

## AFTER READING ARNOLD'S "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

Who reads this measure flowing strong and deep,  
 It seems to him old Homer's voice he hears ;  
 But soon grows up a sound that moves to tears—  
 Tears such as Homer cannot make us weep,  
 Whether a grieving god bids death and sleep  
 Bear slain Sarpedon home unto his peers,  
 Or gray-haired Priam, kneeling, full of fears,  
 Seeks Hector's corse torn by the chariot's sweep.  
 Lightly these sorrows move us, in compare  
 With that which moans along the Oxus' tide,  
 Where by his father's hand young Sohrab died,—  
 Great father and great son met unaware  
 On fate's dark field : in awe we leave them there,  
 Wrapped in the mists that from the river glide.

—From the Critic.

## EVENINGS AT HOME.

BEAUTY : ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

A correspondent of the *New York World*, who claimed to have interviewed Lord Coleridge on the steamer which took him to England, writes :—

"He said he thought the American women far excelled their English cousins in both beauty and intellect, and he should not be backward to say so on his native soil."

Although justice be proverbially blind and the ethics of compliment are elastic, there is no occasion to believe that Lord Coleridge ever made the remarks attributed to him in so crude a form ; and American reporters are very apt to record the questions they may ask as being the answers they have received. But the comparison, whether made by Lord Coleridge in these terms or not, is one of some interest, and a few remarks on it will not be out of place. There can be no doubt that Americans honestly believe their women to be the most beautiful in the world : nor to them would there appear any extravagance in the remark of the *New York Sun* on the audience which attended Irving's first performance, "in respect of the beauty it contained far surpassing any audience that Mr. Irving ever bowed to in his life." But the opinion of foreigners—I do not speak of Englishmen alone—is very different ; and I have never met one who had lived long or travelled much in America who did not hold that female beauty in the States is extremely rare, while the average of ordinary good looks is unusually low. More pretty faces are to be seen in a single day in London than in a month in the States. The average of beauty is far higher in Canada, and the American town in which the most pretty women are noticeable is Detroit, on the Canadian border, and containing many Canadian residents. In the Western States beauty is conspicuous by its absence, and in Eastern towns, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, it is to be chiefly found. In New York, in August, I hardly saw a face which could be called pretty. Society was out of town, but an estimate of national beauty is best formed by a study of the faces of the people ; and the races at Monmouth Park had collected whatever of beauty or fashion had been left in the city. Even at Saratoga, the most attractive face seemed that of a young English lady passing through on her way to Australia. In November, New York presented a different appearance, and many pretty women were to be seen, although the number was comparatively small, and at the Metropolitan Opera House, even American friends were unable to point out any lady whom they could call beautiful. A distinguished artist told me that when he first visited America he scarcely saw in the streets of New York a single face which he could select as a model, though he could find twenty such in the London street in which his studio was situated.

The American type of beauty is extremely delicate and refined, and London and Continental society will always contain some American ladies who may rank among the loveliest in the world. Such are known to us all, but are more common in Europe than America. A beautiful girl is, in the first place, more likely to travel than a plain one, for she is anxious for new worlds to conquer ; the pride and affection of her parents are more likely to second her legitimate ambition, and, having reached Europe, she is obviously more likely to remain there. If American girls be anxious to marry Englishmen, as a study of contemporary novels, plays, and society would seem to show, it is a proof of their good sense ; for America, which is the best place in the world for making money, is the very worst for spending it. Life revolves round the office and the shop and the counting-house, and a woman of spirit doubtless prefers a society like that of London, where even the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three o'clock in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves. America will grow day by day more like the Old World in this respect, and when its citizens shall have learned the science of amusement it will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present. The change in the habits of the men will have a direct effect upon the beauty of the women. The English are an athletic race, and the amusements in which they delight are in the open air. As are the men so are the women. Riding and rowing, walking and tennis, have developed in them a beauty the chief charm of which is that it is healthy. The late hours of the ball-room do not take the bloom from a cheek which is daily renewed by a gallop in the park before luncheon, or a game of lawn-tennis in the afternoon. In America life is sedentary. The national game of base-ball is mostly played by professionals.

the national pastime of trotting-matches cannot be counted as exercise in the English sense of the word. The men, with few exceptions, have no country life—few of them even know how to ride ; they neither hunt, nor row, nor shoot, nor play cricket ; and the women, being everywhere the shadow of the men, are accomplished in none of those outdoor exercises in which their English sisters find and renew their beauty. The charm which is born of delicacy may be a very lovely thing, like the finest porcelain, but it does not constitute the highest form of beauty, which is inseparable from good health.—*Sir Lepel Griffin in the Fortnightly Review.*

## TRIOLETS.

If I should steal a little kiss,  
 Oh, would she weep I wonder ?  
 I tremble at the thought of bliss—  
 If I should steal a little kiss ?  
 Such pouting lips would never miss  
 The dainty bit of plunder ;  
 If I should steal a little kiss,  
 Oh, would she weep I wonder ?

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
 He may if he'll return it ;  
 If I can read the tender sign,  
 He longs to steal a kiss of mine ;  
 "In love and war"—you know the line,  
 Why cannot he discern it ?  
 He longs to steal a kiss of mine—  
 He may if he'll return it.

A little kiss when no one sees—  
 Where is the impropriety ?  
 How sweet amid the birds and bees  
 A little kiss when no one sees ;  
 Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,  
 If taken with sobriety.  
 A little kiss when no one sees,  
 Where is the impropriety.

—Ex.

## THE LIVADIA.

CZAR ALEXANDER II.'s famous yacht, the *Livadia*, has just turned up as a coal hulk in the harbour of Sebastopol. This is an ignominious ending for a craft which was expected to revolutionize marine architecture, and which was certainly one of the most gorgeous vessels ever built. No such vessel had been seen since Noah navigated the eastern waters ; her hull was hidden in a projecting basement which supported a row of pillars ; she had four tiers of decks paved with black, white, and red marble ; there was a magnificent marble fountain ; the baths were hewn from white marble blocks ; rows of electric lights illuminated the saloons and avenue-like corridors, and the many sets of apartments were finished in rare woods and stones, furnished with the most costly trappings and ornamented with oriental splendour. Altogether the *Livadia* was more like a fairy palace than a modern yacht, and it is not strange that the impression went abroad that one purpose of her creation was to dazzle the Asiatic mind and increase the awe and mystery with which it regarded the czar. But the *Livadia* was not a safe sailor, and before Alexander's assassination she was practically discarded as worthless. Strange as she was in looks, she was declared upon her completion to have been the result of "a profound consideration of scientific difficulties" and that "what looks like the wildest of vagaries is the result of ingenious calculations." But she was a failure from the start, and soon after her completion she was almost wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and acted so badly every way that her crew were afraid to trust themselves at sea in her any more. She was quietly laid aside soon after that first test.—*American Queen.*

## IN VENICE.

THE extraordinary beauty of recent sunsets has provided, in this country, topics for letters and articles in the newspapers, but, according to the Roman papers, the people in Venice seem to have gone mad over the loveliness of the skies. A correspondent writing from there says that it would be impossible to exaggerate the gorgeous effect of gold, purple and blazing crimson lately seen in Venetian evening skies. The hour of sundown is the established time for the orthodox tourist, desirous of mounting the Campanile, to make his ascent and look down upon Venice and the lagoons. Of late his toil had been amply repaid. Guides, who hang about the Campanile and the Piazza, recognize the marvellous brilliancy of the sunsets, and throw an extra amount of zeal into their advice to travellers to ascend and admire. Added to their recommendation is generally a prophecy that to-morrow there will be a fog which will inevitably shut out the view. However lovely may be the sunlight, moonlight in Venice retains its old hold on the imagination of the tourist. "*Signore*," asked a gondolier of an American, who was enjoying from his boat the effect of the moonbeams on the water, "is there a moon in England?" (England and America are one in the mind of the lower class Venetian). "Why, certainly," answered the Yankee. The gondolier looked surprised ; politeness forbade an expression of incredulity. "I thought that there was not," he said, "for our moon is generally the first thing which the English care to see in Venice."—*American Queen.*