

Stage Whispers.

Miss ISABELLA McCULLOUGH (Mme. BRIGNOLI) has resumed her old place in the choir at St. Stephen's Church, New York.

Dr. HANS VON BULOW is writing recitatives for BERLIOZ' opera, "Beatrix and Benedict," for the Hanover Opera House next season.

"Our Boys" was played in London for more than three years continuously, and by the end of that time it had killed three of the actors and sent two more to the lunatic asylum. These long runs may be fun for the author, manager and public, but they are hard on the actors.

"When you go into a dramatic agency now," remarks HARRY HAWK, the comedian, but two questions are asked: 1. 'Can you sing?' 2. 'Can you walk?' If you can sing they ship you off with a 'Pinafore' party. If you can't sing, they match you for \$10,000 to walk against the Canadian pet."

WILLIAM CARLETON, the baritone, has made a hit as "Escamillo" in "Carmen," in Glasgow, Scotland. He writes, regarding the London performance of "Pinafore," that "SULLIVAN'S instrumentation is charming, and the American orchestra gives a faint idea of its excellence and bigness."

The first choice ticket for JENNY LIND'S first concert in Providence, R. I., for which \$653 was paid by Col. WILLIAM ROSS, who died there on February 24, hangs in a frame on the walls of the Ross mansion in that city. It bears the signature of JENNY LIND, and the receipt is verified in the handwriting of P. T. BARNUM.

A new opera called the "Phantom of the Sleeping Car," is to be produced soon. It is by WAGNER, and will be in charge of an experienced conductor. It will be given nightly, and probably have a long run. Its berth will be hailed with rail pleasure. Tickets may be had at all the railroad stations.—*Whitehall Times*.

BRONSON HOWARD'S play of "The Banker's Daughter" has had a remarkable run in New York. On the night of its 100th performance people were unable to find seats in the crowded theatre. It is at last to be withdrawn in a week or two, and at present it is intended that its one hundred and fortieth representation will be the last of this run.

English papers are puzzled about Miss KELLOGG'S future movements. The *Figaro* says: "Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will sail on the 12th of April for London, to undertake, it is said, a European tour under the direction of Mr. MAURICE STRAKOSCH. It is difficult to quite understand what this means. Miss KELLOGG is not engaged at either of our opera houses, and it is clearly unwise to begin an opera tour either in the English provinces or on the Continent in May.

Toronto is favoured this week with a visit from GILMOUR'S band of New York. This celebrated combination of artists would form a great attraction of itself, but the treat is greatly magnified by the addition of Miss STONE, the great singer, and Mr. LEVY, the finest of all cornet-players. Lovers of first class music should seize the opportunity of enjoying a rare evening's entertainment. A matinee is given on Good Friday and Saturday, and performances on both evenings, at the Grand Opera House, under the management of Mr. PIROU.

A Parliamentary Ballad.

Which relateth the almost Tragic Encounter between two Bluenoses.

I.

WILL GILMOR rose in the Commons Hall
To denounce the great M. P.,
And showed how the lumbermen would fall
In the Province of N. B.
How the Megquidavic to the sea:
In gloom would henceforth flow:
How grass on the mouldering sawdust heaps
Luxuriantly would grow:
How the border smugglers would go
To the State of Maine for powder,
And the native clambake disappear
Like a flash of pow-ow-owder:
How the spruce, and pine, and hem-hemlock,
And the curling hackmatacks,
Would echo no more the ringing blows
Of the sturdy woodman's axe:
And how it was worse—es! far, far worse—
Than African slave-ree.
To live in a land that was under the curse
Of the National Policy.

II.

The salt, salt tears they dropped from his nose,
As he told his tale of woe,
And he sroto the desk with his red right hand
'Till he quivered beneath the blow:
But yet his heartless auditors
With laughter were o'er borne—
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"
"Laugh! laugh!" said he, in a towering rage:
"Laugh! laugh! ye fiends, with joy,
At my plaintive tale, while they weep and wail
On the banks of the broad St. Croix!"

III.

His glittering eye upon DOMVILLE rests,
And there falls upon his ear,
Amid the din of the laughing House,
The Major's shrill "hear! hear!"
And he shouts: "That dagger in his mouth,
Three years ago or more,
Did stab me with a cowardly stab,
Across this very floor!
He said I was a bankrupt, sir!"
"Was it not true?" asked JEEMS,
"It was a coward's slanderous charge!"
The GILMOR fiercely screams,
"I paid one hundred cents! CENTS!! CENTS!!
On every single dollar
And I am sure that specimen
The example cannot feller!"

IV.

Then, "Mr. Speaker," the Major shouts,
"I beg to say I rise
To ask the member to assume
A gentleman's disguise!"

V.

This added fuel to the flame
Of Bluenose GILMOR'S rage,
And it seemed that nothing less than hair
His anger would assuage.
"I am not free with others' gold,
You fraud financial!
I humbugged not constituents,
You fraud political!
And if you dare to tackle me,
Whoo-hoop! by the great Lord HARRY!
I'll polish you off till your other arm
In a sling you'll have to carry!"

VI.

"Shame!" "Put him out?" "Shut up, shut up!"
The Tory members cried:
But GILMOR like a hero stood,
And all the crew defied.
"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly,"
He said, with Scotland's King,
"From its firm base as soon as I!"
None ventured in the ring.

VII.

Our hero, taking the Speaker's hint,
No more on this did say,
But told how his people could emigrate
To Pennsylvania,
To Ohio, to Massachu,
And to the Mississipp,—
By rail, on foot, by land and sea,
Away they all would skip.

VIII.

And then he received a message from JAMES,
"To step for a moment outside,"
But thought of the BUNSTER-CHEVAL ROW,
And remained his friends beside.
While the Major roared round the corridors,
Like a tiger in search of prey,
Until, with fretting, and fuming and thinking,
His anger melted away
To such an extent that he listened to friends,
And finally did agree,
That in lieu of the blood of the lumberman,
He'd take an apology.

Literature and Art.

PARKMAN is now actively engaged on his new work, "MONTCALEM and the Conquest of New France," which, we believe, is to complete his series.

Of Prof. W. K. CLIFFORD, who died recently in England, HUXLEY once said that he had "the finest scientific mind that has appeared in England for fifty years."

Mr. GEO. STEWART, Jr., has severed his connection with *Rose-Belford's Magazine*, and goes to Quebec, to take an editorial position on the *Chronicle*. Success to him.

WALT WHITMAN'S health is better than it has been since he had an attack of paralysis in 1873, and he thinks of visiting California this year. He will be sixty years old on the 31st of May.

The humorist LOCKE (Nasby) has made a drama of the "Widow Bedott" papers, and will have it brought out soon. The Bedott Papers were written by a lady resident of Whitestown, N. Y.

Mr. JAMES HANNAY, of the *St. John Telegraph*, has written a history of the Maritime Provinces which has just been published. The work is pronounced by competent critics the best yet produced on the subject, both in design and literary finish.

The Ontario School of Art has just closed its winter session, and on Thursday afternoon an exhibition of the work of the pupils in pencil and oil was opened at the Art Rooms. The display is eminently satisfactory, and both teachers and pupils are to be congratulated on the progress manifested.

The last issue of the *Bangor Commercial* contains an announcement that Messrs. BASS, MUDGE and GETCHELL will publish it in future with Mr. G. B. GOODWIN as editor. We congratulate the *Commercial* on securing the services of such an able journalist as Mr. GOODWIN, who as editor of the "All Sorts" column in the *Boston Post*, has acquired a wide celebrity.

It is not entirely certain that Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER will thank the *Hartford Sunday-Journal* for describing him as "a decidedly foreign looking personage, with longish, curlish, blondish, grayish, hyperionish hair, a full Gottingen beard, romantic nose, thick eye-brows, a bright, good-natured eye hidden behind specs., the whole apparition decked in Siberian ulster, turbanish seal cap and heavy brogans."

THOMAS HARDY, who is the only rival of WILLIAM BLACK for the honour of being the most popular of recent English novelists, is 38 years old, and was educated in a provincial village, becoming as one might fancy from his figures of speech, the apprentice of a country architect. In London, however, he became a student under BLOMFIELD and a disciple of the Gothic school. He won prizes in architecture, and studied to be an art critic. Finally he chose fiction.

Of the late ELIHU BURRITT'S works the *Providence Press* says that he "intended to leave all his copyrights, his manuscripts, his library and his literary remains with a professor of Brown's University, on condition that the latter should edit such manuscripts and republish such books as might be expedient, annotating and correcting them up to date. The offer was declined, the learned philologist being unwilling to risk his reputation on Mr. BURRITT'S publications.