

we will yet see who will win Louise. Curse thee, thou biter of the hand that feeds thee; thou art coward and deceiver too. I tell thee I was a fool to put to the trial that of which I was so sure; and I tell thee, that Louise Rusquec shall not be the wife of any man but me."

His face was distorted with ungovernable anger, and while Christophe stood shocked and silent, old Jeanne took the younger brother's arm, and led him away.

"Do not answer him," she said, gently; "he has had these fits all his life, and woe betide the man or woman that crosses him at such a time. I have seen him shoot a dog dead for even caressing him in such a mood."

"How long will it last?" said Christophe, moodily.

"I cannot tell, but he is always very gentle afterwards. Perhaps you were right, my boy, perhaps it would have been better to have kept silence until the marriage was decided."

"I will keep silence now with a vengeance, and I shall no longer hesitate to grieve him. He has cursed me. I go to-morrow with Kerharo, and the Bazvalan, to make my formal demand for Louise."

(To be continued.)

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

ESTHER PENNEFATHER, by Alice Perry. Harper's Library of American Fiction. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price, 75 cents.

The Harpers have begun a new series of novels, under the name of the Library of American Fiction, the book before us being the first number. In strong contrast to the sombre brown wrapper so long associated with their reprints in readers' minds is the prettily designed and quaintly coloured cover, an improvement in every way upon the ordinary conceptions and suggestive of relief for the eye, at least when sight and understanding are wearied by the platitudes of would-be authors. In the case of "Esther Pennefather," however, there will be no recourse to the artistic merits of the cover, for the contents are in some respects startlingly original and the most curious specimen of fiction that it has been our lot to meet for a long time. The assurance that the author is young, and this her first work is needless, every page bears witness to the facts, and indeed it is impossible that any one but a schoolgirl could have written such an extraordinary novel. Nevertheless the announcement of the series is right enough in saying that she "gives promise of still larger performance in the future," and when Miss Perry has got into long dresses and lost the smell of bread and butter, the cleverness she shows may be expected to be turned to good account, for the vigour of this young person will assuredly carry her safely over the too often fatal exhaustion of a first book and enable her to deal more dexterously with the next idea that occurs to her, while a glimpse of the world as seen outside of a boarding school will enlarge her experience. We have all heard of the school-girls' fancy for falling in love with each other, and of the amount of affection lavished upon the chosen object with a warmth that is perhaps the safety valve for young feelings soon to be turned towards the other and inferior sex, and have looked upon either as an elaborately sustained fiction, or as a manifestation of the same kind as slate-pencil eating. But if we are to believe Miss Perry, there are more things in a schoolgirl's heaven than are dreamt of in the ignorant and selfish philosophy of men, and it is to be confessed that she is difficult to believe, when she makes a schoolmistress the object of the burning love of her scholars and the devastator of feminine hearts. But this is exactly the novelty of the theme. We have been told time and again that no woman ever loves another, and we believe it, not, of course, supposing that our readers will misunderstand the sense in which the term is used. But Miriam Snow, the aforesaid schoolmistress, or lady principal—to give her the title which she has in the book—not only makes all her scholars fall in love with her, but has them mad with jealousy, and unable to live without her favour. She is moreover a sort of femininely apotheosized heart-breaker with that fondness for making victims, and that cold attractiveness that marks the male hero in Ouida's young lady, delighting in travesties, and the charm of which seems about as unreal as the character itself. Of course, she is beautiful beyond compare, classic and stately, all that goes without saying, and her admirers fall down and worship her. The secret of all this fascination is accounted for by her power of mesmerism, and her love of influence. The girls vow all manner of absurdities to prevent this delightful creature feeling the least shade of pain, and the outcome of it is that Esther Pennefather marries a "half-bred man, neither a rough nor a gentleman," simply because he tells her that Miss Snow's brother once forced a check and that if Esther doesn't marry him he will tell some one else. Esther eventually dies, but sticks to her idol through everything. More girls fall in love with other girls, and commit any amount of absurdities, the tragic details of which are recounted with much seriousness, the only approach to real life which we have been able to find being the elopement of one with a married man and the admiration which another awakes in the heart of a policeman. Until these familiar occurrences take place, we feel quite in another world, but they are reassuring, and show that the author can descend from the heights of ineffable romance to the commonplaces of life. There is much misguided cleverness, and some easy writing in this extraordinary story, which will well bear reading, and may be the predecessor of something more sensible. Perhaps after all it may be a satirical way of showing the folly of wasting female time upon a petticoated lover, but if so an unnecessary amount of mystery and tragedy have been expended in a lesson which women rarely need.

JUSTINE'S LOVERS. Harper's Library of American Fiction. New York: Harper & Bros., 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price 60 cents.

This story is as full of the essence of everyday life as "Esther Pennefather" is void of it. Justine is an American girl who is born rich and has to live poor for some time while her mother and she are seeking to gain their living, and she tells of her lovers who were men and many. The manner of the telling is excellent, and the character sketching done with a strong, skilful hand. There is plenty of humour and no small amount of keen observation in the story, which takes us from the first boy who won her girlish fancy to her final determination to marry, for this we gather to be her intention from the conclusion, which hits a happy mean between the "all went happily ever afterwards" and the "misery all round" styles. A pompous young ass, clever enough to be a successful barrister, scoundrel enough to desert her because of her loss of fortune, and rogue enough to attempt a penitential offer of heart-broken affection when he knows the good luck which makes her an heiress and she does not, is excellently drawn, as also his father and mother, the former a gentleman and man of honour, the latter "shoddy" to the backbone. She goes to Washington in search of a Government clerkship and while waiting there introduces us to the rest of her lovers, among them an old friend of the family, who was a partner of her father and had got himself a Government situation after many bankruptcies and much see-sawing in the world. He is as fresh and cheery a personage as has appeared in fiction for a considerable time. After her failure she tries a Kindergarten, and the sketches of the children are most amusing. Through her care of her little pupils and her love for her mother she wins the heart of the man to whom she is engaged when he dies and leaves her a fortune. The book must be read as a whole to appreciate cleverness of its plan—we use the word advisedly, for the plot of the story is simple—it is shrewd, dashing and well sustained. Among the noticeable features are the portrayal of the Head of the Department's bearing towards office seekers, and the analysis of the feelings of the unlucky applicants themselves. There are many allusions which would be plain to anyone knowing Washington, and which doubtless, judging from the slight clues only that a stranger can possess, are among the good points made. In ability and experience "Justine's Lovers" shows a somewhat practical hand at work.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By Mary Cecil Hay. Harper's Half Hour Series. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

An odd little story, making a pleasant number of the Series.

## MUSICAL.

### SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

(Continued.)

When the voice has been well exercised on every note of the scale, continue practising, but begin a fifth above the lowest note of the voice, taking care to produce a perfectly even tone throughout. In order to practise exercises on different syllables, take the following sounds:—A as in *far, fall, take, mat*; E as in *me, bed*; I as in *mine, tin*; and O as in *tone, top*.

Whilst great attention has been given to the cultivation of the voice and vocalization, very little heed seems to have been paid to articulation and pronunciation, which seems the more extraordinary in that whilst many singers vocalize fairly without any special preparation, very few, if any, pronounce their words so as to get a good tone on every syllable. Air, acting on certain membranes or fibres in the larynx puts them in motion and produces sound, which, if always propelled in the same direction, with the muscles at the same degree of tension, produces precisely the same sound both as regards pitch and quality; but if the conditions are changed—for example, if the shape of the mouth be changed so that the air in passing through it impinges on any part, (the palate, teeth, or gums) so as to change the focus of vibration—the quality of tone is altered accordingly.

The sound of A as in *fall* is perhaps the most satisfactory to begin with. After the student has obtained a satisfactory tone with the organs in the position necessary to produce that sound, let him change their position by taking in rotation the others given above, and endeavour to get a good tone on each. To quote an eminent authority who has given the subject much thought: "Every form or position needed should be assumed with flexibility, and every movement should be as freely made." After a position has once been taken, it should be steadily maintained till change is desired. This change in the form or position should be freely and perfectly made, but without interrupting any other process, and by the application of flexible power only.

All the forms belonging to each element of language, or vowel are to be practised upon each degree of pitch. Thus, sounding the first note we form A as in the word *day*; while sustaining the sound, we produce the four forms or positions of A thus: A long, as in *fate*; A Italian, as in *arm*; A as in *ask, grass*; A short, as in *add, fat*. Then ascend and descend the exercise, making all the forms upon each degree of pitch before changing to the next higher or lower tone.

The movements which are used to give the forms of E are peculiar. The first position taken involves the smallest aperture of any used in language. The second position is produced by separating the teeth, as in the word *led*, but not so widely, for instance, as in the word *art*.

In producing the vowel I, these movements are reversed. Taking I as in the word *time*, we change the position as given in the word *tin*; and the greatest care should be used to secure the exact position required. A little closing of the teeth will change the form to that of E in the word *ber*. This, of course, must be avoided; and the position taken and retained must be that only which gives the precise form of the vowel sound.

(To be continued.)

### THE ANNIVERSARY OF "TOM MOORE."

The fifth annual celebration of the birthday of "Ireland's great bard," Tom Moore, took place at the Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday evening last, when the Catholic Young Men's Association gave an excellent concert. The engagement of Madame Chatterton Bohrer was a wise act on the part of the management, as the applause which attended her beautiful rendering of Irish airs certified. Madame Bohrer is a harpist of considerable merit, and comes from one of the best schools in England. She is a pupil of her father, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, probably one of the best exponents of this instrument in his time. Irish music is very seldom well played on this continent, because it does not receive that attention which its merits in formal, characteristic and ideal beauty demand, but to which European artists give attention. The Melodies of Ireland, to which Moore added his sublime verse, and which gave him an undying fame, have done much to make European artists popular in England, Irish music being soul stirring and full of life. We hail then, with pleasure, the presence of one amongst us who can understand and appreciate this part of the grand science, and by her broad and artistic rendering of Ireland's music, raise an ambition amongst the people to foster and cultivate it. The Reverend Father Salmon's address was very pleasing and to the point, since he touched upon most of the salient points of Moore's great literary career, although he (Father Salmon) said, he had had a very short time to prepare it, and was therefore obliged to read his address. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the concert:—Misses Kelly, Aumond, Crompton, Beauchamp, Griffin, and Messrs. Lefevre, McMahon and Roussel. Recitations were given by Messrs. O'Hara and Buchanan. We cannot close this article without calling attention to the excellent singing of Misses Kelly, Aumond and Crompton, also that of Mr. Lefevre. Mr. Maffre, organist at St. Andrew's, and Dr. Trudel were accompanists, and also performed their parts well.

Marie Roze is a musical success, but a financial failure.

Rubenstein says he will come to America again—if some one will pay him enough. We will agree to go to Europe on the same terms.

An anatomist has been examining the hands of Liszt, the great pianist and composer, and finds them to possess some remarkable characteristics. The middle finger of each hand is knotted and powerful, and the force of the little fingers is very great. The knuckles seem to be made of iron, and those of the second finger are like a hinge. The hand in general is a large, square one, the first and second fingers being blunt, and the third and fourth flat and broad.

Mr. Myron Whitney, the great American basso and Carl Zerrahn were engaged for the Musical Festival at San Francisco last week.

Mrs. Osgood's farewell concert at the St. James' Hall, London, was well attended, and proved a fitting close to a successful season. She will return to England in the autumn, and is sure of a most cordial welcome. In our next issue we shall have the pleasure, we trust, of recording her other laurels won in our own city, where our musical friends will have had an opportunity of hearing her in the "Messiah."

During the past season fifty-two different operatic works were represented at the Court Theatre of Vienna. Among these Richard Wagner takes the lead with six operas and thirty-seven performances; very close upon the latter follows Meyerbeer, with likewise six operas and thirty-four representations. Next ranks Verdi, with five operas and twenty-nine representations. Mozart obtained a hearing on only eleven occasions, Weber on only four.

If he who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before be a benefactor to his species, how much greater is he who has planted the rich harvest of truth in the place of the rank weeds of ignorance and error, and engrafted thought upon a mind that would otherwise have been barren of speculation.—*Sydney Smith*.

A MAN is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles, could produce something nobler than man!—*Channing*.

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.*