

## Literature and Art.

The MS. of KEATS' magnificent poem of "The Eve of St. Agnes" is the treasured property of Dr. VALERIANA, of Rome.

JAMES PARTON wrote the lives of GEORGE WASHINGTON and Gen. BUTLER without changing his pen, but that didn't redeem the latter's character.

A writer in the *Otgosok* endeavors to show that the most distinguished Russian novelists have not been Russians, but the descendants of immigrant foreigners.

DOROTHEA ALICE SHEPHERD, author of "How Two Girls Tried Farming," recently added to D. LOTHROP & Co.'s *Idle Hour Series*, is none other, it is said, than Miss ELLA FARMAN, editor of *Wide-Awake*.

A translation of M. ZOLA's "*L'Assommoir*" is appearing in a newspaper at Athens, Greece. The critics of to-day do not count the author among the "Greeks;" but per-adventure MACAULEY's *New Zealander* will.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, says the *Boston Advertiser*, is a difficult poet to quote from, for his poems cannot be taken to pieces; but scattered through them all are passages, couplets or single lines of wonderful beauty.

VICTOR HUGO in a recent address makes HOMER and SHAKESPEARE clasp hands across the centuries, and admits the sons of "perfidious Albion" to the classic folds of the Latin nations, and yet the unappreciative Briton refuses this tender of fellowship with lordly scorn.

The death is announced, at her house near Chateau Renault, of Mme. LOREAU, the indefatigable translator of DICKENS, MAYNE REID, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, and other popular English authors. Her last collection of ten volumes of travels, translated from various English authorities, was very lately crowned by the French Academy.

CHARLES DICKENS, the second, promises to do honor to the family name. He manages one of the largest printing-offices in London or in Europe. He has very successfully published the *London Dictionary* and the *Guide to London*, and is now preparing a *Dictionary of the Thames*. He inherits his father's love for printing-offices and newspapers.

Messrs. MACLEAR & Co., of this city, announce the early publication of an important national work under the title of *The Scot in British North America*—a companion volume to the *Irishman in Canada*, issued a short time ago. It is to be written by Mr. Wm. J. RATTRAY, M.A., who is known as a finished scholar and writer. Judging from advance sheets sent out as a prospectus, the book will be a most useful one, as well as an ornament to literature.

MAX MÜLLER prefaces the first volume of the important work on the Sacred Books of the East, of which he is the editor, with a striking passage from the writings of Bishop BEVERIDGE, the distinguished Oriental scholar of the seventeenth century. "Indeed," says the Bishop, "there was never any religion so barbarous and diabolical, but it was preferred before all other religions whatsoever by them that did profess it; otherwise they would not have professed it. And why, say they, may not you be mistaken as well as me? Especially when there is, at least, six to one against your Christian religion; all of which think they serve God aright, and expect happiness thereby as well as you."

## A Fable.

In a city called Hamilton there once lived a lively cricket, that had a very high opinion of its own cleverness, especially after it had returned home from a long series of conquests over the crickets of the United States. In fact, so great was its elation over these victories that it could hardly contain itself, and much apprehension was felt by the Hamilton people and the general public lest it should burst. At length there appeared in that city a certain DAFT cricket from England, who at once challenged the Hamilton insect to a combat. The challenge was accepted, and the Hamilton cricket walked proudly into the field. At the conclusion of the match, it walked out again, but oh, how different a cricket! The conceit had all been taken out of it, and it looked ever so small and insignificant. It had been disposed of with almost ludicrous ease by the DAFT cricket.

MORAL.—Crickets should not be conceited.

## The Complaint of Carraway.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am the grocer who was lately subjected to the most foul outrage ever perpetrated by kidnapers on a British subject, inasmuch that a cave is imprinting itself on my brain, and I wake up at nights exclaiming to the aroused partner of my woes that I am not Peaches, but a grocer here unlawfully confined. Sir, I want to know why my evidence is not taken in the case. Millions are waiting to hear from my own lips the story of my sufferings. Why am I not sworn? Horrid suspicions creep over me, and I doubt whether my own party—yes, the Grits—may not be at the bottom of it. Was my absence desired? Did G. B., or did the Attorney-General, order that fearful recess to be prepared for me? LOUIS XIII, I know, kept his Cardinal BALUZE twelve years in an iron cage. Horrid! If they are not accomplices, Sir, I demand to know why my evidence is not taken.

Yours, in perpetual horror,  
C. CARRAWAY.

## Growing Strong.

The Rag Baby is getting to be a big, bouncing youngster, and will soon be strong enough to compel the attention of the great politicians on both sides. Already it has captured some of the small fry, for Mr. CHARLEY RYKER has written a letter to tell the world that he has joined the army of the Beaver-backers. The rapid development of the baby is due to the tender and judicious nursing of Capt. WYNNE and Mr. WALLACE, M.P., and when that happy day arrives on which every TOM, DICK and HARRY of us shall have his pockets full of good Government money, the names of these two great financiers will be spoken with uncovered heads.

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## Stage Whispers.

Miss CLARA MORRIS is to play a ten weeks' engagement at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, for \$500 a night and all expenses paid.

DION BOUCAULT has produced his new play, "Rescued," at Booth's Theatre, New York. Like all the patchwork of this celebrated literary carpenter and joiner the play leaves the impression that it is but a cleverly contrived story of a very familiar type, over-weighted with tiresome and needless detail.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—*The Juvenile Pinafore Company*, under the management of the indefatigable HAVERLY, largely filled this house during their stay from Monday until Thursday. The want of register in the children's voices of course detracted from the singing, but nevertheless they made a very pleasing entertainment, *Buttercup* and *Deadeye* doing especially well. The latter was irresistibly funny. Next week BARNEY MACAULEY as *Uncle Dan*' in *A Messenger from Jarvis Section*, a play new to Toronto theatre goers.

It now turns out, that Mdle. SARA BERNHARDT's impresario for the United States is Mr. HENRY C. JARRETT, her English agent. Mdle. BERNHARDT is to go in September, 1880. She is to receive £140 a performance, and £4 a day for her personal expenses, Mr. JARRETT defraying all other charges of every kind, including steamer passages and railroad fares. Mr. JARRETT has shown his customary cautious discretion in postponing the BERNHARDT season for a year. By that time she will speak English enough for one or two parts—and will be worth double the money.

LUCY HOOPER tells this anecdote of FERCHTER:—After his debut at the Theatre MOLIERE, he was invited to go to see SCRIBE. That very day FERCHTER had received two letters, one informing him of his admission to the Academy of Fine Arts (he had begun life as a sculptor) and the other stating that the manager of the Comedie Francaise would grant him a hearing the next day. He showed his letters to SCRIBE, who read them and asked his visitor what his decision would be. FERCHTER drew a coin from his pocket. "I'll toss for it," he cried. "Head, the theater—tail, the Academy." The piece fell head uppermost. SCRIBE invited the future actor to dine with him, and the possibilities of his future career were that evening fully discussed.

The "Member from Cranberry Center" is a local play which has long been a favorite with Boston audiences, as its title role is one of the best assumptions of one of our best comedians, WILLIAM WARREN of the Museum. WARREN is a cousin of JOE JEFFERSON, and though he has not so wide a reputation he is considered to be the equal, if not the superior, of *Tip* in many ways. He is in fact our leading comedian and equally at home in high comedy or broad farce. The "Member from Cranberry Center," the *Hon. Jefferson Scattering Bathins*, lives but for one high and holy purpose, to frustrate the schemes of the Boston "click," which is Cranberry Center for *clique*. Hence he nobly opposes every measure introduced by a member from the Hub, and is altogether a noble specimen of the sturdy yeoman. *Mr. Bathins* is hardly a pre-Raphaelite study of the average country member, but it would be untrue to call him a caricature so long as his numerous prototypes continue to meet beneath the sacred codfish in the State House, and air bucolic eloquence, in interminable sessions, every year between harvest and seed time.