drudgery of household needlework (always her portion at home), than even in the society of her amiable friends at Caen, to which she might then have resorted more unrestrainedly. But though they saw her seldom, the depression of her spirits and her altered looks passed not unnoticed by them. And although she uttered no complaint of her cousin, it was evident that at St. Hilaire she was no longer treated even with the fitful kindness and scant consideration which was all she had ever experienced. These remarks led naturally, on the part of the Seldons, to close observance of the conduct of Mlle. de St. Hilaire with the Marquis d'Arval,—a subject to which common report had already drawn their attention, and which, as affecting the welfare of their friend Walter Barnard, could not be indifferent to them. They saw and heard and ascertained enough to convince them that his honest affections and generous confidence were unworthily bestowed, and that a breach of faith the most dishonourable was likely to prove the ultimate reward of his high-raised expectations. So satisfied, they felt it a point of conscience to communicate to him, through the medium of his friend (and in the way and to the extent judged advisable by the latter), such information as might, in some degree, prepare him for the shock they anticipated, or at least stimulate him to sharp investigation. The office devolved upon Mr. Seldon was by no means an enviable one; but he was too sincerely Walter's friend to shrink from it, and by cautious degrees he communicated to him that information which had cast the first shade over his love-dream of speedy reunion with the object of his affections.

It was well for the continuance of their friendshp that Mr. Seldon, in his communication to Walter, had not only proceeded with infinite caution, but had armed himself with coolness and forbearance in the requisite degree, for the young man's impetuous nature flamed out indignantly at the first insinuation against the truth of his beloved. And when, at last—after angry interruptions, and wrathful sallies innumerable—he had been made acquainted with the circumstances which, in the opinion of his friends, warranted suspicions so unfavourable to her, he professed utter astonishment, not unmixed with resentment, at their supposing his confidence in Adrienne could be for one moment shaken by appearances or misrepresentations, which had so unworthily imposed on their own judgment and candour.

After the first burst of irritation, however, Walter professed his entire conviction of, and gratitude for, the good intentions of his friends; but requested of Seldon that the subject, which he dismissed from his own mind as perfectly unworthy of a second thought, should not be revived in their discussions; and Seldon, conscientiously satisfied with having done as much as discretion warranted in the charge of his delicate commission, gladly assented to the proposition.

But in such cases it is easier to disbelieve than to forget; and it is among the countless perversenesses of the human mind, to retain most tenaciously, and recur most pertinaciously to, that which the will professes most peremptorily to dismiss. Walter's disbelief was spontaneous and sincere. So was his immediate protest against ever recurring, even in thought, to a subject so contemptible. But, like the little black box that haunted the merchant Abudah, it lodged itself, spite of all opposition, in a corner of his memory, from which not all his efforts could expel it at all times; though the most successful exorcism (the never-failing *pro tempore*) was a re-perusal of those precious letters, in every one of which he found evidence of the lovely writer's ingenuousness and truth, worthy to outweigh, in her lover's heart, a world's witness against her. But from the hour of Seldon's communication, Walter's impatience to be at St. Hilaire became so ungovernable, that finding his friend (Mr. —— was again to be the companion of his journey) not unwilling to accompany him immediately, he obtained the necessary furlough, although it yet wanted nearly three weeks of the prescribed year's expiration; and although he had just despatched a letter to the lady of his love, full of anticipation, relating only to that period, he was on his way to the place of embarkation before that letter had reached French ground, and arrived at Caen (though travelling, to accommodate his friend, by a circuitous route) but a few days after its reception at St. Hilaire.

The travellers reached their place of destination so early in the day, that, after a friendly greeting with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seldon (though not without a degree of embarrassment on either side, from recollection of a certain proscribed topic), Walter excused himself from partaking their late dinner, and with a beating heart (in which, truth to tell, some undefinable fear mingled with delightful expectation) took his impatient way along the well-remembered foot-paths that led through pleasant fields and orchards, by a short cut, to the Chateau de St. Hilaire. He stopped for a moment at the old mill, near the entrance-gate of the domain, to exchange a friendly greeting with the miller's wife, who was standing at her door, and dropt him a curtsy of recognition. The mill belonged to the Manoir du Résnél, and its respectable rentiers were, he knew, humble friends of la petite Madelaine; so, in common kindness, he could do no otherwise than linger a moment, to make inquiries for *her* welfare, and that of her fair cousin, and their respective families. It may be supposed that Walter's latent motive for so general, as well as particular an inquiry, was to gain from the reply something like a glance at the Carte du Pays he was about to enter—not without a degree of nervous trepidation, with the causelessness of which he reproached himself in vain, though he had resisted the temptation of putting one question to the Seldons, who might have drawn from it inferences of misgivings on his part, the existence of which he was far from acknowledging even to his own heart.

"Mademoiselle Madelaine was at the Chateau that evening," the dame informed him—"and there was no other company, for M. le Marquis left it for Paris three days ago."—Walter drew breath more freely at *that* article of intelligence.—"Some people had thought M. le Marquis would carry off Mademoiselle after all."—(Walter bit his lip);—"but now Monsieur was returned, doubtless"—and a look of simper of vast knowingness supplied the conclusion of the sentence. "Au reste—Mademoiselle was well, and as beautiful as ever; but for 'cette chère petite,' [meaning la petite Madelaine],—she was sadly changed of late, though she did not complain of illness—*she never* complained, though everybody knew her home was none of the happiest, and (for what cause the good dame knew not) she was not so much as formerly at St. Hilaire."

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL.

One of the first things that strikes the European musician on his arrival in the new world is the superiority of the pianos in general use to those from which European amateurs try to squeeze the sublime strains of Beethoven or Mendelssohn. We do not refer so much to the superiority of American over European pianos, (although that is now pretty generally admitted) as to the fact that in almost every house we find a piano of some kind, and in most houses, if not a first-class *instrument*, an instrument for which a first-class price has been paid. We have known pianists of great ability in England who have had to content themselves with instruments which would hardly be tolerated in some of our Canadian farm-houses, and even in the taverns a good piano seems to be one of the first requisites.

Whilst we are happy to find the cultivation of art (to some extent at least) so universal in this country, we are forced to express our opinion that much more might be attained for the capital expended, and that we fear that in many cases the object is not so much the cultivation of art as the desire for display so common to mankind. Our new piano, "all round corners, carved legs," &c., is the theme of universal admiration, and "cost $600," generally seems to carry more weight with it than the finest tone which can be produced by a vibrating wire. We could say a great deal concerning those people who purchase an expensive instrument, and then use it chiefly for quadrilles and waltzes, but for the present will address a few words to those persons, who, having talented children, and wishing to give them the benefit of a sound musical education, send them to a first-class teacher, and buy what they suppose to be a first-class piano. They mean well, those parents, and deserve great praise, inasmuch as though not artists themselves, they have sufficient taste to desire their children to become artists; but, so frequently have we seen their best efforts thwarted for want of proper caution, that we would fain raise our voice in warning, hoping that all who love art for its own sake will aid us in crying down all attempts to take advantage of the public want of information on technical matters, and save honest but ignorant people from being imposed upon.

It is of the highest importance that all students should have well-made instruments to practise upon, otherwise the best of tuition is almost useless, and at least an imperfect *technique* will be acquired. It is very important that a piano should have a good tone, but still more so that the touch should be as even and as near perfection as possible, and this is the point where superiority of manufacture will show itself. Out of the hundred or more piano makers on this continent, probably not a dozen, manufacture instruments which are at all fit to play on, owing to unevenness of touch, some keys requiring to be struck with much more force than others, and the best of players, in consequence, unable to play an even scale, which is the basis of all piano-playing. Then there are pianos which scund well in one particular part, falling off after an octave or two, either ascending or descending; others, again, are screwed up to a degree of brilliancy, which, though it may please very well at first, soon degenerates into a thin, "tin-kettle" tone, having neither volume nor sweetness.

Even so late as twenty years ago, there were only two or three piano manufacturers in America whose trade might be characterized as extensive, but as the country advanced with gigantic strides, and these manufacturers increased their business to an almost incredible extent, many others, seeing the large fortunes they amassed, embarked in the piano trade, until one can hardly count even the names of the various manufacturing firms. In almost every city or town in Canada we have "piano manufacturers" that is, cabinet-makers who buy the various parts of the pianos in Boston or New York, and patch them together, selling them as their own; then we have large manufacturing houses in the United States, which, for the sake of "filthy lucre," stamp any name required on their pianos, "manufacturing down" to the price paid by the dealers.

Many times we have heard young ladies of talent try to perform a Beethoven sonata, or one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder Ohne Worte," on one of these abortions, and it has seemed to us not strange that the general public prefer waltzes and the like to the productions of the masters. Allowing that the performers *had* the talent necessary to a proper rendering of these compositions, what could they do on an instrument where no two keys require the same degree of force, and the quality of tone is dissimilar in proportion? Where people cannot afford a good instrument we pity them; but where they *can*, and get a bad one, we pity them still more.

But you may ask, Can we not engage a professional musician to select for us, and so avoid imposition? To this we would reply that musicians are no better than other people, and that the best is likely to have his judgment "slightly warped" by an offer of ten or fifteen per cent. on the price of the instrument. Shall we, then, go to a dealer of respectability, and trust entirely to him; as the dealers sell the pianos of different makers, it certainly could make no difference to them which we purchased? Perhaps the public are not aware that the makers of inferior instruments allow dealers a larger percentage in proportion to the inferiority of the instruments, and that it is often the interest of the dealer to sell a bad piano rather than a good one. There may, of course, be exceptions, but they are somewhat rare; in short, "for ways that are dark" we will commend the piano trade (manufacturers, dealers and all having any interest in it) against all heathendom.

The only safe way, if there be any safe way at all, is to purchase only the pianos of those makers whose instruments have stood the test of years, and who could not afford to lose their reputation by sending out a bad instrument. As between two pianos of the same maker, it would perhaps be well to obtain the judgment of a musician; but we would recommend our readers to be very cautious in spending their money on pianos, as a musical instrument, like all works of art, must be first class or it is utterly useless.

The Committee of the Philharmonic Society have issued a circular, preparatory to commencing operations for the ensuing season. It is proposed to give public rehearsals previous to each concert, and to have two of the concerts in the Skating Rink if possible.

At the first concert, Haydn's Oratorio, "*The Creation*," will be performed; and at the succeeding concerts other standard works will be given, including, in all probability, Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*."

The subscription will be as heretofore, $10; subscribers, who are limited to three hundred in number, receiving two tickets for each of the three concerts, and the same number for each public rehearsal. Additional tickets for these concerts may be purchased by the subscribers before the plan is opened to the general public; and the like privilege of first choice of seats will also be accorded them in the event of any extra concerts being given by the Society.

Practice will be resumed on the 16th August, and the first concert will be given early in October. We understand that the Committee are making strenuous exertions to increase the efficiency of the Society, and anticipate an improvement on last year as regards both soloists, choir and orchestra.

Nobility is not in dignity and ancient lineage, nor great revenues, lands, or possessions, but in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, which in man is very nobility, and this nobility bringeth man to dignity. Honour ought to be given to virtue, and not to riches.—*Anacharsis.*

TESTIMONIAL.—"Gentlemen,—It has just occurred to me that it might be a satisfaction to you to know the result of my experiment in the use of your Pad as a preventive of sea sickness. In the first plaee, I should say that I have crossed the Atlantic six times, and every time very sea sick, excepting the last trip, which was by the S. S. Germanic, leaving New York April 6th last. Shortly before our time of sailing, and while talking to some friends about the dread I had of sea sickness, they advised me strongly to get one of HOLMAN'S PADS, and to put it on a few days before sailing. I did so, followed strictly up to the instructions, and I have now to say that, notwithstanding it was an extraordinary rough passage, I did not miss a meal nor suffer from sea sickness in the slightest degree. I shall never go to sea again without a Pad if one is to be had. I highly recommend them as a preventive against sea sickness.—Respectfully yours, Mrs. R. Murray, 24 Montague Street, Russell Square, London, W."—*Adv.*

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.*