

A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

BY PETER A. HENDRICK.

Among the mosses and wild flowers
Which, like a fairy chapel, fringe
The base of Kenda's vine-clad hills,
We found, one summer day, two roses—
One white, as pure as a soul
Fresh from the hand of Purity—
The other red, blushing at praise
Of its own loveliness, as sung
By wandering bird, or murmured by
The ripples that babbled o'er the sand,
That afternoon, we met the hour
Appointed for our picnic meal,
We clustered 'neath a willow tree,
Among whose drooping branches twined,
To give us shade, the wild-grapes' leaves.
We asked, one from another, "Why
This rose was red, the other white?"
And each in turn, as fancy moved,
Gave answer. One, whose mind was stored
With pious tales and legends quaint,
A maid, whose cheeks, like to the flowers
Of which she spake, now white, now red,
According to the story's drift,
Gave evidence of her belief
In that which she related, told
A legend. The which is here re-told.

THE LEGEND.

At Kintzheim, in Alsace, there stands
A castle, ruined, desolate.
'Twas there the roses first grew red.
And thus it is it came to pass.
In olden time, within the keep,
Then rock girt, strong, impregnable,
Now ruined, desolate, as though
'Twere mourning still for his sad fate,
Lived Thierry de Kornigheim.
Young, handsome, pious, brave,
The last of Kintzheim's race.
Here, too, with him, his mother lived,
And she the fairest fair of France.
As good as she was fair, his bride
That was to be, yet never was.
And Happiness held peaceful sway.
Till they who claimed the new and what
They falsely styled, the better faith,
Swept, like lava from a mount,
Through fair Alsace, marking their route
By temples burned, by plundered homes,
By ruin, desolation, death.
Then he, the Knight Kornigheim,
Cheered by the faithful smiles of her
The fairest fair of sunny France,
With all the glittering chivalry
Within his broad domain, rode forth
To battle for the people's faith.
Who, though he lived to conquer, fell,
Bleeding from out his side, like him
Who bled for man upon the cross.
Quick, then, his followers sorrowing,
Bore him unto his castle home.
They laid him down without the tower,
Where roses grow, white, pure as souls,
And they—his mother and she for whom
He fain would live—kneel, weeping.
Vainly they strove to stem the tide
Of ebbing life. Like unto one
Who seeks to mend a bursted dam,
Yet powerless still, and knowing well
The sweep of waves must soon engulf
His all, his home, his babes, his wife;
So woman's power was vain to 'bate
The flood of crimson life, which drowned
All hope of joy to be, and sunk
The present in a sea of woe.
The blood, bursting from out his side,
Bedewed the flowers that grew around.
Then came his parting words—words sweet
As rustlings of the angel's wings,
Who hovered near, to bear his soul
Unto his God, and all was over.
Then she, his bride that was to be,
But never now, could be on earth,
As life and hope crushed out by death
From her young heart, cast herself down,
Weeping, upon the lifeless form,
Which erst had been her hope and life,
When lo! before her, wondering, stood
An angel, purer than the rays
That, from the dying sun, fall down
Athwart the darkening hills. "Grieve not,"
She heard in voice so sweet, it seemed
Like unto music in a dream.
"Grieve not! Thy lover lives in God."
And when she, wondering, asked a sign
That she might know 'twas not a dream,
The angel pointed to the flowers
O'er which her lover's heart had poured
The crimson current of his life,
And, pointing, vanished. And, when she looked,
Behold! the flowers which erst were white
Were now as red as man's heart's blood.
Lo, too, they ever after grew,
And thus it is it came to pass
That, of the roses, some are white
And others red,—A sign that they
Who die for men, shall live in God.

St. John's Coll., Jan., 1878.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

AMATEUR TALENT.

A prolonged sojourn in this "ambitious" city, and an acquaintance with its predominating characteristics, have afforded yours truly an adequate opportunity of making a few observations in regard to its variety of amateur talent. Charming as is the wide and gentle slope which extends from the base of a somewhat rugged mountain ridge to the shore of an exquisitely beautiful bay—a bay which, on delightful summer evenings, has often been described by visitors as rivaling in natural loveliness the famous one at Naples—surrounded by romantic old hills which look down into flowery vales, among which the gaze wanders, in ecstasy, until it loses itself in the broad waters of the lake; abounding with charming scenery and vivified by an air of poetry, I boldly prophecy that Hamilton is destined to give birth to genius that will reflect lustre upon Canadian nationality. The city is not yet forty years old, and, figuratively speaking, the echo of the woodman's axe has scarcely yet died away. It has a population of 33,000, however, and, unlike its three elder sisters, Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, whatever artistic taste it possesses has been developed entirely by its own people, without the fostering care of Governmental aid. The city, therefore, has nothing yet in the way of an art gallery, but a number of the wealthy citizens possess private collections of a high order. On another occa-

sion, perhaps, a few words, descriptive of the beautiful and rare works which I have had the pleasure of viewing, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, but, just now, I intend to confine myself to the amateur musical talent of the city. Perhaps no place in the Dominion, in proportion to population, can equal Hamilton in its number of amateur musicians. These comprise organists, violinists, pianists, flute, cornet, viola, violoncello soloists, etc., many of whom enjoy more than a mere local reputation. In regard to orchestral performers, she undoubtedly leads the van, and, on numerous occasions when oratorios have been rendered in neighbouring cities, Hamilton talent has been called into requisition. Philharmonic societies have been organized from time to time, and the best soloists have been gradually coming to the front until to-day Hamilton can proudly boast of possessing the best amateur orchestral club in the Dominion. The present organization has been in existence for a year or more, and, under their competent leader, the time spent in rehearsals has not been thrown away. The club has appeared on numerous occasions at concerts in aid of various charities, and has acquired itself in a masterly manner. It confines itself exclusively to high class music, and the rendering of some of the grand symphonies of Liszt, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Schumann, etc., has been exquisitely beautiful. The Club has also brought out some of Beethoven's and Mozart's magnificent compositions in a manner highly satisfactory to lovers of classical music.

Another organization, which has gained an international reputation, is the 13th Military Band. This band comprises thirty instruments, and has been in existence about ten years. Its paid leader is a gentleman of superior musical attainments, and one who delights in the rendition of the glorious works of the great composers. Appreciative citizens listen to the music of these two excellent organizations with profound delight. The city is visited periodically by the famous Theodore Thomas Orchestra, and his visits are now looked forward to with unbounded pleasure. It is no empty compliment to pay that gentleman to say that the present taste for music of a high order has been largely engendered by the exquisite productions with which he has favoured us.

SACRED MUSIC

is grandly rendered by several of the church choirs, first among which must be ranked that of St. Mary's R. C. Cathedral. This choir is usually accompanied by a full orchestra, in conjunction with the powerful organ. The leading voices are Miss Egan (soprano), Mr. Power (tenor), Mr. Egan (basso), and others. The sublime music of Mozart's 3rd Mass, Requiem, etc., is produced with splendid effect. Next in point of proficiency is the choir of the Centenary Methodist Church. The leading voice here is Mrs. Caldwell (soprano). This lady possesses a truly magnificent voice, over which she has a complete control. The solos of the grand and well-known anthems are always charmingly rendered by her, and sometimes the choruses are very effective. The choir of the John Street Methodist Church has improved wonderfully since the accession of Mrs. Keltie (soprano). This lady is particularly happy in her rendition of the beautiful solos of those soul-stirring anthems, "God is the Refuge," and "Praise ye the Lord." One can not listen to such glorious music without feeling that it is the gift—

"From heaven sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrows rent,
And soften down the rugged path of life."

The Central Presbyterian Church choir is fortunate in the possession of Miss Barr (mezzo soprano).

The choirs of Christ's Church Cathedral, Church of Ascension, All Saint's, St. Patrick's, St. Thomas, King Street (Methodist), and Mount Zion (Methodist), are all very good, and are an excellent means of leading the respective congregations in the sacred song.

The question of the admission of organs into Presbyterian churches having been decided some time ago in this city, the musical service of the Sabbath is now led by the swelling tones of the organ in all the leading churches of that denomination.

THE LOCAL CONCERTS

which frequently take place in the Music Hall, in aid of various benevolent societies, are usually very enjoyable. The participants are usually selected from the excellent talent above enumerated. The programme comprises solos, duets, trios, quartets and choruses, vocal and instrumental. The concerts are well patronized, and the citizens listen with pleasure to these musical entertainments. A few weeks ago the beautiful oratorio of "Queen Esther" was produced in a very creditable manner, considering the limited number of rehearsals. Some of the beautiful solos were exquisitely rendered, but the choruses were not quite so satisfactory.

What may be spoken of as the greatest effort ever attempted by the musical talent of Hamilton, is the production of the sublime oratorio of the "Creation," which will take place shortly. This great work has boldly been undertaken by Prof. Robinson, leader of the 13th Band. This gentleman is thoroughly familiar with the musical talent of the city, and is a conductor of acknowledged ability. His interpretation of descriptive music has already given eminent satisfaction. He wisely decided not to be in too

great a hurry, and his army of performers are spending months in studious rehearsals. It is, indeed, a bold undertaking, but the work is in good hands, and there can be no doubt that the rendition of this great oratorio will be a complete success. All lovers of fine music are awaiting the event with restless interest, believing that their fondest expectations will be realized.

Besides the array of talent which occasionally appears in public, there are, of course, hundreds of fair young ladies whose musical accomplishments are seldom heard outside of the drawing-room of their own homes. Many of them are far beyond mediocrity, and some are capable of grandly rendering some of the most difficult passages of the great composers. I recently had the pleasure of hearing a young lady play a selection from one of Meyerbeer's sublime works, and was charmed by her exquisite rendition of the beautiful passage. It appeared to me to equal the brilliancy of Herr Von Bulow, but perhaps I must not omit to mention that this lady had studied in Munich.

If my observations have not misled me, the ruling artistic characteristic of Hamilton is musical. Music everywhere floats out upon the air, filling the heart with gladness, and, through the exquisite melody the soul catches glimpses of the celestial happiness which it longs for.

W. F. McMAHON.

REVIEWS AND CRITICISM.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 23d and March 2d have the following noteworthy contents: A French Critic on Goethe, by Matthew Arnold, *Quarterly Review*; Natural Religion, part IX., *Macmillan*; An Oxford Lecture, by John Ruskin, *Nineteenth Century*; March of an English Generation Through Life, *Quarterly*; French Home Life, *Blackwood*; Macleod of Dare, by William Black, and Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oliphant, both from advanced sheets; The Great Fourfold Waterfall, *Fraser*; Doctor Lavardin, a sketch, *Macmillan*; Shakespeare in France, *Nineteenth Century*; Erica, translated from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; Pleasant People, *Saturday Review*; Antoine César Becquerel, *Nature*; The Cruelty of Pecuniary Crime, *Spectator*; Walking in Winter, *Pall Mall Gazette*; The Emotions due to Christmas Bills, *Spectator*; and the usual select poetry and miscellany. The back numbers containing the first instalments of "Erica," and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent gratis to new subscribers for 1878.

The March-April number of the *North American Review* is issued, and contains the following articles: "The Army of the United States, with Letters from Generals Hancock and Sherman," by Gen. James A. Garfield; "English and American Universities Compared," by Chas. W. Eliot, LL.D., President of Harvard University; "Stonewall Jackson and the Valley Campaign," by Gen. Richard Taylor; "The Death Struggle of the Republican Party," by Hon. George W. Julian; "The Position of the Jews in America," by Rabbi Gustav Gottheil; "The Alliance of the South and the West," by Senator John T. Morgan; "Contemporary Literature," and a symposium on "The Doctrine of Eternal Punishment," by Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College; Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G., Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., Rev. William R. Williams, D.D., and Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D. We shall return to some of the articles in this fine review.

The March-April number of the *International Review* (A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers, New York and Chicago) opens with the Confederate Reminiscences of Alexander H. Stephens, who here furnishes to the public many facts of great interest. He combats the recently published statements of Gen. Richard Taylor. In his second article Hon. David A. Wells presents a valuable review of the Elements of National Wealth, including the annual incomes and savings of the principal nations of the world. Will T. Prichard, F.R.S., F.A., S.L., long a resident of Mexico, treats the Mexican Question under the title of the "Mexico of the Mexicans," commenting on the policy of the United States. A fascinating account of the public and private lives of some famed and learned women of Bologna is given by Madame Villari of Italy, wife of Prof. Villari, who was Minister of Public Instruction under Victor Emmanuel. This is Madame Villari's first appearance in an American periodical. The all-absorbing topic of the Method of Electing the President, past and future, is ably discussed from the judicial and political stand-points by Judge Thomas M. Cooley of Michigan and Hon. Abram S. Hewitt of New York. Other articles are by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood on Modern Love; Gen. de Peyster (of New York) on New York and its History; Prof. A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., of Harvard College, on The Relation of Morality to Religion, including the modern symposium; Baron F. Von Holtzendorff, the well-known German jurist, on Imperial Federalism in Germany. Silver in Art is appropriately described by E. C. Taylor of New York. The department of Contemporary Literature embraces recent important English, German, French and American books by eminent foreign and American reviewers. The Review may be had of all new dealers by single copy or by the year. As we did with the former, we shall notice some of the articles of this review in another issue.

THE GOSPEL OF MERIT.

Where there is so much rivalry as in the manufacture of family medicines, he who would succeed must give positive and convincing proof of merit. This is an age of inquiry. People take nothing for granted. They must know the "whys" and "wherefores" before acknowledging the superiority of one article over another. Among the few preparations that have stood the test, those manufactured by R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N.Y., have for many years been foremost. The truth of any statement made concerning them can be easily ascertained, for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are now prescribed by many physicians in curing obstinate cases of Catarrh and incipient Consumption. The Discovery has no equal in curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Nervous Affections. It allays all irritation of the mucous membrane, aids digestion, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets readily overcomes torpid liver and Constipation, while the Favorite Prescription has no rival in the field of prepared medicine in curing diseases peculiar to females. If you wish to "know thyself," procure a copy of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," an illustrated book of nearly 1000 pages, adapted to the wants of everybody. Price \$1.50, postage prepaid. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

ROUND THE WORLD.

OBITUARY.—Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scottish missionary—Father Angelo Secchi, the famous astronomer.—Earl Bathurst, aged 87.

ITALY.—The Pope has expressed a desire that pilgrims should abstain from referring to political matters in their addresses to him.

UNITED STATES.—The Silver bill was passed on the 28th ult. over the President's veto by both Houses of Congress, by over a two-thirds majority; in the Senate by 46 to 19; in the House by 196 to 73.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Lyons is to represent England at the Conference—Mr. Francis Clare Ford, formerly British Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, and Her Majesty's agent at the Halifax Fishery Commission, has been appointed Minister to the Argentine Republic.

GERMANY.—It is considered the Tobacco Tax bill is certain of defeat in the German Parliament, and that Herr Camphausen's resignation of the Finance Ministry will follow. The National Liberals have broken off negotiations with Prince Bismarck, and the entrance of Herr Bennigsen into the Ministry, at present, is declared impossible.

ITALY.—Cardinal Simeoni has been re-appointed and confirmed as Pontifical Secretary of State.—It is believed the new Pope will not be so liberal as expected, and that Leo XIII. will be found to have considerably altered the views of Cardinal Pecci. The entire personnel of the Pontifical Court is to be changed, and all diplomatic negotiations left in suspense at the death of Pius IX. are to be resumed on an entirely new basis.

HUMOROUS.

GOVERNOR BISHOP, of Ohio, wears a steel-pen coat on dress occasions. That's the write costume.

A VASSAR College girl objects to continuing the present fashions, because they interfere with the exercise of sliding down the banisters.

THE ladies are all opposed to the telephone. They don't care to have a young fellow whispering in their ears with his mouth twenty miles away.

THE English language is inadequate to express the forlorn feelings of the boy who thinks he has stolen a dime novel and finds it to be a cook-book.

THE man of genius may by a single effort, rise to the very summit of Fame; but we defy him to go dunning this winter and collect more than fifteen cents.

"My lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written in the book of Nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the Judge, with pen in hand.

THE best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he believed in them. "No, madam; I have seen too many to believe in them."

IT was at a provincial concert about a month ago, when they announced, "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," a little boy at the back of the hall said, "Then sing us a new 'un."

IS there a woman in 'all this broad, sunny land of ours who doesn't believe that carving-knives are created and kept sharp and nice for the sole purpose of splitting kindling wood and opening fruit cans?

WORTH says that not one woman in ten knows how to sit down on a dress. He means her own, of course. Any woman can sit down on another's in a stage or horse car, and do it scientifically the first time.

THE most enterprising piano manufacturers in this country have already prepared their circulars announcing that they were awarded the "first grand prize" at the Paris Exposition for the best and sweetest toned instrument.

"HURRAH! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer who succeeded to his father's practice. "I've settled that old lawsuit at last." "Settled it!" exclaimed the astonished parent: "why, we've supported the family on that for the last ten years."

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth the other day, to a stuttering friend to whom he was slightly indebted, "do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I do not know anything about it," was the reply, "but I thank you had better remain single and set-settle up."

EVEN a newspaper man finds it hard sometimes to believe everything he sees in print. At any rate that's the way it affected us the other day when a nine year-old boy appealed to our generosity by laying before us a card setting forth, in unshrinking double-pica, that he was a poor widow and the mother of five children. There's no fancy in this—pure, unadulterated truth.

A TRAVELLER in western Iowa, while riding along, came to a large sign which implored him to "Look out for the locomotive." He accordingly rode down the track for a better view, and while he was obligingly "looking out" for it, it came along. He saw it, but he had to sit in the ditch and wait until a freight train of thirty-seven cars passed by, before he could get back to the other piece of his horse.