

CIVITAS DEI.

BY S. W. DUFFIELD.

"For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee"

City of God, grown old, with silent faces
Lying beneath the shadow of the day,
Thine are the towers built up in barren places,
Thine the great bastions waiting for the day.

Dim through the night stone after stone arises,
Bold through the dawn step forth the peaks of flame,
Touched with the splendor of those glad surprises
By which the blessing of the Spirit came.

Toilers of truth are we, who at our labour
Keep the sharp sword still girded at the thigh,
Heeding no summons of the pipe and labor,
Fighting and building till the end be nigh.

Thus, then, we build thro' storm and pleasant weather,
Thus, then, we pray by morning and by night;
Heart knit with heart, and hands at work together—
Beset by foes until Thou givest light.

City of God! thy peace is our petition;
City of God! our brethren dwell in thee;
And for their sakes, in true and deep contrition,
We seek thy good, O dwelling of the free.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE DEBATE ON AMNESTY—THE SPEAKERS—NATURAL ORATORS—MR. BLAKE—KING CAUCUS—PARTYISM—A SATISFACTORY RESULT.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The debate on the Amnesty resolutions of the Government was the event of the week. A rather tame event, however, contrary to the general expectation of the crowds which filled the galleries on Thursday and Friday. Mr. Mackenzie opened the discussion with a clear but cold statement of the facts on which he based his resolution. As a narrative, the speech was satisfactory, but otherwise it was not remarkable. It lacked fire, fluency, and finish. I have always fancied that our Premier is better at retort than at exposition, and his effort of last Thursday justifies my view. Besides he spoke in the afternoon, with the chill grey winter light streaming in through the windows, instead of at night, with its more favourable stillness, and the soothing illumination of gasaliers.

Mr. Bowell followed in a speech of agreeable moderation. French Canadian members who have been taught to look upon Orangemen as so many Orang Outangs, grizzly and fierce, were surprised to hear the member from Hastings discuss this burning question in measured language and bridled temper. Mr. Bowell knows the subject on his fingers' ends, and this knowledge invested his restraint with a peculiar interest.

Sir John's speech was listened to with marked attention on both sides of the House. Any one attending the session must notice one thing in connection with the ex-Premier. Spite of all the abuse with which certain party organs pursue him, he is looked up to in Parliament as much by his enemies as by his friends. And I must say that, in his misfortune, he bears himself so as to enlist both respect and sympathy.

Mr. Blake's was the speech of the evening. He is the Grand Lama of the Ministerialists up here, and, I think, justly. His course is eagerly watched in view of certain contingencies. About him, I have to recount the following dialogue:

"Blake is a great man."

"Not yet."

"Well, he is in a fair way to become one."

"Yes, if he gets rid of his bitterness."

"His bitterness?"

"Yes, Blake's a constitutionally bitter man."

"What of that?"

"A bitter man is always narrow."

A big grain of philosophy in this apothegm. I am glad to say that Mr. Blake's speech on Friday morning was singularly free from this bitterness, and, by consequence, all the more effective. The member for South Bruce just falls short of being a great orator. He is a fine speaker, a powerful debater, but he has few real flights, and never sustains himself long on the wing. You cannot exactly tell what is the matter, but in moments when he rises to his best, you feel that there is an indefinite something wanting. In the same situation, a born orator like D'Arcy McGee, would unconsciously have introduced veins of sentiment, giving warmth, poetry and pathos to his discourse. But natural orators are rare birds. I know of only two among our public men, and they are both French—Chapleau and Laurier.

Perhaps Mr. Blake is still too much of a lawyer. Certainly Mr. Devlin is. His maiden speech was a bit of special pleading, all length and no breadth. Mr. Mousseau's speech was also too long, and had the immense disadvantage to the speaker of being delivered in English.

I understand the vote surprised you considerably down in the East. It surprised nobody here. It was all cut and dried before hand. Caucus did the work. A full meeting of Ministerial supporters took place a couple of days prior to the debate, and by the time it was over, the whole of the members were pledged to the measure. What took place at the conclave I do not, of course, know. But this I know, that many of the French members, when they came to Ottawa, were unaware of the Government resolutions, that when they heard of them they opened their eyes very wide, and that it was only after this caucus meeting that they made up their minds. Their adhesion was then so secure that Mr. Blake, at the conclusion of his speech, rather tauntingly asserted that, spite of all amendments, the measure was certain to be

carried by a large majority. In view of such a state of things, all this speechifying in the House looked to me very like a mockery. The rumour prevalent here is that the French members were made to understand *sub rosa*, that the five years' exile was only a formality, and would ultimately be reduced to a year or two. I do not credit the story, however. Although Mr. Mackenzie, according to his own confession, is a keen partisan, I do not believe he would stoop to such treachery, merely to catch votes. Nevertheless, the thing is worth taking note of, as Capt. Cuttle would say, and *videbimus infra*. That the vote was a party one, all the same, I took the following curious mode of testing. Addressing a Grit, I said:

"Suppose John A. had brought in such a measure?"

"He would not have dared."

Meeting a Rouge, I queried:

"What if Cartier had made this proposition?"

"It would have ruined him."

Times change, as you see, and men change with them. Never talk to me of political disinterestedness. Party rules everything in this land.

But we are all delighted with the result. It is a thorn out of our foot. Mr. Mackenzie made the best of his opportunity, acting sharply, swiftly and successfully. Manitoba will shake off the incubus that has been weighing her down, and now will enter upon responsible government. If the French are satisfied, as their large-vote shows, surely we, the English population, have no reason to demur. CHAUDIERE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BEECHER TRIAL.*—However painful from every point of view may be the great trial which is now going on at Brooklyn, it is only right, since it must be carried on, that a full and authentic account of it should be published. This is being done satisfactorily in the work before us. The first part, just received, contains the opening of the case and the examination of Francis D. Moulton *in extenso*. The pamphlet, a large octavo, well printed, is adorned with a portrait of Mr. Moulton. We call the particular attention of our legal friends to the work, as it is shaped conveniently for record and preservation in their libraries.

JOURNAL OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.—This handsome and interesting monthly is published at Stratford, Ont., by the Odd Fellows Printing and Publishing Association, under the name of CANADIAN JOURNAL OF ODD FELLOWSHIP. We heartily recommend it to all the members of the Craft throughout the country. Among its inducements, we find that it is offered, together with the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, for the moderate sum of \$4.75 a year.

THE CANADA HANSARD.—We hail the appearance of this publication with genuine satisfaction. It marks an era both in Canadian politics and in Canadian journalism, pointing to an unmistakable upward movement in both. The work is creditably done. The form is a convenient quarto, the type is large and clear, the paper fair and the distribution of matter judiciously made. At the beginning of a work of such proportions, there will doubtless be delays, inequalities and other hitches, but we trust that due allowance will be made by the Committee, as well as the House, and that the reporters will receive all proper support. The reputation of the gentlemen composing the Hansard staff is such that the public may rely upon accurate and intelligent results. Besides the copies furnished to the members of Parliament and to the press, the managers keep copies of the Hansard for private sale and we recommend their purchase by all those who care to preserve a full and authentic record of our Parliamentary debates.

AGRICULTURAL CONFERENCES.†—It is a melancholy fact that in the French rural districts of Quebec, agriculture, as a science, is almost totally ignored. Some of the finest land in the Dominion is left barren and unfruitful under a system of routine which dates back fully two hundred years. To meet this very serious evil many public and private attempts have been made and chief among the reformers stands Mr. E. A. Barnard, the author of the present manual. He has gone through nearly every parish of the Province giving familiar conferences or conversations on agriculture and horticulture, and the substance of these lectures he has embodied in a cheap and popular volume. We express the very earnest hope that the little book will be adopted in all the French Colleges, Academies and Schools of Quebec, and also extensively spread throughout rural families. It is just the book to be productive of good, brief, simple yet clear in language, and covering the whole ground necessary for reform.

OUR NEW CRUSADE.‡—There is no American writer who can tell a short story better than Mr. Hale. The reason is that he is thoroughly original. His language is sometimes slipshod, but his thoughts are new and his sentiments uncon-

ventional. We have expected for some time that the Women's Temperance Crusade would be taken up by some novelist, being so dramatic and characteristic. This Mr. Hale has done, but only to a certain extent. His story dates back to 1865, and its scene is an obscure college town. The "movement," however, is well described, and made to embrace a number of very interesting characters. The *dénouement* is rather Arcadian, but there is so much freshness about it that one reads on, spite of the incredulity which plays upon his lips. Whoever wants to read a temperance story free from cant and namby-pambyism should procure OUR NEW CRUSADE.

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The February number of our national magazine has just been received. If we may venture a hint to the managers, we should urge a speedier publication of each monthly number, so as to keep abreast, in point of time, of the American periodicals. The difference of sale between early and late delivery will be found fully one-third. We take this occasion again to press the claims of the MONTHLY upon all Canadian readers. The enterprise is worthy of their patronage, in almost every respect. It is well printed, well edited, and has a good strong flavour of the national spirit. All the papers in the present number are satisfactory. We would particularly single out "Ice Cutting on Lake Huron," as a type of those brisk, vivacious and instructive Canadian sketches which are sure to please.

SELECTA.

PRECOCIOUS GENIUSES.—Viotti, one of the greatest violinists and composers, at the age of 8, played in a concert.

Pleyel, when very young, a child, astonished his hearers.

Mehul, at the age of 9 years, was organist in a convent chapel.

Spontini, when 17 years old, had his first opera performed in Italy.

Spohr, at the age of 12, performed at the court a concerto of his own composition.

Palestrina, born in 1524 (Giovanni Pierluigi). His parents were of humble condition, deriving their chief support from the sale of the produce of their little garden in the Romish market. He was, when very young, a poor choir boy, but soon showed his great genius for music.

Weber, born in 1786, published his first composition at the age of 12.

Meyerbeer, born in 1794, when only 4 years old, used to catch the melodies of the itinerant organists, and accompany them harmoniously with the left hand. At 6 years old, he played at the public concerts in Berlin.

Moscheles, born in 1794, played at the public concerts in Prague, when only 12 years of age.

Mercadante, born in 1799, played upon the violin and the flute, when only 11 years old.

Mendelssohn Bartholdy, born in 1809, at 8 years of age was able to read every kind of music at sight, and to write the harmony upon a bass correctly.

Liszt, born in 1811, at 9 nine years of age improvised in public in such a manner as to excite the greatest astonishment.

Thalberg, born in 1812, was only 15 years old when he began to attract attention in the world of music.

Six, born in 1814, when only 12 years old, would make very fine clarionets and flutes.

Vieuxtemps, born in 1820, when 2 years of age, passed whole hours striking the strings of a bow of the chords of a little instrument. At the age of 4½ years he began to decipher music.

A MOONLIGHT CONCERT.

A correspondent writes:

Have you ever heard of one Remenyi, the beloved pupil of Liszt and called the Liszt of the violin? I am sure he is not famous in America, as are Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull, whose mother-in-law, by the way, is one of the most brilliant of American women, and a mother-in-law that any man would wish might live as long as he himself should. But what I have to say of Remenyi is only to relate a most beautiful incident in his life—one of those events which only happen once in a lifetime because of their complete spontaneity. It happened in Hungary at Szegard (pronounced Sexard.) He was travelling with Liszt, and the two had stopped at Szegard for the night, intending to remain there *incog*. But as the fact became known that the masters were in their midst the Hungarians resolved upon hearing them. They met in groups, speeches were made, then delegates were chosen to present their wishes to the artists. The envoys started for the hotel, escorted by a crowd, which increased with each step until it became a cortege. The delegates found Liszt and Remenyi at table. "Masters," began the spokesman, "the people of Szegard want a concert. They are before your door awaiting a reply." "They want a concert," cried Liszt. Then turning to Remenyi, "Well, dear friend, let's give them one." The window is opened and the piano wheeled on the balcony. Remenyi seizes his violin; Liszt sits down to the keys under the brightest moon that ever shone. The crowd, recognizing the two heads outlined like *silhouettes* against the red walls of their room, cheer only as Hungarians can cheer, and happy is the man who has heard them. Liszt touches the piano, and at the first sound silence ensues—a profound, religious silence—and the concert be-

gins under a heaven full of stars and white, translucent beams. What room dazzling with light ever valued that small hotel balcony illuminated by the moon? What audience ever was like that intoxicated with music and the wild poetry of the moment? You can imagine the applause that ensued, but may omit to fancy the gay procession of the torches that followed. Remenyi has his triumphs wherever he goes, but he will never have another reception like that.

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE FASHIONABLES.

The fashion correspondent of the London *Hornet* says: "Young ladies who go out much, and have not the purse of a Cæsar for their pocket-money, should always strictly adhere to black or white. With a black silk dress and a white silk dress it is astonishing what a deal may be done. With the black silk dress you have a high *moyen âge*, with body of the same, for home or visiting, *sans cérémonie*. A low square body of the same is afterwards indispensable, as over this you may wear a gauze or jet cuirass apron, tied at the back with bows of ribbon, when you have an elegant dinner-dress at once. The white silk dress, with a low body, can be worn at balls of the greatest pretension; and, when worn with a white cuirass apron of white Chambery, or even muslin, it makes an exquisite dinner-dress. Pink silk dresses, blue silk dresses, any colored silk dress, indeed, can be made into rich demi-toilet dresses by means of a white cuirass and apron, tied at the back with ribbon bows of the same color. The cuirass and apron, when worn for evening, are generally made in one piece, like the front of a Beatrix robe, only both body and apron are fastened at the back. This shape, however, to fit well must be most exquisitely cut. With a black silk dress and a white silk dress and a black gauze or barege or tulle apron, tunic, or bodice and a white Chambery or muslin tunic and bodice, you will have sufficient toilets to last you through the season, however much you may go out. It is always preferable to have a few dresses well and stylishly made than a larger number which are the reverse. I have known ladies who have been the belles of evening parties in plain silk dresses stylishly made, whilst others in pink satins and lace have appeared old-fashioned and inelegant. Richness of dress goes nowhere compared to style and cut."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Count Armand de Pontmartin is going to give in the *Gazette de France* his souvenirs of the first representation of *Robert le Diable*.

HENRI Wieniawski has been attached to the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, as conductor of the concerts and professor of the violin and quatuors.

PATTI, on her appearance at Moscow, was presented with five stars of rubies and diamonds. Two thousand bouquets were hurled at her, and she was called before the curtain sixty times. This is enthusiasm of white heat.

THE King of Bavaria has undertaken to defray the cost of ornamenting the *façade* of Richard Wagner's residence at Bayreuth, with *graffiti*. The historical painter Krauss has decorated it with a grand allegory, partly borrowed from the "Nibelungen Lied."

THE French Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has addressed a letter of thanks to Madame Sangalli for her aid at the inauguration of the New Opera, and has presented her with a *Sèvres* coffee service. Mlle. Krauss has also received two handsome vases from the same manufactory.

THE recovery of the Théâtre Français from the state of depression into which it had fallen is complete, and, at the close of the past year, the share of each sociétaire has reached no less a sum than 18,000 francs. For this almost unprecedented popularity the honors paid the company in England, are doubtless in part responsible.

DANCERS were dancers once. When Mlle. Sallé took her benefit in London, the house was stormed and seats were carried at the point of the sword. As for Mlle. Saint-Germain, her boudoir was carpeted with bank notes, and a great seigneur set fire to the house of Poulette, in order to have the opportunity of offering her another. However, the triumph of Mlle. Guimard was still greater, for we are told that when she broke her arm a solemn mass for her recovery was said at Notre Dame. Ah, those good, clever old times!

FROM the opera to the concert, from the concert to the exhibition, and from the exhibition to the promenade—such is the happy life of Parisians who have nothing to do but to "kill time." For a charitable purpose—in aid of St. Mary's Providence Home—and under the patronage of Marshal and Madame MacMahon, the Cirque was lately transformed into a winter garden, and nothing was left undone to make it a most enjoyable reunion. The music sung was Handel's *Messiah*, and among the solos the English Madame Patey was occupying a conspicuous place. Oratorio music, as a rule, is not much sung in France.

At a leading provincial theatre, where B. had the *entrée* to the stage, he was conversing with the pleasing actress who was to open the play, and who was already seated at the inevitable table. The conversation was interesting. Suddenly the curtain rose and revealed B. to the audience. He, of course, rushed away, in the conventional fashion, pursued by the yells of the gallery and the not-even attempted-to-be-suppressed oath of the stage-manager! Nothing of the kind. He rose deliberately, and with a low bow—he was in evening *tenue*—said, "I shall let Sir Charles know of your arrival. Good-bye. *Au revoir!*"

M. OFFENBACH is now fifty-four years old. He looks very unlike the pictures one form of him while listening to his compositions. A slightly-built, refined looking gentleman, with a general aspect of ill-health and of melancholy—such is the outward presentation of the composer of *Général de Brabant*. Up to this time he has written some eighty operas, comprising two hundred and fifty acts. He has created a new *genre* of music, and, in consequence, has found numerous disciples and followers. Vasseur, the author of *La Timbale d'Argent*; Serpette, who wrote *La Branche Cassée*; and Leiot, who composed *La Rosière d'Ict*, are among the most successful. But Offenbach has as yet found but one real rival and that is Lecocq, the author of the immortal *Fille de Madame Angot*.

* Theodore Tilton against Henry Ward Beecher, &c., Published in Parts during the Progress of the Trial. McDivitt, Campbell & Co., 111, Nassau St., N.Y., Part I 80, pp. 176, Price, 50 cents.

† *Causeries Agricoles*. Par Edouard A. Barnard. Montreal, Compagnie Lith., Burland-Desbarats, 129, pp. 123.

‡ Our New Crusade. By E. E. Hale. Boston. Roberts Bros. Montreal, Dawson Bros.