

me of a marvellous tenor they had heard at Caraccas. Then I heard of his success in Havana, where in 'Trovatore' he took a true D in the 'Della quella pira.' Well, to cut a long story short, I spent my last dollar cabling at fifty cents a word, and have finally secured him, and he will probably sing here in April. Patti will sing the 'Figlia di Regimento,' and has fallen in love with some uniforms she saw on Evacuation Day, and wants my chorus of two hundred to dress in it. It turns out to be the 7th Regiment; so that will take all the boys, won't it? Gerster will give 'Lakmé,' and Patti 'Romeo and Juliet;' so, altogether, I think we shall make a good fight of it."

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON and his wife are now in the South.

ANOTHER author, Mr. Robert Buchanan, is suffering from nervous prostration.

HARPER Brothers, New York, are to publish "General Beauregard's Military Operations."

A VOLUME of George Eliot's essays has been issued by Blackwood. It contains all that she was willing should be published.

In the *Critic*, New York, Jan. 5th, Walt Whitman writes "A Backward Look on My Own Road." He speaks especially of "Leaves of Grass."

EDMUND YATES, of the *London World*, is writing his autobiography, and it will appear in a few months. Mr. Sala is also writing his autobiography.

"MOTHER HEN," by Emerson E. Sterne, is a collection of new jingles for children, on the style of "Mother Goose." Published by the American News Company.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

At the meeting of the Canadian Institute on Saturday evening, two papers were given; one by Principal Buchan, on "Flora Hamiltonensis," and one by Mr. Frederick Phillips on "The Antiquity of the Negro Race."

"PA, what is poetic license?" "Well, my boy, as nearly as I can learn, poetic license is something which enables a man to say things in verse which would incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at a political meeting."—*Ex.*

R. J. BURDETT is forty years old, Bret Harte is forty-five, Mark Twain is forty-eight, W. D. Howells is forty-six, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is forty-five, Joaquin Miller is forty-two, James Russell Lowell is sixty-four, and John G. Saxe is sixty-eight.—*Ex.*

It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, at least, cordially approves of Tennyson's acceptance of a barony. Mr. Tupper is probably a philosopher. Here is the obvious reason for his approval:—"As our noble Tennyson has broken through the pale, there is hope for some of his literary brethren and sisters being thought worthy of public honours from our great and good Queen."

THE "degenerate one" mentioned below had in him a startling power of suggesting great truths. He was also possessed of deep insight into the mystery of man's fallen nature:—A moral poetess had begun a poem in uncompromising blank verse on the degeneracy of man:

"God made man in His own image; but he—"

and here she was compelled to leave it. A degenerate one came in, and took the liberty of helping her forward a little:

"Would probably have remained so; but she—"

THE *Atlantic Cable* tells us that a person referred to by the *Athenæum* as high authority writes from Massachusetts as follows: "Mr. Matthew Arnold's success as a lecturer is unequivocal. It is like Plato in Sicily. On the same night he and Mr. Bryce were lecturing at Cambridge. England is certainly doing her best to civilize America." And America is doing her best to civilize England. Have we not sent her Minnie Palmer and the accomplished Lotta? Neither of these notabilities may be exactly like Plato in Sicily, but either may be compared with Sappho in Greece.—*The Critic.*

No. 12 of the *Acadian Scientist*, the organ of the "Acadian Science Club," has come to hand. This society "aims to awaken and foster a more general interest in scientific knowledge, to induce young men and young women to engage in systematic study at home, and to afford its members the means for mutual assistance in the pleasing and ennobling study of nature's works." It has a three years' Course, embracing the following sub-

jects: Philosophy, Geology, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Zoology, and Mineralogy. Its object, apparently is to do for science, in Canada, what the Chataquau Society does in America. Its Secretary is Mr. A. J. Pineo, B.A., of Wolfville, Nova Scotia. THE GOSSIP offers his very best wishes for its success.

THE GOSSIP desires to say a word concerning the approaching *Winter Carnival* at Montreal, however little this may be connected with literature. It should, if as complete a success this year as it was last winter, be the fruitful mother of much Canadian literature, in the shape of brilliant-descriptive letters, sketches, and songs. The Ice Palace should be to all men typical of winter's splendours and delightful possibilities. The sports and amusements, for which has been arranged an elaborate programme, are to be distinctively Canadian, and will go a long way toward convincing any sceptical foreigners who may have the good fortune to be present, that the Canadian winter is no such dreadful affair as they had imagined it to be. The Carnival is to be held during all next week, commencing on February 4th.

LONG and severe has been the strife between the disciples of "Webster's" and those of "Webster's." Here is one who feels compelled to confess himself a convert to Webster. Indeed, the tide generally seems to be setting in that direction. Webster's claims to contain 3,000 words more than any other American dictionary; certainly, no other American dictionary has so large a constituency or is so implicitly believed in. Indeed, it may be regarded as the one final authority, safely to be relied upon when others are emphatically differing among themselves. To bow before the authority of this dictionary, or rather encyclopedia, is not now to give in one's adherence to all the strange doctrines in Philology and Etymology of which Noah Webster's brain was so fruitful. Webster's work is merely the foundation upon which some of the ablest scholars in America have united to construct the most perfect dictionary of our time.

WITH all our boasted activity, I think that the so-called slow-going Briton manages to do a great deal more work than most Americans, and of a better quality. Take, for example, the literary workers of England. There is the late Professor Palmer, the Orientalist. The amount of work he accomplished, and of the highest class, too, was more than we should naturally expect three or four men to do. Among journalists, look at Mr. Joseph Knight. He is the dramatic critic of three or four important London papers, besides being the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and of *Notes and Queries*, the London correspondent of *Le Livre*, and a regular contributor to half-a-dozen popular magazines. He has, of course, to go to all the new plays, and is a favorite diner-out. The secret of this ability to accomplish a great deal of work is—system. When a man once realizes the value of time, and knows how to utilize it, he has an advantage over his unsystematic fellows for which he cannot be too thankful.—*The Critic.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing from London, thus delivers himself on the subject of Tennyson's ability to maintain his new position with requisite lavishness:—"If he be as unsocial and inhospitable as a baron as he has been as plain Alfred Tennyson, his sustenance of the title need not be expensive. The common opinion that he is only well-to-do is erroneous. For a literary man, he is very rich. No author in America has ever begun to make so much money as he. His poetry has brought him, it is estimated, £80,000 or \$400,000, at least, and the sum has been put as high as £100,000 and £120,000. Being a careful, not to say close, manager, he has so invested his earnings as to have a property worth at present £220,000 or \$1,000,000. He owns, or did own recently, a house in town, where he spends very little time; he has a beautiful place at Farthingford, Isle of Wight, and another country-seat at Aldworth, in Surrey. For a poet he is very practical, driving, it is said, very sharp bargains with his publishers, holding out for the last shilling."

"On being introduced to an invited guest of the Saturday Club, Emerson said: 'I am glad to meet you, sir. I often see your name in the papers, and elsewhere, and am happy to take you by the hand for the first time.' 'Not for the first time,' was the reply. 'Thirty-three years ago I was enjoying my school vacation in the woods, as boys will. One afternoon I was walking alone, when you saw me and joined me, and talked of the voices of nature in a way which stirred my boyish pulses, and left me thinking of your words far into the night.' Emerson looked pleased, but rejoined that it must have been long ago indeed, when he ventured to talk of such fine subjects. In conversing with Richard H. Dana, jr., the latter spoke of the cold eyes of one of our public men. 'Yes,' said Emerson meditatively, 'holes in his head! holes in his head!' After an agreeable conversation with a gentleman who had suffered from ill-health, Emerson remarked, 'You formerly bragged of bad health, sir; I trust you are all right now.'"—*Mrs. Annie Fields in February Harper's.*