SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Famous London Publisher.

FIRST ARTICLE.

They who care for gossip about literary people may get their fill of it in the two stout volumes containing the *Memoir and Correspondence of John Murray* by SAMUEL SMILES. The editor's experience in dealing with biographical material is well known, and he has never had more copious and fruitful data at his disposal. The John Murray in question is, of course, the second of that name whose publishing functions brought him into more or less intimate relations with Byron, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Gifford, the elder Disraeli, and, in short, with almost all the English men of letters who attained any distinction during the first half of this century.

The London publishing house of Murray dates from the year 1768, when John MacMurray, a lieutenant of marines, retired from the service on half pay at the age of 23 and became a bookseller. He purchased, we are told, the bookselling business o: one William Sandby at the sign of the "Ship," 32 Fleet street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church. The young Scotchman—he was a nephew of the Col. Murray who was "out" in 1715, under the Earl of Mar—was thrifty and clear sighted, and he had a creditable though not a lucrative career. He established the *English Review*, and among the publications of his which are still remembered were Mitford's "History of Greece," Lavater's work on physiognomy, and the first installment of Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." He was twenty-five years in business and died at the early age of 48. Just at that time the publishing of books seems not to have been a money-making occupation in London: it is certain, at all events, that with all his industry the first John Murray did not in twenty-five years double his capital.

I.

The second John Murray, the only surviving son of his father, was born Nov. 27, 1778. He was not sent to any of the great endowed, or so-called "public" schools, but what education he received was obtained before the age of seventeen, at two private schools, neither better nor worse, apparently, than the average establishments of the kind. At one of these schools he lost, through the carelessness of a writing master, the sight of his right eye, but they, who in after years met him in business transactions, did not tax him with any defect of perspicacity, and a nephew of his used to say, "my uncle can see sharper with one eye than most other people can with two." It was not of course, to be expected that, at the private schools just referred to, young Murray would become a finished scholar in the conventional meaning of the word. He did acquire, however, a real love of knowledge and of literature, and a keen perception of the beauties of the English classics. To the purity of taste thus obtained and subsequently cultivated with care, was doubtless due the nice discrimination which was to make him conspicuously useful and even powerful in his vocation.

The earliest ventures of the young publisher are all long since forgotten. In 1803, however, at the age of 25, he brought out a remarkable book, of which one seldom hears now, but which it might be worth while to reprint. We refer to the "Revolutionary Plutarch," written by a French officer, but published anonymously, and containing brief memoirs or sketches (drawn by no friendly hand) of all the members of the Bonaparte family and of those who aided them to gain supreme power. This book was followed by a "Female Plutarch" and by some spurious "Memoirs of Talleyrand," which Murray soon afterward endeavored to suppress on account of some improper passages which, in his opinion, sullied his ermine. So far was he carried by the wish of avoiding any further risks of impropriety that for some time he confined himself to publishing books of a solid and staid character, such as travels, voyages, and medical and philosophical works. In 1805 he issued a splendid new edition of "Bruce's Travels," in seven volumes octavo, with the life of the author. He diverged, however, from this cautious ground on one occasion for the sake of Isaac Disraeli, with whom acquaintance had soon ripened into close friendship. The book which he published for the father of Lord Beaconsfield was an attempt to reproduce the manner of Sterne, but the wit, humor, and sentiment of "Tristam Shandy" were all lacking. It had a curious title—"Flim-Flams: or, The Life and Errors of My Uncle and the Amours of My Aunt, with Illustrations and Obscurities by Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail." The publisher lost money on this offspring of the elder Disraeli's brain, but the year of its publication witnessed a much more successful output—the birth of the future Conservative Prime Minister. Having compromised the seriousness of his reputation by the sponsorship of "Flim-Flams," Murray proceeded to put forth new editions of Fielding's novels and Marmontel's tales. These he endeavored to make models of mechanical art, taking pains which, at the epoch, were quite unusual, as regarded the size and tone of the paper, the quality of the type, the accuracy of the printing and the excellence of the illustrations. Whether the experiments were peculiarly successful the biographer does not record. In 1807, Murray was married to Miss Eliot, a young lady whom he had met in Edinburgh. A few days after the arrival of the married pair in London, they were invited to dine with Mr. Disraeli and his friends. Alexander Hunter, whom Murray had invited to stay with him during his visit in London, thus describes the incident: "Dressed and went along with the Clan Murray to dine at Mr. Disraeli's, where we had a most sumptuous banquet and a very large party in honor of the newly married folks. There was a very beautiful woman there, Mrs. Turner, wife of Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, who, I am told, was one of the Godwin school. If they be all as beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable as this lady, they must be a deuced dangerous set indeed, and I should not choose to trust myself among them."

II.

Up to 1808 Murray had been in close business relations with the Edinburgh firm of Constable & Co., and acted as their London agent for the sale of the *Edinburgh Review*; but Constable had an inconvenient habit of drawing bills on his London correspondents, and Murray, luckily for himself, brought his business connection with the Napoleon of publishers to a timely close. Being also a Canningite, as regarded his political convictions, the tone and attitude of the *Edinburgh Review* had become offensive to him. He determined, accordingly, after a consultation with Walter Scott, to establish in London a rival periodical, that, namely, which was to attain remarkable distinction under the title of the *Quarterly Review*. Scott agreed to write for the new venture, but could not afford to edit it, the resources at the disposal of the publisher being what, at the present day, we should consider very meagre. The utmost that Murray could bind himself to give was the sum of two hundred pounds sterling a year to the editor, and one hundred and sixty guineas, quarterly, for distribution among the contributors. The editorship, it is well known, was finally accepted by William Gifford, and Mr. Smiles has collected a good many details concerning the early life of this interesting man.

We suppose that Oxford undergraduates, who are getting up Juvenal for honors in Mods, still recognize large obligations to Gifford's translation of the Roman satirist. It is not, we think, generally known that the first draft, at all events, of this incomparable version was made when Gifford was himself an undergraduate at Exeter College, Oxford. But Gifford is even more forgotten at the present day than Southey is, and the reader will wish us to hasten to the point of capital interest in this biography, the relations of Murray to Lord Byron.

III.

It appears that the origin of Murray's connection with Byron was as follows: Lord Byron had made his relative, Mr. Dallas, a present of the MS. of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" and allowed him to make arrangements for their publication. After some delay Dallas came to terms with Murray, and during the printing of the first two cantos of this memorable production the publisher had many opportunities of seeing Byron at his place of business. This, be it observed, was in 1811. It seems that, in compliance with the suggestions of the publisher, Byron altered and improved the stanzas relating to Elgin and Wellington. With respect to the religious or anti-religious sentiments, Byron wrote to Murray: "As for the 'orthodox,' let us hope that they will buy on purpose to abuse: you will forgive the one if they will do the other." Yet he did alter stanza eighth and inserted what Moore calls a "magnificent stanza" in place of one that was churlish and sneering and in all respects very much inferior. It is interesting to learn that Murray gave Mr. Dallas six hundred pounds for the copyright of these two cantos—a sum which Dallas was very reluctant to receive. Apropos of this, Mr. Dallas in his "Memoir" says: "After speaking to Lord Byron of the sale, and settling the new edition, I said, 'How can I possibly think of this rapid sale, and the profits to ensue, without recollecting——' 'What?' interposed Byron. 'Think,' continued Dallas, 'what a sum your work may produce.' 'I shall be rejoiced,' said Byron, 'and wish it doubled and trebled; but do not talk to me of money. I never will receive money for my writings.' 'I ought not to differ in an opinion which puts hundreds into my purse, but others——' He put out his hand to me, shook mine and turned the conversation."

Of Byron's personal appearance about this time—the epoch of the rupture with Lady Caroline Lamb and of his marriage with Miss Milbanke—we get the following impression at first hand: "I can recollect," says Murray, "seeing Lord Byron in Albemarle street. So far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine, blue veins which ran over his pale, marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers and a brooch in his shirt front, which was embroidered. When he called he used to be dressed in a black dress coat (as we should now call it), with gray and sometimes nankeen trousers, his shirt opened at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked down stairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing room it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stamping down stairs, side by side. They continued to meet in Albemarle street nearly every day, and remained together some two or three hours at a time. Lord Byron dined several times at Albemarle street; on one of these occasions he met Sir John Malcolm, who was all the more interesting to him because of his intimate knowledge of Persia and of India. After dinner Sir John observed to Lord Byron how surprised he was to find him so full of gayety and entertaining conversation. Byron replied, 'Perhaps you see me now at my best.' Sometimes, though not often, Byron read passages from his poems to my father. His voice and manner were very impressive; his voice, in the deeper tones, bore some resemblance to that of Mrs. Siddons." Let us anticipate a little by showing how Byron struck another member of the Murray clan some ten years later, not long before his death. At this time Byron had been rescued by the Countess Guiccioli from the horrible degradation in which he had been living in Venice. "My Lord Byron is not tall, but of moderate stature. He is rather stout than thin; he is considered handsome; I have heard him called very handsome, and he certainly has very comely features, but his countenance is not on the Roman or Grecian model of elegance; it is round and full, and might be called merely agreeable in a different person. The emotions, however, of his poetical spirit animate and beautify his face. His eye has the expression of a man of genius. He wears his hair rather longer than is the present custom of gentlemen, though in him it is not unpleasing; it is just long enough to curl gracefully. The defect in one of his feet is so well concealed by his dress that it is not observable when he sits or stands."

Not long after the publication of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" Byron wrote to Murray: "I have a poem on 'waltzing,' of which I make you a present; but it must be anonymous." It was natural enough that Byron should detest a diversion whose opportunities he could appreciate but which he could not share. It was equally to be expected that this particular poem would not be well received by people in the world. Such proving to be the case, the author was anxious about it. "I hear," he wrote to Murray, "that a certain malicious publication on 'waltzing' is attributed to me. This report I suppose you will take care to contradict, as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his cap and bells."

The fit of inspiration was now on Byron. In May, 1813, appeared "The Giaour," and while correcting its successive editions, he wrote in four nights his second Turkish story, "Zuleika," afterward known as "The Bride of Abydos." Six thousand copies of the latter poem were, we are told by Murray's biographer, sold within a month. The "Corsair" was Byron's next production, written with great vehemence, literally struck off at a heat at the rate of about 200 lines a day—a circumstance Moore thought without a parallel in the history of genius. Of this poem Murray records in a letter to Byron that he sold on the day of publication—a thing at that time unprecedented—10,000 copies.

It will be remembered that Gifford had foolishly been credited with causing the death of Keats and there is no doubt that Byron, who had been made to smart by Jeffrey for the "Hours of Idleness," was solicitous to have the good opinion of the somewhat cynical editor of the *Quarterly*. He got the goblet of his wishes filled up and running over in the following letter from Murray: "I called to-day," said Murray, "upon Gifford, and as soon as the gentleman who was present had gone and he was ready to begin upon your business, he fell back in his largest armchair and exclaimed: 'Upon my honor, Murray, Lord Byron is a most extraordinary man. The new edition of his poem contains passages of exquisite, extraordinary beauty (I recollect now that he said that they astonished him), equal to anything that I have ever read. What is he about? Would he not collect all his force for one immortal work? His subject is an excellent one. We never had descriptions of Eastern manners before. All that has been hitherto attempted was done without actual knowledge.' I told him that Moore was writing an Eastern story. 'Moore,' said he, 'will do only what has been done, and he is incapable of writing anything like Lord Byron's.' Gifford spoke, too, of the vigor of all your additions. Speaking of Scott, he said you did not interfere with each other, but that he had completely settled in his mind your indisputable superiority or genius of a higher order."

It lets in a shaft of light upon Byron's character that he should have been ashamed to accept money for his writings. One surmises that his mother must have given him a large infusion of snobbishness. It seems, according to this memoir, that when the "Corsair" appeared with his name on the title page, the London *Courier* alleged that the author had received large sums of money for his poems. Byron, curiously enough, was extremely galled by this assertion, and permitted his kinsman, Dallas, to defend his character in the newspapers. "I take upon me," said Dallas, "to affirm that Lord Byron never received a shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge the profits of 'The Satire' were left entirely to the publisher of it. The gift of the copyright of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' I have already publicly acknowledged in the dedication of the new edition of my novels; and I now add my acknowledgment for that of the 'Corsair,' not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate and delightful manner of bestowing it, while yet unpublished. With respect to his two first poems, 'The Giaour' and 'The Bride of Abydos,' Mr. Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest that no part of the sale of these has touched his lordship's hands, or been disposed of for his use." Of this letter Byron said: "Dallas had, perhaps, have better kept silence; but that was his concern, and, as his facts are correct, and his motive not dishonorable to himself, I wish him well through it." Byron's generosity to Dallas was really limitless. As a matter of fact, he ultimately consented to accept from his publisher a thousand guineas for the copyright of "The Giaour" and of "The Bride of Abydos," and immediately, to the great disgust of Murray, transferred the sum to his relative.

M. W. H.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Happiness.

From the Somerville Journal.

"What is true happiness?" I asked,
But no one made reply.
The question was so simple that
I greatly wondered why.

"Is it," I asked, "in married life?"
One universal scream,
Soprano, alto, tenor, bass,
Came through the telephone.

"Is it in constant, active toil?"
I queried, and a sigh
Fierce as a mighty whirlwind, made
A negative reply.

"Is it in idleness and rest?"
I asked next, but a "No"
Emphatic was the answer made,
Although the voice was low.

"What then," I asked, "is happiness?"
But no one made reply.
And yet the question seems so plain,
I greatly wonder why.

The Old Band.

From Texas Siftings.

It's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've been away twenty year and more.
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me and strange;
Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
What's come of old Bill Lindsay and the saxhorn fellers—say?
I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman and Nat Snow, and where's War Barnett at?
And Nate and Bony Meek, Bill Hart, Sam Rich'son and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter: say, what's become o' him?
I make no doubt, yer new band, now's a competenter band,
And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow, anyway,
I want to hear the old band play.

Such tunes as "John Brown's Body" and "Sweet Alice," don't you know;
And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Anderson, my Jo,"
And a dozen others of 'em, "Number Nine" and "Number 'Leven,"
Was favorites that fairly made a feller dream o' heaven.
And when the boys 'ud serenade, I've laid so still in bed
I've even heerd the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed,
When "Lilly Dale" or "Hazel Dell" had sobbed and died away;
I want to hear the old band play.

Yer new band maybe beats it, but the old band's what I said;
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head;
And, whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes
Nigh drownded out and mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will forgit, I want to jes turn in,
And take and light right out o' here, and git back West ag'in
And stay there, when I git there, where I never haf to say:
I want to hear the old band play.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Trying It on a Dog.

From the Chicago News.

When I was young and callow, which was many years ago,
Within me the afflatus went surging to and fro;
And so I wrote a tragedy that fairly reeked with gore—
With every act concluding with the dead piled on the floor:
A mighty effort, by the gods! and after I had red
The manuscript to Daly, that dramatic censor said:
"The plot is most exciting, and I like the dialogue,
You should take the thing to Providence and try it on a dog!"

McCambridge organized a troupe, including many a name
Unknown alike to guileless me, to Riches and to Fame;
A pompous man whose name was Rae was Nestor of this troupe—
Amphibious, he was quite at home outside or in the soup!
The way McCambridge billed him, why, such dreams in red and green
Had ne'er before upon the boards of Yankeedom been seen;
And my proud name was heralded—oh, that I'd gone incog.
When we took that play to Providence to try it on a dog!

Shall I forget the awful day we struck that wretched town!
Yet in what melting frenzy the treacherous sun beamed down!
The sale of seats had not been large, but then McCambridge said
The factory people seldom bought their seats so far ahead;
And Rae indorsed McCambridge, so they partly set at rest
The natural misgivings that perturbed my youthful breast;
For I wondered and lamented that the town was not agog
When I took my play to Providence to try it on a dog.

They never came at all, aha! I knew it all the time;
They never came to see and hear my tragedy sublime!
Oh, fateful moment, when the curtain rose on act the first—
O moment fateful to the soul for wealth and fame athirst!
But lucky factory girls and boys to stay away that night
When the author's fervid soul was touched by disappointment's blight—
When desolation settled down on me like some dense fog,
For having tempted Providence and tried it on a dog!

Those actors did not know their parts, they meandered to and fro,
Ejaculating platitudes that were quite mal apropos:
And when I sought to reprimand the graceless scamps, the ot
Turned fiercely on me and denounced my charming play as rot!
I might have stood their bitter taunts without a passing grunt
If I'd had a word of solace from the people out in front;
But that chilly corporal's guard sat round like bumps upon a log
When I played that play at Providence with designs upon the dog!

We went with lots of baggage, but we didn't bring it back,
For who would be so hampered as he walks a railway track?
"O, ruthless muse of tragedy! what prodigies of shame—
What marvels of injustice are committed in thy name!"
Thus groaned I in the spirit as I strode what stretch of ties
'Twixt Providence, Rhode Island, and my native Gotham lies:
But Rae, McCambridge, and the rest kept up a steady jog;
'Twas not the first time they had plied their arts upon the dog.

So much for my first battle with the fickle goddess Fame,
And I hear that some folks nowadays are faring just the same;
Oh, hapless he that on the graceless Yankee dog relies!
The dog fares stout and hearty, and the play it is that dies!
So ye with tragedies to try, I beg of you beware;
Put not your trust in Providence, that most delusive snare;
Cast, if you will, your pearls of thought before the Western hog,
But never go to Providence to try it on a dog.

EUGENE FIELD.

Ough!

From Queries.

The plough boy whistled behind his plough,
For his lungs were sound and he had no cough;
He guided his team with a pliant bough,
And watered it well at a wayside trough.

The toil was hard, for the land was rough—
It lay on the shores of an Irish lough—
But his well-fed team was stout and tough,
And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

He toiled all day, and the crow and chough
Flew around his head, though he oft cried "Shough!"
But his plough at eve struck a hidden sough
With a force that sent the share clear through.

The frightened team ran off with the plough,
With the speed of the wind from the plough boy, though
He shouted "Whoa!" And into a slough
It plunged, where the mud was as soft as dough.

GEORGE RUSSELL JACKSON.

In the Ranks.

From the Philadelphia Press.

With steady steps he passes down the street,
Wearing a gown whose folds cannot conceal
The massive strength and grace of every limb;
And, looking in the clear-cut face, you feel
The power of mind. The lips are set by fate,
Deep eyes are steely gray, and, wild and free,
You think of him, swathed in the battle's mist,
Settling the stars of brute-won victory.

In sacred offices no sign he makes
That in his veins the fires of passion glow;
That love or hate or leadership of men
Have any place beneath his stole of snow.
Down quiet aisles of the cathedral vast,
Veiled in the light of sacred censers dim,
He slowly leads the clear-voiced choristers,
Chanting, in ringing tones, the evening hymn.

And then, when silence falls, his voice alone
Lifts up, as if some long-lost day to greet.
Did sorrow, sin, or love, with careless eyes,
Teach him to sing with voice so true and sweet?
Who knows the heart of man? The passing day
Flashes a dream of glory ere it dies;
Above the singer is a golden ray
That seems to bear his voice beyond the skies.

With banners and with lights he passes on;
The pageant fades, another voice is there,
Calling for peace and grace on all the world;
In solemn sweet you miss the earnest prayer,
Filled with the mystery of passing life.
The song still lingers with you, soft and low,
Soothing the strife that mars the tattered heart
With absolution from its deepest woe.

He bears no burden here, says that one song,
Yet inborn fame all time and place defies;
You see upon his head the crown of bays,
The leader lived within his piercing eyes.
Perchance he long ago laid down the sword,
Content to leave the path ambition trod,
And, in the army of the holy cross,
To strive in peace to lead lost souls to God.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS COOPER.

A True Poet.

From the Boston Courier.

I knew a pensive poet
Who writes a rondeau a day;
And always to a lady fair
He sings his gentle lay.

To-day it is to Lesbia,
To-morrow it's to Mae;
It's a different damsel
On every different day.

I've counted full a hundred,
And then I was not done;
And yet he vows the truest love
To every single one.

"Does not," I asked the poet,
"It trouble you a deal
Imagining so many loves
Which you can never feel?"

"Nay, nay," replied the poet,
"For I imagine none;
But truly, deeply, fervently,
I love them every one."

PROFITS OF RECENT LECTURERS.

Expert Major Pond Tells of Some Curious Experiences.

Speaking of the present condition of the lecture business, Major J. B. Pond, who managed Stanley's recent tour and paid the explorer $110,000 for it, said: "The system of lecture courses which was established by James Redpath in 1869 revolutionized the lecture business. Before that some of our great lecturers were satisfied to get $50 to $100 a night and expenses. Even John B. Gough used to make these comparatively low rates for want of proper management. The lecture bureau, or lyceum, took hold of Gough and paid him $40,000 for his season of 1871 and 1872. This showed what could be done with experience and good management. At first the religious element predominated in getting up lectures. The New England town halls were arranged for lectures and concerts with an express proviso that no entertainment should be given that required a curtain.

"When Charles Sumner was at the height of his fame he lectured in Providence, and at the close of the lecture the committee gave him a check for $500 and expected that he would hand it back, as it was such an unprecedented sum. But Mr. Sumner put the check into his pocket. Even Wendell Phillips used to lecture for $25 or $50, and seemed to be willing to lecture for that quite as readily as for $200, because he wanted the people to hear him and spoke for a cause. When the lyceum took hold of him he could easily get $500 a night. There are several men who are now in demand at $1,000 a night. Men like Chapin, Phillips, Gough, and Ralph Waldo Emerson did not always lecture merely for the money they made out of it. They put a good deal of love of their cause into their work. There are some men now who could make lots of money lecturing if they would. I would give Chauncey Depew $20,000 for fifty lectures, but he would not take it.

"Some of the most successful foreign lecturers have been Charles Kingsley, the Rev. George Dawson, and William Parsons. Parsons makes from $8,000 to $10,000 a season with historical lectures. He comes over in the winter and earns his money, and then goes home to Dublin and gets up new lectures.

"One of the marvels of the lecture field was George Kennan, who, although previously unknown as a lecturer, earned $10,000 in the season of 1890 by lecturing 200 nights, with the exception of four days' rest, without missing an engagement or disappointing an audience. He travelled 50,000 miles and spoke from six to nine times in some of the large cities. His course comprised twelve lectures, chiefly on the Russian revolutionary movement and the sufferings of Russian political prisoners, in the line of a series of articles written by him for the *Century Magazine*.

"A good deal of the most profitable lecturing is done in churches and Y. M. C. A. halls. There is a constantly increasing demand for good lecturers, and I am in correspondence with 4,000 different persons associated in the management of lectures. Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) got $11,000 for forty-nine lectures last season. He proposes to try it again next season with some new lectures. Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley made a handsome thing of it lecturing together last year. This year they will try it separately. They read from their own writings. As a rule people like to hear them again. This is true of the best lecturers. Beecher could travel over the same ground again and again. He was a marvel as a lecturer. I travelled with him 400,000 miles and paid him $242,000, and saw him fill houses at from 50 cents to $2 a seat. He made $12,000 for three lectures in San Francisco in 1879.

"Mrs. Stanton, Anna Dickinson, and Mrs. Livermore have been our greatest women lecturers. Miss Dickinson made lots of money until she began to scold her audiences and got an idea that she could act. She was at her height of success between 1866 and 1874. But when she stopped lecturing she lost her patronage from the old Quakers and religious people, and failed to get up a new audience from the theatre-goers. Both Mrs. Livermore and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are yet in demand at $100 to $200 a night. Mrs. Livermore does not lecture as much as she did, but can readily be placed in a lecture course. She belongs to the class of lecturers who believe what they say and talk for principle chiefly, although she has a number of successful literary lectures. But she loves to talk on temperance and the old soldiers, and 'What shall we do with our daughters?' She has outlasted the light operas that for a time invaded the field of amusement supplied by lecturers.

"George W. Cable is another of our native lecturers who found a new literary field among the creoles, and discovered a new dialect and made the most of it in his books and talks. He has been in demand among nice people, and gets audiences in the colleges, seminaries, schools, and churches. He jumped at once into success. But we have no one to take the place of Phillips, Gough, Emerson, or Chapin.

"The first hard blow that the lecture platform got was from the clear, humorous light operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. People went to hear them who would not previously go to the theatre. They took the place of the lecturers to a large extent in New England. They caused the public halls to be remodelled, and the curtain went up where previously it had been forbidden. The fun and the good music were popular and profitable. But when less gifted imitators sent out poor companies, not so clean, with poor music, there was a reaction, and the lecture system began to regain some of its lost ground, and the poor trash of the show business had to go under. Eighteen years ago Mr. McVickar of Chicago said to me: 'What are we to do? There are about forty combinations on the road travelling all over the country.' But to-day there are 1,500 travelling shows going from town to town with one-night stands, and most of them making little or nothing. People have got tired of their trivialities and their lack of freshness or originality. There is too much sameness about them. So we find that many towns that gave up their lecture courses are now returning to them.

"A new lecturer must have good and fresh materials. One of the sure cards is Dr. Talmage. I paid him $30,000 for seventy lectures. I offered to build him a new church for 200 lectures. He made $2,000 for two lectures in Chicago. He manages many lectures for himself, and often gets $500 to $750 a night. He could get more calls to lecture if he had the time to attend to them. Dr. Lyman Abbott is another able lecturer in great demand at good rates. But he will not leave his church for a long tour. He lectures for Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and other colleges, but must get back home for his Friday night talk and Sunday sermons. Canon Farrar took about $18,000 out of this country for fifty lectures in 1885. Charles Dickens, Jr., got about $10,000 for reading from his father's works one season. He could really read much better than his father, but it was difficult to get people to believe it. Many got the idea that he was merely travelling on his father's reputation.

"Although Robert G. Ingersoll is a great lecturer, he could not be placed in a lyceum course because of his religious views. He manages his own lectures.

"I consider Stanley the greatest living lecturer. He made a study of lecturing and became very expert before he got through. His opening lecture in New York netted $15,000. His Boston lecture netted $4,900, and his total earnings for the season were $365,800. The expenses were very heavy. We travelled in a hotel car that cost us $250 a day, and we had, I believe, the same car that President Harrison is now using on his tour. We travelled 27,000 miles in that car in luxury.

"Thomas Nast could have made a princely fortune as a lecturer. Redpath persuaded him to start out in 1878 talking and drawing, and he got to be worth $500 to $600 a night. He made about $40,000 at it and had $20,000 engagements for the next season; but his eyes gave out, and he paid Mr. Redpath his commissions for the undelivered lectures and quit.

"Mark Twain could make a fortune every year if he would only consent to lecture. Redpath himself was a good lecturer, but he was of that class who talk for a cause because they love it, and he was not particularly anxious to make money. His Irish tour and lectures were on this plan. Henry George is another. I do not think he has mercenary motives. He wants to lecture for those who are interested in his cause, and strikes me as an honest, sincere, and conscientious man. He has made $10,000 by lecturing.

"Garrett P. Serviss is now the leading lecturer on astronomy. His lectures are more taking than Proctor's, and people like him very much. He has had some of the most flattering newspaper notices I have seen anywhere of any lecturer. He ought to make $10,000 a year lecturing. Horace Porter could make a handsome income as a lecturer, but he is too well off to undertake it. Daniel Dougherty could keep constantly employed as a lecturer, but he is too everlastingly lazy to write something to take the place of his 'Orators and Oratory,' which is regarded by many people as a chestnut. Mr. Depew made a palpable hit the other night in referring to this lecture at a dinner where he met Mr. Dougherty. He said his grandfather had heard it first and told his father what a good lecture it was. Mr. Dougherty said he would never deliver that lecture again, but he did deliver it again in Illinois. The frequency with which he delivers that lecture reminds one of a story that Mr. Beecher told about Edward Everett. It seems that after Mr. Everett had delivered his famous lecture on Washington several hundred times his wife was bewailing that she never had heard it, and then Mr. Everett, in the kindness of his heart, at once extemporized a platform and repeated his famous lecture with his wife for an audience. The people loved Mr. Everett, and they loved Mr. Emerson. Whenever Mr. Emerson lectured nice literary ladies who had not been to a public gathering for years would go out to hear him. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a great lecturer—one of the greatest. I would insure him $1,000 a night for twenty nights. John Boyle O'Reilly was a very successful lecturer. His last lecture was in 1889, but he was too much absorbed in his newspaper to give much time to lecturing.

"Henry Watterson has done some successful lecturing. The fact is, however, that there are so many free lectures delivered by statesmen that they spoil their market. There is not now a single statesman who is in demand as a lecturer. You may get some idea of the extent of the lecture bureau system from the fact that I have had forty entertainments going on in one night in different parts of the United States, and on several occasions have had twenty-five entertainments going in one night. First-class attractions are in demand, and cheap attractions are the most expensive in the long run. There is no difficulty in getting up lecture courses for men or women who have made themselves known."

SOCIAL METAPHYSICS.

Major Brace on Family Parties.

"If there is a social function that I despise with embittered animosity," exclaimed Major Brace, as the electric button sank under his impetuous finger at the club, "it is the family party. I hate it not less for what it includes than for what it leaves out. It is a notorious fact that neither consanguinity nor ties of marriage afford ground for the imputation of congenial social qualities. That I should feel an interest of a certain sort in the nephew of the aunt of my wife or the sister-in-law of the mother-in-law of my stepson may be reasonable. I am ready to go bail for them when they are arrested for crime, to be a witness to their wills, and possibly to go on their bonds in a reasonable amount when that is a condition precedent to their profitable employment. But why I should be huddled together with these worthy people for purposes of festivity I fail to discern.

"I have been to a wedding. My cousin Sally got married. I like my cousin Sally a good deal, and I would have been glad to have fun at her wedding, but—good heavens!—my cousin is wearing black edges on her writing paper this spring, and it was held that it ought to be a private wedding, with no one but the family. Sally was there; her father and mother; her three brothers and their wives; the bridegroom; his father and mother; his grandmother; his three sisters and the husbands of two of them; the brothers of the two husbands of the groom's sisters and their wives; the parents-in-law of Sally's brothers and their families; first and second cousins, uncles, aunts, and step-relatives of the contracting parties.

"Gracious! It made me feel as if I had got mixed up with the Mafia, there was such a dreadful sense of conspiracy and a common, dreadful purpose about. There were people enough of merit there, but they were not grouped on a fit system. Nobody's crowd was complete. Every one who had friends in his society gang with whom he liked to consort on such an occasion was separated from two-thirds of them, and had relatives served up to him instead. I wanted to drink champagne. I always do at weddings when I have any feeling for the 'parties,' but the groom was so deep on me that I dared not begin. At last I got Jack Robinson off in a corner away from everybody that we were related to, and we guzzled monotonously and without enthusiasm until it was decent to go home. I tell you, family parties are a baneful business; bad for those who are excluded and worse for those who are not. I cannot think of any end they serve which is important enough to warrant them.

"I heard of another informal wedding the other day. The bride invited a score of friends to dinner. The groom was of the party, so was the clergyman, and the wedding and the black coffee came about the same time. Now that was something like."

Major Brace Discusses Gossip.

"There was imparted to me lately under due exactions of secrecy," observed Major Brace, as the influences of an agreeable beverage began to permeate his frame, "a tremendous story involving facts bearing in a highly interesting manner upon the moral characters of sundry contemporaries. I rarely know any startling gossip except what I am able to glean from the newspapers, and I was not hunting for recondite facts of a personal nature when the tale I speak of came to my knowledge. I was utterly flabbergasted by it. Where I had conjectured my informant had ascertained; but her certainty far outran my suspicions, for where I had read indiscretion, her knowledge joined to mine brought out guilt in large exclamatory lettering. I was astonished at the story, and I have been scarcely less astonished at its effect upon my inner consciousness. At first it filled me up to the exclusion of all other thought and threatened to get itself unreasonably important for the reason that the knowledge of it left me with nothing else to say. Since then there has been some natural shrinkage in it due to the action of time and the impact of affairs, and with careful discretion I have talked scallops out all around the edge of it (much as children nibble around a flat cake of maple sugar), leaving untouched the substantial central tale which I am in honor bound not to reveal.

"The reason I mention it here is not to tantalize any one with the shadow of a story whose substance is locked up, but for the sake of discussing whether it has paid me to know this story at all. There have been inconveniences about it, the wear and tear of keeping it to myself, and the disagreeable variation in my sentiments to warn some of the persons whom it concerned. It did not make me think better of any one, absolutely, though my estimates of one or two persons relatively to one another have shifted. I find, however, that I am ahead on the whole transaction, because, while I am not so closely attached to the victims of the tale as to be distressed by it, it comes near enough to me to make my interest in it very lively and exhilarating. Without the least desire to judge these contemporaries, I find myself in a slightly better position to form just opinions as to the merits or faults of their future behavior. Knowledge is power, and power is pleasant, even though it is limited in its possibilities of good. I have not yet come to the point where I would unknow that tremendous story if I could.

"Of course, if I could undo the facts of the story I would gladly do that. What disappoints me is the apparent defect in my benevolence, which, the facts being unalterable, makes me prefer to know them, though, apparently, they cannot in any legitimate fashion promote my happiness. Can I console myself with the pretence that I love truth too much to part with such a piece of it. I fear not. I fear that the love of truth has little to do with the case. I fear I must conclude that unregenerate man takes a real pleasure in being fully abreast of the times in the knowledge of his neighbor's misdeeds, for the reason perhaps (for one reason) that he is continually comparing himself in an automatic sort of way with his neighbors, and information that makes him think worse of them makes him think better, by contrast, of himself. 'Certain it is,' as Thackeray assures us, 'that scandal is good, brisk talk,' and that 'an acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper excites the appetite.' Whether it is also true, as he goes on to aver, that 'a slice of cold friend, with currant jelly, is but a sickly, unrelishing meat,' is another matter, and I am not going to admit it; at least not on this drink."

The Antiquity of the Slot Device.

From the Globe-Democrat.

There was a coin-in-the-slot machine in Alexandria, Egypt, a couple of thousand years or so ago. It was invented by a priest, and dispensed holy water automatically. A coin dropped through the hole tilted the nicely balanced lever and a spoonful of the liquid ran out into the palm of the hand. The slot idea is as old as the Christian era.

But what has puzzled inventors has been such an application of it as could not be beaten by bad boys. The earlier slot machines could be worked by buttons, by iron washers, by coins with strings attached, and by iron rods. In one way and another the contents were pumped out and the owner of the machine and the merchandise was none the richer. About four years ago the inventors, by zigzag tubes or by careful adjustment of weight, or by some other contrivance, succeeded in getting slot machines which could not be deceived by youthful ingenuity. Since then applications have poured in. Principal Examiner Aughinbaugh says that the patents on slot machines now number in the hundreds. There are seven different patents for slot machines for taking photographs. In England a patent has been granted for a machine which automatically weighs a person and announces the result audibly by a phonograph arrangement.

The most profitable slot machines of this immediate period are the musical phonographs. They are so many mints to the owners. Music rolls are changed daily. The owners have gone so far as to hire the famous Marine Band to play many tunes for reproduction by the phonograph. An accomplished young lady performer is kept regularly employed in Washington, at a salary of $18 per week, to play all of the latest music to the phonograph.

SOME QUESTIONS OF ART.

Cathedral Designs at the Academy.

FIRST NOTICE.

It is proposed to place the Cathedral of St. John with its façade toward the south, and, therefore, its various proportions, as shown in the designs now on exhibition at the Academy, cannot be described properly by the use of time-honored terminology. Nevertheless, as it would be difficult and confusing to adopt a more truthful set of terms, we shall use those to which the world is accustomed, meaning by "west front" and "east end," for instance, not the faces which actually face west and east, but those which, in old churches, do so face.

The most conventional of the four submitted designs is the one signed by Messrs. Huss and Buck. But even this, when examined, proves to be unconventional in that many French elements are incorporated in a scheme based on English precedent. And the fact is interesting as proof of the general truth that, however strong his Anglican leanings may be, no modern architect can escape from the feeling that it was mediæval Frenchmen, not Englishmen, who brought the Gothic style to its most typical, most noble development. In plan the church is thoroughly English, with nave and choir of equal length, a flat east end, a central octagon evidently inspired by Alan of Walsingham's work at Ely, and a minor transept half way between the great transept and the east end. But if we look at the section we see French influence in the lofty roof, in the space thus afforded for a small gallery above the triforium, and in the fact that the vaulting shafts spring from the piers of the floor arcade instead of from corbels above them, as was the typical English way. The bays seem somewhat too small and numerous for so vast an interior. The minor transept, which is to supply two chapels, does not open into the choir by a lofty arch as in the few English cathedrals where it occurs, and is scarcely accented on the exterior; if added at all it should, perhaps, have more visibly increased the effect of the composition. The arrangement of the lance windows in the east end lacks variety and interest, and the octagon is out of scale with the rest of the interior. In the architects' first design its diameter, as is the case at Ely, equalled the breadth of each of the four limbs that open into it. Now, to provide that increased accommodation in the centre of the church which seems to have been insisted upon, and very wisely, by the committee, the octagon is extended so as to include one bay each of nave, choir, and transept arms, and another pier thus finds its place in the centre of each of its diagonal faces, making twelve in all. The change means greater convenience, but a vast decrease in beauty. The arms of the cross, long though they are, seem mere adjuncts to the central feature, and the piers in the middle of its diagonal faces approach so closely to their neighbors at the angles that scarcely any view into the octagon would be afforded from any of the aisles, or, of course, into any of the aisles from the octagon. Moreover, the design of the diagonal faces above the pier arcade is thrown out of harmony with that of the cardinal faces, and in the management of the vault above the feeblest part of Messrs. Huss and Buck's work appears. It may not be useless to warn all who take an interest in this scheme against the witness of the water-color perspective of the interior. It is as poor a piece of work of the sort as we remember to have seen, exaggerating color in the most foolish way, misrepresenting proportions, and greatly diminishing the size of the church. Comparing it with the other drawings, it is hard to realize that it purports to represent the same edifice.

Outside we see French influence again in the prominence given to the portals in the west front, although its spireless, pinnacled towers are English, of course, and poorly support the elaboration of the great central one. Here it can hardly be said that the character of the octagon within explains itself. And, when noting the enormous height of the tower, its vast diameter should not be forgotten. One would have to build with a stupendous sturdiness achieved by no mediæval architect if such a fabric were to stand, even though twelve piers were provided for its support. The cloisters lie directly opposite the north transept, masking its lower portions; they lead to a pretty chapter house of orthodox English pattern, and further justify their existence by encircling the various rooms needed by the officials of the church. This arrangement is sensible, as likewise the fact that only three chapels are supplied, an acknowledgment of the truth that Protestant congregations do not need the multitude of minor altars required by Catholic worshippers. In short, much good sense has been shown by Messrs. Huss and Buck in their effort to adapt the typical old cathedral form to the needs of modern worship, and to combine the French and English elements which seemed to them best for their purpose. But their result must be called intelligent rather than highly artistic, and cannot be pronounced successful from either the modern or the traditional, the practical or the æsthetic point of view. Theirs would be a church with a useful central portion, a choir far too vast for Protestant needs, and almost altogether useless aisles; and, on the other hand, in making the central portion useful, they have ruined the unity and meaning of the ancient scheme. If it were well built and beautifully ornamented this church would not disgrace New York; but it certainly would not prove that cathedrals to rival the old ones can be built to-day. And then one may ask, Can it be well built, at least as regards the octagon? And can any Gothic building be really well ornamented in our day and land?

Much more interesting as an architectural conception is Messrs. Potter and Robertson's cathedral, which, to a certain degree, was inspired by the study of Spanish precedents. There seems no good reason why, with a Gothic interior and a generally Gothic scheme for the exterior, all the arches on the outside of the church should have been semi-circles; and novelties in architecture ought to give some reason for themselves beyond the fact that they are novelties. The design of the west front is English rather than Continental, there being no towers, but a central gable, explaining the height of the nave roof. The façade of Peterborough has been regarded by some as the prototype of the three arches in this front; but they really remind one more of the three at Lincoln, which remained from Norman times and were afterward incorporated in the huge wall that we may see to-day. This front is, we think, the most entirely successful part of Messrs. Potter and Robertson's exterior and by long odds the best façade of the four on view. The most novel part of their scheme is the group of four great equal towers and spires which rise in the angles between the main and lateral limbs of the church. It is difficult to decide what the actual effect of these would be. Would they form so integral a group that the eye would accept them, so to say, as a single central feature? Or would they fall distressingly apart, and present the aspect of a huddled mass of churches, rather than of a single church? One wishes that a model might have accompanied these designs, to make so interesting a question plainer. But, at all events, the crown of the vault which lies between them ought to be accented in some way, if only by a low and slender *flèche*. As to the treatment of minor features, it may be said that harmony and unity generally have been preachieved. But an exception must be made with regard to the large rose windows. In the very small ones plate tracery is used, but here we find cusped bar tracery. There are many large examples of plate-traceried roses in France, and some even in England, which might have proved the equal beauty of the older form, while its appropriateness to the rest of the design of this exterior cannot be questioned. However this discrepancy may be a result of that which exists between the design of the exterior as a whole and that of the interior as a whole. And it was doubtless to add variety and effectiveness to the interior of the choir that its two first bays were differently designed from the others, giving room for two large rose windows which in no way explain their presence in an exterior view.

The towers at Caen may perhaps have been studied for these of Messrs. Potter and Robertson. But their graceful yet forcible dignity, the beautiful harmony and inter-relationship of their parts, has not been reproduced. These look somewhat heavy and overladen, especially in the features which mask the base of the spires. If, by the way, this church looks shorter outside than the usual English cathedral, it is partly because of its greater height and partly because the huge central features absorb so much of the length which we are accustomed to seeing displayed by plain, extended roof ridges. Like Messrs. Huss and Buck's, it is about 450 feet in length, and few English cathedrals exceed this measurement.

When we turn to the interior we find constructional justification for the four great towers. They are needed to support the thrust of a vault which would be wider, we believe, than any single span of the sort now standing. The areas parallel to the bases of the towers, toward the nave and the transept-arms, are unbroken by columns and really form a further portion of the central area, 86 feet in diameter, which thus attains enormous seating capacity; and the length which remains to be occupied by nave and transept does not seem in excess of what will be needed for the gathering and dispersion of a congregation large enough to fill what may be called the auditorium. Nor is the choir much too large for elaborate choral services, even of a Protestant sort, are to be indulged in. The chief fault in the way of arrangement is the supplying of many chapels in the corners of the edifice which are pompously labelled with the names of the patron saints of various foreign countries. Does any one seriously believe that Italians, Spaniards, and Norsemen will ever ask to have the Episcopal service performed for them in their native tongues? And is a cathedral the place to give architectural expression to fallacies or pretences clearly recognized as such? On the whole, however, this plan seems distinctly the best of the four, and the effectiveness as well as the serviceableness of the vast floor would be increased by the two successive flights of steps in each limb, which throw the central area below the level of nave, transept, and choir. But it seems probable that the eye would be distressed by the combination of the enormous central vault with the smaller vaults around it. Again, the central feature seems out of harmony because out of proportion with the rest of the interior.

The cloisters which lie to the southwest of the church seem of irrational extent; nor, with the position of the other accessory apartments thus established, was it quite sensible to place the chapter house by itself, far away to the northeast of the transept.

It would be much in excess of the truth to say that this cathedral realizes all one understands by the term, or all one hoped might be done, even granting, what we think should not have been granted, that the precedents of mediæval art might be followed. Yet, if we really need a Protestant cathedral in New York and if one of these four designs must be chosen, this is the one we should prefer to be erected. Of course the treatment of details is scarcely indicated in the drawings, and the same question comes again: No matter how fairly in general a Gothic scheme may promise, can we build it beautifully?

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

Did Adah Isaacs Menken Appropriate the Poetry of Others?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: It was stated in a recent issue of THE SUN that the late Adah Isaacs Menken, while in Paris, declared that she was the author of "Beautiful Snow." This may or may not have been true; but it is undeniably true, according to the sketch of her life prefixed to the book, that "in 1867 she collected her fugitive poems into the volume 'Infelicia,' dedicated to Charles Dickens." It is also true that in the poem entitled "Dying," the following lines occur:

If my weak, puny hand could reach up and rend the sun from his throne to-day, then were the same but a little thing for me to do.

It is the far-off, the great unattainable, that feeds the passion we feel for a star. Looking up so high, worshipping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of flowers that lift their bright heads for us and die alone.

If only the black steep grave gaped between us, I feel that I could oversweep all its gulfs. I believe that Love may unfold its white wings, even in the red bosom of hell.

I know that its truth can measure the distance to heaven with one thought.

Then be content to let me go, for these pale hands shall reach up from the grave and still draw the living waters of Love's well.

Then straighten out the crumpled length of my hair and loose all the flowers, one by one. God is not unjust.

Have we not watched the large setting sun drive a column of light through the horizon down into the darkness?

So within the grave's night, O my beloved, shall my soul burn on to eternity.

In 1852 there was published in this city a volume entitled "Lyra, and other Poems, by Alice Carey." On pages 39, 40, and 41 of this book are two short poems entitled respectively "Prophecy" and "Perversity." In the latter we read:

If thy weak, puny hand might reach away
And send out lightnings from the clouds to-day,
At little pains, as, with a candle-flame,
Touching the flax upon my distaff here,
Would fill the house with light, it were the same,
A little thing to do. It is the far
Makes half the poet's passion for the star,
The while he treads the shining dewdrop near.

* * * * * * * *

My heart's dear idol were not less divine
That no grave gaped between us black and steep—
Though, if it were so, I could oversweep
Its gulf—all gulfs—though ne'er so widely riven.

For I believe, and I have still believed
That Love may even fold its milk-white wings
In the red bosom of hell, nor up to heaven
Measure the distance with one thought aggrieved.

In the poem entitled "Prophecy" occur these lines:

—Sees all God's purposes about as just.
Canst thou, Elnadra, reach out of the grave
And draw the golden waters of Love's well?

* * * * * * * *

Then strengthening in my hands the rippled length
Of all my tresses, slowly, one by one,
I took the flowers out. Dear one, in thy strength,
Pray for my weakness. Thou hast seen the sun,
Large in the setting, drive a column of light
Down through the darkness; so within death's night,
O my beloved! when I shall have gone,
If it might be so, would my love burn on.

Again, on page 119 of "Infelicia," is a poem entitled "Answer Me." These lines are in it:

Friend of my heart, who so gently marks out the life track for me, draw near to-night.

* * * * * * *

Think of me tenderly and lovingly;
Look down into my eyes the while I question you, and if you love me, answer me—
Oh, answer me!

Is there not a gleam of Peace on all this tiresome earth?
Does not one oasis cheer all this desert-world?
When will all this toil and pain bring me the blessing?

* * * * * * * *

But tell me, if in this world's Judea, there comes never quiet when once the heart awakes?
Must it only labor, strive, and ache?
Has it no reward but this?
Has it no inheritance but to bear and break?
Answer me!
Oh, answer me!

In a volume published in the "blue-and-gold" series of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, in 1866, there is a bit of verse on page 179, written seven or eight years previously, entitled "Answer Me." It has only about twenty lines, and is as follows:

If you love me, friend, to-night,
Much and tenderly,
Let me rest my wearied head
Here upon your knee,
And the while I question you,
Prithee answer me—
Answer me!

Is there not one gleam of peace
On this tiresome earth?
Does not one oasis cheer
All this dreary dearth?
And does all this toil and pain
Give no blessing birth?
Answer me!

Comes there never quiet, when
Once our hearts awake?
Must they then forevermore
Labor, strive, and ache?
Have they no inheritance
But to bear—and break?
Answer me!

Now, whether Adah Isaacs Menken did really write, or really claim to have written, "Beautiful Snow"—and there seems little direct proof of either, since she did not include it in her book—it is proven by the facts above stated that she did, in at least two cases, take the the work of another author, and with very slight changes—hardly more than changes of measure—adapt the selections to her own uses, and include the mixture in the volume which she collected and sanctioned—the volume which, whatever were its faults, was everywhere pronounced "highly original." E. A.

Gold Discoveries in Maine.

BANGOR, Me., April 22.—There is much excitement in Oxford and adjoining counties over the gold finds in the Swift River district, which region was described in THE SUN some time ago. The centre of the gold bearing region is in the town of Byron, and it is reported that developments have been made there within a week past. W. S. Robinson of Hartford, Conn., who possesses capital and is also a civil engineer, has succeeded in changing the course of Swift River so that it runs in a new channel through Byron, leaving its former bed exposed, and from the old bed quantities of gold have already been taken. One man, working thirty hours on a space six feet square, took out $34 worth of dust, and others have been equally fortunate. A company with ample capital has been formed to conduct mining operations on a large scale, and the holders of property along the river are in such excitement that they have forgotten all about spring planting.

Wolves Coming Back to Maine.

BANGOR, April 22.—There is no longer any doubt about the return to Maine of wolves. Once they were very numerous in the eastern and northern sections, and departed when deer became scarce. Wolves feed largely upon deer, and now that the latter animals have again become plentiful in Maine the howling, ravenous packs have recrossed the border from the wilds of Canada, where they retired more than thirty years ago in quest of better living. Washington and Aroostook counties are reported to be full of wolves—big gray fellows of the deer-killing sort, and the people of those sections are greatly agitated. The wolves are particularly numerous around Big Lake, Washington county, where loggers have seen their tracks all winter. Joe Mell and Noel Francis, two Indians, saw several large wolves at the lake last week. Peter Noel saw four, and on Saturday Joseph Tomah and Wallace Louis saw three near Princeton.