

## AMUSEMENT—A NEED.

It is an encouraging sign of increasing wisdom that our philanthropists are beginning to recognize pure and intelligent amusements as needful both to personal well-being and to good citizenship, and are making provision for them in the case of those whose poverty or ignorance calls for help and instruction. Once such enterprises as flower missions, free concerts or country excursions would have been laughed to scorn, or gravely reproved as a foolish waste of time or money. Charitable endeavours, it was thought, after administering to bodily necessities, might profitably be directed to the serious business of reforming vicious habits, improving character and enlightening ignorance; but to cater to the amusement of the poor would have been deemed a flippant and frivolous misuse of charity, calculated to produce only uneasy craving and discontent.

A deeper knowledge of human nature has taught us, however, that amusement in itself is a real need, which always makes itself felt, and in some way or other is sure to get supplied. It is not, as some suppose, a sort of superfluous luxury which should be patiently waited for till all other desirable advantages are secured; it is rather a deep-seated necessity, which under all circumstances must and will be satisfied, if not from fountains pure and sweet, then from sources unwholesome and corrupt. The young need it more than the old, the busy more than the idle, the poor more than the rich, but all need it, and all in some form obtain it. We have learned, too, that this element of amusement, while it cannot be postponed, and will not be ignored, is one of the most powerful influences of life. The manner in which it is indulged, largely decides the character of the people. For good or for evil, it is moulding the rising generation as much perhaps as the schools, and the older ones as much as their employments. The very vehemence with which well-meaning people sometimes attack low or impure or unhealthy amusements, which are too often the only available ones to the poor and ignorant, shows that they are fully awake to their power for evil. The strange thing is, that they do not see that in other forms they may be made an equal power for good, and that as either one or the other, they must exist. They exert all efforts to abrogate them, unconscious that it is a useless and impossible task, unless they provide a substitute. Thus we lament justly the evils of intemperance, but we overlook the natural craving for excitement, the love of social companionship and good cheer, the desire to forget the toil and trials of the day, which so strongly draw men to the places which first supply these wants, and then entice them on to ruin. Could these natural and wholesome appetites be gratified in innocent ways, who can tell in how many instances the temptation to strong drink might be entirely prevented? We rightly mourn over the corrupt literature that spreads its poisonous influence over so many of our youth, but we forget that the appetite for mental amusement comes with the art of reading, and the question for philanthropy to consider is how to meet its demands. It cannot be put down, it cannot be ignored, but it may be drawn towards pure and innocent fiction and works of interesting travel or biography. Good and thoroughly enjoyable literature, made available to all classes, and put liberally into the hands of the young, would do more to stem the baneful current than all our invectives or prohibitions. So with the drama. Let the universal delight which it affords to all classes and all ages be its own most perfect vindication, and let those who most vividly see its evils engage most earnestly in its purification and elevation. While we must admit that many of the prevalent amusements are largely tinctured with debasing elements, let us beware of the fatal mistake of trying to banish them on this account. The people are not in love with evil, but they crave and need amusement, and to separate the two, not to confound them, must be the work of future philanthropy. The truth is that, when we utterly condemn or ignore anything because evil is mixed up with it, we most effectually relegate it to the dominion of evil. The farmer who forsakes his field because of its stumps and stones, gives it over to continued barrenness. The honest citizen who refuses to take any share in political affairs because of the corruption in them, does just so much towards furthering their debasement. The same thing is often done by virtuous people in the matter of amusements. Seeing in them much that is objectionable, they resolve to have nothing to do with them; they condemn and forbid them, thus suffering them to become more and more coarse and demoralizing. Instead of this let the farmer labour on his stony field, let the honest citizen throw the weight of his character into the political scales, and let the philanthropist reach forth in sympathy to preserve the essence of cheerful recreation while purifying and elevating it by gradual steps and wise methods. The pleasures of the summer are, however, largely free from this admixture of evil, and we cannot too earnestly recommend to the benevolent the work of making these gratifications available to the large classes who cannot afford them for themselves or their children. Nothing can be more unmixedly good for the body and the mind of the city toiler than a glimpse of the country's loveliness and a breath of her pure, sweet air. When we remember the depressing and continuous heat of narrow streets and crowded dwellings, the fatigue and monotony of unrelieved labour, and the large mortality among the children during the summer months,

this philanthropy must win the unmingled sympathy and aid of all who wish to help to lift some of the heavy burdens of the poor. Music and flowers, too, with their tender appeals to all the finer susceptibilities of human nature, are among the most elevating and refining of all amusements. Let them be bounteously supplied to those who most need their joy-giving power, and the lives thus sweetened and refreshed will shed a brighter and a happier influence over the whole community.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

## THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

Admirers of our own excellent Mendelssohn choir in Montreal, will read with interest the description in the last number of Harper of the New York.

A Mendelssohn Glee Club concert is one of the high-water marks of our civilization. The pretty hall, admirably adapted to display a brilliant audience is filled with a brightly dressed throng, mutually acquainted, so that, unlike the usual gathering at a public concert, there is a certain air of refined sociability. The hum of general conversation, the flitting of gentlemen from group to group, and the mingling of the singers with the audience during the interludes between the songs, pleasantly fill the eye and ear. Youth and beauty hold their evanescent court, and older eyes, touched with the sweet magic of memory, see other scenes and other forms in the bright panorama of the evening. Suddenly the conductor enters upon the platform, strikes a few chords upon the piano, and disappears. It is the summons of the chorus. The active or singing members move from every part of the hall, the audience adjusts itself, seats are resumed, eyes furtively follow a manly form, perhaps, and even hearts may flutter at a gay farewell. "Read the language of those wandering eye-beams: the heart knows." But the door at the side of the platform opens, and the thirty or forty gentlemen who compose the chorus enter, and range themselves in a double semi-circular line, while Mosenthal, the field-marshal, who has thoroughly and severely trained these troops of tone, and whose ear no flattery or shuffling, no shirking nor silence, can escape or deceive, steps quietly and firmly forward to his stand, and with a solid forcible air like that of the older and original Strauss, gives the warning tip, raises his baton, and when there is perfect silence in the hall, begins. For it seems that it is he with his beating arm who plays upon a rich and delicate instrument of beautifully blended voices. He has drilled them as Napoleon drilled an army, and he inspires them as Napoleon inspired. A profound and conscientious artist, thorough and accurate, and full of the manly enthusiasm for his art which is the spring and secret of successful mastery, he has produced a very remarkable result. The sound is exquisitely shaded and graded, and without losing its variety, its melodic sweetness, and its rhythmical charm, he subdues and softens it to a whisper, fine and true, almost a shadowy sound, a fairy tone by moonlight:

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:  
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour."

There is a whole realm of part-songs which is revealed by such clubs and societies as the Mendelssohn, and which is exceedingly delightful. Glee and concerted pieces have always been peculiarly agreeable to the musical taste of England and Germany, and the cultivation of part-singing in this country has developed some excellent and promising composers among us. The Mendelssohn Glee Club lately offered three prizes, we understand for such songs, and upon trying and comparing and deciding, three compositions were selected for the first, second, and third awards; and upon opening the sealed envelopes with the names of the authors, the three successful compositions were found to be the work of the same composer, Mr. Gilchrist of Philadelphia. They have all been sung by the club, to the great delight and approval of the hearers, and the eye of expectation may be shrewdly fixed upon the young composer. Part-music of this kind is fascinating, and it is very hard to believe that in any other city there is better singing than that of the Mendelssohn. The charm of it is that it is the skilled and patient training of chance voices, so to speak, the voices of those who are not professional singers, but who are devoted to business and to professions. Perhaps the musing listener, grateful for an enjoyment so inspiring, as he watches the quiet conduct of the leader, and observes the American faces of the singers, seems to see visibly and audibly typified the gracious influence of the German musical genius upon American life. Some future poet will say that of all the good fairies who came to the birth of the free nation none was more generous than Teutonia, who brought the refining, elevating, humanizing gift of music.—*EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in Harper's*.

## TWO BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A long time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the Fort, and went down into a hollow, to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once, the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians, with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the

creeping Indians already were between her and the Fort, and—went on picking berries, as before.

Soon, she called aloud to Bessie, with a steady voice: "Don't you think it's going to rain?" So they both turned and walked toward the Fort. They reached the tall grass, and, suddenly, Emmy dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie, too.

"What are you looking for?" asked the little sister, in surprise.

Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the Fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them.

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the Fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

## TYLL EULENSPIEGEL.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Of all the fools of fiction or of reality there is not one who stands out in such bold relief, as a good-natured rogue and insatiable mischief-maker, as Tyll Eulenspiegel. He is irresistible. Whether we follow him to the bee-hive where he set the two thieves to fighting, while he made his escape, undetected; whether we accompany him to the church spire in Magdeburg on that famous occasion where he assembled crowds around the church only to tell them they were bigger fools than he was himself: or whether we are witnesses of his imposture upon so august a person as the Pope, we cannot resist laughing heartily with him, while we admire his amazing ingenuity. His mischief began from his earliest years. His mother boasted that he had received three baptisms; for, as she carried him home from the baptismal font, she dropped him in the mud, and in consequence Master Tyll had his third plunge in a basin of water. Perhaps the mud counteracted the good which should have come from his Christian initiation. However that may be, from that day forward he became the scourge of every town to which he went, so that to many he could return only well disguised. His adventures were various. He assumed every profession and every character. Doctor, magistrate, missionary, cook, priest, baker,—he was all these, and many things besides. He passed through as many professions as Louis Philippe does in the caricatures of Gavarni. But his cap peeped out at the most solemn moments, and the ring of his bells revealed the jester. There is a single idea incarnate in every popular book, in which it recurs like the refrain in a ballad, and constitutes the true charm. That in Baron Munchausen is lying adventure; that of the Seven Sublims is great stupidity allied to petty cunning; that of the Hindu Guru Simple is the same, with pretence of superior wisdom; that of Eulenspiegel is the literal execution of every command in such a way as to defeat its object by carrying it out too literally. He obeyed to the letter, but never to the spirit.

Gifted with the wisdom of infinite impudence, nothing daunted him. He was no misshapen goblin, but like Le Glorieux, a handsome man. Added to this he possessed enormous physical strength and coolness. When the occasion required it, he could leave his mischief, and go forth from the town to slay a wolf. Slinging its dead body over his shoulders, he was as unconcerned as Thor was when he went on his expeditions against the troll. This denotes clearly his Northern origin. He was ready for every emergency. Where a greater man would have been lost forever, the rogue shone with increased brilliance. Tricks were played upon him which he, in his sagacious folly, turned to his own profit. True to himself, his last thoughts were devoted to mischief. Dying, he made a will, in which he left his possessions, all contained in one large box, to be divided among his friends, the council of Mullen, and the parson of that town. But when his heirs opened the box they found only stones. Over Eulenspiegel's grave was placed a stone, on which was cut an owl, a looking-glass, and the following epitaph:

"Here lies Eulenspiegel buried low,  
His body is in the ground;  
We warn the passenger that so  
He move not this stone's bound."

Eulenspiegel was the true child of his age. Had we no other records of mediæval Europe, we could read its home-life in the *Marvelous Adventures of Master Tyll*. Wanton playfulness—mischief for the sake of mischief—is the keynote to the whole book, as it is to the wonderful centuries which separated the barbarism of the Dark Ages from the light of the Renaissance,—a period little understood by the world of the nineteenth century.—*July Atlantic*.

## VARIETIES.

A BOSTON writer in his native language thus speaks of an oyster:—"The cooling morsel of deglutition, in its saline baptism, comes to the alimentary with an assurance of health from external atmospheres."

A VERY VEAL DINNER.—At a dinner given by Lord Polhemme, a Scotchman, nobleman and judge, his guests saw, when the covers were removed, that the fare consisted of veal broth, a roasted fillet of veal, veal cutlets, a veal pie, a calf's head and a calf's-foot jelly. The judge observing, the surprise of his agents, volunteered an explanation. "On, ay, it's a calf;

when we kill a beast, we just eat up as side and doun the tither."

GREAT discoveries have an humble origin. Truffled boiled eggs owe their discovery to the forgetfulness and negligence of the cook of an old *gourmet*, a friend of the Marquis de Cussy.

The story runs that the epicurean master one day brought home some truffles and gave them to his cook with the injunction to keep them for the preparation of a pheasant that was to grace his board. The cook, not knowing where to put the precious tubercles, placed them into a glass jar where she kept her eggs. The next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis de Cussy and the *gourmet*, his friend, had boiled eggs. "But your eggs are truffled!" suddenly exclaimed the sharp-scented Marquis. "Certainly they are," coolly replied the host. "But how do you manage it?" "I feed my chickens on rasped truffles!" "No, joking aside, call up your cook and let her explain," said the Marquis impatiently. The cook came, and said that she had put the truffles into a glass globe full of eggs, the globe had been shut with a cork plug and kept covered for twenty-four hours; the shell of the eggs seemed to be permeable, and the subtle perfume of the truffles had penetrated the meat of the egg, and the truffled egg was discovered.

A QUAKER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—At Westminster Abbey Isaac Hopper paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The door-keeper followed him, saying, "You must uncover yourself, sir." "Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affection of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean! must I take off my coat?" "Your coat?" responded the man, smiling; "no, indeed; I mean your hat." "And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired. "Because you are in a church, sir," answered the door-keeper. "I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker; perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles? I suppose thou art aware that it is the people, and not the building, that constitutes a church?" The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated, "You must take off your hat, sir." But the Friend again inquired, "What for? on account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images." The man persisted in saying that no person could be allowed to pass through the church without uncovering his head. "Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money, and I will go out." The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice, and he walked away without saying anything more on the subject.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A CHANGE of Ministry has taken place in South Austria.

A CYCLONE has done much damage in the Blois district, France.

ONE hundred and fifty buildings have been destroyed by a fire at Tombstone, Arizona.

A HEATED term prevails at New Orleans and numerous sunstrokes are reported.

LORD DUFFERIN presented his credentials to the Sultan of Turkey on Tuesday last.

SERIOUS troubles have occurred at Sida, and one hundred Spaniards were killed by the insurgents.

THE Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien has opened a subscription list for the sufferers by the great fire in Quebec.

KANSAS has been visited by another terrible hurricane. The usual damage to property and loss of stock is reported.

AN aerial ship is to be constructed in New York to experiment as to the possibility of flying from America to England.

THE Passion Players of Ober-Ammergau are preparing to present a comedy, and on Sunday too—all, no doubt, in the interest of religion.

THE festival of St. Jean Baptiste was celebrated on Friday by the French-Canadians and the Masonic fraternity throughout the Dominion.

EIGHTY summonses have been taken out by liquor sellers in Paterson, N. J., against prominent temperance workers for violation of the Sunday laws.

THE position of affairs in Montreal regarding the ship labourers' strike begins to assume a serious aspect. Additional police protection has been obtained from Quebec.

EXCURSION steamers were closely watched at New York on Sunday to prevent overcrowding. This is one of the beneficial effects of the lamentable tragedy at London.

A COMET is reported as visible in all parts of the Continent. In Arizona the nucleus appears to be half as large as the full moon, and the fan-shaped tail is very brilliant.

THE Tichborne claimant has again appeared, this time in San Diego, California. He knows the whole history of Roger Tichborne better than Mr. Orton, and has been interviewed by the Duke of Sutherland and Dr. Wm. Russell.

THE Pope is sending a prelate to Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of affairs. The Catholic bishops of America are instructed to exhort their flocks to abstain from any action likely to promote civil war in Ireland.