

The Ontario Legislature has been prorogued after a few weeks of steady, substantial and practical work. Our Western friends have learned the secret of conducting such a body in a useful and satisfactory manner.

It is a pity that the citizens of Quebec did not come to a thorough understanding about their Winter Carnival. Our success here in Montreal would have acted in their favor. As it is, we are sure that the Americans who have visited the Ancient Capital, at the beginning of the week, will be well repaid for their journey.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is still interned at the Conciergerie, the Government hardly knowing what to do with him. Whatever may be said of the Prince, he is an able man and a true Bonaparte. There is no doubtful blood in his veins, and his very figure is almost a counterpart of that of a great Emperor. In normal circumstances he would probably make an energetic ruler, but he is too old and feeble in health, and furthermore, has not the shadow of a chance.

The statement is once more abroad that Sir John Macdonald will resign the portfolio of the Interior, and content himself with the Presidency of the Council. That would be right. The veteran statesman has quite enough to do in governing the country, without being burdened with the cares of a Department.

It is no common country that can stand the strain produced by the death of four of her best sons, in four brief months of life, within less than one brief month. Yet this has been the fate of France. The statesman, Gambetta; the soldier, Chanzy; the sculptor, Clesinger, and the painter, Dore, attest at once the vitality of France, and, in their loss, to her singular "run" of ill-luck.

CLESINGER, one of the greatest of modern French sculptors, is dead. His Phryne, Andromeda, and other works, are so many titles to immortality. He was married to a daughter of George Sand.

TREATMENT OF NATURE BY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

One of the results of my study of American poetry has been to assure myself that certain specific and well-defined causes have worked together to fix, as a characteristic of that literature, a universal tenderness toward "the speechless world," the creatures in fur and feathers that fulfill such great and beautiful functions in our world's economy. This pitifulness, so extensive with nature, may be almost accepted as a new departure in poetry, for I do not find that sympathy with world-life is by any means an invariable rule with poets.

The causes I refer to are not far to seek. In the first place, the popular mind in America is not so familiarized with classical images and allusions as in Europe, and the American poet, therefore, does not recur so readily as his European congener to the fancies and mythology of antiquity. In the next, the beasts and the birds of the New World are not the same beasts and birds that play such important parts in Old-World fables, give point to Old-World proverbs, and form the object of so many Old-World prejudices and predilections, and the American poet therefore finds his creatures as yet untampered with by antique misrepresentation or popular superstitions. He has not got to rummage for his natural history among the mossy roots of a reverend folk-lore, or a heraldry that is sanctified by national associations. The larks, robins, and magpies of America are not the birds that are known by the same names in Europe, and so the poet of the West finds the ground still virgin soil before him. Popular superstition has not had time yet to lichen over the familiar objects of his country-side, and he has thus few temptations to the logicians' fallacy from antiquity. Indeed, there is even noticeable sometimes a tendency toward irreverence for "the widowed" turtle, and a disposition to make fun of the nightingale that "bruised his bosom on a thorn," as if they

were antiquated favorites of an obsolete era of thought.

"Though still the lark voiced matins ring
The world has known so long,
The wood-thrush of the West still sings
Earth's last sweet even-song!"

But this, after all, is only a very partial protection, for though some of his beasts, birds, fishes and insects are new to poetry, the remainder—such as the wolf and the lion, the owl and the raven—are not things of any one time or place. Thus an American raven flies

with just as "prodigious" a flight as a Scotch one or a Roman; the owl and vulture might be quite as "obscene" in "Kvangeline" or "Mogg Megone" as they are in Wordsworth or Cowper. But I do not find Longfellow or any of his fellow-countrymen taking advantage of the license of poetical prejudice extended to them by high prescription. On the contrary, they compassionate the raven, and handsomely meet the vulture and the owl with a compliment. They speak ill of nothing. And I cannot, for myself, help admiring this absence of cynicism. They are as gentle always as Keats, while in their more general passages they show all Shelley's appreciation of the harmonious unity in nature:

"Come, learn with me the fatal song
Which knits the world in music strong,
Where'er every bosom dances,
Kindled with outrageous fancies;
Come, lift thine eyes to lofty rhymes,
Of things with things and times with times,
Primal chimes of sun and shade,
Of sound and echo, man and maid,
The land reflected in the flood,
Body with shadow still pursued,
For Nature beats in perfect time,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune!"

Apart, therefore, from the specific causes to which I have alluded, there must be sought some larger, more national influence at work to account for this complete catholicism in kindliness. Nor somehow is it difficult, so I think, to imagine the poets of a country with such distant horizons as America, so vast in certainties, so infinite in possibilities, refusing to limit their sympathies to merely continental boundaries, or to cramp their interests within the domains of any single crown, or "hop about from perch to perch in paltry cages of dead men's thoughts." Accustomed to such large maps, they may be easily supposed to be intolerant of geographical prejudices, and priding themselves before everything upon independence of thought, may have carried their sympathy with an unconventional freedom into their treatment of natural objects. "Our country hath a gospel of her own." For myself, I am content to believe this, and to attribute their just recognition of the place of animal and insect life to the large-hearted tone of American intellectual thought. And I would not know where to go for a more adequate statement of the poet's means and ends in nature than Emerson's "Wood Notes," or for thoughts more fully in sympathy with nature than Longfellow's or Whittier's, with his ear "full of summer sounds." Lovers of wild art will find it hard to outmatch Bret Harte's apostrophe to the coyote and the grizzly, Emerson's to the bumble-bee, Wendell Holmes's to the seafowl outside his study window, or Aldrich's delightfully appreciative touches of wild life. Quadrupeds, birds, insects—everything that has life is looked at kindly and unselfishly apart from human interests, and this, too, with a respectful sympathy that bespeaks something more sincere than Cowper's lip-service or Pope's acidulated praise. Our furred and feathered fellow-beings, senior to ourselves in existence, though subjected to us, are not, as in the European poets, accepted as mere accidents of the human economy, or as secondary properties of man. They seem to remember—unless it be only my own whimsical interpretation of their tenderness—that our earth is the other creatures' earth too, that they are a creation of themselves, that each had a day set apart for itself, a morning and an evening, at the first miracle of the world's making.

ADELINA PATTI AND HER MOTHER.

This highly distinguished prima donna is another verification of the old adage, "blood will tell," so often found true. Her father and mother both maintained in fastidious Italy eminent rank among operatic artists of their day, and the mother, especially, interested that public, so hotly enthusiastic over good deeds in opera and intolerant of mediocrity or mere pretentious without a legitimate means to accomplish their claims. Long did Mme. Barilli-Patti reign paramount in grand opera as the great lyric tragedian of her era. In February, 1843, while performing an engagement at the Madrid Opera house, she appeared one night in one of her grandest roles, and next day Adeline Patti first saw the light, bringing with new born life her mother's voice, which from that day fell off in a marked degree. When little Adeline was some two or three years old, the family emigrated to America, making New York, in the vicinity of Tenth street and Fourth avenue, their usual abode.

Once her mother appeared in "Old Drury," as Boston's theatre was styled, and although unknown and unheralded, made an electrical furor that is still freshly remembered by all so fortunate as to have witnessed it.

Italian opera was not, with Bostonians of that day, a popular recreation, and public interest had not been excited by the performance of the company in other cities. The evening named for Barilli-Patti's appearance in the rôle of Norma, proving very inclement, the usual moderate attendance fell off to a scant hundred persons at the first act, so that Patti's first glance at the front revealed a beggarly show of empty benches or boxes. Many, if not most, prima donnas would have been staggered by such a welcome, but she betrayed not the slightest evidence of embarrassment or chill at this neglect of the public. Her noble presence, bearing and movement admirably portrayed the *Druid Priestess*, and she commanded the stage as to the

manor born, with absolute supremacy and that dignity which the character assumed demands. The address to her subject priestesses became the situation admirably. So did her giving the invocation with its glowing cabaletta. It was excellent dramatic singing, the slight imperfections noticed in her voice being amply atoned for by the expression which clearly delineated the purpose and intent of what she uttered. Few, if any, of the audience had expected to see and hear more than a decayed or worn-out singer, essaying a rôle which required a remarkable combination of personal, vocal and dramatic excellence, but now the meagre audience were convinced that a great artist stood before them, so they expressed that belief in enthusiastic applause, which gave way to shouts and a real *furor* on her giving "O, non tremare," with a fire, intensity and vocal power which positively satisfied all present.

Word passed out quickly and freely of the grand demonstration taking place in the opera house, and, despite a pouring rain, hundreds rushed in to verify the glowing reports sent out in all directions. She maintained control of this now large assemblage throughout, and did not weaken or betray that saving of voice or dramatic energies for one air or scene which has become the accustomed *finesse* of modern operatic artists.

She closed with Norma's every situation of passion or emotion vividly depicted, over all obstacles to success, having proved herself a prima donna *di primo cartello*, beyond dispute from the severest critic. Her natural endowments were evidently grand, but culture had convincing proof in her dramatic treatment of the music and the character given her to interpret and impersonate. No wonder, then, if Adelini Patti, under that gifted mother's tuition, early caught the inspiration, style and true method of her preceptress. The beautiful voice given her at birth under that able instruction was formed and produced in conformity with the strictest rules of art, expression and good taste. The family were extremely poor during Adeline's childhood, and she was perforce brought into public notice in her early life to win bread for herself and others. She then displayed remarkable precocity, and gained approbation freely with needed supplies for their pressing needs. Frequent appearances were made by her in concert halls with invariable success in that limited area for the display of her talents, but it was not until she at sixteen years of age appeared in opera in New York that more than recognition of a wonderful child singer awaited her performance in public. New York then chanced to be pre-engaged to full-blown prima donnas, and so Adeline got for her merits a rather chilling reception from the operatic public and critics. One writer, then considered the critic of America—an uncontroversial authority—in noticing her, spoke of her as if patting a pretty child on the head, "She is promising, but her appearance in full opera is premature." It was thus reserved for cold judging Boston, which acclaimed her mother as the grandest prima donna they had ever seen in opera, to blaze with enthusiasm over her *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the same rôle for which New York yielded her slight credit. All praised her, but a sensation was made when a critic, who had been deemed very severe and rarely satisfied with any vocal or instrumental performer, came out in a very elaborate review of that performance and pronounced her execution absolutely perfect, and predicted that she, ere long, would be considered the reigning queen in opera. She immediately afterward fulfilled his prediction in London, and has ever since held the front rank, for she had added to perfect execution perfect delineation of character, as even Chorley enthusiastically declared.

Her voice in 1860 had, with its force, upward range, a tinge of girlish quality, but its brilliancy, with the sparkle and glowing spontaneity of its delivery, carried all hearers with her. It never was so high in alt range as her sister Carlotta's, who could make vocal any passage that a skillful violin player ever attempted in public. Now her voice has gained largely in medium and somewhat in lower tones, but has lost that free command of notes in alt she displayed at her debut, so that change of quality is occasionally apparent when put up to B or C. All confess, however, that she is consummate mistress of vocal art, that in passages of medium range her voice is exquisite in quality, adequate in power and capable of expressing whatever emotion, feeling or passion may be required from the music she interprets. Naturally, in consequence of her pre-eminent vocal eminence, many claimants for the credit and honor of instructing her in early life, have come forward, each pretender with his especial clique urging their incontestable right to patronize her as their diploma of skill in their vocation of teacher. We believe that her mother formed and produced the voice she gave her with her own artistic method, inculcated from infancy; that Signor Barilli, her uncle, assisted in the work and her studies, while her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, a very able pianist in his day, contributed his aid in accompaniment; to her practice.

America is now denied the experience of her character delineation in full opera, but may catch a glimpse under Mr. Abbey's management from a scene or act from an opera of her surpassing attainment in that important part of a prima donna's work, probably sufficient to confirm the exceeding reputation gained in Europe for that essential capacity.

A VETERAN.

THE LONELY FLOWER.

(Irish Air.)

The winter is snowing
His wrath in the breeze,
His fierce blasts are howling
Among the bare trees;
The verdure of Summer
Is gone to decay,
Save one rosy flower
That lights the dark way.

Around that fair blossom
The wild breezes blow;
The scents of its bosom
They waft to and fro,
They sharply and shrilly
Disperse the perfume
Of that lovely lily
Of verdure and bloom.

The lonely one seemeth
Mid blushes, to say—
"Oh, here wilt thou leave me,
To droop and decay."
What heart would not listen
To soft words so sweet?
What eye would not glisten
Such blushes to meet?

O fairest of flowers!
Too long hast thou been
Left thus wildly blooming,
Unknown and unseen,
No longer forgotten,
Sweet Rose, shalt thou be—
Fly hither, fly, dear one,
O fly thou with me!

"DUNBOY."

FOOT NOTES.

A BURDEN LIFTED.—He was a depositor in a Rochester savings bank. He entered the institution the other morning and timidly inquired:

"Is the cashier in the city?"
"Oh, yes; he's at his window."
"And is the treasurer around?"
"He is."

"And the president?"
"The president is in his office."

"Has the bank been speculating in oil, wheat, cotton or mines?"

"No, sir."

"And if I was to present my book, could I draw the \$4 I have on deposit?"

"You could."

"Well, that takes a great burden off my mind," sighed the stranger, as he walked out with greatly improved looks.

HE ACCIDENTALLY LOOKED INTO IT.—A patriot returns to his native land more profoundly convinced than ever of its immeasurable superiority to every other country in the world.

"The language of those other countries," he says, with a fine scorn, "is particularly idiotic. Why, they call things this, that and the other, without the slightest regard for their nature or use. Now, you know, it is different with us. We call a brush a brush, because you use it to brush with; or a glass a glass, because it is made of glass; or a hat a hat, because—"

"Well, because—why?"

"Oh, I guess that must be derived from one of those same foreign languages, now that I come to look into it!"

POWER OF THE WILL.—We hear frequently of pretenders who profess to heal diseases by "laying on of hands," etc. The real manner of healing in all such cases is merely the determined exercise of the will power, or what is the same thing, faith in the healer and his arts.

Witness the following evidence of the power of the will in such cases: A lady was sick from apparent exhaustion, and for a long time had kept her bed. Her pastor, at her request, had prayed and prayed, but she was no better. A new physician one day called. He came to her bedside and said: "I think that the best thing you can do is to get up!" And she got up. "Go down stairs!" And she went down. The next day she was on the street, enjoying a walk after a long, long confinement. "I didn't cure her," said the physician, "for there was nothing to cure. She had lain in her bed so long that her will power had all gone." His prompt and heroic treatment startled into life her paralyzed resolution.

THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL BETWEEN ITALY AND SICILY.—From the project presented to the Italian Ministry and proposed to the Venetian Society of Construction by Signor Gabelli, the following particulars are taken: The length of the submarine tunnel between Italy and Sicily will be 44,000 ft. The maximum depth of the sea above the line of tunnel is 365 feet. The thickness of rock between the roof of the tunnel and the bottom of the sea is 115 ft. The direction of the tunnel from St. Agata to Punta del Pizzo is almost due northwest to southwest. The two inclines descending to the tunnel will first run parallel with the shore and then descend to the lowest level by spiral tunnels. The length of these inclines is each 15,000 ft., and the area occupied by each spiral tunnel is 1,160 ft. The degree of inclination will be 35 per 1,000. The centre of the tunnel will be on a higher level than the two ends. Wells and subsidiary tunnels will be constructed to drain off the precolating water, and the most difficult part of the line will be first commenced, which will at once show the geological construction of the ground and the difficulties to be overcome. According to the opinions of all geologists the bottom of the Straits of Messina consists of crystalline rock (granite, gneiss and mica schists). Neither in Calabria nor in Sicily can the upper strata that covers this crystalline rock be so thick as to reach the level of the bottom of the descending incline.