

which they had just killed among them, having caught him committing murder among the sheep. As the flocks increase the bears multiply along with them, and the shooting of one is an event to be made much of. This particular offender's head came home with us, swinging in the rigging, and looked so savage, grinning there, as much to reduce the pleasure of the crew in going ashore among the bilberries.—*Froude, in Longman's Magazine.*

### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The *Century* for July publishes the following interesting letter addressed by Dr. Holmes to the Secretary of a meeting of American Authors, convened at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in April last:

Boston, April 27, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret deeply that I cannot be present at the meeting, where so many of my friends will be gathered. It will be a grand rally in the cause of one of the hardest worked of the laboring classes,—a meeting of the soft-handed sons of toil, whose tasks are more trying than those of the roughest day-laborer. though his palms might shame the hide of a rhinoceros. How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals, He handles the most precious material that is modeled by the art of man: the imperishable embodiment of human thought in language.

Is not the product of the author's industry an addition to the wealth of his country and of civilization as much as if it were a ponderable or a measurable substance? It cannot be weighed in the grocer's scales, or measured by a shop-keeper's yard-stick. But nothing is so real, nothing so permanent, nothing of human origin so prized. Better lose the Parthenon than the *Iliad*; better leave St. Peter's than blot out the *Divina Commedia*; better blow up St. Paul's than strike *Paradise Lost* from the treasures of the English language.

How much a great work costs! What fortunate strains of blood have gone for the formation of that delicate yet potent brain tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvelous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fibre, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs, lie recorded between the covers of that volume on the bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny-edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim?

This is the wrong we would put an end to. The British author, whose stolen works are in the hands of the vast American reading public, may possibly receive a small pension if he come to want in his old age. But the bread of even public charity is apt to have a bitter taste, and the slice is at best but a small one. Shall not our English-writing brother have his fair day's wage for his fair day's work in furnishing us with instruction and entertainment?

As to the poor American author, no person will ever keep him from dying in the poorhouse. His books may be on every stall in Europe, in their own or in foreign tongues, but his only compensation is the free-will offering of some liberal-minded publisher.

This should not be so. We all know it, and some amongst us have felt it, and still feel it as a great wrong. I think especially of those who are in the flower of their productive period, and those who are just coming into their time of inflorescence. To us who are too far advanced to profit by any provision for justice likely to

be made in our day, it would still be a great satisfaction to know that the writers who come after us will be fairly treated, and that genius will no longer be an outlaw as soon as it crosses the Atlantic.

Believe me, dear Mr. Lathrop,

Very truly yours,

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

GEORGE P. LATHROP, Secretary, etc.

### All Sorts.

Canon Knowles, of St. Peter and Paul Cathedral, on the west side, a High Churchman, recently advertised for several boys for choristers. The morning after, an elderly lady called at the rectory in reply, and said she had a boy.

"What sort of a voice has he?" asked the rector.

"Voice?"

"Yes: can he sing?"

"Is it to sing that you want him?"

"Why, certainly, my good woman: that's what I advertised for."

"Then you don't want my boy. I thought it was to do chores that you wanted him. No: he can't sing."—*Chicago Herald.*

A new reporter sent to investigate a rumour that a well known citizen had become insane, wrote: "There was a report yesterday that something was the matter with Mr. Saunder's head. It is as sound as it has always been. There is nothing in it."

"How did you like that sermon?" said one to his companion, as they were walking home from church. "First rate, I always liked that sermon."—*Acta Victoriana.*

If a pompous wisecracker tries to sit down on you, ask him rapidly a few questions like the following:

What, if any, is the difference between kaiak and a caique?

What, if any, is the difference between Jacobins and Jacobites?

What, if any, is the difference between the ear of Dionysus and the ear of Dionysius?

How do you accent vagary, coterie, and survey?

How do you pronounce pronunciation?

These questions will make it pleasant for him.—*John Swinton's Paner.*

### Literary Review.

ST. NICOLAS for July, is promptly to hand. Amongst the papers which combine amusement and instruction are "A School of Long Ago," by Edward Eggleston, and "Washington's First Correspondence," "Among the Lawmakers," and "A School Afloat" by other writers. The interesting serials, "His One Fault," by J. J. Trawbridge, "Driven Back to Eden," by E. P. Roe, and "Sheep or Silver" by William Baker are continued. The frontispiece "The Pet Fawn," is from a drawing by Mary Hallock Foote, and there is a number of bright short stories and poems by Laura E. Richards, Helen Gray Cone, and other popular writers.

CATALOGUE OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF Ginn & Company, 1853:—"OR! FOR A BIGGER BOAT!" A SEQUEL TO "THE BITTER CRY," BY J. H. R., AND THE BATTLE OF THE MUSIC HALLS by Fredk. N. Carrington, contain graphic accounts of some of the efforts being made to rescue the perishing from the dens of vice and misery in London.

SCHUBNER & WELFORD'S CATALOGUE OF RARE CURIOUS AND VALUABLE BOOKS. New York.

CONCERNING PRINTED POISON, by Josiah W. Leeds. Philadelphia, 529 Walnut Street, Published for the Author, 1885. Square 16mo., pp. 42. Price (unaided), 8 cents; per dozen, 60 cents; fifty copies, \$2.25. In addition to a fitting characterization of the undisguisedly vicious publications that so abound in the United States, and a discussion of the best methods of suppression, this little book brings a strong indictment against many of the leading dailies of Philadelphia, and other cities.

THE STUDENT'S JOURNAL of New York, a fourteen page weekly, devoted to Phonography, Music, Hygiene, Philology, Biography etc., is ably edited and beautifully printed, and must be of great value to all reporters and other students and users of Phonography.