

THE BRAVE, SO TRUE!

'Twas on a calm midsummer's lovely day,
When fields were verdant, and the birds sang gay.
The woods re-echoing their merriment lay,
As o'er the rocks the sparkling streamlet plays.
The trees looked splendid in their robes of green,
With wild flow'rs blooming here and there between.
No gentle zephyr stirred their leaves so still,
Though clouds were looming o'er the distant hill.

I sat me down beside a maple tree,
Within the shadow of the forest free,
To muse with Nature, 'neath a dome most grand,
O'erarched with emblems of my native land.
I turned my eyes upon a lovely lake,
Seen partly through an intervening brake.
When trances-like slumbers o'er my senses fell,
My thoughts reverting to the days of old.

I dreamt of battles, and of glory won,
Long marches forced beneath the burning sun,
Of aborigines, in paint and plume,
Their war-whoop ringing o'er the cannon's boom.
Of men and heroes of that good old stock,
Who fought and conquered by the side of Brock,
The gallant hero, who, for Britain's rights,
Fell, while victorious, on Queenston's heights.

I thought I saw, upon another field,
A soldier brave as ever sword did wield,
Whose deeds and bearing in the battle's van,
Proclaim the chief, the noble, and the man!
'Twas brave Tecumseh! of the eagle eyes,
And voice of thunder—"Forward, braves!" he cries.
As forth he led them through the thickening fray,
Where scores already of the bravest lay.

The sun shone dimly o'er the strife below,
As through the haze the lurid flashes glow,
When loud and piercing through the smoke and fire,
A bugle sounded the command—retire.
Tecumseh heard, but did not heed the blast,
He loudly called unto his men—"Stand fast!"
They fought like heroes! but, alas! in vain,
They fell, like waves, o'er the lifeless plain.

methought loud thunder ceased the earth to quake!
Whilst swiftly gliding o'er the little lake,
An Indian maiden in her bark canoe,
Bore high the holy for the brave, so true!
She knelt beside him with a queenly air,
Her mien was noble, and her black hair—
And placed the wreath upon his manly breast,
Braves bore him gently to his last long rest.

St. Hyppolite street, Montreal.

J. HENDERSON.

SIGNOR MARIO AT ROME.

If you drop in at Morteo's any evening on your way from the opera you are pretty sure to see a group of the Italian *jeunesse* round one of the small tables, generally a corner one. They are carrying on an animated conversation. Though you are out of ear-shot, you can easily divine that many good things are being said. There is the distinct sparkle of life and high spirits about them all; but there is one who, in appearance, forms a striking contrast to the others. If you were to judge from his bright, clear eye and fresh complexion, you would think him the youngest of the group; but his well-kept mustache and beard and hair as white as frosted silver. He came in half an hour ago to eat his supper, and he has collected a little group around him, some seated, some standing. Others, as they finish their meal, go across the room to salute him, and join the conversation for a few minutes. Many of the new comers linger there until they are served. You are curious to know who this hero of Morteo's can be. You have seen him often years ago, but you can scarcely be expected to recognize his snowy locks and beard. He is Mario, Marchese di Candia in the Kingdom of Italy, and prince of tenors in the realms of *Udio* and *Enterpe*.

It is not wonderful if the stranger jumps to the conclusion that the light-bearded, well-dressed Mario must be well off. The truth is that Mario disdains to betray the appearance of poverty, just as, when a refugee in Paris forty years ago, the pride which caused him to refuse the offered assistance he saw no probability of being able to repay, made him turn his talents to account before the footlights. He left his country for political reasons—self-banished, if you will, but banished all the same. He entered the Military Academy of Turin when eleven years old; distinguished himself there, and from 1829 to 1836 was on the staff, first of his father, the Marchese Stefano, General di Candia, who was Governor of Nice, and then of General de Maistre, who wrote "Un Voyage Autour de ma Chamaire." At this time Mario and a number of his brother officers were ardent members of the Young Italy party. One day he received a sudden intimation that he must start on the moment with despatches for Sardinia. The *Nonna* was to sail that night and he was to go in her. But the circumstances aroused his suspicions. On going home to his rooms, instead of preparing to start on his mission, he sent immediately for one of his closest friends, confided some notes to him, put on a disguise, and disappeared into an obscure lodging, where he remained in hiding until he was able to escape to Marseilles. If he was to be denounced as a deserter, he had the consciousness of saving his honour from imputations which he might never be able to remove.

He had no intention of abandoning a military career. He hoped to get a commission in the French army in Algiers, with the Carlists in Spain, or in the Greek service. In London the Duke of Wellington was very kind to him, but no opening was to be found. Live as economically as he could, the money he had with him was rapidly becoming exhausted; at last he determined to try his fortunes in America where many other of his countrymen were teaching Italian under assumed names. He took his berth, was packing for the journey, when he met with an accident which caused him to lose his passage and forfeit the forty pounds he had

paid for it. In despair he returned to Paris. Friends there interested themselves with the Sardinian Government on his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that he should be restored to his former rank, on condition of his seclusion in a French fortress for six months, and afterward serving six months as a private in his own regiment. The ordeal of serving in the ranks where he had once commanded was too much for him.

In the meantime Meyerbeer, who had heard him sing, offered to prepare him for the stage, and secure him an engagement at the Grand Opera. This was the lesser evil of the two; he could not starve, he would not borrow, and he accepted it. Meyerbeer prolonged his stay in Paris eight months to drill him into his role of "Robert le Diable," and Fanny Elssler taught him to walk the boards. "I shall never forget her goodness," says Mario; "dancers generally have brains only in their feet, but she was a woman of great intelligence. She began by caricaturing the way I walked, and taught me more than any one else. On the 4th of December, 1838, I made my first appearance. I had no fear about my voice, but I felt as if I were about to ascend the scaffold. I then fully understood what must be the feeling of a political prisoner going to execution, and the struggle he has to make to bear himself like a man of courage and a gentleman. When I got before the footlights I felt as if I were under the influence of a fearful nightmare. I saw nothing but a multitude of eyes—eyes everywhere. I was successful; but then you know the house was filled with my friends. They were there to give me a hand to rise, and I owed my success to them. And then, again, I was splendidly supported; Levasseur sang the part of 'Bertrand,' which Meyerbeer had written for him; Dorus Gems that of 'Alice,' and Mlle. Neaux that of the 'Princess.' Fanny Elssler was the 'Abbess.'"

In the spring of 1839 he came out in London in the part of *Grano* in "Lucresia Borgia," the other characters being sustained by Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, "and if I remember rightly," says Mario, "Marietta Brambilla. It was a great success, certainly; but then, you know, it was the first time 'Lucresia' was sung at Her Majesty's; then there was the romance about my past. I had known many of the best families in London when I was there a year before, and society had more to do in sustaining my appearance in London than any merits of my own. You must remember that Rubini was still deservedly held in great esteem. No, I never sang in Italy nor in Germany. I had promised my brother, who became General de Candia, that I would never appear on the Italian stage."

Mario lives in the Corso, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. If you call upon him between the months of May and November he will receive you in a spacious suite of rooms, a series of salons, elegantly if not luxuriously furnished. The walls are covered with paintings, chiefly portraits of his family—his father, his mother, his children. He took the house years ago, when rents had risen to fabulous prices and cunning landlords would only let on long leases. He must keep it on or let it for half he pays. When he was obliged to admit the stranger within his walls he took all his *lucres* down into three little rooms—once the servants' rooms—on the *entresol*, and a fourth on the ground floor. Into these you must penetrate—if you can—to find out what manner of man Mario is. You might have been acquainted with him for twenty years, living in a handsome apartment, with plenty of money in his pocket, and still have failed to discover the full extent of his attainments, his intellectual needs and strivings, and how little more than a part of the mechanical formation of the man was the voice which made him famous. If you went by chance into the rooms he now occupies, not knowing who lived in them, you would be puzzled to make out whether the inhabitant was a student, a sculptor, a painter, a musician, a cabinet-maker, a wood-carver, or an archaeologist, or whether, indeed, you had not been translated into Don Quixote's *somnium*. Take the middle room; it is about twelve feet square. A table and a chair placed sideways by it, stand in the centre—an old battered arm-chair, with high back, the only available seat in the room. There are books everywhere. Those that lie open on the table treat of the forgotten languages, Etruscan especially. For the rest, one notices a box with well-used color-tubes and brushes, some pallets, a number of bottles of varnishes and pigments, gimlets, screw-drivers, modelling-tools, notes of invitation, visitors' cards, and cigar boxes.

Around the apartment, heaped up on the floor, against the walls, on some plain deal shelves, upon a chest of drawers, filled all of them with autographs, are hundreds of dusty volumes, portfolios of prints and drawings and pieces of old armor. On the walls are hanging plaster casts of hands and feet from the life sketches in oil and water colors, tobacco-pipes and all kinds of arms—not stage properties; these and his costumes he parted with long ago. In one corner there is a modelling-stool, with a little bust in progress upon it, and behind it stand some lances and long bows. The little bed in a corner is overlaid with portfolios, and sometimes he has to toss the mattress over to find the prints which he wants lying beneath it. The room on the ground floor to which you descend by a little dark staircase, barely three feet wide, is the workshop where Mario does his cabinet-making and carving—where he converts some old wooden fluted columns into a mantelpiece reaching up to the ceiling for one of the rooms in the *piano nobile* above, produces a handsome piece

of furniture out of some early Renaissance carved and gilt consoles, or makes anything else he wants, from plain book-shelves to that pretty carved letter-box on the inside of the workshop door, which opens on the side of the entrance hall from the street.

All this music—the works of more than a hundred masters, and many English numbered among them—lies piled on the floor of the third little room above his joiner's shop, and fills the greater part of it. "I have never had time," said Mario, "to arrange it since I came down here; but now I am going to send it to my native town of Cagliari. They have founded a musical club there, and paid me the compliment of calling it 'The Mario'; so, instead of putting all this music in order, I shall get rid of a nuisance, and have the credit of giving a present at the same time." The only part of his strangely-crowded quarters where any order exists is that devoted to his collection of works on music. He has long had an idea of preparing a history of music; but an idea it remains, though he commenced to collect materials for the purpose years ago. He ransacked the library of the British Museum, copying many curious examples of antique scores and ancient glees. He collected old manuscript music in all the countries he visited. In an old Mass-book he picked up at Toledo, he found the original setting of the "Last Rose of Summer."

As you see Mario sitting at the opposite side at Morteo's, you would never think he had known a moment's trouble. If you could obtain the *entree* in Roman society, you would constantly meet him in that in which he was born, ever surrounded by the younger men.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

How to remove weeds—Marry the widow.

WOMAN'S sphere—that she won't get a rich husband.

THERE are times when the patient housewife grows weary of sewing for others to rip.

WHAT riles a country postmistress is to find a postal card come to the office written in French.

EDGAR FAUCETT wishes "that man could make love like a bird." He does, Edgar, he does; like a goose.

THE brunette has come to the front at last. Ladies, rub your cheeks with lampblack and colour your hair anew.

WHEN a young lady offers to hem a lambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, depend upon it she means to sew in order that she may reap.

AN old bachelor explains the courage of the Turks by saying that a man with more than one wife ought to be willing to face death at any time.

IN Virginia City, on the Fourth, they took a vote on the prettiest girl, and now all the candidates but one insist on going behind the curtains.

THE question has been asked: "Can a Christian go the circus?" Yes, until he's married, and then in most cases the circus comes to him.

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following: "Twixt women and wine, man's lot is no snare; 'tis wine makes head ache, and women his heart."

It is melancholy, says Ouida, in her latest novel, to see how large the proportion is of young ladies who marry solely in order to get rid of their mothers.

AN old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

THE municipality of Prague has forbidden the wearing of dresses with trains upon the streets, "because of the dust, injurious to the public health, raised by them."

THE physiological fact which scientists have never yet wrestled with, is why the husband of a red-headed woman stands the heat of summer so much better than other men.

GUSSIE: "Lizzie, darling, why do you wear another woman's hair?" LIZIE: "Gussie, dear, why do you wear another cat I mean, why do you wear calf's skin on your hands?"

WOMEN were never made to carry parasols or they would have been constructed tall enough to keep the points of their sunshades from plowing into a man's silk hat or poking his eye out.

AN old bachelor said: "There is more jewelry worn now-a-days than when I was young; but there's one piece I always admired which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked a young lady. "A thimble," was the reply.

WE have done some awful mean things in our life, but we were never mean enough to hurt the feelings of three women walking abreast on the crossing, by stepping off in the mud. There's something human left about us, if we are in the newspaper business.

A WOMAN was sitting at the breakfast table, the other morning, when an almost breathless neighbour came in and informed her that her husband was dead. She calmly remarked: "Wait until I'm through breakfast and then you'll hear howling."

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life."

At once a boon and a blessing."

"In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown;

"They take so much time in their dressing!"

A young bachelor who had been appointed sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed and said his attachment was reciprocated.

"You don't understand me; you must proceed to court."

"I know it's leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting."

"Mrs. P.—, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting."

"The justice! Why, I prefer a parson."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for several communications.

Student, Montreal.—A piece was misplaced.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 183 received. Correct.

S. N.—We will endeavour to answer your question in full in a future Column.

THE PARIS TOURNAMENT AND PLAYERS.

(From the *Age*, August and *Express*.)

THIS event, of absorbing interest to the whole world of Chess, has doubtless not escaped the interested attention of our readers, and it is therefore with much pleasure that, through the great kindness of our esteemed correspondent well known in the chess world in Paris and London, we are enabled to present them with a description of the style of play of the various competitors, and on the prospects of the ultimate result.

PARIS, 7th July, 1878.

On Saturday a grand banquet was given in honor of Anderssen, the senior player among those taking part in the Tournament, but who unfortunately appears to have but little chance of success. His play is sound, untraced mathematical, but wanting in inspiration. He has a good deal to do with this.

The current week will see the close of the Tournament, and the games will be the more interesting in that the strongest players will be matched against one another. Without venturing to hazard a positive prediction it is pretty safe to say that the winner of the first prize will prove to be one of the following first players—viz., Winawer, Rosenthal, Blackburne, Zukertort. The last named fell a little behind at first, but he has recovered his lost ground with great strides, and at the close of last week was bracketed second with Winawer, whom he may possibly have passed by this time.

Zukertort has all the qualities of a most successful player. Study, power of appreciating at a glance the exact state of the game, combination, imagination, boldness, and inspiration. Were I obliged to stand upon the shoulders of the winner, I should name him.

Winawer is more methodical in his play, more learned perhaps, and less daring.

Blackburne, usually so brilliant, has modified his play on this occasion, and takes for his model what may be called a more telling his time, and taking advantage of any mistake which his adversary may make.

Rosenthal, with all the imagination, inspiration, and boldness of Zukertort, has perhaps a little more dash, and makes more brilliant combinations, but he is not so highly nervous and impressionable as the latter, and he is not so always master of his own resources.

M. Kienze is the type of a gentleman player, with good elegant and distinguished manners. Having been overmatched at the outset, he did not begin his career with much success, but he has since somewhat recovered himself, and he seems for the first time to be steady. His play is brilliant, bold, and decided, and learned.

Mason's play is less learned than M. Kienze's, and being it is said a martyr to dyspepsia, he is obliged to play fasting.

Gifford is a correct player, but slow and unoriginal.

There is an indefatigable and most picturesque amateur, seems to confine himself tightly to two styles of play, viz., the Vienna opening, when he has the move, the French when he has it not. A sure, his play is rather too fond of traps—a valuable method with most amateurs, but of little use against his present adversaries.

First, another gentleman like M. Kienze. A charming player, rather too fanciful, but bold and brilliant to a degree of uncommon imagination, and great wealth of resource. If he were to trust less to inspiration he would probably be more successful.

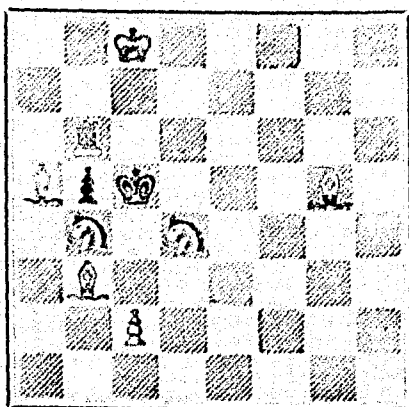
English.—His play is brilliant, faithful in details, but unequal, and somewhat easy to break up. This amateur has evinced many valuable qualities, and may fairly be called a teacher. He is young, and with exertion and experience may yet become a great master.

Last of all comes Pritchard. His play is concentrated and cautious. Having in former tournaments gained several games with Anderssen and Blackburne, he has the reputation of being a very strong player, but on this occasion his success has scarcely answered expectations, and he seems to be quite out of the running as far as the prize is concerned.

PROBLEM No. 187.

By J. P. TAIGOR.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.