

CURIOUS RELICS.

The Panama Star and Herald says that in a conversation with two Americans who have been selected for some time back in the little town of Santa Maria, southward of the Bay of San Miguel, we are put in possession of certain information. With the restless energy so characteristic of the national character in extending their researches back into the interior, they came by a not very difficult road, upon the deserted site of the celebrated mines of Cana...

Autumn Evenings.

The time of lighting the first autumnal fire is a season of the year, but a child of an Indian summer day in October, and early November, makes a fire not a luxury, but a necessity. The early coming of an evening makes lamp-light necessary, also, at the table. This household warmth and light, after the out-of-doors heat and blazing sunshine of the endless days of summer, impart a sort of quiet, domestic pleasure, which is enjoyed by the entire world at night and morning in autumn has grown chilly and gloomy, but the cheerful fire and lamp-light give a soft, quiet, domestic pleasure. In late autumn the fruits of the earth have been gathered in, everything is snugly stored away under the hatches. We are provisioned for the winter's voyage.

The Rewards of Authorship.

The time has gone when it is considered ignominious for an author to accept rewards for the creation of a book. The author and the great rush of men in this country toward things material, literature has come to have a commercial value. The advocate of a strict bread-and-butter philosophy in all other things, those Americans who have chosen literature as a profession have not disdained to swell their bank accounts, or to live in marble houses. Authorship in this country has been in the main successful. In passing over the names of our most distinguished writers, it will be seen that those who suffer from the god of poverty, Bayard Taylor, a gentleman of no education, was in the main successful. He commenced life as few now would or could, it has accumulated within the past twenty years a considerable fortune, and lives in comfortable elegance. Dr. Holland, a bookish country physician turned editor, and not very successful at that, has sold enough of his social platitudes, and delivered lectures enough to become rich, and lives in a mansion which is the envy of the country people for miles around. He is supposed to receive from lectures and writing from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. William Cullen Bryant, who may justly be called both an author, poet and editor, is worth half a million, owns two country seats, and, if he chose, could drive as fine a turn-out as Jim Fisk. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, now works out at \$100,000, and the copyright in his works is of great and constantly increasing value. The Boston authors, Longfellow and Holmes, are both rich, and in respectance Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, although not so wealthy, have long since driven the wolf from the door. Dr. Marvel has an income equal to that of the President, the general Higginson writes way up the thousands. Of minor writers, Gail Hamilton is said to be rich enough to have a husband (\$100,000). Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps are now able to get on in the world alone, \$80,000 each. Mark Twain was rich enough before his father-in-law died, and now we fear he is too rich to write for bread or fame. James Fenton says he makes \$5,000 a year, and does not mind the work, and makes comfortable incomes.

A FRAGRANT TOPIC.

The public esteem which resides in many plants and fruits is a season of the year, but a child of an Indian summer day in October, and early November, makes a fire not a luxury, but a necessity. The early coming of an evening makes lamp-light necessary, also, at the table. This household warmth and light, after the out-of-doors heat and blazing sunshine of the endless days of summer, impart a sort of quiet, domestic pleasure, which is enjoyed by the entire world at night and morning in autumn has grown chilly and gloomy, but the cheerful fire and lamp-light give a soft, quiet, domestic pleasure. In late autumn the fruits of the earth have been gathered in, everything is snugly stored away under the hatches. We are provisioned for the winter's voyage.

THE REWARDS OF AUTHORSHIP.

The time has gone when it is considered ignominious for an author to accept rewards for the creation of a book. The author and the great rush of men in this country toward things material, literature has come to have a commercial value. The advocate of a strict bread-and-butter philosophy in all other things, those Americans who have chosen literature as a profession have not disdained to swell their bank accounts, or to live in marble houses. Authorship in this country has been in the main successful. In passing over the names of our most distinguished writers, it will be seen that those who suffer from the god of poverty, Bayard Taylor, a gentleman of no education, was in the main successful. He commenced life as few now would or could, it has accumulated within the past twenty years a considerable fortune, and lives in comfortable elegance. Dr. Holland, a bookish country physician turned editor, and not very successful at that, has sold enough of his social platitudes, and delivered lectures enough to become rich, and lives in a mansion which is the envy of the country people for miles around. He is supposed to receive from lectures and writing from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. William Cullen Bryant, who may justly be called both an author, poet and editor, is worth half a million, owns two country seats, and, if he chose, could drive as fine a turn-out as Jim Fisk. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, now works out at \$100,000, and the copyright in his works is of great and constantly increasing value. The Boston authors, Longfellow and Holmes, are both rich, and in respectance Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, although not so wealthy, have long since driven the wolf from the door. Dr. Marvel has an income equal to that of the President, the general Higginson writes way up the thousands. Of minor writers, Gail Hamilton is said to be rich enough to have a husband (\$100,000). Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps are now able to get on in the world alone, \$80,000 each. Mark Twain was rich enough before his father-in-law died, and now we fear he is too rich to write for bread or fame. James Fenton says he makes \$5,000 a year, and does not mind the work, and makes comfortable incomes.

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