

Editor's Table.

THE SELF-MADE MAN—Who is he? What is he? and what his true position for good or for evil among the powers of the age? In laying this subject for dissection upon our Editorial Table, it is first of all important that we should see clearly what is before us. The phrase is an ambiguous one. It may include characters alike in some outward traits, yet essentially and widely different. In one import of the term, we can not help regarding the self-made man as the great nuisance of the age. For the sake of truth, then, as well as to avoid giving unnecessary offense, it becomes proper to define him with the utmost strictness. The language is often employed to denote not so much the inward state or culture, as the outward manner through which it has been attained. In this sense, it would represent nothing essential, nothing strictly entering into that peculiar spiritual constitution which it is our object to describe, and to which alone, in logical strictness, the term in question may be rightly applied.

To clear the field, then, it may be necessary, in the first place, to determine who the self-made man is not. The name is sometimes given to the truly noble individual who has received an education in the schools, but through pecuniary means acquired by his own exertions, or through the still harder struggle of patient privations for so honorable an end. This is not the self-made man. The term so applied is a gross misnomer, denoting a mere accident of life instead of essential character. This essential element of the spiritual state does not depend at all upon the fact of a man's having gone through college, as the phrase is. He may have had this advantage, and yet come forth one of the most odious specimens of the mischievous genus. He may have gone through college, and yet have been *made*, or *made himself*, through the newspaper, and the political debating club, instead of close converse with those studies which bring the individual mind in communion with the best thinking of the race and of the age. Our colleges are beginning to turn out a good deal of this self-made article. He may, on the other hand, have never been within the walls of a literary institution, and yet be possessed of an extensive, a thorough, and, at the same time, a most conservative culture, in all respects the opposite of that obtained by many a one who flaunts his bachelor's or master's degree.

Again, the term is sometimes applied to one whose education, or mental culture, has come through strictly *private study* without the aid of schools in any way. But neither can this mere accidental circumstance give us the essential difference of which we are in search. The culture thus acquired may, in truth, have come from *without*, just as much as though it had been obtained through the drill of the recitation-room, or the discipline of the office. A well-selected course of reading may have brought such a one in closest connection and sympathy with the best thinking of the best and most cultivated minds. It may have moulded his spirit into a catholic communion with such thinking, and thus produced in him that essential feature of soul which distinguishes between the true conservative and the mischievous self-made man in the worst aspect of the character. The one thus educated may have well used his

"private judgment" in procuring from the best books the best outward teaching. And this was pre-eminently the case with the oft cited and wrongly cited Franklin. This remarkable man was most remarkable in this, that his mind had been formed by closest converse with the best thinking and best writing, of the classical age of English literature. Franklin, although he lived in a revolutionary period, was eminently conservative in his modes of thought and feeling. Not that he was an admirer of aristocracy; for we know that all his tastes were republican; but in the higher and purer sense of the term he was conservative in all that respects those long settled ideas of government, those fundamental moral truths, and above all, those social and domestic institutions, which had grown out of the very constitution of humanity. There never was a man, we say it boldly, whose well-cultivated common sense would have more heartily despised that gabble about "ideas," and "movements," and "radical reforms," which characterizes your modern self-made railer at Society and the Church. Franklin is often claimed as an example of the uselessness of classical education; but any one who carefully examines his literary history must see that the legitimate inference from it is all the other way. It is true, he had not received such education directly, and yet he possessed its benefits in a more substantial manner than many who have graduated with college or university honors. The predominant conservatism of his literary tastes led him to see where the true excellence lay, and hence those efforts to form his style after the most classical English models—we mean those who were themselves most familiar with the sound thinking, the clear, manly, lofty spirit of the ancient classical authors. The admirer of Addison and Butler would never have been found among those "movement" men who now so falsely claim him. With all his well-known hatred of domestic oppression, he would have abhorred the doctrine of "woman's rights." His philanthropy would have held no fellowship with Garrison abolitionism. Although not distinguished for evangelical views in religion, he would have stood aghast at Parker, and found himself utterly puzzled to know what to make of New England and German transcendentalism. He knew too well what human nature was, and what it most needed, to believe for a moment that any of the "new phases of faith" that came floating up from these "children of the mist" could ever exert a moral power to be compared with that of the old homely "doctrines of grace." He was too truthful a spirit to have condemned Paine as he did, and yet to have had any respect for that deeper and more poisonous unbelief, that more faith-destroying denial of a personal Deity which is now openly vented in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Association, or finds a free passage in the columns of the widely-circulated daily newspaper. He was too honest a man to have understood why the Age of Reason should be banished to some obscure hole in Chatham Street, while a book of Mr. Newman, or a discourse on the "Mistakes of Jesus," or rank atheism in the form of German philosophy should command the most respectable publishers in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. Simple republicanism he loved with all his soul, but socialism,

Fourierism, all that beastly herding together of men and women to which we may apply the term communism, would have been an abomination to our republican sage. The pretended reasoning and the unhealthy sentiment of the school that supports it, with all its kindred ideas, would have been utter loathsomeness to the sound common sense, the conservative historical knowledge of such a mind as that of Benjamin Franklin.

But it may be said that such a man is, after all, self-made, because his selection of books, his choice of teachers, and thus, in some measure, the determination of the ideas suggested or received, may certainly be called his own. So it might seem on a superficial view of the case, and yet even here there must be the conservative character as a condition precedent. This is a state of mind rather than the possession of any certain dogmas or ideas. It is, in other words, the simple love of truth in distinction from the love of originality, or the vain conceit of "thinking for one's self." This love of truth will guide him, like an instinct, to the best sources of truth. Once upon the track, every step becomes more and more sure. One good book will lead him to another. That docility of soul which is the surest foundation for subsequent mental independence, as well as mental greatness, will be sure to bring him and keep him in the stream of soundest authority. And so his education is from *without*, however he may have come by it. Place such a mind in the most extensive library, and leave it to its own free roving. Order will soon arise out of the apparent chaos. He will soon get upon the track of catholic truth, because its consistency is in harmony with his own inward spiritual tastes. He will soon begin to separate the chaff from the wheat, the precious from the vile. He loves truth however old, and this preserves him from being led away by that apparent originality, but real monstrosity, of error, which is its great charm to the opposite state of soul.

There is another and modern example that is sometimes cited, but with still less propriety. The renowned Hugh Miller is brought forward as a fair specimen of the self-made man. Any one, however, may disabuse himself of the absurd notion, by merely comparing Hugh Miller with known examples of men among ourselves who are undoubtedly entitled to the name in all the merit or demerit of its most radical significance. How striking the difference between the sound, clear, conservative, religious, Bible-loving Scotchman, and the men whose idea the term most readily calls up! Who would venture to compare this sober believer in the soberest dogmas of the sober Church of Scotland with the apostles of the so much talked of Church of the Future? What sympathy has such a mind with the orators of Woman's Rights Conventions, and Hartford Conventions for discussing the claims of the Scriptures, and Conventions of Spiritual Rappers, and all other conventions that have grown out of what are called the "movements" of the day? Besides, we may say of Hugh Miller, as we said of Franklin—Although his education was of the most *private* kind, in one respect, yet it was, after all, by communion with the best outward teaching. He was a man *made from without*, notwithstanding his hours of study were snatched from the labors of the quarry, and his school-room was the shanty of the stone-mason. There was first of all among his teachers the old conservative Church of Scotland. Her catechisms

were his first text-books; her faithful catechising ministers his first instructors. This basis of truth once securely laid, he had an anchor that would hold him fast, or bring him back, however wide his after roamings. The next educational influence was his well-selected course of reading, as so graphically set forth in his own autobiography. His early training gave him a right start here, and then the causes we have already mentioned secured, *for such a mind*, that his way would become clearer, firmer, safer, at every step in his moral and intellectual progress.

We might dwell upon other uses of the phrase. There is the self-made man in business, the maker of his own fortune, as he is styled. All credit be awarded to him for the example he gives the world of energy and successful perseverance. But he is not the character of which we are in search. He is not our self-made man. But where, then, is he to be found? If not Franklin, or Hugh Miller, or such a man as Astor or Girard, who and what is he? We beg the reader's patience. The man is a reality, a most mischievous reality. He is in the midst of us, doing his work of spiritual disorganization. The males and females of this noxious species are daily vending a spiritual poison more hurtful to the souls of men, especially the young, more injurious to the ultimate health of society, than all the bad liquor that is retailed from the dens, and cellars, and bar-rooms that the righteous Maine Law is soon about to close. The name of this self-made man is not one but legion. He is to be found in almost all the departments of life—in the office, in the lecturer's desk, in the editorial closet, in the school-room sometimes, and occasionally even in the pulpit. We have dwelt long enough on the negative side; let us proceed to describe him positively. He is the man who boasts of having done all his own thinking, who utterly despises that teaching by authority, which, when made the beginning of education, either religious or secular, will ever be found to be the surest foundation for clear, manly, independent thought in all after-life. He is the man who professes to have thought out *of himself*, and *by himself*, and *for himself*, and *in his own right*, all the difficulties in morals and politics, to have solved all the hard problems in theology. He is the man who claims to reopen all questions, and to regard nothing as settled. With him any established opinions are but fetters on the human mind. The world has been all wrong; but instead of the humbling feeling such a conviction of human weakness ought to produce and would produce in the truly thinking soul, it only fills him with the inflating conceit that the rectification of all this error, the enlightenment of all this ignorance, is his allotted mission. Society has failed, the State has failed, the Church has failed, and now he, modest man, would try alone. They have rather covered the earth with darkness; it is his office to dissipate it. Truth has not yet been found in a search of six thousand years; it is his mission to draw her up from the dark well in which she has lain so long concealed. This is the man; and in this sense of the term so carefully defined, may it be truly maintained that the individual who has *thus made himself*, has made a very narrow, a very conceited, and a very mischievous thing.

Directly opposed to this is the conservative mind, and the conservative man. As his name implies, he is for *holding together* all the world has ever learned. The conservative loves to think with

others as far as he possibly can. He loves to hold with the wise and good of past ages. He may not be able always to do this, for he acknowledges the infallibility of nothing human; but when compelled to differ, it is with pain and great reluctance. He loves to think with the most serious minds that have represented the unearthly teaching of the Church; he loves to agree with the soberest intellects that have adorned the State. If he finds the course of his own speculations leading in a different direction, he would examine and re-examine opinions apparently the most plausible, rather than hold them at such a sacrifice of communion with the head and heart of all past humanity. He holds to the noble aphorism of Burke, "The individual indeed is weak, but the race is strong." He knows from history that each age has its immense amount of froth, and scum, and useless debris, borne down by its swollen torrent, and yet that every age leaves its small *residuum* to be added to the general stock of human wisdom. It is this he reverences; not that noisy, empty, explosive effervescence, which never can be rightly estimated until it has passed away—not the "*spirit of the age*," but the higher, the more abiding, the more divine *spirit of the ages*.

Hence we may boldly assert what will strike some minds as a paradox. The radical may wonder at it as a sort of invasion of a prescriptive right, and yet it is none the less certain, that the conservative is the true humanitarian, none the less certain that radicalism, or this so-called self-culture, is the grand disorganizer. The reason comes directly from our fundamental definition of the man. The state of soul which constitutes him what he is, is the most intense form of selfishness. And hence that monstrous result which some chapters in modern history have so strikingly shown—a movement commencing with the cant of fraternity and philanthropy, yet ending in a demon cruelty, of which, had not the experiment been tried, human nature might well have been thought incapable. The actors were doubtless sincere in a certain sense; they doubtless believed in their "mission" as patriots and reformers; and yet it is none the less certain that they knew no more of themselves than Hazael did when he said to the prophet, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" We may well ask—Are the same species of men now on the stage of action any more to be trusted?

But let us proceed to some of the distinctive traits of the character we are discussing. In the first place, then, we say, that our self-made man may be known by his intolerance. This, too, may sound paradoxical; and yet who that studies him well can doubt its most literal truth? Experience here most abundantly confirms the conclusion which might have been derived from the elemental analysis of the character. If you wish to find bigotry of the rankest kind, go to the men who are making the age ring with their talk of progress and new ideas. If you wish to find the narrowest intolerance toward all other men's thinking, go to those who are claiming for themselves the widest license to depart from all doctrines that have been held most sacred among mankind. If you wish for examples of coarse vituperation, of bitter railing, of impudent impeachment of other men's motives, go to those who are the most keenly sensitive lest their own claim to the most disinterested philanthropy should be called in ques-

tion, and who erect themselves into martyrs on the least appearance of opposition to any of their favorite dogmas.

And here, too, the explanation of the paradox is found in the same elementary constitution of character. The self-made man's opinions are *his own*. He has made them; he has begotten them; he has nursed them; he has thought them all out, and without any external aid. He has got them neither from books nor from the schools. Hence, whoever calls them in question is invading a private right, an individual peculium, and he turns upon the assailant with the growl of the mastiff; he denounces him with a wrathfulness to which the hottest war of ecclesiasticism can hardly be compared. The world has experienced the evils of spiritual despotism; it has yet, perhaps, to try that harder experiment, the tender mercies of an infidel radicalism, when it has become the predominant influence in society. The true conservative, on the other hand, belies his fundamental character, if he be not long-suffering toward error, and charitable even to the intolerant. He knows too well with what effort truth is gained and error shunned. He sees too keenly the difficulties that hang round all those questions which the self-taught radical disposes of so flippantly. He understands too well that all such questions have two sides to them, and that the plausible aspect that presents itself to the man who does all his own thinking is in most cases the same that has ever deceived this class of minds. Their strikingly new and original truths are ever old errors coming over and over again, although perhaps in ever-varied and deceptive forms.

The self-made man boasts of his independence. It would be easy to prove him the veriest slave. His avoidance of any thing like settled truth through fear lest he should be regarded as not thinking for himself on all subjects, puts him under a servile yoke which has all the constraint without any of the dignity of true authority. The conservative, on the other hand, can afford to maintain a settled dogma; he has the moral courage to say things that are not original; he can afford to hold trite opinions, if they are but sound and salutary. In his eyes truth loses none of its beauty through age. The purer, the brighter, the holier it becomes, in proportion to the number of souls it has guided to the haven of spiritual rest. The conservative can afford to have a creed. His maligner knows nothing of the hard thinking, the mental throes through which the mind may have been brought to repose upon it. He treats lightly the symbols and confessions of the Churches, and sometimes he is joined in this by the man who would even be esteemed orthodox and evangelical; but neither of them has any true conception of the real nature of the authorities they so love to revile. To such men the Confessions and Articles of sober Christendom are nothing more than results of individual thinking; and hence their foolish clamor about the *right* and freedom of private judgment. One man's opinion, they say, is as good as another's. Besides, thinking is a *right* instead of a high and responsible *duty*, with truth, however obtained, for its only aim. It is a *right*, say they, like the *right* of speech, or the *right* of the press, or the *right* of suffrage. It is a *right*, and therefore every man has a *right* to think as he pleases, whether he thinks *right* or not. He has a *right* to be absurd, if he fancies he can be original in that way. Thus

viewed, to be sure, nothing could be more preposterous than to have one man's thinking controlled by another's thinking. But the intelligent conservative knows better than all this. He sees in the common symbol or confessions of the Church of which he is a well-instructed member, the collective instead of the individual mind, and therefore he reverences even where he does not deem them infallible. They are the religious thinking of the ages that has assumed these outward forms. They are the thinking of the most pious, the most wise, the most learned, ever converging to a communion both of idea and expression on the great truths presented by revelation. They are like the old melodies which were never made by any individual composer, although he may have arranged them and given them their artistic form, but have grown out of the heart of the nation, no one knows when nor how. Who that has a soul to his ear would not feel how much better their music than that which is manufactured expressly for the orchestra? He is the true re-former who revives these old harmonies. He is the true re-former who stamps anew, bright and clear, the old coins whose image had become obscured through abuse, or debased by a corrupt authority. Or, to change the metaphor, he is the true re-former who digs up old truths, who restores them to their true place in the catholic thinking, and cleanses them from the rubbish under which they may have been buried in the world's false progress.

To the conservative mind such articles and confessions, thus representative of the best thinking of the ages and of the Church, are *prima facie* evidence of truth. He most rationally takes them as starting positions, to be called in question only when another and higher authority imperatively demands that he should do so. More truly independent than the radical, he yet loves to think as the best in the world have thought before him. It gives him pain when compelled to differ from them. He shrinks from that in which the other man finds his supreme pleasure. To him there is darkness, and skepticism, and almost despair, in the thought that all are wrong while he alone is right, if, indeed, in such circumstances, he can bring himself to believe that right and truth are attainable by the human mind.

The difference between the two characters is a moral one. It springs from the presence or absence of the humanitarian spirit. It is all the difference between the pure love of truth and the love of opinion. Clear, certain, established truth, in respect to the great relations of the soul to other souls, and to the Father of spirits; this is the rest, the beatific vision for which the conservative longs, and which he prizes above all progress. It is such truth he loves all the better for its being old. Its preciousness is in proportion to the number of dark souls it has enlightened, the number of weary souls it has refreshed. He loves truth for its own sake; but he despairs of finding it, if it has not yet been found, or revealed to the world. If now six thousand years, at least, since the creation of man, the very prime articles of moral and political philosophy are unknown; if, eighteen hundred years after the Light Himself has come, the question may yet be asked, What is Christianity? he has no hope in any individual discovery; no faith in any individual solutions of the great problems of the ages.

The reader, of course, can not fail to see that our remarks are not applicable, or intended to be ap-

plied, to physical discovery, but to the great truths of mental, moral, political, and theological science. Here steamboats, and telegraphs, and even printing-presses, give one age no advantage over another. Here arise the great questions with which the best minds of the world have been ever intently occupied—the great questions on which revelation professes to have come to our assistance. And now to think of a man ignoring all this, either because he knows no better, or because he chooses to make a merit of it, and gravely telling his readers, or an audience like himself, that in one or all of these departments he has thought out for himself what all other minds had failed to see before; that the world and the Church, for example, had been all darkness heretofore in respect to the right idea of moral obligation, or the nature of sin, or the true idea of punishment; that men had never possessed any proper notion of the nature or end of Government; that the nations had remained profoundly ignorant of the laws of social organization until Fourier revealed it to them; that Christianity had never been understood until the days of Maurice, and that the Bible had remained a dead letter until some modern interpretation unlocked its secret cabala, and revealed its long hidden cipher.

The most melancholy part of the spectacle is the unconscious ignorance often exhibited in respect to what has been done before by stronger and better minds in all these departments. A man writes a book, for example, on the "Nature of Evil," or he tries his hand, nothing daunted by a thousand failures, on the awful question of its "origin." To one familiar with the history of this question it is quite clear that he has explained evil only by denying its existence. He, however, is sure of having "solved the problem." He is quite certain he has made predestination as plain as the drawing of a lottery, and original sin as easy to be understood as a bond and mortgage. He has found out the radical error of the Church, and right where St. Paul, although he meant well and had some glimpse of the truth, did not fully understand himself. But the real wonder is his perfect ignorance of the fact that the world has been told all this before, many times before. What is there in it all which one schoolman has not dreamed of, and another schoolman abundantly refuted. We make bold to affirm that it can all be found in Thomas Aquinas, either as answer or objection, and plenty more of the same kind beside. And so we may say of the most acute productions of our self-taught metaphysics, or self-inspired transcendentalism. The latest New England speculation was refuted by Anselm one thousand years ago. Go to the Astor library. Turn over the clasped pages that have slumbered for centuries, and you will find it all. Make allowance for the difference between the modern pretentious style and the concise technical logic of the old scholasticism or the old mysticism, and it will be seen that every thought which the modern writer puts forth, all his "keys" and "problems," his new discoveries in Christianity, his metaphysical eclecticism, all thought out by himself and bran-new as he supposed them to be, may all be found substantially, somewhere in these old worm-eaten, dust-covered memorials of controversies which the world can never settle, yet never suffer to repose.

This unconscious ignorance is absurd enough; but there is an absurdity beyond it all, when such

writers, and such lecturers, gravely talk of their being martyrs—martyrs for their new ideas forsooth—and complain of the persecution they encounter from an ungrateful world and a bigoted Church. With what modesty, too, will they not sometimes compare their opponents to Scribes and Pharisees, thereby hinting at no very obscure parallel between themselves and the Saviour of the world! They work no miracles it is true, but then the higher rationality of their doctrines gives them a better claim to the world's deference than those bare dogmas of authority which demand so unphilosophical a support.

But what then of the Protestant Reformation? it may be said. We have already characterized it. It was an age in which old truths were brought to light and re-established as old truths. It was a most serious age; it was a modest age; and in all these respects, especially in the latter, it differed widely from our own. Not less foolish than the opposing radicalism is that conservatism which would deny the present century great and peculiar merits in some most important departments of knowledge. But, certainly, modesty is not one of its excellences. In the Protestant Reformation there was deep earnestness; there was keen excitement; there was intense thinking on fundamental truth; there was a wide waking up of the human soul; but it was because of all this deep earnestness that there was no time or thought of boasting. It was a true reforming age, and had work to do which would not allow it to be forever talking about itself, and "its mission," and keeping up an eternal din about what it was going to do, and contemptuously asserting its immense superiority over all others, and foolishly maintaining that in coming to its birth time had actually made a leap and released it from all connection with the past. We are only asserting what every one at all acquainted with the history of that period knows to be true. The reader is left to draw the only inference that can be drawn in its bearing upon our own age. In all the voluminous theological works of the Reformers there is not so much talk of high views, and deep views, and new views, as in one modern sermon. All the writings of every kind during that remarkable period, and, we may even say, the century that followed it, would not present so much of this frothy self-laudation, as may be heard in one Hope Chapel meeting of "strong-minded women" and "self-made" men.

Editor's Easy Chair.

JOHN did not send Jemima a Valentine this year, as he has been in the habit of doing. Jemima was surprised; and when he came in the evening, she displayed a little natural displeasure.

"Why have I not received a Valentine?" she asked, at length; and hinted darkly that she feared the faithlessness of man.

"My dear Jemima," said John, "it is a vulgar thing. How could I send you what Sambo was going to send to Miranda? I am very sorry, but every boot-black now sends a Valentine to every chamber-maid, and I have too profound a respect for my Jemima to insult her by doing what every bumpkin could do."

John thus expressed the philosophy of the decline of the honor for this happy festival. Every few years the ardor revives, and the postman groans

under the sweet missives, as tables are said to groan under the delicacies of the season. It is a sad defection. All youths and maidens naturally sigh. John secretly curses Sambo; and Jemima wishes Miranda wouldn't. It is a decline in which we are all interested.

Our elegant young friends in the city have long since outgrown this weakness, however. They remember to have read of this festival, and to have sent pictorial sugar-plums, at an earlier day, to the queen of the moment. They are astonished now, being nineteen years of age, that they could ever have condescended to such folly. Life is a draught so soon drained! They are content to quote Ophelia now, when Valentine's Day comes round, and to suffer silence in their muse. Sambo can send a Valentine, Miranda can receive a rose. What Sambo can send, and Miranda can receive, is not for John and Jemima. It is hard, because it cuts them off from a good deal. But they resign themselves with pure heroism, and endure like martyrs.

There are certain things, to be sure, which an irrevocable fate will not allow them to avoid. They are compelled to breathe the same air, to see the same sky, to smell the same odors, and to hear the same sounds as Sambo and Miranda. There is no exclusiveness of the senses. It is amusing to see John's inability to perceive that a gentleman shows himself, not in what he does or avoids doing, but by the *manner* in which he does or refrains from doing. A gentleman is not an affair of fine broadcloth and small boots. He is a being who wears coarse clothes and large boots, if necessary, in such a way that your exquisite pedestals, dear Adonis, seem to be trivial and feeble. If all the Sambos in creation make a vulgar bow, bowing does not thereby become vulgar; but when Sir Philip Sidney salutes a friend, the act is a most graceful and courteous recognition.

It is hard for Adonis to learn this. He will not believe it. Adonis tries to be fine by not doing what his valet does. But he can not help it. He must eat and drink, and sleep, and talk, and love Venus. His French valet does no less. When will Adonis learn that if he be a gentleman, and his valet only a valet, there can be no more real resemblance between them than between a star and the sun, which are both light-giving bodies.

Ah! gracious reader, forgive a grave old Easy Chair, that moralizes even on St. Valentine's Day. It will be long past when you hear this moralizing; gone with the summer walks and the remembered dances of years and years ago. Such distance is there in a few days! So far and so fatally a little time severs us from what we believed to be immortal!

These happy holidays belong to youth in this country, and youth enjoys them with a half shame and a doubtful glance over the shoulder, and seems a little ashamed to enjoy. This, too, is an affectation that we have carefully imported from England, and it is also deeper and sadder than an affectation, for it is grounded in our national character. The affectation comes from an imitation of the English habit of not suffering the conversation to rise above the level of the lowest capacity, which—if we may believe Mr. Willis, whom the English have never forgiven for what he saw and said in England—is the grand principle of British conversation. This was a fineness of observation, a subtlety of criticism, which we do not pretend to justify. We beg indignant John Bulls not to break the legs