

NEW AND "OLD MORTALITY."



ES, we are all ticketed for the "Walley of the Shadder": There's no denying that; idle words, all that might be advanced to the contrary! This bit o' talk is not meant to be a homily on the utterances of St. Paul or of any other equally positive teacher, but somehow, *mortality* and *immortality* are the words that keep sounding in my what d'y'e call it—conscience, or heart, or ears? since the privilege has been mine of making a sort of personal acquaintance with a goodly number of mortals who have (some of them,) long since put on immortality and are now standing

"With a crown upon their forehead,
A harp within their hand",—

(or something to that effect) and this is how these by-goners have been recalled: The Reverend Father Fox, who has been our guest of late, was happily and generously inspired, to bring with him some of his treasures, and to allow them a free circulation among his friends. Sincerest thanks would these friends beg to offer the dear Reverend Father, with the heartiest congratulations on the value of his splendid collection.

"AUTOGRAPHS, FAC-SIMILES AND LITERARY CURIOSITIES," that is what is inscribed on the back of an immense album containing, indeed, all that the title indicates. There are autographs and franks, a large number of them, addressed to the "Rev. Charles Laurence Prideaux Fox," giving ample evidence that the Rev. gentleman has had, both as a Catholic and a non-Catholic, in England, Scotland and Ireland, (including Canada) a large circle of friends and most "desirable acquaintances."

The hierarchy is largely represented, the peerage, the political and literary world also. The most interesting and surely the most precious among the autographs belonging to people of this time are those of their eminences Cardinals Manning, Newman and Cullen. Father Faber's should come in here, this is his

place by "right divine" and the dear, sweet soul of him is manifest in a charming letter addressed to Father Fox. Mr. Gladstone's large and rather rugged signature bespeaks the rugged feller of trees and the no less rugged crier down of shams. Carlyle's—well, every one has heard what effect it always had on the devils! (the printer's to be sure)—and no wonder—how they ever got those porcupinish pen strokes into print, must remain among the unsolved problems, still there are worse specimens than Tom C's. If handwriting really bears any relation to the character of the writer, some very changeable and inconsistent people have come and gone since scribbling began, "and wonderment guesses" when was that? The most legible hands, as well as the neatest, omitting of course, a great number of beautiful specimens from distinguished ladies, are the fac-similes of many of the great classics of the eighteenth century. Addison, Pope, Swift, Steele, Sterne, etc., with a few exceptions, write as if they went about everything in a cool, calm, stately, starchy way, too dignified or too artificial to be in a hurry. Fancy, Addison in a hurry! Ye stars! They were, no doubt elegant wielders of well-trimmed quills, those be-wigged classics, and they took complacency in their chirography it's evident! Richardson, Fielding and Smollet are so much alike, one could readily believe they set one another head lines for practice. It is worth one's while to read some of these carefully worded epistles, suggestive of "best brown snuff." There's a peculiar tone of politeness suggestive of high heels and perfect frills, albeit the shirt may have been limited to the frill. Suggestive too, of hearts, as genuine as the starched bosoms supposed to cover said organ. More than suggestive of a law tide in *cash*, indeed some of these gracious "bits o' writin" are irresistible appeals for small loans. There's one from Sterne to Garrick thus: "This morning as I was making my final preparation for that journey ("The Sentimental Journey"?) I discovered I had twenty pounds less than a gentleman should have on setting out, do me the favor," etc.—No doubt the