NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW YORK SATIRE.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. A NOVEL. BY EDGAR FAWCETT. 18mo, pp. 323. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Fawcett, as a satirist of American society, has struck out a new path which promises to lead him to distinction. There is no doubt that our particular variety of fashionable folly has long been suffering for a censor. Perhaps since "The Potiphar Papers" there has been no truly effective and brilliant exposure of the vices and weaknesses of our so-called fashionable life, and that famous book—so rapid are the changes in our protean affectations—is already somewhat antiquated. The fast, frivolous, unreal ladies and gentlemen of the present day have not taken the place in literature which they richly deserve, *caveat quia vate sacro*. Perhaps the mantle is to fall upon Mr. Fawcett. We have hoped for a great deal from Mr. Henry James, jr. "Daisy Miller" was an admirable portraiture of a typical American girl, and we wish that Mr. James had done more work in the same style. But he has preferred to set before us the manners of the tourist, who is not always a good representative even of the society in which he moves at home; of any phase of life in our own country he has offered us only a few accidental glimpses, save when he has undertaken to exhibit certain American customs and modes of thought as a picturesque background for the portrait of a foreigner. He did this in "The Europeans," but not at all in the way of satire. His only notable attempt to "shoot folly as it flies" remains the tragic sketch of poor, innocent, reckless, loud and improper Daisy.

Mr. Fawcett, dealing with the aspects of society rather than with special types, pursues a larger object than Mr. James, and his satire cuts deeper. He seems to have yielded now and then to the temptation to sketch well-known individuals, instead of confining himself to classes, and this is not legitimate satire nor good art; but we may overlook the fault in consideration of the truthful and forcible exposure of current vices and absurdities. The story is not without its delineations of female folly; and Mr. Fawcett has a more tender feeling for his young countrywomen than Mr. James appears to entertain. Here is the record of the sentiments of the "Gentleman of Leisure": "To speak in general terms, most of the women whom he had thus far met since his arrival impressed him as original, breezy, buoyant, exhilarating. They lacked the winsome constraint of their English sisterhood, and the tender unconscious pradery which so often, previous to marriage, among the latter, seems to partake of an effect as vernal and poetic as dew on young clover. But Wainwright's vigilant observation had soon discovered that the self-possession of the American girl, her bold flights of candor, her saucy assaults against conventionalism, and her occasional trick of doing innocent things in a wise and worldly way, were all resultant from an educational system where liberty of conduct and purity of motive hold equal control." This is putting the case adroitly and kindly. Mr. Fawcett's chief business is with the fashionable New-York young man, a product of our civilization upon whom he has no mercy. Wainwright, American by birth, but English by education and associations, returns to his native country at the age of twenty-six, and is disgusted to find in New York a rage for imitating English manners and customs and decrying everything American. The prevailing affectation is well illustrated in the person of Mr. Carroll Gansevoort, and nobody familiar with metropolitan life can fail to see how sharp and well-observed is the satire conveyed in this amusing portraiture:

Wainwright now shook hands with a young gentleman of slender, shapely figure, dark, expressive eyes, and hair brushed with glossy neatness from either side of an exceedingly exact parting. Wainwright had seen a good many young Englishmen who looked, when in evening dress, very much like Mr. Gansevoort. The latter wore a large gold fob pendant from a black ribbon under his low-cut waistcoat, and the white width of his shirt-bosom revealed but a single stud, made of one fine pearl. He had shoes that came almost to a sharp point at either end, and shone with the effective radiance of superfine patent leather. On one delicate hand was a seal ring, into which a crest and arms had been graven; on the small finger of the other hand was a heavy gold band, in which sparkled a large sunken diamond. Mr. Gansevoort had an extremely lounging manner; the muscles of his tall, slight frame appeared in a perpetual state of laxity. He sat with legs crossed one moment, and with an arm thrown over the back of his chair the next. He was smoking a cigar, which he transferred from hand to hand in graceful unrest. He was always graceful, just as he was always restless. But it promptly occurred to Wainwright that his manner was imitative, factitious, as though he had modelled it after some admired British type. When he spoke, which he at once did, the English pronunciation was so perfectly rendered in his speech that Wainwright, with his experienced ear, could scarcely tell why he should not feel certain that Mr. Gansevoort was an Englishman. But he somehow felt most doubtful on that point, without clearly being able to explain his doubt.

"I heard Binghamton say that you had just come over," began this young gentleman, with a civility that had the air of being rather seldom given. "You must have got awfully used to it there by this time."

"Oh, yes," said Wainwright, "I am very used to it."

"England's such an enormously jolly place," continued Mr. Gansevoort. "This country is a beastly hole in comparison. I've no doubt you think so already, don't you, now?"

Wainwright started as this last question was put to him. "No, I do not, really," he said with decision.

Mr. Binghamton broke into a laugh. "Good!" he exclaimed. "It isn't a beastly hole a bit. Gansevoort, here, is always running it down."

He was freshly raimented every morning; Wainwright had the fancy that steamers must be continually bringing him new toilets over the water, to judge by the prodigal variety of his costumes. It was diverting, at first, to study the adroitness of his English imitation, and to try and decide just how far it fell short of original models. Mr. Gansevoort walked, talked, sat down, got up, smoked his cigar, and carried his umbrella precisely like an Englishman, and yet the trained vision of Wainwright saw that it was all spurious mannerism, and not unconscious habit. The matter was there, so to speak, but the inspiring soul remained absent. He sometimes cruelly longed for a chance to let Mr. Gansevoort know that the truth continued patent through all his disguising tact. Once, while seated in the reading-room, intent on a morning paper, he overheard a friend with whom Mr. Gansevoort was talking utter the following sentence, whose tone and manner were not at all according to the British pattern:

"Well, I had some good sport on that lake last summer. I fished with a pole for three steady hours."

"Ah, yes," said Gansevoort. He had crossed his legs in an attitude of lazy grace; he had on a woolly sack-coat, extremely light in shade, and trowsers of such dark hue as to make the contrast especially striking; he also wore gaiters, whose upper portions were of yellowish cloth, and dotted with little pearl buttons. He was smoothing his blond mustache gently with one hand; the other held a half-burnt cigarette. "By Jove," he went on, it sounds infernally odd, my dear boy, to hear a man talk of fishing with a *pole*. I suppose you mean a rod."

Oh, well, a rod, if you choose," replied the other, in good-humored conciliation. "Anyway, I caught four dozen fine trout."

Mr. Gansevoort laughed. He threw his cigarette among some big logs that crackled in ruddy turmoil under the artistic, tiled mantel. "Upon my word, I beg your parson, old fellow," he said, with enough politeness to blunt annoyance, but it always amuses them so on the other side when we speak about *catching* fish. There they don't catch them, you know; they kill them."

We sympathize with Wainwright when at last he loses patience at the innate vulgarity of the fashionable British style, and we applaud him when he administers to Gansevoort a public rebuke in a club parlor. But before matters have reached this crisis there are several suggestive scenes of New-York club life, from one of which we quote a few severe paragraphs. Wainwright is visiting the Metropolitan Club with his friend Binghamton, an Englishman long resident in New-York:

Wainwright noted everything with interest, but his mind dwelt sufficiently upon another matter for him to say, during this tour of inspection:

I heard a few scraps of conversation among the men with whom Mr. Gansevoort was talking, down in the other hall. The party looked and spoke a good deal in the English manner, but their conversation was extremely muscular. Is it always like that?"

Mr. Binghamton turned quickly, and burst into one of his fresh, light-comedy laughs. "I'm afraid it is," he said. "Those fellows are always talking like a lot of jockeys. They're immensely gentlemanly, however. I suppose their love for all kinds of sporting matters naturally results from their idle lives. They nearly all have large incomes. They are your *jeunesse argentee*, you know. They have nothing to do except bet and ride and drive their four-in-hands."

"They might find other things to do," said Wainwright. He spoke with a sudden deep seriousness.

Mr. Binghamton's humorous little face lost its smile. "By Jove," he said, "you're right. They might, indeed."

"Could they not go into politics?" asked Wainwright.

"Politics?" repeated his companion. He clapped Wainwright on the shoulder, and laughed again with mild hilarity. "Oh, yes, they could," he said, "but they don't. If you knew more about American politics, perhaps you'd understand why they don't."

Just at this moment Mr. Binghamton and his guest entered the library of the club. It was a chamber appointed with faultless taste; low book-cases were ranged along its crimson walls; every shelf looked well filled. Wainwright stooped and examined some of the books. He found several of his old favorites ready at hand. Taking out one of these, he perceived that its leaves had the stiff crackle of a book which has remained unread. Another volume, and still another, gave the same suggestion of disuse.

He turned toward Mr Binghamton. "Are these books ever read?" he asked.

"Not often. We have a few men who dip into Thackeray now and then; I suppose on the principle of seeing one's self in the glass. They come here, too, of a morning and skim over the magazines; you see, there's a pile of magazines yonder. But they don't do much solid reading,—bless me, no!"

"You mean at the club?" said Wainwright, looking up thoughtfully from a book that he was examining.

"Oh, not a bit of it," said Mr. Binghamton. "I mean at home, abroad, anywhere. Your upper classes here don't read; that's the simple truth. They haven't time; they live in too great a hurry and bustle. One must have leisure, to read; the American knows nothing of leisure."

"The young men have leisure, you say,—those whom I just now heard talking together downstairs. Indeed, I can hardly believe that it would not require leisure to assure yourself possessed of a dog which can whip any other in the whole United States."

Mr. Binghamton laughed. "Oh, those are your rich *young* men: I forgot those."

"Do they form a large class?"

"Rather. It is growing every year."

"And they do not read either?"

"Dear me, no! Far less even than the fathers who have toiled for years to give them drags and broughams now."

Wainwright seemed to muse for a moment. "They don't read, and they don't take interest in the Government of their country? . . . And these are the men who would call themselves our best? . . . It is all very strange to me."

Mr. Binghamton shrugged his shoulders and gave his queer mustache a short tug. "I can't help wondering what you expected to find," said the Englishman, with a keen look from his small hazel eyes.

Wainwright broke into a broad smile. "I expected to find America full of Americans," he said. A moment previously he had replaced on its shelf the book which he had been holding. Directly above him, on the polished top of the low book-case, rested a tome of really cumbrous bulk. He drew it toward him with both hands, intending to read its title. But the cover, loosely detached, came off in his grasp, and several of the leaves fell out in dire disarray.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Wainwright, "what mischief have I been contriving?"

"Oh, don't bother about it," said Mr. Binghamton. "That's the British Peerage. I happen to know that the club has ordered a new one."

A curious look had crossed Wainwright's face. He had set his eyes quite fixedly upon Mr. Binghamton. "I thought you told me that they didn't read," he said.

"Oh, bless my soul! they read the Peerage. Why, we wear out a new one every year or so, at the Metropolitan."

"Is it possible?" said Wainwright dryly.

These useless young men are represented appearing in several distinct "sets," the respective characteristics of which are drawn by Mr. Fawcett with considerable force. The rich foreign banker with his beautiful American wife, dispensing a faultless hospitality and ruling over a highly select circle of wealthy and well-bred people; the exclusive Knickerbocker family, with an old-fashioned mansion on the Second-ave., and severe opinions on the subject of the decay of gentility; and the distinctively fast set, in which Mr. Townsend Spring, an adventurous stock gambler, and his pretty, piquant, and excessively demonstrative wife, are the leaders—all these, as well as two or three smaller circles are described with acuteness, with accuracy, and at times with humor; while more or less eccentric individual characters are aptly introduced to enliven the progress of the story. The best pieces in the book are perhaps those devoted to the Townsend Springs. Wainwright ventures to make a remark à propos of Mrs. Spring's behavior:

"Both her friends and her doings seem rather . . . picturesque," said Wainwright, deliberatly loitering a little over the last word.

"Picturesque," repeated Ruth, with an intonation of bitterness. "Yes—that is precisely what they are. The clique of persons who surround my sister are, for the most part, ignorant,—frightfully ignorant. They never read; they never think; they have a hunger for amusing themselves, and that is about all. They are perpetually 'getting up' things. It is either a dinner party in a fashionable restaurant, or a driving party on an English drag, or a supper-party with a german afterward, at which they all romp about like so many school-children. Occasionally they go to the strangest places. Yesterday Fanny lunched with a number of hilarious inmates at Fulton Market, in a common little eating-house, where the oysters are said to be remarkably good. A few nights ago she was one of a party that went and filled two boxes at a big third-rate theatre, where ladies and gentlemen are not supposed to find anything worth hearing or seeing. Last week she made one of another group, who patronized the balcony regions of an enormous beer-garden, off somewhere in the Bowery, where our lower classes listen to an assemblage of interior German musicians playing amid odors of bad tobacco. They call this kind of thing a 'lark,' and I am sorry to tell you that their 'larks' are exceedingly numerous. Nearly all the ladies of the set are married,—which is at least a fortunate circumstance. But they are tyrannically cliquish. They have a prodigious idea of themselves. With an absurd sort of sarcasm, they insist upon your being 'somebody' before they will permit you to pass their charmed limits."

"A Gentleman of Leisure" is in short so good that it is impossible to avoid a feeling of irritation with Mr. Fawcett because he has not made it better. His worst failing is a hasty and careless use of language. He has the essentials of a neat, epigrammatic, musical and effective style. The construction of his sentences is generally clear and harmonious, and it is varied with excellent taste. But when his phrases are examined they yield surprising results. They betray the common confusion between "shall" and "will," "would" and "should," and the almost universal error of using "restive" in the sense of restless, whereas its true meaning is just the reverse; they contain mistakes of haste which are often amusing and occasionally vulgar—for example, "he had never been *to* Paris"—and they abound in a certain incorrect form of expression which may be called the most distinct characteristic of Mr. Fawcett's style. This consists in the misplacing of epithets. Having two adjectives in his mind to apply to an object, his habit is to turn one of them into a substantive and then qualify it by the other. The effect of thus diverting the adjective from its legitimate use is sometimes very droll. Wishing to describe a young lady's figure as gracefully curved and lithe, he speaks of its "graces of curvilinear litheness." The figure may be curvilinear, but of course the litheness is not. In the same way we have a figure of "rounded flexibility," starlight of "rounded calm," a cliff of "rugged sheerness," an atmosphere of "damp blandness," a large view unfolding its "panoramic entirety," figures painted on the "brittle frailty" of a tea-cup, and, in a description of magic-lantern advertisements, the "mercantile ghostliness" of a shirt-maker's announcement. Here the misapplication of the adjective is grotesque. When Mr. Binghamton speaks "in bustling semitone," and Ruth conveys a delicate shade of meaning in "the dulcet compass of her voice" Mr. Fawcett is perhaps not quite clear as to his own meaning. Not all the mistakes, however, to which we have alluded are the consequences of undue haste. We have said so much about them because they indicate a bad habit which could easily be corrected, and because the substance of the work in which they appear is too good to be marred by such annoying blemishes.

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

THE HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE. Edited by ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE. In two volumes. Vol I., 1848-1861. Royal 8vo, pp. 878. Fowler & Wells.

Looked at from whatever point of view, the woman suffrage movement in the United States between 1848 and 1880 is one of the most striking episodes in the social history of the century. Great moral forces were at work and men and women of courage and ability, whose names will not be lightly forgotten, were on the ground to direct them. The anti-slavery agitation was the impelling and sustaining force of the whole reform movement, and Teetotalism and Woman Suffrage gained immeasurably from association with the master-spirits whose absorbing thought was the liberation of the slaves. Women fought their way to the platform and the pulpit in the cause of the slave and of temperance, and having won a vantage ground, began to speak for themselves. The associations with abolitionism also naturally drew to them the assistance of the men who had accepted their help in freeing the slaves. The time now seems opportune for collecting the records of what was done, in those days, while competent witnesses are still living, and also for those most interested in the movement to take a calm survey of the field and weigh the achievement. If the demand for political rights is not so loudly enforced at present, it may be because women, with practical tact, are quietly strengthening their hold on what they have so far gained.

These 850 pages contain only half of the remarkable story. Another volume is to come. The editors modestly disclaim any more ambitious purpose than to collect and preserve materials for some future historian. But they have, so far, done their work with care and good judgment. Their own reminiscences and those of their coworkers have been interwoven with graphic records of exciting meetings, and letters and speeches which best set forth the inception and growth of their ideas. It is a kind of history in which the reader sees the varying movements in the wordy struggle for a principle, and hears the voices and notes the different individualities of the leaders. Some one may hereafter make a more compact and symmetrical history of this period, but it can hardly be more interesting. The book is so free from evidences of sisterly discord that it is painful to note two marked exceptions, one wherein Mrs. Swisschelm is charged with writing resolutions that were "verbose and irrelevant," and with having "no just appreciation of the importance and dignity of our demand for justice and equality"; and another wherein Mrs. Sarah J. Hale is called "politic and time-serving," and placed in the picturesque attitude of "bigotry weeping over the triumphs of truth."

Mrs. Abigail Adams, the wife of the second President, is mentioned with pride as one of the first American advocates of woman suffrage. Unfortunately it is not recorded with what fear and trembling her husband, then in the Continental Congress, read this revolutionary missive from his wife:

I long to hear you have declared an independency, and, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice or representation.

Among the notable words of other American women, none are more remarkable for mother wit and pointedness than the impromptu speech of the old negress, Sojourner Truth, at the Akron Convention in 1851. In conclusion she said: "If de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down all alone, dese women together (and she glanced her eye over the platform) ought to be able to turn it back and get it right side up again! And now dey is asking to do it, de men better let 'em.' Mrs. Stanton ought also to be congratulated on the following happy speech:

The frivolous objections some women made to our appeals were as exasperating as ridiculous. To reply to them politely at all times, required a divine patience. On one occasion, after addressing the Legislature, some of the ladies in congratulating me, inquired in a supercilious tone: "What do you do with your children?" "Leave them," I said, "it takes me no longer to speak than you to listen; what have you done with your children the two hours you have been sitting here? But to answer your questions, I never leave my children to go to Saratoga, Washington, Newport or Europe, nor even to come here. They are at this moment with a faithful nurse at the Delavan House, and having accomplished my mission, we shall all return home together."

But to turn from the lively records of what has been said and done to the view taken by the editors in their introduction of the present state of their cause, and the plea they advance for equal political rights for women, we find many old arguments and some fresh thoughts presented in confident and forcible language. We are told that "woman's steady march onward and her growing desire for a broader outlook, prove that she has not reached her normal condition, and that society has not yet conceded all that is necessary for its attainment." One privilege granted here, as everywhere, creates a demand for another privilege: "Moreover, woman's discontent increases in exact proportion to her development. Instead of a feeling of gratitude for rights accorded, the wisest are indignant at the assumption of any legal disability based on sex, and their feelings in this matter are a surer test of what her nature demands, than the feelings and the prejudices of the sex claiming to be superior." American men are reminded that if no such injustice prevails here as in Eastern nations, the same principle that degrades women in Turkey "insults her in this Republic." It appears also that for what they have gained women are not indebted to any generous sentiment among men:

The selfishness of man was readily enlisted in securing woman's civil rights, while the same element in his character antagonized her demand for political equality. Fathers who had estates to bequeath to their daughters could see the advantage of securing to woman certain property rights that might limit the legal power of profligate husbands. Husbands in extensive business operations could see the advantage of allowing the wife the right to hold separate property, settled on her in time of prosperity, that might not be seized for his debts. Hence in the several States able men championed these early measures. But political rights, involving in their last results equality everywhere, roused all the antagonism of a dominant power against the self-assertion of a class hitherto subservient. Men saw that with political equality for woman they could no longer keep her in social subordination, and "the majority of the male sex," says John Stuart Mill, "cannot yet tolerate the idea of living with an equal."

Though woman needs the protection of one man against his whole sex, in pioneer life, in threading her way through a lonely forest, on the highway, or in the streets of the metropolis on a dark night, she sometimes needs, too, the protection of all men against this one. But even if she could be sure, as she is not, of the ever-present, all-protecting power of one strong arm, that would be weak indeed compared with the subtle, all-pervading influence of just and equal laws for all women. Hence woman's need of the ballot, that she may hold in her own right hand the weapon of self-protection and self-defence.

It is said, "the difference between the sexes indicates different spheres." It would be nearer the truth to say the difference indicates different duties in the same sphere, seeing that man and woman were evidently made for each other, and have shown equal capacity in the ordinary range of human duties. In governing nations, leading armies, piloting ships across the sea, rowing lifeboats in terrific gales; in art, science, invention, literature, woman has proved herself the complement of man in the world of thought and action. This difference does not compel us to spread our tables with different food for man and woman, nor to provide in our common schools a different course of study for boys and girls. Sex pervades all nature, yet the male and female tree and vine and shrub rejoice in the same sunshine and shade. The earth and air are free to all the fruits and flowers, yet each absorbs what best insures its growth. But whatever it is, it requires no special watchfulness on our part to see that it is maintained. This plea, when closely analyzed, is generally found to mean woman's inferiority. The superiority of man, however, does not enter into the demand for suffrage, for in this country all men vote; and as the lower orders of men are not superior, either by nature or grace, to the higher orders of women, they must hold and exercise the right of self-government on some other ground than superiority to women.

Men are uniformly more attentive to women of rank, family and fortune, who least need their care, than to any other class. We do not see their protecting love generally extending to the helpless and unfortunate ones of earth. Wherever the skilled hands and cultured brain of woman have made the battle of life easier for man, he has readily pardoned her sound judgment and proper self-assertion. But the prejudices and preferences of man should be a secondary consideration, in presence of the individual happiness and freedom of woman. The formation of her character and its influence on the human race is a larger question than man's personal liking. There is no fear, however, that when a superior order of women shall grace the earth, there will not be an order of men to match them, and influence over such minds will atone for the loss of it elsewhere.

It is often asked "If political equality would not rouse antagonisms between the sexes?" If it could be proved that men and women had been harmonious in all ages and countries, and that women were happy and satisfied in their slavery, one might hesitate in proposing any change whatever. But the apathy, the helpless, hopeless resignation of a subjected class cannot be called happiness. The more complete the despotism, the more smoothly all things move on the surface. "Order reigns in Warsaw." In right conditions, the interests of man and woman are essentially one; but in false conditions, they must ever be opposed. The principle of equality of rights underlies all human sentiments, and its assertion by any individual or class must rouse antagonism, unless conceded. This has been the battle of the ages, and will be until all forms of slavery are banished from the earth. Philosophers, historians, poets, novelists, alike paint woman the victim ever of man's power and selfishness. And now all writers on Eastern civilization tell us, the one insurmountable obstacle to the improvement of society in those countries, is the ignorance and superstition of the women. Stronger than the trammels of custom and law is her religion, which teaches that her condition is Heaven-ordained. As the most ignorant minds cling with the greatest tenacity to the dogmas and traditions of their faith, a reform that involves an attack on that stronghold can only be carried by the education of another generation. Hence the self-assertion, the antagonism, the rebellion of woman, so much deprored in England and the United States, is the hope of our higher civilization. A woman growing up under American ideas of liberty in government and religion, having never blushed behind a Turkish mask, nor pressed her feet in Chinese shoes, cannot brook any disabilities based on sex alone, without a deep feeling of antagonism with the power that creates it. The change needed to restore good feeling cannot be reached by remanding woman to the spinning-wheel and the contentment of her grandmother, but by conceding to her every right which the spirit of the age demands. Modern inventions have banished the spinning-wheel, and the same law of progress makes the woman of to-day a different woman from her grandmother.

KOSSUTH AT WORK.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The *Pesti Naplo* prints an interesting account of a visit to M. Kossuth at Baraccone, in Piedmont. The illustrious exile has recently suffered a painful bereavement by the death there a few weeks ago of his faithful friend and constant companion, General Ihasz. In spite of his advanced years, he still maintains in a high degree his extraordinary powers of work, and on bright days can even read without spectacles, although he is obliged to give up the mountain climbing which was, till a few years ago, his principal, almost his only, relaxation. He leads a most retired life, visits nobody, and is not very accessible to visitors. The correspondent remarks that he makes an exception in favor of Americans, to whom he is always "at home," and as Baraccone is not far from Turin, such visits are not infrequent.

He is at present engaged on the third volume of his "Memoirs," beyond which he has determined not to continue the work. He is particularly anxious not to compromise persons who played a conspicuous part in the "emigration," but who are now decided opponents of the "Party Independence" with which his name is associated. Pointing to his secretaire, he said: "I have materials there for twenty volumes, but must exercise discretion toward the living. I shall not take these papers with me into the tomb. I leave them to my sons, to deal with them as they think best." Still he would gladly write a fourth volume, giving an account of the events of 1850, but fears that his failing strength would not permit him to carry it out. As his means do not now enable him to keep up his villa at Baraccone as well as his quarters at Turin, he has resolved upon giving up the former, and the correspondent suggests that it would be a graceful act on the part of the Hungarian nation to purchase the villa and present it to him. The editor of the *Pesti Naplo* observes that, considering the ex-Governor's justifiable sensitiveness, such a delicate matter should not be much talked about, but speedily and discreetly carried out.

Many men live, practically, on one meal a day. Kant took a pipe of tobacco and a cup of tea at 5 o'clock in the morning; then worked for eight hours, dined at 1, and ate no more in the day. Mr. Hawerton mentions an eminent French publisher who never touched meat or drink till 6 in the evening, when he ate an excellent dinner with his guests; and also an old gentleman who for forty years lived as Kant lived, and enjoyed excellent health and uncommon mental clearness.—[The Antiquary.

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