

[For the News.]

THE BUBBLY-JOCK.

A sillier beastie you'll ne'er find,
Nor one who to himself is dearer,
To his own wedded wife unkind
Yet lets no civil thing go near her.

To flout his dignity, he seems,
We pass his way, poor feeblest zany!
He's clean mistaken, so it seems,
We never knew that he had any.

His gills he will incarnadine
And think to scare you—curs! he—vixen!
A bloody flux of fat they're seen,
Fit for the use of pot or the mizen.

He ruffles, swells and struts about,
And spreads his tail fan to the weather;
And turns his beauty inside out,
And shows the back of every feather.

Let you and I our actions seem
As we are jealous, cross or pecky;
Ah! we've noticed many a man
No wiser than a gobbler-turkey.

F. C. EMBERTON, M. A.

Feb. 7, 1882.

HERO WORSHIP.

We were talking of hero worship. "After all," said Ailsie, "if we are to believe their memoirs and heart histories, our supposed im-maculate heroes and heroines were of 'like pas-sions as we are,' from Elijah down."

"Yes, but they sweetened and rounded their lives into rare completeness, those real, true heroes of song and story, as well they ought, since noblesse oblige. But I think we invest these children of genius with a fancied aure-ola of ideality, elevating them on some lofty pedestal away up in the serene cloudland above the common places of daily life. Thus the sky-rocket of our fancy strikes terra firma with a re-bound when we learn that bits of one wonderful book were written at the ironing table; that the authoress of one of the most famous novels extant made bread and did the weekly mending in the intervals of writing, and that another woman writer whose muse drinks deep of the crystal purity of the spring of inspired genius, is famous alike for her books and cooking."

"That is so," sighs Ailsie, "to say nothing of the grievous fallings off of some of the grand-est minds and loftiest souls, who seem to forget the obligations due the rank of genius, the fact that only refined gold is fit setting for the jewel. But, ah, I should love to know a great, grand man or woman like one of those who touch the hearts of thousands with the music of their singing, whom to know is a liberal education." "Did you ever hear about the jewel in the toad's head, Ailsie? I often think, my dear, that like the ugly toad, more people under whose homely exterior we, like the toad family, would sneer at the idea of a jewel, there are as truly unconscious heroes and heroines as the happiest toad, blindly striving after the sun-light. I have seen real heroines, Ailsie, al-though their sphere was as comparatively limited as the toad's home in the well, and there were numerous people like the worm on the cabbage leaf, to be thankless recipients of their kindly offices."

"You remember the story of the brown lark and the crimson poppies? The lark that soared so eagerly toward the sun away up in the dim sweetness of the morning atmosphere, only to drop panting back to earth, jeered at by the cruel corn poppies, who clung to their rooted soil in sluggish content, unable even to com-prehend the light and beauty of which the lark sang so gloriously?" "There are plenty of corn poppies in the world," mused Ailsie, "to jeer unfeelingly at the poor little brown lark's en-davors, although," seeing my smile, "don't think I'm applying any person's meaning." "Did you ever think what true heroism mean-," Ailsie? I ask, waxing eloquent with my theme. "In the common acceptance of the term we say we are heroes who exhibit signal bravery in some grand action like laying down his life for friends or country, who saves a hun-dred lives from some appalling fate at the sa-crifice of his own. That is a noble action and men crown their dead hero with the laurel and lay leaves, while lips reverently repeat the thrilling tale of the man's bravery; the electric wires flash the news into thousands of hearts and homes all over the country, and we say with a thrill of solemn admiration at our heart-strings, 'He is a hero' and truly he is. A man gifted with the fire of great genius, born to sway the millions by the powerful subtleness of his profound researches after truth, by unques-tionable demonstration of the laws of attraction, gravitation and evolution, who penetrates the mysteries of serotiv nature and reveals the treasures of her hidden storerooms, or who touches the hearts of high and low by his wonderful gifts of poetry and song that sings its way into our lives a sweet interpretation of their words:

"The song and silence in the heart;
That in part are prophecies and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

"A soul thus gifted for its immortality should tune the keynote of its thought and action in sweet accord to the perfect whole, else the entire song is a discord. He thus royally dowered, lifted up in kingly grandeur above his fellows, is in duty bound to raise his whole life up to the standard of his genius, else the gem is tarnished, the benefit arising from the gift is lost. He should bend his noblest energies to the exalting of his life to perfect chastity; he should guard the sanctuary of his mind as the

holy of holies, purified and garnished from baser motives and besetting sins, his head among the stars, his feet climbing the shining roadway to the holy city descending out of the shadowy splendor enveloping the far-away summits of the heavenly hills.

"Every man is not subjected to the fiery ordeals which require the exhibition of great bravery; a select few are chosen to shine in the galaxy of genius. Are they only heroes? There is a silent army of martyrs marching in dumb fortitude among life's shadows, invisible to all save the great Eye, whose piercing rays pene-trating the furthestmost recesses of the heart, sees and judges aright. We meet them in the crowded marts, in quiet byways, even walk side by side with them from sunrise glory till stillly eventide, and blinded by the clouds of personal selfishness veiling our eyes, never dream that we are entertaining angels unawares, till they, gone up higher in obedience to the glad summons, 'Thy crown awaits thee,' we sorely miss the ha-bitual silent influence they exerted, the tender ministries with which they blessed our days. They live in our homes, break bread at our tables, bear with us life's burdens, and rejoice in its joys, and we seldom pay honor to whom honor is due. They are those gentle, unselfish folk whose daily lives are daily self-abnegations. They are the home angels, ever planning its inmates' peace and comfort; who are sowing that others may enjoy. They are the sacrificing mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers. Un-lettered, perhaps, uncultivated in exterior, wanting in grace and polish of mind and man-ner, but they have as truly developed the germ and flower and fruitage of true heroism as he whose fancy soars into the seventh heaven of thought, or the dead warrior lying in state with his martial cloak around him and all the world to do him homage. It is a grand, a beautiful thing to lose a life to save it, for what more hath a man? It is a truly noble thing to re-lieve the gold for the setting of the sparkling gem of genius, but it is as truly a grand and an infi-nitely more difficult thing to take up the petty crosses of a commonplace life and bear them uncomplainingly without hope of recompense through the valley of humiliation, over the sloughs of despond and despair, wounded by the sharp stones of ingratitude and selfishness, down at last into the valley of the shadow of death, without once kicking against the pricks or an articulate longing 'for something better than they have known.' And he is a hero in a fuller, deeper, broader sense of the word than aught else can be, since it is not the strain of days, but of years, upon the power of patient endurance at its utmost tension that tries the mettle to the quick, that develops the sublime elements of heroism. I think to be a hero in the grandest way of all, is to exemplify the teachings of the Master in the promises as strong and steadfast as the mountain top from which they were proclaimed, dropped like blessings upon the burning hearts of the men of old, desirous, like heroes, to grandly live or die for the faith that was in them, the sweet old story of whose ministry still lives in the hearts of the children of a later day, an enlightened Christian era. If we would but take the beatitudes of the pedestal of theory and carry them about in our hearts as daily precepts; if we only remem-bered all the day long that a life molded after His down among the homely, uneventful strata of existence is as truly heroic as the grandest in earthly courts of kings."

HOPE DARE.

THE ORGAN AND ITS USES.

It seems almost incredible in the present age that so much ignorance should prevail on the subject of the organ and its uses. An extraor-dinary tract, recently issued by some of those ultra pious persons who vegetate in the odor of their own sanctity, affords conclusive evidence that they are plunged in the depths of an Egyptian darkness, as far as the legitimate use of art in connection with the worthy worship of God is concerned. This absurd tirade of non-sense is commenced by the gratuitous statement that "Jesus Christ did not use instrumental music in any ordinance of worship that dis-tinctively pertained to the New Testament dis-pensation." Neither did the Redeemer incul-cate tracts, or authorize their distribution.

We are well informed that "the most pious men in all ages have opposed the use of instru-ments in worship." This is an unmitigated falsehood, as every intelligent reader will at once admit. The earliest makers of organs were the monks; the instrument was first heard in churches, and its use sanctioned and encouraged by the most prominent ecclesiastics of all ages.

A variety of quotations from the writings of ancient Fathers of the Church, as well as such reformers as Luther and Calvin, in order to give weight to the opinions entertained on the sub-ject by the Presbyterian Church are given. It unfortunately happens, however, that even in Scotland the use of the organ is becoming almost universal in churches in spite of this wholesale denunciation of the "box o' whistles." The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's manifesto is reserved as a parting shot. He expresses a desire in the name of the Nonconformists that all the organ pipes in their places of worship should be "ripped up or filled with concrete," as "the human voice is so transcendently superior to all that wind or strings can accomplish, that it is a shame to degrade its harmonies by association with blowing and scraping."

Later on, he exclaims in accents of fervent piety: "What a degradation to supplant the intelligent song by the whole congregation or the refined niceties of a choir, by the blowing of wind from inanimate pipes and bellows."

It would have been as well, perhaps, had this popular preacher "taken sweet counsel" with a musical friend before writing such utter absurdities. What does he mean by the "intelligent song" of the congregation? Probably those that sing "with the spirit," and give utterance to vague, inarticulate noises, or, if gifted with a musical ear, execute the melody of a hymn tune a couple of octaves below. One thing is certain, very few members of any congregation "sing with the understanding;" and why a hideous cacophony of miscellaneous sounds, that would not be tolerated elsewhere, should be openly en-couraged as an indispensable adjunct of the worship of the Almighty, is hard to understand. The "harmonies of a human voice" of course exist only in his melodic soul.

Under the Mosaic dispensation it was the "firstling of the flock" the best of its kind, that was ordained to be set apart for sacrifice, and yet in this age of art progress it is urged by certain narrow-minded and ill-informed bigots that ex-celence in church music is to be rigidly dis-couraged. The "blowing of wind" from organ pipes will also provoke a smile from those who have the slightest acquaintance with the con-struction of the instrument.

Those responsible for the precious production that has called forth these remarks may be in-fluenced by worthy and conscientious motives, but their more intelligent friends should en-deavor to prevent them from inviting ridicu-lar by their ill advised attempt to ventilate their eccentric notions.

FRED. ARCHER in *Music and Drama*.

VARIETIES.

VICTOR CHERI.—There is nothing more har-rowing in Balzac's novels than the end of Vic-tor Cheri. Its poignant misery contrasts sharp-ly with his unselfish and peculiarly artistic life. The poor fellow hanged himself to avoid witness-ing the seizure of his furniture for debt. He had lived the life of a song-bird, wedded to his art and to the Gymnase Theatre, and never troubling himself about the future. His brother-in-law, Montigny, the husband of Rose Cheri, and the director of that playhouse, appeared to Victor as a kind of theatrical Napoleon, in whom he might place absolute trust. Victor Cheri conducted the orchestra at the Gymnase, and set to music the songs introduced into Van-deville's and dramas played there. He had musical genius, but was too much absorbed in his daily and nightly business to turn it to lucrative account. His orchestra was the pride of his life. He was constantly beating up pro-mising young recruits, and drilling them. As soon as they were in perfect training, they de-serted to rival theatres. So long as Montigny had Victor, he was not obliged to retain skilled instrumentalists, by giving them high wages. The salary the poor brother-in-law drew was slender, but the honest fellow made no complaint, because at the Gymnase he was *en famille*. Such as his pay was, he could not spend it all. He lived near the Temple, with a bowery *terrace* in front of his windows. There he practiced the flute and violin and cultivated flowers. He never married or thought of marrying. In his old age he spent all his savings upon some orphan children, nearly related to him. Mme. Judic owes to Victor Cheri her musical education. He had many pupils, but asked no payment for the lessons he gave them. His sister Rose and Mon-tigny had a high opinion of his intellect; but most other people thought him a simpleton. In many respects he was too simple. The end of his life was as melancholy as that of a small bird dying of inanition by reason of a prolonged hard frost.

BEETHOVEN AND NOTTEBOHM.—Little as it might be imagined, Beethoven was one of the sweetest and most tentative of composers. He always carried a large sketch-book with him, into which he scribbled every thought and every change of thought, as it occurred to him. Many of these remain, and thus the progress of his works can be traced from the germ to the finished production. His subjects and passages, on their first appearance, often almost com-monplace, are gradually polished and altered, seeming to grow more spontaneous at each step, until at last, after a dozen or more corrections, they become what we know them to be. Notwithstanding the absorption which this would seem to imply, his common practice was to work at two and even three, of his greatest pieces at the same time, the sketches for which are inextricably mixed up together in these precious books. With the music are mingled household accounts, addresses, memoranda of facts, doll puns, quotations, prayers, ejaculations, cries of misery. Nottebohm has left accounts of them in various publications. The principle of these are: A sketch-book of Beethoven, of 1202, a second ditto of 1803, reprints of the music with copious elucidations—both published by Breitkopf, of Leipzig; *Beethoveniana* and *New Beethoveniana* detached examples and extracts from the same stores, amounting to seventy or eighty numbers, many of them very long. The first of the two is published by Rieter-Biedermann, and the second must be looked for in the numbers of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* (Leipzig), to which they were communicated in the years 1875 to 1879. Nottebohm has also published a

most interesting edition (the only correct one) of the early portion of Beethoven's studies—his exercises as a youth when taking lessons from Albrechtsberger, Haydn and Salieri, with elucidatory notes and comments; an exhaustive thematic catalogue of Beethoven's works, and another, even more complete, of Schubert.

A NEW CLASS OF ENGINES.—In beam-en-gines, such as are now used as steam motors, and for diving-pumps and blowing-machines, the active or passive substance generally moves in closed cylinders with pistons moving to and fro. Professor Wellner, of Brunn (whose "steam-wheels" were described a short time ago), has lately shown that various beam-engines may without difficulty be made, in which the fluid acts in open vessels by its weight or up-ward thrust, and, in some cases, they may be advantageous. A first group described consists of direct-acting beam-engines with water power. An oscillating beam, *e.g.*, has at one end a scoop to hold water, at the other a weight balancing half that of the water. The scoop, raised to its highest point, receives water through a pipe, entering a sunk part in its bottom from an upper reservoir, a valve being automatically opened when this flow is required. The excess of water sends that end of the beam down, and the scoop empties itself below (the valve having closed meanwhile); then it is brought back by the weight to be filled again, and so on. The oscillatory motion may be converted into rota-tory in the usual way. This beam-engine may be made double. Again, direct-acting beam-engines for raising water are described. Here oscillatory motion is imparted from a driving shaft to a beam weighted at one end and having at the other a vessel with valve which alter-nately dips into and fills with water at the low-est point of its course, and delivers the water at its highest point into a trough. Another group consists of direct-acting beam-blowing engines. In one of these, *e.g.*, a couple of one-armed levers are worked up and down on terminal pivots, one on either side of a wind-chest in water. By this motion a vessel like an inverted scoop, to which they are both attached, is alternately raised and depressed in water, from which it partly em-erges at the top, and exchanges its water for air. A valve at the top of the scoop closes on com-mencement of the descent, and the imprisoned air is carried down and forced into the wind-chest. Other varieties of these machines are indicated.

FREE AGENCY.—When Macready went over to America, relates a contemporary, he took with him John Ryder, who had been one of his Drury Lane company, to play seconds. Just about the time of his return visit to New York, Ryder's term expired. "Look here, Ryder," said Macready one day, "I don't see why Simpson—the manager of the Park Theatre—'shouldn't' pay you your salary this time. You have only to say that your engagement with me has terminated, which is quite true, and that he must treat with you; he cannot do without you, and you can make your own terms." Never suspecting a trap, Ryder at once consented. The opening play was *Macbeth*, and Macready did not come to the theatre until the morning of the performance. The company and the manager were assembled in the green-room. Macready called for the second scene, in which, according to the old acting-copies, he spoke the lines assigned to Rosse. "Oh, by-the-by," said Macready, addressing Simpson, "I quite forgot to mention that Mr. Ryder's engagement with me expired last week! Was it not so, Ryder?" Ryder answered in the af-firmative. "So that you will have to arrange with him separately." "In that case," replied the manager, "I shall not require his services, as I shall put one of my own stock company into the part." Although a little disappointed, Ryder consoled himself with the thought that, after all, it would be only a short holiday, for which he would suffer no pecuniary loss. On the Saturday he went to Macready, as usual, for his salary. "There is some mistake, my dear Ryder," said the great tragedian. "Did you not say in the green-room on Monday, before the whole company, that your engagement had terminated? When I leave here, I shall be very pleased to renew our arrangement; but," *et cetera*. Expostulation was useless. "Then I am to understand, Mr. Macready," said the actor quietly, "that I am at present a free agent?" "Well, yes," *et cetera*. Without a mo-ment's loss of time, Ryder hurried off to the Bowery, then a new theatre, stated his position, and offered to open on the following Monday as *Macbeth*. The offer was at once closed with; and before night every boarding in New York bore the announcement that on Monday next the celebrated English actor, Mr. John Ryder, would appear at the Bowery Theatre in his great im-per-ormation of *Macbeth*. The next day Macready sent for him in hot haste, and de-manded to know what the announcement meant. "You told me I was a free agent during your stay in New York," replied Ryder, "and, as I could not afford to remain idle, I have accepted an engagement at an opposition theatre." "You must break it; I will pay you your salary—anything!" "Too late, Mr. Macready," answered John drily; and the engagement was played out, and proved a great success.

THE DUKE OF Saxe-Coburg, who has been staying for some time past in Paris, seems in-clined to continue his residence, as he has just been made one of the Cercle de l'Union.