

that case it may be condoned for the sake of its accompaniments. But in most men eccentricity is simply an indication of weakness and folly, and generally also of conceit. It is an error into which young men are particularly apt to be misled. They read of some great man who had certain peculiarities; they fancy that they resemble him, and at any rate it is much easier to imitate his tricks than to follow the example of his greatness. It is a very serious fault. Alexander the Great had a trick of bearing his head a little on one side; many of his courtiers tried to imitate the habit. We can see that they were no nearer to his greatness because they had caught his trick.

Most people have heard of a very eminent surgeon named Abernethy. His manners were peculiarly rough, at times almost brutal; and a good many members of his profession thought it rather a fine thing to be like him. They could imitate Abernethy in his bad manners, if they could not catch his genius or equal his skill. It was not long before either the faculty or the public got tired of this kind of vulgarity. At this moment, if you were to select the class of men who are the most distinguished for the gentleness of their manners, you would probably find it impossible to discover one which would equal the medical profession.

We must reserve for another paper some more particular and detailed observations on the subject we are considering. At present we will confine ourselves to one or two general remarks.

Not very long ago we read in a newspaper a letter from Professor Max Muller, of the University of Oxford, giving an account of a Buddhist Priest, of Japan, who had come to study at that university, and had afterwards returned to his own country, where soon afterwards he died. The Professor had evidently contracted a great regard for the character and abilities of the young man and had thought it useful to send some account of him to the newspapers. Among other things which he said of his pupil, there occurred this striking sentence:—"His manners were perfect; they were the natural manners of an unselfish man." These are words worth remembering and meditating upon. They contain volumes of information on the subject of Conduct and Manner. Let us reverse them and see how the statement will look. Let us say of a man, or perhaps we had better take a woman: "Her manners were odious; they were the affected manners of a selfish woman." What a picture rises before us! We see a woman not gentle, thoughtful, considerate of others, as it is the glory of a woman to be; but self-seeking, pushing, trying to advance herself in society, to be more thought of than others and "putting on" the "airs and graces" which she imagines to be characteristic of the *haut ton*, but which are simply infallible tokens of her own vulgarity. It is a terrible spectacle, yet alas! not altogether unknown.

What do we mean by courtesy? We mean a thoughtful, kindly consideration for others, showing itself in quiet, natural, unobtrusive ways. We mean something which is real, sincere, true—not something which is "put on" for the use of society. We mean something that goes with a man or a woman everywhere, as part of themselves, and not something which is put off and on, like Sunday clothes. This is a text upon which we may permit ourselves to enlarge further, on another occasion.

SOME ASPECTS OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

(Second Paper.)

Yes, I had become a pilgrim—a wanderer over the narrow land, and like men of this class, was bent upon seeing every thing, so I was not startled when my friend asked me if I had ever seen the calabash tree. Calabashes were some of the curiosities of the place, but as to the nature of their growth, the writer was in ignorance, but not destined to remain long in that state, as we started out a few days afterwards in search of this aged monarch. It was a pretty drive with the alternating glimpses of the sea, whose ever varying colour cannot be pictured, and the more sombre hues of rather parched grass clothing the gentle slopes which hardly reach to an eminence worthy of being called hills. Like all places of resort, many spots with romantic names, and still more marvelous stories connected with them were found. The remembrance of a grotto, called the "Devil's Holes," haunts one with its curious collection of fish of all description, and which are supposed to answer to their names and allow their backs to be scratched by the admiring spectator. However, continuing our drive, the dark driver suddenly turned in at a little gateway, and after being consigned to the care of a blacker youth, we found ourselves among a cluster of trees, and on inquiring for this particular calabash tree, were informed that we were standing 'neath it. Imagine one's surprise, after listening to the tales concerning the tree, to find yourself in its shade, unmindful of the fact that you were standing where Tom Moore, the Irish poet, penned his verses "To Nea," his Southern love, when he was stationed in these Isles by virtue of some office held under the Admiralty. Another turn brought some caves to view, and taking a hasty glance at them, we moved on, as a previous visit to a cavern in another part of the Islands, has not impressed us with an enthusiastic longing "to do" all.

The first view of a 'Mudian cave had taken place much like this, except the journey then had been made by water, and after a rambling trip from the landing place to what I supposed was a hole in the earth, a negro appeared with some tallow candles nearly half burnt. The descent was begun, and a faint remembrance of a stride of a few feet, wrapped in a moderately heavy