

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

PUBLIC PRAYERS—AT VERSAILLES—STORMS—FECHTER'S DAUGHTER—DANIEL STERN—THE SALON—THE THEATRE.

PARIS MARCH, 21st.—The enemies of the Republic may pretend that the new régime is hostile to religion, but certainly the ceremony which took place on the Sunday preceding the opening of the Chambers was edifying enough. On that day public prayers were offered up at the Church of Notre Dame. The event was very solemn. Besides civil deputations, the vast space in front of the old edifice was occupied by four battalions of infantry, a squad of cuirassiers and a detachment of dragoons. At noon, the mass commenced at which all the Ministers and High Dignitaries of the State were present, and which was celebrated in the presence of the Cardinal-Archbishop and his coadjutor. The scene within and without the cathedral was magnificent, every detail being managed with that sense of picturesque effect in which the French are unequalled.

The opening of the Chambers, at Versailles, was also very imposing. The former Legislative Hall having been assigned to the Senate, the Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies, inaugurated their new quarters built expressly for them. It has many advantages, but its acoustic properties are defective and will have to be improved. The old revolutionist, RASPAIL, eighty-two years of age, could not be heard at all. The President GREVY was not audible beyond the front benches. In the Senate, Victor Hugo when he read his impassioned plea in favor of general amnesty filled every part of the room. The poet behaved uncommonly well on this occasion. He did not lose his temper at any time, and to one particularly irritating interruption from M. PARS he did not so much as vouchsafe a reply. The author of *LES MISÉRABLES* looks hearty and active, and is good for at least ten years more of literary work.

A hurricane has passed over Marseilles. Vehicles were blown over in the public streets, and their inmates more or less injured, and traffic on the quays was stopped. A military review at the Pharo was carried through, but not without great difficulty, as the men could not stand steadily in the ranks, and such was the violence of the gale that it completely overcame the sound of the musketry. A number of tramway cars were blown off the rails, and a number of omnibuses were upset. Several persons were driven into the sea, and drowned in presence of a crowd, which was utterly unable to extend to them the slightest assistance.

The debut of MARIE FECHTER, only daughter of the famous actor, was announced for last week at the Grand Opera. But the event has again been postponed, much to the disappointment of the young lady and her friends. She was to have appeared as *Mothilde* in Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." FECHTER, while unaccountably tarrying in America where he is doing nothing worthy of his powers or his fame, leaves his wife and two children here in Paris almost totally dependent on themselves. The other child is a youth named Paul, after his godfather, the novelist PAUL FEVAL. He is about completing his studies. MARIE FECHTER has received some instruction from FAYRE and other good masters, and is said to promise well for the lyric stage.

Madame La Comtesse d'ANGOT, better known under her pen name of DANIEL STERN, and whose death recently took place, will perhaps be best remembered by her early union with the great musician LISZT, and by their two daughters, one of whom was first married to HANS VON BULOW, the pianist now in America, and who after being divorced from him, became the wife of RICHARD WAGNER. What a mockery of fate that the living wife of the man who hates and ridicules France in his music should be a Frenchwoman. The other daughter, who is a miracle of beauty and grace, is no less a personage than the wife of EMILE OLIVIER, the Minister of NAPOLEON III, and the man who declared the Prussian war with "a light heart."

Preparations are already far advanced for the Salon of 1876. It may safely be said that at no time has art been so conscientiously cultivated and so generously patronized as it is in France under the Republic. This year will reveal a still further improvement. When we consider that no artist may exhibit more than two pictures at a Salon, the number exhibited is something extraordinary. BOUGREAU will give a *Pietà* in his very best manner. It is a Virgin weeping over a dead Christ with angels hovering above the group. GUSTAVE DORE will present one of his gigantic conceptions, a canvass ten metres wide by six metres high, or five hundred and forty feet square, of which the subject is "The Triumphant Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." There are about 200 principal life-sized figures in this great picture, and it is needless to say that while the genius of DORE is sometimes negligent of the perfection of details, the general effect is impressive and sublime. BAYARD, the painter of frescoes in the Grand Opera House, has two portraits, and so has CAROLUS DÉRAS, VINET, the clever satirist of clerical life, has one in the same spirit, The Antechamber of a Cardinal. DETAILLE continues his military studies with A Reconnaissance in a Village Street. Two Prussian Lancers are seen in the foreground, and a French regiment approaches in the distance. One of the lancers is killed by a shell with his horse under him; the other is disabled. BOSSAT gives one of his forcible Scripture scenes in Jacob Wrestling with the Angel.

DEMAS' play, *L'Etrangère*, is not generally liked. Indeed it is a disagreeable subject and the handling has little of the originality expected

of its author, yet it continues to draw at the Français, the houses averaging 7000 francs or \$1400 a night. The other theatres, with the exception of the Feydeau or Opéra Comique, which is in a chronic state of financial difficulty, are all running handsomely. La Fille de Madame Angot, while travelling around the world, maintains its stand here, having reached the unprecedented term of six hundred nights.

FRICASSEE.

REVIEW.

"Church and State" is the title of a second pamphlet written by Sir Alexander T. Galt on the politico-religious question in the Province of Quebec. The author plainly states that his design is to oppose and protest against "the efforts now being made by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Quebec to impose upon those belonging to their communion the extreme doctrines of the Italian Ecclesiastical School." In the body of the work he inquires first, whether the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards Civil Society has changed since Confederation, and whether such change has been signalized in Lower Canada by overt action; secondly, whether such change affects the general rights of Protestants as citizens of Quebec, and, especially, weakens their guarantees obtained at Confederation; thirdly, whether the issue thus raised is political or religious. All these points are fully treated, and the whole work is written in a spirit of moderation. Sir Alexander, in this pamphlet, has shifted the ground assumed in his previous brochure to this extent that he disclaims attempting to form a new party, or allying himself on this issue to either of the existing political parties. His suggestion is "an organization composed of Catholics and Protestants, irrespective of creed, nationality, or political party, for the maintenance of the Civil Rights of the people." The work is published and for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city.

Belford Bros., of Toronto, pursue their mission as Canadian publishers of popular works, by the issue of Mark Twain's amusing volume, entitled "Old Times on the Mississippi." We had frequent occasion, as these papers appeared in successive numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to express our sense of their delicious humor, truthful local delineation and original insights of which we could not better judge from personal reminiscences of our own childhood in the Mississippi Valley. The Canadian reprint is neat and elegant, but the publishers will allow us to call their attention to several serious misprints in this, as in other of their issues. They know as well as ourselves that misreadings are fatal to the perfection of modern bookmaking.

In the April number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY appear the opening chapters of a new novel entitled "As Long as She Lived," by F. W. Robinson, a well-known English novelist, the author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Second Cousin Sarah," and other notable works of fiction. The new serial is published by arrangement with the author, and is expected to be completed in about ten numbers of the Magazine. A short sketch by Miss Georgiana M. Crank, entitled "Charlotte Brontë's Birthplace," which also appears in this number, is likewise published by arrangement with the author.

VOCAL DANCE MUSIC.

Our readers will perhaps remember in an account of the late Fancy Ball, at the Government House, Ottawa, that one of the most original features of the splendid entertainment was the dance music set to popular words, and sung by a large number of trained voices. The effect is said to have been strangely pleasing and to have contributed singularly to the enjoyment of the evening. Our esteemed friend Jacob G. Ascher, Esq., of this city, has sent us a copy of this music with a kind note, in which, after some compliment to ourselves—which our modesty, of course, forces us to disclaim and suppress—he says truly: "The idea of vocal dance music is a novel one, at any rate for Canada, and the fact of its being introduced by the Vice Royal Representative in Canada, who is always foremost in countenancing what contributes to the social as well as the intellectual advancement of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, should elicit commendation." The music is in two parts—the Lancers and Waltz, and the words are adaptations from old nursery rhymes. The music is pretty, using that word in the sense that it pleases by an original treatment of those well-known dances. We particularly liked the fourth movement or number of the Waltz, in B flat, where the choral effect is really striking, and which, rendered by a number of voices, must be very amusing. The author is Mr. Frederick W. Mills, the organist of Christ Church, and conductor of the Choral Union, Ottawa. This gentleman is doing good service in the cause of native composition, and our readers will perhaps remember him in connection with the authorship of the operetta called the "Maire de St. Briens," a scene from which we published in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS at the time of its production at Rideau Hall. We trust that the undoubted success of that work and of the present dance music will encourage our Canadian composer to persevere in his mission. The sheets before us are published by J. L. Orne & Son, Ottawa, and the frontispiece is a very appropriate piece of Gothic lettering and scroll-work from the pencil of W. Byrmer.

FORT YORK, TORONTO, IN 1841.

The above named Fort is not one of much account. The buildings belonging to it are all of brick or wood, roofed with wooden shingles, except the magazine, which is of stone, roofed with tin. It is more commonly called "The Old Fort," "The Old Barracks," or "The Old Garrison," to distinguish it from a collection of stone buildings with tin roofs, situated not a great distance to the west, built at a much later date. The latter, though it is sometimes called "The New Fort," is improperly so called, as it is designed only for the accommodation of troops. The present Fort York stands near where the one of the same name stood, which was taken by the United States' troops in 1813. Soon after the enemy entered, the British blew up the magazine, thereby killing a great number. The commander, General Pike, was mortally wounded on the occasion. It is said that the force of the explosion shattered the windows of the house occupied by the late Bishop Strachan, a great way off. The British themselves suffered severely by their own act, as 300 of their number perished.

Our illustration represents Fort York as it appeared in 1841. It is from a sketch by the late John Gillespie, a Toronto artist, who died a few years ago. When it was taken, the 93rd was stationed in Toronto. Accordingly, three of that gallant regiment are very appropriately introduced. This was the last killed one which ever visited Toronto. No British soldier of any kind is seen there now, and it is not likely that any ever again will be. The Fort itself, as regards the buildings, is very little changed from what it was 35 years ago. It is, however, far otherwise with the surroundings. Several lines of railway now pass by it, for the first of which the ground was not broken till a good while after.

The artist above named was a native of Scotland. At one time, he was a Captain in H. M. 80th Regiment. He had a good knowledge of drawing and perspective, and a considerable amount of imagination. In colouring, he was somewhat deficient. Alas! like many another clever person, he was much given to intemperance. At times, he would join a total abstinence society, and, for a time, do well. On these occasions, he produced several pieces representing the effects of Temperance, and Intemperance. Some of the latter were of a humorous, others of a mournful nature. But he soon fell back into his old habits. He had a brother named George, who died before him. The latter, besides turning wooden articles—which was his calling—occasionally turned verses. He published a small volume of his poems, with illustrations by John. Some of the passages in it were not wholly destitute of merit. It is now quite forgotten, as regards the public. George, like his brother, loved the bottle. The poet and the painter, together kept "bachelor's hall." Their abode was, therefore, not a model of neatness. John died in the Toronto General Hospital.

THE FASHIONS.

I. BLACK CLOTH DRESS.—This paletot fits close at the waist, but rises a little behind to fall in a point in front. A fringe surrounds the basque and terminates the ornament.

II. CLOTH JACKET.—Fits closely at the waist and is adorned with cloth biases, applied on the stuff and retained by a quilting of heavy silk. A slight fillet surrounds the basque.

III. CLOTH PALETOT.—This article of dress falls straight before and behind, and is not very tight fitting. A series of tassels encircle the basque. The same ornaments are repeated at the sleeves.

IV. VISITING TOILET.—Dress of tulle or straked grey and maroon. The skirt with train is adorned below with three plaited volants, the tunic appears double, but the second skirt is simulated. A series of knots close the tunic in the shape of a jacket. A graceful pocket with maroon buttons on the bodice and a number of ribbons adorn the left side of the tunic in front.

V. VISITING DRESS.—Valencian skirt with satined streaks with volants of the same material alternating with plaits of various colored silk. Tunic of the same formed by a double scarf falling the one on the other. Two fringes with quadrilled heads adorn this scarf which folds itself in a cascade on the train. The bodice is half silk and half valencian. The capote is of cream silk with red galarand roses around the edge.

VI. DEMI-TOILET.—A comfortable paletot, shorter behind than before. A large tassel depending from a quadrilled fringe frames the whole vestment.

VII. OUTDOOR COSTUME.—Dress of a tawny color the skirt of which, with large flat folds forming a train, is terminated behind by two volants. The tunic is of brown grey, relieved by red, green and blue bars with silver fillets. A cascade of knots retains behind the folds of the tunic, being gracefully prolonged on the train.

THE GREAT STORM AT OAKVILLE.

We are indebted to the kindness of the editor and proprietor of the Oakville, Ont., *Aegis* for a number of views of that locality during the late storm of snow and ice which raged there, and for a description of the same abbreviated from his paper. On Thursday, the 16th March, a most terrific east storm raged on Lake Ontario. The wind blew with a tremendous force, and the watery billows rolled high. During the storm's height a view from near the pier was grand beyond conception. On the east side of the pier there was a large cone of ice formed, the point of which was about forty feet from the edge of

the water; and all along the shore the ice banks extended into the lake for about fifty yards, and they probably reached the bottom of the lake in from four to ten feet of water, and rose above the water from six to twenty feet. Against this barrier of ice the sea broke with awful force, the waves seeming to concentrate themselves on the east side of the pier, and incredible as it may look, it is nevertheless a fact that showers of stones were with nearly every wave thrown high above the ice cone, falling and rolling down upon the ice banks, and very many of them going over into the harbor. One gigantic wave threw a number of stones full twenty feet above the ice cone (sixty feet from the water's edge) into the air. This stone was a large flat one, being some six inches thick and weighing not less than 120 pounds. Many others of similar size were continually in the air. Friday the wind abated and shifted off the land, and the sea soon thereafter went down. A beach formed outside the line of ice, and near the pier where formerly there were twelve feet of water it was now dry land—or stones and gravel rather—two or three feet above the water's edge. At the extreme end of the pier where the ice had been washed off, the planks and covering of the pier had been entirely swept away, and many cords of stone were washed out. The tons of solid ice encircling the light-house entirely protected it from the fury of the storm.

FRUITFUL AGE.

We are all either old or growing old, and we are all therefore interested in the question, which is often discussed, whether the faculties of the mind may go on increasing in strength to the last, or whether they must necessarily partake of the gradual failure of the bodily powers. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" enumerates many striking instances of the display of great intellect in advanced life. Sophocles, he reminds us, composed one of his finest tragedies—the "Edipus at Colonus"—when he was nearly ninety. Eschylus, at seventy-three, wrote his "Orestes." Simonides gained in his eightieth year the crown of victory over all competitors, by his "Dithyrambic Chorus." Pindar, the greatest of lyric poets, wrote with undiminished powers till past eighty. Metastasio lived and wrote till he was eighty-four; and Goldoni, who died at eighty-seven, wrote, after he had passed his fourscore years, some of his happiest plays. Wordsworth lived to eighty, and Goethe to eighty-three, with unflinching poetic power. Titian's pencil only dropped from his hand when he was stricken by the plague at nearly a hundred years of age. Michael Angelo's fervid brain carried him on with ever fresh creative power and imaginative capacity to ninety. Leonardo da Vinci, master of all arts and sciences, the fullest and ablest man in all directions that perhaps ever lived, died at his easel, with undiminished faculties, at seventy-five. Tintoretto's unwearied pencil worked until he was eighty-two. Palma Giovine lived and exercised his art until he was eighty-four. Perugini's skill had not fallen at seventy-eight. Rubens was irrepressible as ever at seventy. Teniers elaborated his groups and interiors until he was eighty-four; and Claude's pictures were still as charming as ever when he died at eighty-two.

DOMESTIC.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take four potatoes, three turnips, one carrot and three onions; cut them into small pieces and put them into a stewpan, with a quarter of a pound each of butter and ham, and a bunch of parsley; let them remain ten minutes over a brisk fire, add a large teaspoonful of flour; mix well in, moisten with two quarts of broth and a pint of boiling milk; boil up; season with salt and sugar; run through a hair sieve; put into another stewpan; boil again. Skim, and serve with fried bread in it.

COLD BOILED HAM.—When a ham has been a long time boiled and is becoming dry, cut some thin slices, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry quickly, and serve immediately; or, cut off all fat, mince the ham very fine; break into a pan half a dozen fresh eggs, add a tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and pepper, and set on the fire; as soon as the eggs are set or nearly solid, spread one-half quickly with the minced ham, and fold the other half on to it, and slip carefully from the pan to a dish. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

BAKED BREAD PUDDING.—Housekeepers often have sundry scraps—crusts and remnants of bread left in the bread tin, and if they are not musty or mouldy, no matter how dry they may be, a good pudding can be made from them. Break them up into small bits, and turn over them enough boiling hot milk not only to cover them when dry, but let them soak out well. Chop fine three tablespoonfuls of suet and add to the milk. Also put in salt and sugar to taste. Put the pan on the back of the stove, and let it stand till the bread is soft; then mix it up with a spoon, and add two well beaten eggs to each quart of milk, and a cupful of currants and raisins mixed. Turn it into a pudding dish; put a few bits of butter over the top, and also some raisins, and bake for twenty minutes, or until the milk becomes set. If three or four eggs are added and two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, it can be boiled in a tin pudding mould and turned out on a platter and served.

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."—This week's number contains a lively sketch of the Allan ss. "Circassian" in a recent two day's storm; a picturesque winter view of the iron steam ferry at Sarnia; two admirable portraits of Messrs. John Cameron, of the *Advertiser*, and J. G. Buchanan, of the *Times*, the President and Secretary of the Canadian Press Association—so natural that you almost reach out your hand to shake Buchanan's. The Government buildings at Victoria, B. C., are presented, as well as the handsome St. Martin's Church, Montreal, the Sherbrooke Street C. M. Church Sunday School Concert, with Centennial and French Chamber scenes. The cartoon is well drawn; the Premier rides the Free Trade horse, with Mr. Cartwright leading it by the ear, and Sir John and Dr. Tupper illustrating the latest "pull back" by hauling on its tail. A capital number.—*Kingston Whig*.