

BREATHES THERE A MAN ?

Breathes there a man to care so dead
That never to himself has sold,
"I ain't got no—no nary red!"
Whose pocket, in these fifty times,
Falls not to ting with silver chains
Whon gold and not a fave has?
If each there breathe, go mark him well:
Junks! how the covs must strain and swell!
Out with his luffey, tell his name!
Hand down the lucky coin to fame;
Unique his care, despite himself
Such rare and such exhaustless self;
Living shall bring him huge renown,
And when at length he nuzzles down
To the mere dust from which he sprung,
He shall by every voice and tongue
As the man who had always a "red" be sung.

THE THEATRE.

"Macbeth" was played at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening; Mr. and Mrs. Wallack appearing as *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*. We were not prepared to find in Mrs. Wallack such a *Lady Macbeth*. The part is one that ought to be shunned except by those imbued with the tragic muse, and endowed by nature with the requisite *physique*. Mrs. Wallack is all this, and has shown herself in this character to be an *artiste* of the first water. The sleep-walking scene, however, was weak. In addition to greater faults, this part was not dressed well.

Mr. Wallack's *Macbeth*, from first to last, lacked feeling. It was uncomfortably harsh; and we even looked in vain for a touch of human nature from him when uttering the soliloquy commencing, "My way of life has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf!" This was as coldly and grumblingly delivered as the rest. Mr. Wallack, although of undoubted talent and many good parts, has acquired a style of which originality is the only merit. However it takes well with a portion of the audience.

None of the other characters in the piece deserve mention. Mr. and Mrs. Wallack were not supported at all; and a great deal of unnecessary delay occurred in the piece. The various witch-scenes were not worked up with taste. Of the instrumental music we do not complain, but the vocalization was a mockery of the *Macbeth* score from first to last. *Ilcaete* (Mr. W. J. Hill) was the only one who could sing—and it is due to him to say that he filled his part admirably. A singing woman is wanted badly at the Lyceum.

We may seem to deni harshly with a tender plant like the Lyceum this week—but there is no reason why *Macbeth*, with the aid of two such *artistes* as Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, should not be got up in a creditable manner—that is in a manner at least equal to the efforts which Mr. Marlowe has shown himself capable of making.

To-night Mr. and Mrs. Wallack appear for the last time in our city. "Werner," and the "Lady and the Devil," have been selected for the evening. The occasion would fit the largest theatre outside of Toronto, and ought to be appreciated in a becoming manner here.

The "COOPER OPERA TROUPE," which succeeded so well here six months ago, have been engaged, and will appear on Monday night. On their last visit, the Lyceum was crowded to excess every night of their engagement.

DESCRIPTION OF UNIVERSITY PARK, TORONTO.

From a forthcoming Novel by the Secretary of the Colonies, SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.

On its western side, the river Don, its tortuous course winds on, gliding like the silver-headed rattle-snake through the tall prairie grass and the lank bulrushes that line its banks, until it at last gives forth its freshening waters to the great Lake. On the north, the rugose pinnacles of the Oak Ridges rear themselves to the threatening clouds, opposing themselves effective barriers to the terrific blasts of the north wind and the deadly shooting electric streamers of the Aurora Borealis of the adjoining pole. Gradually sloping from the base of these ridges the land becomes a beautiful level, and delightfully varied to the westward by numerous grassy mounds which mark the resting place of the brave Indian chiefs, whose aboriginal arms so efficiently assisted the British troops against the revolting colonists at the battle of the Windmill, Gallows Hill, and other important actions in which the rebels were defeated with great loss. This gentle graduation of the land continues uninterrupted for more than three miles down to the argillaceous banks of the blue Ontario, from which the organ of vision can behold that greatest of great natural wonders of the world—the Falls of Niagara—whose tumbling waters roll so impetuously over the lofty precipice into an unfathomable abyss below, from whence they rise again boiling and bubbling to the surface, covering the whole lake with milk white foam, and heating its waters almost to boiling. On the east lies the city, but screening it partially from the observer's eye is another of those remarkable freaks of nature so peculiar to the land of the far west, stretching along at right angles with the equator far as the eye can reach is that most wonderful and romantic, most delightful and enchanting spot of America's earth, the College Avenue. Separated by a distance of sixty or seventy feet are two parallel lines of trees. The spreading elm, the waving pine, the kite-leaved chestnut, sweet favoured cedar, the gorgeous maple, the quivering birch, the shallow sycamore; all here are found uniting and twining their branches overbend, to form the cool shade for the blest denizens of the west. Various are the legends of the red man concerning the formation and growth of this great corridor of trees; multifarious the number of heroes, pale faced and red, to whom has been attributed the construction of so grand, so perfect a sylvan retreat. Some to General Brock award the honor, on account of his great skill in gardening, of which the planting of his men at Queenston Heights, is a well known proof. The honor, however, has been denied to Brock, as also to Columbus, Washington, and Jacques Cartier, and their claims to it successfully refuted in a treatise by the learned Doctor Tumblebee, and the truth of the following Iroquois-Chactaw chief legend verified:—

THE LEGEND.

In the very early days of the earth's history, long before crows commenced building nests in old men's beards, or turkeys had learned the disgustingly filthy habit of chewing tobacco, the powerful and war-like tribe of the Big-jaws were "located" on the north shores of Lake Ontario, their

principal abodes,* being the site of the present capital of Upper Canada. To the south of them the country was inhabited by the restless itinerant tribe, the Sha-na-giches or Sprontirs. In the fall of the year the Big-jaws went off to their hunting grounds in the West, leaving behind the old men, squaws and papooses, also their chief, Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah, who had made a vow to fast in the medicine wigwam six weeks for the success of the hunting exped'ion. The hunters had not been gone more than half a moon, when one of the squaws, who was fishing down at Ites' wharf, observed a number of canoes coming in at the breach of the Island, which she at once knew to be those of the Sha-na-giches; she dropped her fishing-pole and worms and scampered like the wind, sounding the alarm throughout the caboose. The tent of Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah was immediately sought by the alarmed people, and the chief requested to come forth and buckle on his armour to meet the foe, he came forth, but starvation was on his brow. This was noticed by the squaw who gave the first alarm, and quickly drawing forth six huge eels from her pocket she thrust them into his hand, crying eat and be strong; with the courage given by this repast, Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah went out to meet the insurgents, whom he cunningly led to a swamp. The Sha-na-giches press on to him fast as they can through the swamp; but as each came on the long and powerful arms of the chief of the Big-jaws seize them by the waist and thrust them knee deep into the mud, from which there was no extrication, backwards for miles did he thus retreat fast as they pressed on him, but still driving them foremost thus in the swamp until there was not a Sha-na-glich left who was not knee-deep in clay. The dances and fastings followed this great victory, and the great Manitou gave his word to Big-bug-of-a-fel-ah, that they should remain an everlasting monument of his prowess in war; so the Sha-na-giches were turned into trees by the great Spirit, and may be seen to the present day.

The beautiful plain thus enclosed on the north by the Oak Ridges, on the west by the river Don, on the south by Lake Ontario, and on the east by the College Avenue, is now the great University Park.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We called attention last week to one delicious summer beverage, allow us this week to notice another. Of all the temperance drinks we know, there is none so refreshing, so cooling as soda water; and yet we have been so terribly sickened with the dead, insipid stuff we have purchased in one establishment, and the wretched syrups we have imbibed in another, that we have almost forsworn the effervescent article, till our good genius led us to the drug store of Mr. J. T. SWARTZ, on the west side of Yonge Street, two doors above King Street, and we there found the long desired article. Mr. Swartz's syrups are carefully prepared, his soda water is brisk and sparkling, and we unhesitatingly recommend it to those who, like ourselves, are ready to drop by reason of the sultry weather.

Perambulating Little York the other day our eye fell upon the beaming countenance of Sir HENRY HENNINGSON, the notable vendor by auction, whom we found standing at the door of his bazaar, on Yonge Street. Sighting us, he introduced to our wondering vision his display of gorgeous PEARLS, recently expected hither from that place where sinners do most congregate, to wit: the P. at Kingston, the spot of which it may be truly said, "is the distance hence equivalent to the view." In the assortment we found chains and chivalricus, secretaries, and sofas, and in fact everything required for the embellishment and adornment of a home. We found this price to compare favourably with those of any other manufacturer. Go and see your valued friend, the Knight of the Timmer.