

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"Come hither, girl!" the old man said, while seeming sorrow bowed his head.
 "My son—thy lover, girl—is dead!"
 "Dead?" shrieked the maid, then murmured low.
 "Heaven help me!" "Nay, girl, speak not so."
 "He's merely dead—in love; you know."

LOOP REVIL.

FIAMMETTA.

Hardly a week has elapsed, and the solitude I thought never to tire of has become unendurable!

I actually listen, at times, for a footstep to pass my door!

Fitting punishment! Deserted by one, I mistrusted all, and fleeing hither, hoped to find among these rugged cliffs, dim caves, and grand old ocean symphonies, unmitigated solitude.

And now!
 The sun is setting behind the Isle of Mull fringing the clouds with gold, and illumining the heath-covered summits of the mountains with rich deep tints of violet and bluish purple as if to create effective contrast with the dark gray of the basaltic hills and the deep green of the ocean.

A large brown eagle flits from crag to crag, as if seeking his mate. Sea-birds swim in pairs or groups in the straits below. The shadows of evening are falling, and I am alone—

"Alone with my hopeless sorrow;
 No other mate I know."

Surely I hear a sound. What is it? Peculiar! the stuffed otter, perhaps! How do I know that he is dead? Given certain conditions, and he might recover, equally with yonder feathery coralline zoophyte! Perhaps he thinks I am dead! I sit still enough, often for hours, doing nothing, threading labyrinths of thought, gazing at the faces in the fire, he the while doing nothing, unless to get a firmer grip upon his face, and gazing speculatively at me.

Just now my cigar is making him envious. Or does a gleam from my taper scintillate in his eyes?

Again that sound, and not from the otter, clearly! It seems close at hand! Ah, what! am I awake, or dreaming?—or does solitude drive me mad? Shades of Petrarch, De Stael, Augustine! were your labours, then, but the forced fruit of lucid intervals, and man, if left alone, doomed ever to go mad? It must be so, or else this Hebridean flame is charmed, for, in truth, it is this taper's light itself that, tremulously flickering, gives out a sound!

"So drear—so drear out here!"

"Eh! what's that?"

"It's so drear out here. Do take me home!"

"Home!" I stammer, aghast; "there is no home!"

"Oh, yes, there is. My sister wants me—and Fiamino. Do take me home!"

"Pray, who is Fiamino?"

"Fiamino is my lover. Together we climb the tall back ridges of the mountains, and, wherever we go, the flowers spring up: flowers all crimson and gold—grander than any anything you have in your pale, murky world. Oh, please, do take me home!"

"What! before you have even told me your name?"

"My name is Fiammetta. There—hark! Can't you hear them calling 'Fiammetta! Fiammetta!'"

"I can't say that I do, although I admit there seems to be a little excitement about."

"Oh, how stupid clods are! Mamma always said so. Take me quickly home."

"I am much too angry."

"Angry?—are you? What about?"

"At your calling me stupid and a clod, of course."

"What's the use of being angry, when I only speak the truth? If, now, I had told a falsehood—"

"That would be impossible. But suppose one of your sisters told you Fiamino made love to her. It would be quite true, and yet you would be undoubtedly angry."

"How could Fiamino make love to my sister? I tell you he is engaged to me. Clods do that sort of thing, I know—I have seen and heard them often; but *we* do not."

"Not now, since Fiamino must think you have deserted him—for a clod. Won't he, for amusement, clasp the prettiest of them about the waist, and whirl her up to the smoke-wreathed crest of yonder black mountain, and give her a kiss?"

"No; he will not, I am quite sure. They may go together, looking among the dull gray crags for me, and peering about in the jasper caves. Or they might even wander over the mountain this once; because someone must wake up the flowers, and it is dull working alone. But kiss her! I cannot think what you are talking about."

"So you are not easily made jealous—eh, little one?"

"Jealous, indeed! We trust those we love, and think no evil, even if circumstances look strange!"

"As just now, for instance! But depend upon it, cold shoulder awaits you if you go back. Better stay with me always!"

"Will you have the kindness to take me back, please, now directly? Oh! what would mamma say if she knew?"

"You think she has not found out your escapade yet?"

"Mamma is dead, and gone up into the sky!"

"Ah! Your bright world is not without death, then? And how came poor mamma to die?"

"She was killed by a landslide."

"That was very sad! Do you have many landslips?"

"A great many little ones. But we usually manage to scamper out of the way. It is even good fun sometimes. Only I wish there were no wands!"

"And what are wands?"

"Not know what wands are? I wish to goodness you didn't know how to use them! It seems to me they are the last resource of clods who are lazy!"

"Poor little Fiammetta! I shall never use a wand again."

"Won't you? Oh, I'll tell Fiamino!"

"Fiamino be blessed! You will just stay and talk ethics to me. I cannot possibly let you go! You are such an amusing little article!"

"But I must, indeed, go! Now please don't keep me any longer. Do you know why I spoke to you?"

"I haven't an idea to what I am indebted for that honour."

"To your eyes! When I looked at them, I saw myself! And that never happens except when clods are nice. I always judge by that."

"You condescend to take a little notice of us, then, sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes, when the mountains have more dark slopes to brighten up; and Fiamino is gone somewhere into the purple haze at the back. Then I just perch myself on a bar, and look about a bit. But it is not very amusing."

"Not at that distance. But you know you are longing all the time to jump down from your prison bars, and never go back to Fireland any more."

"Indeed I am not! There is nothing I should dislike more! I detest clods as a rule; I don't see their use! Can you tell me what it is?"

"For one thing, there would be no fire-worlds. And where, in that case, would be the Fiamettas, not to say Fiaminos?"

"That is too ridiculous! We were in existence long before the earliest clod was made from dust. They are quite a new invention compared to us. And, for my part, I think them a mistake—a blot on the universe!"

"Humph! May I ask why you have so unfavourable an opinion of us?"

"Why? Because the first of you set to work to do wrong the moment he had an opportunity, and his example has been regularly followed all through. Not one of you is to be trusted. There must be laws for this and laws for that. If you were what you ought to be, such precautions would be altogether unnecessary."

"They are needed only for a comparative few. Man is a law to himself."

"A clod a law to himself! That's amusing, indeed. What in? His love—his ambition—his greed? Why, there has to be a chain and a fetter forged for him at every step he takes in pursuit of any of them. While as to justice and generosity, oh, if ever I do long to leave home, it is to ask them how, in the face of Him who created them out of the very dirt, they dare set themselves up above their fellows, and act so unjustly by them!"

"You would have enough to do, little one, to go running a-tilt against the world's injustice."

"From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy.
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of fanning calumny
 To the small whisper of the aspaltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew."

Venom that would poison all my life, did I give heed to it? Bah! I am terrifying you, poor child!"

"Are you hurt, that you look like that?"

"To the death, some hope."

"But there is no high thing out of heaven
 That pride o'er-mastereth not!"

"Ah, if Fiamino said things to hurt me like that, I should die!"

"And what is your idea of dying?"

"Going up into the sky, if we're good, and having banners given us to wave at the rising and the setting sun. And those who do their work best will get the prettiest colours. I like crimson—do you?"

"I think I prefer green."

"Ah! green is for those who are disappointed here, but who keep working and hoping, hoping and working, all the same."

"So you are not afraid of dying?"

"Oh, no! What's the use, when it must happen some day?"

"To you as well as to clods."

"Yes. But shall I tell you what they say will happen to clods?"

"Do."

"And you won't be vexed with little me?"

"Certainly not, gentle Fiammetta. Nay, more—I will endeavour to lay store by your philosophy, and profit by it."

"Well, they do say that there will come a time when we shall have the power to punish those who have been hard, stern, and un pitying—that we shall be as kings, with crowns of gold and sceptres of topaz, and no clod will be able to stand against us!"

"Why, what a fierce little thing it can be, with all its soft, glowing looks and broom-blossom hair!"

"Will you put me back now, please?"

"If you insist upon it. But may I fetch you to-morrow?"

"Oh, no; I can never come again."

"I think you will. I shall wish for you so much that you will be bound to come."

"Now, please—haste—that is Fiamino! Oh, do be quick!"

"Then the die is irrevocably cast for this time. Well, good-bye, Fiammetta!"

Moon rising! Wind blowing!

A good stretch along the coast is about the thing for me now. Mine host's port, it strikes me, is a trifle heady.

F. P.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged

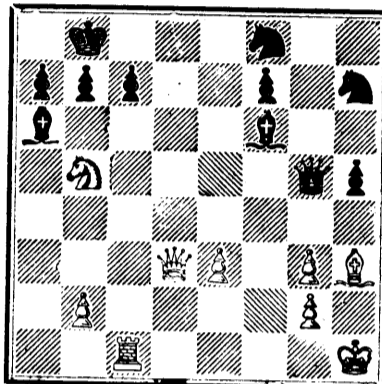
TO CORRESPONDENTS

F. H. A. Quebec. Solution of Problem No. 41 received. Correct.

PROBLEM No. 45.

From the Chess Player's Chronicle.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 50TH.

Played recently between two prominent players of the Quebec Chess Club.

Ernst's Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Sanderson.) BLACK.—(Mr. C. Champion)

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to KB 3rd
3. B to Q 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th
7. Castles
8. Q takes P
9. Kt to K Kt 5th
10. Q to B 2nd
11. Q to R 4th (ch)
12. Q takes Kt
13. K Kt to B 3rd
14. Q to Q 3rd
15. Kt to Q 4th
16. P takes B
17. P to K B 4th
18. P to K 5th
19. Kt to B 3rd
20. P to Q 5th
21. P to K 6th
22. B to R 3rd
23. K R to K B 3rd
24. B to Kt 2nd
25. K R to Kt 3rd
26. Kt to Q sq
27. Kt to K B 2nd
28. Kt to R 3rd
29. Q to Q 4th
30. Q to Q B 3rd
31. Q R to K sq
32. Q to Kt 3rd
33. Q to Q 3rd
34. Q R to K 3rd
35. P to Q R 3rd
36. P takes P
37. Q to Q 2nd
38. R takes B
39. Q R to K Kt 3rd
40. B takes R
41. Q takes P
42. Q takes R P
43. R takes Kt P
44. R to K Kt 3rd
45. P takes Q, won after a few moves by white.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 43.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to R 5th | 1. R takes P |
| 2. R to K R 8th | 2. Anything |
| 3. R or Kt mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 42.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R takes P at Q 5th (ch) | 1. K takes P at Q B 2nd |
| 2. P to Q R 8th, becoming a Kt, and mates | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 43.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q B sq | K at K R 4th |
| Q at K Kt 2nd | Q at K 4th |
| R at K Kt 6th | B at K 3rd |
| B at Q 2nd | B at K R 5th |
| B at Q Kt 3rd | P at K Kt 2nd and K R 3rd |
| P at Q B 2nd | |

White to play and mate in three moves.

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