

## Literature and Art.

A large picture, believed to be a genuine work of TURNER, has just been brought to light in Scotland under peculiar circumstances. It was procured, the story goes, directly from the artist by the late H. F. MYLERS, and was bequeathed by him to a relative. This man has been ignorant of its great worth, but on showing it to a connoisseur was informed that it was a genuine TURNER. The picture will be put up by auction, and the representatives of several public galleries are expected to be present.

**JINGLE ON THE CARNIVAL.**—The Carnival! Author's Carnival, so called. No authority for it. Merely a masquerade. And such a mix. But it is very pretty. Bright costumes. Lovely girls. Noble object. Charity. Bad cigars. No smoking. Sensible rule. Man bought a cigar. Attempted to light it. Police put him out. Persevered in the effort. Succeeded. Took three whiffs. Tried to pick the pocket of a wooden Indian. Deliberately took out a life insurance policy. Knew he would outlive the company. Or be sliced up like a pine apple. According to the latest approved methods. He recovered. Life insurance company dead. Total loss. Moral. Let the other man smoke. To return to our mutton. The carnival is gay. It is bright. It is kaleidoscopic. Occasionally it is hot. But there is lots of lemonade. And stomach ache. Such fun. Romantic young man. Gaily clad. Noble courtier. Knee breeches. Slim slanks. Much tinsel. Built like a lead pencil. Equally romantic young lady. Gorgeously equipped. But stout. And hearty. They promenade. He suggests lemonade. And ice cream. Not to mention cake. This pleases her. Strawberries! Of course. They flirt. He would be were a glove. I look upon him as a muff. Time to settle. Young man in a pickle. Money in his other clothes. Humiliating confession. Romance all gone. He now wants money. And pain killer. The gallant knight is meek. Red as a rose is the girl. The reckless youth retires. He smiles a sickly smile. His dream of love is o'er. Next. I like carnivals. They are generally so solemn. You don't expect fun at a funeral. It would be out of place. This carnival is quite merry. It is light and cheerful. It would tickle some authors. Others would roll over in their graves and groan. Everybody is represented. From JOSEPHINE to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. The Dime Novel is also represented. Nobody reads COOPER. The New York Ledger is more popular. Historical characters are ably represented. By young people who never read history. They are not prejudiced. They can sell gum guns just as well. "Please buy this." "Do take a chance." Only ten cents, and so utterly useless. Copied from a church sociable. With a flavor of Niagara Fall. Just like a religious circus. Or a theological caravan. It brings out human nature. Shows our liking for gay colors. Proves this conclusively. We are all actors. Or think we are. Much the same thing. Supplies a public want. Times are hard. We want cheap amusements. Cheap funerals. Cheap cigars. Don't fail to go. Buy a coupon ticket. It will pay—the other party. Encourage the authors. This is what they wrote for. Really it is worth more than one visit. The booths are attractive. The girls are as lovely as strawberry ice. There is a perfect avalanche of them. But the funniest part of the show is this: The passing crowd.—ALFRED JINGLE, in Buffalo Every Saturday.

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And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

**"HAWORTH'S"** by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

**FALCONBERG**, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunmar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

**A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS**, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1833-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

**PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS.** This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as front-pieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

**STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.**—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

**A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL.** Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champany (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

**THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS**, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

**THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES.** We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), *Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archeology, Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of *New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements*; *Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.*; *Book Reviews*: fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

Terms, 4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 & 745 Broadway, New-York.

Subscriptions received at GRIP Office.

## Stage Whispers.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—TONY PASTOR'S double company is announced to appear to-night and to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon and evening. Those who had the pleasure of hearing his company on a previous visit will be glad of another opportunity, and any who enjoy a high class variety entertainment we would say hear the toniest of the tony.

FRANK MAYO is going to Europe to play *Davy Crockett*.

Next season JOE JEFFERSON will have a company of his own.

CHIANFRAU has got a new play written by a member of the New York Bar.

M'LE MORLACCHI and her husband TEXAS JACK, are to retire from the stage.

ABBEY & SCHOEFFEL paid LOTTA \$5100 a week and all her expenses during her recent tour.

MR. HENRY S. LEIGH'S new piece for the London Gaiety is to be called *The Great Casimir*.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE H. KNIGHT go to England, under the management of H. J. SARGENT.

MR. and MRS. CHARLES WOLCOT are considering an offer for a professional tour in Australia.

BYRON is writing an extravaganza called *Ducdebray's Private Theatricals* for SOTHERN, who will produce it first in America.

The spot chosen by MR. J. L. TOOLE for his new theatre in London is at the corner of the Strand and King William street.

VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Martha* has been translated for MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL by MR. BARTON HILL, with the approval of the author.

It is said that MR. CHARLES FECHTER has been solicited to play in MR. CHARLES READE'S version of *L'Assommoir* at the Princess's Theatre, London.

The opera which ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. GILBERT are preparing for this country is said to treat military affairs in the same spirit as naval affairs are treated in *Pinafore*.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the well-known English tenor singer, recently appeared at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and caused a sensation by his resemblance to the familiar busts of his great namesake.

MISS ALICE CHANDOS has sailed for Europe. She goes to London under two months engagement to create a Yankee dialect part in a new play called *Foreign Relations*. She will return to New York by the middle of August.

Theatrical realism has gone a long way in a recent performance of *Pinafore* by a Boston company at Halifax, N. S. The boatswain's mate of H. M. S. Griffon volunteered and "piped the side" when SIR JOSERH came aboard. A real sailor from the same ship ran up the signals, and the yard furnished the bell, binnacle and masthead light—six brass guns, piles of shot and belaying pins, with a bugler, marines and gunners. Then when the piece had been played and the curtain had fallen the Yankee vocalists were entertained on board the Griffon by the officers and were afforded every opportunity of inspecting the ship and of becoming familiar with the regulations of the "Queen's navee." If the Boston *Pinafore* Company do not give the thing with absolute nicety hereafter they must be land-lubbers, indeed.