#### Literature and Art.

SORCIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth." care of Chew Office.

The stage of the Royal is vacant this week, but fresh attractions will be announced shortly.

The Globe states that the Telegram was founded with Goldwin Smith's money, only it doesn't mention the Telegram's name.

Mrs Scott-Siddons has taken a short lease of the Haymarket Theatre, London, beginning in September next. So saith Dame Rumor.

Mr. Keene, the star of the "Hazel Kirke" company, is a Kingstonian, and when he arrived in that town on Friday evening by the Algerian had pleasant calls from many old friends.

Miss Genevieve Ward gave a series of performances in her celebrated part of Stephanie at the Grand last week. The audiences were not so large as might have been expected.

An endeavor is being made to secure the appearance of Booth, Irving and McCulloch in such a piece as "Julius Cresar," and so bring the three greatest tragedians of the day on the same stage.

We would again remind our readers that the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open. A very pleasant and profitable hour may be spent in viewing the works, which are of high average merit.

The Public Library project in Toronto appears to have dropped out of sight. The idea is gone, but we trust not forgotten. No city ever wanted a public library more than this—the intellectual centre—does.

Canadian papers speak in the highest terms of praise of the work of Warren Hall, son of Capt. J. W. Hall, of the Trade Review, of this city. A very fine portrait by "Warnie" hangs in Brow's gallery.—Ohaft, Detroit.

The Ford English Opera Company succeeded Miss Ward at the Grand, appearing in "Olivette" and "Billee Taylor." The latter work, though plainly an imitation of "Pinafore," has enough originality about it to make it palatable.

The opposition of the Globe to the proposed press dinner to Goldwin Smith will help to make the affair a success. We have not heard how the preparations are progressing, but it is to be hoped it will be a decided triumph if given at all.

William Ross Wallace, author of the once popular song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," died last week in New York. He was born in Paris, Ky., in 1819. He was a contemporary and friend of William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe and George D. Prentice.

Lord Dufferin, whose artistic talents are well known in Canada, has recently completed a crayon drawing of Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, a lady who was frequently a guest at Rideau during his term. The work is pronounced admirable. The Earl, it is said, was in Paris last year studying art incognito.

Mr. Davin, being a gallant Irishman, will no doubt feel ashamed of himself when he learns the real facts in the matter of the "pirating" of his Beaconsfield article by Philadelphia Quiz. But he should have enquired first before rushing into print. We learn from a Philadelphia correspondent that the contribution in question was sent in by a friend of the paper, when the editress, accidentally discovering that it was a compilation, took the trouble to find out the name of the original author (Mr. Davin), and added that gentleman's initials after the matter was in type. This hardly comes under the category of "stealing," and the chivalrous Nicholas Flood will no doubt fittingly apologize for his hastiness.

NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

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### Literature and Art.

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

The last number of Grir contains the usual amount of good things, only a little more so. It also completed the 16th Volume, and auspiciously concluded the 8th year of its existence.

—Belleville Ontario.

The fact that Haverly's Minstrels are at the Grand Opera accounts for the rush to that place of amusement. The name of Haverly is a sufficient guaranty of excollence, did we not know from previous acquaintance that the troupe is a first-class one. Go and see them if you want to have a refreshing laugh.

The last number of Gair contains an excellent cartoon concerning Sir Samuel Tilley's sudden change of mind as to his retirement from public life. Sir Leonard Tilley is represented as shaking his fist in Sir Samuel Tilley's face, and saying, "You miscrable Grit prevaricator! who authorized you to report abroad that I intended to retire from public life?" — Ottawa Free Press.

Joseph K. Emmet, who was recently reported by cable as having been put in a lunatic asylum at Liverpool on account of alcoholism, has been financially the most successful actor in the world. He is equally popular in the United States, England and Australia, and can make contracts with managers wherever he goes for seven performances a week at \$500 cach.

Nearly all the London journals agree that McCulloch did not create a very satisfactory impression as Othello, and that there was too much ficreeness in his rendering of the character. Several critics comment favorably on the first part of the proformance. The audience, however, appreciated the actor's efforts, and recalled him three times at the end of the third act.

George C. Harding, an Indianapolis journalist, widely known, died on Sunday in that city. He was a war correspondent during the sectional strife. After that he was interested in the publication of literary weeklies in Indianapolis, the most successful of which was the Saturday Herald, which is still a very flourishing paper. His last newspaper venture was the Indianapolis Review.

It was the editor of the Globe who uttered the famous dictum that nothing was necessary to edit a paper of a certain class, beyond a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and a modicum of brains. Wild Oats, of New York, is a good illustration of this sort of journalism. The publisher has evidently secured a bankrupt stock of old cuts. Each week he selects a batch of eight pages of them, writes legend lines under each (entirely foreign to the real idea of the cuts), fills up the remaining eight pages with stale reprint, and puts the whole re-hash on the market under the title of a "comie paper!"



The second concert of the Choral Society under the direction of Mr. E. Fisher comes off this (Friday) evening. From the rush made for scats it is safe to predict a crowded pavilion, and the merits of the Society deserve nothing less. On this occasion Mendels sohn's "Come, let us sing," and Costa's "Dream,' with selections, form the pro-

gramme. Mr. Dennison, whose singing in the "Pirates of Penzance" created so favorable an impression, is to be the principal tenor soloist. A rare treat is in store for all lovers of music.