

# The Centre Democrat.

Terms \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

S. T. SHUGERT and R. H. FORSTER, Editors.

Thursday Morning, December 16, 1880.

## LORD BEACONSFIELD'S BOOK.

"ENDYMION," WITH ALL ITS FAULTS, TAKES THE READING PUBLIC OF ENGLAND BY STORM.

From the Resident Correspondent of the World.

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The first question salutes one now is, "What do you think of 'Endymion'?" No doubt most of your readers have already made up their minds on the subject, for the book was issued on the same morning in New York and London. Here, as you may suppose, the whole world is reading it. In what the distinguished author fondly calls the "refined saloons of the mighty," the "patrician citizens" are eager to see which of their number has been touched off by the late Prime Minister. Go into a club and the red volumes with silver letters on the back are in everybody's hands. At Madie's there is a crush of carriages waiting for a chance to draw up to the door. If to engross public attention is the secret of happiness, Lord Beaconsfield must be the happiest man in England. Even Ireland is forgotten and Mr. Gladstone is nowhere. I sent you by cable last night a key to many of the characters in the novel and explained briefly that the author has taken rather free liberties with the likenesses so that no one should be able to say this or that is an exact portrait. In some cases he has brought men and places into existence before their time. Dramatists and novelists have always claimed this license, and no writer has used it with greater audacity than the author of "Vivian Grey." But the originals from which he has taken his sketches cannot be mistaken. These pictures from life are really all that give the book its interest. Story there is very little, but no one looks for anything of that kind. People want to walk through the portrait gallery and find their friends or acquaintances. If the Tory party remain out of power another year or two the adroit artist will gratify them still further, for it is a fact that he intends to follow up this novel with another, in which his strange, eventful history will be brought down to our own day.

For one person who will read history in its crude state a thousand will read it disguised in the form of fiction. No one knows this better than Lord Beaconsfield. His main object in this, as in other works from his pen, is to put forward his opinions on party politics and the men who have taken part in them. He would probably fail in a methodical and serious history if he attempted it, and unquestionably it would call for more severe labor and greater accuracy than he could bring himself to supply. He loves to generalize, but pin him down to facts and it is all over with him. In a novel, any little slips can be readily excused, and even anachronisms only seem to form part of the main design. Opinions can be expressed for which it would scarcely be fair or reasonable to hold the author responsible. In the present instance Lord Beaconsfield has even chosen to use the Radical Job Thornberry (Mr. Cobden) as his mouth-piece. By devices of this kind he can declare his private views on men and affairs, and avoid incurring any responsibility for them. Thus he makes Job affirm that the British agricultural classes are in the condition of serfs and that the whole landed system must be abolished. To be sure, Mr. Ferrars contradicts these opinions in a mild way, but the earnestness and force are all given to Job. "These are strong opinions," says Mr. Ferrars. "Yes, but they will make their way," replies Job, and undoubtedly so keen an observer as Lord Beaconsfield must feel that they will. The "commercial principle" must be applied to land—"no useless timber and no game." The chief of the Tory party could not come forward in his own person and avow these sentiments. But he can put them into the mouth of a lay figure and thus draw attention to the fact that he perceives clearly enough which way the new revolution in England is tending. In like manner he is free to maintain behind another of his characters that the House of Commons is becoming an assembly of demagogues. He gave the best evidence of the sincerity of this conviction when he retired from it and took shelter in the House of Lords. To him it is all the same whatever may happen. "Power, and power alone, should be your absorbing object." That is the religion which he professes and no one can say that he has not been faithful to it. Men are puppets to be made useful in the attainment of your own ends. The institutions of your country are only to be respected in so far as they assist you to rise to power. "All the accidents and incidents of life should be considered with reference to that main result." Never was the Disraelian code more faithfully described. Of course it requires a little audacity for a man thus to reveal the hidden springs of his own life, but audacity is the secret of success. Until Benjamin Disraeli had made a name in the world he attracted attention by his velvet coats and dazzling waistcoats, by the number of gold chains round his neck and the

rings upon his fingers. Some people called him a fop and others a lunatic, but everybody soon found that the fop's head had something more remarkable about it than the long black curls shining with macassar oil. Dandyism served its term and was discarded, though perhaps even now it has a certain charm, for one day last session I saw the author of "Endymion" in the House of Lords with a bright scarlet tie round his neck, a black velvet waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons of the most bizarre color and pattern. But it is not absolutely necessary to play the part of a dandy any more. Power has been won—and lost. A great party has been nearly ruined, but its controlling spirit is satisfied, for the public are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get hold of his book. None of the changes or disasters of life are potent enough to suppress Disraeli.

No doubt you will have noticed and enjoyed the childish delight with which the Ex-Premier depicts the "gilded saloons" of his friends the aristocracy. In them, after all, is to be found the only kind of social diversion for which he has ever cared. The middle classes are a money-grabbing, tedious, vulgar set. True happiness is to be found only in the society of "Queens of Fashion" like Zenobia (who is a sort of combination of Lady Blessington and Lady Holland), and "distinguished personages," in blue ribbons and brilliant decorations. Such was always the opinion of Mr. Disraeli, and now that he is an Earl he cannot well be expected to change it. In one part of "Endymion" he refers—of course indirectly—to the "immense sorrows" of his youth. What were they? He was sent to a solicitor's office to be trained in the study of the law. He was not a common-place clerk, as many have supposed; he was not in poverty. The ordinary accounts of the hardships of his early life he has himself repudiated. "My father left me a sufficient patrimony," he once declared. What were his immense sorrows? Simply a compulsory association with the "middle class." Until a lucky accident gave him an entrée to Lady Blessington's house and opened Rothschild's door to him he was excluded from the "saloons of the mighty." In this book Endymion's sister is made to predict that all his good fortune will come to him through women. So it actually happened. Lady Blessington took him up, and Mrs. Wyndham-Lewis married him and gave him all her money. Determination can move mountains, but it cannot always enable a man to pick up a fortune with his wife. Even in delineating the fortunes of his new hero, Lord Beaconsfield is obliged to jump the hardest fence on the road by making some anonymous friend come forward with a present of £20,000. Youthful students of the Disraelian system of "getting on" in the world will perhaps complain that donors of £20,000 are comparatively scarce in the world. The noble Lord's answer would be, "I have found them; go thou and do likewise. Will a thing and you can get it. Resolve to be Prime Minister and nothing can prevent you reaching that position. You will want money to start with—look out for a woman who has it. You will never find a man to give you £20,000; therefore turn your eyes to the other sex. I did so, and see where I am and what I have been." That is what the author of "Endymion" would tell any young man in whom he took a friendly interest—Lord Rowton, for instance. People may say that this is not a very lofty view of life. But what is that against it? It enables men to grasp power. To do Mr. Disraeli justice, he never preached any other doctrine. That is why he has been called a more generalizing writer than G. W. M. Reynolds. He says the foundations of all belief in the nobler qualities of the human race. Last night, just as I was going home to my lodgings, I ran against a man who was himself figured in one of the Disraeli novels, and who has no love for the painter. The inevitable question of the moment was exchanged. "Yes," said my friend, "they've read it at the club. It is precisely what you might have expected—a selection from his notebook, with the usual glorification of himself, and the old sermons about the duty of treading on your father and mother if they are in the way—anything to enable you to push through the crowd. Don't fail to notice the ship-shop writing, the bungling sentences, the penny-romance writer's touches of description. He does not say a man walked down St. James' street, but that he 'descended that gentle eminence.' Go and look of his account of the grooms on a carriage, 'sitting with folded arms of haughty indifference.' I declare it makes me sick." Thus far my friend; but, between ourselves, I think he is still smarting from a sense of injury at having had his own portrait hung up years ago in the Disraeli gallery. We of free souls can read and be amused. L. J. J.

THE young man who shirks his duties as often as possible never succeeds in life. You may set it down that sooner or later he will be a drone in the great hive of human industry. If you begin life a shirk, you may set it down as a fixed fact that the habit will follow you through life, and instead of a success, you will be an utter failure.

## BONAPARTE-BLANC.

THE UNION OF A DAUGHTER OF THE MILITONAIR GAMBLER OF MONACO AND A GRAND NEPHEW OF NAPOLEON I.

From the Resident Correspondent of the World.

PARIS, November 19.—Prince Roland Bonaparte was married to-day to Mlle. Marie Blanc, daughter of the founder of the gambling-house at Monaco. The marriage took place at the Church of St. Roch, on the steps of which Napoleon I. planted the cannon with which he swept the Paris streets of the mob. It was the most splendid ceremony of the kind we have had for a long time. The marriage came about in a curious way. One of the papers lately published a series of articles on the "men who had disappeared"—the extinct volcanoes of notoriety, so to speak. Among them it named Pierre Bonaparte, the father of Roland and the slayer of Victor Noir, and it gave a very piteous account of the style in which he was living and of the efforts of his low-born wife to keep the family on a footing of respectability. There was even some allusion to the dressmaking business in London which she used to conduct. This was read by Mme. Blanc, of Monaco, the widow of the tenfold millionaire. She sought out Mme. Bonaparte and offered her help. From this meeting sprang the union of the two families. Mme. Bonaparte's son was a sub-lieutenant in the Line, and in the course of his visits to his mother and sister he saw Marie Blanc, fell in love with her and has now won her hand, with a respectable number of her family millions as her dowry. She is a charming girl, well educated and ambitious. In this last respect she is only like the rest of the family, which is most anxious to do something to make people forget the vulgarity, not to say the degradation of its origin. Mme. Blanc has already married one daughter to Prince Radziwil, one of the most illustrious names in Austria, and the chief members of the Austrian embassy were among the distinguished people at the wedding. Prince Radziwil has pushed forward the present union by all the means in his power, and has given grand dinners in honor of the signing of the contract. For the rest the Blancs have been lavish of their gold. The bride's trousseau is something unexampled even in this city of costly wonders. She has a pearl necklace which is said to have no peer among the known treasures of this sort, except in the famous one worn by the Empress Eugenie. Among the bridal gifts was a carriage and horses bought in England for 50,000 francs, and all the rest is on this scale. The wedding was half a political demonstration owing to the presence of the Bonapartists, but in this respect it was somewhat spoiled by the abstention of the head of the family, Prince Jerome. The Prince has never had any great affection for Prince Pierre, and he took no notice of the invitation sent to him, and the Empress Eugenie was equally oblivious of the invitation sent to her. They all feel a bitter rancor towards Pierre because his brutal escapade in the shooting of Victor Noir was the first great disgrace which happened to the family, and indeed a blow from which it never recovered. Still, Bonapartism in its rank and file cannot afford to be squeamish, and all the younger members of the party, with Paul de Cassagnac at their head, were at the church. Twenty thousand people were in the streets to see the party arrive at the church, and the old building itself was resplendent in hangings of blue and silver and purple and gold. The solos in the service were rendered by singers from the opera. It was just such a wedding as Paris loves, and it will go far to sanctify in a social sense the wealth acquired by the founder of the Blanc family, and, as nothing succeeds like success, to atone perhaps for the unlucky shot whose detonation brought that empire to the ground. It was a truly edifying spectacle from first to last. Queen Isabella sat in one part of the church, and near her was Mme. Ratazzi on her knees.

## AFRAID OF BEING CHEATED.

The uneducated mind does not see through those forms by which business is transacted. There is a well-known story of two honest Dutch neighbors. One of them, Hans, borrowed twenty dollars from the other, Jacob.

"Must I give you a writing, for dis, Jacob?" said honest Hans, as he pocketed the money.

"Yah, dat is what they do, I dinks." Hans scrawled something which meant that he had borrowed twenty dollars from Jacob, and would repay him as soon as he could. He handed it to Jacob.

"No, I don't keep this," answered Jacob, scratching his head, as if in doubt. "You must keep it so dat you'll know you owe me de money."

A similar perplexity as to a written promise to pay, once sent an honest but ignorant hogier out of a court room, in hot haste, lest he should be cheated. In the early days of Indiana, the lawyer used to follow the courts. "Riding the circuit," it was called, and it demanded horses that could struggle through mud-roads and swim over deep rapid streams.

During the court session, a lawyer bargained for a pony for twenty-five dollars, on a credit of six months. The next day the owner brought the pony, but required security for the payment of the price. The lawyer

drew a note at the top of a sheet of foolscap and signed it. His brother lawyers, some twenty in number, signed it, and then the court—three judges—wrote down their names.

The lawyer presented the thoroughly signed note to the man and was surprised to hear him say: "Do you think I am a fool, to let you get the court and all the lawyers on your side? I see you mean to cheat me out of my pony."

Up jumped the alarmed man, ran out of court, mounted the pony and galloped for home as fast as the horse could carry him.

## SOME CHRISTMAS TOYS.

INDICATIONS IN THE TRADE THAT THE POPULATION OF THE COUNTRY IS IN SAFE HANDS.

From the New York World.

Of making many toys there is no end, and as every new Christmas season approaches the shop windows are glorified by displays of novelties. The child, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," need not nowadays content himself with such simple playthings when for a dollar he can get a banged-hair Parisian wax-doll with movable blue eyes. Business, the toy dealers report, is twice as brisk as usual this year. Dolls, of course, are most in demand of all the standard toys. They are nearly all imported from Germany and France. One of the novelties among them is a large doll with wooden limbs so arranged with ball and socket-joints as to be movable in all natural directions. Among the dressed dolls the advantage is very much with the New York product over the imported. Many of these dolls are dressed in goods and styles of the latest invention and latest mode, for doll-dress making is an important industry in New York, especially at this season of the year. Among what are known as "position dolls," or "Helen's Babies," are earthenware dolls in many new and amusing attitudes, by which the pranks of a whole nurseryful of children are represented. Among the mechanical toys the newest are working models of the elevated railroads. Upon the elevated tracks, constructed and painted after the style of the Sixth Avenue line, cars are made to run by the turning of a little crank at one end of the road. The track is not so long as to make fogs a matter of any concern, and the dangers of collision are still further reduced by the running of but a single train. For Christmas trees are many ornamented lamps and tinsel trinkets, and what is called "snow-powder" has been lately introduced, to sprinkle over the branches of evergreen trees. The savings banks and embossed blocks and picture-books abound in infinite variety. The latter, especially, come in most attractive forms, many of the New York publications being closely imitated after Miss Kate Greenway's pictures and others of English origin. Toy musical instruments are now a feature of the trade, from the tin penny Christmas horns to Australian harmonicas with bell accompaniment and two or three octave pianos.

There is an unusual demand for cheap dolls. Dolls which cost not more than a dollar apiece are selling now instead of the \$4 or \$5 wax dolls which have held the field heretofore. This increased demand for dolls indicated, as the World reporter was informed, "an increasing population."

"But nothing becomes old in the line of toys," said one large dealer. "Our Noah's arks, which we must admit to a grown person are not what you might call new, are fully as attractive to the infant of to-day as they undoubtedly were to Noah's own great grandchildren. The imported goods are about the same from year to year. The American toy manufacturers turn out some new devices every year in metal goods and mechanical toys, but nothing of that sort holds favor so well as the standard dolls and arks and building blocks which entertained our grandfathers and will delight our grandchildren."

## Sarah Bernhardt and her Precious Coffin.

Richard Whitting's Paris Letter to New York World.

Sarah Bernhardt objects strongly to the imputation of singularity, and yet, if it were not rude to contradict a lady, one would have to admit that she sometimes does eccentric things. Her latest proceeding is to have herself photographed in her coffin! The coffin has long been a part of the furniture of her home and a very beautiful thing it is. It is enough to make one long for death. It was originally a present from a friend, who has spared no pains in making it worthy of the lady's acceptance, and it has since been largely embellished by the recipient. It was a fancy of hers, which she shares, or might have shared with the late Admiral Lord Nelson, and with others of the great, to have her last lodging constantly in view, and, as it were, under repairs at the hands of the prospective tenant. Whenever she has had a bit of lace to spare or a new idea in quilting or embroidery she has put it into the coffin. For a long time she used it as her bed, but that practice was finally abandoned, at the earnest solicitation of the doctors, as tending to hasten the approach of the moment when she would have to take it for good and all. Musing of late on that moment and its incidents, it occurred to her that it would be a good thing to leave

explicit directions for the manner of her funeral, and so she forthwith laid herself out with exquisite taste, and called in a photographer to "fix" her in pictorial black and white for the purpose of exemplifying her testamentary instructions. The man did his office, and there she lies—as Mrs. Gamp might put it, "the sweetest corpse." Only four copies were made—for strictly private keeping—but if the public could see one of them, which it never will, it would insist on there being a thousand. The coffin is half smothered in flowers and branches of palm, most artistically arranged, and it is placed on an incline, so as to permit you to have a good view of the occupant. She lies on a pillow of white satin; she is robed in cashmere, and her bare arms are crossed meekly over her breast—Ophelia going to her grave. The eyes are closed, and all the features beautifully composed. Everything is done to carry out the idea that death is but a long, dreamless sleep. Ask me why the greatest actress in France, and the most admired, a woman who has won her way to a throne of genius, should have such fancies, and I must frankly admit I cannot tell you. There is only this to be said, I think; her very delight in her present of glory makes her morbidly sensitive in speculations as to the future. Death is ever in her thoughts, but not so much the death of her body as the death of fame—that terrible forgetfulness of a great and once popular name of which she has seen so many examples in her theatrical career.

## The Personages of "Endymion."

From the N. Y. World.

So many requests have been received by the World for the republication of the key to the characters in Lord Beaconsfield's new novel of "Endymion," that we now print it more fully and accurately than before. It must be remembered, however, that with the exception of two or three personages none of the characters introduced from real life into this curious book by Lord Beaconsfield can be said to be painted by him with the intent of making portraits. Most of his personages are made up of odds and ends taken from the leading traits of two or more celebrated individuals. Mr. Jennings truly cabled to the World that these odds and ends are so "tossed and tumbled together" that it will always be easy for Lord Beaconsfield, should he think fit so to do, to deny that he meant to make a deliberate portrait of any particular person in any part of the book, excepting always, as we have already observed, in two or three instances such as Ste. Barbe and Sidney Wilton, for example. Bearing this in mind, the reader of "Endymion" will doubtless find his enjoyment of the book enhanced by the discreet use of the following "key":

Endymion Ferrars.—Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.

Myre Ferrars (his sister).—Eugenie, Empress of the French.

Prince Florestan.—Traits of Louis Napoleon framed in an outline of the career of Alfonso of Spain.

Queen Agrippine.—In the main Queen Hortense, mother of Louis Napoleon, the name covering an allusion to Queen Isabel II.

Zenobia.—A composite of Lady Jersey and Lady Holland.

Baron Sergius.—Baron Brunnow, who effected the famous quadruple alliance of 1840.

Nigel Penruddock.—Cardinal Manning, with traits of Cardinal Wiseman.

Job Thornberry.—Richard Cobden, Sidney Wilton.—Sindley Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea.

Lord Roehampton.—Lord Palmerston.

Lady Roehampton.—Lady Palmerston.

Lord Mentford.—The Earl of Dudley, Lord Eglington and Lord Melbourne in one.

Mr. Neuchatel.—Baron Lionel Rothschild.

Adriana.—Lady Roseberry, with suggestions of Lady Burdett-Coutts and Miss Alice Rothschild.

Mr. Bertie Tremaine.—Monckton Mills, Lord Houghton.

Mr. Ste. Barbe.—W. M. Thackeray.

Mr. Gushy.—Charles Dickens.

The minister stopped at a house and sought to improve the time by giving an eight-year old boy an instructive lesson in morality. "My boy," said the minister, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor disobeyed my parents, nor uttered an oath, nor played a truant, nor—" "Gimminy crickets!" interrupted the lad; "yer ain't had any fun at all, have ye?"

A SKEPTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the apparently contradictory passages of the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the Spirit and the Spirit in us, received the reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. Its like dat poker. I puts it in de fire, till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

A PREACHER in Kentucky, recently becoming exasperated, paused in his discourse to say: "Ladies, if you will keep a lookout on that door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time to escape."

## Gen. Garfield's Narrow Escape.

A STORY WHICH MR. SPRINGER TELLS ABOUT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

From the Chicago Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.—"President-elect Garfield could not forget me, nor could I forget him, as for that matter," said Congressman Springer in a meditative manner, the other evening, when asked how well he knew his former fellow member.

Mr. Springer then went on to relate an interesting episode in Gen. Garfield's life, one known to but few of his friends. Had it not been for the active exertion of Messrs. Springer and Hiscock, of New York, Gen. Garfield would now be in his grave instead of occupying the position of future tenant of the White House. In 1877, when the Potter investigation committee became roasted out of their summer quarters in the Capitol, by the wicked sun of Washington, an adjournment of several days was taken to enable the committee to find a cooler place for operations. Atlantic City was selected. Among the witnesses summoned for examination at this easy going New Jersey watering-place, was Gen. Garfield. He was one of the visiting statesmen, and was one of the last of these gentlemen to be examined. The next morning after Gen. Garfield's arrival, and the day he was to be examined, he, upon invitation of Congressman Springer and Hiscock, members of the committee, accompanied them to the beach for a plunge in the breakers. The time selected for the sea-bath was early in the morning, so that the water felt quite chill to the touch. Gen. Garfield is a man of full habits and inclined to apoplexy. As he was not familiar with sea-bathing, he omitted the necessary formula of first thoroughly wetting and cooling his head before entering the water. He walked into the breakers gradually, standing up in the waves as they broke over his body. The sudden cooling of the lower part of his body drove the blood, as from a force-pump, to his brain. Suddenly he put his hand to his head and fell backward as if shot. As he fell he lay backward upon the shelving sands, with the waves throwing a cloud of foam and spray over his stalwart figure. Both Springer and Hiscock saw him drop at the same time. In company with the stenographer of the committee, who was bathing with them, they ran hastily to Gen. Garfield, and dragged him back upon the sand outside of the water. To all appearances Gen. Garfield was dead. His heart had apparently ceased to beat. For several moments his excited companions searched in vain for a sign of life. It was a very serious position. The hotels of Atlantic city are fully a quarter of a mile from the beach. Whatever was to be done for the General's relief it was evident should be done quickly. In the office of the main bathing establishment a small bed was found. There Gen. Garfield was carried, stripped and vigorously rubbed. The bathing attendant fortunately had some hot water. The feet of the apparently dead man were thrust into this, while the three men who had carried him in worked like slaves rubbing the body. For a long time they worked with the energy of despair, without much hope, for it was fully twenty minutes before the faintest semblance of life began to appear. Then a faint warmth about the heart began to show returning life; and as the glow spread throughout the body Hiscock and the stenographer retired to dress and then return to relieve Mr. Springer. He was alone with Gen. Garfield when he opened his eyes to consciousness. The General looked wildly about the bare room of the bathing station as he said, in a bewildered way, "What has happened?"

"You had a sudden attack of vertigo when bathing," said Mr. Springer.

Gen. Garfield at once said, with great promptness: "This must be kept from my family. It would frighten them to death."

Mr. Springer assured him that the matter should be kept secret. So severe was the attack that Gen. Garfield was not able to get up from the bed unassisted. He was carried to the hotel, where he was obliged to remain in bed for several days, before he was able to go home. He never did appear as a witness before the Potter committee. The gentlemen who witnessed his attack secured the suppression of all mention of it at the time in the newspapers. A week or ten days later there was a brief paragraph printed, merely saying that Gen. Garfield had been taken suddenly ill at Atlantic City, and for that reason had been prevented from appearing as a witness before the committee. Nothing more than this mere mention has ever been made, however.

THE celebrated Doctor Dumoulin, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow physicians who deplored his loss, said to them, "Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians." Every one thinking himself to be one of the three pressed him to name them; upon which he replied, "Cleanliness, exercise, and moderation in eating."

AN editor in Georgia says: "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."