

better to pass the night beneath the beautiful stars, than under this inhospitable roof. Walking on tip-toe, I reached the door, stepped over the couch of Don José, who slept the sleep of the just, and managed so well as to leave the house without awaking him.

Near the door was a wooden bench, on which I stretched myself; and disposing myself as comfortably as it permitted for the remainder of the night, I was about to close my eyes for the second time, when the shadow of a man and horse, both walking without the least noise, seemed to pass before me. I sat upright, and thought that I recognized Antonio; and surprised to see him out of the stable at such an hour I rose, and went to meet him. He had stopped, having at once perceived me, and asked in a low voice, "Where is he?"

"In the inn, and asleep: he has no fear of fleas. Why are you carrying off this horse?" I then observed, that in order to make no noise in leaving the stable, Antonio had carefully wrapped the animal's feet in the remnants of an old blanket.

"Speak lower, Monsieur, in God's name! You do not know who this man is. It is José Navarro, the most notorious bandit in Andalusia. All day I have made signs to you that you would not understand."

"Bandit or not, what matters it to me? He has not robbed us, and has not, I wager, any desire to do so."

"Most luckily; but two hundred ducats are coming to the person who shall deliver him up. There is a cavalry post a league and a half from here, and before day-dawn I shall bring back some stout fellows. I would have taken his horse, but he is so vicious that no one except Navarro can approach him."

"The devil take you!" I replied. "What harm has this poor man done to you, that you should denounce him? Besides, are you quite sure that he is the brigand of whom you speak?"

"Perfectly sure. A while ago he followed me to the stable, and said: 'You seem to know me; but if you tell this good gentleman who I am, I will blow your brains out.' Remain, Monsieur, remain; you have nothing to fear. So long as he knows you to be there, he will suspect nothing."

While talking, we had proceeded sufficiently far from the inn to prevent the iron shoes of the horse from being heard; and Antonio, having in a twinkling stripped the rags from the hoofs, prepared to mount the animal. I tried by prayers and threats to detain him.

"I am a poor devil, Monsieur," he said. "Two hundred ducats are not to be lost, especially when it is a question of ridding the country of such vermin. But take care: if Navarro be aroused suddenly, he will spring for his carbine, and then beware! For myself, I have gone too far to draw back—manage for yourself as you please."

The rogue was already in the saddle, put spurs to his horse, and in the darkness was soon lost to sight.

I was exceedingly irritated against my guide, and not a little uneasy. After a moment's reflection I decided to return to the inn, where Don José was still sleeping, making amends no doubt at this moment for the fatigue and wakefulness of several adventurous days. I was forced to shake him roughly to rouse him, and shall never forget his fierce look and his startled movement to seize his carbine, which, as a precautionary measure, I had placed at some distance from the couch.

"Monsieur, I beg pardon for waking you; but I have a stupid question to ask. Would you be pleased to see the arrival here of half a dozen lancers?" He sprang to his feet, and with a terrible voice, cried out:

"Who has told you?"

"It matters little whence the warning comes, provided it be well founded."

"Your guide has betrayed me, but he will pay for it. Where is he?"

"I do not know—in the stable I think—but some one has told me—"

"Who told you? It cannot be the old woman—"

"Some one whom I do not know; but without more words, have you, yes or no, any motive for not awaiting the soldiers? If you have, do not lose a moment; if not, good-night, and I beg pardon for disturbing your sleep."

"Ah, your guide! your guide! I mistrusted him from the first; but—his story is true! Adieu, Monsieur; may God repay you this service. I am not altogether so bad a fellow as you may believe—yes, there is still something in me that merits the pity of an honest man. Adieu—I have only one regret: not to be able to discharge this debt to you."

"As sole reward of the service that I have rendered you, promise me, Don José, not to suspect any one—not to think of vengeance. Here—there are some good cigars for the road—a pleasant journey to you."

I offered him my hand, which he grasped without reply. He took his weapon and wallet, and after saying a few words to the old woman in an *argot* that I could not understand, he ran to the stable, and a few minutes later I heard him set off at full gallop. I once more stretched myself on the bench, but could not again fall asleep. I asked myself if I had been right in saving a robber from the gallows, perhaps a murderer, and solely because I had partaken with him of ham and rice à la Valenciennne. Had I not betrayed my guide, who was upholding the cause of law? Had I not exposed him to the vengeance of a scoundrel? But the duties of hospitality! the prejudice of the savage! I shall be answerable for all the crimes that this bandit will commit! Nevertheless, is this instinct of conscience that resists all argument really a prejudice? Perhaps, in the delicate position into which I had fallen, I could not extricate myself without remorse, and I was still musing in the greatest uncertainty on the subject of the morality of my action, when I saw half a dozen dragoons approaching with Antonio, who prudently kept himself in the rear. I advanced to meet them, with the information that the bandit had taken flight two hours previously. Interrogated by the brigadier, the old woman replied that she knew Navarro, but that living alone, she would never have dared to risk her life in denouncing him. She added that it was always his habit, when coming to her house, to set off in the middle of the night. For myself, I was obliged to go some leagues from there to show my passport, and to sign an affidavit before the alcalde, after which I was permitted to resume my archaeological researches. Antonio bore me much ill-will, suspecting that it was I who had prevented his winning two hundred ducats; nevertheless, we parted very good friends at Cordova, where I gave him as large a gratuity as my finances would allow.

(To be continued.)

## Musical.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

### "EXHIBITION NOTES."

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Under the above heading a very severe, and to my mind, unjust criticism on the musical portion of our exhibition appears in the Musical Column of last week's SPECTATOR. In this article an attempt is made, evidently by a non-exhibitor, to throw contempt and ridicule upon those of our Canadian manufacturers and dealers in musical instruments, who at great personal expense and sacrifice of time, did what they could to further the success of our national exhibition. Nor is it the exhibitors alone who are the object of his uncalled-for and unjust attack. The judges (giving the names of each) are sneered at with impertinence. It did not occur to this critic that the task allotted to these gentlemen (the judges of musical instruments) was a very difficult one, undertaken with great reluctance, after repeated solicitation, and performed without remuneration. But, notwithstanding the evident desire of the writer to conceal his motive, his real object is quite apparent. The piano he wishes to puff is Decker, the one he intends to ridicule is Weber. The others are merely introduced to fill the picture. His article would imply that because the pianos of Steinway, Decker and Chickering were not at the show, therefore, "so far as musical instruments are concerned, it has proved a gigantic farce." The New York Piano Company, as the largest exhibitor, and particularly the Weber pianos, which they represent, appear to receive the greatest share of his attention. He tells of the Weber coming in second, which was not the case, they having received first prize on grand, first on upright, and a diploma of the first-class on the square. The Muth piano was not in competition with the Weber at all.

It is well known to the piano trade that two of the piano-makers whose absence is thought to be so unfortunate for our exhibition, have, up to a few years ago, been the most constant and inveterate exhibitors, not only in this country, but in Europe. For the Decker piano it does not make much difference. Its agency was held here for many years without our ever having heard of its superlative qualities, and had Mr. Nordheimer not resumed the control of the Steinway and Chickering we would not have heard of them to-day, but on the principle that "when all fruit fail we welcome haws," an attempt is now made to supply the place of these once popular instruments, by offering a Decker in their stead, but surely if the task was so hard that the late popular agent retired from the struggle, I can hardly think this writer's efforts will be more successful. The public will hardly believe that because the Decker piano is absent, our exhibitions must necessarily prove "a gigantic farce."

Some four years ago was held in the city of Philadelphia an exhibition, at which all the giants of the piano trade, met in competition, and there for the first time in the history of exhibitions appeared Albert Weber, of New York. Hitherto his instruments had been known only as the Artistic Pianos, the favourite instrument of the leading musicians and vocalists, and of the New York aristocracy. He did not go to Philadelphia to contend with the pianos of Decker; he (Decker) was not even thought of, nor Chickering, nor Knabe, nor any other of that class. The one man that Weber went to meet at Philadelphia was Steinway. Proud, boastful, audacious, bearing all the honours of London, Paris and Vienna Exhibitions, they at last met on equal ground. The ribbons, decorations and medals of forty contests could not avail. Even prestige and the possession of popular favour failed to turn the scale. The little New York musician had infused into his pianos the soul of music, the majestic swell of his Grand, the sweet plaintive notes of his Squares and Uprights—were too much for his competitor—and Weber was crowned the victor. From that day his instruments became the favourites in the musical world. Madam Rivé-King, forgetting the certificate that in her girlhood she gave to Decker, and which their agents still publish, wrote to Weber that "his piano was the finest she ever placed her fingers on." Since then, the Deckers, the Knabes, and the Chickering, with the hundred manufacturers of Europe and America, have quietly taken their allotted places in the ranks, while Steinway, the hero of many battles, now too old for active service, prefers retiring on half-pay to taking second place under his young and more vigorous leader.

The above are some of the reasons which may explain the absence of these once leading pianos, not only from exhibitions, but also from the concert-halls and musical conservatories—for years past the great musicians, as a rule, only use Weber.

Exhibitor.

[The statement that Weber's Square Piano got second prize was, doubtless, made on the authority of the list published in the *Star*, which has since been revised and corrected. It seems it was the New York Piano Co.'s instrument which was meant.—MUS. ED.]

The fine organ in the Cathedral has been undergoing repairs at the hands of Mr. H. W. Bolton, of this city, and sounded forth on Sunday last in all its pristine glory. It is intended still further to improve the instrument by the addition of couplers and pedals, so as to place it on a par, as regards mechanical contrivances, with more modern organs.

The Philharmonic Society resumed practice this week. The principal work put in rehearsal was Gounod's Messe Sollenelle. It is intended to allot the solo parts to amateurs for the future, so as to avoid expense; this, we think, is a pity, as we have no amateurs capable of interpreting the great choral works. We blame, however, the public rather than the managers of the Society, the latter having at the outset spared no expense to render the performances strictly first-class.

Mr. Gould has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of the American Presbyterian Church, a post which he has ably filled for many years.

WE are in receipt of the American Newspaper Directory, published by George P. Rowell and Co., New York. It contains apparently a valuable amount of information for advertisers.