months ago. In the new piece the actor-manager will represent a timid husband, who, terrified by the violence of a street brawl, flees to a certain extent called "The Blue Bear," whence the play takes its name. Doubtless, the adventures at the hotel will give opportunity for the humor of the piece. And, while I am mentioning the drama of the week, I must not forget a new play of the psychological type, which was produced with particular success last winter. Mr. Frederick McAlpin and Mr. Tree at a matinée at the Haymarket, on Monday.

This piece, which is called "A Modern Eve," is from the pen of Mr. Malcolm S. S. Sanborn, who has hitherto been known principally as the dramatic critic of one of the Sunday papers and the author of the book "The Heart of a Dream." Mr. Sanborn is one of the few dramatic critics who can appreciate Ibsen, nor was his own piece altogether innocent of Norwegian inspiration. Its success at a performance attended by almost all the leading actors and actresses in London, was enormous and it may be presumed that, when "A Bunch of Violets" ceases to please, Mr. Tree will not hesitate to put "A Modern Eve" into the evening bill.

The second number of The Yellow Book is to begin out next Monday, and it is reported that it will be a great improvement upon the first. For one thing, it is to be 100 pages larger. Mr. Henry James will, I am told, again contribute a story, this time of some 70 pages; Mr. Frederick Greenway writes upon "The Gospel of Content;" Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Alfred Hayes send poems; and there will also be plays by Mr. Gilbert Hamerton, Mr. G. C. Travers, Mr. Thomas Paxton, Mr. Graham, Mr. Hulbert Crackanthorpe and the French Comédien, M. D. Dauphin Meunier. It appears, further, that Mr. Max Beerbohm has not been silenced by the criticism which overwhelmed his essay in the first number, for he has sent us a new one which, although I do not believe Mr. Beerbohm will have any six illustrations (by the way, he has just executed a new poster, more uninteresting than his predecessors), and other artists contributing are Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. Wilson Steer and Mr. Walter Sickert. What more there is to see on Monday we shall see on Monday.

It is good news that Mrs. Harrison, who writes under the name of "Lucas Melus," has almost, if not quite, finished her new novel. It is four years now since she scored a well-deserved success with that remarkable story, "The Wages of Sin," and the sister-in-law of M. de Coster, the famous French detective. Some time ago I mentioned that Mr. Howells had passed through London on his way to the Continent, and that his friends here were anxiously looking forward to the chance of seeing him on his return. The pleasure, however, is to be shared, for Mr. Howells, his father's illness having rendered imperative this change in his plans. It is said that, had he been able to revisit England, Mr. Howells would have explored the west country with which Mr. Thomas Hardy has made the reading world familiar. It is impossible to say when he can be expected, so I advise you to pay a longer visit. The Monday evening of the Authors' Club have been outgrowing their premises, so large is the attendance; and on Monday next the monthly dinner will take place at the Holborn Restaurant, instead of in the club dining-room. The occasion will be a special one, for Mr. H. C. H. Johnston and Mr. Rudyard Kipling are to be the guests of the evening, the latter having left his Wiltshire retreat at Tisbury for a glimpse of the waning season. A large and representative company is expected.

LONDON, July 6, 1894. Arthur Waud.

Boston Letter

TIMOTHY HARRINGTON CARTER had slipped out of the memory of many Bostonians until his death at Newtonville, last week, recalled interesting incidents in his career. By the literary world of Boston he should be held in honored remembrance for having established what is called "The Old Corner Book-Store," that famous repository of scarce and rare books. Carter, bookman held to his high standard by the veteran book-dealer and publisher, Mr. C. L. Damrell and his partner, Mr. H. M. Upham. In Mr. Carter's day it was carried on by Timothy and Richard Carter and C. I. Henriques. Far back in his early career Mr. Carter began the publishing of "The Star," long before it was bought by the Boston Evening Transcript; "The New Englander," Longfellow wrote and which for one year enjoyed the editorship of Theophilus Parsons. Then, with Mr. Littell, he began The Living Age, which to-day holds a high place among our periodicals. Six years ago Mr. Carter began to publish books, and it is told that he paid more than $30,000 to Jacob Abbott for about forty volumes. The first type foundry in Boston and the first stereotype foundry in New England were established by Mr. Carter. With Nathan Hale, the father of Edward Everett Hale, as a partner, Mr. Carter purchased the cornerstone paper printing press, thus adding machine printing to his establishment before any other printer of his day. In a little autobiography, which Mr. Carter published for private distribution, he recorded the fact that in 1834, Zola's father, Seignobos, a manufacturer, was ready to undertake his cow on Boston Common, an interesting statement to those who know the cosmopolitan aspect of that section of the city at the present time. The unique effort of Mr. Carter's life was the obtaining of the legislation for the incorporation of the back-manufacturing company, designed to unite all booksellers in the publication of such large standard historical and other works as none of them was ready to undertake alone, and to attract literary men, so that they would become interested as holders of stock. A neat little opposition gallery, the part of publishers who were antagonistic to the scheme prevented it from being carried out, for they succeeded in having a clause inserted in the charter forbidding the publication of any work of less than five volumes. At the time of his death Mr. Carter was 95 years and 6 months old.

The record, including his business transactions, is a volume. The volume is now in the hands of M. Seignobos, last week it now turns out, as I then hinted, that the inquiry regarding the immorality of Zola originally came from Springfield. The Surveyor of Customs there sought to obtain an opinion from the Trustees of the Boston Public Library as to whether, at that time, the clerk replied in their stead, that there was such a difference of opinion as to make it impossible to answer the question with a degree of authority satisfactory to the persons concerned. The Surveyor also wrote to the Boston Custom-House officials, but was informed that if the specified books were passed upon at the port of entry here, I understand that the books were finally passed by the District Surveyor and have now reached their Northampton owner. As the penalty for the official who fails to observe the law is a fine of $100, excise duty upon the same, or imprisonment for one year, one can understand why the Springfield Surveyor was so careful.

A propos of the Public Library I may state that another blunder has been picked out in the list of names decorating the tablets along the sides of the big white building. The first error, it is remembered, a share in the planting. This was passed upon at the port of entry here, and I understand that the books were finally passed by the District Surveyor and have now reached their Northampton owner. As the penalty for the official who fails to observe the law is a fine of $100, excise duty upon the same, or imprisonment for one year, one can understand why the Springfield Surveyor was so careful.

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The summer school at Harvard seems to be more successful than ever, for this season the largest number of students known in its history. While a few professors are thus working hard in college duties during the hot months, others are enjoying the sea-shore and mountains. President Eliot and his family, following out their usual custom, are at North East Harbor, Mt. Desert. Prof. G. H. Palmer and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer are at Oxford. Prof. Alexander Agassiz is at Newport, as usual, while Prof. Paine is spending the summer in Europe. Prof. and Mrs. Barrett Wendell are at New Castle, N. H., for a vacation, but go abroad in September, as this is Prof. Wendell's sabbatical year. Prof. Tausig is also to spend his "seventh year" abroad. Prof. Josiah Royce takes part in the Summer School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth, while Prof. James is recuperating in the mountains of North Carolina. Prof. Pickering, the director of the Observatory at Washington, is at Cambridge, Mass., and Prof. Peabody divides his vacation between cruising along the Maine coast and resting at Mount Desert.

I mentioned in an earlier letter the portrait of Mrs. Agassiz painted for Radcliffe College by Mrs. Henry Whittnau, the well-known Boston artist. Mrs. Whitman, who is now in Europe, is designing now a new seal for Radcliffe. As she wished to have the seal particularly striking and permanent in quality, she was not asked to hurry it through in time for the present commencement. For many years the seals of degrees of Radcliffe granted this year are to be the first to bear the seal of Harvard College, but are also the first and only ones that do not have the seal of Radcliffe College.

BOSTON, July 17, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.