

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR.—Your correspondent "H. S." has in the last issue of your excellent paper written a letter strongly advocating the advisability of forming a Domestic Training School. In reply I am happy to be enabled to state that such an institution is in process of formation and will in a short time be properly and firmly established. Those who have studied the subject will no doubt be aware of the existence of the National Training School at South Kensington: this is under royal patronage and it is unnecessary at this time to enter into any particulars as to its mode of working &c., suffice it to say that the teachers are most efficient and the modes of teaching followed practical and economical. Therefore, when I tell your correspondent "H. S." that one of the staff teachers Mrs. Courtney has recently arrived in Montreal and will in conjunction with Mr. Alfred Joyce, open a Training School, I think that "H. S." will have but little doubt that the project will succeed, and I would suggest to all interested in the matter, to confer with the parties above mentioned, from whom all particulars may be had. That there is need of such a school no one can doubt, and I agree with "H. S." that it should be helped on by everyone.

Z.

NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

The brave but luckless Twenty-fourth are known as Howard's Greens, from their grass-green facings and the name of an officer who led them for twenty years in the last century. It is a popular fallacy to imagine that the Twenty-eighth borrow their designation of the Old Braggs from the exhibition of a spirit of boasting or braggadocio. Bragg was their Colonel from 1734 to 1731, whence the sobriquet. They are also known as the Slashers, but wherefore is uncertain. Some authorities believe they get their title from their dash at the passage of the River Brunx, in the American War of Independence; others say it arose from a party of the officers having disguised themselves as Indians, and having cut off the ears of a magistrate who had refused quarters to the women of the regiment during the trying winter. The Thirty-first are denominated the Young Buffs, having been mistaken for the Third at the battle of Dettingen. The whimsical cognomen of the Havercake Lads is conferred on the Thirty-third, from a habit of the Sergeant Snaps of the corps to entice recruits by displaying an oat-cake spitted on their swords. The Thirty-fifth used to be termed the Orange Lilies; the Thirty-sixth, the Saucy Greens; the Thirty-eighth, the Pump and Tortoise, on account of their sobriety and the slowness of their movements when stationed once at Malta; and the Thirty-ninth, Sankey's Horse, from the circumstance of their having been once mounted on mules on a forced march when commanded by Colonel Sankey; they are also called the Green Linnets, from their pea-green facings. A punning version of its number, XL, namely, Excellers, is fixed on the Fortieth. The renowned Forty-two retains its designation of the Black Watch, the independent Scotch companies from which it was formed having been so called on account of their dark tartans. The phrase Light Bobs marks out the Forty-third, albeit it is claimed by all light infantry soldiers. The Forty-fourth swell with natural vanity over their distinctions as the Old Stubboms, gained in the Peninsula. The classical epithet of the Lacedæmonians was an alias of the Forty-sixth, a pedantic officer having harangued his brave boys on the beauties of Spartan discipline while shot and shell were flying round. It would be hard to discover the Forty-seventh under its cognomen of the Cauliflowers; and assuredly no friend of the gallant Fiftieth would ever dream of referring to it either as the Blind or the Dirty Half Hundred. Similar to the Excellers in the mode of origin of their sobriquet are the Kolis, as the Fifty-first are called from the initials of the title, King's Own Light Infantry. "Die hard, my men, die hard," cried the heroic Inglis to the Fifty-seventh at Albuera, and ever since the plucky West Middlesex is the Die Hards.—*All the Year Round.*

THE following attractive notice was once given out by a husband:—"My name's Pete Rouel, dat's my wife's name too, she's leave my house and shan't ax me, any man what trusts him, dat's loss for you." This notice was brought to mind in reading in the Montreal *Witness* and *Star* of the 13th October a notice that no credit would be given without the cash. Whether this would be called a cash system or a credit system is hard to discover, and the solution is left to the readers.

Musical.

WEBER AND HIS DETRACTORS.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

DEAR SIR,—I must crave space in your journal to answer my four assailants, whose letters, like dishes on a shelf, stand all in a row, in the *Herald* of Saturday, I notice that the heading and arrangement in the *Herald* differs from that in the *SPECTATOR*, where these four powerful assailants first appear, in your journal they head their letters with the ominous title "THE PIANO WAR," but, as the Yankee would say, "I do not scare worth a cent." However, I see the heading of the same letters in the *SPECTATOR* is "Musical," and, as this is more in my line, I will follow the arrangement there, and notice each in turn. Five years ago you permitted me to point out a wrong committed by the Government of your choice. Convinced of their error, you manfully took the side of justice against your own party, and the error was soon rectified. I am not sorry, therefore, that my assailants have chosen your columns, as I am sure, though they are four to one, there will be fair play.

On the 25th ult., immediately on the close of our Exhibition, there appeared in the musical columns of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR an article, under the heading "Exhibition Notes," which reflected very severely on the pianos placed on view, including the N. Y. Piano Company, and particularly the Weber Piano, who were snubbed for appearing in such Company. It threw contempt on the Judges, and drew the inference that, because certain pianos named were not there, the Exhibition proved "a gigantic farce." This audacious attack upon the parties sending instruments to the Exhibition, while mildly commending those who declined sending any, I thought it my duty to notice in a letter to the musical editor of that paper. For this I am simultaneously attacked in the columns of the *SPECTATOR* and *Herald* by four different persons.

The first of these is inserted for the purpose of bringing into notice the *bogus Weber*, manufactured in Kingston. I will let it pass.

The second, signed X., is evidently written in the interest of a certain piano long held on sale in Montreal, but for certain good reason, only lately pushed into public notice. This writer is both critical and personal in his remarks. I will not notice the personalities, except his remark that I cannot write with perspicuity. I think, however, it will be admitted that the letters of myself and three *confères* prove I am capable of making myself understood. The Weber Pianos, he says, are not in his opinion, equal to the Decker, &c.—of course, not in his opinion,—but then, probably, that does not make much difference to Weber, or even to the public. I know a piano teacher in this city who told his pupils that he would rather have a *second-hand* Gabler than the finest Piano Weber ever made. The pupils afterwards found out he had a Gabler piano to sell. The Decker Piano, he further states, "is not furnished to concert-givers gratis, nor are large commissions paid to music teachers and others to induce them to make sales." I did not say they were, but I think it is venturing on very dangerous ground for him to say that they are not. This writer is very rash to introduce the subject at all. I do not like to expose what he might be ignorant of, or which is more probable, may wish to conceal, but if these reckless statements are made for the purpose of unfavourably contrasting the style of business adopted by the house of Weber with that of Decker, I may be compelled to state the amount paid by the latter to an eminent pianist to secure performances on their piano at one concert and two private entertainments in this city last winter. As to the other statement, that their instruments require no puffing, I refer to their advertisements in the *Herald* where they claim to have a certificate of the "Most perfect Piano" from the Centennial Commission. Surely if they were satisfied with the Philadelphia award, they should not call the Centennial Exhibition a "Farce." It proves the truth of my former statement. For the first time they all met Weber there, all but Weber were dissatisfied with the result. At Philadelphia there were about a dozen pianos claiming to be the *best*. 96 points was the standard of perfection adopted by the Judges. Weber alone, reached 95; the next highest—which certainly, was not Decker—reaching only 91. Such outrageous and inconsistent puffing as is done in their advertisements, the Weber people are too wise to indulge in, and I wonder why the accredited agent of the Decker, who is too shrewd to make such blunders, and too much the gentleman to descend to personalities, permits this mode of obtaining notice for his instruments.

Next, I come to letter No. 3, signed "Another Exhibitor." This writer is positively vulgar, and I am surprised the usual good taste of the editor of the *SPECTATOR* permitted him to use the following epithets in the space of sixteen lines of his tirade:—"Concealed malice," "enraged bull," "hatred and malice," "insatiable craving," "falsome puffing," "vindictive dig," "weak stomachs," "preposterous palaver," "quackery," "twaddle," "noisy puffs," nostrums," &c., &c. Surely the editor of the Musical Column should have placed this letter beneath, not above his own, but perhaps his friend "X," who advocates the cause, guaranteed this writer's *personality*—pass "another Exhibitor."

Fourth and lastly, as to the notes of the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. This gentleman is wise in his generation; he does not attack me at all, but goes fiercely for the *Witness* for daring to print a correct version of my letter.

He knows very well that the *Witness* has an indolent habit of never noticing attacks made on itself by the editors of the *SPECTATOR*. Consequently it is quite safe to attack it. He charges that my letter in the *Witness* was altered; he forgets that the original letter I sent to the *SPECTATOR* was altered at his office by omitting several lines, which the manager refused to re-insert, consequently the necessity of publishing a true copy in the *Witness*. He says the *Witness* calls the Weber a "stately piano," and naively inquires what kind of instrument is this? Surely, as an eminent musician, he must know that Weber is admitted to be the Prince of Pianos, and the Dictionary would tell him that stately is a synonym of princely.

A certain case was once tried in Court. The prosecution was sustained by four eminent counsel, who, instead of logic and reason, showered on the head of the defendant a perfect deluge of epithets and false accusations (in the style of letters two and three). The defence was undertaken by an earnest little man, who had the appearance of sincerity and truth on his side, and was not all moved by the bluster of his adversaries. When his turn came to speak, he merely remarked to the jury: "Gentlemen, I have not much to say. You have heard the evidence, and the pleadings of the four eminent counsel. I will merely observe that it is a bad cause which requires so many advocates." I need not tell you the jury were of the same opinion.

I think, on the whole, Weber may well adopt the language of the royal Lear, and say,

"Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart,
All the little dogs—how they bark at me."

Exhibitor.

Montreal, October, 9, 1880.

[A&V].