

monument of his own greatness, and he takes care that no one shall overlook him—the clever alchemist who has found the Universal Solvent, and learnt the secret of transmutation. Perhaps his alkahest was discovered in the cauldron where he boiled his soap; or he may have picked his gold out of rags and bones; or he was an iron-smelter who made a new kind of pig; or a cotton-spinner who lighted on an improved kind of spool; at all events he was once a practical handicraftsman, and is now a millionaire; but, say the experts, by no possibility can he ever be a gentleman, or even pass muster in the ranks with the rest. Rich and uncultivated, he hangs, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of the aristocrat and the earth of the *prolétaire*. The one will not have him, and he will not have the other. Even the middle-class gentry who hold their own, and all of whom he could buy and not feel the loss, even the rector and the lawyer, the doctor and the half-pay captain, do not want him. His wealth overpowers them, and his vulgarity offends. His *chef* is a marvel, and his hothouse fruit, of which he is so ostentatiously liberal, is perfection; still, they do not care to have his company for the sake of the good eating which goes along with it, and in the midst of all his magnificence they miss those nice touches of unconscious refinement which come like second nature in the arrangements of the well-born and gently nurtured. If they do not feel quite at one with their surroundings at the local potentate's, when the annual condescending festivities are going on, neither do they at the brand-new staring house of this self-made Cræsus, where everything is inharmonious throughout—the man and his money, the coarse core and the splendid envelope, the lavish expenditure on all that will make a show, with the certain meanness in all that speaks of early personal habits. If he does not find friends among the middle classes, still less does he among the higher; and it is only when he has bought husbands and wives for his children in the ranks of the impecunious well-born that he is able to lift up his head as a man among men, and is not the flying-fish of the neighbourhood, pecked at by the birds and pursued by the sharks.

Often loud and vulgar, this self-made Cræsus is at times retreating, quiet, humble, as if offering a perpetual apology both for himself and his riches, mutely beseeching his superior acquaintances to forgive his success and enjoy its fruits like their own. He is generous to a proverb; not with the blustering ostentation of the other, but always as if slightly ashamed that he is so much better off than the rest, and only desirous that they shall be the gainers. He sends the best of his early fruit in presents to the neighbourhood; and at the local flower-shows declines competition, while he furnishes by far the choicest specimens, "just to help, you know, and make a pretty show for the strangers." And if my Lady or the Captain praises warmly his noble-looking pines, his fragrant flowers, his early peas, he offers them with a manner that suggests blushing and deprecation of the liberty he is taking. Of scanty education in the groundwork, he has probably a turn for some kind of pursuit which gets him a certain amount of respect from the gentry. Either he is passionately fond of music—when his ability to pick out a simple chant on his superb organ is magnified by report into as good as professional skill, and he gets the *kudos* resulting; or he has a taste for chemistry—when his perfectly-supplied laboratory is said to contain secret discoveries of incalculable value, to be some day made public; or his observatory, where his splendid telescope is his plaything, is the resort of the idle curious, some of whom laugh when they see the mountains in the moon, as if it were a Christmas pantomime played for their benefit, and the girls say "How funny!" when they make out the belt of Saturn or the markings on Mars. He has, perhaps, a microscope as well, for the display of heaped-up discs of the blood, or the stock rare-shows of wings and bark; or he learns photography, and caricatures the neighbourhood for practice; or he is said to be a great reader, and to have sound views on large questions. In any of which he gains a character apart from his wealth, which, with his humility and air of constant apology, gets him a footing in the society where he lives; so that after a time he is tolerated as "a good kind of person, and really not at all pushing; very generous with his fruit and flowers, and by no means a fool, though he does say 'you was' and 'between you and I.'"

These are the two most ordinary kinds of the self-made Cræsus whose past is obscure rather than doubtful, and whose money has been made in the fair way of trade, or by lucky chances in speculation. And of these men one thing is an invariable characteristic;—you never see their near relations—their brothers and sisters, or uncles and cousins. These keep in the background—journeymen tailors with thrifty wives and barefooted bairns down in some poor village in Scotland; or it may be a workhouse matron with a consumptive daughter in a remote part of Wales, to whom he sends occasional presents of a pound or two, as sops to the wolf whose black muzzle is always sniffing at their mouldering doors; taking care, however, never to send so much at one time as the fare to London, for fear of untimely arrivals and the tongues of the gossips loosened. For all the details of his early life he might be truly a "stork's child," born of no human parents, and with no blood-relations to claim kinship and disclose the low-lying nests. "It won't do now," he says, mindful of the claims of his children and the duty owing to his new position; for if blood is, as they say, thicker than water, most undoubtedly it is thinner and weaker and less tenacious than gold.

The successful man, whose past, well covered up now, would not bear inspection, and who is conscious of secret infamies which, if discovered, would consign him to eternal shame, is to be found in all ranks; but for the most part he is of a higher origin and better education than those of whom we have been speaking. For dishonour, to be successful, must necessarily be clever; and native cleverness is not enough, unless backed by educated ability. An almost undiscoverable system of keeping false accounts, false letters and forged receipts, false reports on 'Change and bulling and bearing in consequence—a man must have had something of a liberal education to accomplish these things, and with a liberal education his manners cannot be those of a boor. A licentious woman, well-dowered, whose frailty can be counted on as so much money down; a weak youth just come to his estate, whose frantic ambition is to be a man of the world, and who, grateful to the guide leading him into the mire, does not see that all the while he is being stripped as bare as the palm of his hand; the solitary guardian of rich young orphan girls, with never another uncle or near friend to overhaul the accounts—and the accounts so craftily cooked that nothing but an expert could detect the fraud, and disentangle the truth from the lies:—these condi-

tions have been the bases of great fortunes, and will be again—human nature repeating its ugly tricks in all generations alike. And not a few of the successful men afloat in society have grown that golden tap-root of theirs in this kind of muddy soil. But when they have once strongly and thoroughly rooted, and have become capitalists of large possessions, then you can find no more rigidly virtuous citizens than they. No magistrate on the bench is more strict to do his duty by his country, and let no poor shivering wretch, stealing bread for hunger, escape the just punishment of the law—no Guardian on the Board is more thoughtful for the ratepayer, more rigorous to the pauper—no churchwarden more diligent in his attendance at church, more zealous for the stately ordering of the service, a more constant communicant, or more liberal with his donations—than the man who has defrauded widows and orphans, made the wealthy woman who loved him to her shame buy his silence at a price, and plucked the silly pigeon bare, leaving him floundering in the mire, ruined in body and soul alike. The devil's walks on earth give him rare sport; but we doubt if ever he laughs so loud or long as when he sees the successful rogue playing at virtue in respectable English society, edifying even the parson by his piety, and winning universal respect by the loftiness of his sentiments, and the incorruptibility of his honesty.

Again, an element of self-betrayal is in the glaring newness of all about the successful man of small beginnings and large results. No ingenuity can make that place of his look mellow, or as if long accustomed to itself. He may buy up all Wardour-street, and line every room with black oak or faded damask—it is all one; the new wealth peeps through the old covering, and betrays itself without the chance of concealment. Besides, he is always changing his house as he mounts higher and higher in the scale. From a cottage in the suburbs he migrates by degrees to a mansion in Grosvenor-square, and then to a park and Hall in the country in addition; like the little fish that outgrew vase, and tub, and tank, and lake, till only the illimitable ocean was enough for his supreme development. And naturally these gradations in the size of his houses renders his old goods useless. So that when he finally anchors as a county magnate, everything betrays the yesterday of his fortunes as clearly as if labels were tacked to his satin and pasted on the ormolu. His house reminds one of the glaring sunlight falling on the hot sand with no shade near. It is like something that wants the last fine skin, and either freezes or scorches, but never gives one the impression of home or comfort.

These are men successful only by wealth, but there are those who are successful by profession; the artist who has made his name, and the author who has made his; the fashionable physician, the popular preacher, the famous lawyer, and the brilliant, shallow lecturer on science—all small fry in the beginning, if luxuriant fellows enough in the end. The successful artist and inventor are, perhaps, those who betray their early condition the most patently. The others must, like the rogue, have had some kind of liberal education; but the painter, or the man who makes a new application of a mechanical law, may be a thorough master, the one of his material and the other of his dynamics, and as ignorant as two owls of all beyond. They may paint and "scheme" to perfection, yet not have an "h" between them, nor the faintest conception that nouns and their verbs ought to agree in number. If their success comes late in life, the wife married in the days of darkness is never up to the mature mark. Perhaps she was a simple Scotch lassie, washing her bits of duds in the burn, while he helped with the wringing and made love in the vernacular: or she was the pretty barmaid over the way: or the model who had not knocked about the studios long enough to lose more, let us hope, than her sense of decency and consciousness of shame. Anyway, she is the witness who never fails to bear testimony, and no after-training can clothe her with the delicate grace native to her acquired state. She has been so long used to the toil and moil of poverty that she cannot take her ease as one accustomed from the beginning to purple and fine linen. The atmosphere of hard work clings to her, and she is always Cinderella whose natural place is among the ashes, even when dressed in her godmother's clothes. Her husband's success is sure to divide them, however close has been their former union; and she gradually grows to feel strange to him and to her younger children. He is scarcely so much her husband as her master, and they are not hers so much as his. Perhaps she dies; when the successful widower marries some needy "scion," who avenges herself for her pecuniary necessities by snubbing her low-born husband unmercifully; and, if appreciating his fortune, despising his personality as much as poor Cinderella once loved and afterwards respected him.

The successful man of small beginnings who aims at social standing, and for this purpose studies the capabilities of every living soul within his reach, is a thing for gods and men to wonder at. Inch by inch he wriggles on his forward way, cleverly, craftily, unscrupulously; flinging off former friends and patrons, when no longer useful, with no more regard than a snake casts its skin; dropping one kindly tie after another as he worms along. Always making for "advance," "recognition," "standing," at each successive stage, he grows too fine for his former friends; and people who have lent him half-a-crown in days gone by, or given him a guinea's worth of work out of compassion for his ragged elbows, are "cut" as if never known, or treated with two fingers airily, after the manner of great condescending to those of small estate. When he and his wife have been presented, and their names are included in the list of party-givers, then his goal is reached, and the gates of his Paradise are rolled back. Henceforth he has only to widen, not to grow; to crystallise, not create. He is successful in the great task which he set himself to fulfil: and when he who, as a youth, starved in a garret, as a man has dined in the same room with the Prince of Wales, and had the privilege of a bow from the Princess—what more has earth to give? and can Heaven itself in his opinion grant so much?—

Truth.

The late Cardinal Franchi was a confirmed smoker. During his visit to Cardinal Manning in London he would keep the dinner table in a roar, and after dinner coolly take out his cigar-case and offer cigars all round. Now smoking was particularly obnoxious to the English Cardinal, but he bore the fumigation with exemplary patience. Patience, however, has its limits, and the limit was reached when the illustrious visitor from Rome took to smoking in his bedroom. The Italians have a custom of branding their cigars with the names of popular Ministers of State; and when Franchi was asked in Rome a few months ago what he smoked, he replied with ready wit, "O, I only smoke Italian Ministers—Cavour, Minghetti, et cetera."—*Ex.*