

times, and the chances are even that will not suffice, and they keep at it until the ill temper within you no longer finds sufficient exit in exclamatory expletives. When the juveniles happen to be relatives, whom you are at liberty to rebuke or dismiss at pleasure, it is all very agreeable, but when it happens to be some acquaintance's spoilt "little darling," that pouts and howls on the slightest provocation, the situation is somewhat altered. Supposing, like Toddy, it takes a fancy to "see 'a wheels go 'wound," or to investigate the contents of your pockets, ruthlessly fingering the interior of your valuable repeater, or mercilessly dragging from their hiding places forgotten notes or cherished photographs, and keeps you toasting over red-hot coals of discovery until you well-nigh despair of ever escaping from the clutches of that tiny monster.

Yet we cannot condemn curiosity as being in all cases a reprehensible quality, for facts would at once disprove the statement; many a time it has led to the averting of catastrophes, or the finding out of that which has proved of inestimable value to man. It would be a pity, being common to humanity, as we have already affirmed, if it were always disagreeable and productive of other than good results. It is simply one of the many things that are evil when carried to excess.

At length Edgar Allan Poe is to receive full justice at the hands of Mr. J. H. Ingram, of London, who has just ready for the press two volumes, treating of his whole career and its vicissitudes with great fullness, and with materials said to have been furnished by those who were in the closest relations to him, and not heretofore known to the public.

Of all the poets who do not look like poets, Robert Browning may be said to look least like a master of verse. He is stout, comfortable, prosaic, but fine-looking, in figure and face. Mr. Browning is a sturdy believer in the doctrine of work. He goes regularly to his study every morning, and there writes till noon, being in this like Bulwer. He has been heard to say that he has no patience with those writers who are obliged to "wait for inspiration."

Literary Items.

MACAULAY has pointed out that the first English author who really made a good paying business of literature was *Richardson*, for the good reason he published his own works.

MRS. OLIPHANT, who has serials now running in two English magazines, is probably the most prolific of living writers. Within the past three years she has published five or six works.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is to be the editor of a new illustrated daily paper in London. It is to be of a satirical turn, and its Parliamentary reports are to come through a telephone.

It is stated that the life of the late Prince Imperial, which is now being written by Paul de Cassagnac, is objected to by the ex-Empress Eugenie. Notwithstanding this there is every probability of its being published in several European languages.

HOMER was a beggar. Spencer was in want. Cervantes died of hunger. Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with all. Butler lived a life of meanness and distress. Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. The death of Collins was through neglect, causing mental derangement. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was imprisoned for a debt of \$40. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.