

may particularly mention among her essays "Basil Plants and Pansies," "Heavysege's 'Saul,'" and "Henrich Young Stilling," and of her stories "Little Dorinn" and "Marguerite Kneller," which were contributed to the earlier volumes of the *Canadian Monthly*. THE WEEK has been enriched several times by her pen, and we hope to give shortly a sketch of her life from the pen of one who knew her well and long.

Mr. Arthur Waugh in the *Critic* says:—Mr William Watson has written a new national anthem, and the *Daily Chronicle* has printed it with the pendant of a laudatory leaderette. It may be that there is need for a new national anthem: the radical in our midst is always discovering some void which he must hasten to fill. Most of us, however, will be satisfied with the old familiar verses, despite their quaint absurdities about "counfounding politics" and "frustrating knavish tricks," which are surely the more congenial for their unfitness. Very few, I think, will take kindly to Mr. Watson's substitute. For one thing he has adopted the old metre, and his achievement in it serves to show that the old ballad is by no means so ineffective after all.

"God save our ancient land,
God bless our noble land,
God save our land!
Yea, from War's pangs and fears,
Plague's tooth and Famine's tears,
Ev'n unto latest years,
God save our land!
God gives us clearer eyes!
Power sickens, Glory dies;
Truth, Wisdom stand.
These, though their steps be slow,
Once coming, cannot go.
God haste their reign below,
God save our land!"

I do not know what the politician may think of the sentiment, but the critic will perhaps confess that the utterance is scarcely inspiring. "Ev'n unto latest years" is a tolerably poor line, but surely "Once coming, cannot go" is grievous. The old was better.

The seventh annual report of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, which we are sorry not to have been able to notice earlier, shows a very satisfactory state of things. There is no falling off in the earnestness and energy that has characterized the Society ever since its inception under the Presidency, which we are glad to see continued, of Rev. Canon Ball.

Not only are the annual celebrations occasions of lively interest by reason of the notable men and women who yearly contribute valuable speeches or papers to the open-air programme, but the amount of research into Canadian history—particularly that connected with the War of 1812-15—prepared for, and published by this Society, has become a matter for congratulation, not indeed to the Society alone, to which it has been a question of considerable expense, but to Canadians in general.

We notice that a third edition of Capt. Cruikshank's "Battle of Lundy's Lane" has been called for, a sufficient testimony to its high value. The cover of the new edition is graced by a cut of the Lundy's Lane New Observatory, a splendid erection, and we are pleased to learn that the museum of ancient and historical relics gathered from the neighborhood is being added to by gifts from friends of the Society in other parts.

It is satisfactory to learn that the question of a national monument, and also of

one to the memory of Laura Secord, to be erected on the historic field of Lundy's Lane, is still before the Society, and has lately received a new impetus from the visit of Miss Fitzgibbon, the author of the recently published work "A Veteran of 1812," and Mr. Oliver Howland, M.P.P. for South Toronto, both of whom were present at the celebration just past.

The membership of this Society ought to be very large, the fee (\$1.00) being so small and the returns, all its published material, so great.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

NINETY-FOUR.

London *Truth* thinks that the year of grace 1894 is a flat, all-around failure:

Season of Ninety-four, good-bye!
For you are dead of inanition,
Nor can you wonder if we cry,
"Good riddance to you!" in addition.
For though full many a time we've had
Poor seasons in the years of yore, O,
We've never had one quite so bad
As you of Eighteen Ninety-four, O.

You hipping,
Nipping,
Often dripping,
Dismal Ninety-four, O!

You blighting,
Spiting,
Oft affrighting,
Odious Ninety-four, O!

You moody,
Broody,
Labor feud-y,
Striking Ninety-four, O!

You rainy,
Pain-y,
All complain-y,
Sloppy Ninety-four, O!

You ailing,
Failing,
Unavailing,
Hard-up Ninety-four, O!

You prosy,
Dozy,
Far from rosy,
Listless Ninety-four, O!

You gloomy,
Tomb-y,
Dark-as-doom-y,
Sombre Ninety-four, O!

CHINESE MUSIC.

In turning our attention first of all to the Chinese, we find that the origin of music with them, as with all other nations, is in close affinity with that of their religion. The Chinese builds his world upon the harmonious action of the heavens and earth; regards the animation of all nature, the movement of the stars and the change of seasons, as a grand "world-music," in which everything keeps steadfastly in its appointed course, teaching mankind thereby a wholesome lesson. One of the founders of their religion, Fo-Hi, is believed to have been the inventor of the *Kin*, a stringed instrument still in use in China. The close relationship that originally existed between the constitution of the State and music is also clearly shown in Chinese history. All their music has from time immemorial been under State supervision, in order to guard against the stealthy introduction of any tone contrary to ordinance. Here we already meet with the pernicious influence of a bureaucratic pedantic State, as well as that of the prosaic character of the Chinese,

upon their music. Both features are exemplified in the names of the notes of their oldest musical scale, which consisted only of five tones, from F to D, omitting the B.

We will now endeavour to describe the Chinese music by noticing some of its prominent features. Among the Chinese the art of music has ever remained an object either of diversion or of speculation. It has never revealed to them the language of the heart and intellect. Nevertheless they draw a distinction between sound and noise. The period at which their five-toned scale was enlarged to seven tones has been described by Chinese theorists as the commencement of the decadence of their musical system. They ascribe to their mythical bird "Fung-Hoang," and his mate, the invention of tones and half-tones; the six whole tones to the male, and the half-tones to the female. Such a creed coincides with all their notions of man and woman. The whole tones represented to them things perfect and independent—as heaven, sun and man; the half-tones, things imperfect and dependent—as earth, moon and woman. The enlargement of the scale to seven tones was owing to the insertion of the two half-tones E and B, which were called "leaders" and "mediators." These appellations proceed from a very fine musical instinct, as indeed E and B are "leaders" to F and C, and they possess also, for the modern cultivated ear, the quality of resolving themselves into the half-tone above, acting at the same time as mediators, and filling up the void between D and F—A and C.

The Chinese wind instruments are fewer in number than those of percussion. The oldest of these, the *Hsien*, is in the shape of an egg. It is made of earthenware, open on one side, with five ventages, which give the five tones of the oldest Chinese scale. Speaking relatively, the most elaborate of Chinese wind instruments is the *Cheng*. It is the most pleasing of their instruments, and serves as a standard to tune other instruments. It has for its basis a hollowed-out pumpkin, which serves the purpose of a wind receptacle, in which are twelve to twenty-four bamboo reeds, placed closely together in a circle. The performer blows into the curved cylinder, opening and closing the ventages with his fingers. Among their instruments of the flute type, mention should be made of the *Yo*, which is played from the top like the clarinet; and the *Tsche*, played like the modern flute. They also possess the pan-pipes called *Siao*. Their martial instruments include various trumpets with funnel or knob-shaped bells. Their orchestra is but sparsely recruited with stringed instruments of their own invention, for the mandolines and guitars which they use are more probably of Persian or Hindoo than of Chinese origin. The only Chinese stringed instruments are the *Kin* and *Che*—the former a very primitive guitar, of a pear-shape, usually strung with four strings, and having inside it some metallic bells which make a clanging accompaniment to the sound of its strings; while the *Che*, literally translated "the wonderful," is a table-psaltery, nine feet in length, containing twenty-five strings. Both are evidently of great antiquity, and are said to have been invented by Fo-Hi, but musically the *Che* is the more important—*Cassell's History of Music*.

The very gnarliest and hardest of hearts has some musical strings in it; but they are tuned differently in every one of us.—*Lowell*.