NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GUIZOT.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT IN PRIVATE LIFE. 1787-1874. By his Daughter, MADAME DE WITT. Translated by M. C. M. Simpson. 8vo. pp. viii., 357. Estes & Lauriat.

Probably in the fancy of most American readers the figure of Guizot has always appeared as that of a rigid and high-minded statesman, an austere and a philosophical historian, quite outside the range of popular sympathy. Even his own countrymen, who saw him in the full glare of a long public career, though they recognized his private virtues, never fully appreciated his private character. He was well aware that people misunderstood him. In old age he wrote to his son: "M. Renan's article on my 'Memoirs' is in the *Revue* of the first. It is very clever, in a lofty, liberal, and independent spirit, and very good in a political sense; very favorable to me, but a little conventional; he makes me out to be the same stiff, tragical, solitary person that will end by becomig legendary, and as false as any other legend." To correct the mistaken views of a public which saw only his external life, and to show that more precious if less splendid life which he hid within the small circle of those he loved, his daughter has prepared the volume now before us. It touches very briefly upon Guizot's political and literary career, already traced by his own pen; it is even slightly concerned with the personal incidents, anecdotes, etc., which belong to the ordinary biography. In form it is little more than a family memorial, exhibiting the dutiful son, the loving husband and father, as he appeared in the bosom of his affectionate family. Although a sketch of this kind is in its nature as far removed from a true biography as the stiff and conventional picture to which M. Guizot referred, the result in the present instance has been exceptionally happy; Madame de Witt's fervid and tender tribute to her father's memory, while it is only a contribution toward the yet unexecuted delineation of the complete man as he was, gives us nevertheless an insight into a singularly fine and amiable character, and admits us to a most charming family group.

Both the parents of M. Guizot belonged to old Protestant families. They had been married seven years when the father died upon the scaffold during the Reign of Terror. The widow was a remarkable woman, whose portrait is drawn by Madame de Witt with great force. As a girl she was clever, pretty, lively, fond of music and dancing. As a wife she was a pattern of happiness and devotion. The cruel event which put an end to her married life left an impression upon her character that was never effaced. She mourned her husband unceasingly until her own death, more than half a century afterward, at the age of eighty-four. "For twenty years," said she, "I spent every night sitting on my bed bathed in tears." But the tragedy which spread a lasting gloom over her life seemed to develop in her a moral courage and a strength of will which she applied to the education of her children, and later to the care of her motherless grandchildren. She had a deep affection for them all, and they were not insensible of it. But it was tinged with a certain rigor and inflexibility. She seldom condescended to fondness, or made allowance for childish weakness. An extraordinary power of command was the principal feature in her character, and she exercised it with all the ardor of a vigorous intellect bracing itself to endure sorrow and responsibility. "I think I see her still," says Sainte-Beuve, "and who that had once had the honor of seeing her could ever forget M. Guizot's venerable mother, in her simple antique dress—her countenance with its strong and deep expression, its sweet austerity, which called to my mind the portraits of the nuns at Port Royal, and which, in default of Philippe de Champagne, has been preserved for us by one of the most refined painters of our age" [Ary Scheffer]—"that mother of the Cevennes, who kept until the end of her days the most devoted and submissive of sons?—I think I see her now in the official salon which she only passed through, and in which she appeared for a moment as the living representative of faith, simplicity, and of those substantial virtues which were brought to light by persecution at the time of the *Desert*." It is the best proof of the innate nobility of this stern, melancholy, and exacting dame that she was held in so much reverence and regard by the large and somewhat heterogeneous family which gathered around her throne. M. Guizot was twice married, and various relatives and connections were established from time to time by his domestic hearth; but his home always presented a fascinating scene of harmony. His early life was undoubtedly clouded by his mother's habitual sadness and austerity, and her excessive assertion of authority. She meant him to be an advocate, like his father, and in obedience to her wishes, without much reference to his own, he studied law conscientiously and painfully. His preferences were for literature and politics; but Madame Guizot looked upon politics with a natural terror, while literature she had never been accustomed to consider as a serious career. It was not until her son was in his twenty-first year that she was prevailed upon, by a friendly intercessor, who understood young Guizot's powers better than she did, to let him apply himself to literary work. At the age of nineteen Guizot wrote to his mother the following characteristic sentences:

I possess these rallying points, and I consider this to be a great happiness; God and the religion of Christ are my guides; Moral Law is the law to which I would refer every question. I look upon every temptation to step aside as a danger, and I disregard every path which does not lead me back to the right road. I have one quality which is, perhaps, favorable to my principles, although it is often reviled by the world—obstinacy. I may be wrong, but whenever I think that I am right, the whole universe has no influence upon my opinions; to change them I must be convinced that I am wrong, so that I am always obliged to be in earnest, and I hope I shall never fail in this respect. I never put forward my opinions unless I think them better than those of others, and this I daresay gives me the appearance of pride. It may indeed be only through pride that I carefully avoid all discussion with those who do not seem to me to share, in reality, my opinions; there is a want of candor in arguing when one is determined not to join the ranks of one's opponents; in short, I always intend to hold fast, and to proclaim openly, my principles of morality, of religion, and of virtue. I found that I had sensibly weakened them by making some concessions which were recommended to me; I began to consider my steadfastness as exaggerated, and I was beginning to howl with the wolves. I wish to preserve myself from this contagion, even if I should fall into extreme severity. It is less hurtful to my character than extreme weakness.

The strong religious convictions expressed in the letter from which these lines are quoted were avowed with even greater emphasis at the close of his life, and appear frequently in his private correspondence. The severe and joyless temper which colored his pious reflections yielded to the influence of congenial pursuits and elevating friendships. At the age of twenty-two, being already a successful author, he wrote to his mother as follows:

You are constantly in my thoughts, my dear mother, your grief harrows me more than I can tell; I would give half my life to restore some of your lost courage and happiness. Poor, dear mother! there is no one who more fully understands the void that you suffer from; I am aware of the impossibility of ever filling it up; nothing can repair your loss. Nothing can make up or console you for it. I am perfectly certain that no son ever loved his mother more than I love you, but I have no hope of filling my father's place in your heart; in that relation there is a charm, a perfect union which is above every other; its pleasures and its ties can be compared to nothing else. Those whom God has joined are henceforth beyond the reach of their fellow-men; there can be no complete consolation for the sorrow which springs from this source. Nevertheless, dear mother, I am not afraid of hurting you when I tell you that resignation should inspire not only submission but courage. Forgive me if I venture to say that one must try to enjoy, even in the midst of this hard life, the good which still remains to us. Continue to speak to me of my father, of your grief, of the things which made his happiness; but let me have the power of somewhat alleviating your sorrow.

One day he was at Talleyrand's with a few friends. "I happened to say," he writes, "'Conversation is a great pleasure.' 'There is one still greater,' said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile, 'action!' Whereupon I retorted, 'Yes, Prince, but there is another which is greater far than the other two—affection!' He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right."

Guizot's first marriage was the result of a romantic impulse which seems to be little in accord with what we know of his character and habits. When he was about twenty he heard at dinner the story of the misfortunes of Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, who, trying to support an impoverished family by her pen, was nearly overwhelmed by anxiety and exhaustion. Guizot was just beginning life in Paris, and worked hard for his small income; but he immediately began to assist Mlle. de Meulan by writing articles for a newspaper to which she was a contributor, and requesting that the money for them should be put to her credit. He did this for some time without making himself known, and without having seen her. An acquaintance, however, naturally followed, and this after a while—not immediately—ripened into sympathy. The wedding occurred after the lapse of two years. M. and Mme. Guizot were admirably adapted to each other; they worked together in kindred pursuits; they earned together their common support; and they exerted the happiest influence upon each other. Mme. Guizot gave her husband acute and sensible advice, not only in his literary undertakings, but also in public affairs, with which he began to connect himself soon after his marriage. Still greater was the service she rendered him by bringing sunshine into his solitary and sombre life, and calling forth those genial and engaging traits of character by which he brightened and idealized his home. Mme. Pauline Guizot died in 1827, after fifteen years of perfect conjugal union. In the latter part of 1828, Guizot married her niece, Mlle. Eliza Dillon, who had been for some time an inmate of the family. This marriage was not less fortunate than the first, but the happiness was of brief duration, for Mme. Eliza Guizot died after a little more than four years.

The family letters of M. Guizot, many selections from which are given in this volume, display an almost extravagant warmth of affection. The emotional nature of the French finds spontaneous expression in language which perhaps seems to more reserved people a little overstrained and sentimental. In reading it we must make allowances for the national manner of speech. "Two noble women occupied the first place in my life," said Guizot; "there never were five minutes of romance between us. I despise romance; it pretends to surpass, and yet it is far below, reality. True love, sincere admiration, real devotion, are very uncommon; and this is why those who have never experienced them call these feelings romantic. They are not so at all; on the contrary, where they really exist, they are all that is most simple, natural, and practical." Certainly in the case of this sincere man, love and friendship were the strongest sentiments of the heart; and it is interesting to remark how faithfully and how joyfully, in the midst of political excitements, literary preoccupations and patriotic enterprises, feasting at royal courts or fleeing into exile, he turned to his wife and his children for the only satisfaction which the world could offer him. At the end of the Hundred Days the Constitutional Monarchists charged him with a mission to Louis XVIII. at Ghent. He doubted whether he should leave his wife in the uncertain circumstances of the time:

Do you know what decided me, dearest? The wish to become all that I may become, so that nothing may be wanting to your happiness; to fulfil every duty that your opinion of me lays on me. My activity and my ambition are all for you; it is for your sake that I will not neglect any opportunity for distinguishing myself. If we had not been united I should have gone on living in my natural idleness. I might have felt by fits and starts the wish to make use of my faculties, and to show myself as I am; but the feeling would have had no root, my indolence and my contempt for the things of this world would have almost always carried the day. Dearest, it is you who give me strength, vigor and perseverance. You are sufficient for my happiness; when I am with you I want nothing, for I regret nothing; but all that is in me belongs to you, and I dare not let anything run to waste. It is your property that I make the most of, and it is to you that I wish to offer the fruits.

Mme. Guizot was quite right when she wrote to her husband in the following strain:

Dearest, when I read over and over again your charming letters, these expressions of simple, I might even say, of youthful tenderness, and I think of the idea that a great many people have of you—as of a proud, ambitious man, with a cold heart and calculating head—the contrast strikes me so strange, that I cannot be angry with these foolish judgments. I laugh at the effect which your letters.—the whole series of them, alike and yet so various,—would produce on certain people I could mention.

Guizot was forty-two years old when, on a visit to Honfleur, he saw the ocean for the first time in his life. He spent four hours wandering on the shore, filled with indescribable emotions; but his chief thought was that his wife could not be there to share his feelings. He breaks off State papers to write the most charming letters to his children and discuss with them minute details of little domestic arrangements in his country home at Val-Richer. When he was Minister of Foreign Affairs he used to pen affectionate notes to his family at the council table, while his colleagues were discussing questions from which he could distract his attention. Here is part of a letter to one of his children, written while he was Ambassador in England:

"I wish you had all been hidden in some corner to see my dinner at the Lord Mayor's—the Mansion House," he wrote on the twenty-first of April; "you would have been greatly amused for at least a quarter of an hour. It was in a very large and beautiful room, called, I know not why, the Egyptian Hall, supported by enormous pillars, and ornamented with all sorts of banners and symbols belonging to the city. When I entered, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and with the Lady Mayoress on my arm, there were already 350 people at the table. It was very dimly lighted. The moment we sat down the gas was turned on, and the hall was flooded with light. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were seated on two raised chairs of state, under a great red canopy; I was next to the Lady Mayoress. A magnificent service of plate, belonging to the city, was distributed over all the tables. The dinner was long, and music, which was not bad, went on all the time. Toward the end, two enormous goblets, filled with wine, were brought in; the trumpet sounded, and the City Herald proclaimed that the Lord and Lady Mayoress drank to the health of the French Ambassador, the Bishop of London, and all the present company. The Lady Mayoress rose, took one of the cups, and turned toward me; I rose at the same time. She drank, bowed, and passed the cup on to me; I bowed in return, turned to my left-hand neighbor, drank and bowed, and presented her with the cup. She did the same to her left-hand neighbor. The Lord Mayor was performing the same ceremony on his side and the two cups, in this way, went all round the 350 guests. This is called the 'Loving Cup.' At dessert, two immense silver-gilt dishes were put down before the Lord and Lady Mayoress, they were filled with rose-water, and passed round the high table only (it consisted of fifty people), and each person dipped the end of his napkin in the rose-water and wiped his lips and fingers. Then began the toasts to the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen-Dowager, and the Royal Family, the English Army and Navy, the French Ambassador, and the other Foreign Ministers. I was the only member of the diplomatic body present. I rose and replied to the toast in a little English speech, which was, I cannot tell you how many times, interrupted and cheered. They were very much pleased, and showed their pleasure very heartily. Then followed innumerable toasts and compliments to me from the speakers. The ladies retired, according to custom. More toasts. At length, at a little before 11 o'clock, we left the dining-table, and went back into the saloons, where the ball had begun. I reached home at a quarter before 12.

"The Lord Mayor's name is Sir Chapman Marshall, and he looks a very good kind of man. The Lady Mayoress is his daughter; she is extremely pretty, and has a very sweet expression. I was asked to propose a toast in her honor, and I did so."

The following story of an adventure with Queen Victoria is found in a letter to the author of the book:

I had two adventures at Windsor. The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew "*Scutari*," and "Scutari" won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired a 11 o'clock; we stayed behind, talking for half an hour. At midnight, I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to search for my own room. I, at last, find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly: "Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?" "How, ma'am; was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?" "Certainly." And she began laughing again, and so did I.

I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily.

To his little boy Guizot sent a description of Windsor Castle, and of a grand dinner in the banqueting hall: "On my left sat the young Queen, whom they tried to assassinate the other day, in gay spirits, talking a great deal, laughing very often and longing to laugh still more; and filling with her gayety, which contrasted with the already tragical elements in her history, this ancient castle which has witnessed the career of all her predecessors." At a later period he wrote to one of his children the following clever description of the Crystal Palace:

My last morning in England was spent at the Crystal Palace. It is an historical chaos in plaster under a glass cage. It looks grand from outside—perhaps still more strange than grand—but still it is grand. Within, a constant transition from the gigantic to the paltry, from the beautiful to the ridiculous. Colossal sphinxes, as fresh as new earthenware, and packed as close as anchovies. Egyptian art evidently needs ruins and the desert. Hundreds of busts, as many of unknown as of known personages, and coupled together most absurdly; Grisi by the side of Lord Chancellor Mansfield; Peel to match Hercules. Farther on, dolls to represent savages, of natural size and color—black, red, and yellow—eating, scalping, fighting; groups of lions and tigers in aviaries of stuffed birds. Noah's ark without the deluge. But, here and there, magnificent, charming things. A complete reproduction, in the same dimensions, of the Alhambra—the Court of Lions and another court. It is lovely. Two Pompeian houses, very correct and very curious as a study of Roman habits. And, above all, the gardens in front of the Palace, immense, superb—a happy combination of French garden, Italian decoration, and English turf. At the bottom of these gardens, round and in a great unfinished lake, the antediluvian animals, Mastodons, Megalotheriums, Ichthyosaurians, etc., etc., put together, and reproduced in plaster in their natural size, more huge and hideous than one imagines. There is a frog between twelve and fifteen feet long, and six or seven feet high. I will allow Marie to be frightened if she meets him at the bottom of our garden (I should say park). Whatever we may say against the creation of our times, it is more beautiful than this was. On the whole Sydenham Palace is a great curiosity, well worth seeing, and would formerly have been justly counted among the wonders of the world. Moreover, a wonder that was constructed in two years.

The story of Guizot's escape to England on the fall of Louis Philippe and the establisment of the Republic of 1848, is told in a narrative from the pen of his second daughter. The children had preceded him to London, and his mother remained in Paris for a time, because her infirmities made it impossible for her to travel.

On Friday, March third, at 6 o'clock in the evening, M. de Rabaudy came to tell us that my father had landed at Dover; it was in an English newspaper; we could hardly believe it. M. de Rabaudy said that he was going to the station to wait for the arrival of the train. It was just eight years since he had seen my father arrive in London as Ambassador—we may truly say, "How times are changed!"

I prayed over and over again that God would sustain us if our hopes proved false. We scarcely dared to trust to them; and yet the heart is so inclined to believe the things it hopes for! We sat down to dinner listening to every noise. At 7 o'clock a carriage stopped at the door; at once I jumped up, crying out, "Here he is!" I was not allowed to look out . . . we hear steps in the antechamber, the door opens—it is he indeed! O God! Thou only canst tell all that passed in our hearts during this moment of such happiness as is seldom granted in life. I cannot put it into words. I cannot describe the instant when we found ourselves in his arms, the remembrance is too deeply graven on my heart for me to be able to express it. As my father said: "There are in life great compensations; the greatest joys follow the greatest sorrows." We went on gazing at him, and crying out, "Father! father!"

He looked very pale and tired; he had suffered so much. Thank Heaven his escape was very easy! After leaving the Ministry of the Interior, about 1 o'clock on Thursday, twenty-fourth (M. O'Hillon Barot was just being brought thither) my father was hidden by Madame Duchatel in the room of a portress in the Rue Vaneau. In the evening Madame de Mirbel came to fetch him, and took him to her house; she hid him there and looked after him with unwearied devotion until Wednesday, March first, when he left Paris with M. de Flejechmann, who took him as his valet as far as Brussels, by the Northern Railroad. When there my father was out of danger. He was not recognized on the road, although he waited at the station in Paris for an hour and a quarter. The train, which was to have started at 7, did not set off till a quarter past 8. What thanksgivings we should offer up to God!

Madame Guizot (the mother) was enabled to join the family a few days later; but she lived only a fortnight after her arrival. "She died," writes Mme. De Witt, "in the full possession of her faculties—strong, simple and natural to the last, supported by the unshaken faith which had carried her through so many trials, and leaving to all who knew her the remembrance of the most unaffected and unquestioned power of authority, and a dignity which attained to majesty."

"There are two men with whom I am as well acquainted," writes M. Guizot from exile to a friend in France, "as if I had spent my life with them—Cromwell and Washington. You may be certain that neither the one nor the other would have believed for a moment in the Republic we now have—the one would have overthrown it, the other would have had nothing to do with it." "Indecision and impotence," he wrote in 1864, "are the characteristics of the men of the present day. They exhibit neither fixed opinions nor strong will in anything they do. They float and follow the course of the stream. Count Bismarck is the only man in Europe who seems to be really ambitious, or who perseveres in a plan because he has conceived it and is determined to effect it. He has neither good sense nor honesty, but he has character." For Lord Aberdeen (who had died a few years before the date of this letter) Guizot had not only a great admiration, but a strong personal friendship. "For England's sake," he wrote, "I trust that the Duc de Broglie exaggerates when he says that Lord Aberdeen was the last Englishman; however, he certainly was the last of the great political school of English politicians, and he was the most equitable, the kindest, the most large-minded, liberal and moral of them all. And he was (which no one who only knew his face and manner suspected) tender and modest. To me he was so to an extent which is indescribable. If I were to live for a thousand years his person and his friendship would be as vividly present to me as they are now."

Guizot survived most of his dearest friends; he lost his eldest son, just entering man's estate, and his second daughter, a happy wife and mother; he never forgot his grief for the two estimable women who contributed so much to the happiness of his earlier years, and in the latter part of his life the repeated wounds of death gave him an aching sense of insecurity, and deepened the melancholy of his temperament. Yet it was beautiful to see the veteran statesman surrounded in his country retreat by the remnant of the devoted and united circle in which he had found the solace of his busy years, and blessed, especially in the little grandchildren, who trooped at all hours into his study and his chamber, and clung about his knees. He died in the midst of those he loved best among the living, and in the firm faith that he was about to rejoin those he loved best among the dead.

EXIT RELICS.

From The London Standard.

The low prices which such articles bring nowadays, compared with what was cheerfully paid for them forty or fifty years ago, is, we think, a sign that public taste is improving. For instance, a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was sold in 1816 for the sum of £730. Doubtless this is small compared with the fifty thousand pounds which the King of Pegu offered the Portuguese as the ransom of Buddha's tooth, now in the Temple of Adam's Peak in Ceylon. But the one bit of dentine is of much the same value as the other, for though an Owen can reproduce a mastodon or a megatherium from a single tooth, the most learned amateur would fail to discover anything to distinguish a molar of the author of the "Principia" from that extracted from the jaw of the veriest clodhopper that ever ate bacon. The hat worn by Napoleon I. at the battle of Eylau was sold in 1835 for 1,920 francs, although at a recent sale numerous relics of the Emperor brought mere trifles. The ivory armchair presented to Gustavus Adolphus by the obsequious city of Lubeck was sold in 1325 for 58,000 florins, while the coat worn by Charles XII. at the Battle of Pultowa fetched, at a sale the same year, the enormous sum of 561,000 francs. The two pens employed in signing the Treaty of Amiens were also disposed of in that year of unwisdom for £500.

A wig belonging to Sterne brought 200 guineas, though one which had formerly covered the head of Kant was not assessed by his countrymen at more than the same number of francs. Voltaire's cane realized at an auction 500 francs, a waistcoat belonging to Rousseau 950 francs, and his pinchbeck watch nearly half as much. The Parisian caricaturist, it is true, still represents the Englishman chipping the Parthenon or whittling the bark of the tree under which some famous person sat or upon which some infamous one was hanged. But such an Englishman is now a relic-hunter of a very humble order. Even the little cabinets of locks of hair, which were at one time so fashionable, seem to have disappeared, and with the exception of the Ashmolean, and a few other Old World collections, public museums are rapidly getting rid of much of the rubbish which once encumbered them.

CREAM OF THE MAGAZINES.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS ON "ENDYMION."

From Harper's Magazine.

It is thoroughly and amusingly characteristic of his whole career. He has been Prime Minister of England, and for a time one of the most conspicuous contemporary figures in the world. He has suddenly encountered an unexpected and tremendous political defeat, and, well past threescore and ten, he retires to private life. An old and renowned statesman in retirement is one of the gravest and most respectable of characters to the imagination, if he be not chafing, and angry, and plotting impotently to regain power. But the gartered hero of the Berlin Treaty and its queer "peace with honor," without mopping or vanishing into silent and dignified privacy, turns off a later "Vivian Grey," "Young Duke," "Coningsby," "Tancred," and "Lothair," all truffles and Tokay, and coronets and prime ministers, and cloth of gold and banquets and beakers. Instead of commending us to Sir William Temple in contemplative retirement amid his cabbages at Sheen, or musing upon the ruins of empires and the vanity of human wishes, the old necromancer, with the air of Brummel redivivus, or Major Pendennis with fresh padding, introduces the amused reader into the modern world of Sardanapalus and Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and the whole fairy realm, where the trees bear pearls, and the rivers run emeralds, and every bantam is a peacock.

The most comical part of the performance is that there are readers who take "Endymion" and its author *au grand sérieux*. They speak of him and his books gravely. They read the "Young Duke" and "Sibyl" as if they were pictures of life and character, when they are only stories of the Fair One with Golden Locks and the little tailor of Cashgar. They are novels as "Phantasmion" is a novel. They are entertaining and brilliant, indeed; they are the recreations of a golden youth grown old, who has seen fine society in his day, and eaten soup with a golden spoon, and who has a natural passion for filigree buttons and gorgeous upholstery. But novels are pictures of life and portrayals of human character and emotion. "Amelia" is a novel, and the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and the "Newcomes," and "Adam Bede," "Endymion" is as much like a novel as St. Barbe is like Thackeray. As a novel, one cabinet picture by Miss Austen is worth all the Disraeli collection. Yet his works are very illustrative of himself. They must always have the attraction which his personality gives them. If Sir Robert Walpole or Lord Chatham had written stories, they would be read because of their authors. George Eliot's tales have an enormous sale because of their excellence, Lord Beaconsfield's because he wrote them. "Endymion" as the work of an unknown writer would have been thought a dull imitation of the old politico-fashionable novel; as Lord Beaconsfield's, the copyright is sold for $60,000. *The London Times* pays $5,000 for a copy two or three days in advance, and 50,000 copies are sold in the United States within two or three days after publication.

The ordinary novel-reader must read it, of course, but he or she cannot be really pleased with it. The student of human nature can find to study in it only the Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G. Prince Florestan, Lord and Lady Rochampton, Lord and Lady Montfort, Mr. Neuchatel, Zenobia, Agrippina, and the rest are not men and women. They are names used by an ex-Prime Minister of England in the composition of a treatise to show how sweet a thing it is to have piles of precious stones and political place, the precious stones being acquired by other people's labor, and the place not by ability, but by intrigue. "Endymion" is the kind of book that a clever Bubb Doddington with a taste for politics might have written, and might greatly delight to read. But to the general novel-reader without familiar knowledge of English politics, the only interest of the book must be in its descriptions of fine society. There is properly no plot and no development of character.

SEALING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Earl Dunraven, in the Nineteenth Century.

Sealing operations also are vigorously conducted by the inhabitants of St. John's. In former days the seal fishery was carried on in sailing vessels, and was attended with considerable danger; but now that steamships are used the risk is much diminished. The paying nature of the business may be gathered from the fact that steamers of five or six hundred tons burden, built and fitted for the purpose, and quite useless for any other trade, make a large profit in average years, although the sealing season lasts only a month or six weeks. Early in the spring, about the beginning of March, the ice from the north strikes in toward the eastern coast of Newfoundland, bringing with it hundreds and hundreds of thousands of seals, young and old. Then St. John's wakes up, and the whole island is in a bustle. Though it entails constant exposure to great cold, and extremely hard work, the young men struggle eagerly to secure a berth for the sealing season, for they earn very high wages, and the business is said with that element of uncertainty and danger which adds such a relish to life.

At length everything is ready, and a fleet of steamers from St. John's, and of sailing craft of all kinds and sizes from large coasting schooners down to open boats, issuing from every bay, start out to look for the ice. The ships, crowded with as many men as they can hold, make two trips of about a fortnight's duration each; the first being devoted to the capture of the young seals, at that time only a few weeks old, and the second to the destruction of the full-grown animals. The latter are generally shot, while the former are knocked on the head with clubs. As soon as the ice is reached, the men scatter themselves about the field, running over the rough surface, jumping from block to block on loose ice, tumbling into holes and scrambling out again, wild with excitement in their search for seals. Each man acts independently, doing the best he can for himself. When he has killed a seal he stops but a minute to whip off the skin with the blubber attached, and fasten a cord to it, and then off again after another seal, till he has got as many as he can drag, when he returns, towing his load behind him, to the ship. The men work with a will, giving themselves scarcely time to eat or rest, for they receive a share of the profits according to the number of skins that each man brings in, and, if the season is successful, an active and daring man will make a large sum of money. The seals are valuable only for the oil which is tried out of their fat, and which is employed for various lubricating purposes, and for their skins, which are tanned and used principally, I believe, for shoe leather. They do not produce the pelt, which, when plucked and dyed, is worked up into those lovely sealskin jackets that are as destructive to the purse as they are delightful to the eye. The number of seals brought in annually is very great, as many as 300,000 having been killed in a single season, and the business employs nearly 10,000 men. What becomes of the multitude of surviving seals is a problem I have never heard satisfactorily solved. The ice, on which they come down in swarms every year from the North, melts during the summer months soon after coming in contact with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. What then becomes of the seals? Do they find their way back through thousands of watery miles to their Polar birthplace, or do they remain scattered about along the shores of Newfoundland and the neighboring continent? It is a problem in natural history similar to the eel puzzle at home, for we are still in ignorance as to what becomes of the millions of full-grown eels that descend our rivers with each autumn flood, but which are never seen reascending the stream.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

G. P. Lathrop in Harper.

George Ticknor's activity as a Harvard Professor and a counsellor of younger writers, generous with his time and books, has given him a more permanent place in recollection. A foreign recognition of social America, which had not before been bestowed, was the result of his extensive European tour. But at home he accomplished a more important service, and was for a time almost the axis on which the higher culture of Boston turned.

Were he living now as a young man, he would probably be thought to be posing too much with reference to effect at magnificent distances. You hear him referred to by some as a literary autocrat. Cold he doubtless was, and conservative in the grain. One day when a young man was telling him of some new philosophical inquiries, he declared, with impatience, "John Locke settled all that for me, sir, years ago." Thackeray, however, made short work of his dignity when, as it is related, on the novelist's dining with him, the historian of Spanish literature fell to musing of love. Ticknor resembled his guest in appearance, even to the latter's oddly shaped nose. "Yes, yes," assented Thackeray, listening to his rather sentimental monologue; "but, after all, what have two broken-nosed old fellows like you and me got to do with love?" Another time, when a young Westerner, who was lecturing in Boston, was asked by Theodore Parker if he had seen Ticknor,

"No," was the reply.

"Well," Parker answered him, "you might as well go to hell without seeing the devil."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S SENSITIVENESS.

Leopold Kalscher in The International Review.

Our author was never able to become indifferent to an unfavorable criticism—not even when he had already gained the admiration of the whole civilized world. One day he discovered that his traveling-companion, a grandson of Jonas Collin, was reading a book by the well-known Danish philosopher, Soren Kierkegaard. This put him in a bad temper; for since Kierkegaard had noticed his novel-writing habit unfavorably, he felt embittered against him, and it really vexed him seriously that young Collin should admire this author's writings. Andersen's nature, indeed, was rather emotional than strictly intellectual. This weakness is explained by the fact that his sad youth had furnished him with all the forms of mental torture which a good, honest, talented nature has to to endure when it sees itself condemned to involuntary dependence owing to poverty and low birth. Hence it arises that in his autobiography he speaks in so much detail and with so much bitterness of the unfavorable notices to which his person and his works were exposed.

In the same way can be explained another weakness of the once so poor and lonely, later so great and famous, Andersen; and this is his great susceptibility to outward signs of recognition. In proportion as unfavorable criticism impressed him painfully, so was he delighted with favorable notices, and he loves to dwell upon them often. He attached a childish exaggerated value to titles, orders and the kindly expressions of good-will toward him received from various European rulers whom he knew personally. The gracious manners of highly-placed personages excited him to superlative expressions. His naive self-cultus is often carried too far in his autobiography. He further had a sort of half belief in an intercourse with departed souls, was timid in some things and not wholly free from a fear of ghosts.

SOCIAL BOSTON.

G. P. Lathrop in Harper.

There are many delightful people there, but in general its society exhibits the organs of social nutrition in a state of arrested development. Manners are constrained, hospitality is too reluctant, and the women, with a hundred times more information than their Southern sisters, cannot rival these in conversation. Among the people best worth knowing there is a temperate elegance of life which is admirable, and the presence of many persons genuinely refined and almost free from the local affectations, diffuses an atmosphere of general good taste. But there is no spontaneity, and not much warmth. Bostonians know how to dine exquisitely, but they do it with a half-clandestine air. The purely typical inhabitant, you are convinced, is furnished with an icicle in place of a spine, and he is in terror if he thinks a new person is really going to know him. I have known the invitation, "You must dine with me some day," coming from persons otherwise apparently of good-breeding, to remain in that form for years, without ever ripening into definiteness. An accomplished gentleman, now dead, who had accepted the attentions of some friends in another part of the world, dining, breakfasting, going to parties at their house, which was opened to him as his own—on meeting the lady of that house years afterward in Boston, expressed himself delighted that she had come thither. He might well be, for she was every way his equal, and they had been on terms of the most agreeable and intimate friendship; but, by way of showing his boundless and hospitable cordiality, he invited her to call at his house on a Sunday evening *after* tea, when his wife and himself would go with her to church and give her a place in their pew! This is hardly an extravagant instance. A morbid reserve, a contented selfishness, and distinctions set up with an arbitrariness that is ludicrous, hamper intercourse at all points.

The social world divides itself into a number of air-tight compartments. If prophets are without honor in their own country, all but a few hundred individuals in Boston should seem to be, socially considered, prophets. Merit is sometimes recognized more quickly here than elsewhere, and sometimes more slowly. Birth as a form of merit is overestimated. Wealth, so far as my observation goes, though it cannot open all doors any more than it can in New-York, is quite as important, as much worshipped, as in that metropolis, the mercenary tone of which the capital on the Charles affects to despise. In the matter of hospitality it is true that the corporate dignity, already mentioned as a motive to conduct, sometimes leads Bostonians to entertain strangers (especially foreign visitors) with solid cordiality and a consummate grace. But as a rule they show no generous interest in those of their own kith and kin who have done something noteworthy, something which in New-York, or Washington, or London, would lead to their being moderately sought for in agreeable circles.

LAVOR OMNIA VINCIT.

From Harper's Weekly, Jan. 22, 1881.

We have recently had brought to our notice a remarkable example of the truth of the adage that labor conquers all things.

In 1866 a young man who had been blind from his birth applied for admission to Columbia College. After passing an excellent examination, he was admitted. He took at once a good rank in scholarship, which constantly improved, till at the close of his four years' course he was adjudged worthy of delivering the Latin salutatory at commencement, the second honor in his class. He conquered his position by the most assiduous labor, under circumstances that might have appalled even a courageous man in the possession of all his faculties. He had prepared under his direction, or prepared himself, upon card-board, in raised letters and diagrams, the text of the every-day lessons in classics and the necessary mathematical figures, such preparation often costing him three hours' labor for one lesson. With his raised letters and diagrams he could, by his delicate touch, read and demonstrate with great facility. His mind was eager and incisive, and his recitations became models of clearness and accuracy. Difficulties in him seemed to delight him. He took high rank in every study, but excelled in mathematics. His fine mind and unflagging spirit never rested till all difficulties had been overcome, and he was master of the subject. After graduation he taught private pupils, and in such intervals as he could secure as he had he continued and extended his study of mathematics. Some two or three years ago he found that the satisfactory solution of a problem upon which he was engaged required a knowledge of the calculus of variations—an abstruse branch, to which he had paid little or no attention. He immediately, *suo more*, began a thorough investigation. He gathered, by purchase and from private and college libraries, all that was to be had upon the subject. He found that nothing of importance concerning it had ever been published by an American author; that the only systematic work upon it that ever appeared in English, published in England thirty years ago, was out of print, very difficult to obtain, and that since its publication the subject had been greatly extended and improved by the labors of English, French and German mathematicians; that the results of these labors were inaccessible to the general reader, being contained in communications to mathematical journals and learned societies, or in certain special works. He thereupon undertook the preparation of a treatise which should present in a simple manner every thing at present known concerning this branch of mathematics. He knew nothing of the French and German languages, so he had translated to him, often by people who could simply translate the words and not the sense to him, the French and German essays; and thus, in physical darkness, but in the clear light of his own mind, he wrought simplicity out of complexity. The only amanuensis accessible to him was a person ignorant of mathematics, which increased the embarrassment under which he labored. To this amanuensis he dictated his work, which is now completed, and is believed to be the only thorough, simple and systematic treatise on the subject in the English or, perhaps, in any other language. The name of the work, which would be a credit to any man, and which, under the circumstances, is simply marvelous, is "A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations," by Lewis B. Carll, of Flushing, Queens County, New-York.

He has one more difficulty to overcome in connection with it, and that is in its publication. His publisher requires subscriptions for 300 copies before he will undertake it, and these Mr. Carll, besides giving away his labor of years, has courageously undertaken to procure. There can be no doubt that he will succeed, for surely labor, properly directed, conquers all things.

The work will be published by D. Van Nostrand, No. 23 Murray-st., New-York City, who will give any information with regard to it that may be desired.

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