THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! in the land of the Giants I was born, Brave Chees: in the sand of the Giants I was born, My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in scorn; I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul! Used to bathe me each morain the snows of the pole; While my father, whose shoulders ensured him respect, With three shagg; bear skins my cradle bedecked.

My Father, O Chiefs! was astoundingly strong, Now alas! he is weak, for bis! let has been long; His hair is like snow, and deep wrinkles appear On his brow, telling plainly his end draweth near. When he wants a new staff his frail steps to sustain He can scarcely uproof a young oak from the plain!

But I will replace him; I scoff at all fear, I am heir to his steel bow, his axe and his spear, I alone can succeed the old man at his death, Who am able the poplars to bend with my breat And can dangle my feet in the valley at will. While I carelessly sit on the top of a hill.

I was merely a boy, when I opened a road O'er the snow peaks that form Winter's Alpine abode; My head, like a mountain that vapour enshrouds, Arrested the course of the ga loping clouds, And, often, uplifting my hands to the sky. I selzed the proud eagles far sailing on high-

I fought with the storm, and my breath, as it streamed, Extinguished each flish of the lightning that gleamed. Or, bent upon sport, I would eagerly chase. The wallowing kings of Leviathin's race. While I troubled far more than the nurricane's blast. The ocean, that opened its plain as I passed.

From my grasp, which was merciless, nothing could The hank in the sky, or the shark in the wave; The hear, whose huge body my arms were thrown

round,

Breathed his last in my grip without visible wound,

And offilmes, while tracking wild beasts in the snow,

I have crushed the white teeth of the lynx with a blow.

These pastimes were only the frolics of youth. For manhood's ambition too trivial, forsooth: War now is my passion. I glost o'er the fears And curses of malitudes, mingled with tears. I love the fierce soldiery, bounding in arms, Who gladden my soul with their shouts and alarms

When the onser is glowing 'mid powder and blood, And the rage of the fight, like a turbulent flood. Sweeps hurriedly onward the warrier and horse. I rise in my might, and, directing its course, I fearlessly plunge in the ranks of the brave. Like a sea-bird that swoops on the dark-rolling wave.

Like a reaper alone 'mid the ripe waving corn I stand, while the squadrons in tattle are torn. When the rear of my voice is but heard to resound. Their veils in the ecooing thouder are drowned, And my hand, like some rigid, hard knotted, old oak, Unarmed batters armour with death-dealing stroke-

Stark paked I fight, for so dayntless I feel, That I scorn the projection of iron or steel; I laugh at your wacriers, and void or all lear, Carry nonght to the Iray but my tough ashen spear, And this belimet so tight that ten buils, stout and strong, If well yoked together, might drag it along!

No ladders I need, when besieging a fort-No fadors I been, ware overlying a lott-To shiver the chains of a drawbridge is sport— Like a catapul! formed of lockholible brass I cramble high towers in one ruinons mass, And I wrestle, as 'twere, with the walls of a town, Till its moats are filled up with the ramparts pulled

But, Warriors! the day will arrive, when at length I must follow my victims, despoited of my strength, Oh! leave not my corpse as a handpet for crows, Let my sepulchre be the Alps' loftiest snows, That strangers, who goze on each far-soaring peak. What mountain my tomb is may wondering seek!

GEO. MURRAY.

ADELINA PATTI.

Adelina Patti is Italian by descent, a Madrilene by birth, a Yankee by nurture. She was born very nearly thirty-eight years ago, that is on the ninth of April, 1843, receiving at her christening the euphonious names of Adelina Maria Clorinda. Taken at an early age to America, she made her first appearance on the stage in New York in the winter of 1859-60, be-fore she was seventeen. Her success was com-plete, for which she had to thank first her own genius, and secondly, the lovingly careful train-ing of Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law. She soon made up her mind to cross the Atlantic. She went to England in the spring of 1861 English opera-goors still remember the four-teenth of May in that year, when Patti, as Amina in the "Sonnambula" first confronted them. From that day her life has been one long series of triumphs. I may mention that the late Prince Albert, whose last opera season it was to be, expressed himself with unfeigned rapture on the subject of Patti; but she stood in no need even of his kindly patronage.

For seven years she lived fancy free, and fewer

stones were flung at her than at most ladies of her profession. Then followed the first great mistake of her life. Yet the Marquis de Caux was a fine-looking man enough, of courtly presence, and of agreeable manners. His nobility too was of the most authentic description, the Cahuzacs being a very old Gascon family. It is to be feared, indeed, that the marquis is doubly a Gascon. He had however so far lowered his nobility as to accept the post of chamberlain to "the prince"—the only title his kith ard kin would accord to Napoleon III. The emperor was much annoyed at the marriage. Too conscious that his court lacked prestige in the eye of Guelphs and Hohenzollerns, he knew its lustre would scarcely be intensified by an official of the palace espousing a singer. However, he was too good-natured and indolent to say anything unpleasant to the marquis; while the empress also constrained nerself to be civil. She so far unbent as to congratulate the Patti in a grave, maternal sort of way, and hoped she was aware of the responsibilities that would be attached to her high station. Patti took the lecture meekly enough, and seems to have been rather awed by she enjoys it keenly in others, and has a lively

the demeanor of the first lady in France. On one point their majesties were inexerable. The husband of Adelina Patti could not retain his post as imperial chamberlain. But as the post was not a lucrative one, the marquis cared little at the time, and when Sedan supervened, still

The marriage took place in England, in the unsympathetic neighbourhood of Clapham. Patti called on Mr. Gye a few days before the ceremony, and lamented over the difficulties which she asserted the clergy put in her way. "I assure you I would never have married if I had known it would be such trouble." The fact is, the poor girl's parents had given her an excellent purious description and given her an excellent production. musical education, and generally speaking, be-stowed all possible secular care on her, but as for religion -why, there would be plenty of time for that by and by. So Adelina had never even "made her first communion," nor been confirmed, nor been to confession. And the priests will marry no one who has not taken the sacra-ment of confession. Patti had accordingly to submit to a brief course of theological instruction. Of course the marquis too had to confess, and to receive a certificate to that effect. It is said that on the morning of the wedding he could not find this document, and expressed his annoyance in extremely vigorous French. To soothe his nerves and aid reflection he sat down to smoke a cigarette, when the precious certificate was found in the case, where the marquis had deposited it for greater security.

The marchioness-elect was very anxious for Mr. Gye to be present at the ceremony, and pouted at his refusal. The fact is, Mr. Gye had made a rule, to which he inflexibly held, to hold none but strictly professional intercourse with the ladies and gentlemen whose services he engaged. "If I receive any," he said, "I must receive all, or make distinctions, which would be the beginning of endless jealousies and mis-understandings." No one can question the wisdom of Mr. Gye's policy, nor can any one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance doubt that his tenacious adherence to it must have often cost him a sigh, for he loved good company, and was the kindest-hearted of men.

The remainder of poor Patti's domestic history is too well known. A year or two ago she learned to her cost what it is to be overpraised. She was actually hissed at Vienna, possibly because the Viennese are about the most immoral people in Christendom, and sought to make vicarious expiation for their sins. Patti burst out crying, and Signor Nicolini looked like challenging a host of Germans. It might have been a bad business for some of them if he had, for the tenor is a dead shot. One of his principal amusements is pigeon shooting; and it is said that he never travels without a whole arsenal of arms. It seems a thousand pities that he did not become "Signor Patti" thirteen years ago, for, not to speak of other inconveniences attending on the Caux marriage, the marquis gives a good deal of trouble about money, and the judges are nearly always on the side of the honorary husband -doubtless to their infinite regret.

If the Viennese hiss, the English are too polite

to do so; while, if raptured adoration is what Patti seeks, she has but to go to St. Petersburg. to be sure both of incense and roubles (gold). The Eastern question was once being discussed in a London drawing-room, when a gentleman who had lived long at St. Petersburg was appealed to for his opinion as to what Russia wanted. "I think" he answered, "that Russia wants to get Patti back and to keep her as long as possible." Certainly, Russian society was much more frequently engaged in 1870 in discussing the merits of the diva than those of the Black Sea Treaty. That was the year of her first sojourn among them, and everybody fell in love with her. The melan-choly countenance of Alexander would relax ipto a smile at the sight of her; and the emperor never fails to give substantial marks of his approbation, whenever he condescends to bestow it. Patti received the Cross of the Order of Merit, and an appointment as first singer at the Imperial court, with a pension annexed thereto. Also a splendid necklace of diamonds. No wonder Patti considers the Russians the most delightful people in the world. But liked the English too till the other day. That purchase of a castle in Wales was certainly a curious blunder on her part. Her amazement and indignation when the truth at length dawned on her-that the squiresses had conspired to send her to Coventry can easily be imagined. The freak proved an expensive one. for to have a country seat on your hands in

which you cannot live is no joke.

Patti, if the truth must be told, is alieni appetens, sui profusa. She spends her money freely, and must, perforce, drive hard bargains with managers. But she is a charitable soul, and helps many a broken-down artist with a quiet munificence of which the world never hears. Then she buys whatever she has a fancy to, and she oftens fancies jewels and lace. Her kitchen costs her comparatively little, her tastes in this direction being of the simplest. She likes a mutton chop, and can toss off a glass of porter with relish. When she is going to sing. Patti dines about four, the meal being an extremely light one. A longish nap follows, and she is fresh for the evening's work. Her refection is the interests of inging in the research. tion in the intervals of singing is of various kinds, now a raw egg, now a glass of lemonade. She has even been known to take a cup of tea.

sense of humour. The secret of her charm lies perhaps in her animal spirits. She is gay, and makes others gay. At one of these entertain-ments Verdi was present, also Patti's dog, a diminutive English terrier. The maestro hos-pitably handed a bone to the dog, who let it drop disdainfully on the floor. Patti explained that the dog was regularly fed on milk and the white of chicken. Verdi apologised, and soon after made the Patti's favourite a present of a beautiful porceisin plate, adorned with a representation of dogs at play. The great composer felt himself honoured in paying homage to the great singer's dog. It is a pleasant thing to be illustrious; and Patti enjoys her fame. - Home

INDIAN EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

The effort has been for a natural all-round growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail and objectteaching, pictures, and blackboards take their place with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the moment to keep up the interest and attention of the undisciplined minds that, with the best intentions and a strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps. A peripatetic class was thus devised to relieve the tedium of the school-room, and had, to speak literally and figuratively, quite a run. It usually began with leap-frog, and then went gayly on to find its "books in the tunning brooks, sermons in stones," etc. Geography is taught with moulding sand and iron raised dissecting maps; arithmetic at first with blocks. The Indians are particularly fond of each, and the advanced class is quite expert in adding up columns of figures as long as a ledger page, and equal to practical problems of every-day trade and simple business

Nothing, however, can equal the charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." "If I can not read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustian tines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing, and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts. Later, attractive little principles have been very useful, and unbound numbers of children's magazines, such as are used in the Quincy schools. Most of the Dakotas can now read at sight as simple English as is found in these and are beginning to take pleasure in realing or in listening to easy versions of our childhood classics of Robinson Crusoe, and Christopher Columbus, and George Washington with his little hatchet. One of their teachers who tried the hatchet story on them in preparation for the 22nd of February says: "Such atten-tive listeners I never saw before. They were perfectly enraptured. They understood everything, even to the moral. A few days after this I was annoyed by talking in the class. When I asked who did it, every one blamed his neighbour. I said, "Now, boys, don't tell a lie. Who will be a George Washington," "Two boys stood up and said, "We did it."

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had earned to recite:

Yield not to temptation, for piebling is sin t. Each victory will help you some other to win."

The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming triumphantly, "I victory ' I victory ; Louisa Bullheld got mal with me. She big temptations. I flight her. I vistory " HELES W. Ludlow, in Harper's Magazine.

STOCK-RAISING IN THE WEST.

The freedom to pasture cattle on excellent grazing land, together with an accessible market, are the main reasons why at present stock-farming is particularly profitable. The first of these conditions is precarious, and it is evident that in ten years there will not be much good range left east of the Missouri River. When immigration to that extent shall have shut him off from free pasturage, the stockman can either sell his farm at probably four times its present value, and move to Dakota or Montana, or else turn his attention to tattening stock on grain for other parties, as I have already suggested.

For instance, as a practical case, there is a cattle man of Council Bluffs who is said to own 100,000 head of cattle in Idaho. He has a range of sixty square miles of land not worth one cent to the acre for agriculture, yet affording excellent pasture for cattle. He has ten men employed at wages varying from twentyfour dollars to forty dollars per month to look after the stock. These men require 200 ponies to handle the cattle. An overseer is hired at \$1,200 a year. During the winter, however, four men can do all the work required, which is mainly breaking the ice in the streams that the cattle may have water. Streams serve as the great checks upon the cattle straying away, for they never will go far from water. spring of the year the cattle men of the plains have a grand "round up" (as it is called), the stock is picked out by means of the brand, and those cattle that are meant for the Eastern mar-ket are started for Omaha. They travel about ten miles a day, and generally take the whole season in the journey from the winter ground to the Missouri bottom. At Omaha the cattle are put on the train and shipped nominally to Chitago, but really to different points along the road, to be handed over to farmers for fattening.

Mr. Stewart delivered over 1900 head to farmers last fall, and of these only eight were lost during the winter. The parties who receive the cattle agree to fatten them at the rate of five cents for every extra pound during a winter and where two hogs are fed from the refuse of each ox, the farmer finds that the result to him is equivalent to selling his corn at 100 per cent, profit. The large cattle raisers, of course, have their inspectors, who travel from farm to farm to look after their property, and gather them together in the spring for shipment to Chicago, where they are either slaughtered or shipped to Europe. The cattle men have a great advantage over more farmers, in that they are to a great extent independent of railways. If they are badly treated by one corporation, they have a simple remedy in driving their atock a few miles to the next road.—POULTNEY BIGELOW, in Harper's Magazine.

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J. C., Peterborough, Ont,-Correct solution received of Problem No. 326.

In the issue of the Tarf Field and Farm of the 18th ultitis stated that there is no home of a class mator taking place between Morreal and Toronto, although the club of the homer, at their recent social gathering, word imanions y to coallenge the club of the latter to a telegraphic coolest and further, that, although the Toronto Club has since then invited the fight, no notice has been taken of the matter.

We think it is but fair that these two statements should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, as they may be easily set right; and we are auxious to show our contemporary that he has been misinformed by some one who lid not take pains to give the whole of the particulars. In the first place, we are out of to state that, at the social gathering mentioned above, no challenge to the Turonto Club could have been authorized by those present, manusched as, no register meeting having been called, essent members of the club were absent, and, therefore, the Secretary would not have been justified in acting under such irregular proceedings. In the issue of the Tarf Field and Farm of the Irth ult .

fore, the secondry would not have even question in acting under such irregular proceedings.

In the account place, the late challenge sont by the Privacto Cinto was forwarded independent of acy interaction from the Montreal Club that a contest was desired, but it would have been willingly enterts ned by the latter if business strangements, had not prevented according to members from taking part in the encounter.

THE CRESS MATCH AT ST. LOUIS

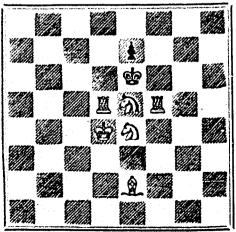
From the Globe Democrat.

The fourth game...French defense...in the match between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Ju id, which was commonced Thursday, February 24, was concluded in the latter's favour last Monday, to which time it was altown latter a taxons last humbay, to which time it was no one ed on account of the Captain's visit to New Orleans. On adjournment the game had a favourable appearance for Mr. Judd, and when the two experts resumed play be coursed his opponent to resign on the 14th mure. At the conclusion, the defeated player maintained that he should have drawn the game. We hardly think the position conclusion, the defeated player maintained that he smould have drawn the game. We hardly think the position a finite of a draw, but in playing ever the end gone he pointed out a line of play that seemed to prove he assertion. This partie was quite remarkable, for, at the commoncement, the Western player had a very bad position, and on the fifth move the hystanders had lost all interest as the result seemed to be foreshadowed, but by a masterly play Mc. Judd railed his forces, made a suiden but not mexpected assault, and brought woe and death to be adversary. It is no more than just to state that we think the American champion does not seem to be patting forth his full strength, having probably outerfailed his opponent. These first four games, we presume, have now tangth him that since their first meeting ten years ago, the younger player has undoubtedly improved in his chees playing in a geometrical ratio, notic he has become one of the first players of the age.

(From the Chessplayer's Chronicle.)

There were no less than 1,630 competitors, all under There were no less than 1.620 competitors, all under the city years of age, who entered for the first quarterly Solving Competition in connection with the "Boy's Newspaper," so that the Chess Editor must have had a very laborious task in making his award. The prizes have been adjudged to (194) Mr. B. G. Laws, (200) Mr. R. Kay-Leather, and (b) to Mr. G. Hume, Hastings. So large an entry speaks well for the interest taken by our young folks in the game of chess.

> PROBLEM No. 322. By C. H. Wheeler. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves