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 in Turkey in itself a crop of 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 invisible threads, the biggest obstacle to the improvements in the government of Turkey—the shamelessness of the ablest public men, and their utter mistrust of another. The Turkish official oligarchy, in fact, composed of men who are as much strangers to each other as an Englishman is to a Russian. 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 was happening 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 effect of the change was not of an essentially satisfactory complication. 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 was said, begun to understand rivalry of a more honourable character, and, if too old themselves to learn the accomplishments of Western society, had thought 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 incomprehensible elevation of female intellect may have had something to do with the partly 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 the different classes, and which now multiplies the opportunities of combination and collusion. Even yet 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 scores 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 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 consciousness of the capacities of body and mind which enormous work will not beat. Patience, said Buffon, is genius; and those who are unduly at five as at nine, but the third morning and fourth will bring forth something like a connected and pleasant narrative along string of anecdotes. 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 nothing can be easier. This is a pity that they should be stopped in a laudable under 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 to speculate less audaciously and act together more cordially than they do in their present state of isolation.

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 book is very small. Many authors have 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 not read through the whole, we will confine the following 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 the book itself. If the public men of Turkey who may suppose it to have been, to the Israelites, success must be interesting to Englishmen. How some men do what thousands of others do not, is a question of number rather than of quality, and it is worth while to surmise how some men do it with tolerable fulness and accuracy. Men succeed because they take pains to succeed. Industry is the secret of success, and the presence of number of factors which promote.

SUCCESS.

[Dec. 10, 1859.]

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plianubility, and intrigue, and pushing got so very handsomely
a share of the loves and fishes. There is a story of Averno that,
which illustrates the sodacity of self-denying independence some-
times returns of which the whole world bend to him, instead of
himself bending to the world. Averno was canvassing for the office of
surgeon to St. Bartholomew's, and the sovereign, it is supposed,
governors. The grocer pompously began, "I presume, sir, you
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Both these requisites of success—industry and largeness of
aim—are aptly illustrated by Mr. Smiles, whose profusion of
examples is a proof how to the man who is satisfied with 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 lose sight of the reasons on the wide plan and future
accounts for very many of the instances in which the sons
of successful fathers and men of high education have failed to
succeed. A man who has worked hard and has had no special
advantages may be employed with persons already at the top of the
tree. They pass over, in their imaginations, the earlier steps of success, and habitually
look only to the highest kind of unsuccessful men. They are the
salt of modern society, the most useful—or, at any rate, the
men who are content to miss the prizes of life so that they
keep up the standard of cultivation to the highest point—men
who would not think it a duty to try to arrive at a goal which
requires it, who dare not only to think on high subjects, but to
proclaim what they think, who try to arrive at definite conclu-
sions on the weightiest matters of life, and to discountenance
vague ideals of thought so often take the place of definite
conclusions—are the greatest benefactors of mankind. We reserve
our warmest admiration for such men, and regard them as
heroes for life which shape our conduct in our best moments. They
enable the struggling lot of humanity, and if they have no
favor or reward, at least to be respected, by the great, and to
have achieved success perhaps not entirely adequate in the minds of the people 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 public
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 possess on itself
 idiotic; and it is not surprising that any large portion of mankind actually grasp and adopt the ascetic
theory of morals; but they are haunted by a kind of undefined
wonder; and worthy of veneration. The natural consequence
which of late years has become at once so powerful and

Possible it is to have the same sort of disposition, and the same
desire toward the same sort of character. Some men can
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