

think I discover a great many ideas and talents in your lines. I am not a very competent judge of poetry, let me tell you; and I am very often mistaken. Therefore do not place implicit confidence in my opinions. You are very young, and I think you have a great deal yet to do before you can feel confidence in yourself. . . . These are my criticisms; you see they are very brutal, but they do not prevent your poem from being remarkable, beautiful in many places, and, in fine, giving promise of real talents, if you do not be in too great a hurry to produce works, and if you labor conscientiously. Bear in mind that, since the great successes of Hugo and Lamartine so much poetry has been published that one must write sublime poetry to make his way through the immense crowd of those who write very well. Will you believe that *not a single day passes* without my receiving at least *three packets* of unpublished poetry? Reckon how many unknown poets that makes a year. I believe a hundred new poems are annually published . . . at their expense . . . in Paris. All their works pass away unnoticed. Nobody busies himself about them, although there are among them some poems which would have been noticed twenty years ago. But, at present, France becomes like Italy, where everybody writes poetry, even people who cannot read. One must consequently excel these *thousand battalions* before it can become an honourable calling—it never can become a profession, or a means of livelihood. Think of all these things, and do not become intoxicated with family and local triumphs.”

The Paris correspondent says that George Sand is both of aristocratic and plebeian lineage, and she bears in her life, upon her countenance, in her attitude, in her mien, the indelible mark of this double origin, of this clandestine nobility, of this hap hazard mixture of heroic and common blood.

“By what name shall one call the careless freedom with which, drawing from her pocket small Andalusian cigarettes, George Sand, without perceiving your astonishment, adroitly lights them with a live coal which she takes from the hearth with the tongs, and gradually conceals herself in the midst of the azure cloud thickened by the double column of smoke which she drives from each nostril with the automatic precision of a steam engine.”

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce a new edition of the “American Loyalists,” by Mr. Sabine. The first edition of this work—long out of print—was intended only as a contribution to a part of history hitherto untouched, and was given to the public in the hope that it might in some degree rescue from the “razure of oblivion” the hidden treasures of family records, and stimulate others to furnish new facts relating to this almost unexplored part of American history. It is now nearly twenty-five years since Mr. Sabine commenced his researches, and the hearty zeal with which he has pursued them is only equalled by his untiring perseverance. With free access to private letters and family records in possession of the descendants of the loyalists in the British Colonies and the United States, he has succeeded in collecting a vast amount of valuable material, both historical and biographical, not only of interest to the student of history, but to the general reader.