

## Literature and Art.

SWINBURNE'S new volume of poems will shortly be published. The entire collection is new. The longest of these poems has "Sappho" for its subject. Those who have seen the manuscript of this poem describe it as one of the strongest efforts of Mr. SWINBURNE'S muse. The poet, who is suffering from ill-health, is now in the South of France.

Miss CLARKE, of Hamilton, made her debut as a reader before a Toronto audience, on Thursday evening of last week. She possesses a fine stage appearance and a good voice, but appears to lack the artistic instinct, or to fully grasp the idea of her authors. As an interpreter of Irish dialect she is superior to the majority of lady readers, though her best performance on this occasion was decidedly her reading of the "Fall of Pemberton Mill," an excellent pathetic composition.

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on Saturday afternoon gave her positively last farewell performance till next time. Happy thought,—why not announce it as her positively *au revoir* appearance, seeing that she will be sure to take the advice of MINNIE PALMER'S Schoolmaster and "come again." Of course on this occasion she was received with great enthusiasm, not that her reading is at all what it is "cracked up to be," but because she has such lovely dresses; such a glorious pair of eyes, such a classic nose, and such a fascinating business-like smile.

ROSA BOUHEUR is engaged upon a great painting representing horses trampling out wheat in the south of France. As yet it is only to be seen in its beginnings, though a French paper—perhaps finding prophecy catching in the almanac season—announced it last winter as a finished work. The picture is about three times as large as the famous "Horse Fair," and there are many signs that it is intended to be the artist's *magnum opus* in the figurative as in the literal sense. Every form and figure in it, every detail of the landscape will be studied from the natural object.

MACAULAY has pointed out that the first English author who really made a good paying business of literature was RICHARDSON, for the good reason that he published his own works. A statement has lately been made that SWIFT "had no pecuniary interest in his writings," but a correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out that in a letter to Mr. PULTENEY, in 1735, he says: "I never got a farthing by anything I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. POPE'S prudent management for me." About eight years ago corresponds with the date of publication of "Gulliver," for which \$1,000 is alleged to have been paid. Probably it has earned for the booksellers by this time \$100,000.

The London *Athenæum* discusses whether men whose names are softened into diminutives often make a name in letters. We do not speak of FRANK BACON or JACK MILTON or SANDY POPE but in Scotland you hear of BOBBIE BURNS, and there is something endearing in the names of TOM MOORE, TOM HOOD, and DICK STEELE, especially. All the SAMUELS, of whom many are great—SAM JOHNSON, SAM WILBERFORCE, &c.—are called by the diminutive. Statesmen in England have often received this diminutive, not always justified by intimacy on the part of those who employ it. PAM, BOBBY PEEL, JOHNNY RUSSELL, TOM MACAULAY, TOM DUNCOMBE, are expressions still used, and profanity has gone so far as to call the present Prime Minister BEN D'ISREALI.

## The Baby's Debat.

We have watch'd your infant years,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
We have had our griefs and fears,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Now proudly we can own,  
That you're stout and healthy grown,  
And you now can "go alone,"  
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though you waddled when you walked,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
And you mumbled as you talked,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Yet now we can rejoice,  
That there's music in your voice,  
And you're bound to make a noise,  
Baby mine, baby mine!

Though the *Globe* may rant and rave,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
And has wished you in your grave,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
We can laugh at all their spleen,  
And their slanders vile and mean,  
For now you're all serene,  
Baby mine, baby mine!

Now kick out and let them see,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
How lively you can be,  
Baby mine, baby mine,  
Though the Grits are looking blue,  
And mischief wish to do,  
Now Sir JOHN will see you through,  
Baby mine, baby mine!



For sale by all leading grocers.

Toronto Agency, 19 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.



## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,  
DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, } Secretary.  
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880 } XIV-74-6t.

## BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

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## Stage Whispers.

LEVY will toot his horn at Manhattan Beach next summer, to the tune of \$500 a week.

MARSHALL JEWELL lectures occasionally on "A Russian Winter." A cool subject certainly.

When BRUTUS and CASSIUS were boys the girls used to say that BRUTE was such a nice fellow, but they preferred CASH. The girls haven't changed one bit.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

The managers of the Aquarium in London fired a girl from a cannon and she hit a grocer and broke three of his ribs. If girls could be used in place of cannon balls the government would effect a great saving.

"Pinafore," translated into Russian, is to be performed simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Nihilists are evidently going to try a new manoeuvre against the life of the poor old persecuted Czar.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"H. M. S. Parliament" is drawing large audiences to the Grand Opera House this week. The keen political hits and the likenesses of the leading characters to the great originals are very good and call forth frequent bursts of applause. We advise any of our readers at all interested in political matters to go and see this novel entertainment; take your ladies also, they will enjoy it. Monday and Tuesday 15th and 16th STRAKOSKI'S Grand Italian Opera Co., will appear at this house.

Mr. SMALLEY, The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in writing of the big dinner IRVING, the actor, gave to several hundred of his friends, says: "His festival was given in commemoration of an event unique in the history of Shakespearian performances, the hundredth consecutive representation of the 'Merchant of Venice.' I don't know that there is any record of any play of SHAKESPEARE'S having had a run of 100 nights, 'Hamlet' excepted." The *Tribune* ought to know better than that. EDWIN BOOTH played "Hamlet" for a hundred consecutive nights in New York, while "Julius Cæsar" ran for more than a hundred nights.

HIS UNPREMEDITATED SPEECH.—"Ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel SOLON, pulling up a roll of paper from his jacket, "this call was entirely unexpected. I am not prepared to speak and didn't know five minutes before I was called on that I was expected to say anything here, so I merely jotted down a few remarks yesterday that I intended to make. You must excuse all blunders, as my speech is entirely impromptu and all the manuscript so poorly written I can hardly read it. Drunkenness is a terrible virtue. I have known men, after a short career of dissipation, fill a drunkard's grave before they were three years old. I have seen rich men pass the wine-cup around their well-filled tables and their poor children crying for a crust of bread. You see men on every corner who have filled drunkards' graves. You see men reeling about the streets, who, if they had died of cholera infantum, would have starved the saloon keepers to death. As SHAKESPEARE says: Oh, that men should put an enemy in his mouth to commit petty larceny on his brains." My hearers, eplury bus—eplury bus—my hearers, the squire has rung in some Greek on me and as I don't understand Latin I'm obliged to quit."