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Published by
The Toronto Dispatch Company,
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United States: \$1.50 per year in advance.
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"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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Continued from page 3

same brigade, forming a part of the advance guard of "Clam-Gallas," retreated to Podol. I learned later that Frederick was in this engagement, and the same night General Horn attacked Podol.

"But," continued my father, "even better news comes from the south. At Ostozza, dear children, we have gained a most glorious victory. I have already said to Lombardy must become a part of the war as decided. We must send some of our regulars and finish off these Italians, and then it will be easy to deal with these 'hills' apprentices. This important Prussian militia is not fit to engage with regular soldiers. They are all from the shops, the bench, and mere rascals, and they cannot stand against such blood and iron as our men are made of." Hear the good news from the paper this morning: The cattle plague in Prussian Silesia has broken out in a highly threatening form.

"Cattle plague?" "Is this your good news?" "Nonsense! We must accept as a fact that these war days, however, the black and gold frontier posts will keep the plague from crossing the border."

But my father, while reading the pleasant intelligence, said:

Fever is raging among the Prussian troops. Such results must necessarily be abundant in the village, with the miserable shelter, unhealthy swamp land, and bad treatment. "Austria has no idea how miserably the Prussians handle their men. They would do as they please with the 'hills' people. Three ounces of salt pork is all that is allowed for each man. They are unaccustomed to forced marches and the hardship of short rations, and are close to starvation."

"The papers are full of startling news. You ought to keep them, 'Wartha.' And I have kept them. 'I' is one ought always to do, and when a new struggle is in prospect one should not not the latest news but the so-

counts of the preceding years, and enough how little faith is contained in these forecasts and the prophecy that the world will be at peace.

"How extraordinary!" said Frederick after the capture of Podol by the Prussians. "Clam-Gallas has retreated, the village taken and burned, then they come back! Oh, those cursed needle-guns, how they mowed down our men! But after all, the Prussians' two great army corps have been defeated and are now pressing down against Munich. This is my father's lamented tale. The Prussians' But his confidence was shaken."

"Let them come, every man of them down into the valley, and we will annihilate them. Yet we will surround them, the people will rise against them, and when there is no escape, no retreat—hemmed in—we will give them the finishing touch. It is a disadvantage for them to be in the enemy's country, for you have not only the army but the people against you. At Trautenau the inhabitants poured boiling water and oil on to the Prussians."

A cry of horror and disgust escaped me.

"War is horrible, I grant," said my father, "but what would you have?"

"Then never again dare tell me that war annals a people. Admit that it unmans them, brutalizes and turns men into tigers and very devils. Hell is on earth!"

"Self-defence and righteous revenge are justifiable, Martha. Do you think we should take their needle-guns and bullets without return? Our brave fellows are cut down like defenceless cattle. But we will beat them yet, for we are too numerous and too well disciplined. I acknowledge a few mistakes have been made; we should not have waited, but pushed across the Prussian frontier from the start. Our choice of marshals may not have been altogether wise. But I will not find fault, for the decisive battle is yet to come. We are now concentrating a hundred thousand strong at Konigsgratz. There will our northern Cuzanza be fought and won."

Frederick was to fight there also. His last letter had said so. I have still in my possession all his hurried little notes, written in pencil, on horseback, in the tent, illegible save to me, and sent whenever he found opportunity to do so. Some came into my hands even after the campaign was over, and I have them as mementos to this hour. They are not the clever descriptions or careful dispatches of the war correspondent. There are no details of the strategy, no rhetorical pictures of the battles. Here are some of them.

A lovely summer night in camp—the ground is covered with exhausted men after a long forced march. Tents have been pitched for staff officers only. In mine there are three beds, and my two comrades are asleep. By the feeble light I am writing to my beloved wife. Puck lies on my bed. Poor, tired dog! I almost regret that I brought him with me. He is sleeping and dreaming of his lover and master Count Rudolf Dotzky. And I, Martha, am dreaming of you. True, it is a waking dream, but I see you sitting in the far corner of the tent, and I dare not move for fear the image will vanish.

I stepped out a moment. Straggling figures dragged themselves up to our camp fires; they had been defeated on the road. But many more are still lying in the ditches and cornfields. The heat of the march was fearful. The brazen sun burned into our brains, the knapsacks and muskets galled our shoulders. None have complained, though many fell from sunstroke, never to rise again. This June night is clear and enchanting, but nightingales and roses and jasmine are not for us. We hear stamping and neighing horses, voices of restless men, the even tramp of the guard. Later we shall hear the creak of the raven, and smell the powder, blood, and corruption. Astonishing how blind is mankind! Those who curse the fearful fires that burned the martyrs for the glory of God, even those glorify the battlefield. The torture chambers of the Inquisition, the flames of their pyres, but how proud they are of their arsenals!

How aesthetically our battlefields are painted! Upon a hilltop stands a group of generals, the field-marshal with the glass at his eyes, dictating to his staff as he sits proudly on a white charger. One hand is stretched dramatically toward the smoke-covered plain, the other is waving his sword and looking backwards, as if saying to those behind, "Follow me, my children!" Pictures give the magnificent and scenic effects of war without the horrors. They give the superb detail of line and the elevations and landscape, not the flowing blood, the mangled forms, and scenes of disgust. To see only the glitter of arms, the clouds of smoke, the prancing horses, the floating banners, the whirl of action, might inspire a battle-song or an epic, or a masterpiece of painting.

WOODSTOCK SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The most successful Music School in Canada

THE WOODSTOCK SCHOOL OF MUSIC was started by Mrs. Adney simply as a Name under which the scope of work of the most successful teacher of music in the Province might be extended. We shall not here refer to the course of study offered, except in a passing way, but to those more personal matters which so far outweigh all other considerations as to make the list of truly successful schools of any kind very few in number. It is together a matter of the TEACHER.

The secret of Mrs. Adney's widely known success is that resolved upon having the best instruction at any cost she had the wisdom to select or the good fortune to be directed to the BEST TEACHERS IN AMERICA, and has the faculty of imparting what they taught her. William Mason was our greatest teacher of Piano and admitted as the equal of the best of Europe. He was a pupil of the immortal Liszt. Her lessons, over an extended period, were cheap at six dollars a piece. Previously, she had instruction from Gonzalo Nunez, a distinguished graduate of the Paris Conservatory, where Prof. Le Couppay was instructor on Piano. This world's greatest music school also perpetuates the musical theories of Liszt. These ideas lead to a technique in contrast with that of the dry, mechanical German technique. We criticize German execution, not German music. The influence, however, of this nation's musicians is such that their "method" is the one nearly everywhere met with. Combining Mason's "Touch and Technique" with the thus rarely taught "Conservatoire method," it is worthy of note that Mrs. Adney's steady use of "Le Couppay" has exhausted the American edition, and a new one is being printed for her use.

In Voice, Mrs. Adney was in a sense almost equally fortunate. After some instruction from a famous (that is to say, well advertised) teacher, whose method was not as great as his celebrity, for his charges, she took lessons under Mr. A. A. Pattou, a distinguished French singer and teacher, who with the finest credentials that France had to offer, came to New York to make his debut where German influence controlled everything from orchestra members to press critic, and it being shortly after the Franco-Prussian war his reception was so hostile that he abandoned his intended career in Grand Opera, and retired to the routine work of a teacher. Later, she studied at the M. E. Vocal Institute, under the talented Mr. Tubbs, editor of The Vocalist, and derived many ideas that have proven of great value here. So it happened that, by accident or otherwise, Mrs. Adney acquired the method in singing of the great Garcia, and the almost equally famous Shakespeare—the only true method of voice production and that which has produced the great singers of Italian and French Opera.

When deciding to carry on her well known private work in Piano, Singing, Musical Theory, etc., under the name at the head of this section, it was with the idea of extending its scope as opportunity might offer. It perhaps did not occur that Woodstock could not maintain a Victoria Conservatory of Music, which during her three years after the establishment became an institution of such recognized importance in the music world of Canada, that a special publication entitled "Musical Toronto" gave her and her work extended space. Perhaps it was because one of her pupils, solely instructed by her, went to the Toronto College of Music and in the same year took the Gold Medal in Piano. Two other pupils sisters, one fifteen and one thirteen years of age, after studying with Mrs. Adney entered one of the foremost Conservatories in Europe and began immediately to play in public recitals. The head master writing to their parents said "they have had the perfection of piano forte training and are artists already." Today her work has become so well recognized in the United States, that she has been invited to become a member of the International Musical Society, formed thirteen years ago by the very leading musical professors and patrons of the world, and only seeking membership of those identified with "advanced musical research and its results."

There is a point relating to "Diplomas," "Graduation," etc., upon which Mrs. Adney needs again to remind the public. Except for theoretical studies such as harmony, this school gives no "Diplomas," has no "Graduates." In all practical, artistic work, the only test of proficiency recognized among artists is that of the actual work itself, except for the degree of Doctor of music, for which only the masters ever qualify, and which is recognition of exceptional proficiency and musical learning. For all others the only recognized test is ability to perform, from memory, to say, two recitals, a program of pieces of certain grades of difficulty, one of ordinary music, and one from the representative works of the great Masters. The program itself is the "certificate" and no teacher of high standing ever offers anything else; and whatever institutions hold forth as an inducement the prospect of a "Diploma" for a certain length of time in study, it may be taken as certain that the actual teacher is indifferent—any person whom the institution finds it convenient from time to time to employ.

Even a school or institution becomes famous only through some exceptional TEACHER in it. An artist of real distinction offers only his program: no one asks or cares WHAT school he studied at, but who was his TEACHER. The aim of this school is not to grind out graduates with diplomas; we offer the best musical instruction, in our lines, that can be obtained in the Maritime Provinces, if not in Canada, and better than will be obtained by going to any but the few greater masters in the large cities of the United States.

Thus Woodstock offers advantages for musical study that one may go to any city in Canada, or to New York or London, and perchance not get. Mrs. Adney did not in the first instance select Woodstock as furnishing the full scope for her exceptional talents as a teacher, but she has made it and the work done, here by pupils who are now successful teachers in various parts of United States and Canada, a credit to Town and Province.

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