

THE ABBEY BELL.

A LEGEND.

List to the simple story Which the peasants of Baden tell; A simple, faithful story— And give both praise and glory To Bayon the abbe bell.

High on a bank of the river Rhine, An ancient abbey stood In front of a stately wood. On the slope before grew the vine, With spreading leaf and twisted root That furnished the monks with luscious fruit And the abbey chapels with wine. Above on the meadows the great herds fed, And their lowing mixed with the sounds from below, With the chirping of birds, the sheep's low, And the tinkling of bells on the ringer that led The snow-white flocks with conscious tread, As they follow the shepherd, or quietly stand To lick the salt from his gentle hand. Behold the abbey the great clock tower Gazing afar with its deal eyes, Lifted its spire crowned head to the skies, Tolling each passing hour.— Bayon, the bell, the abbey's pride, Within the clock tower hung; Within the clock tower Bayon swung And scanned the country far and wide Of the ebbing of life's tide. His it was at break of morn To rouse the abbey to life; And his peal on the early zephyrs borne With kindly greetings was rife— And when he tolled all demons fled— Inspired with dread— For a holy monk had blessed the bell With many a prayer and sacred rite, And at its peal the spirits of hell Flew as the darkness flies from light; And when as curfew bell, He proclaimed the close of day, Each monk repaired to his narrow cell, For his fellow-men to pray; Or devoutly to pore on the holy tome That spoke to his heart of a future home, And of everlasting day. Among the rest, Justin, a novice blest, To his cell betook his way, And weary knelt him down to pray; While in prayer the youth was sunk, Before him the arch fiend tempter stood, Disguised as a brother monk.— As the Abbott of Holy Rood, To Justin he spoke in accents mild, And said: "My son, my beloved child, Here you lead but a life of care, A life of weary toil and prayer, Come then with me to my abbey fair, To the abbey of Holy Rood; And you shall have rest from labor there, And shall feast on delicious food." Thus spoke the tempter in accents low, Thinking the holy youth to tempt, For no mortal who dwells on earth below, Though pure the stream of his life may flow, From temptation is exempt. But lo! on the evening air, As if raised for the monk in prayer, A peal from Bayon sounded. At the sound the tempter vanished; By the voice of Bayon banished, By the Virgin's power confounded. For the peasants say 'twas at Mary's command The bell had been tolled by an angel's hand; For 'twas known that Bayon from days of yore Had never tolled at that hour before; And Justin thanked God, and praised the bell, That had rescued him from the power of hell.

This is the simple story, Which the faithful peasants tell— The simple and faithful story— Now give both praise and glory To Bayon the abbe bell.

FORDHAM.

ST. VALENTINE.

I have in my possession certain books and papers, some of which, although the dates were either never appended, or have been since obliterated, I can recognize as belonging to the sixteenth century. That anything instructive, much less interesting, could possibly be got from such material, would seem at first impossible, and the time expended by deciphering them would, by many, be regarded as thrown away. Nevertheless, while leisurely perusing one of these yellow, antique manuscripts, I chanced upon a sweet and pathetic tale, written in the *Langue d'Oil*, at that time in its transition stage. The incidents related occurred, undoubtedly, about the close of the fifteenth century; the precise dates, I have reason to suppose, were 1493-94, dates which also mark the close of the middle ages.

In the quiet town of Le Mans—for though it was the chief town of Maine, it was a quiet place—lived a poor widow; her only support was her son Jacques, a fine brave boy, just at that period of life when all seems bright and joyous; he was troubled with no fears of the future, either for himself or his mother; as for himself, indeed, he had never known fear, and had managed by honest toil to save enough to keep his aged mother in comfort.

She often said to him: "Thou wilt make a good husband, my boy." And, indeed, this had sorely troubled the poor old lady, who would gladly have seen her son settled in life, but she could not decide which of the many maidens of Le Mans would make the fittest match for her Jacques. There was Josephine, the inn-keeper's daughter, but she was too much of the coquette; there was that black-eyed Henriette, over the way, who, perhaps, would do as well as anybody. But Jacques, although he said nothing, was attached to the miller's daughter, Emilie, a quiet, simple-hearted maiden. How the attachment had come about, was in this way. On the last St. Valentine's Eve, all the young folks had assembled, as was customary, for an evening's jollification.

The principal part of the evening's amusement was a little game that was much in vogue at that time. All the company were supplied with slips of paper, upon which the young men inscribed the names of the young ladies and vice versa.

These were all placed in a common receptacle from which all drew one, as in a lottery, care being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person drawn became one's valentine for a year's time. Of course, besides having got a valentine for oneself, one also became some other person's valentine; but, as Misson, a learned traveller of the early part of last century, remarks, "the man stuck faster to the valentine that had fallen to him, than to her to whom he had fallen." But this time a most unusual thing happened. Emilie and Jacques drew one another; great surprise was expressed on all hands, and many were the jokes on the occasion. Before this, Jacques had thought little of the quiet girl who was now brought so prominently under his notice. As they grew more intimate, he discovered a rich mine of womanly thoughtfulness and feeling, beneath her quiet, maidenly reserve, which by the casual observer was often mistaken for prudery or ignorance. About the close of 1493, however, Charles VIII. declared war against Italy, and Jacques, like many another before and since, determined to follow the fortunes of the ambitious young king. "It is my duty," he said, in reply to the entreaties of his mother and Emilie, "and if I fall, it shall be like my father before me, with my face to the enemy." For a long time, in that campaign of 1494, success attended the French arms, and they were now nearing Naples; but here they were overthrown by the united forces of Italy, Austria, and Venice. There fell poor Jacques, already well-known in the army by his bravery in previous battles. Before the battle, he had given two letters to a companion; his friend survived, though hardly wounded, and the letters reached Le Mans two months afterwards.

Both were extremely short; to his mother he commended Emilie to her as a daughter, and the other enjoined upon Emilie to watch over his aged mother. The aged and grief-stricken mother did not long survive her unfortunate son; Emilie was with her to the last, and only when her adopted mother was gone did she feel the full force of her sorrow. She afterwards retired to a neighboring convent, there to bury her grief in good deeds and holy ministrations. The MS. relates, in its prosy way, that she lived to a very old age, and was renowned far and wide for her charities and deeds of mercy; and when, at last, the bells tolled farewell to Sister Emilie, many a heart was raised to heaven in thankful remembrance.

The second story brings us nearer home, and I lay aside all MSS. and trust entirely to my memory. Nor will I make any abstract speculations with regard to time and place, for both are too well known to me to be ever forgotten, but neither shall be revealed. The hero (if such a name is applicable to a person who ignominiously falls in love and loses what few scraps of sense he formerly had) is my unworthy self; the heroine—well, she shall be introduced at the proper time; till then, have patience, fair reader, and hear a little about your humble servant. I am a Canadian born and bred; my parents died when I was quite young, and the little property left me was expended on my education. After leaving college, I tried my hand at many things, but finally settled into journalism. I had had no love affairs in my younger days, and my free and careless life since, had engendered a cynical feeling with regard to all matters of the heart. I regarded love as a fanciful sentiment evolved from the imaginations of sickly novelists and still more sickly poets. That I should be guilty of falling in love was simply impossible; the mere thought wore absurdity on the very face of it. But that I did so "is most true." My charmer was a young widow of three years' standing, that is, of three years' widowhood. I met her at a small party about Christmas time not many years back; here, the wily widow so contrived it that we had several *interviews*; and then she took the castle by storm; no tedious siege work for her; oh, no, if this fortress was to be taken at all, it must be done at once. And all the time she kept drawing me out and cutting and slashing at me in a way that I have never seen equalled in the review columns of the most sarcastic journals. Behold me then, hitherto invincible, now surrendering unconditionally to a widow. But now a new difficulty arose, and that was to affect a capitulation on the other side as well. As I was wholly unused to this kind of warfare, I neglected the established usages of people in love. And on the approach of February 14th, 1877, the plan of surprising the enemy by a valentine was met with considerable opposition, but the plea that "all's fair in love and war" at last carried the day; and the committee of ways and means obtained the article in question after much mature deliberation regarding its suitability, sentimentality and many other points of importance. The address was written in a painfully disguised hand, and within it was written, "Guess who's the sender." This was carefully mailed on the 13th, and on returning home at 6 p.m. on the 14th, I was not a little surprised at finding a mysterious packet awaiting me; opening it, I found it to be a valentine of very respectable dimensions, and inscribed in it was:—"If I have guessed rightly, please come round and spend the evening." I needed no second invitation, and presented myself accordingly at an early hour at No. —, B. street. I can say conscientiously I never spent a happier evening, and it was all arranged before I left. We were married shortly afterwards, and by a very curious coincidence, the next anniversary of St. Valentine saw me the father of a fine

boy. But as I write, there she comes herself and wants to know what I am writing about. "Guess." What lucky genius prompted her I know not, but she guessed aright, St. Valentine.

Montreal.

X.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and game received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 106. Correct. F., Montreal.—Letter and Problems received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 107, received. W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 107, received. Correct. H. A. C. P., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 107 received.

The following Chess item we insert in our Column at the request of a correspondent, who takes much interest in all that relates to the royal game. We thank him for his contribution, which we are sure will be interesting to others besides Chess players.

PLAYING CHESS WITH HUMAN MEN.—Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of Chess, have heard of the games played in the Middle Ages with living Chessmen. According to a letter in the *Illustrated*, Lord Lytton has recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Madras, last month, his lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, in a novel game of Chess with Col. Millett.

The Chess board, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of white and red called, with checkers a *yard square*, having been spread in front of the hall, Chessmen, men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniform appropriate to the various pieces, were marked in, and took their places. Then, by word of command, each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for the Victoria.

An Emperor of Morocco, who once indulged in a similar amusement, is said to have added a terrible realism to the game, by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

Mr. Bird, who has just returned from a visit to the Chess players of Sherbrooke, P. Q., took part in a tournament at the Montreal Chess Club, on Saturday last, the 10th inst., when he played simultaneously against more than twenty antagonists.

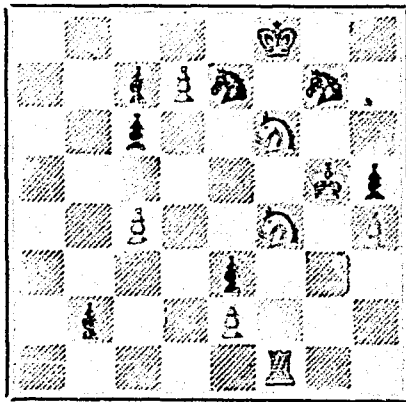
The match began at 3 p.m., and continued, with two hours' intermission, till a little after 11 p.m., at which time Mr. Bird had scored fifteen games, lost one, two were drawn, and the rest had to be adjourned.

We shall not fail to give full particulars in our next Column.

PROBLEM No. 109.

By H. J. C. ANDREWS.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 156TH.

CHESS IN CANADA.

A lively skirmish, played at the Montreal Chess Club, a few days ago, between Mr. Bird and Mr. Shaw, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

(White's Queen's Knight must be removed.)

THE GAMBIT REFUSED.

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. Kt to K B 3 4. Kt takes K P 5. P to Q 4 6. B takes P 7. P takes B 8. Castles 9. B to K Kt 5 10. K to R sq 11. B takes R P (ch) 12. Q to R 5 (ch) 13. Q R to K sq 14. R takes Kt 15. R takes P (ch) 16. B to R 6 (ch) And wins. BLACK.—(Mr. Shaw.) P to K 4 P to Q 4 P takes K P B to Q 3 P takes P (on pass) B takes Kt Kt to K 2 Castles Q to Q 5 (ch) Q takes P K takes R K to Kt sq Q to Q R 4 P to K B 3 K takes R

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GAME 157TH.

Played in the *Clipper* Tournament between Messrs. Bird and Wernich.

(From *Land and Water*.)

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt to K 5 6. B to K 2 (ch) 7. Castles 8. P to Q B 4 9. Q Kt to B 3 10. P to B 5 11. P takes P 12. B to K Kt 5 13. B takes Kt 14. Q to R 4 15. Q R to Q sq 16. Kt takes B 17. R takes P 18. K R to K 5 sq 19. R takes B 20. B to K 4 21. Q takes Kt (ch) 22. Kt to K 5 23. Q to Q 8 (ch) BLACK.—(Mr. Wernich.) P to K 4 Kt to Q B 3 P takes P Q to R 5 Q takes P (ch) K to Q 3 P to Q 3 Kt to B 3 Q to K sq Q to Q 2 (ch) P takes P P to K R 3 P takes B P to B 4 B to Q 2 P takes Kt K to K 4 (ch) Kt takes R Q to K 4 P to R 3 Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) B to K 3 is the usual and better reply to the check of the Queen. (b) Already Black's position is a cheerless one. His pieces are locked in, and with a poor prospect of escape from distance file. (c) A poor resource, but he does not seem to have any better.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 107.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q 6 K to B 3 (A) 2. B to K 2 Any move. 3. R to K B 8 mate.

(A) P to Q 5 (B) 2. R to K 4 Any move. 3. R mates.

(B) P to Kt 6 K moves. 2. R to B 3 (ch) 3. R mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 105.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q B 7 (ch) Kt to Q 3 2. P to Q 4 P takes P (on pass) 3. B takes Kt (ch) Q to K 5 4. P takes P, mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 106.

WHITE. BLACK.

Kt to Q B 7 K to K B 7 R to K sq Pawns at K B 3 Kt to K 6 Q 3 and Q B 4 Pawns at K B 5, Q 5, and Q B 4.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SCIENTIFIC.

A close watch is being kept on the prospective eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The latest things from the spot were written at the Observatory on the Mount, on Jan. 7, by Prof. Palmieri. He reported that for the previous few days the instruments had shown evident signs of agitation, and the smoke from the mountain was issuing with greater force and increased volume.

JEWELRY advertisement for COLES & CO., 735 Broadway, New York City. Lists various jewelry items like watches, rings, and bracelets with prices.

EMPLOYMENT advertisement offering good pay for two enterprising men or women in each County.

DON'T READ advertisement for Family Herald and Weekly Star, a family newspaper with various departments like agriculture, medicine, and politics.