounted to more than £30,000, and was soon impaired by extravagance and play; his literary ability was not more than hundreds of his contemporaries possessed, and did not reach beyond writing indifferent *vers de société*. Still he set himself the task of conquering the social world of his day, and this task he accomplished. His biographer is careful to defend him from the charge of being a dandy; and if a dandy means an extravagant dresser, he is successful in his defence. Extravagantly dressed means ill-dressed; and the age, with all its follies, was not so foolish as to elect an ill-dressed man as the dictator of its social *convenances*. "Brummell," says Captain Jesse, "determined to be the best-dressed man in London;" and after getting rid of the natural weakness, which at first beset him, of changing his dress too frequently, he attained his object. This made him the intimate friend of princes, the *arbiter elegantiarum* whose mere greeting was a passport into the most exclusive society, and had, therefore, a value beyond money. "You owe me five hundred pounds," said a man who sought the *entrée* into the circle of fashion to the Beau, when his career was drawing to a close. "I have paid you," said Brummell. "Paid me!" said the man, "when?" "When?" answered Brummell. "Why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'Ah, how do you, Jemmy?'" Wit, of course, is one of the conditions of social success, and Brummell had some sort of claim to it. Yet, unless even more than usual of its spirit has evaporated, his wit is barely distinguishable from impudence. This quality rose in him almost to the height of an inspiration, and produced, if nothing else, at least that sense of incongruity which is one of the necessary conditions of effective humour. Here is a story which has the merit of being less hackneyed than most that are told about him. An ex-officer in the army, who had had the misfortune to have his nose shot or sabred off in the Peninsula, was told that Brummell had reported of him that he had never held a commission, but was nothing more than a retired hatter. He called upon the Beau and demanded satisfaction. Brummell promptly and energetically denied that he had ever spread the disparaging rumour. But when the Captain was about to take his leave, gratified with his success, Brummell followed him to the door, and again affirmed that the report was false, giving, however, this reason—"Now that I think of it, I never in my life dealt with a hatter without a nose." The social supremacy so strangely won was not upset by any return of society to common-sense. Brummell quarrelled with his Royal patron, but seemed little the worse for the exclusion from the Prince's circle, and indeed was thought to have come off rather the better in the quarrel which followed the old intimacy. The Beau ruined himself at the gaming-table, at which sums not less than his modest patrimony were nightly lost and won with a publicity which would entitle us to be severe upon our ancestors if we could ignore our own Stock Exchange. Brummell had no Parliament to pay his debts, and was obliged to escape them by a hasty flight to the Continent. The story of his latter years exhibits a moral which has no need to be pointed. The friends of his prosperity were not unkind—ungrateful would scarcely be the word, for he had done nothing which could call for gratitude. Liberal presents were sent to him; and if his fall had taught him the commonest lesson of prudence, he might have ended his days in comfort. But he had learnt little or nothing. As time went on some of his old acquaintances died, and some became indifferent or weary of incessant demands. The poor creature sank into more and more humiliating depths of poverty. The man whose wardrobe had been the admiration and envy of London was reduced to a single pair of trousers, and looked decent only in winter, when he could cover the deficiencies of his wardrobe with a cloak. The Nemesis of foppery was upon him. The old fastidiousness gave place to a neglect which made him repulsive to his neighbours, and the man who had made a favour of his very greeting was banished to his own chamber lest he should offend the guests of a third-rate inn. It is pleasant to find that a little ray of light cheered up the last scene of all. He was removed to the hospital of the Bon Sauveur, an institution for the treatment of the imbecile which was managed by an uncloistered sisterhood. There, in the room which Bourrienne had occupied before him, he spent the last eighteen months of his life. "I never was so comfortable in all my life," he said to an old acquaintance; "I have all I wish to eat, and such a large fire." And there he died, with a prayer—almost the first, we are told, which he is known to have uttered—upon his lips. One of the silliest, if not of the most noxious, phases of human folly may be said to have reached in him its most characteristic development.—*Spectator*.

#### PICKINGS FROM THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE."

THE members of the National Temperance Federation are not satisfied with Mr. Gladstone. After all the promises he has made them they still complain, because he has not done what he promised. Nay, more; they are so discontented that they are drawing up a manifesto which is likely to give the Liberals much trouble. It will set forth that the Liberal members of the House of Commons, though largely returned at the last general election by the temperance party, have broken their pledges. This time the members of the Federation are not only to refuse support to any candidate who does not declare himself in favour of their views, but they are to compel him to promise a speedy redemption of his pledges. From the references to the drink question in Mr. Gladstone's manifesto they turn impatiently away.

A SCOTCH cobbler, described briefly as a "notorious offender," has passed his life in a certain "Auld Licht" village without being converted. Last week a Forfar magistrate sentenced him to a fine of half-a-crown, or twenty-four hours' imprisonment. If he chose the latter he would be taken to the gaol at Perth. The cobbler communed with himself. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said; "I have business in the town at any rate."