

Ask only those who, whether they be singers or players, love the art for art's sake, and let those who care to listen—some if they will. It will not be long before you will note an improvement in the quality of the performance and, if you have started with the trivial, an earnest desire to employ yourselves with good works, worthy of all the study you can give to them. If you admit a flute-player, he will, it is to be hoped, soon find that there is but little he can do for you, and will, in due season, gravitate to his proper sphere,—the amateur orchestra. Amateur tenors are sometimes quite tractable, and, as a rule, you can take the conceit out of them by giving them something to read *à prima vista*. For this purpose, a quartette for mixed voices is preferable; for then the tenor cannot always be singing a tune. If you mean to keep up the interest in your musical evenings, beware of finery and hummerly; for, as soon as you give yourself over to Dame Fashion, the spirit of the affair will be changed, and Mrs. Leo Hunter will again rule the roost.

And how is it at one of Mrs. Hunter's little musicales? In the first place, it is not "little," except in the amount of good music that is given. The guests number a hundred or more,—the ladies in ravishing toilets, pretty faces and ugly ones, vacuity and intelligence, side by side; escorting them are nice young men and elderly beaux, who, when they are not talking loud enough to annoy the few who care to listen, seem dreadfully bored. Then, too, there is a contingent of youths who do not seem to know why they have come, unless it be to air their crush hats, and who impress you with the idea that they are exactly equal to the arduous task they have undertaken.

The performance begins. A young lady struggles with the difficulties of a fantasia by Liszt. There is nothing to be said, except that she cannot play it, and, therefore, does not. However, she remains at the piano long enough to get through with it, and has succeeded in giving what might be recognized as a caricature of the piece. The harmonies have been changed now and then, not because of any dissent from the composer's ideas, but simply because, striking out blindly, she has grasped the wrong chords. She leaves the piano, fluttering and blushing, and is at once overwhelmed with praise by those who have hardly listened to her playing. Then, from the rear end of the room, comes No. 2. She has chosen that distant seat so that the largest possible number of the assembled guests may behold her gorgeous raiment as she threads her way through the audience up to the piano. She sings the "Ah! non credea." It has a somewhat familiar air. The words are undistinguishable; but she manages to get through her aria, for the accompanist is her teacher, the noted Signor Doremi, who knows the weak spots, and now and then helps her with the melody. It may be remarked, in passing, that your singing amateur rarely knows enough of piano-playing to accompany the simplest ballad. This is followed by an instrumental solo, furnished by a fat, pudgy-looking person, who will insist on playing sentimental *adagios* on the violin, and who makes up for his dimly pathetic conception of the composer's meaning by being wretchedly out of tune. He has long since left youth behind him, and, unless checked by some lucky accident, will probably keep up his lackadaisical performances until second childhood overtakes him. Herr Ecking, a professional violinist, is so disgusted that he insists on playing his selection immediately afterward, although he has been assigned a place further on in the programme. With fine, self-satisfied air, he begins his solo, and, strange to say, although he played it to perfection the day before, in his own room and when no one was listening, he is sadly out of tune as was the amateur. His piece is more pretentious, however, and, as a specimen of what may be called the epileptic school of violin-playing, will do very well.

But why go on? There is more singing, more playing, a noisy overture for three pianos, a malignant attack of flute *arpeggios à la Bricciardi*, and a melancholy violoncello solo; at last, the concert is at an end, and supper is announced.

Now and then, Mrs. Hunter inveigles some clever, struggling artist, who is flattered by her invitation, and sees preferment and engagements ahead in consequence. His presence leads a value to the entertainment which otherwise it would have lacked. He is delighted with his entrance into "society," and, when, a few days later, he meets some of the ladies to whom he has been presented, he is not a little surprised to find that his respectful bow is met by a cold stare of ignorance. As a foreigner, he cannot be blamed for not knowing the ways of those who consider themselves our best people. He is asked to Mrs. Hunter's again and again, and has even been one of the guests at a dinner party, when some music was wanted of him afterward. Let him but give a concert, and Mrs. Hunter will show how far her devotion to art and artists will carry her. On the day of the performance, he receives a polite note informing him how sorry she is that other engagements prevent her from attending, and in a little package accompanying the note he finds the exact number of tickets he had sent her.

Why should she go out of her way to help him along? She has used him, it is true, to help entertain her guests; but she will not need him next season, for she must then have new attractions. The parlor concerts will, of course, continued by her; for in what other way can she so cheaply entertain a large company?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE kindergarten system has just reached the age of one hundred years and the centenary of its founder Froebel has been celebrated in Germany with great rejoicings. On another page we give an illustration of the crowning of his statue by the little children of Leipsig.

A SLOOP REGATTA.—We give on another page a spirited drawing of the sloop race which took place on the 5th inst. in the lower bay New York. Few of our readers are aware of the amount of skill and judgment required to manage one of these tiny craft even in ordinary sailing trim; but when with their immense spread of racing canvas and nimble crew they cross the line for a race, they seem almost like animate beings striving for supremacy, so quick are they in their manœuvres.

THE FATE OF LEGENDRE.—Adrien Marie Legendre was called to account on the college campus by the Columbia Sophomores on the night of Monday, June 5. It was a solemn affair. At 10 P.M., by the worth monument at Madison Square, the Sophomores assembled with their friends and sympathizers, and formed in a long procession. They were attired in Roman togas and the usual Greek trousers; they were decorated with sashes of silk and extemporized head-gear; they marched to the inspiring measures of a brass band; and at their head was the unfortunate "Legendre," bound hand and foot in a cart, condemned and hopeless, beyond the reach of brachysochrone of the functions of Laplace.

Arrived at the Campus, where the sacrificial fires were burning blue upon the altar, and Chinese deal-lights hung from the trees, the assembled multitude listened to a harrowing poem from the haruspex Jenkin, and to an astrological harangue from the canifex Ward. When this last was ended, the goat was placed upon the altar that the carnifex might slay it and look in it for omens, it being rightly thought that the mixed diet affected by that animal made its interior a likely place to search in. It was done, and although the victim appeared to have recently surfeited on sawdust, enough was found in it to settle the doom of "Legendre." He was promptly executed, and his remains strewn over the campus. "Nunc," said the haruspex; "est beerum bibendum, nunc pede libero, pulsanda floorum!" Whereupon they all adjourned to the American Institute Hall, where with beer and things a highly proper and festive time was had of it.

A VISIT TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

At last the weary rocking that has been our portion of late has ceased, and a delicious stillness has succeeded the uneasy motion; early morning though it is, we energetically get to work, rolling up wraps in shawl-straps, searching for long unused articles, with a delightful feeling of immunity from bumps and rolls, and yet instinctively now and then balancing for the lurch which does not come. Jersey is reached at last after a short though violent passage from Canada. We go above to get a first glance of the largest of the Channel Islands. Fort Regent, or rather what we can see of it, for the slow rolling mists, reminds us strongly of the Citadel at Quebec; the long lines of lamps are still burning on the pier; groups of stragglers are already forming, brought together by the tidings, "the Tharston has arrived," and are commenting volubly in Jersey French on our ship's appearance and our own. It has been a terribly rough voyage, and the Tharston's passengers do not present a very brilliant aspect, as can be seen glancing from face to face. The crew look used up also, and are "jolly glad," as one of them remarks, to get into port once more. The Jersey pilot that has threaded his skillful way through the treacherous rocks that hem his native isle, is standing with folded arms muttering something about "des anes" within hearing of his Guernsey confrère, whom he supplanted yesterday, and who in return makes a remark in which "crapaud" is the most conspicuous word, and then turns away with scorn on his brow. Nobody feels very amiable or good-tempered on this dull, drizzly morning, and we are not sorry to exchange the good ship that has carried us nearly three thousand miles, for the cab that is to transport us to St. John's parish. We bowl swiftly through the streets of St. Helier's, the town of Jersey, a neat, compactly-built, well-paved place; the new markets are a noticeable feature, and very handsome ones they are; some hitch, however, there is as to their opening, the Governor for some miserable reason having placed his "veto" on their being used, and therefore they remain boarded up to the indignation of the inhabitants. Several fine churches there are, a new post office just completed and luckily not "vetoed," many flourishing shops, the shutters of which are just making their disappearance, and, as we pass the business limits and enter the aristocratic portion of St. Helier's, some very well-finished streets with row after row of fine residences indicate that many people of wealth and refinement make Jersey their home. Once outside the town, the contrast between the climate of the Channel Islands and that of Canada makes itself markedly visible. It is now early in December. When we left Canada the first snowstorm had taken place, every trace of it however had vanished; only muddy roads and damp pathwalks attesting its having had existence. Not a leaf was on the trees, the

fields were brown and sodden-looking. Here, as we reach the country district, emerald-green hedges border the road on either side—beyond them stretch verdant fields in soft velvety slopes; true many of the trees have lost their summer foliage, but the wondrous beautifier, ivy, does much to hide the loss by draping the ragged limbs in many caves with its soft pointed leaved masses. As we pass many sheltered nooks facing southward, we see roses blooming against cottage-walls, and gardens there are bright yet with brave little flowers that nod defiance to December's power to nip them from their places. In the fields, great heaps of turnips are visible, and the giant cabbage peculiar to Jersey stands in rows, many of them twelve feet high, at every farm-house. The roads are surprisingly good—not only in our first drive did we find them so, but in many subsequent ones, through the lanes that intersect the island in every quarter a rough place is very seldom to be met with. The roads are kept hard as cement, in spite of the frequency of rain, and level as a table. There are no turnpikes, it being incumbent on the property holders to maintain the condition of the roads, and this they do, either by sending men to work, or paying a sum of money yearly towards reparations. The coast of Jersey is full of bays of various sizes, but all remarkable for their beauty and picturesqueness. Chief among these indentations is St. Andrew's Bay upon which St. Helier's is situated in a valley, high bluffs rising on either side of the town. Fort Regent stands at one extremity of the bay, and St. Aubins, the former capital, at the other, the distance between being four miles and a half. A magnificent sea wall and promenade are in process of construction along the bay; when finished the walk from one end to the other will be without a rival for beauty of scenery; the fort, the town, with its long piers and lines of shipping stretching far out, the glorious curve of the bay and most unique feature of all, Elizabeth Castle far out in the waves—all combine to make a picture that cannot easily be excelled. Jersey abounds in antiquities. Rambling through the winding ivy-hedged lanes frequently arched with venerable trees, one comes now and again across old crumbling-walled farm-houses with dates of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries set in the mediæval-looking gateways. Mont Orgueil Castle is perhaps the most interesting of the relics of a former age that remain. Standing on a high bluff, the noble old edifice has defied wind and weather since before the Conqueror saw and coveted his Saxon cousin's domains. Among the most interesting features are the room in which Charles II. slept during his sojourn here, the secret stairs leading to the sea, down which he made his escape; the dungeon where Puritan Prynne spent two dreary years, his daily food handed down to him through a hole in the ceiling, and an old well, which the guide assured us relishingly, had been the receptacle of many an unlucky prisoner. "Listen, Miss," said our morbid Cicerone, "no one knows the depth of this here well, it goes far below the sea." And as if in confirmation of his words, he dropped a large stone down the black, yawning hole. Instinctively we all held our breaths, and a silence "deep as death" prevailed for some seconds, till the hollow "plop" announced that the stone had reached its destination. Elizabeth Castle, built on a rocky islet a mile from land, the path to which is submerged at high tide, is named after the virgin queen, and was built before the Armada was launched. An interesting relic of her illustrious Majesty—Queen Elizabeth's Kitchen—was pointed out to us at the castle, but visitors are not allowed admission, so the royal pots and pans escaped our inspection. Perched on a high rock, near to the castle, is the Hermitage, a rough stone building, where St. Helier, a thousand odd years ago, led the life of a recluse, till it was cut short for him by the Normans, those scourges of the sea, whose depredations in Jersey were so frightful, that in their time the addition was made to the Litany, "A furore Normanorum libera nos Domine." The churches are almost all of ancient aspect; many of them date prior to the Reformation. Oldest of them all is that at St. Brelade's, and it is as well one of the most picturesque, with ivy mantling its walls and softening its rugged angles. This church was built in 1111; it is outdone in age, however, by the chapel, its predecessor, standing close by, which dates from 786. Although so old, this building (the chapel) is in excellent preservation, the walls and roof being perfectly intact. On the ceiling are visible the dull blue and earthy red of some frescoes, and the words, "Pharaoh ye Kynge" are still decipherable. The dates in the churchyard are comparatively modern, however, 1612 being the earliest. One epitaph—a very recent one—struck us peculiarly. It commemorated a bride of a year, from Cincinnati, Ohio, the husband who erected the stone being from Georgia. They had been married in St. Helier's, the death had occurred in Paris, and now the wanderer sleeps in this quiet little corner of Jersey, with the sea dashing against the churchyard wall not twenty feet off. This seems all the more noticeable since Americans are very rarely met with in the Channel Islands. Only one American have we seen since our sojourn here, and that one very transiently; the circumstance being fixed in our mind by a little incident in connection with him.

In spite of the small dimensions of this gem of the sea, the inhabitants have had the ambition to construct two railways upon it, viz., the Eastern and Western. To any one who has travelled the immense distances that separate

the cities of Canada and the United States, this diminutive form of "rapid transit" appears almost ludicrous. The stations are two and three minutes apart, and the iron steed has not time to get up a good gallop before he is reined up again. The first time we travelled on this Lilliputian railway happened to be Easter Monday. As is usual on holidays, Jersey was crowded with strangers, tourists from all parts, and of every kind, gentle and simple. One of these, who decidedly did not come under the latter category, in his own opinion, at least, was a young American whose nationality was betrayed by his tones as he questioned his companion: "Say, Jack, shall we take a Pullman?" This was within hearing of the guard; the look that functionary levelled in return would have withered any but a denizen of the "land of the free," etc. Another young fellow, evidently a Cockney, betrayed also by a vocal peculiarity, we overheard telling a ring of admiring companions that he had been stopping at the same hotel as "Anlan," had sat at the same table with the champion. Even the hardened American was moved by this, and deigned the speaker an appreciative glance ere he passed on.

A very conspicuous feature to a stranger is the number of distinct individualities observable in a crowd, no doubt owing to the proximity of so many widely differing nationalities. We were most struck by this on Christmas Eve, while strolling, or rather pushing our way through the crowded streets of St. Helier's. All the population of the island seemed concentrated in the town; and as the crowds surged past the brilliantly-lighted shop-windows, it was amusing to watch the different grades—country people, some of whom probably do not leave their parishes three times in the year, feeling bound on this occasion to do a little dissipation and "bang their saxpences; French women, with their high, white caps surmounting their rosy round faces; British tars, whose insouciant roll contrasted strangely with the erect, springy step of the red-coats frequent here and there; gipsy women, investing the result of many a flattering prophecy of long life and great riches; worn-out looking little telegraph boys, whose lives are a burden to them on these busy days. Now and again, a Salvation Army trio or quartette passed along, and the refrain of some popular "Moody and Sanky" hymn was heard till it died away far up the street.

Just now it is early in May as we write, and the "blithesome and amberless" song of the lark comes to us through the open window; and now and again the cuckoo's monotonous note. Nature is wearing her most smiling aspect. We have tried to sketch a drive through Jersey under December skies; let us see what six weeks of sun this side of the equator has done. Already the staple crop—potatoes—are being wrested from the soil; everywhere that we can go the vegetables are seen growing—on steep declivities, in nooks reclaimed from rock and furze, even in the grounds fronting handsome mansions, every available inch of land is made the most of. In January the "big ploughs," an institution similar to our "bee," took place. Straight as line and plummet could draw them, were the furrows made, the land when ready for the seed presenting the appearance more of carefully prepared garden beds than anything else. The land truly "smiles with a harvest" in due time, but it requires a far more elaborate tending than does our Canadian soil; the potatoes are planted in February, carefully and reverently handled, so that the long green shoots already upon them are not injured. In a couple of weeks from now the tide of trade will be at the flow; the piers will be crowded with vessels from all quarters to carry away the immense quantities of the vegetables grown and the golden harvest will pour in upon the Jersey farmers. Another source of wealth is the fancy prices obtained by the cattle. In the fields as we pass can be observed many splendid specimens of these far-famed cows, whose small highbred-looking heads, trained horns, straight backs and soft harmonious coloring make them a very agreeable feature in the landscape.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Leigh Smith search expedition leaves Peterhead next week.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE is reported to be constantly in health.

SIXTY persons were drowned by a water spout at Versecz, in Hungary.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has been confined to his room at Amherst, N.S., by illness during the week.

FOREST fires in Wisconsin are making disastrous havoc, and several lives are reported to have been lost.

HARMONY Mills at Cohoes were again closed down recently, and will probably remain so till September.

ADVICES from the interior of Chili tell of frightful barbarities perpetrated by both aborigines and Chilian soldiers.

THE situation in Egypt is more critical than at any previous moment in the present crisis. Arabi Bey is determined to yield only to superior force.

THE French Consul-General has asked to be recalled from Egypt, declining to be responsible for the security of French subjects.

THE excitement prevailing in oil circles has been greatly increased by the opening up of a new well in the Pennsylvania district which is said to show 3,000 barrels a day.