

Johns River

When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer, one of the governors. The grocer pompously began, "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the time, replied, "No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of figs. Come, look sharp and wrap them up; I want to be off." Most men, if they will candidly reflect what they themselves would have said to the grocer under the circumstances, will own the superiority of Abernethy. Everything great, too, requires time. To conceive a great work or a great plan of life, and to execute it, requires a large power of looking before and after, which is one of the rarest of qualities. When we see what some men have done, both in these and in other days, we catch a glimpse of the scope of man's intellect, and of the extent of activity, bodily and mental, that some men possess, which by mere anticipation we should never have guessed at. No better instance could be given than the noble and wonderful book which Mr. Darwin has recently published; and when we have read this work we begin to understand all that Buffon meant when he said that "patience is genius."

nations than like two subjects of the same Sovereign or two members of the same community. There is no common ground between them, and no common understanding. Each is absolutely ignorant of the private life and habits of the other, and there is nothing in Turkey like those invisible threads of connexion which unite the various members of a Western society together through their being enveloped by the same atmosphere of general opinion. From these causes, principally, spring the two great obstacles to improvements in the government of Turkey—the shamelessness of the ablest public men, and their utter mistrust of one another. The Turkish official oligarchy is, in fact, composed of men who are as much strangers to each other as an Englishman is to a Russian. No man knows his neighbour. No man cares for his neighbour's judgment on his acts. All that passes between man and man is false and artificial, and wears a much closer resemblance to diplomacy than to social intercourse. There is some fear of treachery and some of despotic power, but a complete absence of those feelings which, apart from moral restraints, are the springs of self-control in the west of Europe.

All contemporary observers of Turkey are agreed that of late years there had been some slight mitigation of these evils, though the mitigating influence has at present shown its worst side. Unquestionably, though the men stood still, the women were in progress towards something better. Something like a society was growing up in Constantinople. The ladies of different households were beginning to mingle much more freely than of old, and a plentiful crop of the rivalries and scandals which spring up wherever ladies meet together was coming into bud. For the moment, the symptoms of the change were not of an eminently satisfactory complexion. It made itself felt in a great increase of expenditure on feminine ornament, and a great increase of female influence in political intrigues. Both of these novelties had, however, their favourable aspect. The great Turkish ladies, besides competing in splendour and costliness of dress, had already, it is said, begun to understand rivalry of a more honourable character, and, if too old themselves to learn the accomplishments of Western Christendom, had thoughts of teaching their daughters to excel in the infidel arts of music and conversation. Education, in short, has been growing slightly into fashion. Perhaps, too, an imperceptible elevation of female intellect may have had something to do with the part recently taken by women in the intrigues which have successively displaced so many Ministries—though the common belief is that these changes were simply brought about through the more frequent intercourse which has grown up between households, and which naturally multiplies the opportunities of combination and collusion. Yet even in this case it is something gained for Turkey that her chief men know more of each other, even though at first they should only use their knowledge to take advantage of each other's weak points.

Until all Europe is again called in to a consultation at its "sick man's" bedside, the establishment of a better understanding and a better state of relations between the members of its official class is the best thing which can happen to Turkey. Up to the present time, the excellent reforms enacted by the SULTAN have been frustrated less by the difficulties which are usually dwelt upon, than by the old sores of Turkish Government—corruption and mistrust. The Turkish administrators of the present day are much better qualified for their duty in some respects than is commonly supposed. There is no want of energy and intelligence among them, but in two points they are exactly like their great-grandfathers—they do not trust one another, and they do not care for one another. Nothing will set this right except the growth, if not of a public opinion, at least of a class-opinion, and nothing will generate opinion except a quicker movement in Turkish society. The ladies of Constantinople, headed by the inmates of the Imperial seraglio, were doing something, in a rather unsatisfactory way, to break up the old stagnation and to fuse together the insulated groups of which society has hitherto consisted. It is a pity that they should be stopped in so laudable an undertaking. Polygamy will always produce enough of evil, but there is no human institution so desperately bad as not to admit of amelioration. There will always be a low public morality in Constantinople, but public men may be taught to peculate less audaciously and act together more cordially than they do in their present state of isolation.

SUCCESS.

MR. SMILES, the biographer of George Stephenson, has written a book called *Self-Help*, in which he has collected a wonderful number of stories showing how men get on in the world. The literary merit of the work is very great, and few authors have so successfully surmounted the difficulty of weaving into a connected and pleasant narrative a long string of anecdotes. But as the volume must be read to have justice done to it, and as we could scarcely notice its contents in detail without extracting pages of quotation, we wish to pass over the book itself more lightly than it deserves, and merely refer generally to the great subject of which it treats. If the golden calf was interesting, as we may suppose it to have been, to the Israelites, success must be interesting to Englishmen. How some men do what thousands of others long to do, is a problem worth solving. Mr. Smiles solves it with tolerable fulness and accuracy. Men succeed because they take pains to succeed. Industry is the secret of success, as the experience of numberless successful men amply proves. Patience, said Buffon, is genius; and those who are marked out from their fellows are much more often distinguished by unusual resolution and perseverance than by unusual gifts. If any one wishes to know why other men succeed more than he does, let him begin to get up at five o'clock. The first morning or two nothing can be easier. The excitement of novelty, and the buoyant hope which springs from the consciousness of a great aim, will enable him to turn out as cheerfully and determinedly at five as at nine; but the third morning and the fourth will begin to tell. There will be no visible effect produced by his exertions. No one will care whether he is grinding over a hard book near a fire, which, as he probably lit it himself, is very unlikely to burn, or whether he is snoozing between his warm sheets. If he perseveres, early rising will become a habit, and then it will be as easy to him to get up at one hour as another; but there is a preliminary weariness before a habit is formed, and after the first novelty is over, which, with the vast majority of men, puts a quiet extinguisher on ambition. Certainly it is not necessary to get up early in order to be very industrious, but some equal sacrifice must be made. If the work is to come after dinner, the enjoyment of dinner must be proportionately diminished. If every odd and end of time is to be employed in the daytime, the aspirant must have the fortitude to resist all the calls of friends, visitors, love-making, creditors, and other persons who waste or occupy time. Nor is hard work a mere affair of will. The body has to be taxed as well as the mind, and the body is apt to display an ignorant impatience of taxation. A man who requires sleep, but cannot sleep if his mind is excited, may bid adieu to the steep ascents of unusual advancement, while the man who can do without sleep is at once raised above his fellows if he chooses to exert his faculties. Lord Brougham, it is said, once kept awake from a Monday morning until Saturday evening again brought round the day of profound slumber. How can a person who is never fresh unless he gets from eleven at night till eight the next morning compete with such a wakeful prodigy? So great are the capacities of body and mind which enormous work requires, that in all probability extreme labour is very rarely undergone simply for the rewards it will lead to. The capacities exist, and it is the pleasure of exercising extraordinary faculties much more than the prospect of eventual distinction that impels men to absorb their lives in continual industry. When, for instance, we hear of a violin-player being asked by a disciple how long it would take to learn that instrument, and replying, "twelve hours a day for twenty years," we may be sure that the delight of fiddling, and not the hope of being a fiddler, had lured him on to proficiency. But whatever may be the motive to unusual effort and industry, and to the devotion of a life to particular objects, it is indisputable that men must spurn delights and live laborious days who desire to excel.

The second great requisite of success is a largeness of aim and view. Patience is genius, not only in the sense that patient industry leads to excellence, but also in the sense that the industrious man must be patient and be prepared to bide his time. "The successful man," said Joseph de Maistre, "is the man who knows how to wait." The necessity of this kind of patience exhibits itself at every turn of a man's life. One industrious man is so anxious to learn that he devours what is set before him without reflection, and has never made his own what he has read. Another goes slowly, but surely, and what he acquires becomes a part of his own mind. Then the tenacity of an industrious man is often tested by small certainties of success being thrown in his way, which may easily tempt him to abandon the larger hopes of the future. After a certain quantity of exertion has been gone through, and while the avenues of great success still seem all closed, it is sweet for the moment to be gently put on a small, comfortable shelf; but, a little later, it becomes evident that by this process the real value of the preceding work has been thrown away. The patience of men is also assailed by the sight of others who succeed to some limited extent by the use of petty arts. That charlatanism flourishes in the world is never more than partly true. It does flourish, but it is rated, even at the hour when its bay-tree is the greenest, at a lower level than the success of genuine effort and high-minded independence. The world is, in most respects, a just world, and it never puts the quacks whom it patronizes on an equality with its true men. But there are moments in the life of every struggling man when it seems foolish

and Quixotic to aim at a high and impossible success while plausibility, and intrigue, and pushing get so very handsome a share of the loaves and fishes. There is a story of Abernethy which illustrates the audacity of self-denying independence sometimes required of and exhibited by a man who ultimately makes the world bend to him, instead of himself bending to the world. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer, one of the governors. The grocer pompously began, "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the time, replied, "No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of figs. Come, look sharp and wrap them up; I want to be off." Most men, if they will candidly reflect what they themselves would have said to the grocer under the circumstances, will own the superiority of Abernethy. Everything great, too, requires time. To conceive a great work or a great plan of life, and to execute it, requires a large power of looking before and after, which is one of the rarest of qualities. When we see what some men have done, both in these and in other days, we catch a glimpse of the scope of man's intellect, and of the extent of activity, bodily and mental, that some men possess, which by mere anticipation we should never have guessed at. No better instance could be given than the noble and wonderful book which Mr. Darwin has recently published; and when we have read this work we begin to understand all that Buffon meant when he said that "patience is genius."

Both these requisites of success—industry and largeness of aim—are aptly illustrated by Mr. Smiles, whose profusion of biographical anecdotes seems inexhaustible. But there is a third requisite of success, on which the plan of his work leads him to bestow less attention. Those who wish to succeed must never be above their business. Deficiency in this requisite probably accounts for very many of the instances in which the sons of successful fathers and men of high education have failed to succeed. Both descriptions of persons are accustomed to live with persons already at the top of the tree. They pass over, in their imaginations, the earlier steps of success, and habitually fancy themselves where they think they ought to be, and where those with whom they are most familiar actually are. A father has perhaps made his fortune in life. He used to get up early and take rest late. He studied grammars and dictionaries at odd hours—he kept a model in one pocket, and a scheme for a patent in another. He succeeds, and his son grows up in comfort, and with all the appliances of learning. He mixes with his father and his father's friends, and hears that the model has long been working, and the patent has brought in oceans of money. It seems to him as if successful models and patents grew up inevitably, like wild-flowers, and as if he could gather as many as he pleased. Anything like practical labour in the direction of his father's success would seem to him equally disgusting and contemptible. He is not going to walk about with a little ill-cut machine in his pocket when he knows the look and action of the big machine that has done so much for his father. In the same way high education tends to make men retire from active life. It is not that they are too conceited to take low work; but they are too accustomed to the life to which low work ultimately leads. They do not relish so great a downfall as the mean, plodding beginnings of professional industry. They do not like to take up new subjects and go into details to which they are wholly unaccustomed. The consequence is, that they do not succeed. A sort of coarseness, which is very often allied to high animal spirits, is an important if not an indispensable element of success, and they either could not obtain this, or would not if they could.

If these three things are united—if a man is capable in body and mind of intense industry, and uses his capability, if he looks patiently forward to a great end, and if he does not despise or shrink from small, mean, and coarse beginnings—the world is so constituted that success is as much a certainty for him as anything in human affairs is a certainty. Nothing can be more absurd and delusive than the assurances so often given to the poor that if they educate themselves they will entirely alter their worldly position. Those who succeed will always be the exceptions. But if the necessary conditions are fulfilled, success is a mere matter of calculation. But then comes the question, Why should success be sought? Of course, where there is a very high faculty, or a special taste, or an extraordinary aptitude, there is an excellent reason for exertion. The work is sought for the work's sake, and, as we have said, we think all the highest work is done for its own sake. But, if we come down to a lower kind of success, and look only to that species which lies in the acquisition by honourable means of an honourable place in society, we may feel some little doubt, not whether it is a good thing, but whether there is not something better for some people. Generally speaking, however, success is a great gain. The qualities that must be cultivated for success are very valuable qualities. The hope, the energy, the liveliness imparted to the mind by the struggle for success are most important advantages to the individual; and numbers of steady, manly characters, that would otherwise have frittered away their lives, are made useful to their generation by the hope of worldly advancement, and by the desire of each to do his part as a good citizen, and to receive a good citizen's reward. But we cannot avoid remarking that success is often held up as a blessed thing at which it is a duty to try to arrive, and that

this doctrine is exclusively modern, and almost, if not quite, exclusively English. It seems also rather strange that to succeed in this world should have come to be looked on as the ultimate fruit of the Gospel. And yet the practical advantages of success are so many, so elevating, and so palpable, that the doctrine of the blessedness of success holds water much better than might have been expected. To a great number of persons it is an inward as well as an external gain to advance to a station of honour and comfort; and we cannot deny facts because they are not quite what we might have expected.

Possibly it is a question of individual character. Some men can do justice to themselves and their neighbours without the stimulus of ambition; and where this is the case, it is by no means clear that the balance of happiness is on the side of the successful man. His less aspiring friend has many enjoyments from which the restlessness of ambition and the desire for promotion exclude the active and the rising man. After all, it is pleasant not to get up at five—it is pleasant to have time to spend in the bosom of a family—it is pleasant to taste the differences between winter and spring, fine sunsets and storms, town and country. If occupation is sweet, so is leisure. There is no earthly happiness like that of companionship with near and dear friends, and the successful man has to cut this kind of happiness very short. But we may go much further than this if we look to the highest kind of unsuccessful men. They are the salt of modern society, the most useful—or, at any rate, the least to be spared—of the citizens of an old State. The men who are content to miss the prizes of life so that they keep up the standard of cultivation to the highest point—who never bow to the mob, who sacrifice their fortunes if truth requires it, who dare not only to think on high subjects, but to proclaim what they think, who try to arrive at definite conclusions on the weightiest matters of life, and to discountenance the vague idols of thought that so often take the place of definite conclusions—are the greatest benefactors of mankind. We reserve our reverence for such men, and derive from them the indirect hints for life which shape our conduct in our best moments. They ennoble the struggling lot of humanity, and if they have no adequate reward in this life, they have one approximately adequate in the quality of the minds over which they exercise influence, and in the depth of the influence they exercise.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

IT is curious to observe how completely almost everything which becomes in any way the object of a widely-extended popular desire assumes a sort of ideal character, so that it is valued not so much on account of its intrinsic importance as because it is an essential part of the popular ideal, for the time being, of an eminent or admirable character. Thus, at one time, the popular favour is only to be won by ascetic and monastic virtues. At others, ability in and for itself attracts a degree of admiration which bears very little assignable relation to any real claims which it possesses on the esteem or admiration of mankind. The sort of ability which public feeling delights to honour is not always the same. The tide sometimes sets in favour of practical, and sometimes in favour of speculative talent, and it would be matter of great difficulty to lay down any general rule which would enable those who take an interest in such things to predict, with anything like an approach to accuracy, whether one set of qualities or another of an entirely opposite character, would meet with general admiration in any given time and country. The fact is that popular admiration is granted, not so much to particular qualities in and for themselves, as to imaginary persons in whom the virtues which the age specially admires are exemplified in the fullest degree. Thus, when asceticism is in the highest favour, it is not the case that any large portion of mankind actually grasp and adopt the ascetic theory of morals; but they are haunted by a kind of undefined notion that people who do, in the ordinary intercourse of life, adopt and act upon that standard of conduct must be very great, wonderful, and worthy of veneration. The natural consequence is, that the quality admired is viewed pictorially, and not analytically, and is worshipped instead of being understood.

It would be difficult to give a more forcible or a more homely illustration of this than that which is afforded by the sentiment which of late years has become at once so powerful and so very common respecting physical strength, and all that belongs to it. All the younger generation of writers of fiction has, for many years past, been trying to excite and foster the sentiment that power of character in all its shapes goes with goodness, and that there is so intimate a connexion between the various departments of life, physical and moral, that strength of mind may be expected to be closely connected with, or may perhaps be said to be reflected in, strength of body. This notion is closely connected with many of the most important of the opinions which are at present entertained respecting the great standing controversies of life. It is connected with what may be called the social as opposed to the ascetic conception of morals, and with the disposition to look upon life as a whole, as opposed to the temptation—if it is to be so regarded—to cut it into parts, of which some only are susceptible of sacred associations, whilst others are and must always remain common and unclean.

The body may obviously be looked upon in either of two lights. It may be regarded as an essential part of the man—as the outward