

BEAUTY.

Every grand and lovely thing
Reigns like an eternal king;
All that's bright and all that's fair,
Hath its children everywhere.
Where the silken butterflies
Use like fans their painted wings,
Fanning the young summer's eyes,
There the brown bee sucks and sings.

Beauty never comes alone,
But hath beauties in its train
If it be a music tone,
Echo utters it again.
If it be a star or sun,
Then the stream makes two of one
By the magic of its mirror;
Oh, believe it not an error,
For the soul to cling and linger
Here on earth, and gladness feel!
Beauty is God's mighty finger,
Multiplying beauty still.

Look on night, and look on day,
When they come or glide away;
Sister queens, they often meet,
But we hear no fairy feet.
Though they morn and eve salute,
Like their feet, their kiss is mute,
But lest beauty should be missing,
Twilight cometh of their kissing.
Though we cannot, like King Midas
Change to gold all dust and dross,
Beauty ever stays beside us,
And the tiniest bit of moss
That an infant's hand will pull,
Is than gold more beautiful.

Let us not like fools despise
Earth, which is a seat of beauty.
But the love-light of our eyes
Turn unto it as a duty,
Beauty here hath done its mission,
When it guides us to death's portal,
For its presence is a vision
Of a beauty all immortal.

DRAMATIC ART IN FRANCE.

The lustre of the French stage is due rather to its actresses than its actors. Mdle. Mars was at the head of that earnest, dignified, serious comedy of which the "Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" are the finished models. And she was also at the head of the lighter and more graceful class, in which the wit of Marivaux effected so much for the French style of conversation. Mdle. Rachel followed, as the most perfect tragedienne in the true French style—or one might even say the true antique style that ever lived. While Mdle. Mars owed everything to education, Rachel may be said to have owed everything to nature. It is difficult to imagine circumstances less favourable to art and sentiment than those in which Rachel was reared; but her natural gifts were so truly remarkable that not even the deteriorating influences of her home could spoil them. Perhaps her family life even forced her to keep down the passion which was always smouldering in her breast, and which in later life burst out in such magnificent explosions. Many stories are told to show that she had no instruction whatever, and never even learned to read or write till late in life; but such accounts should be received with great caution, and none of them will bear the inference that they are intended to carry. No doubt she had not Talma's knowledge, which would have enabled her to study the characters of Hermione, Rodogune, Phèdre, and Roxane, in the light of classical antiquity or of the *bas-campire*. But even her immense dramatic instinct could not alone have insured her pre-eminence, or given her the power to cope as she did with history, philosophy, and all-embracing poetry. Her beauty was not of that plastic order which we naturally associate with the ancient heroine; and yet no one ever more resembled the Panathenaic figures of Phidias. She was of moderate height, and looked tall because her figure was so elegant and well-proportioned. Her thinness was proverbial, but on the stage it was not noticed. Whether beneath the *peplum* or not, the angles of her shoulders and the prominent joints of her arms seemed in perfect harmony with the rest of her figure. When in repose she was like a marble statue; but the marble was full of life, breath, and passion. Her head was certainly not pretty, and yet its beauty was remarkable; the forehead was ample and full of vigorous thought; the nose small, lengthened, and delicately curved; the mouth of charming contour, the teeth small, but ferocious, and the chin rounded in a single perfect curve; the lip curving occasionally with an ineffable expression of irony or contempt; an ear worthy of Praxiteles; the head black—the cheeks thin, the hair and eyebrows black—all this will be understood to have made up a head both strikingly original and full of character. But the most remarkable thing in Rachel was the way in which she looked at you. Beneath the rounded arch of her eyebrows and in the depths of their deep and gloomy caverns her black eyes seemed to slumber under their long lashes; but on a sudden, the eyelids would lift, the eyes flashed like lightning, and darted like the thunderbolt. Nothing, by any possibility, could be more sudden or more terrible. The forehead seemed to glow, the word rushed from the lips, and the audience trembled. What was it that produced this extraordinary effect? What, indeed? Her eyes had opened, her mouth had unclosed, and her thin arm had been raised. And the effect was simply prodigious. I am trying to convey how Rachel, with so little apparent means, produced such enormous effects. Her pose, her attitudes, her gestures, were all quiet in the extreme. Other tragic actors make their effects by exaggeration—rolling their eyes, whirling their arms, and twisting their hands, exactly as if in a fit of epilepsy; she was always quiet and self-possessed, truthful, simple, and dignified. But then her smallest word was like a blow, her least gesture told, and her look was

far more powerful than if it had been more violent. And the same thing with her voice. No shouting or noise, but subterranean explosions, distant thunder rolling nearer and nearer and at last exploding through the clouds in thunderbolts which never missed their mark, and—more important still—never went beyond it. Thus her acting possessed an intellectual greatness which defied competition, and raised it far above that of actors like Ristori and Rossi, whose style is full of exaggeration. Rachel passed away at the flower of age and the very acme of her talent; the blade had worn out the scabbard. After her death it almost seemed as if the French theatre were at end. But, though the brilliant stars had disappeared, there remained actors enough to play comedy in perfection, such as Provost, Samson, and Régner. They have been succeeded by Got, Coquelin, and a few others who have the gift of perpetual youth, Mdle. Croizette, though much talked of, owes more to her toilet than her talent.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Many of the residents in the city of New York must remember those days of private and public agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins' steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. It was a favourite vessel, and on board were persons of the highest social standing. Consequently, the name of the Arctic was on every lip; and, while the friends of those on board were oppressed with the most terrible apprehensions, the public mind generally was scarcely less excited.

The Collins' vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour; and when day after day sped by, and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper and deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board; but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of his vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed; but the actual reason for his great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on a Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At that time, Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Sunday night at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast-table looking so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it, he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother; but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with an injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A fine man, of erect stature, and marked dignity of manners, he did not look like a person who would give way to any useless fears on any occasion. But he was far more quiet than usual; he seemed to shrink away from those in conversation, and his face was of a death-like paleness.

"What is the matter with Collins?" asked one and another, in whispers.

"Remember his wife and children are on board the Arctic," observed some one, in reply.

"Yes," responded another; "but there is no occasion for alarm. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours at most will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep, solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked, in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible!" cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. James Brown, a leading director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualification of the chief officer and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that as directors and public servants we have done all that human beings could do in such a matter, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May Heaven have protected those on board!"

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those help-

less ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked, "Mr. Collins, you must have some good reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another, in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins, with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally looked upon as foolish things; but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every person there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong-minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious deck, and her noble officers and crew—I saw all of this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved—and, gentlemen, I saw that noble ship go down."

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins; "and again I say may Heaven have protected those poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after, the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavoured to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later, the first of the survivors reached the American shores with the harrowing tale of the disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may be properly regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Sitting in the twilight, our minds go forth to meet the shadowy future; and, stealing along the "corridors of Time," the present glides swiftly on to the future—the "yet to be." What longings, what aspirations high, have we for the future! And, amid these longings, there is one—that we may be, in the future, to some heart what the sunshine is to the flowers, to some sturdy oak is to the trailing vine, which clings so lovingly to its branches.

On the unquiet sea of the present we are tossing; and, alas! too often we find that under the high waves of joy there are billows of care and trouble. We should make the most of the joy-rays of our lives, for they are as fleeting as sleep-thoughts, that pass through the brain, and are gone. We know that we cannot have the light without the shade; what would the picture be without the dark touches here and there? Indeed, it has been truly said that "most of the shadows which cross our paths through life are caused by standing in our own light; many are the times when we are blind to the bright side, and see only the gloomy, forbidding aspect, forgetting that to every cloud there is the silvery lining."

The twilight hour is especially adapted for musing; it is the most delicious one of all the day; it softens, as if by magic, the heart of man, and stills the tumultuous passion that surges in our bosoms. To the earth-worn, world-weary heart, the twilight hour is soothing in its very repose. Then is the time for reflection; the day's work is done, and it is too soon for the lighting of the evening lamp. Many, many times has the "sweet story," been told in the dusk, the friendly twilight hiding the almost inexpressible joy of the maiden, on finding that she is loved by the one dearer than all the earth beside; the vows are made, and henceforth these two are as one. With her head pillowed on his shoulder, the young man tells her how he doubted—how he struggled to keep back his love, fearing lest it might not be returned.

"But now," glancing tenderly at her, he says, "you are mine, mine own darling."

Ah! when the true note of love has been struck, when there is perfect harmony between the two, then, indeed, it is bliss.

Like the sea, the mind of man is never at rest; there is a continual tendency to send forth our desires to something beyond our present reach, which cannot, will not, be curbed by perpetual disappointment. We are never satisfied with our present attainments, but look and long for something more, something higher yet.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," 'tis said; and, in our moral world, we find it verified; the objects of our wishes are magnified in proportion to their distance from us; and, as we near them, the charm is broken, and we find them but an illusion, which vanishes as does the morning dew. Still we are not satisfied, and every fresh disappointment seems only to lead us to make new and greater exertions; the most unbounded success will hardly satisfy us; we pine for more. As the old adage has it, "the more we have, the more we want."

SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.

We present sketches to-day of the sale of short-horn cattle from the herds of Beattie and Hope, and Senators Cochrane and Brown, held at Toronto, on the 17th ult. The purchases were mostly made on the first day's sale by breeders from the States, Crane, of Kansas, buying the two highest-priced animals, Cochrane's Airdrie Duchesses, 2nd and 3rd, for \$21,000 and \$23,000 respectively, the latter we believe the highest price ever paid in Canada. We give a portrait of the beast in the series. Bidding was less lively on the second day, when valuable cattle could be had for a song. It was evident the bottom rock had been reached when some of the best lots of the Bow Park herd were withdrawn, the highest price paid being \$1,500 for the 3rd Duchess of Springwood, of the Craggs family. It is a pure white cow like the cow Troyon painted so splendidly; the large feet and joints (notwithstanding they are characteristic of the Craggs), and the coarseness of the skin in parts, made it, without doubt, the handsomest cow in the field. We present a portrait of her grace at her toilet, the herdsman being engaged sandpapering and oiling the horns. In the larger sketch Hope's young bull, Baron Liddington, is under the hammer.

ONTARIO BATTLE FIELDS.

We publish to-day a page of sketches consisting of the following battle fields in Ontario:—Lundy's Lane where, without doubt, the hardest fought battle of 1812-15 took place, and in which more troops were engaged than in any other engagement of that war; the battle field of Stony Creek where the Canadians and Indians made a night attack on the Americans and achieved a victory over a greatly superior force and obliged the Americans to retreat back to the shelter of Old Fort George which was the scene of many engagements during the war. Beaver Dam battle field is just in the suburbs of the thriving village of Thorold, and the monument covers the remains of several soldiers whose bodies were unearthed during the building of the new Welland Canal at that place.

OUR PICTURES.

In addition to our other illustrations fully described in appropriate places, we give a sketch of the transfer of the remains of the Royal Family of Orleans from Twickenham to Dreux, an account of which we have already published. In connection with the portrait of Mr. Billings, the well-known geologist, published this week, we shall publish in our next a memoir which came too late for the present number. There are besides views of the new rooms at Toronto, of the Ontario Artists' Society recently opened, and of the Chateau of Nohant, the residence of the late George Sand, of whom we printed a portrait and history at the time of her decease.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.—Many men's success in business, can be traced in a great measure to their good health. A sick man cannot work. Let a man be ever so ambitious, and determined to succeed, if his energies are impaired by illness he stands no chance. But if the blood is kept pure and healthy, Disease makes no impression upon the system. The best remedy for all diseases of the blood, is WINGATE'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

HUMOROUS.

The phrenologist lifted his hand from the boy's head and said, "Your son has extraordinary developments, sir; he will be a great man." The father dropped his chin upon his breast and mournfully added, "Then, he can never be President."

He bought a cheap coat of one of the gentlemen from Jerusalem, and he observed next day that it was made of two kinds of cloth, or else it had faded from some previous wear and tear. He went to the dealer with fire in his eyes. The dealer looked at the garment without surprise, and at the wearer with extreme wonder. "By, mine, goodness!" he said, "you been wear de goat in the sun! You tink him maat of sheet-iron, hey?"

A LOVE scene on the banks of the Chattahoochee, as described by the St. Louis Times:—"They were sitting together like two ebony images, he staring vacantly out of countenance, and she resting her raven curls on his heaving shoulder. 'Miles away from hyar,' she fondly murmured, 'where de buffomio rips and tars and frows dirt at de settin' sun—dar's war we'll Gawge.' Gawge's lips moved not, neither did he utter any word, but the whites of his eyes repeated, 'Dar's war we'll go.'"

The following epigram appears in the Glasgow Mail:—

"ON THE LOST PICTURE."
"Fair Devonshire's" Duchess, unrivall'd they say,
By none could those charms be cut out in her day.
One kiss on her cheek when the contest began
She at once paid the price and her canvas was won;
How chang'd now her fate! To the purchaser's cost,
Her charms are cut out and her canvas is lost."

ROUND THE DOMINION.

TEN cannon with equipment arrived at Toronto on the 4th, and were placed in the old Fort.

ONE ship has just sailed from Nova Scotia for England with \$62,000 worth of canned lobsters.

THE first through express train on the Intercolonial Railway, left Halifax on the 3rd for Rivière-du-Loup.

THE ninth anniversary of the confederation of the Provinces was fittingly celebrated throughout Canada.

THERE were ninety-one failures in Nova Scotia during the last six months, with liabilities amounting to \$1,021,110; assets, \$300,104.

THE Quebec Government have purchased the cricket field at Quebec from the Dominion Government for \$15,000, in which the new departments and library will be erected.