

FOR THE FARMER.

LOOK OUT FOR THE POTATO ROT.

In many parts of the country potato rot is doing great damage this year. It is the same disease, an exchange tells us, that first appeared in Ireland in 1847, and caused the great famine. It is a fungus, says the same authority, known as *peronospora infestans* which grows within the plant, filling the cells with white threads called mycelium. These threads bear small balls of capsules containing black spores exceedingly small, appearing as fine dust. It is these black spores which discolor the potatoes when the capsules burst and liberate them.

These spores are the seed from which new plants spring. They remain in the soil in the diseased potatoes left in the ground, and in the diseased ground, thus infecting the land and leaving a stock to propagate a pest for the future. As the decaying matter dies, the spores (which are much like the fine dust of the ripe puff balls, or the dry smut of corn, float off into the air, and are carried by the winds and spread over fresh ground; and so the infection spreads. To avoid this the diseased potatoes should be carefully gathered up and boiled (by which the fungus is killed) and fed to swine or fowls. The vines should be carefully burned, and never thrown into manure or compost heaps, for obvious reasons. For, should the diseased potatoes be fed uncooked, the spores would pass out in the excrement, and so spread the infection.

To prevent injury to sound potatoes, all the damaged ones should be kept apart; the sound ones may be kept in the usual manner, but should be well dusted with fresh, air-slaked lime, which, by its acidity will destroy any adhering spores. The drier the potatoes are kept the better, as dryness tends to keep the spores dormant. In selecting the potatoes for seed only sound ones should be chosen. The cuttings should be rolled in air-slaked lime, or sprinkled with pickling solution used for seed wheat to prevent smut (a similar fungus). The solution is made of four ounces of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water, and the dusting with lime may be usefully given in addition. This disease is strictly contagious, and can only be avoided by destroying the spores, or by leaving a potato stubble in other crops for two or three years.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Many persons make no use of coal-ashes, but it certainly is an excellent mulch, "particularly for evergreens," so says an old gardener, and gardens where the soil baked badly have been brought into excellent condition by spading in coal-ashes after other things have been tried without success. Fertilizing qualities are not claimed for coal-ashes, but it gives depth to the soil in a very inexpensive way. It makes it work easier, serves as a mulch, and insects are not fond of working in it.

Soms thing may now be done to make potato bugs less numerous another season by destroying the old beetles which emerge from the ground after frost has destroyed the vine. It is a reasonable theory that these beetles require one full meal before retiring to winter quarters. At all events, they make havoc with scattering potatoes left on the ground by accident or otherwise. Advantage may be taken of this to poison the beetles by sprinkling a few with water containing Paris green and leaving them where the bugs can get at them. This is, in fact, the only time at which it is possible to poison the fully developed beetles. In the warm weather of summer they are too busily engaged in propagating to eat.

Tomato vines whose fruit is well along toward maturity will sometimes ripen a good portion of it after being pulled up and hung in a warm dry place. Do this before the vines are injured by frost.

In the course of a recent address on the grasses, Mr. J. R. Alcott said: "A town flock of sheep, with a shepherd and bush scythe, would be a grand thing to keep down brush and weeds along our highways, and would bring in our native grasses that would be a real ornament to every country road-side."

In France some experiments have recently been made in supplying cows with cold and warm water to test the effect on them as milk givers. The food given was the same in both cases, but it was found that those supplied with water heated to 113° F. yielded one third more milk than those given cold water.

Few farmers would think of turning stock on their timothy meadows in the Spring. But they should remember that fall feeding is even worse, as it destroys the growth needed to protect the roots during the winter when protection is most needed. Every pound of food thus stolen from a timothy or clover meadow is offset by the loss in next season's hay crop; besides the chance it gives for noxious weeds to fill vacancies where the grass is killed.

The experience of last year and of the Spring of 1882 in some quarters ought to be a sufficient warning to growers of grapes that the vines are not certain to withstand all the vicissitudes of our climate without protection. By all means lay them down before winter sets in and give them at least a slight covering. Nothing is so good for this purpose as old sods turned root upward. Nothing is gained by having the vines on the trellis, for they must be taken down some time for trimming and now is the time for that operation.

How the Salmon Jumps.

Professor A. Landmark, chief director of the Norwegian Fisheries, has published some interesting particulars of his studies of the capability of salmon to jump water-falls. He is of opinion that the jump depends as much on the height of the fall as on the currents below it. If there be a deep pool right under the fall, where the water is comparatively quiet a salmon may jump sixteen feet perpendicularly, but such jumps are rare, and he can only state with certainty that it has taken place at the Hellefos in the Drams River, at Haugsend, where two great masts have been placed across the river for the study of the habits of the salmon, so that exact measurements may be effected. The height of the water in the river, of course, varies, but it is as a rule, when the salmon is running up stream, sixteen feet below these masts. The distance between the two is three and one-half feet, and the professor states that he has seen salmon jump from the river below across both masts. As another example of high jumping, he mentions some instances of Carratunk water-

fall, Reumbeek, in North America, where jumps of twelve feet have been recorded. Professor Landmark further states that when a salmon jumps a fall nearly perpendicular in shape, it is sometimes able to remain in the fall, even if the jump is a foot or two short of the actual height. This, he maintains, has been proved by an overwhelming quantity of evidence. The fish may then be seen to stand for a minute or two a foot or so below the edge of the fall, in a trembling motion, when with a smart twitch of the tail the rest of the fall is cleared. But only fish which strike the fall straight with the snout are able to remain in the falling mass of water; if it is struck obliquely, the fish is carried back into the stream below. This Professor Landmark believes to be the explanation of salmon passing falls with a clear descent of sixteen feet. The professor believes that this is the extreme jump a salmon is capable of and points out that, of course, not all are capable of performing this feat.

FROM MANY SOURCES.

"Tax whiskey to death" is the motto of temperance adherents in the South, where drinking is slightly on the decline.

Canon Farrar, in his lecture on Dante, declares the "Divine Comedy" superior to all the epics of Virgil or Milton, not excepting "Paradise Lost."

"Hwntws" is the name applied to the inhabitants of the south of Wales by the men of the north. The northmen have a strong dislike for a "Hwntw," and can hardly understand his dialect.

There are not less than 3,000 white opium smokers in San Francisco. Many joints in China Town having been closed, "opium fiends" get their own apparatus, and "hit the p" in their own rooms.

The Paris Vaudeville Theatre has just adopted a very clever invention, by means of which each seat can be at once folded up into the thickness of three inches, rest for the same and all; likewise a hat stand and a cane stand.

The property of France, stored in the Garde-Meuble in Paris, is said to have a value of round 30,000,000 francs. It consists chiefly of furniture, glass, and china, and contains among other pieces of historical interest the bed and writing desk of Louis XIV.

In Schoharie County, N. Y., there are two women twins 94 years of age. Both are described as well preserved, active and in full possession of their mental faculties. Each was the mother of seven children, the eldest of each family being alive, one at the age of 65, the other 68 years.

Sockabasin Swassin is said to be the richest Indian in Maine. He is the handsomest man on the Island of Oldtown, and one of the most intelligent. He is a lineal descendant of the Baron de Castine. There are many educated Indians on that island, and they live very like their white neighbors.

There is no longer any possibility of doubt that Ludwig II., King of Bavaria, is hopelessly mad. The fact will soon be formally recognized by the Bavarian Landtag by voting to pay the enormous debts of the King under the State's guarantee, on the condition that the Landtag shall hereafter have absolute control over the finances of the royal household.

In 1863 the Rev. Newton Chance of Texas killed an editor in Sherman, and moved to Mississippi. At that time he was a lawyer, but, becoming converted, he entered the ministry. Recently he returned to Texas, and while on a visit to Sherman, was arrested for the murder committed twenty-two years ago.

A sensation has been excited in Germany by a series of articles in a leading Frankfort newspaper denouncing the apathy of the police in permitting heavy gambling to continue throughout the season at the club at Baden-Baden. Immense sums of money have changed hands there lately, and during the races two German sportsmen lost \$100,000.

In Omaha, a city of 60,000 inhabitants, there are sixty policemen enrolled. Six of these are engaged in routine work, four or five are suspended for drunkenness or breach of discipline, two or three are on the sick list, leaving fifteen for active duty. Hence seven men protect the city by day and eight by night, and crime is growing more prevalent constantly.

Princess Theresa, the only unmarried daughter of Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, who has visited incognito every country in Europe with the exception of Spain, and kept a diary for future elaboration, has just published a volume entitled "Impressions of a Journey through Russia," under the nom de plume of Th. Von Bayer. Her next work is to be a description of her travels in England.

A Sunday school scholar was asked, apropos of Solomon, who the great queen was that travelled so many miles to see him. The scholar—in fact, the whole school—looked as if a little help would be liked, and the teacher, therefore, said: "The queen's name began with an S." "I've got it, sir!" exclaimed the delighted scholar. "Well, who was it?" "It was the Queen of Spades, sir!"

Carrier pigeons in France are henceforth, like horses and mules, to be registered, so as to be subject to military requisitions when necessary. A decree issued recently orders owners or breeders to make an annual return to the mayor of the number of their pigeons and the journey's to which they have been trained. The information is to be forwarded to the military authorities. These formalities, however, will be confined to certain parishes, a list of which is to be settled annually, in November.

Clerical starvation is little less than a literal fact in the Protestant Episcopal Church, according to the assertion of the *Church Press*, which argues that when a man has been duly ordained to the cure of souls he is entitled to an adequate support for himself and family from the Bishop by whom he has been set apart, and from the parish in which he toils. The editor tells of a clergyman who was induced to relinquish a mercantile position worth \$4,000 a year, and during ten years of ministerial life has never received more than \$500 a year, and now he has a wife and four children; yet he is strongly endorsed by his Bishop and approved by his parishes. Another case taken as an example is that of a man earnest and devoted to the work, a good reader and a fair preacher. He has a wife and six children. He is promised \$500 a year, and furnishes his own house. In point of fact he received last year, less than \$400 salary. He has parishioners now at summer resorts who have not contributed one dime to their minister's support.

A HISTORIC SPOT.

A Visit to Stoney Creek Battlefield Forty Years Ago.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

Forty years have come and gone since our first visit to Stoney Creek. This place is seven miles distant from Hamilton and is celebrated in Canadian story as being the scene of a night surprise, one of the most gallant affairs during the war of 1812, and of which the men of the Niagara District and the descendants of the OLD YORK MILITIA naturally pride themselves as having had relatives representing nearly every old family of LINCOLN and YORK then serving in the little British force on the Niagara frontier.

There were two surprises, turning points, at most critical periods of the war, by which the advance of superior American armies was arrested. The first occurred at Stoney Creek on the early morning of Sunday, the 6th of June, 1813, and resulted in checking the advance of General Dearborn, then in full pursuit of the British force under General Vincent, in his retreat from Fort George. The second was that of Chateaugay on the 26th of October, 1813, by which De Salaberry and his small force of Canadian Voltigeurs arrested and turned the advance of General Hampton on Montreal into a disastrous retreat.

The people of Upper Canada claim Stoney Creek, and justly too, as their own. The militia of Lower Canada, De Salaberry and his little band of Voltigeurs have the undisputed honour of the Chateaugay affair. Supported, however, on the last day by the timely arrival of RED GEORGE, Colonel George Macdonnell—the hero of Ogdensburg, with his six hundred Canadian voyageurs from Kingston. In a future article we shall be able to furnish our readers with the march of the 600 Macdonnell men from Kingston to the battle field of Chateaugay.

Stoney Creek in itself was but a small affair, that is in so far as the numbers of the British force engaged, but in its results it proved the most important act of the whole war, by checking the advance of a comparatively powerful army, flushed with recent success, and turning that advance into an almost ignominious retreat, certainly a disastrous one.

To make this article interesting it is necessary to give a short account of the positions, relative forces and the various movements of the two armies on the Niagara frontier during the early spring of 1813, previous to the evacuation of Fort George and the retreat of the British force to Burlington Heights, now the city of Hamilton.

General Vincent had command of the British force on the Niagara frontier, amounting to about 1,800 regulars and 500 militia, scattered over thirty miles, extending from Fort Erie opposite Buffalo down to Lake Ontario, with headquarters at Fort George.

During the winter of 1813 the Americans had made great preparations to strike a decided blow for the reduction of Upper Canada. Their plans were well laid but failed through the incompetency of their generals. The reader will bear in mind that at that time (1813) Great Britain was engaged in war all over the world, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and could spare but few regular troops for Canada. The spring of 1813 found the Americans in full control of Lake Ontario having, comparatively, a powerful fleet under Commodore Chauncey.

The first move was an attack on York (Toronto) on the 27th of April, 1813. The place being ill-prepared for defence was easily taken. All the public stores, public buildings and shipping were destroyed, besides this, very little respect was paid to private property. The British commander, General Sheaffe, unable to resist the attack was forced, after a brave defence, to evacuate the town and take up his line of retreat on Kingston, thereby wisely, although blamed at the time, saving his regulars, then few, leaving the Americans master of the place, which they held for five days and then sailed for the reduction of Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara river.

The attack on Fort George was commenced on the morning of the 27th of May, 1813. The Americans, besides their shipping, had an army of nearly 6000 men of all ranks. The British force at Fort George, all told, was about 1000 men. Criticising it at the present day it would have been wiser in General Vincent to have taken up his line of retreat at once than to have resisted the American attack, by which hundreds of his best soldiers were sacrificed in a useless defence.

After a spirited defence of some four hours, the British loss of all ranks having amounted to over four hundred men, between killed, wounded and missing, General Vincent, to prevent being surrounded and cut off, decided on a retreat to the head of the Lake, and fell back across the country in a line parallel to the Niagara river, reaching the position at the "BEAVER DAM" that night, at which place he was joined about midnight by Colonel Bishop's force from Fort Erie and the other outlying posts on the Niagara. The next morning, the 28th, the now retreating British force of about 1,600 men continued its retreat until it reached the entrenched position at Burlington Heights.

The position of Burlington Heights was in the neighbourhood of DUNDURN CASTLE, the residence of the late Sir Allan Macnab and, we believe, the Hamilton Cemetery now covers the ground on which the entrenched works—earthworks—could be seen on the writer's first visit to that place in 1844. It was an important position during the war, being close by the road leading up to Ancaster, by which communication was had and kept up with the army of the west, under General Proctor, then serving on the Detroit frontier. It was distant, midway, about fifty miles from Fort George and the same from York.

On Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813, the advance body of the Americans, consisting of two brigades of foot, amounting to about 3,500 men with eight guns, under Generals Chandler and Winder, and 250 cavalry under Colonel Burns, reached Stoney Creek, driving in the rear of the British. The Americans had in all nearly 6,000 men, between Stoney Creek and Fort George, besides their shipping. General Vincent had taken his stand that Saturday night, on Burlington Heights, determined to hold it.

The sun had gone down that Saturday night, closing a week, the darkest of the British arms during the war of 1812. The whole of the Niagara District, extending from Fort Erie to Stoney Creek was that night in possession of the enemy. A deep gloom pervaded every farm house and ham-

let. It was nearly with the "silence of despair" the women and children had witnessed, during the previous week, our country's brave defenders, among whom were their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, pass by, in full retreat before superior numbers. But let us turn our eyes to that determined little band as they stood that night on Burlington Heights. Their resolve was:—"to do or die!" And before the dawn of the next morning they played havoc in the enemy's camp, as we shall relate in our next article.

Society Adventurers.

Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray says, in his "Under the Lens," that "every circle of London society has its adventurers of both sexes, who live by preying upon people of a credulous turn." This is not true of London society only, but these social adventurers are to be found in every civilized country under the sun and Canada, at any rate, has had her full share of them. A large number of Canadian society people, however have themselves to thank for becoming the victims of these adventurers. Such people have, in a great many cases, risen from little or nothing: they are descendants of obscure families and having acquired wealth, are desirous of "cutting a dash," as the phrase is. And what is so great a help to this performance as the entertaining of some titled aristocrat from the old country? nothing; and accordingly when a young man, proclaiming himself to be the son of Lord This or Lord That, makes his appearance out here, he is seized upon with avidity by these parvenus; is invited to their houses and his name and title are introduced at every possible opportunity; and it is not till the discovery is made that the lion's title is a bogus one, and that his aristocratic manner and knowledge of high life have been acquired during the period when he served as Lord Somebody's valet-de-chambre, that those who were so eager to bow down and do homage to him discover how egregiously they have been duped. They seldom appear to take the trouble to find out whether there actually is such a title as that assumed by the sham sprig of nobility; in their innocence of the ways of the aristocracy, his dupes mistake flashy vivacity for high-bred ease, and manners aped from his former master for the results of having been reared in a genuine aristocratic atmosphere. And so they continue to be duped, and the "descendant of a hundred earls" borrows a few hundred, perhaps a few thousands from his deluded entertainer to be repaid "directly remittances arrive from home;" and he the impostor, lives on the fat of the land and may have the pick of his host's daughters if he feels so inclined, until the denouement comes and it is found that the adventurer's claims are, in the words of the immortal Reginald Bunthorne, "Hollow, hollow, hollow."

Now, although these adventurers have been exposed on several occasions in this country, as society people in Ottawa and other cities know to their cost, the lesson seems to have had but little effect, and dupes are to be found by the first well-dressed, glib-tongued individual who presents himself to them and who is able to relate anecdotes showing his intimacy with this or that nobleman; nor is he thought any the less of if he can have it hinted about that he was concerned in some little scandal in which lady Somebody was said to be mixed up. Of course he is able to show letters from various noblemen which put all doubts of his pretensions to flight, but it is exceedingly probable that were those noblemen whose names figure on my gentleman's letters to be made acquainted with the contents of those epistles purporting to be written by them, their eyebrows would be elevated several inches, so great would be their surprise.

Why Married Folks Don't Kiss.

A good way to make anything prevalent, from crime to poor whiskey, is to make a law to suppress it. It used to be contrary to the statute in Connecticut for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when that was the case somebody was being hauled over the coals bright and early every Monday morning to answer for this grave and grievous misdemeanor, but that style of transgression is far from frequent now.

Where one wife is now klsed with some pretense at regularity by the man who was always swearing before marriage that he would eat her up before the year was out, it is safe to say that ninety-seven other women go moping around the house with lips parching from neglect, burning biscuit and running down shoes in sheer despair for the want of that encouragement an occasional kiss would probably give.

This is not as it should be, and the new Administration should take immediate steps to effectually put the wives of the country on a more equal footing, in so far as the gymnastics of the mouth are concerned, by making it as heinous in law for a man to kiss his own wife at any time as stealing chickens in the dark of the moon.

Man is by nature daring and intrepid, and it comes as natural for him to seek the path of danger as it does for a nursing to begin cutting teeth. Show him a fence and from that moment an impulse to climb it becomes his ruling passion. To do and to dare is the foundation stone on which all his hopes are grounded. Nothing clings to memory like the flavor of forbidden fruit, and the greater the penalty against its pillage the more desirable it becomes. Make kissing indictable between people who have the right to pull hair and split fire at each other without judicial interference, if you want to see women tripping about with melody in their souls and feet like cork. All that most married women need to make them beings of light and jewels of gladness in more kisses from the old man and less growling about how the potatoes are fried. No woman can long be an angel without a sip of nectar now and then, and the only way to guarantee a steady supply of ambrosia to the sprites in muslin who make paradise on earth a possibility is to pass a law against conjugal kissing so stringent that no husband can sleep until he has broken it at least a dozen times.

Uncle George: "So you are studying English literature, my dear." Sweet girl graduate from the West: "Oh, yes, uncle, we've just finished 'Pinto's Republic,' and are in the midst of the Pope's 'Essay on Man.'"

"I am just as much opposed to tippling as anybody," said Fenderson, "but, nevertheless, liquor rightly used is a blessing to humanity. When I was ill last winter, I actually believe it saved my life." Fogg—"Very likely; but how does that prove that liquor is a blessing to humanity?"

CURRENT FUN.

A cold spell—I-o-e.
Song of the cowboy—Oh, these steers!
A tough citizen—The boarding-house steak.
Fish are generally weighed in their own scales.

A wide spread report—The explosion at Hell Gate.

When are oysters like angels' visits? When they are at a church fair.

The dance most popular in the kitchens at this season: Can-can.

If it wasn't for the smell some butter would be better for plastering than mortar.

The New Haven Register has an article on "Wire Drawers." Should think they would chafe awfully.

The messenger boy may develop into a fast young man, but he never gives it away while he is a messenger.

When a political party is divided against itself before the election there will be no division of the spoils subsequently.

Twenty-one million buttons were made in this country last year. The church contribution box is indeed a great aid to industry.

A Long Island man has struck a large fortune by a recent discovery. He feeds his cows on live hens, and the cow turns out egg-nogs.

A fashion paper announces that low-necked dresses are to be dropped at the opera next winter. The intelligence is somewhat startling.

Earl Carnarvon says he was struck with the vast resources of the west of Ireland. Previous viceroys have usually been struck with bricks.

There is said to be an actress in Vienna who is upwards of one hundred years of age and who has not yet begun to give farewell performances.

Of course we do not wish to prevent ladies calling upon us, but we will merely mention the fact that there are mice in our editorial room.

The difference between a man and a dog is—the hotter the day the lighter the pants for the former, and the hotter the day the thicker the pants of the latter.

The man who went to the country for "rest and change" says that the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the rest.

A man named Cannon, employed in an Ottawa foundry, went off the other day loaded to the muzzle, and on his return was promptly discharged.

There have been various answers to the conundrum, Why is a ship called she? We think the proper answer is: Because she is handsomest when she is well rigged. Wives should cut this out and show it to their husbands.

A boy was asked if he ever prayed in church, and answered: "Oh, yes, I always say a prayer like the rest do just before the sermon begins." "What do you say?" "Was the inquiry. "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"Dar ain' nuthin' more deceibin' den soun'," says the plantation philosopher. "Dar ain' nuthin' more pityful den de cry o'er wild cat, but, oh Moses, whut er mouf an' claws dat varmint hab got!"

Here is one for the conundrum Club: If it took Francis Bacon four years to write Shakespeare, how long did it take Daniel Webster to write the dictionary.

Fashion has decreed that bonnets shall be very small this winter. In order to check any unseemly jubilation it may be well to add that the trimming will rise up about eleven inches above the bonnet. So there!

President Cleveland is getting tired of silly mothers bringing their little daughters to the White House and expecting him to kiss them. The enjoyment has become rather monotonous. Perhaps he wouldn't weary of the duty if the girls were only big enough to enjoy the kissing.

Hansom Cab Driver (to fare, who has admired the horse): Yes, sir, 'e is a beauty! You see my wife's brother is coachman to Lord Splashboard. My lord's out of town. So I pays him a small consideration and takes his stable in turn! (Lord Splashboard was the fare!)

A scientific writer says, "No power has yet been conceived to enable the human eye to see one of the atoms of musk." No wonder. That isn't what musk was made for. It doesn't require any power to enable a human nose to smell an atom of musk, though.

The entire business portion of a western town was reported as destroyed by fire; and when a charitable association made inquiry, to render some assistance, it was discovered that a solitary saloon had been swept away.

The best thing an ignoramus can do is to become a drunkard. Everybody will then observe what a smart man he would be if he would only let whisky alone, and thousands of lies will be told for his benefit.

Fred Archer is the most successful jockey in the world because he picks out winning horses before he mounts them. There would be some great doctors in the world if they could choose their patients.

"Oh! yes," said madam, after the usual domestic racket had got itself well under way, "oh! yes, you gentlemen want your wives to be angels!" "Not at all," replied Mr. Duesenberry, wiping the dish water from his head and face, "not at all; we don't want them to be angels at all—we want them to be ladies." And then the row began all over again.

"Some folks is allus sayin' dat dar ain nuthin' new un'er de sun," says Uncle Ople' Read. "Dem folks whut holds dis here, idee oughter git er holt o' some peach brandy dat I tuck er snort o' some time ago, an' blame de da wouldn't change dar chune. W'y dat brandy woz so new dat I could heah it hoppin' roun on its fall-fours. W'y, de jug had fuzz on it."

Bank President (to cashier: "You look somewhat pale this morning." Cashier: "I do not feel very well." B. P. "Nothing serious I trust?" C.: "No. I've been vaccinated and it has taken, and it makes me feel quite feverish." B. P. (aghast): "Been vaccinated?" C.: "Yes sir." B. P. hurries to directors' room, enters, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, the small pox is raging in Montreal, and our cashier informs me he has just been vaccinated." Great consternation among directors. Immediate investigation ordered.

The Sultan has taken to composing music, in what he considers to be an imitation of Wagner's style.