

THE NEW 'TE DEUM.'

We have received the following from Mr. MacLagan in reply to our remarks of last week:

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR,—I have to trouble you once more on this subject in order to correct some of the mis-statements which your reviewer will persist in making with regard to my composition.

He is not content with opining that the chords and harmonies which it contains are ineffective and disagreeable, but he goes into matter of fact and asserts.

1st. That there are consecutive octaves between bars 6 and 7.

2nd. That there are consecutive fifths between bars 11 and 12.

3. That there are consecutive octaves between the tenor and bass parts in bar 1, page 4.

I emphatically deny the correctness of these assertions, and would ask you in common justice to have them corrected, and to be careful in future not to publish anything calculated to damage the professional reputation of any person till you have proved it beyond doubt to be correct.

Surely your reviewer must be ignorant of his profession to make such "glaring mistakes" twice over.

He says that if I am not satisfied with his criticism, I can refer to musicians here, in Boston, or in London, Eng. I am willing to go before a committee of musicians in any part of the civilized world, and if they show me the things mentioned above, I will withdraw my statement and pay their expenses; if not, I will ask you to pay whatever expense may be incurred, and to correct your mis-statements concerning my composition.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

P. B. MACLAGAN, Mus. Doc.

We have submitted Mr. MacLagan's *Te Deum*, together with our remarks thereupon, to three of the most competent musical critics in Montreal, who all agree with our appreciation of the composition. We are now in communication with the best musical authorities in Boston and Toronto on the subject and will be happy to give Mr. MacLagan the benefit of their verdict.

The following criticism of Mr. MacLagan's *Te Deum*, coming from an independent source, has been handed us for publication. Mr. MacLagan will see thereby that the *News* reviewer is not alone in his poor opinion of the *Te Deum*.

An old writer quaintly observes, "There's nothing like a bold start, if you wish to ensure success." The *Te Deum* in question, however, does not entirely carry out this maxim, notwithstanding its bold start in unison on the words "We praise Thee, O God"; for, after having tumbled in a miscellaneous kind of way over six bars of questionable melodic progressions, we are presented with the first instance of consecutive octaves in the accompaniment at the seventh. This pleasing little divergence from musical morals is supplemented at the twelfth bar by the total omission of the third in a fundamental triad. But, of course, this must be an intended effect, as the *Te Deum* contains no less than six examples of the same charmingly original harmony. Further on, we come to consecutive fifths at the words "To Thee Cherubim"; and octaves again on the word "Seraphim." Arriving at that portion of the hymn devoted to the Trisagion, or *Sane-us*, the Soprano Primo draws out the words "Holy, Holy, Holy," in a most doleful manner all to itself, the privilege of an accompaniment being denied until the ninth bar, of this "very like a wail" trio; and then, the other two parts come in talking very bad grammar and behaving themselves generally in a most distressingly depraved and loose way. After this, "Heaven and Earth" are "full" of pedal obbligato with chords *ad libitum*. Further on, we find at "The Holy Church throughout all the world" the third entirely dispensable in the chord of the dominant seventh. At the words "Make them to be numbered" we arrive at the twelfth example of consecutive octaves, and begin of course to quite enjoy their society rather than otherwise. Merry fellows these octaves, worthy of being numbered among the saints, martyrs and confessors of ancient days. We mean, of course, before harmony was as well understood as it is in the present century. At the words "When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man," the poor *Te Deum* actually begins to labour within itself; but, after "open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers," it runs on in an easy minded sort of way, and finally winds up by being, as some good souls would say "prayerfully merry" at the words "Let me never be confounded"—a prayer which the poor thing finds in its own conscience to be very necessary to its peaceful repose.

ELEPHANT LABOURERS.

It would be too long to relate all the uses to which elephants are applied in Burmah. Let us watch them at work among the wood-yards where the trunks of tickwood trees, which come floating down the river, are piled. Every working elephant is mounted by a driver called a "cornac," whose principal business is rather to excite the animal than to direct it. In the season when the roads are cut, the trunks come down the river to the bar much faster than they can be disposed of in the saw mills, and they accumulate in vast quantities all along the banks. It is necessary, therefore, to drag the trees out of the water, and arrange them in piles, until such time as they can be cut up. There are only three sorts of piles, varying with the sizes of the trees. First an elephant in the water clears the logs from the mass and ranges them one by one upon the river bank. He carefully examines the chaos of logs, and proceeds with tusks and trunk to disengage the tree he has selected, and which he intends to carry to land. As soon as the tree is placed on the bank another elephant is harnessed to it, and drags it to the woodyard, where he leaves it. Two other elephants now come up, and one of them takes one end of the log upon his trunk and drags it to the pile upon which, in view of its size, it ought to be placed, while his companion assists him by pushing the log with all his might. As soon as they reach the proper pile the first elephant lifts the top of the log upon the pile, then he forms a kind of ring around the log with his trunk, while the other with a vigorous blow of his head shoots the log into its place. The intelligence displayed by these animals is almost incredible, and we should scarcely have believed it if we had not seen their movements as described above.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.

THE HEBE OF MINE INN.

Over the fields when shadows are long,
And sweet is the breath of trampled hay,
The crimson West ablaze in our eyes,
To the wood-side inn we wind our way.

Hidden in plane and chestnut and elm,
Smother'd in lilac and apple blooms,
A swinging casement alone reveals
The hostel cool in his mellow glooms.

Grim are its chambers; but through them waft
Fitful gusts of the blossomy air,
Odours of spices, whiffs of fruits,
And the breath of wine is everywhere.

Pleasant to sit in the amber light,
Or the purple shadows deeper grown,
And to watch the flasks with heart of flame,
Or drain a glass like a bubble blown.

Pleasanter still when a dainty face
Comes flushing in through the golden glow,
With black eyes flashing and lips a-pout,
And bosom heaving its rosy snow.

Then for the bout: the arrowy jest,
The glittering sally midway caught,
The banded word and a ringing laugh,
And a voice that is but laughter taught.

Right swiftly thus are the moments sped,
And darkness falls on the merry din;
'Tis night, and going we last behold
The face of the Hebe of mine inn.

RANWORTHY'S PUNISHMENT.

The snow was drifting drearily down through the grey of the twilight, the wind howled dismally through the bare branches of the trees, and the frost crept like a white vapour over hill and valley.

"It's a-goin' to be a dreadful night," said Mrs. Ranworthy.

"Well, s'pose it is," said her husband, who sat brooding in front of the fire. "We've got fire enough to keep warm."

"I was thinking of the Widow Martin," replied his wife. "Huddy was tellin' me she had but precious fuel left."

"It's none of my business," said Michael Ranworthy, crustily.

"It'll be a sharp spell for Squire Hopkin's young calves."

"I haven't any calves to bother about," answered Michael, with a slight movement of impatience, "and I don't see why I should bother about other people's."

Mrs. Ranworthy was silent. Not even twenty years' companionship with the selfish wretch, who sat where he kept the fire completely off everyone else, had converted her to his theory of life.

"What are you puttin' them things in a basket for?" asked Michael, suddenly, as his wife moved softly across the kitchen floor.

Mrs. Ranworthy started like a guilty creature.

"I thought I'd send 'em to Desire Johnson when the school-master went by," she said, colouring scarlet, "Desire's in a decline—haint much appetite left—and their people is poor and—"

"Well, let her decline, and you just mind your own business!" growled her lord and master. "We aint bound to provide for the whole neighbourhood, as I knows on. If Desire Johnson haint enough to eat, I suppose she can apply to the poor-house for relief."

"Oh, Michael, you know as well as I do that things aren't so bad as that. Only such people have their fancies."

"Fudge!" snarled Michael. "Put them things back in the cupboard, I say. Where's the use of a man's scrapin' and savin' with a wasteful extravagant creature like you to throw out with a spade as fast as he puts in with a spoon? And a bottle of our best currant wine, as I live! Dorcas Ranworthy, you'd come straight to the poor-house if it wasn't for me."

Mrs. Ranworthy reluctantly obeyed this domestic Nero; and as she replaced the articles whence she had taken them, a soft knock sounded at the door.

She made haste to open it—and there, whitened by the fast-driving snow, stood two mites of creatures holding one another's hands—a boy and a girl.

"Sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Ranworthy, "why it's two children!" Michael rose and hurried to the door.

"Where's the use o' keepin' the door wide open, lettin' in all the snow?" he demanded. "What's wantin', young 'uns?"

"Please, sir," said the elder, in a small, piping voice, "we've lost our way, me and little Peggy."

"What if ye have?" ungraciously retorted the grey-headed misanthrope. "Taint no fault of mine, is it?"

"But it snows, and it's so cold; and please, sir, may we stay all night?"

"No, you mayn't!" said Michael, sullenly, "There is a tavern scarcely more'n a mile furder on, where it's folkses business to keep travellers at night."

"But we aint travellers," persisted the boy, "and we haven't any money. We're just going to Uncle Theodore's."

"Who's Uncle Theodore?"

"He's Theodore Allen, at Hopkinstown; don't you know?"

"How should I know?" growled Mr. Ranworthy, gradually decreasing more and more the aperture of the door. "And Hopkinstown's a good five mile off. You'd better be joggin' as fast as ever you can."

The little girl began to cry softly under the shadow of her red worsted hood.

"Oh, Theo, I'm cold, and my feet are so stiff and numb, and I'm hungry!" she sobbed.

"Hush, Peggy!" soothed the boy, scarcely a year older, yet assuming the dignified superiority of a parent; and then, turning to the hard face just visible between the cracks of the door, he added, pleadingly:

"We are vey hungry, sir, and we've walked a long way—if you'd please to give us something to eat—"

"Well, I don't please then!" snarled Michael, with the sudden ferocity of a savage dog. "This aren't the almshouse. I've told ye there's a tavern a mile on, an' ye can go there—and that's all you'll get out o' me!"

"Michael! Michael!" softly remonstrated his wife, her sense of humanity getting the better of her awe of her husband "they're such little creatures!"

"Little or big, they're none o' my business," said Michael Ranworthy, banging to the door, and noisily securing it with bolt and bar.

"A slice of bread and a drink of milk wouldn't have cost much," said Mrs. Ranworthy, hurrying to the milk-room window, whence she could see the turn of the road in the indistinct glimmer of the snowy twilight.

"Yes it would, too," persisted Michael, grimly; "I provide for myself and my family, and I expect every other man to do the same. And I don't mean to begin this miserable system o' keepin' free tavern for every vagrant that comes along!"

He threw a log with vehemence on the fire as he spoke.

Still Mrs. Ranworthy watched at the window secretly, determined when the little travellers came in sight to hail them, and supplying at least some of their wants, to whisper them to come round by the back kitchen door where she could make up a bed for them in the tool room without her husband's knowledge!

"For if they should miss the road to the tavern," thought the good woman, "they might mebbe freeze to death in the woods!"

But her vigil was in vain; no dark figures blurred the dizzy whiteness of the fast falling snow.

"They must ha' gone round by the other road, and that's a good quarter of a mile further," thought the good woman, wringing her hands, for her conscience could not shift the weight of responsibility as readily as that of her husband. "But mebbe they'll meet some teamster or other comin' home from market to give 'em a lift. Everybody aint't as crusty as my Michael, thanks be to goodness."

So she came back into the kitchen to see about the spreading forth of the evening meal, her mind still troubled with vague doubts and undefined apprehensions, for she could not say, like Michael, "It's none of my business," any more than the Samaritan of old could have passed by on the other side as did the priest and Levite.

The old kitchen clock had struck twelve with a noisy, inharmonious sound, when Michael Ranworthy started up in bed. His apartment, a small room opening from the kitchen, was bright with the shine of the fire which had not yet gone entirely out, and he stared vaguely at the threshold as if he beheld some tangible object.

"Those children! Dorcas, I told you not to let 'em in!" he ejaculated.

"Children! What children?" exclaimed his wife. "Michael, you're asleep and dreaming."

"I tell you I'm not," he cried excitedly. "I saw 'em just now—the little children, hand in hand, standing on the threshold, looking at me with them big sorrowful eyes. Dorcas, where have you hidden them?"

The next moment he had sprang out of bed.

"Something wrong about the place, I'm sure!" he cried.

"The cattle are loose—or the horse has got lost. Something's calling me to go out and look."

Mrs. Ranworthy sat up in bed completely confounded at this mood, so unlike the ordinary apathy of her husband's lethargic nature.

"It's only a dream, Michael," she urged, trying to speak soothingly, but he refused to listen to her words.

"I tell you I must go and see for myself," he said, breathlessly, and in another moment he had taken the old tin lantern that hung behind the door and sallied forth into the night.

The violence of the storm was over, but the snow lay heaped whitely over fence, woodpile, and rick of hay, and the faint light of a moon, some night past its prime, shed a spectral light over the pallid wilderness of the snowy landscape as Michael Ranworthy stared from side to side. All was still and quiet, the cattle peaceful in their yard, the horses in their stalls, and Ranworthy turned back with a sigh of relief.

"I might ha' spared myself the trouble," he thought. But as he made his way across the lane which separated the farm buildings from the yard door, his foot struck against something nestled up under the fence close to the trunk of a fallen willow tree.

"It's one o' the yearling calves has got out," he thought; "and half covered with snow."

By the white light of the moon, issuing from behind a rack of cloud, and the red flash of the lantern he stooped to see what the estray might be.

Two little children, clasped in each other's arms, and drifted round with a pearl-blue coverlet of snow. Two little children frozen to death.

"Great heaven!" he murmured, catching at the fence-rail for support, "they're dead, and I have murdered them!"

Years have come and gone since then, but the light of reason has never turned to Michael Ranworthy's unsettled brain. He walks up and down with the tin lantern swinging from his hand—he stops chance passers to ask "if they have seen anything of the two little mites of children on the road"—he sits on the doorstep on summer evenings a harmless lunatic, waiting for them to come; the pitcher of milk and the loaf of home-made cake ever ready for the reception of the little ones who perished under the snow.

And so his life wears on—and his punishment will follow him to the very portals of the grave.

H. F. G.

GROTESQUES.

The way one Cincinnati editor takes to call another a liar is this: "He is known to impart an unhealthy swelling to truth."

Bishop Hatto, says a youthful essayist, was et by rats, evry little tiny bit up, and serve him mity well right too; but they don't now, 'cause their is more bishops than there is rats.

At the Cincinnati Exposition, a card gave the following touching but practical information: "If you try our coffins once you will never use any others."

A man called upon a lawyer the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law?" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-law, but not in fact, sir—my wife's run off."

The following "widdle" was given by an intimate friend of the family at a wedding breakfast: "Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold." Seeing how successful he was, later on he gave another. It was this: "What is the most curious thing in the world? and answered himself thus: It is not a woman, as you were all going to reply, but a woman who is not curious." He is very rich, and godfather of the youngest of the family.