

A VIOLIN'S VOICE.

A PATHETIC STORY OF A MUSICIAN AND A DYING CHILD.

(From Belgravia.)

The dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Anrita, Maestro Narditta's child was fading away; no tears, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now; the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius, and had bidden him to call aloud to the world. So the Carissima and he played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall: the people said that never before had the maestro played so beautifully, and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful, or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by his child's bedside. But she said: "Do not weep; sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played for her, and she closed her eyes, and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and then-fare to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind, and to know that they would be desolate; and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became softer and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place; then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again!"

Once more he raised his bow on high, and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft and sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide, and amid this jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

MILTON AND ANACREON.

A Boston critic is of the opinion that "Milton is as sweet a poet as Anacreon." If all creation had been raked over, two poets more unlike than Milton and Anacreon would not have been hit upon for a comparison. Milton is always vast in his simplest footsteps. There is a sweep and a grandeur and a swing in his treatment of the simplest subjects.

Thus:

Morn her easy steps in th' eastern clime Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Again:

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Those balmy spoils.

Or:

How from that sapphire fount the crisped brook Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold, With mazy error under pendent shades Ran nectar.

Or this:

Hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night.

Who but Milton could give such a picture of a beautiful young girl as this:

—Her vermilion-faceted lip, And tresses like the morn.

Or this:

Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love.

Milton's beautiful women are up in the clouds, heaven is in their eye, and their tresses are as grand as the morn. But Anacreon's women are altogether different. They are quite down among the balmy odors and sweetest flowers of the earth.

Thus:

Oh! would I were the happy wave, Which thy fair form is wont to lave, That perfume's office I would bear, Which now anoints thy graceful hair: Or like a garland round thy neck, Would that its whiteness I might deck: Or blast whilst trampled on by thee, Thy sandal gladly would I be.

Or this:

To-day is ours: what do we fear? To-day is ours: we have it here. Let's treat it kindly, that it may Wish at least with us to stay. Let's banish business, banish sorrow, To the gods belongs to-morrow.

Or:

Draw, some Appella, draw me here, Her who is the only fair: She's fled; but in my breast I find That she has left herself behind.

Or this on music:

Now let the world say what they can, Music is the soul of man.

We may say that Milton threw roses on his precepts to adorn them; but Anacreon threw his ideas in the midst of roses. The one soars like an eagle in grandeur. The other lights like a song-bird in the flower-scented meads. They are each perfect masters in different styles.

ECCENTRIC ARTISTS.

The whimsical reception offered to his visitors by Mr. Whistler on the occasion of the private view of his gallery of etchings is still the talk of the studios. The crowd, obedient to the hour named on the ticket, having to wait in the little, dark, unventilated entrance-room, did not fail to give utterance to the most cutting pleasantries inspired by the time, the place, the opportunity of displaying the yellow butterfly token of Mr. Whistler's benevolent patronage. The visit of the Prince of Wales seemed to last an eternity, so stifling was the atmosphere of the little room into which fresh arrivals kept pouring. And when the Prince had departed, and the guests rushed in a compact body to the gallery, some little disappointment was expressed at the meekish effect produced by the much-vaunted arrangement in yellow and white, which was declared poor and pitiful in the extreme. But a London gathering of well-bred people is soon restored to good humor, and consolation was found in the comparison made between the late Count Montroud and Mr. Whistler's practical joking. Count Montroud, who had retired to a small apartment after the decay of all his grandeur, was determined that none of his courtly friends of former days should be admitted to bear witness to the change in his surroundings. But the fine ladies of Paris are not easily baffled. They resolved to get a sight of the *menage*, and so, upon an occasion of fire works, knowing that a spacious belvedere, formerly an observatory, on the roof of Montroud's apartment looked over the ground where it was to take place, they sent in a round robin with the request to be allowed to view the show from thence. The request, signed by every one of the beauties of Paris, could not be decently refused—all the more that the most splendid collation—flowers, fruit, choice wines, cold fowls, gelatines, ices and confectionary was sent by contribution of the fair signataires to be spread in the belvedere. Well, Montroud received his beautiful visitors with every expression of hearty welcome, but many of them still remember the malicious expression of his eye. At the first bang of the signal rocket a rush was made for the little staircase leading from his rooms to the belvedere. It was steep and narrow—the ladies were crushed and pressed to death—their beautiful toilets completely wrecked; but Montroud stood at the head of the stair, in far more trouble than his fair visitors. He held a tremendous bunch of keys in his hand, and was trying each one of them in the lock. None would fit! the key was evidently not there. He called aloud to his valet, who, in answer to his distressful inquiries, bade him remember that he had taken the key off the rin—that very morning, and had locked himself in while he disposing the good things sent by the ladies to the best advantage. Then it was likely that he had forgotten to take the key out when he left, and had closed the door behind him. What was to be done? The heat in that narrow stair was tremendous. The fireworks were by this time banging away without interruption—now and then a flash of colored light through the glass dome of the roof would show the angry countenances and disordered toilets of the ladies, and the distressed expression in that of their host. But nothing was to be done. The last phiz of the bouquet died away, and all was dark, when the poor mystified guests, vowing vengeance against their mystifier, who, with all the courtesy of his young days, expressed himself far more injured by their displeasure than they could possibly be by their misadventure, descended the stair and went home—to listen to the accounts of those friends who had witnessed "the most brilliant display of fireworks ever seen in Paris." And Montroud, suddenly finding the missing key, sat down with a select party of his boon companions to a jolly supper, and drank the health of his fair guests in their own exquisite wine.

PRIMA DONNAS AT HOME.

St. John's Wood, a pretty suburb in the north-west of London, is a favorite neighborhood for artists. Alma Tadema's study is there. Marie Roze, the wife of Henry Mapleson, gives frequent concerts in her house to the residents of the Wood, and Sir Julius Benedict does so more pretentiously once a year.

Mme. Albani has a pleasant house, standing back from the street, amid bright green shrubbery, with a hedge inside of the high iron railings that bound the pavement in front. She gives teas, garden parties, and dinners often when at home. She is Mrs. Gye.

Jenny Lind has a quiet residence in South Kensington. Almost any day one can see a little old woman bending over the flowers in a front window. That is the once great singer.

Nilsson's house is isolated from those of other noted singers, and she has a social circle of her own.

Patti lives in London only during her professional engagements there, her home being a veritable castle in Wales.

HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Beauvoir is a stately mansion, reminding one of an old English home. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. Mrs. Davis is statuesque and stately. Her elegantly shaped head sits upon her shoulders as though chiseled by Phidias. It is so exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing, while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitened, alas! not by the hand of time, is wound in a massive coil at the back of the beautiful head. Her figure is stately, and the close-fitting black dress, with its Watteau plaits, clung to her form as though to caress it. She wore no ornaments whatever, save the circle of gold on her fine and shapely hand. Her manner is so winsome as to completely absorb one, and as we walked up to the old manor-house, beneath the arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception-room, an apartment at once as elegant as it is cozy. A bright log fire smiled at us, and great easy-chairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work, and all the costly knick-knackereries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as if to complete the picture, a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog before the fire sprawled, who even in sleep over and anon wagged his bushy tail for very hospitality. Mr. Davis' married daughter is on a visit to Beauvoir—the electric lights in the household, her two beautiful children.

After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband's study—the workshop in which he turned out the "History of the War"—and in which he passes so much of his waking hours. This *sanctum* is a verandaed building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The interior presents all the rude reality that actual work ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everything are evidences of Jeff Davis' individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands here, and everything must remain as he leaves it. While he is closeted in his *sanctum* no one may disturb him. This law is Draconian. Mrs. Davis almost apologized for the condition of the grounds, which were quite *en deshabille*, owing to the difficulty of procuring labor. Beauvoir, as is known, was the gift to Jefferson Davis from an ardent admirer, and a right lordly gift it was.

VARIETIES.

FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—At a January meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Dr. Leidy exhibited a series of fangs taken from a rattlesnake fifty-two inches in length. The rapidity with which the functional fangs are reproduced was shown by the presence, on each side of the jaw, of five fangs in varying degrees of development, so placed as to replace those which are lost.

PERILS OF BALLOONING.—Information has been received recently of the frightful death of two over-daring aeronauts in Madrid under peculiarly horrible circumstances. It appears that Captain Mayet and an assistant ascended in a balloon in Madrid, before an immense concourse of people, on January 28th. When the balloon had reached the height of about 1,000 feet, Captain Mayet got out upon a trapeze suspended from the basket and began his performance. The trapeze was seen to break, and the performer lost his hold. While in the air he turned over and over many times. He struck the stone pavement an unrecognizable mass. A moment later the balloon containing the other occupant was seen to descend with meteoric rapidity, and it crashed with terrible force against the projecting eave of a house, tilting the basket and hurling the occupant out head first. Striking a veranda, the man was precipitated to the ground, torn, cut, and mangled to such a degree that he died in a few moments.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper and letter to hand. Thanks.

F. W. H., Boerne, Texas.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 422.

We have been requested to publish the following table showing the number of games finished in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to March 26th, 1883. Several Canadian chessplayers are engaged in this contest, and one of them, Mr. Shaw, of Montreal, is at present taking the lead, as will be seen by reference to the table. This Tourney is ably conducted by W. J. Ferris, Esq., of New Castle, Delaware.

Games finished in Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to March 26th, 1883.

Table with 3 columns: Player Name, Games Won, Games Lost. Lists names like H. J. Anderson, A. B. Block, C. A. Boivin, etc.

The announcement that Captain Mackenzie will take part in the great International Tourney in London gives pleasure to many on this continent, and we can assure him that he has the best wishes of his Canadian friends for his success.

We have been informed that a telegraph chess match between the Quebec and Toronto Chess Clubs began on Saturday last, March 24th. As soon as particulars come to hand, we shall hasten to publish them in our Column.

A match was played three weeks ago between the University and City Chess Clubs of Oxford, in which the former was victorious by 22½ to 10½ games. Fifteen players on each side.

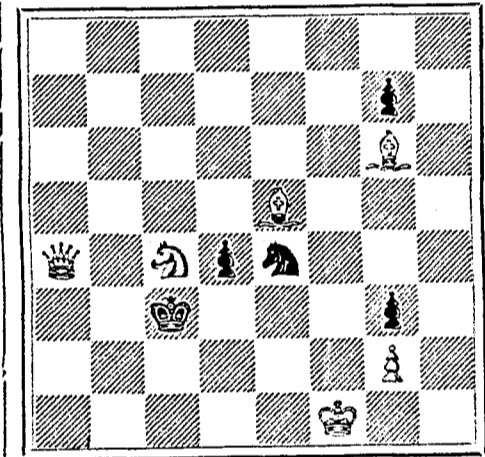
The annual match between Oxford and Cambridge was announced some time ago to take place on Saturday, March 17th. We shall be glad to hear the results.

Hacc our done! A Ladies' International Tourney is announced in connection with the Matlock Register. Any number of two-movers—direct and unconditional—may be sent in by each competitor all bearing the same motto, but numbered. Sealed envelopes not required. Time limit for sending in problems, December 1st, 1883. Prizes, £2 2s. For best set of two problems, a painted Torquay Terra Cotta Plaque, valued £1 ls. for the best English set, not winning first prize, and two minor prizes for composers in their first year of composition. Joint compositions are barred. Address the Matlock Register Chess Editor, Dove Dale House, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 427.

By X. M. Carrig.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 425.

- White. 1 Kt to K3, 2 B to KB5, 3 B mates. Black. 1 K to K4, 2 Any, 1 K to B3, 2 Any, 3 R mates.

GAME 533RD.

CHESS AT SEA.

THE "JUDO" VARIATION IN THE FRENCH DEFENSE.

The game found below was played between Herr Steinitz, sans coiffe, and Mr. De Visser on board the steamship Nantoga, while on their way to Havana, where the champion is now encountering Judge Celso Golunago in a match for \$500 a side.

WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz.) BLACK.—(Mr. De Visser.)

- (blindfold.) 1 P to K4, 2 P to K5, 3 P to K B4, 4 P takes P, 5 K Kt to B3, 6 Q to K2, 7 Q Kt to R3, 8 Kt to Q Kt5, 9 P to Q4, 10 Q takes Kt, 11 B to K B4 (b), 12 P takes P, 13 P to K6, 14 P takes P ch, 15 R to K5, 16 P Queens ch, 17 Q takes B ch, 18 Q takes B P ch, 19 B takes P, 20 castles (K R). (sea-sick.) 1 P to K3, 2 P to Q B4, 3 P to K Kt4 (a), 4 Q Kt to B3, 5 B to Kt2, 6 Q to B2, 7 Kt takes P, 8 Q to Kt5, 9 Kt takes Kt ch, 10 P to Q R3, 11 P to K1, 12 P takes Kt, 13 P to Q3, 14 K to Q sq, 15 P takes B, 16 P takes Q, 17 K to B2, 18 K to Q sq, 19 B to K Kt5.

and Mr. Visser retired to seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.

NOTES.

(a) This move constitutes Mr. Max Judd's variation in the French defense, in which Mr. Steinitz moves 2 P to K5. This game is no fair test of the strength of the move, because De Visser not only is a weaker player than Judd, but was sea-sick at the time of playing the game.

(b) A Steinitzian move. —Globe-Democrat.