

Dramatic.

"An't please your honor, players," TAKING OF THE SHREW. Act 1, Scene 1. AN AUSTRALIAN COMEDIAN.



THE LATE ARTHUR REDWOOD.

By the death of Arthur Redwood—his full name was Arthur Redwood Tovey—the stage has lost an actor of no ordinary talent. His career was, unfortunately, but a brief one; for, when the end came, he was only in his thirtieth year. He had worked hard, and so successfully as to leave little doubt that if life and health had lasted still farther distinction in the profession which he had chosen would have been easily within his reach; but these fair hopes were suddenly cut short by a stroke of paralysis, under which, after lingering for many months, the poor fellow finally sank. It may be remembered that when he made his first appearance in Australia—a few years ago—his merits as a comedian were at once recognised. It was as Elijah Coombes, in "The Silver King," that he was introduced to a colonial audience; and the performance certainly deserved the favor which it won. It was an admirable piece of character acting. He was subsequently seen in a variety of comic parts, in some of which he had the disadvantage of following men who might be said to have made them their own, but in most of which he was remarkably effective. Among the later of the impersonations in which he was especially happy, may be mentioned that of the ambitious tailor in "The Private Secretary." People whose business it is to be funny in public are not perhaps, as a rule, particularly entertaining in private life. It was otherwise in the case of Arthur Redwood. He was a most amusing companion, could tell an anecdote with rare skill, and cause it to sparkle with point and humor. He had more solid qualities, too; and, had his bent not been decidedly theatrical, he could possibly have excelled in directions widely different from that. He had received a good education, and was naturally a shrewd and bright observer of men and things. Notwithstanding the turn for raillery and satire which was so strongly developed in him, at heart he was full of genuine kindness. In the true, as well as the conventional sense of the word, he was to be pronounced a gentleman.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

SYDNEY.—The programme of the Operatic Company in the Theatre Royal has, in the course of the past week, comprised "Norma," "Rigoletti," and "Faust." The opera of the "Romessi Sposi," founded on Manzoni's famous romance of the same name, is promised for the first time in this city. Mr. Grattan Riggs has been so entirely associated here with Irish parts that it is quite a novel treat for his admirers to see him in one in which he has to drop the brogue. This opportunity has been afforded to them by the production of a melodrama, entitled "First Class," in which Mr. Riggs plays the character of Jack Stroud, a commercial traveller, and one of the personages through whose agency that final triumph which melodramatic law prescribes for virtue, is brought about. Miss Maggie Knight, who seems to have a speciality for depicting afflicted heroines of lowly life, is very pathetic as Peggy, a street waif. Mr. Alfred Dampier has been giving the late Charles Reade's drama of "Life in a Coal Pit;" and the production has been very well received by the patrons of the Standard. A play of Charles Reade's is of course sure to be thoroughly realistic, and to show out above the level of the ordinary playwright's work. The leading figure in the drama is most effectively represented by Mr. Dampier; and Miss Dampier, too, is provided with a congenial part.—In the Criterion Theatre, Miss Carrie Swain continues to appear in "The Miner's Daughter." Those clever specialists, the Raynor Brothers are playing in the Academy of Music what is announced as a farewell engagement, previously to their return to England.—The Coghill Brothers maintain their popularity in the Gaiety, and Mr. Frank Smith's Variety Troupe does ditto in the Alhambra Music Hall.

MELBOURNE.—The comedy of "The Pick-pocket," after a successful run in the Opera House, gave place last Saturday to a revival of "The Shaughraun," with Mr. Boucicault in his father's celebrated part of Conn, and Mr. Brough in that of Harvey Duff.—Miss Minnie Palmer's season in the Bijou Theatre was brought to a close last week. The audience, which assembled for a parting glance at "My Sweetheart," was most warm in its applause.—Miss Palmer's successor in the Bijou is Mr. John Gourlay, who has lately returned to the colony after an absence of several years. He is one of a family well known in Scottish entertainments to an elder generation of Australians. Mr. Gourlay

has made his re-appearance in Melbourne, in conjunction with other members of a comedy company, in a piece entitled "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."—"A Run of Luck" is still drawing large audiences to the Theatre Royal. It is a sporting drama. In one of its most striking scenes a real pack of hounds is introduced, and the finish of a race, on which the fortunes of the hero depend, is witnessed.—This week is to see the last of "Harbor Lights" in the Princess's Theatre. The piece has had a most prosperous run; the longest yet recorded, it seems, at that house.—Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated by the Melbourne Shakesperian Society. An entertainment of recitations, music, and song was given; and it was a great success.

BAIRSBANE.—The Operatic Company has continued to receive good support from the music-loving folks of the Queensland capital. Mr. Harry St. Maur's dramatic season has apparently been eminently satisfactory to himself and to the public. He will shortly take his company to New Zealand.

ADELAIDE.—Whether theatrical amusements have suddenly begun to flourish more vigorously than they were wont to in Adelaide, may be a matter for farther inquiry; but at any rate both the Theatre Royal and Garner's Theatre are open at present; and both, it is to be hoped, doing well. The former is occupied by Williamson and Company's burlesque troupe, and the latter by Cunard's Specialty Union, which includes the Faust family and two gymnasts, Messrs. French and Angelo.

NEW ZEALAND.—Fryer's Circus and the Japanese Village have been drawing large audiences in Dunedin.—The Flak Jubilee Singers were recently in Christchurch, where the counter musical attraction was "The Mikado."

STAGE WHISPERS.—Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" was recently revived in the Haymarket, with Mrs. Brown Potter (an American lady who had attracted some attention in London society) as the heroine.—The death, at the age of 77 years, is announced of Mrs. Henry Marston, an English actress, famous in her day as the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet."—"Fin Mac-Cool," Boucicault's new play, was well received in America. In a talk about it and plays in general, Dion said he did not think London audiences did right to hiss the bad plays of "authors whose positions entitled them to decent treatment." According to the gifted son of Erin, if Shakespeare himself were living in these days, but a small proportion of his plays would escape being damned.—The author of "Harbor Lights," Henry Pettitt, is writing a new play for the Adelphi. It is to be all about rustic England.—Pincro's farcical comedy of "Dandy Dick" is said to be the most amusing thing he has ever written for the stage.—Frank Weston, of Wizard Oil fame, was last heard of from London, where he was beating up theatrical recruits for the Cape.—It does not appear that the Boucicault divorce case is compromised after all. The court has begun its Hilary sittings in London, and Dion Boucicault is cited to appear at the suit of his wife (Miss Agnes Robertson).—Ellen Terry hopes her daughter will not become an actress. She intends to send her to Girton College.—George Maxwell, a son of the celebrated novelist, Mrs. Maxwell (better known as Miss Braddon), suddenly broke down in his part while playing Guildenstern to the Hamlet of Mr. Wilson Barrett, lately in America, and shortly afterward exhibited symptoms of brain disease.—The Stadt Theatre in Gottingen has been completely destroyed—fortunately without loss of life.—Max O'Rell, author of "John Bull and his Island," has written a long letter to the PALL MALL GAZETTE, in which, referring to the strictures of the London correspondent of the Paris FIGARO on Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, he expresses the opinion that that scribe must either be totally insensible to humor, or else grossly ignorant of the English language. A parody of "Ruddy Gore," entitled "Ruddy George, or Robin Redbreast," is announced for production at a matinee in Toole's Theatre.—Messrs. Brougham and Boucicault have secured the Australian rights of Robert Buchanan's comedy of "Sophia," an adaptation of Fielding's "Tom Jones."—Miss Genevieve Ward is expected back in England from her American tour in May next. After a short rest, she and Mr. W. H. Vernon will give a series of performances in the provinces.—It is alleged that Mrs. Langtry is playing in the United States to a net profit of £1800 per week, of which she receives as her share 80 per cent. If this be true, the actress is being paid at the rate of £1440 per week; or, reckoning the very modest average of thirty-two weeks to the theatrical year, her income would be over £45,000 per annum.

Picture of Life.

The interval is short between the marriage peal and the funeral knell; orange blossoms and the cypress wreath lay side by side. How swift the flight from spring to summer; from the full glory of autumn to the desolation of winter! How short the march from childhood to youth; from manhood's prime to the decay and feebleness of age! How short the hours of each day, and how full of change! Fortunes won and fortunes lost, reputations brightened and blackened, tidings of joy and messages of sorrow, the full glow of health and the sudden smiting of disease, social distinction and social infamy—each and all make up the record from dawn to sunset. The life history is one of sudden transitions; it is a mingled robe, gay and sombre. Here the bright hues flash and there the dark tints appear; the shuttle ever flying with threads of black and gold, until the checkered pattern begun at the cradle is finished at the grave.

The British budget shows that trade in the old country is improving. Work is the law of our being—the living principle which carries men and nations onward.—Sir R. Peel.



JACKO, IN HIS THIRST FOR MISCHIEF, SERVES THE COOK A GOOD TURN.

said was "Serve him right." For she did not know his mischievous play had saved the goose for dinner next day.

THE SMALLEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

(See Illustration on Page 917.)

Nearly two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for we have water dogs, and watch dogs, and sheep dogs, and fighting dogs, and pet dogs, and kangaroo dogs, and carriage dogs; big dogs and little dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs; dogs for killing rats, and dogs for killing sheep; dogs for use, and dogs for ornament.

Sometimes the fashion has been for big dogs; and then what giants were suddenly grown! Why, there have been dogs as large as Shetland ponies! Then slender dogs were in demand, and behold! dogs like shadows, with legs like pipe-stems, came into existence. As for the ugly dog fashion—well, perhaps you will not think so, particularly if you have an ugly dog; but nevertheless the pug dog answers this demand.

Then there is the little dog—the toy dog, as it is called. The smallest to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest dog had not been officially recorded, no one could be blamed for doubting the facts concerning the little fellow.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald MacLaine, of England; and, in honor of his extreme tininess, is now carefully preserved under a glass case.

Tiny was less than 4in long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat which ever lived—when the rat was dead.

To tell the whole truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat; but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily; and then, oh, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!



What a "Cat"-astrophe!

"Dear me, it's going to rain all day; and I've got to sing alto on the back fence at 4 o'clock this afternoon!"

Bismarck's large consumption of brandy during his speeches in the Reichstag has brought out the alleged fact that he has been a confirmed tippler for many years. After the Franco-German war, when the treaty of Frankfurt was to be drawn up, Thiers was in a quandary as to whom he should send as the representative of France. M. Pouyer-Quertier, to-day a senator, was finally hit upon, "because he could drink as much as the Chancellor."

Children's Corner.

"The child is father of the man." —WORDSWORTH.

NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

"When grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he To the curly headed youngster who had climb'd upon his knee, "So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass; And out of three he always stood the second in his class—" "But if no more were in it, you were next to foot like me." "Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before!" said he. "When grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he, "He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly; No toy or lolly shop was there for miles and miles about, And with his books straight home he'd go the moment school was out—" "But if there had been one, you might have spent them all, like me." "Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before!" said he. "When grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he, "He never stayed up later than an hour after tea; It wasn't good for little boys at all, his mother said; And so when it was early, she would march him off to bed—" "But if she hadn't, maybe you'd have stayed up late like me." "Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of that before!" said he. "When grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he, "In summer he went barefoot, and was happy as could be; And all the neighbors round about agreed he was a lad Who was as good as he could be, except when he was bad—" "But 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very much like me." "Why, bless you, grandpa's often thought of that before!" said he.

A GOOD TURN.

The goose was plucked for dinner next day, when pussy came strolling round that way; and she thought "Here's a chance for a dainty bite. Surely I must be in luck's way, quite." She sprang as fast as she was able on to the corner of the table, when Jacko, who noticed her little ruse, thought he'd have a lark with that goose. He sneaked round the tin which the feathers were in, and grinned a remarkably mischievous grin. And just as the cat began to gnaw, Jacko seized the goose with his paw. And they pulled, and snarled, and struggled around, till the cat fell into a tub on the ground. And the tin, with a great deal of clatter and din, turned over and shut poor Jacko in. The terrible noise alarmed the cook, who rushed in terror to have a look, when she found the goose all safe and sound; and the greedy cat like a drowned rat sprang out of the tub with a mighty bound. And Jacko chattered and squealed in fright; and all the cook