

or conceived himself to have suffered, in India; and much exertion was made to obtain redress from the state. But even while his complaint was allowed to be just, the appearance of being ill used had its usual effect in defeating all his efforts. The world became tired of hearing of the wrongs of Mr. Buckingham. The thing became a subject of wit. The iteration provoked a counter feeling. And the case ended in the claim being disallowed. All this came of appearing ill used—the thing which mankind detest and contemn above all others. Even a nation may go through the same process of complaining, and be only additionally ill used for its pains. Poland, for instance, was so unfortunate as to get into the condition of an ill-used state some forty years ago. Every body allowed and allows that it was ill used. Parted like the garments of a condemned criminal among the executioners—obliterated from the map of Europe—

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime—

such are a sample of the sympathising phrases which have been used regarding it. But the complaint of being ill used has done nothing for it. The neighbouring states, which used it ill, are as much respected as ever. And the talk about the ill usage of poor Poland begins to grow tiresome—in short, a bore. Unquestionably, if Poland was to submit to be parted or suppressed, the best course for it would have been to appear to consent cordially in the measure, which might have then passed as something for its advantage. The character of the country would thus have been maintained. On the contrary, Poland has complained, until its complaints fall on the ear, and elicit sentiments by no means calculated to improve its situation. The same would have been the fate of France if it had also been parted, as was designed. But France rose as one man, and preserved its soil from invasion. It is fully as desirable for nations as for individuals, that they should avoid the *appearance of being ill used*.

Let no one, then, who wishes to attain or preserve a respectable place in the world, ever appear as if he had been ill used. If a young man of business, let him never tell that he has been cheated or worsted in any sort of way, for then he will appear as having been ill used. If a

young artist, let him never breathe a word as to the prejudice or ill will of “that hanging committee,” in putting his pictures up at the ceiling or down at the floor, for then he will be confessing that he has been ill used. If a candidate for an office or place of any kind, let him carefully avoid all complaint as to the suppression of his testimonials, or the start allowed to his rivals in the canvass, for then he will be owning to ill usage. If a wooer, let him utter no whisper of jilting or rejection, unless he be able to tell at the same moment with a cheerful face, that, while ill used by one lady, he has been well used by another. In short, let no man who values his prospects in this world, ever, by word, deed, or sigh, allow it to be supposed that he has ever been, is now, or believes he ever can be, ill used.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

#### THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

There is an inborn and inbred distrust of “foreigners” in England—continental foreigners, I should say—which keeps the current of French and Italian society as distinct amid the sea of London as the blue Rhone in Lake Lemman. The word “foreigner,” in England, conveys exclusively the idea of a dark-complexioned and whiskered individual, in a frogged coat and distressed circumstances; and to introduce a smooth-cheeked, plainly dressed, quiet-looking person by that name, would strike any circle of ladies and gentlemen as a palpable misnomer. There is nevertheless a rage for foreign lions in London society, and while a well-introduced foreigner keeps his cabriolet, and confines himself to frequenting soirees and accepting invitations to dine, he will never suspect that he is not on an equal footing with any milor in London. If he wishes to be disenchanted, he has only to change his lodgings from Long’s to Great Russell Street, or (bitterer and readier trial) to propose marriage to the Honorable Augusta or Lady Fanny.

Every body who knows the society of Paris, knows something of a handsome and very elegant young baron of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, with small fortune, very great taste, and great credit, contrived to go on swimmingly as an ado-