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(PAGES NINE TO TWELVE)

Letter From Germany

Mrs. E. J. McIntyre Writes an Interesting Letter to a Friend in the Maple City—Musical Matters in Berlin.

A friend in the Maple City received the following interesting letter from Mrs. E. J. McIntyre, who is in Germany:

My Dear Friend—How thoughtful and kind of you to send us such a charming letter, coming as it did heralding the glad Christmas time when the wintry breezes were laden with the odor of "peace and good will towards men." It gave a double pleasure. But do you know that during our perusal of it the thought continually suggested itself, that you had been talking with the lovely man across the sea, and he had intimated that two hearts at least in Germany were full of wistful longings and thus were you tempted to send us a Christmas greeting. But this as it may, allow me to thank you for yourself as well as for Germany for the pleasure you gave us by your timely remembrance of the two exiles. And what shall I write you by way of reply? Something, I hope, which will interest as well as please, but what that something shall be I am at a loss to know.

Should I be considered egotistical I wonder if I were to imagine you would care to hear a little about my life and experience in the musical world of Berlin, or is it possible that you who spend so much time yourself in hearing and making music are weary of even the very sound of the word? But one who is a student here in this branch of art lives in such a musical atmosphere, that naturally one's whole thought is centered upon it, and if you will but recall a certain Biblical verse to mind you will understand that "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and consequently will grant me pardon, I am sure, should I thrust upon you unwelcome knowledge.

And though I do not speak from a personal standpoint as regards musical student life, yet having such an one in my charges, and being greatly interested in all that pertains to the welfare of my progeny, I flatter myself that I have been a rather close observer in respect to it.

With the opening days of the New Year the daily routine of the student's life once more began, and from countless dwellings issued the delightful sounds of the ceaseless saw of the Embury violin artist, the te-tum-te-tum of the would-be pianist, or the agonizing foot-tot-tot-tot of the faithful cornetist in their desperate efforts to acquire that most difficult, most thing, technical ability. And when these highly musical notes are reinforced by the sounds from several other instruments, as well as the classic strains of "Annie Rooney," "Just one Girl," or other like American musical gems ground out by an organ grinder in the court below, one cannot wonder at the exhausted patience of a peace-loving but despairing landlord. No longer is he contented for decorating the walls of his house with placards bearing the inscription "Musicians of any grade, degree, standing or quality whatsoever trespass on these premises at the peril of their lives," although such extreme measures render it somewhat difficult for the poor musician to obtain a permanent sheltering roof. But on the other hand, compensation being the great law of nature, he is afforded a splendid opportunity to study the individual domestic life of the nation, while practicing the old-time system in vogue among rural school teachers, that of boarding around.

Fortunately, we have our own flat secured by lease before it was known we belonged to this undesirable class; our rather irate landlord has long since been called to listen, we hope, to musical strains of a happier nature, and we now have a woman to deal with, his wife, whom we find much more tractable.

The concert season, too, seems to have received a fresh impetus with the birth of the new year, and these entertainments crowd so thick and fast upon each other, the close student finds it difficult to maintain his equilibrium of rest and attend even all those given by celebrated artists. These, being considered a necessary part of his education, a certain number demands his presence.

One often hears of the strenuous life which the average American citizen leads in his mad race for gold, gold, that bright and yellow and hard and cold substance for which he so often barter his honor, his life, yes, that for which he so often barter his very soul to obtain and yet gazing out over the musical field and watching the busy ceaseless toilers therein I am often constrained to say no life can be more strenuous than that of the faithful music student. But without much pleasure, not the least among which is the commendation of his master, waits upon him while pursuing his musical studies. And in this old and equally famous city such praise is not an easy thing to win. It must be very deservedly earned before it

is given, and therefore perhaps lies the reason of its value. And the master, if he has the best interests of his pupil at heart assumes a watchful eye over all his movements. For instance, should a master learn that any of his pupils are indulging in any pastime or pleasure which he considers is detrimental to their progress, such are immediately informed that they will do well to forego this pleasure, and this virtually equals a command. The wise pupil accepts the suggestion as such and is not slow to act upon it.

Sometimes a clever pupil imagines his way of playing a concerto or study, superior to that of his instructor. A case in point refers to a young man, one of Carmen's class mates, and by the way, one rejoicing in the illustrious name of Rubinstein, who conceived such an idea. It resulted in his being kept at the piece a whole year, when he either realized the supremacy of his master's method, or deemed it wise to acknowledge it. Further, I have known the ears of a refractory young lad to be soundly boxed in order to render him more amenable to the power of persuasion. But, now, think you, how much of this severity on the part of a teacher towards a pupil would be tolerated at home? Would not such a musical instructor soon be looked upon as not understanding the purpose for which he was engaged, and a change of teachers be quickly made? Now, should you be inclined to think I have made some rather broad statements, kindly remember that I have done so according to knowledge gained from my own point of observation; I can therefore give vouchers for their truth, if necessary.

Germany is extremely fortunate in possessing a fine violin master; he is exceedingly strict, and you will admit this portends well for her future. We were equally as fortunate in our choice of a piano instructor, but owing to the great pressure of technical work for the violin, she was forced at Christmas to give up the study of the piano, until her technique for the stringed instrument was acquired. We have now resided in Berlin sixteen months. Two of these formed the summer holidays when the Conservatory was closed, and no lessons given. During these fourteen lesson months she has been given three pieces. One who aspires to be an artist, and comes abroad to study, has this same uninteresting road to travel; the road that is paved on both sides and down the centre with exercises. But, we hope she will have finished with this troublesome part of her studies at the end of this year, when, of course, she will resume her piano lessons.

Next June, the closing exercises will witness the graduation of one of Carmen's classmates, a young man of nineteen, who will be sent out into the world a finished artist. And all that these two words can possibly express will apply to this young student. He can certainly play the violin. Two years ago he played at a recital given by the conservatory in which he studied, and he was then faultlessly criticized by a musical journal which finds its way into every country, even to far-off Australia. Mr. MacIntyre heard him play while he was here last year, and was astonished to learn that the young man contemplated another year of study before considering his student life finished; the whole work being undertaken with one master.

On the tenth of this month he was one of the violinists at a recital held in one of the largest halls of this city. It was thronged to the doors. He played the Saint Sacra Rondo Capriccioso, and at every part where the music demanded the accompanying pianist to sustain his part alone, the virtuoso received an ovation. And well, did he deserve the rounds of applause which greeted him; he certainly excelled himself. Upon the conclusion of the entertainment his master was asked by a composer who was present, for an introduction to his talented pupil. This, of course, was granted and the result of the young man's wonderful success won for him an invitation to play at a concert to be given early in February, where the other performers chosen are selected from the very best of Berlin's finest artists. As this entertainment will be of an exceedingly high order, with the sale of seats correspondingly high, it must depend for its patronage upon the nobility and the city's most wealthy inhabitants. It is therefore considered a great honor for a student to be invited to take a part on the same platform with artists of world wide fame.

During the past ten days we have had the pleasure of hearing Goloso, a Parisian violinist, who, by the way, was not at his best owing to some indisposition of his right arm, it being handicapped at the wrist. His first number, the Bruch Concerto, met with a poor response on the part of the audience, but his rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto and the Symphony in D major, by Lalo, met with a much better reception, the latter, perhaps, being the best effort of the evening. When he had entirely recovered the use of his right arm he will give an

other concert here, when he hopes to redeem himself. We also had from Saenger-Sethe, a lady who enjoys the wide reputation of being the most temperamental violinist in the world. Her program was made up from Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, the latter concerto being a very heavy one, is rarely attempted by a lady, but judging from the applause of the audience, Saenger-Sethe seems to have perfectly mastered it. As vocalists we have had Lili Lihman, Gertrude Fischer, Lulu Myzner, Gneiser, Billy Koeven, and one or two others. To secure seats for Lehman one must early purchase tickets, for these are very soon bought up. She is still recognized as a great artist despite her fifty-seven years. She knows how to sing, and also understands perfectly the art of preserving her voice. Several times during the season does she give a concert in Berlin.

On Monday night of this week we again had the incomparable Nikish, and he brought as his soloist Conrad Amberg, a renowned pianist, who fully sustained his reputation. This was the sixth of ten symphonic concerts which this famous director gives every season. These concerts we never dream of missing; they are the gems of the season. No matter what may be the shortcomings of an orchestra under other directors, perfect

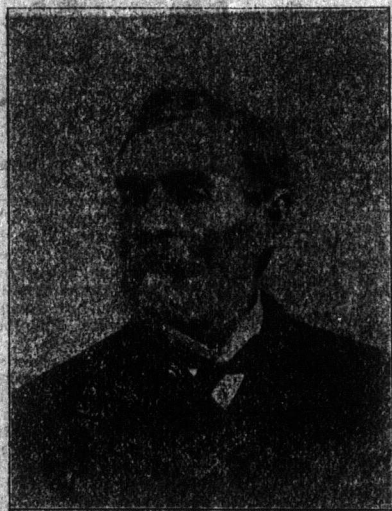
tion is the only result when Nikish wields the baton. He seems to hold his audience spell-bound with attention, and sometimes, the orchestra becomes so persistently enraptured, becomes enthusiastic over its own performance joins in the applause and "bravo" shouts and gives their honored conductor an additional volley of praise. Strange as it may be we have not had Kubelik in Berlin since we came, I believe, he was here prior to his first American tour, but has not favored the city since. Shall I tell you an amusing anecdote about him. It is very good, but I am afraid the artist did not appreciate the joke. Last year while in England a doctor, in charge of a lunatic asylum, holding the idea that music hath charms to soothe the distraught mind as well as the savage breast, asked the great violinist to play before his patients. Something lively was requested, and Kubelik responded by playing a brilliant Slav composition. As he finished a pretty young girl rose and beckoned to him. Artist like he thought she wanted an encore and said to the doctor: "Ask her what she wishes," but before the question could be framed the maiden exclaimed, "To think of the likes of me being caged up here, and he being at large in the wu-r-r-l-d." This was Kubelik's first performance at a lunatic asylum.

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THE LIFE OF A GOOD MAN.

Robert Stuart Woods, Junior Judge of Kent County, retired, was born at Sandwich, Essex County, in 1819. He is the fourth son of the late James Woods, barrister-at-law, and Elizabeth, seventh daughter of the late Hon. Alexander Grant. Mr. Woods' father was a lawyer from the Montreal bar, and came to the Western district in 1800, where he became a prominent and successful man, leaving behind him a large landed estate.

his appointment as junior judge, in 1885. He was solicitor of the county council of the western district from the year 1846 to 1849, and is the oldest municipal officer in the County of Kent. Mr. Woods remembers acting as judge of the division court through the western district, when the circuit was 150 miles in length and required three weeks for the work. In 1850 he came to reside in Chatham.



HIS HONOR JUDGE WOODS

His Grandfather was a Scotchman, engaged in mercantile pursuits in St. John's, Lower Canada. Mr. Woods' maternal grandfather, Commodore Grant, was of the ancient family of Glenmoriston, Inverness, Scotland, and came to Canada as a midshipman under Lord Amherst, and in 1759 was appointed by General Amherst to the command of a sloop of war, and took an active part in the stirring events of that period. He became first commander or Commodore of our Western lakes. At the time of his death he had been upwards of 57 years an officer in the king's service. He was one of the seven gentlemen called by Governor Simcoe to the first legislative council of Upper Canada, and in 1806 was president, or lieutenant-governor of that province. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that both these Scotch Presbyterian grandfathers should have married, at opposite ends of Canada, French Canadian, Roman Catholic wives.

R. S. Woods was educated at the district grammar school, for the Western District, Sandwich, under the Rev. David Robertson, and the Rev. William Johnson, up to the age of seventeen, and subsequently under the Rev. Alexander Gale, at Hamilton. The old curriculum of that day was the "three R's" with a book or two of Euclid, Caesar, Virgil and Cicero, and later on, French. At 18, Mr. Woods took an active part in the rebellion of 1837, going to the relief of Toronto, under Colonel McNab, in the steamer Gore, as one of the celebrated 56 men of Gore, on the first day of the rebellion, by which means the city was saved from Mackenzie's forces. He followed Sir Allan McNab throughout the campaign, and was engaged in the cutting out of the Caroline, of which, and the important consequences attendant upon this international embargo, Mr. Woods has written an interesting brochure. He studied his profession under Judge O'Reilly, of Hamilton, and was called to the bar in 1842, became Q. C. in 1872, and continued in the practice of his profession up to the time of

ham, and has been an active advocate of railways, plank and gravel roads, canals and other public enterprises, and to this end has freely contributed his means and energies. To him is awarded the credit of having forced the Hamilton people into the construction of the Great Western Railway, by his vigorous efforts in the county and before parliament to displace that charter by the Niagara and Detroit River Railways, which, on the opening of the Michigan Central to Chicago, in 1849, became an indispensable link between the railways of New York and the west.

In this Mr. Woods had the support of the management of the Michigan Central. He has never had any connection with a brotherhood or secret society, and has always preferred his personal independence to any advantage to be gained by connection with any fraternity.

He is an earnest member of the Church of England, with a strong sympathy for all denominations of Christians, arising, no doubt from his Norman and Scottish descent and Presbyterian traditions. He is a member of the Church of England Synod and is a warm advocate of temperance and all legislation in aid of the Dominion Alliance, and other associations in connection with the cause.

He has always been an active member of the Liberal-Conservative party, and lays claim to never knowing or even the shadow of change in his sympathies and relations, while enjoying the most cordial relations with the leading men of opposite views, both in his country and the province at large. In 1854, he contested Kent against Larwell, McKellar and Waddell, when Mr. Larwell was returned and Mr. Woods defeated on the acclamation of the clergy reserves, on which question he was in advance of his party. In 1849 he married Emma Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Hon. John E. Schwarz, assistant general of the State of Michigan.

Are they much to each other?

Trip in a Sunken Ship

A Perilous Trip of 2,000 Miles After Ship Sprang a Leak—Terrific Experience for Those Aboard—An Interesting Narrative.

The steel clipper Thornliebank, 1,962 tons, of Glasgow, Captain Smith, 150 days out from Philadelphia for Wellington, New Zealand, with a cargo of 80,000 cases of kerosene and benzine, was towed into Sydney harbor, New South Wales, not long ago, after her brave captain and crew had sailed her, leaking and smashed, over 2,000 miles, a grand piece of seamanship.

The thrilling voyage of the Thornliebank reads more like a romance than a story in real life. Under clear skies the clipper left Philadelphia on July 1. While crossing the North Atlantic and traversing the south-east trades, she met with normal weather. Just when captain and crew were congratulating themselves on the docility of the elements a sudden drop in the barometer warned the tars there was trouble ahead.

With hardly a breath of air stirring and no visible signs of an impending clash of the elements, everything changed quickly. This was September 9th, off the Cape of Good Hope. At first there was a slight ruffle of breeze, followed by more violent gusts. Then in a twinkling the roar of the speeding winds tore through the rigging, causing the ship to pitch violently and turning the gentle undulating motion of the sea into wild, tumultuous waves.

The wind, blowing from the eastward with cyclonic fury, each blast more terrible than the last, caused tremendous seas to hurt themselves against the ship's sides, shaking her from stem to stern.

Before such a gale the ship became unmanageable. Like a cork floating on the water, she pitched forward violently, burying her bows completely, then in an instant she was hurled on her beam ends by a wave that struck her square midships. With the seas constantly tumbling over her the crew were tossed from side to side and were only saved from being washed into the sea by the bulwarks. So violently did the ship roll that the men had to tie themselves with ropes to each other, the iron framework of the ship's sides, shaking her from stem to stern.

To add to the terrible conditions, darkness overspread the sky and the gale increased in fury until a regular hurricane was blowing. A sudden snapping sound from overhead caused the crew to seek shelter, and not an instant too soon. The winds tore the foremast and upper topsails into shreds, broke part of the mainmast, and the wreckage came tumbling to the decks, carrying yards and staysails in their wake.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

If the ship was to be kept afloat, the small sail area that was flying must be taken in and Captain Smith called for volunteers to make the perilous ascent into the rigging and take in canvas. Three tars, long used to such conditions, stepped forward and in a twinkling were climbing up the masts, clinging for dear life to the ropes, as the vessel awayed and pitched violently in the trough of the sea. With only the lower topsail left in place the ship ran for hours before the storm. In the evening, when the crew was below battened hatches, the ship gave a sudden lurch, plunged into the sea, and for a moment was submerged from stem to stern. Indeed, everyone on board thought she was foundering, and unconsciously the sailors dropped on their knees and prayed. While the vessel was submerged everything movable was washed overboard. The roof of the forward deck-house was torn from its fastenings, carried into the sea, and several skylights were smashed in.

But, worst of all, the donkey engine, which was forward in a comparatively safe place, strongly secured and lashed with chains, was torn loose and knocked to pieces. With the forward deck-house gone and skylights smashed in, the seas came tumbling in below decks and added to the terrors of the scene. The crew were up to their necks in water for hours, but, luckily, not a life was lost, though several men had narrow escapes from being washed overboard. Long hours were thus passed, meals were forgotten, and though hunger and thirst were not assuaged, the men stuck bravely to their posts, knowing that it was a battle for life against great odds.

Captain Smith kept his ship off before the gale for safety, using oil with great success, and thus diminishing the force of the gigantic waves. After a day filled with awful dread, the weather began to moderate and the ship was put on her course again.

SPRANG A LEAK.

The officers noticed soon after she had resumed her course that she was moving sluggishly, so the wells were sounded. "And," said Captain Smith, "telling his experience, 'we found there were eleven inches of water below.'"

After successfully battling with a terrific hurricane, to realize that death by drowning was still a mat-

ter of possibility, nerved the crew to redouble their efforts to bring the vessel to a safe harbor. Slowly but surely the water was gaining, for when the ship took the heavy plunge that carried away her deck-house and smashed several skylights, she started some of her rivets. With the donkey engine gone, there was no other alternative than to use the hand pumps, and from that day—September 10—to November 29, they were kept going night and day—two and a half months of incessant pumping!

The horrors of those seventy odd days will always be a nightmare to the brave captain, and crew of the Thornliebank. Night after night, day after day, with only a few hours of sleep, the men worked like Protons in an effort to keep the water down. At times despair gnawed at the heart of these brave seamen, for despite their efforts the water began to rise. At such times additional help was needed and efforts were redoubled, for the thought of loved ones at home spurred the men to Herculean efforts in their gallant fight for life.

To add to the hardships of the voyage the cargo worked loose in the gale. Sometimes the Thornliebank had as great a list as 20 degrees to starboard and sometimes as much to port. In the dead of night a wave would strike her amidships, there would be heard a grinding noise in the hold as the cargo shifted and the tired mariners, thinking the ship was about to turn turtle, would leap from their bunks with stiffened joints, only to find that the ship had careened. Thus it went on for days and weeks at a time.

NEVER LOST HEART.

With thousands of miles still separating them from land, the crew never once lost heart, and the dull monotonous sound of the pumps was a continual reminder of the danger that menaced them. The list of the cargo hampered the men at the pumps considerably, and it was necessary to run the vessel before the wind and off her course to get the water down. When, after heroic efforts, it was found that fifteen inches of water stood in the well despite every effort of the crew, the situation was indeed dismal. But the brave captain decided that he would try to "bluff the eternal sea," as Kipling puts it, and keep on towards the Antipodes.

The weather in the Indian ocean was fine on the whole, but the winds were against the ship. Strenuous efforts were made by the crew to secure the cargo. Waist deep in water the intrepid men tried time and again to make fast the shifting cases without success. With the dread of another storm approaching them, the sailors, realizing that their efforts were unavailing, resigned themselves to the inevitable and prepared to leave the ship. Fortunately the boats were still intact and these were well provisioned and kept ready for any emergency.

REACHED AUSTRALIAN WATERS.

All this time the vessel was struggling toward Australia. One day she would make fairly good progress, the next day adverse winds would drive her back many miles, and thus the days went on. At last one bright morning the Australian coast was reached, but the Thornliebank's troubles were not over. An effort was made by Captain Smith to pass through Bass Straits with his crippled ship and worn-out crew. It was his intention to put into Melbourne; but the weather was against him, so he determinedly rounded Tasmania.

Not for an instant were the pumps allowed to remain idle. With half the crew below decks working to keep the water down, the other half was laboring above decks to bring the vessel to safe harbor. On November 28th, the Thornliebank was brought by the most skillful seamanship within almost 400 miles of her destination.

When the tired sailors hoped that their troubles were over, tempestuous weather was again encountered near Cook Straits. The sea dashed themselves against the vessel's sides, swept over her decks and caused her to labor heavily. The started rivets opened wider, more water poured in to the hold and for a time it was thought the gallant work of nearly three months was to go for naught and the sea was yet to claim them. In a frenzy of despair the men, although worn out and hollow-eyed and aching in every limb, redoubled their efforts, Captain Smith, having no other alternative, made for Sydney, as the winds were favorable for such a run, and on November 28, the Thornliebank was picked up by a tug and towed into harbor.

WOULD YOU?

Would you like to be an apple? Would you like to be a pear? Would you like to be a robin? Flying swiftly through the air? Would you like to be a lamb? Would you like to be a fish? Or a rich and round plum, riding in a little fellow's peach basket?—John Ernest McKean.