

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Toronto *Grip* has outdone itself in dealing with Exhibition matters. It is certainly a very lively journal.—*St. John Globe*.

MISS MAY CROWLY, daughter of "JENNIE JUNE," the well-known writer, was married recently to Mr. JESSE M. ROOPER, of the U. S. Navy.

"Grip."—This week *Grip* fairly outdoes itself in exposing the inconsistency of Sir S. L. TILLEY on the temperance question.—*Morrisburg Herald*.

Our brilliant contemporary *Puck* is warming to his work in the political campaign, and in turn making it decidedly warm for the politicians on both sides. The pencils wielded by the three artistic graces, KEFFLER, WALES and OPER are doing more to educate public opinion than all the editorial pens in the country.

MR. J. DOUËRE, of Montreal, is about to publish a book concerning the constitutional questions which have been decided by the Courts of the Dominion, under the British North America Act of 1867. Will the book be known throughout half of the Dominion before half of the decisions rendered are upset by other judges, of higher or lower grade.

Chic promises to outstrip most of its rivals. The artists' work is admirably done, both as regards conception and execution, and the literary matter is decidedly above the ordinary level of the paragraphists. One feature, which, at the risk of being called puritanic, we would mention, is the exceptional cleanliness (we don't know a better word) of its columns from anything that can offend the most fastidious, moral or social taste.

"New and old" is the title of an admirable volume of verse by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS who has already written several books on mediæval and classical Italian and Greek art and history. The poems are very far above the usual standard of what may be called the poetry of the period, and the reader will be well repaid for the expense of buying, and the trouble of perusing this volume. It is published by Os-good & Co., of Boston.

In consequence of injuries received through the overturning of his buggy while he was driving through the Exhibition grounds, Mr. Wm. WARWICK, so well known in this city as a publisher and bookbinder, has died. He did admirable service to the cause of pure Canadian literature by the introduction of such periodicals as the "Boys' and Girls' Own Papers," the "Leisure Hour," &c. Mr. WARWICK's death is the cause of deep regret among all who knew him.

Grip.—Canada's leading comic paper, *Grip*, deserves special mention for its exploits during the past fortnight; and it shall have it. The exhibition season was the occasion of the issue of two most capital double numbers, on the 11th and 18th, sixteen pages each; and the engravings and other contents were beyond all praise. They were really clever productions; and the hits were most excellent, being to both right and left in the most charmingly impartial manner. Those who do not get *Grip* lose three-fourths of the pleasure of the literary experience of those who do. It is always sharp and always fresh; and keeps up its character and its interest in a manner to excite the admiration of all.—*Coboury World*.

In the last number of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* there is a poem presented of such an atrociously "fleshy" tinge that *Grip* cannot refrain from mentioning it in terms of condemnation as literary sewerage. It out-Byron

and out-Swinburnes Swinburne. How a man of such fine feeling as Mr. ROSE (of HUNTER ROSE & Co.) could have tolerated the insertion of such a salacious *morceau* passes our comprehension. It is sincerely to be hoped, that "rapid" verses of this type will not be allowed a footing in our Canadian literature. It is bad enough to have a publisher in the Queen City who prints "Nana." It is to be hoped that no others will follow his vile example and pollute the literature of our country in this way. There is another article we think unworthy of the pages of the *Monthly* in the same issue called "Clinker," but its only fault is its utter feebleness in the early part of the story. At the close, however, it is really admirable in its pathos.

New Songs.

Grip is always happy to receive and criticize songs emanating from Canadian sources, and it is with no slight gratification that he approaches *two* this week. One entitled "Nevermore," by Mr. Anon, of this city, is a lyric, whose idiotic words are only equalled by its hideously discordant tune. For example, take the first stanza:—

Take this note to my step-mother;
It is ten long years and more
Since, with awful ignominy,
I was kicked from out her door.

Very pathetic, isn't it? But, seriously speaking, *Grip* thinks that such sentiments as the above will be looked on with disfavor by refined ballad singers. The second one, "A Wounded Heart," will speak for itself.

Plant above me, plant with care,
Fragrantest of mignonnette,
Onions, parsnips, maiden-hair:
I was fond of these, you bet.

Carve upon a cedar shingle
Some affecting, simple rhyme,
With a tearful "taking" jingle,
Which will "fetch" her every time.

Say that very brokenhearted
Who has the weary fight I fought,
My poor prisoned spirit smarted,
And I found the rest I sought.

C. D. M.

If Mr. C. D. M. will pardon us we should suggest his finishing up with some such stanza as this:—

Strew upon my early grave
Cabbage stalks and chicken bones,
Lobster shells from out the wave,
Oyster cans and paving stones.

We hope Mr. C. D. M. will act on our gratuitous advice, and get some kind-hearted friend to chuck the above-mentioned rubbish on the sod under which he sleeps his stupid sleep.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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THE Oratorio of *Esther* was performed at Ottawa, last Friday evening.

DION BOUCAULT has given up the idea of returning to America.

MANAGER DALY produced EDGAR FAWCETT's new comedy, "Our First Families," at his theatre in New York recently.

Col. Sellers' usefulness to JOHN T. RAYMOND is gone. London wouldn't have it, and now New York has soured upon the character.

TERESA TUA is the name of a thirteen-year old prodigy who took first prize for violin playing at Paris this year. Exorbitant offers have been made to induce her to visit America, but they have been declined.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, the English novelist, is at present on a visit to New York where he is being mildly lionised. It is said his business is in connection with securing a copyright in a play that is to be produced early in the season.

A YOUNG American soprano called MARIE VAN a native of Cincinnati has made a triumphant debut at Rome, taking the part of GILDA in *Rigoletto*. The part is a very trying one and it argues well for the lady's future career that she took by storm the fastidious critics of the great art centre of the world.

In a play which has really very little merit in itself beyond its very occasional *bon mots*, (for it is utterly destitute of anything like plot) Mr. HOLLAND and his company delighted the audience at the Grand by the unexceptionable character of their acting. This is surely saying a great deal for the talent of the company, and is, possibly, the highest compliment that could be paid them.

THE HEYWOOD Mastodon Minstrel Company of New York Serenaders gave a very good entertainment of the Variety kind on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. For the balance of the week Uncle Tom's Cabin was put on the boards in a very satisfactory manner, by GILES and POTTER's combination. Next week TAGLIARIELLA's Grand Italian Opera Co'y will occupy the "Royal" for the whole week and it is to be hoped that Mr. CONNER's enterprise in engaging such a company will be rewarded by bumper houses.

A gentleman who recently visited the DORE gallery, London, writes:—I observed that all of the groups of visitors who came laughing and chatting up the stairs and into the gallery were so reverently impressed in the presence of these great works that hats went off instinctively, voices were hushed to a whisper and the picture gallery had all the devotional aspect and atmosphere of a solemn cathedral. I have observed the same feeling manifested before the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery. And what greater tribute could be paid to the realization of the sublime conceptions of genius?

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