

The destruction by fire of the large Concert hall, known as the "Academy of Music," in Fourteenth Street, New York, on May 21st, is not only a public inconvenience, but likely to prove a most disastrous occurrence to the managers, who had their plans in full operation for the present season. The public may ultimately be great gainers by the destruction of a house that was ill designed, and wretchedly proportioned for the purposes for which it was intended. The stage was too small, and the disproportioned space allotted for the audience, was calculated to hold many hundreds of people who had to satisfy themselves by listening, for they could scarcely catch a glimpse of the stage. Yet its acoustic powers were by no means of a high order; and save for the impressiveness of its gaudy and glittering interior, it was as unfitted for musical performances as it is possible to conceive a building. But the loss to the managers is of a far more serious and positive character. Max Maretzek, the opera manager, is the severest sufferer. He has lost the scores, and vocal and instrumental parts of over seventy complete operas; as well as the entire stock of dresses, scenery, properties, etc. Those could hardly be replaced for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and were only partially covered by an insurance of some ten thousand dollars. In addition to this loss, Mr. Maretzek had just completed his engagements for the coming season, and only the week before the fire sent out a heavy sum in gold to pay the advances for the artists he had engaged in Europe. Mr. Grau is also a considerable sufferer, having lost in music, dresses, properties etc., between thirty and forty thousand dollars, over which there was no insurance.

We understand that our esteemed and justly celebrated composer, Mr. Balfe, is at present following the example of M. Gounod, and is diversifying the pursuit of Music with that of Literature. His present charming residence in Herts, Rowena Abbey (so named from a saintly legend derived from a martyr-princess of the Heptarchy period), is full of interesting antiquarian matter. Every field holds ancient coin, cinerary urns, and flint weapons; and many extremely interesting traditions of the primitive religious house are still preserved orally, and in the ancient records of the shire. These, Mr. Balfe is now busily engaged in reducing into an historical and legendary monogram of the Abbey, illustrated with drawings of the more interesting of the remains. The publication of the work (which will contain several elaborate transcripts from black letter) will be looked forward to with very great interest by the antiquarian world. We understand that it will be published by an eminent genealogist and antiquary in London, who combines poetry with pedigree, and *bonhomie* with both.

We have had sent us two pieces of *Music for the day*, composed by Mr. Henry Prince. The first a song, the words by E. H. Parsons, Esq., entitled "Shoulder to Shoulder" is a lively, martial strain, likely to become a great favorite with the volunteers; the second, a galop in honor of the officers and ship "Pylades," introduces the "Old English Song" "Hearts of Oak are our Ships." But we can scarcely say the fine old sea-song gains much by his adaptation to a galop of the present time. Both pieces however are well written, and will probably command a good sale.

We learn that Mr. Worthington has completed an arrangement with the publishers of Miss Braddon's works, which will enable him to issue in Montreal an edition of her new novel, now in the press, simultaneously with the appearance of the English edition. There is little doubt but the forthcoming work by this favourite authoress will be favourably received by the novel reading public here. We trust Mr. Worthington's enterprise will be rewarded with pecuniary success.

LONDON SOCIETY.—The June number of this favourite Magazine is to hand, and the contents as usual are of a light and varied character. There is an interesting article on Walter Savage Landor, accompanied with a portrait; also a

series of Continental Gambling Sketches. The London Opera Directors, and Mark Lemon's Walks up and down the Streets of London, are continued. The Game of Croquet and its Laws; The Playgrounds of Europe, and several cleverly written tales conclude the number, which is the last of the ninth volume. For sale at Dawson & Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"THE Dogs of the British Islands" is the title of a volume just published in London.

THE title of M. Guizot's forthcoming volume of Meditations is "Méditations sur l'Etat Actuel de la Religion Chrétienne."

M. RENAN is about to issue a new edition of his "Vie de Jésus," with considerable alterations, and an appendix giving in detail his reasons for regarding the fourth Gospel as genuine and authentic, contrary to the opinions of most rationalists.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has yet another classic in hand—this time one for which his pencil will in some respects be adapted. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," with illustrations by Doré, will, we hear, be issued next autumn by a London publishing firm.

THE Religious Tract Society has just sent forth a series of twelve illustrated cards, each giving a picture of some important event in the history of England, and having three medallion portraits of the rulers of the land, with sentences on the back of each card biographical and historical.

THE "Oratorical Year Book for 1865, a Collection of the best contemporary Speeches delivered in Parliament, at the Bar, and on the Platform," is the title of a new work announced for publication in England. The editor is Dr. Alsager Hay Hill.

A VOLUME of miscellaneous poems by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne is in the press, and will shortly be published.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER is about to issue a small edition of his "Proverbial Philosophy," to be termed the "Bijou Edition." It will be delicately, by permission, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MORE rumours are in circulation about "Ecce Homo," and it is confidently asserted by some well-informed persons that the bulk of the book is only a reprint of an older work issued under a somewhat different title. A foreign journal is of opinion that "the author of 'Ecce Homo' is no tyro in literature, no Buckle or Lecky, but an English statesman, who brings a highly disciplined and richly-furnished mind to his task. There is much that would indicate the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to be the author; certainly it shows the marks of a mind no smaller or less cultured."

VERY recently, at the sale of the collections of a well-known seeker of curiosities in Paris, (M. Le Carpentier,) a cherry-stone, on which were carved the incidents of an Indian battle, realized nearly £40. It was the late owner's boast that at the last Paris Exhibition this cherry-stone attracted greater crowds than all M. Rothschild's valuables.

THE small volumes of selections from the works of foreign poets which Sir John Bowring has issued to the world from time to time, are about to be increased by the Life of Petöfi, the Magyar poet and hero, with selections translated from his works in poetry and prose.

MM. PEYRAT, Feurey, and Neftzer, the respective editors of the *Avenir National*, the *Temps*, and the *Constitutionnel*, have each been sentenced to a fine of one thousand francs, for having published a premature report of the debate which took place in the *Corps Législatif* on the third of May.

THE celebrated "Father Prout," of *Fraser's Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, died in Paris on the 19th ult. Mr. Francis Mahoney, at the time of his death, was the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe*, an appointment he had held

for several years. He was a native of Cork, born, we believe, in 1805; but quitted Ireland early, and was educated at the Jesuit schools in France and at the University of Rome. He returned from Italy in priest's orders, and resided for some time in Ireland; but a clerical life in that country was not to his mind, and, having decided to adopt literature as a profession, he became acquainted with Dr. Maginn and Serjeant Murphy, both Cork men, and the trio were among the wittiest and most racy contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Mahony's translations into Greek of "The Groves of Blarney," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched," as well as of several of Moore's "Irish Melodies," evinced considerable humour. The "Prout Papers" were collected in 1836 and published by Fraser. They had been long out of print, when in 1860, a new edition, illustrated with twenty-one etchings by Maclise, in two volumes, with considerable additions, was issued in "Bohn's Illustrated Library." His "Facts and Figures from Italy," published by Mr. Bentley, appeared originally in the *Daily News*, of which he was the Roman correspondent during Mr. Charles Dickens's editorship. Mr. Mahoney had been in the Levant, and visited the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, and published an account of his travels.

TRANSLATION

OF HORACE'S FAMOUS ODE IX, BOOK III. BY HON. W. GLADSTONE.

- Horace*: While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possessed,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blessed.
- Lydia*: While thou didst feel no rival flame
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded e'en Ili's Roman fame.
- Horace*: Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So shie my better life may live.
- Lydia*: The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face ten several deaths with joy
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.
- Horace*: What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?
- Lydia*: Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die.

The following is LORD DERBY'S version of the same Ode.

- Horace*: While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.
- Lydia*: While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful
throne,
Well pleased, our Roman Ili's fame
I dreamed eclipsed by Lydia's name.
- Horace*: 'Tis true my captive heart
The fair haired Chloe sways
Skilled with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious
lays;
For her my life were gladly paid
So Heaven would spare my Cretan maid.
- Lydia*: My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns;
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornytus my love returns;
For him I'll doubly die with joy,
So Heaven but spare my Thurian boy.
- Horace*: What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,
And bow once more beneath the accustomed
yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own
And Lydia fill the vacant throne!
- Lydia*: Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adrian's billow
thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.