

**THOUGHTS ON MEN
AND THINGS. A
SERIES OF ESSAYS**

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Thoughts on Men and Things. A Series of Essays by Angelina Gushington

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ANGELINA GUSHINGTON

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RIVINGTONS

London	<i>Waterloo Place</i>
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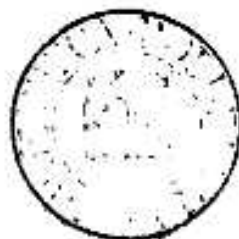
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A Series of Essays



By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON

"A just's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it"
Levi's Labour's Lost



RIVINGTONS

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1869

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*" Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no weering line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black!"*

POPE. Moral Essays.

" Although some things are too serious, solemn, or sacred, to be turned into ridicule, yet the abuses of them are certainly not; since it is allowed that corruptions in Religion, Politics, and Law, may be proper topics for this kind of Satire."—SWIFT.

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TO THE PUBLIC

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

MAMMA will have it that I have injured my prospects by writing a book. She says it is universally acknowledged that every one who writes a book is either really clever, or wishes to be thought clever ; and that as clever girls, or, what is much the same thing, girls supposed to be clever, are far less marketable than girls who affect to be simple and ignorant, although they may be, and indeed generally are, just the reverse ; therefore her proposition is true, namely, that I have injured my prospects by publishing my "*Thoughts on Men and Things.*" If this is really so, of course it is a very sad state of things ; but I contend it is, or at any

rate ought not to be the case, because, as I have urged in the original Preface to the Book, and also in stronger terms in the Introductory Essay, *I don't pretend to be clever*. I only wish to show that I am not so silly as people generally suppose all the young women of the Gushington family must be.

I confess I am afraid Mamma is not very far wrong after all, for I have myself observed that many young men, eligible too some of them, with whom I used to be on most friendly terms, fight quite shy of me now that I am known to be an authoress. They all seem to think I intend to *put them into a book*, a fate the mere apprehension of which turns the hearts of the bravest men to water. For instance, the other day at a large croquet party young Topsawyer and I were getting on beautifully, notwithstanding that his stock of ideas is decidedly limited, when that odious girl, Honoria Ringdove, tripped up to me (or I should say waddled, for one can't walk decently, much less trip, in boots three sizes too small for one, and heels two inches high), and in her usual mincing style that is enough to drive a sensible woman wild, cried, "It is your turn, dearest; we are all waiting for you; but I suppose you clever people who write books