

"Oh, Christophe, what shall I do? I have promised to give you up; if you are angry with me I shall die."

Christophe frowned; he looked very angry indeed.

"You have seen Jean Marie," he said; "Jeanne told me he had gone towards St. Herbot with his gun, and I felt anxious, I hardly know, and I followed; but now I see I have cause," he said gravely; "where is he!" and he looked round. "You have deceived me, Louise?"

"Oh no, no!" she almost shrieked; it was terrible that Christophe should turn against her; "I was frightened, and I said what I did not mean."

"Louise," there was a sad calm in the young man's voice which quieted her at once, "have you promised to marry my brother?"

"No, no," as she looked up in Christophe's face all her love came back; how could she for any fear have promised to give him up? "he said he loved me, and he would marry me, and I said I was promised to you, and then"—here she sobbed so bitterly that he could hardly hear her words—"he frightened me, and swore he would never let me go unless I promised to give you up."

Christophe looked at her, unable to believe her words. "And just because you were afraid of a man's anger who would not dare hurt you, you promised—oh, Louise, I cannot believe your own words." He turned away in bitter sorrow, and Louise felt that he despised her.

A sudden power came to the girl; she laid her hand upon Christophe's arm.

"Listen!" She raised her voice, for it seemed to her that he was leaving her for ever. "I know all you think; you think because Jean Marie is rich that I would change you for him. I tell you, if he were ten times richer than he is I would not marry Jean Marie, for I could never love him—never, never. I love you, you only, dear, dear Christophe."

She raised her arms to fling them round him—staggered and fell dead into his arms. Jean Marie had witnessed her interview with his brother, and at her last words had taken aim deliberately at her heart.

In untold anguish Christophe bent over the lifeless girl, while Jean Marie stood looking on, a dark-frowning, motionless figure, with both arms resting on his gun.

Christophe Mao went back to the fishing in the Morbihan when his brother's trial was over. Jean Marie was at first sentenced to death for the murder of Louise Rusquec; but it was urged that the fall at the wrestling had affected his brain, and that there were extenuating circumstances. He escaped capital punishment, and is still working out his sentence in one of the French penal settlements. Christophe has never returned to Huelgoat, and the old farmhouse of Braspart is let to strangers.

THE END.

MUSICAL.

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

(Continued.)

When the student has practised the scale sufficiently, and is enabled to obtain a good and even tone throughout the entire compass of his voice, let him select a few exercises or solfeggios from the works of Lablache, Rossini, Concone, or any other good writer upon the voice, in order to practice the junction of sounds and correct vocalization. After a time a simple song with slow, sustained notes might be attempted, care being taken to vocalize it several times before using the words; the pronunciation of each syllable should also be well practised before attempting to sing.

At some future time we purpose giving full and explicit directions accompanied with exercises, by means of which a student of average intelligence may, with a little patience and attention, advance to the highest degree of proficiency. For the present, being somewhat restricted as to space, we have contented ourselves with giving a few hints which (though doubtless known to all good teachers) we have never seen in any work on singing. If the student is within reach of a good master, and has the means at his disposal, by all means let him take private lessons, as no two voices are alike, and besides, a teacher's practised ear will detect and locate faults that to the ordinary listener are either unnoticeable, or, if observed, can neither be accounted for nor corrected. The few hints which are given here will, however, if carefully noticed and made use of, do much to improve the uncultured singer; and, simple as they may appear, contain all that is necessary to enable anyone—with ordinary voice and taste—to sing a simple song acceptably. The rules for phrasing and expression are the same as in reading; all one has to do in order to get the correct phrasing and breathings is, to read the song carefully over several times before singing it, getting the sense and expression of each word and sentence, it being the business of the composer to accent the words properly, and to see that the rhythm is correct. Style can only be formed by the personal supervision of a good master, but the general principles are founded on natural laws, and are comparatively easy of acquirement.

There is more trickery and charlatanry about the teaching of singing than, perhaps, any other occupation or profession. Like many another calling, it is practised neither exclusively by skilful and honest men nor by quacks. There is the thoroughly competent teacher, who conscientiously strives (and generally succeeds) to bring the pupil to a state of proficiency by careful and judicious treatment; there is, also, unfortunately, the wily, pretentious charlatan, who trades on the ignorance of his pupils, and whose anxious care is, not how much he can teach, but how much he can make his pupil imagine he knows himself. He talks of Anatomy and Physiology; of Abdominal, Dorsal, Waist and Intercostal breathings; of Laryngeal and Pharyngeal mechanisms, till the pupil is so bewildered as to retain an indistinct sense of having been taught a great deal, without really having advanced in the slightest degree.

A knowledge of Anatomy is no more necessary for a singer than for a gymnast. We do not expect that a pedestrian would walk faster if he knew the precise muscles engaged in each motion; nor do we find, as a rule, that professional surgeons sing any better than other people. We daily masticate and swallow a certain quantity of food without troubling ourselves about the precise muscles engaged in the operation; we manage to do it efficiently and are satisfied. Of course, we expect most people who study singing to know what is meant by the tongue, teeth, palate, chest, throat, and lungs, but this we hardly think can be called Anatomy. The question is not concerning the shape, colour, or location of any membrane or tissue, but how to use and develop them to their fullest extent. We need not even know the names of the parts used in the production of sound; certain fibres (call them what you will, and locate them where you please) are set in motion by the action of air or breath, which we expel from the lungs by the simple act of volition, and produce sound; we produce the tone most agreeable to the ear, from an instrument by practising till we can sing an even scale, and then proceed to develop it by simple and natural laws, which can be explained without the study of Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, or any of the sciences. People in general, however, rather like to be mystified; the conjuring trick loses half its charm when performed by a person in the ordinary attire of an Englishman; our physician also may save our lives by advice and judicious treatment, but he must give us bread pills and coloured water, if he expect his services to be properly valued or paid for.

To sensible people we would only say—when a person who professes to teach you singing talks about Abdominal and Dorsal breathings, Pharyngeal mechanisms and such like, *question him closely*, make him explain the matter practically, and then ask him to demonstrate the advantage of all this superabundance of scientific lore by singing a simple aria with faultless intonation, pure and even tone, correct articulation and appreciation of the words; then, unless he demonstrate this clearly and satisfactorily, you may put him down as an imposter, who seeks to cover his ignorance under a heap of technical and scientific terms of which he hardly understands the meaning. Many profess to teach singing, because they play the organ, piano, or other instrument correctly, or because they have musical diplomas from some University or Conservatory of repute; others, because they have studied under some great master for a month or two and have a "method." Before committing so tender and delicate an organ as the voice to such an one, we would ask for a practical illustration of the superiority of this "method," and if we found him (or her) breathe audibly in every measure, spoil the phrasing, sing unevenly, or fail to pronounce every word clearly and distinctly, though he produced diplomas and medals from every institution in Europe, we would refuse to commit to his care an instrument that, once spoilt, can never be replaced and which, properly cultivated is superior to the finest production of a Stainer, an Amati or a Stradivarius.

Miss Lillian Norton, of Boston, who is singing at the Gilmore concerts in Europe, has aroused great enthusiasm wherever she has been heard. The Liverpool correspondent of the *London Choir* says of her:—"The band is assisted by a very prepossessing young lady, Miss Lillian Norton, who sang 'Vanne, Vanne,' from Meyerbeer's 'Robert,' 'My Pretty Dreamer,' in which she accompanied herself; Sullivan's 'Once Again,' and 'The Star Spangled Banner,' both to the band. She is a really good soprano, with a very extended compass, with great equality of tone, and much taste and expression. She has good powers of declamation without exaggeration, and whilst perfectly at her ease, is thoroughly unaffected." Miss Norton is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, where she has studied under Mr. John O'Neill, who is everywhere recognized as one of the best vocal teachers. The late Mlle. Titieni, who heard Miss Norton sing while in Boston, pronounced her method perfect. That she is likely to create in foreign lands a most favorable impression on behalf of American musical culture is already demonstrated.

Mr. Charles Adams, the great American tenor, sang in "Lucia de Lammermoor," in English, with the Carleton Opera Troupe, at Bosten, last week.

Emma Thursby agrees with Kellogg and Casy in thinking that Art requires the whole attention of its exponents.

Gilmore will give an old-fashioned Boston Common Concert in Paris, on the 4th of July. Cannon and all!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME.—By H. H.: Roberts Brothers, Boston. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, pp. 413, 1878.

We have here a gossiping, nicely-told story of travel from Chicago to San Francisco, taking Ogden and Salt Lake City by the way. It is not by any means a guide-book, although abounding with information, and the marvellous scenery of California is described in a pleasant and captivating manner; the Centennial State, (as we suppose Colorado is proud of being called) occupies half of the volume, and there are some very pretty descriptive chapters, especially one on the flowers of Colorado, which is a little gem. Another, telling of the glories of the sunrises there, is very charming. Nor must we forget to say that there are four chapters devoted to New England, which are pretty enough to make us wish they were longer. The authoress (Mrs. Helen Hunt) has done her work lovingly, and hence has produced a very readable book, having about it but few of the characteristics of an ordinary book of travels. It is of a handy size, too, which would render it a pleasant companion for a summer holiday.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM. The Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Detroit and Toronto, 1878.

This volume is a reprint of the essays on "The Soul and Future Life" which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and also on "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief." The leading subject dealt with in this volume is one of those which lie at the bottom of all religion—the existence and immortality of the human soul. The present discussion is certainly the weightiest contribution towards the solution of the momentous question at issue that has ever appeared, and the numerous allusions to it which have been made on this continent as well as in England, are proofs of the profound impression which it has created. Nor is this widespread interest a matter of wonder, for the ability of the several contributors is fully acknowledged, and the question must ever be the most solemn and heart-searching. It is obvious that a searching enquiry into the relation of morality to religion must be of the greatest practical importance in a time of such vital changes as that in which we live. One feature of the controversy is the tolerance, gentleness and courtesy shown towards the most opposite views, however manifestly distasteful.

It is a "sign of the times" that a popular edition of these remarkable essays should be called for, the subjects are of such great importance as to make it a vital necessity to grapple with both sides of the question, and in this volume we have them handled with marked ability.

FICTITIOUS VALUES.—In these days of platitudes and generalities, when every one is writing upon the monetary topics of the day with erudition derived from a hasty perusal of the newspapers and not from actual observation or experience, it is a real satisfaction to turn to the pages of an author who wrote for the preceding generation as well as for our own, and in his words of calmness to read a lesson concerning the uncertainty of all business built upon so fictitious and uncertain a basis as speculation of all kinds always affords. Washington Irving laid down a principle which is none the less true now than when he wrote. It was called forth by the reaction which followed the extraordinary speculations of 1835 and the disastrous failures of 1837, and is as applicable to the present days of depression as to those in which he lived. The words of the principle which he states are as follows:—

"Speculation is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It elevates the merchant into a kind of knight-errant, or rather a commercial Quixote. It slow but sure gains of a snug percentage become despicable in his eyes; no 'operation' is thought worthy of attention that does not double or treble the investment. No business is worth following that does not promise an immediate fortune. As he sits musing over his ledger, with pen behind his ear, he is like La Mancha's hero in his study, dreaming over his books of chivalry."

A POPULAR FALLACY CONCERNING OVERWORK.—The subject of overwork is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly over-estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stockbrokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to their health, and so on. In short, in my experience I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork.—*Dr. Wilks in London Lancet.*

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.—*Advt.*