

HISTORIANS OF THE WAR.

Some of the Honours of the Press Conscription Established by Sir Garnet Wolseley.

London, Aug. 22, 1882. "All correspondents, while with the army, will be under the Mutiny Act."—War Office Circular.

Ever since a correspondent telegraphed to England that a picket of the Sixth Rifle Regiment had beaten a disgraceful retreat in face of the enemy, when in fact they had executed a brilliant and successful feat, there has been a caution and circumspection in the wording of all the news from the seat of war in Egypt at once commendable and bewildering.

It would be cruel and unjust in the extreme to men who have taken their lives (and pen, ink and paper) in the cause of an eager and curious public, to convey the impression that they send some news, but that it must be said that in nine cases out of ten it has been anticipated by the correspondents of Lloyd, who, by some unaccountable stretch of partiality, are not under the Mutiny Act. The exact news in question concerns the arrival of the troops, transports and men-of-war.

To state with certainty that a ship has arrived does not require the same technical education as is involved in the judicious announcement of the result of a military movement, and hence, the reading of this portion of the news is not fraught with that delightful uncertainty which now makes a London breakfast a feast of conjecture. After one has read that the regiments have arrived out exact information ceases, for ever after they are merged in Egyptian darkness, through which a gleam of light now and then breaks, when some fellow of some particular regiment has seen some of his trussers or his hat knocked off. Now a few modest officers have been taken from the obscurity which envelops them and dragged before the British public and into the glare of heroic notoriety for the simple reason that shells fell in their vicinity. It may be that the correspondents found it necessary to tell of these little things to convince the public that the officers were at their posts, or it may be that the press censor, who, according to the War Office circular, has power to curtail, amend or extend, saw fit to stick the items in question into the text of the telegrams.

The circular, a quotation from which opens this letter, reads:—"This staff officer (who has supervision of correspondents) will have the power of insuring that all communications from the correspondents to their newspapers must be sent through him; and he may detain or alter the communication should he deem it injurious to the interests of the army."

This suggestion however, is hardly tenable in face of the penny-a-line appropriateness of some of the items. They are so many of newspaper training of a certain kind as to be unmistakable. A man may be a very clever soldier and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to gathering news and selecting it he don't amount to much. What a contrast there is (just to prove this statement) between the bold, snail-like telegrams of Admiral Seymour to his government and those of a London correspondent, who, two days ago, wrote in his paper that they had a sunset in Aboukir Bay "worthy of the pencil of Turner or the pen of Ruskin." Turner's pencil being secured under cover of a glass case in a private collection in London, and Ruskin having present use for his pen, the correspondent need his own pen and pencil to this effect:—"The orb by which men work and battle sank with surprising quickness into the shimmering waves and the moon gleamed pale." Before going on to show where this worthy "got in his fine work" on that particular sunset, it may be well to point out to the uninitiated reader that the writer of the lines above quoted is evidently not a newspaper man, else he never would have been induced to make so misleading a statement as that men work by sunlight. He is evidently a clock work man, and the only wonder is that in his employment, impeded period of non-employment, of putting out the gas and putting up the shutters. He is on a holiday, and he is in Oriental melancholy, having heralded the coming of the moon above the horizon. The purple sky changing by delicate gradations of gray and flaming chrome into a crimson flush, while the ship-lights shine out red and green primary colors, in a manner which would make the *Lady Jane* exclaim, "Oh, South Kensington, my dear! The only striking thing in this paragraph is not its mellowness, but the statement that red and green are primary colors.

It is interesting to note in connection with the above quotation the following from the War Office circular:—"The staff officer, who is authorized to tell them (the correspondents) everything that can be published with safety to the army." As the paper wherein this description appeared does not circulate in the army the permission which must have been given for its publication can hardly be regarded in the light of a relaxation of the rule. People who stay at home have much to suffer.

Probably the most interesting bit of reading furnished the world for many weeks would be a description of the conversation at the mess to which the press-bossor belongs. I have watched the telegrams since the opening of fire on Alexandria, and so far only sixty men, including two drowning casualties, are reported on the British side, while every now and then the public is informed, through the garbled telegrams, that some thousands of Arabs were routed with great loss of life by a handful of marines and soldiers. The troops seem to have charmed lives, and thus far the worst that has happened so far as the telegrams relate, has been the loss of his regiment by a private. It is a shell passed between his legs and its explosion carried away the head of his trousers and did not hurt him. In the *Times* dispatches of today is the following:—"During yesterday's skirmish a shell knocked off the helmet of a private of the Gordon Highlanders, but the helmet did not swerve as it fell and fell right down to his feet." These truly harrowing accidents, unique in the varied story of warfare, are not alone calculated to stimulate the marital desire of the British people, but they are calculated to talk with the voice of the day, not the least amusing topic must be what the censor has sent out for home consumption.

To-day, for the first time, there is a circumstantial account given of the British loss at the battle of Aboukir, and thus it runs:—"The seaman and marines of the Mosquito and Bangall, assisted by 200 Highlanders, found 600 of the enemy strongly entrenched. We defeated them. Our loss amounted to two Egyptian regiments who were drowned. Enemy's loss, 168 killed, 62 prisoners and 27 wounded." The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks that this may be as stated, but it looks more like a wholesale slaughter of wretched fugitives than a desperate resistance behind entrenched positions.

The new school of "war" correspondence which the Egyptian war has developed pays the most intimate attention to things in the tailoring line, for in addition to the news about the trousers of the private of the Fortyninth regiment, we have the following charming little bit about Sir Garnet Wolseley "The General," a man of diverse accomplishments, altered, with his own hand, all the buttons on his garments." It is to be regretted that this last telegram is not more explicit, so that we might know whether the General's tailor was at fault or whether he changed his brass buttons for less conspicuous ones of bone or cloth.

Whatever may be said in favor of the Mutiny Act in army circles it does not seem to be the best law for newspaper men, and even now the press of England is organizing a waiting chorus over the unprecedented muzzling it is subjected to. There are people, however, who take the view that if what is left after censorship has been exercised is so bad the public should thank the censor for having reduced the length of the despatches.

THE SUPERINTENDENT IN LOVE.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of one of Ottawa's leading journals:—"I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe. My entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought *Elisir Vitæ*, and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often enlivens me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet."

MR. GRAY'S CASE IN DUBLIN.

Mr. Edward Hamilton, one of the jury, writing to the *St. James Gazette*, says:—"I now enclose you a return showing the exact amount of spirits, &c., drunk by each of the jurors in the case of the *Grays* against *Fynes*, taken from the jurors' affidavits. The beer, gin, and whisky were drunk chiefly by the publicans and police, who had, of course, to be provided with refreshments at the hotel. An affidavit from each member of the jury will be submitted to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant this afternoon, which will effectually put an end to the slanderous columns which have been promulgated by the enemies of justice against us. In addition there was drunk one bottle of champagne between four—Mr. Barrett, Mr. McCoukney, Mr. Rals, and Mr. Wardrop.

Claret, Beer, St. Este, Sherry, Spirits, &c.

Chas. Reiss.....	3	1	1
Wm. Barrett.....	1	1	1
G. Seagriffin.....	3	1	1
Wm. Rals.....	1	1	1
J. K. Carey.....	1	1	1
E. Hamilton.....	1	1	1
J. McCoukney.....	1	1	1
Wm. Gibbon.....	8	1	1
W. Wardrop.....	4	1	1
W. Macklin.....	1	1	1
R. Barbour.....	1	1	1
Total of glasses 3 12 7 61			

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THE NEWS WE GET FROM EGYPT.

A private letter just received [from a correspondent with the army at Alexandria] contains the first drop of actual truth that has thus far come to light in regard to the despatches from Egypt. The following is an extract:—"Alexandria, August 7, 1882.—Don't you think that when the retreat is sounded, a correspondent, acting on the knowledge of his duties and the presence of a newspaper telegraph station in the rear, has a right to start early? Seriously, we had a pretty good fight, and we were whipped. Yes, whipped. Nobody can telegraph the facts. The Government reviews all despatches, and nothing of this nature can go out. This makes it hard on a correspondent who is alive, and soft on the lazy ones. There is no use staying in the field after the fighting opens. All you have got to do is to go and scribble 'Another victory for the English,' and it don't make any difference whether it is true or not. It don't take much work to do that, does it? Just wait till you hear the guns and then announce your victory. If this isn't a good scheme for the propagation of honesty and virtue and things, in the press, I never heard of one; that's all." On this occasion, we were whipped, and no mistake. Indeed, we were rather ignominiously whipped. Our men were drilled in the woods, and had no idea of an attack when Arab's force swooped down on them. Our men fell back at the first attack, and what promised to be only a little skirmish became a good fight. Our boys were drilled when the ball was opened by Arab's forces. They were not feeling the enemy at all, so the correspondents claim. Who says so either lies or don't know, and possibly both. I happened to be on the canal side and saw it all. So I know what I am talking about. Our right was supported by the Ironclad train, as I have just said. We advanced boldly enough, but our left was almost immediately turned, and the enemy, using repeating rifles, soon drove us out of range. I may whisper gently that we were mighty glad to go. The reason we fell back at dark was that our men would not stand any longer, and I don't blame them very much. The enemy were firing six shells to our one. The soldiers of the forty-sixth, thirty-eighth, and sixtieth, acted like the most ardent cowards. They had to be fairly driven up by their officers, who actually whipped them forward with the flat sides of their swords. It was most degrading.

"THE REDEMPTION."

The great event of the Birmingham festival, the performance of Gounod's new oratorio "The Redemption"—came off with great eclat. The vast concert room hall was crowded to the last seat by an audience numbering close upon three thousand, including besides many leaders of society and musical musicians, Cardinal Newman, who sat in front of the balcony, accessible by his scarlet cap. The composer himself conducted, and at the end of the performance he was rewarded by a storm of applause such as has seldom been witnessed in an English concert room. "Gounod's work, which he himself describes as 'opus vite men,' is full of beautiful effects in melody, as well as descriptive music. It is sure soon to make its way into the leading concert rooms of Europe and America. The performance was in every way perfect, the chorus singing with rare accuracy. The principal solo singers—Mme. Albrand, Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd—shared with the composer the honors of the occasion. In consequence of the immense interest excited by the work the committee have determined to repeat it on the last day of the festival.

A LABOR OF LOVE.

Three times upon the MS. of his oratorio "Redemption" M. Gounod written "opus vite men," in emphatic expression of an opinion which English connoisseurs will be asked to confirm or reject at the forthcoming Birmingham Festival. The verdict of an author upon his own productions is not always trustworthy. Many a conspicuous example in literature and art shows that the public voice sometimes puts it aside and pronounces final judgment in a very different sense. Whether the "Redemption" rank as the work of M. Gounod's life, or as a lower place, this is certain—the composer's recorded opinion implies the earnest endeavor of an accomplished master and designer of his oratorio most respectful consideration. Other circumstances strengthen the claims thus advanced. The "Redemption" has not been written hurriedly to order. More than ten years ago, and while M. Gounod was a resident in England, the idea of composing a great sacred work fixed itself in his mind and bore immediate fruit. Considerable portions of the "Redemption" were written in London, and from that time till a few months ago the task of completing it engaged M. Gounod's serious attention. In this respect there is a parallel of happy omen between the circumstances of the oratorio and of "Faust." The famous and immortal opera was a thing of slow growth. There is the master's own authority for stating that he was inspired by Goethe's drama while yet a student at Rome as holder of the Grand Prix, and that some of the most beautiful and important passages in the opera grew out of his reading of the German poem long before a French libretto had been prepared.

THE MUSIC.

The "Redemption" is divided into three parts, with a prologue, and its structure is essentially that of a German "Passions-Musik," the story being told in narrative form, interspersed with reflections, principally choral. The choice of this method by M. Gounod—who is the author of the words as well as of the music—will not be impugned. Not only has it the sanction of such high authorities as Bach and Handel, but it is extolled by the reverence of a dramatic version of the most solemn events in Christian history. Between the old German form and that of M. Gounod there are, however, important differences in detail. The first confined its musical interest almost exclusively to the reflective airs and choruses and to such portions of the narrative text as demanded lyrical or dramatic treatment, whereas the French composer lavishes upon the historic record all the wealth that a modern orchestra places at his disposal, thus raising it from a mere thread of connection to the highest pitch of artistic and religious significance. Moreover, the orchestra plays an independent part in the scheme of the work, having entrusted to it the solo expression of certain incidents, such as the darkness that signalized the crucifixion and the prayer of the apostles on the Day of Pentecost. It may be added, as indicating another point of divergence from the German form, that there are two narrators—tenor and bass—who relieve each other in enunciating the text, and occasionally join their voices. M. Gounod, on the other hand, follows his illustrious predecessors in giving the words of Christ to a separate part, which stands alone in solemn and dignified isolation, and he frankly adopts the "Passions-Musik" chorale, making it an important feature of his work. Turning to "argument," we find that nothing can rightly be called superfluous, albeit the prologue opens with a short orchestral movement, entitled "The Creation."

THE STORY.

It was necessary to show the need for a redemption, and this is done by briefly referring to the fall and to the promise of a Saviour in the fullness of time. The first part takes up the personal narrative of Christ at the point when He is condemned, accompanies the Sufferer to Calvary and follows all the incidents of the crucifixion down to the exclamation of the Centurion.—This man was in truth the Son of God.—Passing over the entombment with the visit of the holy women to the empty sepulchre, continues with the appearance to them of the risen Lord, the honoring of the Roman watch by the Sanhedrim, the announcement by the women to the apostles of what they had seen, the apparition of Christ to his doubting followers, and the ascension into heaven. The third part logically rounds off the argument with the events of Pentecost—the prayer of the Apostles, the descent of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the perfected Gospel. From this mere outline it appears that the sequence of events is neither redundant nor wanting fullness. The words, Who says so either lies or don't know, and possibly both. I happened to be on the canal side and saw it all. So I know what I am talking about. Our right was supported by the Ironclad train, as I have just said. We advanced boldly enough, but our left was almost immediately turned, and the enemy, using repeating rifles, soon drove us out of range. I may whisper gently that we were mighty glad to go. The reason we fell back at dark was that our men would not stand any longer, and I don't blame them very much. The enemy were firing six shells to our one. The soldiers of the forty-sixth, thirty-eighth, and sixtieth, acted like the most ardent cowards. They had to be fairly driven up by their officers, who actually whipped them forward with the flat sides of their swords. It was most degrading.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN ON ANTI-IRISH CARTOONS.

Since ever I was able to form an opinion on what I read or saw, one constant stream of obloquy has been poured on the Catholic Church and the Irish people because they were Irish, and because they were Catholic, my earliest recollections are connected with one of the most popular Irishmen who ever lived; but my earliest recollections, too, bring before me in caricatures that represented him as praying upon the most miserable of his fellow-countrymen. Each week of our lives you will still see the typical Irishman portrayed in disgusting cartoons, and will find that nothing which pencil or designer is too delectable to stand for a representation of men whom the Irish people regard as patriots. While the blood selflessly split was yet warm in Phoenix Park, an illustrated journal gave an

immense circulation to a picture of the three most popular men in Ireland representing them with bottles of dogs, and faces horrible and villainous as malice could devise. Do you not think it a crime of a special nature and of the deepest guilt, by pen or pencil or tongue, to scatter malignity broadcast and inflame hatred between nations laboriously alienated? When we remember emancipated or imperial cities, the past, Palmyra, Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, one the opulent and strong, where now a few fishermen dry their nets, Carthage, the rival of Rome; when I say, we muse over the vicissitudes of empires, there need be no wild stretch of fancy to imagine the sceptre of sovereignty wrenched from the grasp of England and the people of this island ruled from America—a continent already filled so largely with enemies of England. In that future—far distant as we hope, yet possible as precedents demonstrate—let us suppose that every mail from our transatlantic governors came laden with outrages upon the religion of Englishmen with caricatures representing every Englishman as a monster, half baboon, half murderer. Well I would not conjecture what would happen, what treasure of hate would accumulate as one generation passed on its inheritance to the next. I saw enough for my purpose in Paris during the Prussian invasion of 1870. Pleasant no doubt, it was to a vivacious populace to contemplate the German soldier pictured as a brute, a coward, and a thief; but these most pictorial libels were effective stimulants to the national pride of the Prussians—they were avenged in blood, and yet they survive and serve as the fuel of the fire of international hatred. Why should the Irish people more than others endure unmoved the dull, monotonous slanders of their nation and their religion? I hear it said that Catholicity is the cause of crime, and that the League whisks at murder. What!—which, God forbid!—it were so? I ask you who fling your literary or artisan vitriol day after day in the face of the Irish people; you who for lack of honest wit choose the religion of many martyrs for your obscene meriment, and the nationality of a country—a land that has never known prosperity since it was confiscated by your forefathers—for the synonym of all that is British and degraded; I ask you who is the greatest criminal, the man who commits a single enormity, though it were murder itself, or the man who scatters by thousands of weak after weak these provocations to the mutual hatred of two nations?

QUEBEC AGAIN IN FLAMES.

Quebec, Sept. 7.—The early morning hours which of late have proved so fertile in disastrous conflagrations in this city, brought with them to-day another destructive fire, which has left the greater part of one of the richest and most valuable blocks in St. Rochs nothing but a pile of black and smouldering ruins. The block referred to is that bounded by St. Joseph, Church, Desosses and Crown streets. The largest amount of loss is that sustained on the interior of the block, on most sides the outer buildings remaining intact. The alarm sounded from box 37, corner of St. Joseph and Church streets, about 2.10 a.m., and being repeated some ten minutes later called out the whole brigade to the scene of the fire. On its way through St. Joseph street a wheel of the Shand & Mason engine smashed on the street car track in front of the Palais Market and the engine had of course to be left there. The origin of the fire is said to have been in the rear of Mr. W. Davis' confectionary shop, 134 St. Joseph street. Whether this be correct or not is certain, but the flames first burst out to an extent from the dry goods store of Messrs. P. Pelleret & Co., 209 and 211 St. Joseph street. This was an immense three story building, but appears to have been quite a shell inside, if one may judge from the spiffy with which the flames shot through it. A great deal of the stock was thrown over the Convent fence at the other side of the street, and subsequently removed in carts. To the general surprise, there was no water when the fire declared itself, and reports vary as to the time required to bring it, some going so far as to say that it was not available for fully half an hour. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that there should have been quite a panic in St. Rochs, and fears of a repetition of the disasters of 1845 and 1866 were entertained. Thousands of people thronged St. Joseph and surrounding streets only half dressed, and as the roar and reflection of the flames were quite terrific, all within some hundred feet of the outbreak of the fire commenced to remove the majority of their household goods and throw the balance of it from the windows. Grave apprehensions were felt for awhile for the safety of the church, and undoubtedly it would have been in imminent peril had a strong wind enabled the flames to smother the flames, and under control. The houses burned on St. Joseph street are as follows; to Hudson's store, at the corner, being Intaco—Nos 215, —Andre Picard, photographer; 215, E. Blais & Co, dry goods; 214, Chas. Gagnon, clerk; 211 and 209, P. Pelleret & Co, dry goods; 207, Arthur J. Tarotte, grocer; 305 Angers, joiner; 201 and 203, Dolpols Drolat, dry goods. The two last mentioned are but partially destroyed, but are believed to be pretty well gutted. On Desosses street, the small wooden house of Louis Lacasse, joiner, was burned to the ground. The flames tried hard to get possession of Mr. Gagnon's carpet warehouse on Desosses street, but were fortunately kept back. On Church street the fire reached the back of the block occupied by Mr. R. Chambers, ex-Mayor, and Mr. Chas. B. Michaud, Notary. At the back these houses are badly burned. On the Crown street side of the block the fire was fortunately circumscribed by a solid cut wall in rear of the premises of Mr. J. B. Z. Dubeau. The loss by this fire is very heavy, and, including stock, will probably exceed \$100,000.

Quebec, Sept. 7.—A despatch says the loss will probably reach close on \$150,000. Most of the sufferers are insured, and the following companies are interested:—Lancashire \$90,000; Guardian, \$60,000; Queen, \$12,000; Royal, \$10,000; Canada, \$3,000; North British, \$6,500; Sovereign, \$1,400; Ethna, \$2,800; Northern, \$9,000; Commercial Union, \$9,000; Phoenix, \$15,000; Quebec, \$4,200; Royal Canadian, \$3,000; City of London, \$9,000; London Assurance Corporation, \$5,000. Several stores on Crown street which escaped the flames, have suffered damage by smoke.

Mrs. Frances Wood, wife of Mr. Thomas S. Wood, and mother of Hon. S. O. Wood, Mrs. A. F. Wood and Dr. C. O. Wood, formerly of Ottawa, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. C. Mott, in Platon, Ont., on Tuesday Sept 5th. Mrs. Wood, who had attained the ripe age of 83 years, had been married nearly 70 years, and her husband, aged 92, survives her.

A STIRRING DECISION.

The reply of the Sacred Congregation to the note of inquiry written by Bishop Grace of St. Paul, in which Rome decided that altar-stones in which real stone was not used for the closing of the sepulchra, should be reconsecrated, has created quite a stir all over the country. When it is borne in mind that where a consecrated altar-stone cannot be procured a priest is obliged to omit mass even on holidays of obligation, the anxiety of the clergy cannot be wondered at. We understand Bishop Grace is travelling all over his diocese, reconsecrating the altar-stones. Bishop Demerges of Fort Wayne has obtained from Rome the faculty for each priest in his diocese to consecrate the altar-stones of his church, and has been given a short formula for that purpose.

As to the licity of saying mass with our present altar-stones, we are unprepared to give a decision. In cases where the relics have dropped from the stones, theology permits the holy sacrifice to be offered on them; and the same may be true where the sepulchra have not been closed. But the defect should be remedied without delay.—Dr. Phelan in *Western Watchman*.

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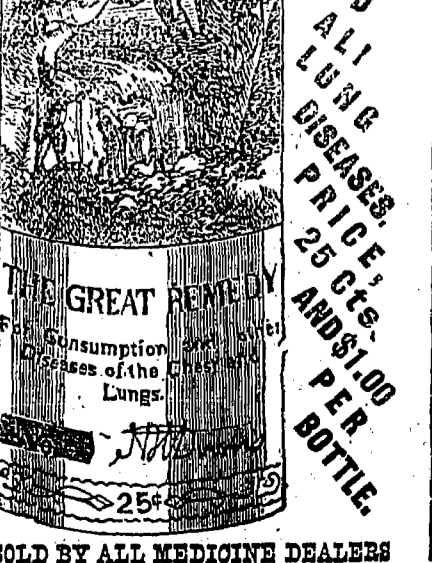
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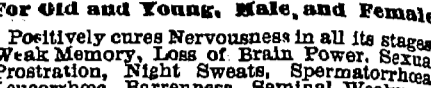


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