THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOI IC CHRONICLE, AUGUST 21, 1895.

A CHROMATIC SCALE. BY ROBERT B. MAY, Author of "Bell's Place," "Thorpe Castle," etc., etc.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

ΊL. My name is Virgil Black. I am traveller for a great dyeing firm, and my business is to collect from customers the various goods, which, either by change of style or undue exposure, have become faded and shopworn and stand in need of that treatment which shall turn the old into the new. Thus I gather experience with old clothes, and the routine of my life is, more or less, a parody-the right and the wrong side, the dull and the bright, and the seamy side, and that other sidewell pressed and smoothed-ready to be measured out and held in graceful folds for all the world to gaze at.

Yet I am the most sincere of men, highly esteemed, too, for my business qualities. Socially, I am a devoted husband and loving father. I live in a newly built-up locality, in the north-eastern part of the city, where everything is new and fresh and where the younger children have plenty of room to romp and play. So far the events of my life have taken quite a neutral tint and, I hope, will so continue to the end—until I lay me down to sleep beneath the evergreen mantle of our mother Earth. Of course I am often out of town, but happen to be at home just now. And I am glad; for, apart from the rest so necessary at my time of life, there is much I should like to do about the house. The little place is my own property, and I wish things to be compact and comfortable. This laudable desire, however, leads Mrs. Black to de-clare that I am flighty and not properly dignified. Personally, quite true—for I am past middle-age, short, rather stout, round headed and large eyed; my hair is fringy and there is not much of it. My complexion is florid and inclined to shine, but my smile is kindly and my deportment placid. Mrs. B. is in the front garden bedding out canar plant, which, with scarlet runners, will look very nice climbing up the window-sills. I have an eye for color, induced, I presume, by the nature of my business. It is a warm day and the doors are wide open, giving a view, rearward, of the tiny kitchen and porch from whence comes the voice of Amanda, (Mandy, for short) our little maid, who is washing lettuce, singing the while a roundelay touch-ing some warrior bold, and sprinkling herself all over until her face presents a very streaky and dewy appearance. Now, when I am at home, I like to assist in household affairs, even so far as helping to dress the children or regulating the methods of Mandy. As for instance: I see this young person has now began to blacken a pair of boots without first removing the cleansed produce, presently she will claim the slight suspicion of brown powder thereon is-pepper. Oh, yes, there is much to look after, and it is well to have me here sometimes. My son, Thomas, a great hulking fellow, is not the slightest use. He's a medical student and absent almost as often as myself. Dora, my eldest girl, has happily finished her studies at Villa Maria and is now in England on a visit to our cousin Tabitha, a wealthy maiden lady, who lives near London. The other children, well proportioned as to sex, range in number down to eight—the baby, and his name is Octavius Gentle-Black. would not mention this child so exactly. only he being, as it were, the octave in the history of our house, it may be upon him, per favor of Miss Tabitha Gentle. that its future good fortune depends. All this time I have held two letters in my hand, one from Dora, which I pass through the open window to Mrs. B., the other from my firm. They shortly expect Mr. Max Flumer, a chemist of high repute, who visits them with certain valu-able trade secrets. This gentleman, it appears, is desirous of conducting delicate tests with special regard to our climate. As secrecy and quiet are essential there is no time to be lost before obtaining it. In this case (the firm continue) they think of my country home. Would I, very kindly, find room for him? By so doing I should protect our mutual interests with pleasure and profit to myself. At this point I call out:

Gentle, by name Julius, being trustee to the estate. Miss Tabitha, or 'Tab.' as she requested to be called, was certainly not 'sixty if a day,' but about fifty years of age, and well preserved. An active little woman, small pointed features, a tinge of rough red on each nigh cheek, as if with constant rubbing, and something of the same effect on the tip of the nose. Her hair was jet black, of good quality I should say, with a bunch of corkscrew ringlets on each temple, kept

in place by a band of black velvet across the forchead, as though a coronet had been suddenly snatched off and left the lining in its place. Her voice was thin and drawling, with a curious downward sniffle at the end of each sentence.

Flumer was capital company. In appearance-like the earlier pictures of Spurgeon, as a young man-that was our friend, to a shade. I never saw him out of humor, and I never knew him without half a dozen crotchets and ideas in every stage of fruition. Strange to say, his business affairs were well managed al-though, really, the origin of all his whims and fancies. Eventually, the whole front flat was given up to him and there I spent my business time. All were infected by his gay conceits. In vain cousin Tab. scolded and insisted. In vain did I endeavor to restore our former peace. Even Mrs. Black failed in the same attempt, and Tom and Dora openly encouraged the cheerful riot. One after-noon we were sitting in the back garden. Mandy and the children had returned from circus matinee and were rehearsing what they had seen. Octavius, I remem-ber, was a Bounding Brother, and Mandy, on all fours, the untamed steed. Dora was in the house, trying over some new music, which formed an orchestre for the youngsters. "Yes, Miss Tab.," said Flumer, "as I have tried to explain, there is a harmony of color as there is of sound -and as translatable in expression. For instance, I could transcribe this music of Dora's and produce in your mind the same result through the eye as at present same result through the eye as at present received through the ear. And for this nature has provided me a "key-note"— which is Green. With seven notes are all harmonic sounds produced. With seven colors and their complementary shades, which correspond with your half tones, or sharps and flats, do I produce a chromatic scale of color instead of sound. I cheerfully admit that in the best and most classical music there is, as you have so often lamented, much noise and headache. Behold, in my invention, a scientific remedy! Like the smallest harmonium or schoolroom piano, up to the grandest organ ever niched in Cathedral wall, so could my instrument be of drai wall, so could my instrument be of every size and power. Nay, by flash-light could I span the clouds of night and paint the very heavens with chords of tinted harmony. Think of going to the mountain top and LOOKING AT the Over-ture to Zampa played upon a screen held by the very hand of nature herself. But, for private use, an ordinary pience is all for private use, an ordinary piano is all I require to illustrate my theory."

Here I timidly observed that there was a piano, up stairs, already in a state of transformation; and my wife added that never would she have let it enter the house had she known it was not to be played in a Christian manner. And the wires all taken out and curling on the floor, and Mandy torn to pieces try-

come here to be taken care of. The an exposition before a few friends and neighbors. And Miss Tab. will do me there seemed ready to grasp his claythe honor, upon that occasion, to christen the instrument. By this time the chil-dren had finished their play. Dora closed the piano and joined us. Octavius curled himself in the arms of 'Uncle' Mac. and fell asleep. Tom, who I forgot to say was at home for the holidays, sat upon the door step and grinned. We all looked towards Miss Tab., who laid aside her knitting and replied. "The Gentles have always been a the honor, upon that occasion, to christen aside her knitting and replied. "The Gentles have always been a practical race-none more so than Julius and myself. Cousin Bella, I come to visit you under his address. I was led to suppose you had married a man of whom we could all approve. This was confirmed by letters having reference to the birth of your little Octavius. I then and there charged Julius with certain instructions which should mature upon the twenty-first anniversary of that child's birthday. I so did as god-mother, by proxy, and in acceptance of that position. Now, can I become sponsor a second time and under such peculiar circumstances? Mr. Flumer's request implies a monetary interest in the affair which might affect the prospects of Octavius. Still, that is a matter of business entirely under the management of We had to be content with this very cold response, and Saturday evening was the firm would send for me or that Flumer would conclude his actual business and restore me to my former peaceful house and home. The instrument without a name was completed and we carried it carefully into the front parlor. In appearance an upright piano; but upon removing that part of the entire length directly above the music rest a plain white surface appeared. This was about six inches deep and as long as the key-board, or seven and one-quarter octaves, and divided into perpendicular divisions opposite and corresponding to each note. Taking a sheet of music, and reading in the usual way, the slip operated by each note dropped into a sort of slot and disclosed a series of color or shades of color. As each key was released the space resumed its previous blank or, what I might call, shut-up aspect. The movement or "touch" was as sensitive as the original. I am not at liberty to say what these series of colors were—that is Flumer's secret but as he himself told us the treble A was green, so every octave below was a darker shade of the same color, and every octave above was a gradually lighter tint. Of course, chords produced groups of color. There is only one thing more to add. For evening performance, by an ingenious contrivance, the opaque

colors were 'removed and instantly re-placed by the "thme in glass. Powerful lights were then put in the body of the instrument. After much pulling and hauling we got it nicely fixed, and Flumer satidown and ran over the chro-metia could a strike the Irish soul as the 'Marseillaise' strikes the soul of France." **PROFESSOR HUXLEY.** have had some source external to the physical causes working to the perfection of the organic structure, would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the whole theory of the Descent of Man, so matic scale. The effect was very curi-ous. Well, thought I, Saturday night would surely be a success.

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"What an abominable old woman," said Flumer, "to think I wanted her money."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IRELAND NEEDS.

A Heroic National Song Would Help to Unite the Irish People.

A man of Irish blood and American birth, who has lived all his life in New York, entertained some members of his singing club with a notion about the needs of Ireland "I believe," he said. "that one reason why the land of my sires has been downhearted for ages, is that she is one of the few countries in the world which has not a heroic national song fitted to stir the souls of all her children and unite them all in a com-mon pride. The English have "Rule Brittannia," the French have the "Mar-seillaise," the Scotch have "Scots Wha Hae," the Germans have "Scots what Hae," the Germans have the "Watch on the Rhine," the Americans have the "Star Spangled Banner," the Italians have "Garibaldi's Hymn," the Russians have "Life to the Czar," and I could go on telling of other countries by the score, each of which has its own heroic national song. Poor old Ireland has not a song of the kind that is sung from Bantry Bay to Lough Foyle, from Balbriggan to Kilkee, by Catholic and Orangeman, in the peasant's cabin and the lordly palace, by men and women. The best Irish songs are full of crooning, or wailing, or humor, or sentimentalism, and of everything else excepting the glory of heroism and triumph and power and iubilation. I know of several Irish songs that are full of nerve and mettle, but there is not one of them that has entered the spirit of the whole Irish people, or that has bound them together for Ireland. I tell you that there is reason in the opinion which I hold.

"Look at a Frenchman when he hears the 'Marseillaise.' I once went to a French celebration of July 14, and when the band struck up the tune of the great French hymn, everybody got inspired with a kind of frenzy, joined in the chorus, and shouted so loud that I wanted to become a Frenchman myself. The women's voices lent beauty to the notes and they seemed to quiver as they sang louder and yet clearer. There were at the festival men of different religions. besides infidels : but they all marched on as one man for France.

"Next look at the German, when the Wacht am Rhein' is heard. I went to the Schuetzenfest a while ago, at Glendale Park, when the heroic strains of the German martial song were played and sung ; and I can tell you that every German there, whether he were a Saxon. Bavarian or Prussian, whether he were a Junker or a Socialist, whether he were a Lutheran or a Catholic or a Freethinker, felt the thrill which unites the people of

a country proud of itself. "Look once more, and look this time "Well, then," growled Flumer, with a twinkling eye, "keep your shock-headed domestic out of my quarters. Did'nt I song, 'Scots Wha Hae,' is sung to the piercing music of the bagpipe. I was wires will do to patch the hen coop. But I want to arrange with you all for raised the notes of the heroic national Scotland, and every Scot war song of

ALLERIAL COMPLEX

Speaking of the late Professor Huxley, the London Tablet makes this striking observation : "The evolutionary hypothesis is no longer held by i s votaries, as it formerly was, to be the master key to all the riddles of creation, and the solution of many of the problems raised by it must be looked for in directions far outside the limited range of its own possibilities of explanation. Professor Huxley himself practically admitted this in the celebrated Romanes Lecture at Oxford some two years ago, when he explicitly declared that the ethical side of man's nature could never have been produced by any process of animal evoluion, since it not only gave no assistance to the organic development resulting from the struggle for existence, but was actually a hindrance and impediment to

it. To acknowledge that the entire set of moral faculties which differentiate



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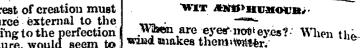
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of the organic structure, would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the whole theory of the Descent of Man, so closely identified in popular estimation The Strongest of Reasons—Quericus: What prompted them to move? Cynicus: The landlord. with the energetic advocacy of the phil-bsopher himself. Professor Huxley, how-"I can't go out to play this morning," said little Ruth plaintively, looking at. the dew," "the grass is all perspiration." ever, remained stationary at this stage of partial recantation and never published the views thus formulated to their logical Washington a great man? Tommy: Because we don't have no school on his results. There could not be stronger proof of the obscuration of the reasonbirthday. ing faculties induced by a long course of scientific partizanship than such a rein and cleaned out the town?" "Yes; fusal of the mind to follow a clue of and now the town people are out scourwhich it has already grasped the initial ing the country." section." It would have been a triumph

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of grace if Mr. Huxley had so far over come the pride of intellect and the dread of what the world would say, as to recognize and accept the revelation made by God to man through Jesus Christ. But, so far as is known, he died as he had lived. Poor man, poor man !- N.Y. Cathto \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents. olic Keview.

A burning question-Cremation.

Little Boy: England's a free country, ain't it, pa? Mr. Hatriot enthusiastically: It is, indeed, my boy! Little boy aggrievedly: Then why won't they let me into the circus without payn'?

American Teacher: Why was George

"You say that the desperadoes came

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HE KNEW HIM.-Travers: Did you go down to my tailor's and tell him I would settle that bill? Office Boy: Yes, sir. Travers: And did he seem convinced? Office Boy: He did. He said he was convinced that you wouldn't.

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"My love, there is a party coming from Germany on business with our firm.

They want us to have him here." "My dear," Mrs. Black answers from the garden, "Dora will be home soon. And who do you suppose is coming with her? Cousin Tabitha." "They think," I shout again, he will

arrive by the Paragon."

"She must be sixty, if a day," comes from outside."

"And then, my love, we must have a separate room to store the dyes and chemicals."

"There will be enough baggage to fill a small house," replies my wife.

'Oh, these kind of things pack closely. But come in and talk the matter over."

So all is settled, and I hasten to my principals ready to accept the charge. Now, I think, it would be better to stop writing until this double visitation is over. I know I shall not have time to take regular notes, and whatever comes of it may best be said at one telling-or not at all.-V. B.

II.

The Paragon steamed into port and my secret wish that, at the last moment, something might happen, was not ful-filled. Darling Dora greeted her old dad in her usual merry way and then intro-duced cousin Tabitha. Also, I easily found Mr. Flumer, who, as a fellow-pas-senger of the ladies, was already known to them. In a few days we were all quite at home with each other and the experiments next in order.

Cousin Tabitha was at once a surprise, a source of amusement and not a little uneasiness. But why "cousin" I never could understand. She was a relative on the wife's side, but, with that air of mystery dear to some folks, Mrs. Black always met my enquiries with the simple statement that "she was a Gentle."

was permitted to know, however, that the grandfather and father had laid up much treasure by means of hides and tal-Tow and that she was the sole inheritor fow and that she was the sole inheritor disease and **Restores Health**. I wish that some one of her j

GREAT BATTLES are contin-ually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out sodes in her history, and she has spirit. I wish that some one of her poets would tem. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out

more at the sound of the pibroch and heard of: but the Scotch Pro-testants glory in the victory over Edward II. not less than their Catholic brethren. I have heard that, in Scotland, the dukes, the cotters and the ministers will sing it together as one man, while they look as fierce as the Scotch lion rampant.

"Turn again toward any festival of patriotic Americans when the music of The Star Spangled Banner' is played and sung. Whatever political party we below to whatever political party we belong to, whatever state of the Union we were born in, it makes no difference when the notes of that song are heard; we are all Americans, with one flag, one country and one spirit. For us there is no North or South, no East or West; and you cannot tell whether the Democrats or the Republicans are the prouder hibition with pleasure, and at some future time renew this conversation." solemnly than the Germans, less melo-dramatically than the Italians, and less fixed for the occasion. I began to wish perfervidly than the Scotch; but we sing not the less proudly than any of them. By singing our other heroic American song we can stir up the fires that burn in the patriotic soul. Songs of the kind unite a people as they cannot otherwise be united. They give a people one pri-

> "At last, as for Ireland. Why is it that she has not a heroic national song, accepted by all Irishmen and sung at every gathering of the race, regardless of politics or religion, nor less suitable for Redmondites than for McCarthyites, or for Healyites than Dillonites, not less so for Maynooth than for Belfast? I wish that old Ireland had such a song, which would give her people the feeling of nationality and would enable them to realize that at least upon one thing they were united, and that, notwithstanding a hundred things, they are all Irish. I believe that such a song would do more for Ireland and Home Rule than all the speeches ever delivered in Parliament.

> "It is an error to say that only some old song would fill the bill. Nearly all the heroic songs I have spoken of, which are regarded as national treasures, origin ated in modern times; and it is not yet too late to compose the words and the music for a heroic song for Ireland, not one like 'Tara's Harp,' but rather like the French marching song. Ireland has poets, and she has had memorable epi-

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