

# "MANY HAVE BEEN RUINED BY BUYING GOOD PENNYWORTHS."

## ON THE USE OF RICHES.

(16.)—THE venerable Lord Bathurst, dying at the age of ninety-one, acted a distinguished part in four reigns. He was spared to behold his son, well-stricken in years, sitting on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor—being the only individual, except the father of Sir Thomas More, on whom such a felicity was ever conferred. The author of "*Tristram Shandy*," in speaking of Lord Bathurst, said of him:—

"This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy: for at eighty-five he has all the wit and promptitude of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew—added to which, a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling."

The aged peer, whilst possessing the most elegant tastes, and the most jovial manners, offered a striking contrast to his son Henry (the Lord Chancellor), who was rather abstemious, and of a reserved disposition—and something when the son said to his company, "Now that the *old gentleman* is gone to bed, let us be merry, and enjoy ourselves! It was to Lord Bathurst that Pope's epistle, "*On the Use of riches*," was inscribed:—

"The sense to value riches, with the art  
To enjoy them and the virtue to impart  
Not meanly, not ambitiously pursued;  
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;  
To balance fortune by a just expense,  
Join with economy magnificence;  
With splendour charity, with plenty health;  
O, teach us, BATHURST, yet unspoiled by wealth!  
That secret rare between the extremes to move,  
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love."

## AN ELEVATED SITUATION!

(23.)—THE following anecdote of that eminent judge, SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, is related by Mr. Edward Foss, in his "*Judges of England*":—

"Frederick Pollock was born on September 23, 1783. In his early years he lost much time at three metropolitan and suburban schools, in which he told his father that he learned nothing. On being taken away from the last, he remained at home for sixteen months, employing them in very miscellaneous reading, principally devoted to English literature, chemistry, physiology, and other scientific subjects. He was then placed under Dr. Roberts at St. Paul's school. A story is related, on good authority, that young Pollock, in fancying that he was wasting his time there, as he intended to go to the bar, intimated to the head-master that he should not stay; and that the doctor, who was desirous of keeping so promising a lad, thereupon became so cross and disagreeable that one day the youth wrote him a note, saying he should not return. The doctor, ignorant of the cordial terms on which the father and son lived together, sent the note to the father, who called on him to express his regret at his son's determination, adding that he had advised him not to send the note. Upon which the doctor broke out, 'Ah, sir, you'll live to see that boy hanged.' The doctor, on meeting Mrs. Pollock some years after his pupil had obtained university honours and professional success, congratulated her on her son's good fortune, adding, quite unconscious of the humorous contrast—'Ah! madam, I always said he'd fill an *elevated* situation.'"

It may also be interesting to give the following extract from the same work:—

"Of the chief baron's legal and judicial merits these pages profess not to speak. But at the end of two-and-twenty years from his appointment, and of near eighty-three from his birth, it may be allowed to record that he was to be found in his place exercising all the functions of his arduous office as efficiently as when he was at first appointed; frequently called upon to preside in most important cases, and never flinching from undertaking them; tempering his judgments so as not unnecessarily to hurt the feelings of those against whom he was obliged to decide; and ever acting towards his brethren on the bench, and the counsel at the bar of his court, so as to be a general favourite. On July 13, 1866, he retired from his position, having sat on the bench at a more advanced age than any common law judge before him; Lord Mansfield, though a little older when he actually resigned, having refrained from attending the court for two years before, when he was only eighty-one years old. To the last Sir Frederick never excused himself from his daily duties, and the exercise of his faculties called forth in addressing a jury. His merits were recognised by the immediate grant of a baronetcy. Having suffered little from attacks of illness, and retaining much of his former activity, he may be truly said to enjoy a green old age. Sir Frederick has been twice married. He had whom twenty survive, ten by the first union, and ten by the second. He can boast of a more numerous issue than is usually the lot of humanity. Besides his twenty children, he counts fifty-four grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren, and he has had the gratification of seeing his eldest son's eldest son the first man of his year at his own alma mater."

She was accused of conspiracy with the Queen, dragged to the prison of La Force, and taken before the bloody tribunal. When questioned about the Queen she answered with the greatest dignity and firmness. Some of the judges wished to spare her on account of her youth and beauty, but this was over-ruled by the more bloodthirsty, and she was taken back to her cell, and placed in solitary confinement. When the other prisoners—arrived at La Force, they speedily found their way to the cell of the Princess, and, breaking in, they offered her her life if she would swear hatred to the royal family. This she nobly refused to do, and was instantly dragged out over a pile of dead bodies, standing up to her ankles in blood. She was ordered to cry "*Vive la Nation!*" Speechless with horror she was unable to do, and was instantly struck down—and awful to relate, it was one of her own servants, whom she had loaded with kindnesses, who struck the first blow. Her head was then cut off, her body torn in pieces, and the fragments put on the end of pikes and paraded through the different parts of the city. The head (which according to the custom of the time, was carefully powdered), was raised on a lance and first carried to the Palace of the Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis Philippe—better known by his republican appellation of "*Egalite*"), who rose from dinner and looked for some minutes in silence upon the ghastly spectacle. Madame Buffon, his favourite, and some other companions of his pleasures, were with him at the time. "My God!" exclaimed she, "they will thus carry my head through the streets!" The head was then carried to the Temple, and paraded before the windows of Louis XVI. The king, ignorant of what had passed, but hearing the tumult, at the desire of one of the commissioners of the municipality, proceeded to the window, when he recognised by her beautiful hair the head of his once lovely friend; but to the credit of humanity, it must be said, that another commissioner, more humane, tried to prevent the king from beholding the ghastly sight.

During the progress of this revolutionary outbreak, a contention arose amongst the wretches that the foremost only got a stroke at the prisoners as they emerged from their cells, and it was arranged that the unhappy "aristocrats," as they were called, should run the gauntlet through a long avenue of Communists for lights to see the massacre; and this request being granted, benches were arranged "*Pour les Messieurs*" and "*Pour les Dames*" to witness the spectacle; and as each successive prisoner emerged from the prison-gate, yells of joy arose from him like cannibals, and when the victim fell they danced around him like cannibals. It was decreed also "that whoever labours in a prison shall receive a louis from the funds of the Commune," but when the assassins applied for this promised reward, and it was found the funds were not sufficient to discharge these claims, only twenty-four francs being given. "Do you think I have only earned twenty-four francs?" said a young man, a baker by trade, "*I have slain forty with my own hands!*" This was surpassed by a negro who had slain above two hundred!

These narrations seem incredible, yet the bills showing the amount the assassins received still exist (if they were not destroyed in the recent Revolution); and in this later Revolution it would have been well had the historian been spared the melancholy task of recording, that the evidences were not wanting to indicate that the great and numerous horrors of the first revolution would most probably have been equalled by this later one—if the stronger arm of the well-disposed military had not succeeded in arresting its fearful course.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT!

(5.)—JOHN HOME, author of the once popular tragedy of "*Douglas*," was a Scotch clergyman. When his tragedy was first performed at Edinburgh, in 1756, it gave such offence to the presbytery, that the author, to avoid ecclesiastical censure, resigned his living, and ever afterwards appeared and acted as a layman.

It is related of an Englishman who was a great admirer of Home's tragedy of "*Douglas*," that being in Edinburgh, he thought he should like to see the author of his favourite tragedy. He accordingly called at Home's modest tenement, and, knocking at the door, was answered by a lassie that Mr. Home was not in, as he had gone into the highlands—but, she added, Mrs. Home was in. Next to seeing the great man, our Englishman thought Mrs. Home would do, and he was therefore ushered in, and much to his surprise, was introduced to an old lady who had her head wrapped up in flannel, and who was engaged in concocting a tumbler of hot wine and water, being in the act of grating into it a few grains of nutmeg. The Englishman's dream of romance was soon dispelled, for in vain he tried to engage her in a topic of conversation, but found her hopelessly stupid and ignorant on all topics that he broached. At last he asked her if she had heard of the peace that had just been concluded with France, when she said "Oh, yes; I've heard of the peace." On coming, he thought the Englishman, we are improving, and with a gleam of hope he proceeded—"It will make a great change in many things; we must all be thankful for it!" The old lady paused to think, but at last replied, "Do you think, sir, it will make any difference in the price of nutmegs?" The gentleman, uttering an expression that could not be construed into a lessing, hastily retired!

\* The Duke of Orleans not only voted for the death of his cousin Louis XVI., but was present at his execution (himself afterwards sharing the same fate).