

these letters had never been published, and we should never, perhaps, have loved him so much.

It is almost impossible to make quotations, one wants to quote them all, but the following will give some slight idea of the general style :

During a visit to a Parisian theatre, he writes :

"I have never been in a French green-room before, and was not much excited, but when he proposed to take me up to the *loge* of a beautiful actress, with sparkling eyes and the prettiest little *retrousse* nose-ey-posey in the world, I said to the *regisseur* of the theatre 'lead on,' and we went through passages and up stairs to the *loge*, which is not a box, but O! gracious goodness! a dressing room.

"She had taken off her rouge; her complexion was only a thousand times more brilliant, perhaps, the *peignoir* of black satin which partially enveloped her perfect form, only served to heighten, &c., which it could but partially do, &c. Her lips are really as red as, &c., and not covered with paint at all. Her voice is delicious, her eyes, O! they flashed, &c., upon me, and I felt my &c., beating so that I could hardly speak. I pitched in, if you will permit me the phrase, two or three compliments, however, very large and heavy of the good old English sort, and, *O! mon Dieu*, she has asked me to go and see her. Shall I go, or shan't I? Shall I go this very day at 4 o'clock, or shall I not? Well, I won't tell you; I will put up my letter before 4, and keep this piece of intelligence for the next packet."

Travelling in Switzerland, he writes thus satirically of himself :

"Travelling as Paterfamilias, with a daughter in each hand, I don't like to speak to our country folks; but give myself airs, rather, and keep off from them. If I were alone I should make up to everybody. You don't see things so well a *trois* as you do alone; you are an English gentleman; you are shy of queer looking or queer speaking people; you are in the *coupe*; you are an earl;—confound your impudence, if you had £5,000 a year and were Tom-parr, Esq., you could not behave yourself more high and mightily. Ah! I recollect ten years back a poor devil looking wistfully at the few napoleons in his *gousset*, and giving himself no airs at all. He was a better fellow than the one you know perhaps; not that our characters alter, only they develop, and our minds grow grey and bald, &c."

In another letter he says: "Your letter made me laugh very much, and therefore made me happy. When I saw that nice little Mrs. S. with her child yesterday, of course I thought about somebody else. The tones of a mother's voice speaking to an infant, play the deuce with me somehow; that charming nonsense and tenderness work upon me until I feel like a woman or a great big baby myself,—fiddle-de-dee!"

From America, where he was lecturing, he writes :

"O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is intro-

duced, and shakes hands. I know thousands of colonels, professors, editors, and what not, and walk the streets guiltily knowing that I don't know 'em, and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before."

And again: "What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me. I have had but one little letter from J. E., full of troubles, too." She says you have been a comfort to them, too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty, I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.... Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always - O! you kind friends.

W. M. T."

We are compelled to stop here; but we cannot help wondering if any body else will come along with more of Thackeray's letters; if they are as good as those Mrs. Brookfield has published, they will be very interesting. Thackeray, indeed, would probably have opposed any such publication, but when we consider how much good such letters do to humanity, we must not consider too much the wishes of their gifted author.

A. C.

## BACON.

(Continued.)

And here, we may ask, on what does Bacon's greatness rest? Not on the great mental acumen which he brought to bear upon the legal and political institutions of his day, not upon his essays, mere trifles which he threw off in idle moments, yet so much compressed into so little that they remind us of the fairy tent Macaulay speaks of, which could be folded into a toy for the hand, or expanded into a canopy under which armies might rest. It is to his *Instauratio Magna* that we have to look, his *Novum Organum*, works perhaps no longer read, but wherein is embodied that living principle of his life, like Goethe's *Faust*, conceived in youth and accomplished in old age. In his sixtieth year he published his *Novum Organum*. Looking back upon the centuries Bacon could find nothing but a barren sea, sometimes lying still and stagnant, or again lashed into fury, but always barren. Whence arose this sterility? Why, after the countless volumes that had been written, and the untiring labors of fifteen centuries, were the sciences a nullity and the arts depending upon them for life withered? It was not to be attributed to any defect in nature, for the laws of nature are fixed and eternal, and capable of being made the objects of precise and absolute knowledge. Neither could it arise from any lack of ability in those who pursued these enquiries, many of whom were men of the profoundest genius and learning of their times. There could be but one answer. The weakness and insufficiency of the methods pursued. This the keen eye of Bacon was quick to see, and in his *Novum Organum* he propounds a new method which, like the