

Rusquec, no Christophe Mao, among the dancers. Ah! there is a fellow for you; there is no other like him in these parts—so handsome, so spirited. I believe no young maid could find it in her heart to say no to his wooing."

Louise blushed and pouted; she turned her back on the cow, which strayed on, and was soon out of sight.

"How can Christophe Mao go a-wooing? He has nothing to keep a wife with—no house, no cattle, no furniture even, or money to buy it with."

Coeffic laughed heartily. The young judge always by the outside, and in a sense they are right. Does not Christophe look fit to take a wife? Yes, and I tell you he is fit; he has a pair of good arms and strong legs, and his head is screwed on the right way, and he has seen the world, and has his tongue well hung. Ah, you should hear him tell of the fishing in the Morbihan, and off Belle Isle! My word! I only wonder the pretty girls of Belle Isle let him come among us again a bachelor. Never fear about his means—I tell you he has plenty. Why cannot he work the mill, and make it bring in the double of what that lazy dotard, Mathurin, makes it do with that foolish boy Jules? Why not?"

"Ah, Coeffic, you are always hard on Mathurin;" but she did not look angry. "Well, as you have no news for me, I must go after the cow."

Coeffic caught her arm as she moved past him. "Wayward girl!" he said, rebukingly, and yet with a smile that conveyed admiration, "You know that I wait for your answer; you know who this fine handsome fellow sighs for, and yet you remain hard-hearted and indifferent."

Louise blushed with delight. "I know nothing about him. Why, I had only seen him twice before the Pardon. I can give no answer, you must speak to my mother—." And then, overwhelmed by this decided act on her own part, she darted away from the tailor, and ran after her cow.

She had taken her dinner with her, intending to remain away till evening, but she felt herself drawn home by mid-day. Her mother was spinning, as usual—she did not look up when Louise came in.

"Well, mother, have you had a visitor?"

Madame Rusquec left off spinning, and fixed her eyes gravely on her daughter's face, but the girl's cheeks grew too hot to endure the scrutiny. She turned aside, and got out the mugs and spoons for dinner.

"Coeffic has been here"—the serious voice frightened Louise—"and he tells me Christophe Mao wishes thee for a wife, and thou art willing to take him; this is not what I hoped for thee, Louise; I hoped to give thee to a husband rich enough to spare thee work, and wise enough to guide thee, since thou must needs take a husband."

The contempt of the last sentence stung Louise.

"What else was I born for, mother?" the tears started in her eyes; "thou hast shown me the way, and if Christophe works the mill, will not that help thee also?" and then, changing in a minute, for the weak soft heart could not bear to be in strife with any one, she put both arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mother, if I am happy, is not happiness more than money! and I could not have been happy with Jean Marie, he is so stern and cruel."

Madame Rusquec kissed her daughter, but she did not look contented.

She told her that she had given her consent, and that she must be ready to receive Christophe in two days, as he would then come to make the demand for her hand. Louise wondered to herself—she wondered that her mother had so easily yielded, and she wondered about Christophe. In her talks with the tailor at various times she had learned the customs of the country, and she knew that when a man came to court his future wife he was always accompanied by his nearest relative; would Jean Marie do his part by his brother?

The thought made her shrink with terror, for she knew that some of her smiles and glances must have encouraged the farmer to think she approved his suit. But no, Jean Marie would not come; he was doubtless too ill still to appear in public.

"If Christophe and he could only change places," she sighed. "I do not hesitate, for I love Christophe; but it must be so comfortable to live at the farm at Braspart with that kind, gentle old Jeanne who does all the work—and after all I shall be poor all my life like my mother; ah, must I always work as she does? well, I have chosen, and I cannot eat my cake and have it too."

Madame Rusquec wondered too at herself more than at Louise. Why had she given her consent to Christophe's proposal? was it still too late to draw back? In fancy she had already pictured to herself the pleasant life she could lead in Jean Marie's farmhouse, and if Louise married Christophe she must remain at the mill, and work hard.

(To be continued.)

SLANDER.—Thompson calls "soft-buzzing slander" "silky moths that eat an honest name." Swift says, "The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." Fielding thought "the slander of some people as great a recommendation as the praise of others." Douglas Jerrold calls slander "a winged snake;" Johnson, "the revenge of a coward;" Joubert, "the solace of malignity." Bürger wrote, "When the tongue of slander stings thee, let this be thy comfort—they are not the worst fruits on which the wasps alight." There are many who have given good advice on this subject: William Penn said, "Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it." "Those who without knowing us," remarks another, "think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination." "Calumny," says Leighton, "would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging."

MENTAL CONTROL.—When we turn our serious attention to the economy of the mind, we perceive that it is capable of a variety of processes of the most remarkable and most important nature. We find also that we can exert a voluntary power over these processes, by which we control, direct and regulate them at our will; and that when we do not exert this power, the mind is left to the influence of external impression, or casual trains of association, often unprofitable, and often frivolous. We thus discover that the mind is the subject of culture and discipline, which when duly exercised, must produce the most important results on our condition as rational and mortal beings; and that the exercise of them involves a responsibility of the most solemn kind, which no man can possibly put away from him.—*Abercrombie.*

MUSICAL.

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

(Continued.)

Anyone acquainted with the mechanism of a pipe organ will notice that it is, to some extent, an imitation of the vocal organs of the human frame. We have the bellows or lungs, from which the air is driven through the wind-trunks (our windpipe) into the pipes, or against the reeds—our glottis corresponding to a set of pipes or reeds. There is this difference, however,—the wind is forced through the organ pipes by means of weights placed upon the bellows, which do not vary, but sustain an even pressure, whilst our breath is forced from the lungs by muscular action. It will be seen, then, that whilst it is a comparatively easy thing to increase or diminish the tone at will, it is extremely difficult to keep up a uniform pressure. It would be advisable for the pupil to practise the scales at first with a good, firm tone from the beginning to the end of each note, commencing about a fifth from the lowest note on the voice and extending upwards for one octave only.

At this point it will be necessary to mention the different registers of the voice. Most voices have two (some three) distinct registers, i.e., a certain series of notes calls into play certain muscles and membranes, whilst the notes above a certain pitch are produced by a different set of muscles or membranes. The lower series is generally denominated the *chest* register; the upper series the *head* register; and at the peculiar note where these registers join, a change of tone (or break) occurs, to make which imperceptible it is necessary to practise carefully the highest notes of one register and the lowest notes of the other till they become somewhat similar in tone and power.

The manner in which the head-notes are produced is explained differently by the various writers on the voice, but until vivisection of our public singers is introduced amongst us, we are not likely to know much about it. The laryngoscope has certainly done something to show the vocal cords and membranes of the larynx, but the examination is necessarily brief, owing to the breathing of the vocalist on the instrument, which obscures the vision; moreover, it is only the superior organ that can be examined in this manner.

In Soprano voices there is generally little difference between the head and chest tones, some defying the most practised ear to detect any change whatever. Altos, on the contrary, have almost always considerable trouble in conquering this difficulty, and it is only by careful study and practise that it is to be overcome. Tenors and Basses for the most part sing entirely from the chest; in certain passages, however, it is better to use the head register. The student is recommended to use that register with which he can produce the best tone, always having a regard for the proper pronunciation of the words.

(To be continued.)

The Philharmonic Society will give a public performance of the "Messiah," in the Rink, on the 31st inst. The services of the following artists have been secured as soloists:—Soprano, Mrs. Osgood; contralto, Miss Ita Welsh; tenor, Mr. Wm. Winch; and bass, Mr. Delahunt. The Orchestra will be composed almost entirely of professionals, (Gruenwald being engaged as principal violin), and the chorus will be augmented for the occasion by a number of our principal amateurs. We hope the enterprise shown by the Committee will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

Herr Bohrer and Madame Bohrer gave a high class concert in the Ladies' Dining Hall, Windsor Hotel, on Friday evening, 17th inst. A fashionable audience assembled, and thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment. Miss Nievert sang some of her best songs, and added much to the musical success of the evening. We approve of the innovation of giving concerts at this excellent little hall, which possesses admirable acoustic properties and all the advantages of good ventilation.

A very pleasant evening's entertainment was given at Emmanuel Church on Thursday evening, May 16th, by Dr. Davies, who carried out the programme in a masterly manner. The organ is one of considerable beauty and power, and when handled, as it was on this occasion, by a master of the instrument, its good qualities are displayed to the full. The recital began with the performance of an Overture (Alessandro Stradella), one of Flotow's masterpieces, and the Doctor rendered it in a manner to give satisfaction to the most critical. Stephens' Andante Pastorale in F followed next, and was very effective; but Dr. Davies was happiest in the Phantom March, so characteristic of its composer (Schumann), for we do not remember ever having heard it performed with such perfect taste. The only defect in the programme was arranging for the finale, that loud and not at all beautiful Procession March of Sullivan's, and although the Organist did his best to make it effective, the fact still remains that *ex nihilo nihil fit*. The attendance at the Church was good, and should stimulate those concerned in the improvement of our Church music, since the number of people present shewed that such an attempt on the part of "the powers that be" would not meet with indifference.

Montreal is certainly becoming more musical, and that in the truest sense of the word. This is exemplified by the fact that when, as at Zion and Emmanuel Churches, musical entertainments of a high-class character are announced the attendance at the performances were in both cases large. On Tuesday evening last a somewhat novel but very pleasant "mélange" was put before an appreciative audience. The Rev. Mr. Bray discoursed in happy language upon the life of Mendelssohn, and his subject was musically illustrated by the choir, under the guidance of Dr. MacLagan, the organist of the church. The choruses were rendered very efficiently and creditably, and if the solos were not executed in the best of style, it must be remembered that the subjects chosen were of the most difficult type for illustration. To sing the beautiful solos of Mendelssohn requires great musical gifts, exceptional talents, and a long careful training, and it is much to the credit of all concerned that they did not flinch the difficult task. We sincerely hope this is only the first of a long series of these "happy thoughts," and that the authorities of Zion Church will again try the experiment which was attended with such success. We trust that the attendance at the Rink on the occasion of the performance of the "Messiah" on the 31st instant will be equally good.

Miss Minnie Hauck appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, April 25th. The *London Choir*, speaking of her, says:—"She has been lauded without stint, universally, by all our contemporaries in detail, so it will suffice for us to say that if she should succeed in her representations of Fidelio and Semiramide as she has done in the *Traviata* and *Barbiere*, she will more than compensate Mr. Mapleson for the loss of Madame Nilsson."

Sir Michael Costa's "Eli" has been lately performed at Belfast, Ireland, for the first time.

The *London Choir* speaks favorably of Herr Boscovitz's piano recitals.

A Mr. Scarborough, organist at Spalding, England, having made a wager that he would strike one million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours, took a compass of three octaves ascending and descending the different scales, and succeeded in striking 1,030,392 in a few minutes less than the twelve hours.

London is now hearing for the first time a number of musical works which Thomas' Orchestra played here in America over a year ago.

Madame Pauline Lucca will, it is rumoured, shortly re-appear at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," with Signora Trebelli as Zerlina, and M. Faure as that of the Don.

Cherubini, Handel and Haydn lived far beyond their "three score years and ten."

Dr. Eben Tonreege's "Grand Musical and Educational Excursion to Europe, including Northern Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, the Rhine District, N. Prussia, Switzerland," will leave New York June 29th, and will return, "weather permitting," in sixty days.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering *accidental death only* when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Offices at 103 St. Francois Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—*Adv.*