THE CURS' BARKS SHOULD CEASE

The Position of the Prime Movers of the O.J.C.

ROMANCES OF DERBY VICTORIES.

The English Thoroughbred Widely Diffused.

George Frederick's Best Known Son—Gentlemen's Races in the Old Country—General Turf Comment.

A recent paragraph in The News credited Mr. T. C. Patteson with the ambition to become President of the Ontario Jockey Club. When it was in Mr. Patteson's power 10 years ago to make himself President, he made Mr. Hendrie; and I should think that about the last thing on earth now coveted by Mr. Patteson would be the Presidency in question, or any other connection with the O.J.C. He is out of racing for "keeps" and those who still think of flattering the rising sun by abusing the ex-Vice-President, and who condescends to the very meanest methods of doing so, only show how irksome to them was the wholesome discipline under which they sat "mum" during his tenure of office, for it was the everlasting crookedness and blackguardism of these very men that led to the formation by Mr Patteson of the O.J.C. Amongst those acquainted with Messrs. Hendrie and Patteson, it is well known that they have buried the hatchet; and what was said and done in the heat of contest has been naturally forgotten. The curs may therefore desist from snapping at the heels of either of them and had better let things take their course. Mr. Hendrie, whether Sir Frank Smith be yielding or coy, will be the virtual head of a company in which he owns a controlling interest and can now nominate to office whom he chooses, just as Mr. Patteson did for the first dozen years of the Club's existence.

Prince Frederick, the best known son of George Frederick the Derby winner, imported by Col. J. A. L. Strathy, of Montreal, and who proved by no means a success as a sire in Canada, won the Grand Annual Hurdle Race at Sandown a couple of weeks ago. The old son of George Frederick and Breakwater ran exceedingly well and showed that he is still one of the most finished hurdle-racers at the present time. I learn from an article in The Holiday Sport of the Times that George Frederick was purchased for the stud by the late Hume Webster for 1000 guineas, and at the sale which followed the gentleman's death in 1892, was secured by Mr. Guy Bethel for £65, and was considered a rare bargain. It is said Col. Strathy paid 300 guineas for him.

The after lives of English Derby winners have all the romance which follows great race horses. One is struck by the number which go abroad. Kettledrum, winner of 1861, was sold to Hungary, Caractacus 1862, went to Russia, Gladiateur (1865) was a French horse who spent his days in England. Blue Gown (1868) was sold to Germany in 1870, where he stood for five years, heading the list of winning stallions, returned to England 1876 and in 1880 was purchased by James R. Keene of New York for $20,000, and was shipped on board the steamship Victoria. She encountered fearful weather, unshipped her rudder and became unmanageable. Blue Gown died on board on Nov. 25th, 1880. Kingcraft (1876) also died at sea on his way to America in 1886, Lord Rossmore having sold him for £530 to Mr Swigert, owner of Elmendorf Stock Farm. Doncaster (1873) was sold to the Hungarian Government by the Duke of Westminster for £5,000. George Frederick (1874) as we know came to Canada Kisber (1876) foaled in Hungary, was sold to the German Government for £4,000. Silvio (1877), the sire of Dandie Dinmont, died in France from a kick received in his manger. St. Blaise was brought to America by Mr. August Belmont for £2,700, and was sold afterwards to Charles Reed for $100,000. St. Gatien (1884) is doing duty at Graditz in Germany. Harvester, who ran a dead heat for the Derby, is in Austria. Melton (1885) is in Pisa, Italy, and belongs to the Italian Government. Ormonde, the horse of the century, is in California, after a chequered career in South America and elsewhere The mention of these horses, all winners within the last 35 years, shows how widely diffused has become the blood of the English thoroughbred.

In England gentlemen's races are generally the ones to which the most disrepute attaches. We have heard of similar circumstances in Canada and there is, rightly or wrongly, more talk about loose work in races with gentlemen riders than in professional events, anent which The Sporting Times tells this anecdote:

The numbers for a race have just gone up five runners and gentlemen jockeys up. Said gent-jocks, who have been weighed out and in their colors and overcoats for over an hour, grouped about with their friends in view of the bookmakers.

"'Ere, five to four on the fee-ald," yells Alec Harris.

But nary a rider takes it.

"Well, sixty t' forty th' field," cries Dick Dunn.

Still no response.

"Here," cries Alec, growing desperate, "we'll see which one it is—two's on the field."

However, they didn't "come it."

"Might as well save y'r voice, Alec," calls Dick Dunn. "They haven't had their little meeting in the laboratory yet!"

The following poem entitled "The Fox Hunter to His Lady Love," is from Punch:

I dream of thee, my darling,
When the primrose tints of dawn
Rouse the blackbird and the starling
To their breakfast on the lawn.
When I too am just awaking,
With a longing for my tea,
Oh, it's when my thirst I'm slaking
That I'm dreaming, love, of thee!

I dream of thee, my blessing,
When the razor scrapes my face,
When in "pink" and "tops" I'm dressing
For the pleasures of the chase.
When the fox has broken cover,
And the hounds stream o'er the lea,
Then, a reckless, eager lover,
Still I'm dreaming, dear, of thee!

I dream of thee, my sweetest,
When the run is done at last,
When the brush is for the fleetest,
And the pads are for the fast;
When the ruddy sun is sinking
In a gray and misty sea,
Oh, it's then of love I'm thinking,
And I'm dreaming, pet, of thee!

I dream of thee, my dearest,
When the guests are dropping in,
When the champagne's pop is clearest
'Mid the dinner table din.
But when whist and pool are finished,
And at length sleep comes to me,
Though my love can't be diminished,
Yet I never dream of thee!

Speaking of that St. Stephen's affair, which I noticed in these columns a short time ago, The Spirit of The Times says:

A case which attracted considerable attention at the hands of the Board of Review, and which resulted in a special decision, was that of the St Stephen Driving Park Association, St. Stephen, N.B., v. George Carvill, of St. Jonn, N.B. In this case Mr. Carvill, conceiving himself unjustly dealt with by the association, had appealed to the law courts for redress. The Judgment of the board was as follows: "It appearing to the board that George Carvill of St John, N.B., after having made an entry with the St. Stephen Driving Park Park Association, St. Stephen, N.B., under the rules of this association, and agreeing to submit all disputes and questions arising out of said entry to its authority and judgment, and that in violation of this contract he refused to submit questions thereafter arising, and subjected the St. Stephen's member to great expense and trouble by reason of said unsportsmanlike refusal to abide by his agreement, it is, therefore, determined that this association, including its members, will not hereafter do business with the said George Carvill, and the secretary is directed to notify him of this order."

This verdict is in strict harmony with the action of the National Trotting Association in the celebrated Nelson case It will be recollected that Nelson applied to the Supreme Court to restrain the board from action in his case, and that the Congress then in session promptly suspended him. It was sought to make this action of the Congress a contempt of Court, but the effort failed.

When a man enters a horse in a race to be decided under the laws of the National or American Trotting Association, as an honorable sportsman he admits that he is willing to submit to the jurisdiction of the association under whose rules he is racing. He can appeal to them for protection against fraud, and they are his protection against ringers, unjust decisions in the stand and any and all contraventions of the rules which have done him an injury. If the association at whose track he has competed will not do him justice, he has his appeal to the Board of Review which will give him an intelligent and impartial hearing and do him justice. Horsemen are neither just nor sportsmanlike who say we will accept the rule of the N.T.A. or the A.T.A. as long as it is on our side, but if the ruling is against us we shall appeal to the civil courts. If such a course was generally pursued it would destroy all turf discipline and eventually ruin the sport."

In spite of The Spirit I must say that at the same time any company should be ready to receive justice at the hand of the law of the land without taking undue advantage. DULCIMER.

THE LAY OF LOWESBY HALL.

(An old sporting poem reprinted.)

Glimour, leave me here a little, and when
John o' Gaunt is drawn,
If you find the raw material, let Jack Morgan blow his horn.

'Tis the place, and all about it, as of old the magpies call,
Boding evil to the lad, and flying over Lowesby Hall.

Lowesby Hall, that in the distance overlooks the grassy plain,
Swamp'd from Twyford to the Coplow by the everlasting rain.

Many a day from yonder spinney, in November moist and chill,
Have I seen the wily animal steal slowly up the hill.

Many a night I've watched the vapors of my last remaining weed,
When my spurs had ceased to animate my apathetic steed.

Here in search of sport I've wandered, nourishing a verdant youth,
With the fairy tales of gallops, ancient runs devoid of truth.

When I dipped into my prospects far as ever I could get,
And felt the wild, delirious joy of running into debt.

In the Spring the pink no longer clothes the sad Meltonian's breast,
In the spring his stump't-up horses at last allowed a rest.

In the Spring, too, he must settle for the cursed corn and hay,
In the Spring the dire conviction comes upon him—he must pay.

Then my tradesmen all about my door most obstinately clung;
And their eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

So I said, "My faithful tailor, do a bit of stiff for me;
Trust me yet; my Uncle's shaky, all his coin shall flow to thee."

O'er his greasy cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I've seen the nimble lamplighter turn on the gas at night.

And he said, "I'm proud to serve thee, Sir, if so shaky be thine Uncle thou shalt have the money down."

Credit seized the glass of time and dribbled out the golden sand;
Every day became more valueless my frequent note of hand.

Health revived my hardy Uncle, now, alas! he coughed no more,
And the day of his decease appeared more distant than before.

Many a morning have I waited, with my hopes upon the rack;
Vainly waiting for the postman, and a letter sealed with black.

Oh, my tailor, shallow-hearted; oh, my tailor—mine no more;
Oh, the misery, dreary Bond-street; oh, the Strand's unhappy shore!

It is well to use me thus, Sir, having known me, to decline
Any further cash advances with security like mine?

But it shall be! thou shalt lower to the level of a dun,
Seeking custom with acrostics, like the Moseses and Son.

As the tradesmen, so the customer, and thou shalt measure clowns;
They shall pay thee for thy corduroys with ignominious browns.

I would use thee, if my passion might expand its real force,
Little better than my dog, and something worser than my horse.

What is that which I can turn to! Can a gentleman descend
To dig the gold that nature had intended him to spend?

Every ship is filled with footmen, and Australia overflows
With the Piccadilly porters and butlers whom one knows.

I had been content to perish on the sandy Sussex shore,
Where militia-men are marshall'd and Minie rifles roar.

But the gentle voice of Cobden drowns the fierce invader's drum:
And the Frenchmen do not bluster, and Napoleon funks to come.

Can I but regain my credit? Can I spend spent cash again?
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wonderful champagne!

Make me feel the wild pulsation I have often felt before,
When my horse went on before me, and my hack was at the door.

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming sport would yield,
And rejoicing in the cropper that I got the second field.

And at night along the highway, in November dark and chill,
Saw the lights of Melton shining from the top of Burton Hill.

Then my spirit rushed before me, and I felt the "thirty-four"
Percolating through my system—noble vintage! now no more.

Brother sportsmen and protectionists rejecting aught that's new,
Oh! the future that's impending is a queerish one for you;

For I look'd into its pages and I read the book of fate,
And saw Fox Hunting abolished by an order of the State.

Saw the Heavens filled with guano, and the clouds, at man's command,
Raining down unsavory liquids for the benefit of land.

Saw the airy Navies earthward bear the planetary swell,
And the long projected railway made from Hanover to H—l.

Saw the landlords yield their acres, after centuries of wrongs,
To the cotton Lords, to whom it's proved, all property belongs.

Queen, Religion, State abandoned, and all flags of party furled,
In the Government of Cobden, and the dotage of the world.

Then shall exiled common sense expouse some other planet's cause,
And the rogues shall thrive in "Tellus," bonneting the slumbering laws.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, and Jack Morgan blows his horn,
I to whom their foolish pastime is an object of my scorn.

Can a sight be more disgusting, more absurd a paradox,
Than two hundred people riding at a miserable fox?

Will his capture on the morrow any satisfaction bring?
I am sham'd thro' all my nature to have done so flat a thing.

Weakness, to be wroth with weakness, I'm an idiot for my pains;
Nature made for every sportsman an inferior set of brains.

Here at last I'll stay no longer; let me seek for some abode,
Deep in some provincial country, far from rail or turnpike road;

There to break all links of habit, and to find a secret charm
In the mysteries of manuring and the produce of a farm.

To deplore the fall of barley, to admire the rise of peas,
Over flagons of October, giant mounds of bread and cheese;

Never company to dinner, never visitors from town,
Just the Parson and the Doctor (Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown).

Droops the heavy conversation to an after-dinner snort,
And articulation dwindles with the second flask of port.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than at the festive board
At the hunger-mocking, kickshaw-covered table of a Lord.

There my heart shall beat no longer with my passion's foolish throbs—
I will wed some vulgar woman, she shall rear my snobs;

Double-jointed, mutton-fisted, they shall run, for they shau't ride,
Hunting with the York and Ainsty, or the Harriers of Brookside.

Fool, again, the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are stuff,
For I count the swell provincial lower than the Melton Muff.

I to hunt with fustian jackets! my remaining years to pass—
With the refuse of Protection, in a land devoid of grass.

Tied to one perpetual woman, what to me were soil or clime?
I who never could endure the same for ten days at a time.

I who held it better to pursue the patriarchal plan
Than tamely to submit to a monopoly of man?

Not in vain the distance beckons—what's that skirting the hillside?
'Tis THE FOX! I'll bet a hundred—forward! forward! let us ride.

I'm before them and they curse me, but no matter, go along;
Better fifty yards before the hounds than ten behind the throng.

Oh, I hear you! you may hollos! but my spirit knows no bounds;
Curse the scent and hang the hutsman, rot the master, d—n the hounds.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
You set of tailors! I can ride across the country yet!

Ha! Ha! Ha! was that an oxer? What? thing the Rambler? is he dead?
What of that? Pick up the pieces; he was mortal; go ahead!

They've lost the scent; did; did it? Oh! of course; I always do!
Here's the master—black as thunder; I'll evaporate, adieu!

Plough the grass; erect wire fences; shoot the foxes; freeze or snow;
I can cutch the train at Leicester; so to Euston I go.

—W. Bromley Davenport.

(*The above poem first appeared in "Days of the Belvoir Hunt," in 1886, a work of which only a limited number of copies were printed, and which is now out of print. The London Field has lately been at great pains to secure a copy of the poem, and it is from the columns of The Field that it is here reproduced.)

A BEAUTIFUL ORIENTAL DEMON.

In person the Begum Somru was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiseled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming and her conversation spirited, sensible and engaging. But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestible. She was cruel, vindicitive and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased and disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, while she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favorite officer, she, in a spirit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the Nautch dances were held, and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the Nautch girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account—denied by some of those who have investigated the story—the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

The Jerusalem of To-day.

I made no notes of Jerusalem, for I did not and do not intend to write of it. It was well done long ago by a man equally innocent and more abroad, and has not changed much since. The Turks are still on guard at the cradle and the grave of Christ, to try and keep the devout Christians from spattering up the walls with each other's blood. The lamps have been carefully and nearly equally divided between the Greeks, Catholics and Armenians, as well as the space around and the time for worship.

What strikes the traveler most forcibly on seeing Jerusalem for the first time is the littleness of everything. The Mount of Olives is a little mound; Mount Moriah is a scarcely perceptible rise of ground; Mount Zion is a gentle hill; the valley of Jehoshaphat is a deep, ugly gulch with scarcely enough water in it to wet a postage stamp, and the Tyropoeon Valley is an alley.—Cy Warman in McClure's Magazine for December.

Lightning by Luminescence.

In a paper read by M. A. Witz before the Academie des Sciences, the author gives the results of his attempts to measure the quantity of energy necessary to illuminate Geissler tubes. The figures that he has obtained show that in lighting by luminescence the proportion of calorific energy as compared with the total energy is feebler than in any other luminous source. The author thinks that by reducing the losses of electricity to a minimum, by concentrating the light in a confined space, by utilizing the fluorescence of certain substances, and finally, by devising certain special arrangements one may hope to obtain luminous sources whose photogenic rendering will be superior to the best now known.

Studying Electric Heating.

The latest news concerning the big power house at Niagara Falls is that the current has been turned into the heaters there. There are fifty heaters in the building. They will be used to heat the buildings, and, besides, experiments will be made with them to determine the utility of electricity for heating purposes. A careful study will be made of it by experts, and from time to time improvements will be made. Visitors are now admitted to the gallery of the plant during the early hours of the evening, and from this point the scene is a brilliant one. Numbers of people visit the gallery and are delighted with what they see.

GAMES AT THE CANADIAN SOO.

Many Hockey Clubs in That Vicinity—A Big Amateur Baseball League for Next Summer.

Mr. E Trowbridge, the hustling secretary of last season's Crescent Baseball Club, is now located at Sault Ste. Marie, where he is getting along nicely in his law business, as well as in the realm of games. He writes:

A first-class ball team can be organized here. The large pulp mill that has been lately opened up here by American capitalists has given employment to many Americans from Detroit, Minneapolis, etc. Among them at least five good ball players can be picked. There are also residing here, and have always, about half a dozen good players. They had a team here some years ago, but they branched off into cricket. It will be very fortunate, though, as we have got something that is a scarce article (and if the Crescents had had him last year the Canadian pennant would have been floating in Toronto), that is a good pitcher. From what I have heard of him he is a "phenom," and if the club is once formed we will close 1896 with no defeats to our credit. A league to take in Thessalon, where there is a fair team, Sudbury, North Bay, Bruce Mines and two teams at the American Soo and probably Shingwauk Mission, an Indian team, about 1½ miles from town, could be formed and play for Garrett pennant

I hope there will be a Toronto team in the Canadian League. It would be too bad now if no amateur team from Toronto is represented in that body. I may return, however, and if so will throw in my lot with the Wilmots, quit playing myself, take one or two of last year's team to the Wilmots, and with a good twirler nothing could beat us.

The Hockey League up here will probably take in two teams from here and two from the American Soo, one each from Thessalon and Sudbury and probably one from North Bay.

We have a pretty fast skater here, named Curry, who is going to try his hand against all the cracks this winter.

WHY CORBETT RETIRED.

As Often Repeated Pompadour Jim is a Physical Wreck.

A despatch from New York last night tells the real reason of Corbett's refusal to meet Fitzsimmons on their schedule date in the South. It also shows that The World diagnosed the ex-champion's case correctly when that worthy played baseball here last autumn The despatch:

Among sporting men here the report is current that James J. Corbett, the erstwhile champion pugilist, has good reason for quitting the prize ring. It is said that he is physically unable to stand a severe course of training and that should he re-enter the ring he would be a mark for any class heavyweight. According to a friend of Corbett, the big fellow is going the same road traveled by poor Jack Dempsey. The first to notice the trouble is said to have been Billy Brady, who is now on his way to Australia. Brady, it is said, knew that Corbett's method of life was the cause of his trouble, and at least a year ago warned him that a physical as well as a mental collapse would be inevitable if he did not face squarely about. Letters in which Corbett acknowledged his mistakes are said to be in existence. In them he promises to reform, but if the reports of his present condition are true he certainly has failed to make good his promise.

AS TO DR. PARKYN.

Heffelfinger Exonerates Him From All Charges of Professionalism.

In the current issue of Harper's Weekly Orator Whitney returns to the charge of professionalism he previously made against Canadian players, including Dr. Parkyn, formerly of Toronto. The only fact, however, adduced is that Parkyn was paid $60 in cheques on a Minneapolis bank, and $60 in cheques on a Minneapolis bank, which Whitney makes mean insinuations that show his well-known ability to arrive at hasty conclusions His lengthy article makes out no case against Minnesota, but the scorching given Michigan is perhaps deserved.

As to Parkyn, Whitney claims that in room 1706, Auditorium Annex, Dec. 15, 1895, Dr. Parkyn, a practising physician, who was associated with Dr. Dean Sudduth in the practice of medicine, with offices in the Masonic Temple building at 100 State-street, and more recently with Dr. Waugh, acknowledged before Ralph Hoagland and H. S. Cornish as witnesses that he had received a letter from Van Sant guaranteeing him $200 to come to Minnesota and play football; that he had received two telegrams, one from Van Sant and one from Albert L. Ames, promising him all that he asked for—namely, to organize classes in hypnotism.

Mr Whitney then says:

Meanwhile Dr. Parkyn has been paid $60 in cheques on the Metropolitan Bank of Minneapolis, and these cheques have been honored. There was no intention on Dr. Parkyn's part to remain at Minneapolis any longer than time enough to settle up the business end of his engagement with the University of Minnesota athletic management. It was agreed that there should be at least fifty students in the class at $10 each. Van Sant failed to keep his part of the agreement, and attention was then called to the original proposition, which was that Dr. Parkyn should give a lecture in Minneapolis, ostensibly for the benefit of the football fund, but the proceeds of which, to be at least $300, were to be turned over to Dr. Parkyn This lecture has not yet been given, although there have been repeated promises made to Dr. Parkyn that they would have him give it very soon, and Van Sant has personally guaranteed Parkyn $200.

Relating to the case of Parkyn, Mr. Whitney publishes the following letter from Heffelinger, Yale's famous guard and recently coach of the Minnesota eleven:

Minneapolis, Dec. 17, 1895. Dear Sir,—Parkyn, as you have guessed, was undoubtedly a ringer at the University of Minnesota, for he has gone back to Chicago and is no longer seen around the university campus. I was given to understand that he was taking a regular course in the medical school or he never could have played on the university football team. I am sure he was not remunerated for his services, according to reports, as I have investigated since my return to Minneapolis He was promised classes in hypnotism, however, as he is a specialist in this line, at least so I am informed.

Parkyn may have been irregular, in fact I know that he was; but he was the only member of the team that was not a bona fide member of the University of Minnesota. Captain Harrison will have no outsiders next year, and he will play only regular university students, taking as many from the undergraduate department as possible.

University of Minnesota will play next year only teams who they know are regular in every respect, and they will endeavor to purify athletics in this section by their example. Yours truly,

W. W. HEFFELFINGER.

Hockey at Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 27.—In the game of hockey last night at Tattersall's rink to decide their tie of a week ago the Chicago Athletics and Tattersalls played another tie game, neither side being able to score. Two ten-minute halves were played, and the work was rough throughout. The teams:

C.A.A.'s—Tench, O'Brien, Edwards, Orchard, Weed, Taylor and Wonham.

Tattersalls—Emerson, Moore, Matheson, Hill, Miller, Wylie and Woods.

The House of Commons steeplechase is likely to be re-established this season, and Cathcart Wason, the Hon R. A. Ward, who sits for the Crewe division of Cheshire, is already mentioned as first favorite.

Thanks mainly to the prowess of Omnium II., M. de St. Alary heads the list of winning owners in France with a sum of £17,300. M. Edmond Blanc is second with £16,400, and M. Albert Menier third with £15,300.

Malcolm G. Chace, of Yale, the crack tennis player, who was to have captained the New York Athletic team on a tour of Canada, reports that the trip has been given up, owing to inability to get the best players together for the American team.

The Osgoode-T.A.C. Hockey Club have arranged for practices to be held at the Granite rink as follows: Tuesdays, from 9 to 10; Wednesdays, from 10 to 11; Fridays, from 7.30 to 9 p.m.

A Good Appointment.

In appointing Mr. Robert Rae secretary, or to use the official term, "Secretary of Committees," the Canadian Temperance League has secured the services of a very competent and experienced officer. Mr. Rae has been prominent for many years in Canada in Royal Templar ranks and young people's organizations, being at the present time vice-president of the Union of Young People's Baptist Societies of the city. If heredity counts for anything, Mr. Rae has this in his favor, being a son of Mr. Robert Rae of Lonodn, Eng., who for more than 25 years has been the capable secretary of the National Temperance League of Great Britain.

MUSIC'S REALM

Parsifal—The blood of God!—mystic symbol of divine life—"for the blood is the life thereof." This is the keynote of Parsifal, the Knight of Sangrail. Wine is the ready symbolical vehicle—the material link between the divine and the human life. In the old religions that heightened consciousness, that intensity of feeling produced by stimulant was thought to be the very entering of the "god"—the union of the divine and human spirit; and in the Eleinisinian mysteries, the "sesame"—the bread of Demeter, the earth mother, and the "kykeon," or wine of Dionysos, the vine god, were thus sacramental. The passionate desire to approach and mingle with Diety is the one mystic bond common to all religions in all lands. It is the "cry of the human;" it traverses the ages, it exhausts many symbols and transcends all forms. To the Christian it is summed up in the "Lord's Supper." The mediaeval legend of the Sangrail (real or royal blood) is the most poetic and pathetic form of transubstantiation; in it the gross materialism of the Roman mass almost ceases to be repulsive; it possesses the true legendary power of attraction and assimilation.

As the Knights of the Table Round with their holy vows provided mediaeval chivalry with a centre, so did the Lord's table, with its Sangrail, provide mediaeval religion with its central attractive point. And as all marvellous tales of knightly heroism circled round King Arthur's table, so did the great legends embodying the Christian conceptions of sin, punishment and redemption circle round the Sangrail and the sacrifice of the mass. In the legends of Parsifal and Lohengrin the knightly and religious elements are welded together. This is enough. We approach Parsifal with no deep knowledge of the various sagas made use of by Wagner in his drama. His disciples, while most eager to trace its various elements to their sources, do not emphatically declare that the Parsifal drama, so intimately true to the spirit of Roman Catholicism, is nevertheless a new creation. Joseph of Arimathea received in a crystal cup the blood of Christ as it flowed from the spear wound made by the Roman soldier. The cup and the spear were committed to Titurel, who became a holy knight and head of a sacred brotherhood of knights. They dwelt in the Vigigoth mountains of Southern Spain, where, amidst immense primeval forests, rose the legendary palace of Montsalvat. Here they guarded the sacred relics, issuing forth at times from their palatial fortress, like Lohengrin, to fight for innocence and right, and always returning to renew their youth and strength by the celestial contemplation of the Sangrail, and by occasional participation in the holy feast.

Time and history count for very little in these narratives. It was ordained, however, that Titurel, the chief, had grown extremely aged, but it was not allowed that he could die in the presence of the Sangrail. He seemed to have been laid in a kind of trance, resting in an open tomb behind the altar of the grail; and whenever the cup was uncovered his voice might be heard joining in the celebration. Meanwhile Amfortis, his son, reigned in his stead.

Montsalvat, with its pure, contemplative, but active brotherhood, and its mystic cup, thus stands out as the poetic symbol of all that is highest and best in mediaeval Christianity. The note of the wicked world-magic for devotion—sensuality for worship—breaks upon our vision, as the scene changes from the halls of Montsalvat to Klingsor's palace. Klingsor, an impure knight, who has been refused admittance to the order of the Sangrail, enters into a compact with the powers of evil—by magic acquires arts of diabolical fascination—fills his palace and gardens with enchantments and wages bitter war against the holy knights, with a view of corrupting them, and ultimately, it may be hoped, of inflicting on himself the "Sangrail," in which all power is believed to reside. Many knights have already succumbed to the "insidious arts" of Klingsor; but the tragical turning point of the Parsifal is that Amfortis, himself the son of Titurel, the official guardian of the grail, in making war upon the magician, took with him the sacred spear, and lost it to Klingsor. It came about this way: A woman of unearthly loveliness won him in the enchanted bowers adjoining the evil knight's palace, and Klingsor, seizing the holy spear, thrust it into Amfortis' side, inflicting therewith an incurable wound. The brave knight Gwmemanz dragged his master fainting from the garden, his companions of the Sangrail covering their retreat. But, returned to Montsalvat, the unhappy king awakes only to bewail his sin, the loss of the sacred spear, and the ceaseless harrowing smart of an incurable wound. But who is Parsifal? (Hawe-is.)

* * *

At the meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians just over, Mr. Cringan was selected to read a paper on the Tonic-Sol-Fa system, of which he is the representative here.

* * *

We find announcements of musical events in London chronicled as "Popular Concerts," "Crystal Palace Symphony Concerts," "Royal College of Music," "The Skinner Quartette," "Rosenthal's Third Recital" "Bermondsey Settlement Choral and Orchestral Union Messiah Performance," "The Blagrore Quartette," "Ladies' Concert Society (third concert)," "Carrodus Quartette," "Musical Guild," "British Chamber Music Concerts," "Queen's Hall Choir, Samson Performance," "St. James Hatcham Amateur Orchestral Society," "Piano and Organ Recitals," "Operas," "Royal Albert Hall Concerts," and a score or more of other greater or less musical enterprises—all inside of one week, and this in unmusical England.

* * *

A record of orchestral concerts organized and given through local effort would be interesting, extending over the period during which the old Philharmonic Society was in operation. Probably why there has been so little done in this direction during the past few years may be discovered.

* * *

Mr. Saunders had an article in The Week recently upon the orchestra in Toronto, written upon proper lines and in a friendly spirit towards the few who have really worked to establish such an organization here. Perhaps friendly discussion on this subject would help the cause and might bring many interesting facts to light. Mr. Torrington could no doubt say something pertinent to the question.

* * *

The presidents of the old Toronto Philharmonic Society were The Rev. Dr. McCaul (President of Toronto University), Sir Casimir Gzowski, S. Nordheimer, Esq., J. B. Boustead, Esq. and John Earls, Esq.

* * *

We are glad to notice that for the coming Thomas concerts popular prices are to be the rule, the highest price being $1. The Massey Hall should be crowded to hear the orchestra under the veteran conductor who has done so much for instrumental music in America. We wish the Thomas concerts in Toronto every success.

* * *

!!! An English girl, Miss Elsie Stanley Hall has won the Leipzig Mendelssohn pianoforte scholarship. The judges were Dr. Joachim, Dr. Riemann and Herr Bargiel. The German students don't exactly like it.

MINSTREL.

Miss Wilkins has gone to Italy to continue her studies, all her neighbors having subscribed to a fund to keep her away for the next two years.

MINSTREL.

* * *

Great activity prevails amongst the church choirs of Toronto, as the various Xmas Day programmes show. Large congregations attended the leading churches, and evidently took great interest in the appropriate music brought forward to celebrate the day of our Saviour's birth. In the absence of the Festival Chorus Xmas performance, the excerpts from the Messiah were very acceptable.

* * *

It is satisfactory to find our vocalists are appreciated outside as well as in Toronto. Mr. Carnahan, having recently sung in Meaford, is thus spoken of by The Monitor: "The treat of the evening was Mr. Carnahan's songs. His voice and style are simply fine and prove that he has made good use of his time. He has no doubt a successful career before him, for no society need fear the success of a concert in which he takes part." Mr. Carnahan is a pupil of Signor Tesseman.

RICORDI.

CANADIAN MUSICIANS DINE.

A Brilliant Scene at Webb's Friday Night When Wit, Music and Feasting Held Sway—The Toasts.

One sentiment that stood out prominently at the annual banquet of the Canadian Society of Musicians, held Friday evening at Webb's, was one that will go far towards making the society as great in every sense of the term as such a society should be. It was the determination displayed to stand shoulder to shoulder in supporting the policy of an energetic and progressive executive to make the society a live institution with more frequent meetings, and last, but not least, to have a charter of incorporation in order that they may be thoroughly recognized by Governments whenever matters affecting music and musicians should come up. It was a pretty scene in Webb's banquet rooms with the table and bill of fare gotten up as only Webb can do it. The musical people around the board represented the best in that art to which Canada has attained, and if the attendance was slightly less, in point of numbers compared with previous years it made up for that in point of excellence, contributed in no little degree by the presence of ladies present. President J. H. Anger occupied the chair and Secretary Walter Robinson the vice chair.

In introducing the toast of the "The Queen," the chairman, in loyal language, drew attention to the fact that it was since Queen Victoria had ascended the throne that England had become musically great, until to-day living out those composers standing at the head of the art in Italy and Germany, England could produce three to every one composer and of equal excellence in any country in the world.

Mr. W. O. Forsythe proposed the next toast, "The Canadian Society of Musicians," in which he strongly urged greater efforts and interest in the society, upon the part of its members. More meetings should be held, he thought, in order that the society should not be moribund between the yearly conventions. In his opinion the present officers should all be re-elected. In response to this suggestion the chairman outlined a plan later in the evening for promenade concerts to be held at Easter and in September of each year.

Secretary Walter Robinson and Mr. H. M. Field responded to the toast in an able manner.

Mr. A. S. Vogt proposed the next toast, "Development of Music in Canada." Toronto, he claimed, possessed a school of musical development unequalled on the continet and in the numbers and ability of its musicians equalled any other city of its size upon this side of the water. Speaking of the Philharmonic Society, he said he was assured of its future, having learned that the baton had been entrusted to their worthy president, Mr. Anger. (Applause.) He was proud of Montreal and its advancement musically, principally by its splendid Philharmonic Society, who were giving no less than eight choral works of a different nature this season.

Mr. Edward Fisher, replying to the toast, said he had no fear for the musical future of Canada. He heartily supported the scheme for two meetings a year in addition to the conventions.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp also spoke to the toast, and advocated the encouragement by each other of Canadian works. In this connection he mentioned Mrs. Harrison's scheme for a collection of Canadian folk songs.

Mr. H. M. Shaw responded most eloquently for "The Ladies," saying in reply to the chairman's expressions of wonderment that there were so few lady composers that at least they had been the inspiration of some of the greatest works written. Messrs. W. J. McNally and Dr. Cameron, for "Our Musical Amateurs"; Messrs. Ashdown and Gourlay, for "The Music Trades," and Mr. A. S. Vogt, for "The Press," responded in happy terms, and the banquet of '95 was brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

BLARNEY STONE.

York Township Council.

A meeting of the Township Council, the last one of this session, was held at Eglinton on Saturday. The chief business accomplished by it was the passing of bylaw 1621, to provide the money for the Davenport-road improvement. Debentures will now be issued to the extent of $11,000, for 20 years, at 4 per cent., securable by local special taxes on property fronting or abutting on the north and south side of the road, from Bathurst-street to the tracks of the Northern Railway, a distance of about 1 1-4 miles

A resolution was also passed placing the solicitors for the township, Messrs. Bull and Werritt, upon a salary of $800 per year. This will not, however, cover local improvement cases, nor supersede the payment to the firm of the costs in suits won by it.

Mr. H. Neild secured rebate of taxes on the difference in assessment between $1200 and $1600.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Next.

We've heard of the American eagle,
And the Goddess of Liberty grand.
We've heard of that blunderbus Grover,
And his war scare abroad in the land.

We've heard of the great British Lion,
With the Americans twisting his tail.
And next we are apt to be hearing
Of the Americans taking in "sail."

—H. F. Williams.

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