

there came to Rome a bishop named Killien, from Ireland, accompanied by several others from that country, who were cordially received by the Pope. Being very simple and ignorant of business affairs, Conon was induced to appoint as Rector of the church property in Sicily a man of vicious character, who soon raised a sedition among the people, and who was at length imprisoned by the authorities.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PICTURESQUE.

Sir,—Those of your readers who enjoy the picturesque in mountain, valley, river, lake and meadow scenery should make the trip to Lake Memphremagog. Leaving Montreal on the South-Eastern Railway at 4 p.m., a rapid run of four hours brings us to Newport, having passed through the beautiful villages of Cowansville, Sutton, Brigham, Richford and Troy. In former years the contrast between Canadian and American villages was very striking. But such is the advance in prosperity, improvements in farming, and the increased enterprise of the people, that the villages of the Eastern Townships will compare favorably with the most thriving of those of New England. Such towns as Cowansville, Hatley, Compton and Stanstead, which are chiefly in farming districts, will challenge comparison with the towns of the Connecticut and Housatonic Valleys.

The railway passes through not only rich agricultural lands but amid the most beautiful scenery of Canada. The mountain which borders Lake Memphremagog appears on the north, while on the south are the Green Mountains of Vermont. The end of the railway is Newport, a thoroughly New England town, with its four churches, newspaper (*Express and Standard*) and bank. The town is surrounded by mountains, except the western side, which borders on the lake. The houses are for the most part villas, surrounded by cultivated gardens, with fruit and shade trees. Newport has all the attractions of the most popular watering places, without the turmoil and crowds. Boating, fishing, driving, riding, and excursions to the woods and hills form the chief amusement of visitors.

The chief hotel, the Memphremagog House, situated on the lake shore, is capable of accommodating a large number of guests, and every attention is paid to the convenience and comfort of visitors, while the absence of bustle and noise renders it the most desirable resort for summer.

Leaving Newport by the "Lady of the Lake" at 9 a.m., one of the most beautiful sails is enjoyed through the whole length of the Lake. Every variety of scenery to please the eye, while cool breezes give one delightful refreshment. The picturesque islands, the magnificent mountains, and the variety of shore views, afford constant enjoyment. The steamer reaches Magog at one o'clock, and after dinner the rail takes one to West Farnham, where the train unites with the South-Eastern. This whole trip, including hotels, may be taken for the trifling sum of \$7.00.

TRAVELLER.

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

By MRS. SOUTHEY.

It must be quite needless to say, that Walter Barnard appeared not that night at the Chateau de St. Hilaire, where his return to Normandy was of course equally unknown with his late visit to the pavilion. Great was the wrath of the lovely Adrienne, when, on her return thither, soon after the expiration of the time she had allotted for the performance of Madelaine's task, she found *la place vide*—that the daring impertinent had not only taken the liberty of departing undismissed (doubtless in resentment of fancied wrongs), but had taken with her the letter that was to have been finished in readiness for the postman's call that evening on his way to Caen. The contretemps was absolutely too much for the sensitive nerves of la belle Adrienne, agitated as they had been during the day by a communication made to her parents, and through them "to his adorable cousin," by the Marquis d'Arval, that his contract of marriage with a rich and beautiful heiress of his own province was on the point of signature.

"Le perfide!" was the smothered ejaculation of his fair friend on receiving this gratifying intelligence from her dejected parents, thus compelled to relinquish their last feeble hope of seeing their darling united to the husband of their choice. To the darling herself the new return of Walter became suddenly an object of tender interest. Nothing could be so natural as her immediate anxiety to express this impatience in a reply to his last letter, and nothing could be more natural than that she should fall into a paroxysm of nervous irritation at the frustration of this amiable design, by the daring of her chargee. But she was too proud to send for her, or to her: it would look like acknowledgment of error. She would "die first," and "the little impertinent" would return of her own accord, humble enough, no doubt, and she *should* be humbled. But for the next two days nothing was heard or seen of "the little impertinent" at the Chateau de St. Hilaire. On the third, still no sign of her repentance, by reappearance, word, or token. On the fourth, Adrienne's resolution could hold out against her necessities no longer, and she was on the point of going herself in quest of the guilty Madelaine, when she learned the astounding tidings that Walter had been five days returned to Caen, and on that very morning when the news first reached her,—

But Walter's proceedings must be briefly related more veraciously than by the blundering tongue of common rumour, which reported them to Adrienne. He had returned to Caen, and to the hospitable home of his English friends, to whose ear, of course, he confided his tale of disappointed hopes. But, as it should seem by the mirthful bearing of the small party assembled that night round the supper-table after his affecting disclosure, not only had it failed in exciting sympathy for the abused lover, but he himself, by some unaccountable caprice, was, to all appearance, the happiest of the social group.

Grave matters, as well as trivial, were, however, debated that night round the supper-table of the English party; and of the four assembled, as neither had attained the coolness and experience of twenty-six complete summers, and

two of the four (the married pair) had forfeited all pretensions to worldly wisdom by a romantic love-match, it is not much to be wondered at that Prudence was scarcely admitted to a share in the consultation, and that she was unanimously outvoted in conclusion.

The cabinet council sat till past midnight, yet Walter Barnard was awake next morning, and "stirring with the lark," and brushing the dew-drops from the wild-brier sprays, as he bounded by them through the fields, on his way to—not St. Hilaire.

Again in the gloaming he was espied by the miller's wife, threading the same path to the same trysting-place—for that it *was* a trysting-place she had ocular demonstration—and again the next day matins and vespers were as duly said by the same parties in the same oratory, and Dame Simonne was privy to the same, and yet she had not whispered her knowledge even to the reeds. How much longer the unnatural retention might have continued, would have been a curious metaphysical question, had not circumstances, interfering with the ends of science, hurried on an "unforeseen conclusion."

On the third morning the usual tryst was kept at the accustomed place, at an earlier hour than on the preceding days; but shorter parley sufficed on this occasion, for the two who met there with no cold greeting, turned together into the pleasant path, so lately traced on his way from the town with a beating heart, by one who retraced his footsteps even more eagerly, with the timid companion, who went consenting, but not self-excused.

Sharp and anxious was the watch kept by the miller's wife for the return of the pair, whose absence for the next two hours she was at no loss to account for; but they tarried beyond that period, and Dame Simonne was growing fidgety at their non-appearance, when she caught sight of their advancing figures, at the same moment that the gate of the Manoir swung open, and forth issued the stately forms of Madame and Mesdemoiselles du Résnel!

Dame Simonne's senses were well-nigh confounded at the sight, and well they might, for well she knew what one so unusual portended—and there was no time—not a moment—not a possibility to warn the early pedestrians who were approaching, so securely unconscious of the impending crisis. They were to have parted as before at the Manoir gate—to have parted for many months of separation—one to return to England, the other to her nearer home, till such time as—. But the whole prudential project was in a moment upset. The last winding of the path was turned, and the advancing parties stood confronted! For a moment, mute, motionless as statues—a smile of malicious triumph on the countenances of Mesdemoiselles du Résnel—on that of their dignified mother, a stern expression of concentrated wrath, inexorable, implacable. But her speech was even more calm and deliberate than usual, as she requested to know what business of importance had led the young lady so far from her home at that early hour, and to what fortunate chance she was indebted for the escort of Monsieur Barnard? The *grand secret* might still have been kept. Walter was about to speak—he scarce knew what—perhaps to divulge in part—for to tell all prematurely was ruin to them both. But before he could articulate a word, Madame du Résnel repeated her interrogatory in a tone of more peremptory sternness, and la petite Madelaine, trembling at this sound, quailing under the cold and searching gaze that accompanied it, and all unused to the arts of deception and prevarication, sank on her knees where she had stopped at some distance from her incensed parent, and faltered out with uplifted hands,—“Mais—mais, maman! je viens de me marier!”

(Concluded in our next.)

MUSICAL.

In an article on "Musical Degrees," in the *Musical Times*, Mr. Statham says, speaking of the London University curriculum:—"None of the great composers could have taken degrees under it. Bach, with his strong and logical brain, and power of steady application, would have been the most likely of them to go for it. One can imagine Handel dismissing it with 'Te tevil, vot vor sall I tell you of de venomena of zound, and of hydrozadigs and hydrauligs—dom your degree!' Mozart, laughing it off, in a jaunty little note to one of his *très cher* correspondents; Beethoven wrapping bread and cheese in it; Chopin dreamily musing over 'the principles of melodial progression,' and 'the phenomena attending the combination of two sounds.' Mendelssohn would have had more chance of making something of it, and could have got the degree if he had given his mind to it, but then he certainly never would; he was too fond of society." "The obstacle is not merely in the large amount of scientific knowledge in regard to the physical basis of music which is demanded, and which would, it may be said, be of no practical value in the ordinary pursuit of the musical profession, but in the fact that, before the musical degree can be attached at all, the candidate must have passed the general matriculation examination, which requires him to show a competent knowledge in each of the following subjects:—1. Latin; 2. any two out of a list of other languages (Greek, French, German, Sanscrit, or Arabic); the English language, English History, and Modern Geography; 4. Mathematics; 5. Natural Philosophy; 6. Chemistry. The details of the acquirements expected under these heads are given, and include considerably more than mere generalities.

If it is the object of the London University to create a high class of scientific musical scholars, with a broad general education, literary and scientific, of course this is an admirable programme, and the only thing needed is to find the people who will have sufficient enthusiasm to work up to it, and who are sufficiently independent to afford time to do so. But it is only reasonable to ask whether this is the object, or whether it is intended to appeal to the musical profession generally? If the latter, then the University has overshoot the mark in demanding a degree of knowledge of subjects apart from music which no one intending to make his living by active professional work could possibly have time to acquire. This is to be regretted, because, without intending anything censorious of the musical profession, it will probably be admitted by most readers, including the best class among the professional musicians themselves, that there is nothing more required in the musical profession, or which would tend more to elevate it in social estimation, than a higher standard of general culture than at present for the most part exists within its ranks; and this end would have been far more likely to be attained by giving a musical degree for proficiency in the knowledge and the handling of music as an art, preceded by a more limited matriculation examination, such as would insure that the candidate had received a fair liberal education, but not burdening him with scientific subjects which he may never intend to make use of again, and which, if he means serious work as a musician, he cannot possibly have time to study thoroughly. If the London University degree were framed on this principle, it might, if properly worked, have become an instrument for raising the educational status of the musical profession; but as it is framed it cannot do so, because it attempts too much, and is calculated only to bring forth a small band of musical sciolists. If this is the object, well and good; certainly the degree is hardly one which Handel could have turned over to his "pewlows-plover;" only one cannot help feeling that more might be accomplished if less were demanded, and that a general raising of the status of musical education would be of even more value than the production of a few erudite scientific theorists.