

## ODE.

(From the Persian of Hafiz.)

Ah! maiden let those kisses fall  
In rich luxuriance o'er thy face  
And make that hyacinthine pall  
Envelope each resplendent grace;  
And cease those roses on thy cheek,  
Unveiled the world's distinction wreak.

And then, with am'rous playfulness,  
Ope wide those orbs, so full of fun—  
Whose every furtive glance express  
Intoxication's soft desire—  
And, closed in wretched jealousy  
The fan Narcissus shall expire.

And let the pearly beads distil  
That gather round thy moistened brow,  
And, as exhaled those sweet drops fill,  
I languishing drink in them now;  
They fill the glasses of mine eyes  
With attar such a spirit prize.

Inhale the violet's sweet perfume,  
And breathe into thy lover's hair;  
And steal the poppy's crimson bloom,  
And let thy cheeks its colour bear;  
My lips would taste that hue divine  
And quaff it down like sparkling wine.

And ope those eyes, whose brilliant light  
Is like the bubbles on the bowl  
Of Shiraz wine, surpassing bright—  
The semetillations of the soul—  
And let their brief duration be  
A test of earth's stability.

And maiden, since thy coldness fills  
All those who love and sigh or thee,  
Pledge him thou hatest when he fills  
His cup in fond hostility;  
And let reproaches, loud and deep,  
On thy devoted lover sweep.

I, by the potent spell of prayer,  
Companionship with thee will seek.  
Fond maiden, ever young and fair,  
Let not poor Hafiz vainly speak—  
Oh! Lord of Light, the prayers receive,  
Laid at Thy Throne by those who grieve.

H. M. GILKS.

## THE FATE OF "COPPER TOM."

A LIVELY STORY OF WESTERN ROAD AGENTS.

In '67 Jake Pool was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, Montana, driving a four horse coach in Summer and a "jersey" in Winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which his trail ran—for it was little else than a trail—was totally uninhabited but for three stage stations where horses were changed, and where were dugouts or log-huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific railroad.

One muggy morning in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and passengers, if there should be any, for Helena, the Wells Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot brake Pool descended from his perch and entered the office. The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near said in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and can carry it safely."

"But," said the agent, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver meditatively; and then touching the revolver that hung at his belt,

"I'll be messenger and coachman both to-day."

"But still," continued the other, "there's one thing more, and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana, a desperado of both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rage."

"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory, the money must be sent to-day, messenger or no messenger; now who will take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed. "I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol. I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it in his boot top. "As to carrying it through that's another matter, with these fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through the safe shall I!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open; the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger, (an old fat woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach plunged heavily forward, and amid a shower of mud disappeared down the steep mountain road.

"Let's see," Jake said to himself as he sped along the road, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the Devil's Pass before six. It will then be broad daylight so I can rattle right along. I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. By Jove!" he exclaimed, his heart warming as he struck his heels against the safe beneath his feet. "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—good heavens! what if they try it in the pass itself! I had not thought of that."

The man was silent for a moment and his face grew grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in his boot and belt, and with a sigh concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they should shoot me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss the first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why, then, the swag's theirs."

It was now high noon, and station two was soon reached, where horses were again changed, and where Pool dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, yet none too strong for the long ride yet before him. As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road apiece'll want a ride," he said. "He war here about two hours ago. He'll bear watching."

And the rough frontman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

"Thanks, Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. Go long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away. "It's old Jim, sure!" half whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eyes searched the road, before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all." The teeth closed with a snap. "Good!" he continued, a moment later, "he shall ride." Some five miles were passed, when in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail Jack espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew near, the man bestirred himself, and slowly arose.

"Hullo, driver! Kin you favour an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, for I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin ye gin me one?"

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes! Belively and climb up here. I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered as he struggled to a seat by the driver's side, "Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened the revolver carried there.

"Cool day for May!" said the new comer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp too."

"Yes," responded the other mentally, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons. "It is cold, but you will find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure!" said the old man, leering in Jake's face.

"Sure!" responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint conveyed in the words, and he urged his horses on to yet greater speed. The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion. Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's actions.

"Yer—drivin'—purty fast!" said the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "Ye'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the Pass—I—reckon!"

Jake set his teeth. The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of coming night, and the gloom of the grave-like opening—a narrow path but little wider than the coach itself. The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never-ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn, among the ragged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill. "I won't hold up!" and, with these words, the driver struck his horses sharply, and snorting they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass. At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rocks on one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man. Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry.

The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast, but the other leaned suddenly towards him, and placing a revolver muzzle against his forehead whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If yer stir again, I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, and ye can't catch Jake Pool nor his load this time. Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were approaching Copper Tom. For an instant, as they drew near, that worthy stood facing them; then, through the fading light, he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled. Could he but reach the lower end of the pass he might escape—could he find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be. Nearer and nearer thundered the iron shod hoofs behind him, narrower and yet narrower yet grew the fatal road, until there rang a sudden, horrible despairing cry, mingled with the frightful snort of the horses, a darksome thing went down before the

plunging steeds, rolled an instant under their grinding feet, then spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass, into the canon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jake Pool pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers, he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the Sheriff. It's old Jim, the road agent. His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass; this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last drive from Gallatin. There's too much risk about the business for me."

## BALLROOM ETIQUETTE.

Ballroom conversations, or the polite remarks which do duty for such, are proverbially frivolous and inane. It is easy enough to sit down and write a homily upon the frivolous talk of young people in the ballroom; but *que voulez-vous?* If the conversation is frivolous it is not to be wondered at, seeing that they go to a ball with the one intent—to dance; and anything solid or sensible in the way of conversation is, under the circumstances, not to be expected of them. Young ladies of seventeen or eighteen have little thought or care about making themselves agreeable from a conversational point of view, considering, if they consider at all—that if they are good dancers their partners ought to be thoroughly satisfied, which view of things is fairly correct.

Those elderly maiden ladies who shake their heads over what they call the rapid and silly conversation heard in the ballroom should endeavour to recall the days of their youth, and to recollect whether the active exercise of dancing was conducive to anything but the most desultory of observations, disjointed sentences, questions and answers. A young lady, when asked to dance, now seldom replies with "I shall be very happy." This phrase has disappeared in company with "May I have the pleasure?" But she says very practically, according as to whether the applicant is in favour or not, "Certainly; I am not engaged for this dance," or "I am afraid I have not one to spare except number fourteen, a quadrille," or "I will give you a dance if you will come for it a little later; I am engaged for the next three dances." To the question of "Are you engaged for this dance?" some foolish maidens reply that they do not think they are engaged, at the same time being thoroughly aware they are not; and the young men also are aware that the maidens are finessing, and averse to making the direct admission that they are in want of partners.

A young lady with tact and aplomb escapes from this dilemma by replying with great readiness to this question, "I am very glad to say that I am not," which rejoinder is flattering to the young gentleman, giving him the impression that the young lady could have been engaged for this dance had she so pleased, but that she greatly preferred waiting for the chance of his asking her to dance; she may or may not have been actuated by this hope, but by some expression of pleasure at not being engaged for the dance which is at the moment asked for, she puts the partner on good terms with herself and himself.

Ballroom dialogues seldom soar above polite commonplaces relative to the occasion. The ballroom is essentially the place where complimentary nothings are airily uttered and blandly received; nothings of this calibre, for example: "This is our dance, I think," remarks a gentleman, offering his arm to a lady; "You are not afraid of my being able to pilot you through this crowd, are you?" If she replies to this speech by an unqualified negative of "No, not at all," her partner would be under the necessity of casting about for another opening; but, if, on the contrary, she were to say, "No, I shall believe in you until you prove that my confidence is misplaced," a young gentleman, on so graceful an admission, could only say "that he was proud of the trust reposed in him," and "that he considered himself put upon his trial, as it were," and "that he was confident of being able to steer his fair partner safely through the crowded ballroom."

Complimentary speeches and airy nothings differ from legitimate topics of conversation, and do not admit of much strain being put upon them; if continued beyond the moment, they come dangerously near the region of flirtation; and failing this, they become flat or insipid, all the sparkling effervescence having evaporated.

If, as is sometimes the case, a lady finds that her partner's dancing does not realize her expectations, a polite way of making this opinion known to him, so as to avoid wounding his *amour propre*, would be for her to say, "I am afraid I am not dancing your step; we do not seem to get on well, do we?" or, "If you do not mind, I think I should like to sit down. I would rather not take another turn just yet," or she might say, "What step do you dance? I do not seem to have fallen into your step yet."

It is usual for young ladies to return to their chaperons after each dance, or after they have partaken of refreshment or supper, and it is not considered good style for young ladies to remain away from their chaperons for any length of time. Neither is it considered good style for a lady to promenade up and down and around the ballroom leaning on the arm of her partner, to take one turn through the rooms with her partner being in better taste.

A young lady should be careful that her partner does not hold her right hand upright in the

air when dancing, or hold it against his left side, or move it up and down in an ungainly fashion; neither should a young lady permit her partner to assist her in holding up her dress when dancing.

A gentleman taking a young lady into supper would reconduct her to the ballroom, as a matter of course; the fact of friends joining her in the supper-room would not relieve him of his obligation. And the same etiquette applies equally to a lady—she would return to the ballroom only with the gentleman who had taken her down to supper, unless she were engaged for the ensuing dance, when her partner might come in quest of her; she would then return to the ballroom with him.—*The Queen.*

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.  
J. R. Hamilton.—Postal received. Will answer in a day or two.

We have seen a letter from Mr. Murphy, of Quebec, the Secretary of the Dominion Chess Association, to a gentleman in the city, from which we learn that it has been decided to hold the annual Congress of this society on Tuesday, the 27th of the present month. It was also stated that a meeting for important business connected with the Association will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, at the rooms of the Quebec Chess Club. The particulars of this meeting we shall be glad to insert in our Column as soon as they reach us. In the meantime it may prove interesting to the chessplayers of the Dominion to learn that there is every prospect of a trophy, in the shape of a valuable silver cup, being subscribed for, to be used as the principal prize in the Tourney, which is always a prominent feature in this annual gathering of chessplayers. We are unable yet, to state under what conditions this trophy is to be played for by those who may enter their names as competitors, but there is no doubt of its attracting a large number of the best chessplayers of the Dominion, and that a very obstinate contest will be the result.

The game we publish in our Column this week is one which may be very useful to some chessplayers who take it much to heart when they make what are sometimes unfeeling called *muffy* moves. The provincial player is too apt, perhaps, to expect that every move made by the contestants in a grand tournament is something far beyond what he has been accustomed to see in his own chess club, and, therefore, in order that he may not be too far led astray in this way, it may be well for him to see the mistake of a great master of the game in a tourney encounter, where, indeed, he might least expect to find a game lost by a palpable blunder.

Mr. Loyd, the problem composer, has published a work entitled "Chess Strategy, a Treatise on the art of Problem Composition." The skill of the writer of this treatise, as exhibited in his well-known productions, is the only recommendation his book will require.

On Saturday last, Dec. 3rd, a meeting of the members of the Montreal Chess Club took place, when they passed a resolution to the effect that they would contribute one-third of the expense, should a silver cup, of the value of \$100, be selected as a prize in the Tourney of the next annual meeting of the Dominion Chess Association.

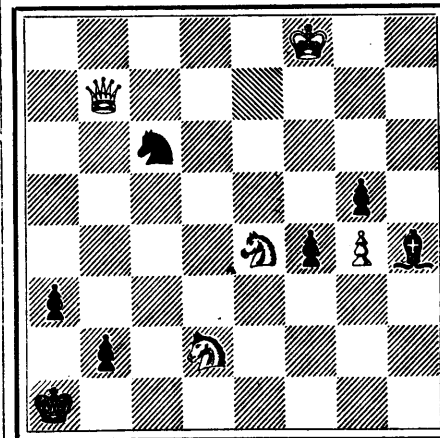
BLINDFOLD CHESS.—According to the Melbourne Leader of the 24th September, Mr. Wisser has intimated his willingness to give another exhibition of his remarkable powers as a blindfold chessplayer, by encountering six members of the chess club simultaneously. The Committee had resolved on fixing an early evening for the performance, of which due notice was to be given.—*Chessplayer's Chronicle.*

The most elegant little chess book we have lately seen is Mr. Collins' Collection of his Problems, just issued in London. It is very handsomely got up, and contains 107 of Mr. Collins' best productions, a sample of which we give above. The price is 3s. 6d., and every problem lover should secure a copy.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

PROBLEM NO. 358.

By W. Grimshaw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 485TH.

Played at Berlin between Messrs. Zukertort and Schallopp, in the Grand Tournament.

(Sicilian Defense.)

- | White.—(Mr. Z.)   | Black.—(Mr. S.) |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K4        | 1. P to QB4     |
| 2. Kt to QB3      | 2. P to K3      |
| 3. Kt to KB3      | 3. Kt to QB3    |
| 4. P to Q4        | 4. P takes P    |
| 5. Kt takes P     | 5. Kt to KB3    |
| 6. Kt to QKt5     | 6. B to QKt5    |
| 7. Kt to Q6ch     | 7. K to K2(a)   |
| 8. B to KB4       | 8. J to K4      |
| 9. Kt to B5ch     | 9. K to Bsq     |
| 10. B to Q2       | 10. P to Q3     |
| 11. Kt to Kt3     | 11. B to K3     |
| 12. B to Q3       | 12. P to KR4(b) |
| 13. Castles       | 13. Kt to KR5   |
| 14. P to KR3      | 14. Q to KR5    |
| 15. P takes Kt(c) | 15. P takes P   |
| 16. R to Ksq      | 16. Kt to Q5(v) |
- and White resigns.