

times thought this student must have been at Vetulia, at some of the royal levees I attended. For there I saw nobles with old, faded, rotten "nobility coats" on, impossible to make hold together for another year. A far nobler coat was that found in the possession of a black, in the wilds of Africa, ten years after Livingstone's death. He was found carrying a European coat over his arm, and was asked where he got it? It was tattered and rotten by long exposure and carrying. "A white man gave me that ten years ago," said he. "Oh, he was a good man! He loved everybody, and loved the black man as if he was his brother!" And he had carried the good man's coat (to make it last the longer, only covering himself with it, perhaps, at night—and who can tell the *influence* that constant reminder carried on his arm would have on that poor African's character and life. We cannot bear a budget of roses without carrying the aroma with us.

The nobility coats were not allowed to be patched. To wear a patched coat was only one degree removed from the infamy of having a "patched character." Some boldly assumed the court-dress of a commoner and left their tatters at home and dropped the "handle" to their names. Others, no matter who laughed, stuck to their coats of nobility.

The Prime Minister (who, by the way, had declined a nobleman's coat and dressed as a commoner), explained it to me thus. He said men were ennobled because they deserved recognition