

## SALT LAKERS ABROAD.

John Drew, the actor, made his debut as a star in New York last week in the "Masked Ball." The gentleman is well known in this city, where he has appeared a great many times, always winning favor and that more commercial commodity which usually accompanies and always accelerates good work well done; but he is not so well known as are two members of his company—Annie Adams and her daughter Maude, both of whom were born and raised right here in Salt Lake City. Speaking of the performance the *World* says:

Mr. Drew was the star, but not a predominant character of the play by any means. That excellent actor, Mr. Harwood, added another to his unbroken list of successes, and the climax of the second act—than which nothing finer has been seen on the local stage this season—was carried by an unexpected but strikingly infectious scene by Miss Maude Adams.

When we read such words we feel like thanking the critic very much, because it seems as though he was speaking well of a member of the family.

## WHO SHALL SUCCEED TENNYSON?

The question of who shall wear the official mantle left by Alfred Tennyson is one that takes up a good deal of space in the newspapers of his country, and not a little in those on this side. The post of poet laureate is at any time a difficult one to fill satisfactorily because of the vast divergence of opinion as to worthiness, merit, etc.; but just at the present juncture we fancy that the task possesses additional features of difficulty. The selection is made by the national premier, and while no one can properly question the propriety of a choice made by a man with the patriotic purpose, knowledge of men and things and great intellectual attainments of Mr. Gladstone, still it is assured in advance that no matter upon whom the honor may fall, there will be greater discontent than when the premier announced his cabinet.

It is claimed in some quarters that there are no poets left in England who even approximate to the eminence of Tennyson, and those best known are not of the necessary bent by either instinct or training to undertake and successfully accomplish the trying task of eulogizing praises of the royal family; also that some others who have the necessary temperament are not fit subjects for the appointment. A contemporary declares that it is high time, now that the place has been successfully filled by two of the greatest poets of the century, to allow it to pass out of existence, out of respect to those who have made it more famous than at any time since it was created; supplementing this suggestion with the somewhat pathetic conclusion—to which, however, the majority of readers will fully subscribe—that this is not a poetical age.

The poet laureate is an official member of the royal household, and hence, as previously suggested, must be in high standing socially and on good terms with the Queen and her numerous descendants and appendages. The

office, under the name of "versemaker to the king," has been traced back as far as the reign of Henry VIII, over 600 years ago. It is also recorded of Henry that he kept minstrels, jesters and dwarfs, all of which places have long since given way to the pressure brought to bear by modern dignity, decorum and enlightenment, so that the *versificator regis* alone remains. The place has been held by some illustrious men, such as Spenser in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, old Ben Jonson, John Dryden and Wordsworth. The most promising candidates at the present time seem to be Buchanan and Swinburne, of whom it is said its bestowal would not make the former any greater as a poet nor the withholding of it from the latter any the less a poet; but the mention of either in close connection with the names previously given is apt to make the judicious grieve.

The office has evidently outlived its usefulness if it ever had any, and might as well go at a time when there are some other reasons for not filling it.

## THE COAL SUPPLY.

Those who use coal, which means nearly everybody in our larger towns and cities, seldom reflect upon the fact that every shovelful placed upon the grate is a destruction for which there is no replenishment, that it is so much toward the complete exhaustion of that kind of fuel. Coal was not used at all in England till about or shortly after the discovery of America by Columbus, but the amount that has been consumed since that time is altogether incalculable, and the end, so far as Great Britain is concerned, cannot now be far off. The vast measures unearthed at Newcastle have been burrowed into and followed foot by foot till the nether earth in that region is one vast cavern, or series of caverns, from the sides and bottoms of which in places some considerable coal yet, but which grows less and less day by day, is still taken out.

In view of this condition and the possible condition when total exhaustion shall have taken place, a scientific writer, Mr. J. E. Taylor, F. L. S., has a reflective article in one of the current periodicals. His conclusions are not altogether exact, but suggest some interesting food for thought. He says it is clearly indicated that after or by the time the period since the discovery of coal has been doubled, or say 350 years hence, there will be witnessed a marvelous development of economic science. Coal, long before that, as a form of energy will be regarded as a somewhat antique and worked out material. The ebbing and flowing tides, the sifting winds, the waters running to the ocean, perhaps even volcanic and earthquake energy, will have taken its place. Indeed, a line of inquiry and research now going on may possibly affect the commercial interests of the whole world within the short space of the next five years. This relates to the use of petroleum, already being tried on steamers and locomotives of the Caspian sea and vicinity. The coal-fields of the world will certainly be worked out within a historically brief period, but a distinguished Russian chemist finds grounds for

believing that petroleum is still being formed by the action of water on heated metallic deposits, and that the supply will be permanent.

While none of us or our immediate descendants will ever see the time previously spoken of, it is nevertheless not so far away. We utterly fail to realize it when we look around us and see mountains beneath whose rugged exterior are deposits of coal which have never yet been disclosed to the light of day or the eye of man; and when we know that of the discoveries made and work performed the quantity in sight is sufficient for home consumption for half a dozen generations to come, we are apt to dismiss the subject. If we in Utah would then extend our investigations into that area of country of which the eastern Sanpete mountains form the centre or nearly so, and would make a personal visit to some of the coal fields there, we or some of us would think ourselves very foolish for giving such forebodings any place in the mental workshop at all. There are several coal deposits adjacent to the principal towns of Sanpete, some of which have been worked enough to show that there is an abundance of coal, but most of the people are still burning wood. Further east, in Castle valley and neighborhood, are acres and acres of the needful article; it is stated as a fact that from the sides of some of the canyons and ravines, great chunks of pure coal of the finest quality, some of them as large as an ordinary house, jut out as though extending an invitation to the human family to come along and help themselves. This kind of thing creates a relief to the mind fully equal to the depression engendered by the preceding reflections; because, whatever may be the experience of our remote relatives who will clamber along in our footsteps down the corridor of time, we and those around us are secure. The element of selfishness in all compositions thus finds expression, and why should it not? The "last man hovering over the last fire," if such an event should ever take place at all, is too utterly remote for us to even dimly appreciate it.

## SENSATIONAL MURDER CASES.

The seasons may come and the seasons may go, but our sensational murder trial we have always. The one at Lincoln, Nebraska, in which our townsman, Hon. W. H. Irvine, is the central figure, is about over at this writing, and doubtless it will be followed in speedy succession by that of Lizzie Borden, in Massachusetts, for the alleged murder of her father. This is a peculiar interesting case, because if guilty the girl is entitled to a place in history similar to that held by Lucretia Borgia, and if not, she is a victim to the most cruel combination of circumstances that ever hedged innocence around about.

A dispatch in the News a few days ago announced the unearthing by the Boston *Globe* of a nest of evidence bearing so strongly in the direction of guilt that any other conclusion than that the defendant committed the