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Review of Henrietta Temple

N. Beverley Tucker

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HENRIETTA TEMPLE:


"By the author of Vivian Grey!" How the sight of these words delighted our eyes, and with what eager zest we betook ourselves to the perusal of the work! We were glad to find ourselves once more engaged with a writer in whom we are always sure to find much that is original and nothing commonplace, and whose faults are chiefly such as spring from the exuberance of genius. We have always regretted that we see so little of Mr. D'Israeli. We have sometimes wondered at it; but when we have expressed this wonder, we have been told that he is not popular as a novelist in his own country, and that his labors in that line have proved unprofitable. If this be so, we should not wonder if he renounced his pen forever in indignant disgust. To be postponed to Bulwer is bad enough; Bulwer, whose heavy wing (to borrow a thought from Pollock) comes flapping laboriously as he strives to work his way up into the regions where the mind of D'Israeli floats at ease amid the creations of his own genius that people the ethereal expanse! This is bad enough. But to be neglected by the admirers of James and Ritchie! To see "Philip Augustus" and "One in a Thousand" preferred to "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming," is more than any man should be expected to endure.

But "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." and we find pleasure in the belief, that there is no writer of novels now living whose powers are estimated so highly by the best judges among us, as Mr. D'Israeli's. The work before us is a striking example of the versatility of his genius. At first, we hardly knew how to believe that it was actually his. The reader can hardly fail to remember the peculiar characteristics of Vivian Grey. The suddenness, the abruptness, the disregard of all connection between antecedents and consequents, leave us at a loss to know whether we have been asleep or awake—whether the vivid images which have flitted so distinctly before us, and which did but flit and pass away, were the fragments of a broken and disjointed dream, or occasional glimpses of the affairs of men of flesh and blood transacted before us, but so as to let us see but part of what was done, or but a narrative so contrived as to seem to tell us everything, and still to leave us in perplexed and wondering ignorance.

The story before us is told in a style exactly the reverse of this. The preliminary circumstances are told before us with the distinctness and precision of a lawyer's brief, so that without being wearied with a long detail, we find ourselves in full possession of all the circumstances of all the parties, and of their mutual relations to each other. They are placed, as on a chess-board, before the game begins. We understand precisely who is who, and what is what, and can, at any moment, without confusion, trace the progress of each piece from his original position, and see the philosophy of all the moves which have conducted him to his present place.

Such is the impression made upon us by the mere manner in which this story is told, and at the same time we are sensible that nothing is lost in the interest of the
Sir Ratcliffe Armyn is a decayed baronet, whose family came in with the conqueror, and flourished under the long line of his descendants, until the spirit of religious controversy began to mingle itself with political strife. It was the fate of this family to cling to the falling fortunes of the Catholic church, and to incur attainders and forfeitures, by which its wealth and power were so reduced, that a large landed estate mortgaged to its full value was all that remained to Sir Ratcliffe. With the estate and the mortgage he inherited the pride of his family, and this determined him to keep together his patrimonial acres, paying nearly every shilling of his rents to keep down the interest of his debts. In this way he lives in poverty and obscurity in one of his old dilapidated baronial mansions. His wife, the daughter of a wealthy nobleman, brings him no dowry, but she brings what is better—a kind and generous heart, a cheerful temper, and a disposition to share his poverty without a murmur. They have an only son, who, under the tuition of a Catholic priest who has sought and found a shelter under the roof of his early absence, and until she hears from the best authority upon which we are left to guess and wonder with as much perplexity (though certainly with less interest,) as at any tour de main in Vivian Grey.

Soon after this snug arrangement has been agreed upon, he meets with the lady whose name designates the world, and mutual tendencies into love at first sight in the consequence. Here then is a new toy on which Mr. Ferdinand Armyn has set his heart, and he snatches it as unhesitatingly as he had snatched at his cousin's fortune, and with the like success. But unluckily he cannot have both, and Miss Temple is the daughter of a gentleman of very moderate fortune. Of course she is not let into the secret of his prior engagement; so leaving her in the dark about that, he hies away to see his cousin, with a full purpose of breaking off from it. But his heart fails him, and he trifles away the time, until Miss Temple becomes uneasy at his protracted absence, and until she hears from the best authority that he is certainly engaged (as he certainly was) to his cousin, and that a short day was fixed for their nuptials. This intelligence comes in such a shape as to leave no doubt in the mind of either father or daughter of its truth; whereupon they give Captain Armyn the slip, retire to the Continent, and establish themselves at Pisa. At length the lover makes his appearance, but the birds are flown. Therefore recover slowly; his tutor explains the real state of affairs to Miss Grandison, and they agree that, for the present, the knowledge of the truth shall go no further. Sir Ratcliffe and his wife, therefore, are still happy in the belief that their son is about to marry an heiress, whose wealth will restore the splendor of his faded fortune.

The consequence is, that while he purchases his way to heaven with Imago accumulated interest. Meantime, Miss Temple at Pisa meets with Lord Montfort, who is the equal of Armyn in all that he ought to be, and his opposite in all that he ought not to be. Of course he falls in love with the lady, and addresses her. She rejects him, assuring him of her esteem, but at the same time shewing her hopeless attachment to another man. But Lord Montfort is quite too philosophical to put aside by any such difficulties. He knows that women must marry, and that if a good woman does not learn to love her husband, it must be her husband's fault. Of the moral worth of Miss Temple there can be no doubt. She therefore Toleration piously places the matter on that footing, and on further consideration he is accepted.

On the return of Miss Temple with her father and lover to England, they are thrown by successive chances into the society of the Armyns. In the meantime the secret seizes out that the captain is not to marry Miss
Grandison. Miss Temple also discovers that, instead of fencing her for Miss Grandison, he had slain Miss Grandison for her. Miss Temple was no lawyer, but the story of the lawyer's bull and the farmer's ox is true of all mankind, and womankind too, and so she forgives him with all her heart.

But the credulity of Captain Arny are, by no means, so indulgent. The discovery that he is not to marry his wealthy cousin, rouses their resentment as well as their fears, and he is thrown into prison. From this he is relieved by Lord Montfort, at the earnest entreaty of Miss Temple. But his lordship does not stop there. He resigns the lady herself to her first lover, and being doomed, as it seems, to take up with the leavings of the irresistible Captain Arny, he seeks and finds consolation with his rejected cousin Miss Grandison. An unexpected legacy makes Mr. Temple a rich man, and all ends well and prosperously.

For this story, merely as a tale, we have not much to say. If the execution were not at all superior to the material, we should have little praise to bestow, and there would be so need to condemn a work having nothing to redeem it from early oblivion. Indeed, in the management of the story, there is one fault which appears more glaringly than in our hasty abstract. It is the suddenness of the change of partners. It not only is not explained when and how Miss Temple's hold on Lord Montfort's heart became relaxed, and when he first became sensible of the attractions of Kate Grandison, and she of his, but the possibility of any such change of feeling is almost neglected. On one day we have Lord Montfort the devoted and plighted lover of Miss Temple; on the same day we have Miss Grandison light-hearted, cheerful and free as air; on the same day we have a conversation between her and the young nobleman, which leads the reader to believe that they have no thought of each other, and early the next morning he announces to Arny that they are betrothed. He has tied up with the leavings of his last love, and in the exercise of his peculiar resort in his cases.

It is the power of genius which has invested it with everything that can recommend it to the poetic sense. The music and the hues, and the odors of poetry, are all there, and we revel in them as in a Popilian bower, where every object is a poem, every action a sonnet, every thought a waltz melody to the ear.

We hazard nothing in saying that the work before us abundance in passages which will not lose by comparison with parallel passages in Don Juan. When young Arny and the heroine meet, they fall in love at the first glance in beauty, and every scent glows in splendor, and every lesson of heaven recoils with the power of Genius. It is the momentous wish that we did not forgive Mr. D'Istria's abruptness, in consideration of his manifest contempt of them.

After all this, the reader may perhaps ask, what merit there can be in such a tale as we have sketched? We will answer by begging him to make a like allowance of the adventures of Don Juan, from the nursery of Dona Inez, and the bed-chamber of Don Julian, to his last critical rencontre with the Duchess of Fitz Fulke. Trace him from the chaste bosom of Haider to the voluptuous embrace of Doder, and the sensual style of Catherine of Russia, and while you look on the skeleton of this monster of poetical creations, think of it as it stands in the living verse of Byron. Is it not true, that all of the marvellous productions of that wonderful man, this strange, wild, extravagant, shocking, horrible, incredible, and impossible tale, is the most wonderful and the most fascinating? What makes it so? It is the power of genius. It is the creative energy which has invested it with everything that can recommend it to the poetic sense. The music and the hues, and the odors of poetry, are all there, and we revel among them as in a Popilian bower, where every object is a poem, every action a sonnet, every thought a waltz melody to the ear.

We fear it is too true an account of the nature and operation of a passion, which they who feel and cherish it, are in the habit of regarding as generous, refined, and magnificent.

"Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and, insatiably, to feel an overawing convulsion that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be enshrined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no more sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sight of love, in her smiles of fondness, her heart is all bliss; to feel our buoyant emotion fade away like a sheltered gourd before her violence; to feel those juggling and portentous a lie; and to be prepared at once, for this great grief, to forbid and fly away all former hopes, desires, schemes, views; to violate in her favor every duty of society—this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an eternal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empires, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of the fantastical achievements of apes, Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at love of fortune, love of friends, love of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in their paths of careless bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impulses before which they bow down. He is a matron, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star; and, if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the bottomless gulf."

"What a mystery is love! All the necessities and habits of our life sink before it. Food and sleep, that seem to divide our being, are day and night divided thus, lose all their influence over the lover. He is, indeed, a spiritualized being, fit only to live upon unceasing, and plaster in an imaginary paradise. The change of the world do not touch him; his most exterminating care to him but the daily incidents of by-gone annals. All the fortune of the world without his interests is misery; and with her all his mischances are a transient dream. Revolutions, earthquakes, the change of governments, the fall of empires, are to him but
It is the dark conviction that feelings the most ardent may yet each other so dearly. Can meet each other with indifference, almost with unconsciousness; to grow cold, and that emotions the most constant and confirmed are, nevertheless, liable to change, that taints the feeblest spell of our later passions, though they may spring from a heart that has lost little of its original freshness, and be offered to one infinitely more worthy of the devotion than our first idolatry. To gaze upon a face, and to believe that for ever we must behold it with the same adoration; that those eyes, in whose light we live, will for ever meet ours with mutual glances of rapture and devotedness; to be conscious that all conversation with others sounds vapid and spiritless, compared with the endless expressions of our affection; to feel our heart rise at the favored voice; to believe that for ever we must behold our idol, and then they die without a pang, like zealots for silence. Ferdinand, of course, yielded himself to the apparent beauty of the face before him, yet in the view nothing but their own inward fancies.

And it can be possible that the hour can ever arrive when the former vanities of a mutual passion so exquisite and engrossing cannot touch other similar sensations, almost with unconsciousness, and recall with an effort their vanished scenes of felicity. What quick yet profound sympathy, that ready yet boundless sympathy, all their familiar abandonment of self, and that vigilant and prescient fondness that anticipates all our wishes and all our wishes! It makes the heart ache but picture such vicissitudes to the imagination. They are images full of distress, and misery, and gloom. The knowledge that such changes can occur gives life on the mind like the thought of death, obliterating all our gay fancies with its bat-like wing, and tainting the healthy atmosphere of our happiness with its venomous exhalations. It is not so much reviled chills, that were once the capital glories of the world, or moulderling temples breathing the benediction of the earth, or arches of triumph that have fallen, or oracles no more believed, or arches of triumph that have fallen; no, it is the veneration of the dead, the terror of the future, that fill my mind with half so mournful an impression of the instability of human fortunes, as their scenes of exhausted affection, and, as it were, traditionary fragments of expired passion.

It is from passages like these that we have learned to speak of the faults of D'Israeli as those of exuberant genius. Here is the genius, and here are the faults. In this splendid declamation we see no appearance of indecision, of shuffling, of a jaded fancy; no rigging the changes on the hackneyed cant of romantic love. All is vivid, and much original; yet in the very last and most beautiful sentence there is a grammatical fault so glaring, as to show that the passage flowed spontaneously from the pen, and could not even have been read over with a critical eye. We certainly did not discover it at the first perusal, and we trust there are few readers so cold as to have perceived it. But it is there, and does but enhance the beauty of the passage, by showing that it was perfectly unstudied.

The following is in a different style, but shows equal power. We cannot imagine anything more tender and more true to nature in its best aspects. It is the account of the parting of Ferdinand from his parents, when he first leaves them to join his regiment.

It was singular at dinner, in what excellent spirits every body determined to be. The dinner, also, generally a very simple repast, was almost as elaborate as the demeanor of the guests, and, although no one felt inclined to eat, consisted of every dish and delicacy which was supposed to be a favor to Ferdinand. Sir Basilwood, in general so grave, was to-day quite joyous, and produced a magazine of claret, which he had himself discovered in the old cellars, and of which even Glasbunbury, an habitual water-drinker, ventured to partake. As for Lady Armyn, she scarcely ever ceased talking; she found a jest in every sentence, and seemed only uneasy when there was silence. Ferdinand, of course, yielded himself to the apparent spirit of the party; and, had a stranger been present, he could only have supposed that they were celebrating some anniversary of domestic joy. It seemed rather a birthday feast than the last social meeting of those who had lived together so long, and loved each other so dearly.

But, as the evening drew on, their hearts began to grow heavy, and every one was glad that the early departure of the travellers on the morrow was an excuse for speedily retiring. "Three cheers for to-morrow!" said Lady Armyn with a gay air, as she secretly returned the habitual embrace of her son. "We shall be all up to-morrow."

So wishing his last good-night, with a charged heart and faltering tongue, Ferdinand Armyn took up his candle and retired to his chamber. He could not refrain from examining an unusual silence when he had entered the room. He held up the light to the old accustomed walls, and threw a parting glance of affection at the curtains. There was the glass vase which his mother had never omitted each day to fill with fresh flowers, and the counterpane that was her own handy work. He kissed it; and, flinging off his clothes, was glad when he was surrounded by darkness in his bed.

He felt his tears upon his heart. He could not move; he could not speak. At length he sobbed aloud.

"May our Father that is in heaven bless you, my darling child; may He preserve you, my only-born; child of love, and joy, and happiness, that never cost me a thought of sorrow, so kind, so gentle, and so truthful—that we, oh! we, indeed!"

"It is too cruel," continued Lady Armyn, kissing with a thousand kisses her weeping child. "What have I done to deserve such misery as this? Ferdinand, beloved Ferdinand, I am going to die, my only-born. Lord, have mercy upon me! I am going to die, my darling. For you, not for myself, have I controlled my feelings. But I know not the strength of a mother's love. Also! what shall I do without you? Oh! Ferdinand, my first, my only-born; child of love, and joy, and happiness, that never cost me a thought of sorrow, so kind, so gentle, and so truthful—that we, oh! we, indeed!

"It is too cruel," continued Lady Armyn, kissing with a thousand kisses her weeping child. "What have I done to deserve such misery as this? Ferdinand, beloved Ferdinand, I am going to die, my only-born. Lord, have mercy upon me! I am going to die, my darling. For you, not for myself, have I controlled my feelings. But I know not the strength of a mother's love. Also! what shall I do without you? Oh! Ferdinand, my first, my only-born; child of love, and joy, and happiness, that never cost me a thought of sorrow, so kind, so gentle, and so truthful—that we, oh! we, indeed!"

"I will not go, mother, I will not go; wildly exclaimed the boy, disengaging himself from her embrace, and starting up in his bed. "Mother, I cannot go. No, no, it never can be good for me to leave a home like this!"

"Hush! hush! my darling. What words are these? How unkind, how wicked is it of me to say all this! Would that I had not come into this world! I only meant to listen at your dear, sweet voice, and hear you move, perhaps to hear you speak—and like a fool—how ought of me!—never, never shall I forgive myself—and like a fool!"

"My own, own mother—what shall I say?—what shall I do? I love you, mother, with all my heart, and soul and spirit's strength; I love you, mother. There is no mother loved as you are loved!

"Tell that that makes me mad. I know it. Oh why are you not like other children, Ferdinand? When your uncle left us, my father said 'Good bye,' and shook his hand; and he, he scarcely kissed us, he was so glad to leave his home; but you—nay, nay, you, not to-morrow? Can he be so cruel?"

"Mother, let me get up and call my father, and tell him I will not go!"

"Good God! What words are these? Not go. 'Tis all your hope to go; all ours, dear child. What would your father say were he to hear me speak thus? Oh! that I had not entered! What a fool I am!"
**You know I have often stayed a moment at grandpapa's, and sometimes for an hour.** What do you think of this? These were the words to use in a letter to a father; in a sister, I would add, like me. No one can know you, Henrietta, as your father loves you; yes, speak to me not only as a father, but as your earliest, your best, your dearest child, your most faithful friend.

**She pressed his hand, but answer, that she could not.**

**Henrietta, dearest, dearest Henrietta, answer me one question.**

**In a week of seven days we shall indeed return home again,**

**once we shall indeed return home again,**

**how shall I tell you? In sight of eternity, in all spring, all summer and winter, all—**

**She, dearer mother, think of your dearer, dearest mother, how much her hopes are placed on me; think, dearest mother; how much I have to do; I cannot believe that we are to part.**

**I love you, my child, and I must return our house,**

**Dearer mother, you unos me.**

**It is very wicked. I am a fool; I never, no; never shall I pardon myself for this slight, Ferdinand.**

**Sheerest, dearest mother, Isei know you.**

**Sheerest, dearest mother, I see know you.**

**At home again! eight times six weeks—A year, nearly a year! It seems eternity. We are coming, all spring, all summer and winter, all—**

**Oh! my idol, my beloved, my dearer Ferdinand, I cannot believe that we are to part.**

**Shall, dearest mother, think you? Yes.**

**I must return our house,**

**Shall, dearest mother, think you? Yes.**

**I must return our house,**

**I love you, my child, and I must return our house,**

**The moment you was taken it with him to her good heart. I will write you every day,**

**They was taken it with him to her good heart. I will write you every day,**

**of the great Juggernaut of Europe,**

**Oh! my child, the time will come when we shall understand why it is that Mr. D'Sarici is so detestable; this coldness; this indifference; these reproofs to-morrow; what shall I say to you?**

**My child, the time will come when we shall understand why it is that Mr. D'Sarici is so detestable; this coldness; this indifference; these reproofs to-morrow; what shall I say to you?**

**I am very superfluous about this article, and while you have not yet more to see.**

**Diane, sweetest dear, and Arnaud, and those who live there.**

**Try, my love, to sleep; try to make your heart, my child, the time will come when we shall understand why it is that Mr. D'Sarici is so detestable; this coldness; this indifference; these reproofs to-morrow; what shall I say to you?**

**Oh! that no human being,**

**Cling to my heart, my child, my faithful child!**

**Fathers love has comfort. Is it not so?**

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**You know what may yet come from this first victim.**

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**You know what may yet come from this first victim.**

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**You know what may yet come from this first victim.**

**But whose?**

**I know it,** exclaimed Ferdinand, with streaming eyes;

**But whose?**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**

**And, if you know all, you would not hate me?**

**Blanc!**
is taken up by neither. We proceed to explain this.

He thus speaks of the Marquis of Montfort:

"The young marquess was an excellent specimen of a class superior in talents, intelligence, and accomplishments, in public spirit, in private virtues, in any in the world—the English nobility."

Can we wonder after this that Mr. Daniel O'Connell, in the fury of his crusade against the house of peers, has thought proper to denounce Mr. D'Irissel in terms too gross to be admitted to a place on our pages? But what of that? Thus proscribed by the illustrious men of talent, intelligence, and accomplishment, Mr. D'Irissel has thought proper to enounce such a man as has been once considered by him in any principle of action but selfishness, and that selfishness unrestrained by any laws, whether natural or conventional. He is a demon in the garb of an angel of light. Nor is he merely odious. He is contemptible too. "With courage, address, and talent of the first order, he is a coxcomb, a fool, an ass, and a beggar."

Ferdinand Armyn is manifestly a great favourite with our author. Yet is there nothing in his character to recommend him to any well formed mind, but that of a young woman in the impassioned frenzy of first love. He is impossible to detect in him any principle of action but selfishness, and that selfishness unrestrained by any laws, whether natural or conventional. He is a demon in the garb of an angel of light. Nor is he merely odious. He is contemptible too. "With courage, address, and talent of the first order, he is a coxcomb, a fool, an ass, and a beggar."

"If he had thought of her before, or that she was worthy of his esteem," said Ferdinand, "I would break your heart, said Glastonbury."

"It is the only happy moment I have known," said Glastonbury.

"And she herself has barely recovered from a long and terrible illness."

"My own heroines! Now I could die happy," said Ferdinand. "I never had such a woman before."

We think we have shown why Mr. D'Irissel has never been equal to the height of this day! And now you have come, and made me comparatively happy. I shall get up directly."

"Glastonbury looked quite pleased; he could not comprehend how this false intelligence could have produced effects so directly contrary to those he had anticipated. However, in answer to Ferdinand's reiterated inquiries, he contrived to give a detailed account of every thing that had occurred, and Ferdinand's running commentary continued to be one of constant self-congratulations."

Now this smouldering passion is the bright feature in Mr. Ferdinand Armyn's character. Apart from this he is the slave of appetite and vanity—a mere adventurer, a fortune-hunter, and a legacy-hunter, who bills his creditors, and spends the money that does not belong to him in wasteful self-indulgence, unmindful of the necessities of parents, whom their devotion to him has beggared.

But the depravity of Mr. D'Irissel's moral tastes is not exhibited in his manifest liking of this character alone. For this he might find some apology with a class of readers who are not the worst customers of the writers of "Love Stories." We have said that he militates the character of his hero from the odly selfish to the passionately selfish. The difference is like that between manslaughter and murder. But manslaughter itself is felony; and it is not probable that felons of any kind, their aids or abettors, should find favor with a class superior in talents, intelligence and accomplishments, in public spirit and in private virtues, to any in the world.

But, as we have said, the evidences of a corrupt moral taste do not stop here. Under the name of Mr. Bond Sharpes, our author takes occasion to show, with manifest tokens of high approbation and perfect sympathy, that the character of Glastonbury, the prize-fighter and black-leg, the keeper of a London Hell, the New-market Jockey, who tampers with stable boys and race-riders, and sells the benefit of his intrigues to the rich and noble, who hire him to loot for them.

Another character who figures here, and is in high favor with the author, is the witty and agreeable but detestably profligate Count D'Oreyx, who is exhibited under the name of the Count de Miradel. We beg pardon for alluding to anything so indecent as Williams's revelations of what he was permitted to see in private society; but the introduction of this personage by D'Irissel, transported us at once to the Cirence Boudoir of Lady Blessington, where we find both together. If the reader remembers Mr. Williams's account of our author's manners and appearance, he will be at no loss to account for that peacock for puppetry which displays itself not in this work alone, but in every character in the exhibition of which he seems to find peculiar pleasure.

We think we have shown why Mr. D'Irissel has failed to find that encouragement to which his eminent talents would seem to entitle him, but which he does
not, in fact, deserve. For ourselves, while we admire the talent displayed in this work, we neither recommend nor approve it. We think it calculated to do harm. We think it teaches a lesson in that pernicious school of morals and manners, where the mind is prepared for intercourse with the world, by eradicating its best feelings. Time was, when in the training of a gentleman, the first lesson was to divest himself of selfishness, or at least of any appearance of it. The Genius of Almanacks, which, like the cholera, has found its way across the Atlantic, is introducing a new system. In that school of the Graces the first position is selfishness, the next insolence. The rest is in order.