

## THE COYNESS OF LOVE.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

If, Poet, thou dost hope to move  
My heart, subdue thy flame,  
Nor scare my love, a restless dove,  
To rosy skies of shams.

The bird that in the greenwood sings  
Each murmur vaguely fears,  
So, too, my passion that hath wings,  
When startled, disappears.

Mute as you marble Mercury  
Beneath the thicket wide,  
And from her tree thou soon shalt see  
Thy charmer downward glide.

Thy temples softly formed shall greet  
Cool gusts about them blown  
By palpitating wings that beat  
The air with snowy down.

And the tame dove shall coyly seek  
Thy breast, her home of bliss,  
And with her rosy-pointed beak  
Thine eager mouth shall kiss.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## "RUBY."

## A THEATRICAL EPISODE.

I am a prosperous manager now, but in the old times, long ago, it was quite different. Then I was an actor, and a very bad one at that. Nearly all actors begin by meeting difficulties and knowing poverty. It is rarely that any one succeeds without having a struggle. There is scarcely a successful actor living who has not known what it is to be penniless, hungry, and, what is harder to bear, to be in debt for some miserable trifle among strangers.

But in every case I am happy. The Lord has blessed me with plenty of this world's goods. Everything in my neat suite of rooms is orderly and comfortable. I have a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belong to me. But how lonesome they are!

A man has just passed my window, his wife on his arm, and she leading a little child. They chatted and laughed so merrily.

Well, I might have been happy once, and had a loving wife, too, but for a "friend's" perfidy. Yes, and Annie's, too, for she was as much to blame as he.

Ned Douglass was my friend. Ah! Bah! How hollow that word sounds. We were like brothers, he brought up by my father adopted in our family when a little child. I could only look upon him as a brother.

I wonder if either of them is to blame? Love goes where it is sent, and I am sure they could not help loving each other. He was such a splendid fellow—so handsome and manly; looked so grand in the juvenile tragedy. All the women went wild about him. So how could I blame her, when every one else worshipped him as well as she? And he had such brilliant indications of talent about him. I should like to know what has become of them. It is strange I have never heard what their fate has been since that fatal night they so mysteriously disappeared. I have scanned all the theatrical journals of the country, but have never read a line by which I could trace their whereabouts.

She was to have married me on my birthday. Ah, well! here I sit by my comfortable fireside. There are a few silver threads in my hair, and I indeed comprehend my abject loneliness. My heart seems a deep, dark grave, where all my hopes, ambition and affections are buried.

Oh! if I could only see them once again, how willingly would I embrace them both! How they would fill the vacancy in my sore heart! And now five years have slowly dragged along, and still no information. I would gladly share my wealth with them, if I could only see their happy faces at my hearthstone. I am frequently attacked with the blues, and I felt them to-day more than ever, so I impatiently threw away my cigar, hurried on my overcoat and started for a walk. I will seek some excitement this Thanksgiving morning. How crisp the snow is under my feet, and how sharp the November wind cuts! The streets are thronged with happy, merry faces. If I only had some one to make happy. Ah, there is a crowd of newsboys! "Come here, you little rascals, I want to buy your papers. Come, how many have you? There, keep the change and the papers, too. I don't care to trade to-day." They are so overjoyed that they forget to thank me, and depart joyfully to their different homes. Now they are gone, the old yearning after something returns to me, and I go slowly back to my bachelor rooms again.

Upon my return I found a child sitting on my steps. Though poorly clad, her face was peculiarly striking. The baby form was perfect in symmetry; the large violet eyes fringed with long lashes; the mouth a perfect little rose-bud. She looked so contented that I at first thought she belonged to some of the neighbours. But oh, no! I knew every face. There was not a child in that quarter of the city that I had not fondled and caressed. I thought I would open the conversation, so I addressed her:

"Well, young lady, you appear comfortable?"

She looked up in my face with her large violet eyes, and said, with a charming baby lisp:

"I know 'ou; how 'ou do?"

"You know me? Well, I must say, you have the advantage of me. What's your name?"

"My name's Ruby."

"So your name is Ruby. Why, my pet, you look more like a pearl. Where are your parents?"

"What is zat?" looking up into my face with an inquiring glance.

"Where are your papa and mamma?"  
"I don't know."  
"Where do you live?"  
"Wite here. My muzzer told me I waz to 'tay wiz 'ou."  
"With me?"

"Es. She said 'ou would dit me a dolly wiz white hair, an' oh! such lots of putty toys." I was for once in my life non-plussed. "By Jove!" said I, "this is going it pretty strong."  
"Es, 'ou is strong 'nuff to tarry me!" said the golden-haired little fairy.

So I brought her into the house. But what a fix I was in! I called for my landlady and left the child in her charge, while I started out to find the parents. I searched in vain. I advertised in all the papers, but to no purpose. My friends at the theatre chaffed me. In fact, I was in a most lamentable condition for a bachelor.

Time grew on apace. Who the child was, or what the object in palming her off on me, remained a mystery for years. At first I was savage whenever I would stop to think, or some friend of an inquiring turn of mind would question me too closely.

But my little darling grew in grace and beauty, and became the very light of my soul. She seemed to fill a void in my heart, and as the years passed rapidly by, I could see her with pride growing into womanhood.

What was it that would sometimes make me start at the sound of her voice? There was something familiar about it. There was a strange resemblance in the contour of the face, in the halo of the golden hair, to some one in the long ago.

She had all the love and ambition for my profession that I had felt at her age, so I determined at her sixteenth year she should make her debut.

It was prominently advertised in all the city papers, for I had written a new drama for her. She had been so long under my instruction I felt certain of her success.

The night came at last. The house was packed. The orchestra had just finished the overture. I sat in my managerial box, nervous and impatient for the curtain to ascend. How intensely did I watch the play: how closely criticised the company. Her resemblance to some forgotten friend seemed more striking than ever.

Surely I had known some one at some time of my life like my beautiful darling! I listened to her and watched her with the pride a parent can feel at the triumph of a loved daughter.

Finally the last act came on. Never shall I forget the picture at the end. She was supposed to be dying, betrayed and of a broken heart, in the play; she was kneeling in the bed in a loose white robe, with hands clasped around her lover's neck, with tender eyes upraised; the whole mass of golden hair falling in one way cataract about her shoulders, like a halo of light; her face so pure, so tender, that I seemed transported to another world, until the curtain hid her from my sight.

A scream burst upon me from the audience. It was a woman's voice. Why did I leap to my feet? The long years of the past seemed to glide by me like a wondrous panorama.

I struggled through the crowd and at last reached her.

"Oh, Annie! Annie!"  
There is little more to relate. I conveyed her to my home—to her child. She was broken-down, weary, and heart-sick; aged before her time. She knew her daughter, and Ruby loved her with all the affection her fresh young heart was capable of.

Ned had died soon after Ruby was born. Annie was left almost penniless, but too proud to return to me; battled hard to support herself and child. At last she was forced to adopt the plan of sending the child to me.

She was sinking rapidly. I sat by her bedside.

"Oh, Hugh! let me lay my head upon your dear breast, that I may feel your breath upon my cheek!"

"You have come back, my treasure; we will live for each other," I replied.

"Oh! kiss my lips, Hugh; but don't look at me; press me to your bosom; let me see the last of your dear manly face. Forgive me. Oh! say you forgive! Remember He forgave them, even at the foot of the cross. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

I called her by name—

"Annie." No answer. "Annie, oh! Annie!"

My desire was granted. In a moment she opened her eyes and recognized me. I spoke again:

"Live, oh, live! If not for me, for your daughter."

Her eyes brightened for a moment with the old look of love, she strove to raise her head, but the effort was in vain. Her love was greater than her strength.

She moved her head a little, as if she would be closer to me; looked once more with her suppliant eyes into my face, and died.

And then, holding my dead love in my arms, while the great warm tears ran down my cheeks, I sat in the lonely room until the gray dawn came stealing in at the window, and the sun arose in all its golden splendour, giving promise that, in the future—

We shall meet in that land where the spring is eternal, Where darkness ne'er cometh, nor sorrow, nor pain, Where the flowers ne'er fade, in that clime ever vernal, We shall meet and be parted, ah! never again.

Montreal, Dec., 1872.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 255.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 251. See the author's solution of Problem No. 254.

We stated some time ago that it was the intention of the chessplayers of Ontario to form an Association which should be composed of amateurs of their own Province, and consequently local in its operations, and we at the same time acknowledged that the step was one which we had for some time anticipated, and that we were convinced that it would be beneficial in the end. We now see from a report in the *Globe* of a meeting of chess-players at Guelph, at which there were representatives from five clubs—viz., Toronto, Seaford, Hamilton, Brantford and Guelph, that it was decided that the Association should be at once constituted, as the meeting was large and of a fairly representative character, besides some of those present being able to vouch for the adhesion of several absent clubs. The main features of the Constitution were then adopted, and the officers elected.

We do not care to go into the reasons which we suppose have led to this action on the part of the Ontario chessplayers. It was mainly through their influence that the Canadian Chess Association was organized in 1872, and it may appear strange to many that they should at the present time seem desirous of undoing what they were so anxious to accomplish eight years ago. We feel sure that they have acted under the impression that they are doing what is best calculated to promote the advancement of the royal game in their section of the Dominion, and the vigor which they have displayed in establishing their new Association is a good omen for the future.

The question for consideration now is what is the condition of the Association of 1872? Ontario, of all the Provinces of the Dominion, is the one in which chess has made the greatest progress—it has the largest number of players and clubs, and in the future it will undoubtedly devote its influence for the welfare of its own Association. The annual meetings of the Canadian Chess Association for the last two or three years have been lamentably weak and unsatisfactory; what hope have we then that they will be any better in the future, now that division exists amongst Canadian players? We venture the opinion that we should look upon the next meeting of the Canadian Chess Association at Ottawa, in 1880, as a fitting occasion to establish out of the adherents of the old institution a chess society, similar in its nature to the new Association recently set on foot in Ontario, and which should have for its object the advancement of chess in the Province of Quebec. There are ample materials for such an undertaking. Montreal and Quebec have each a flourishing club, and if to these there were added as members the chessplayers in the larger towns in the Province, a very respectable society would soon be in existence.

Two such institutions, by the local influence which they would have at command, would be much more effective for chess interest in the Dominion than the unsatisfactory state of things which was exhibited by the last meeting of the Canadian Association at Ottawa.

The existence of two independent associations would lead to a rivalry which is consonant with the nature of chess, and every year, instead of one association extending its invitations over an area which, on account of its extent, gave very little chance of hearty co-operation on the part of Canadian players, we might have occasional contests between the two societies, for which the best players on both sides might be selected. The existence of a rivalry of this nature would naturally lead to a desire on the part of each association to maintain the efficiency of the play of its members, and from this would proceed those club contests and matches which are always found to be necessary when anything like improvement in chess skill is to be expected.

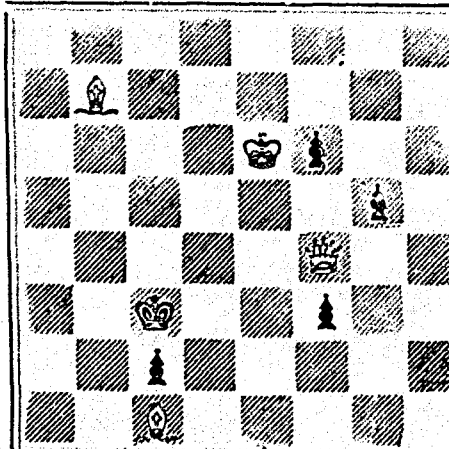
The Manhattan Chess Club began last week a series of chess entertainments at its rooms, to be continued weekly until the opening of the Congress in January. On Thursday evening Captain Mackenzie played nineteen games simultaneously. The growing interest in chess matters was shown by the fact that in spite of the severe storm the affair brought out many to witness it, who, for a long time, have not been seen in chess circles. The second exhibition of the series will take place this (Friday) evening, when Captain Mackenzie will repeat the penitential feat of playing at one time against all comers; the rooms of the club are thrown open to all, and the public are invited to come. Next week, we understand Mr. Deimat will try his skill.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

The Nottingham chess club of England recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. The *Express* says: "The club was established in 1823, and is probably the oldest in existence in this country. It is expected that Mr. Mason, the American champion, the Rev. J. McDonald, from London, and other celebrated players will honour the society with their presence."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*.

## PROBLEM No. 254.

By William Mitcheson.

## BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play and mate in three moves.

## GAME 387TH.

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

One of the blindfold games, conducted by Mr. J. H. Blackburne against members of the Witney Chess Club on the 3rd October last.

## (King's Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Shayer.)
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. P to K B4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B3	3. P to Q3 (a)
4. P to Q4	4. P to K Kt4
5. P to K R4	5. B to R3 (b)
6. P takes P	6. B takes P
7. B to B4	7. B to Kt5
8. P to B3	8. Q to K9
9. Castles	9. Kt to K R3
10. Kt to R3	10. Castles (c)
11. Q to Q3	11. B to R4
12. Kt takes B	12. Q takes Kt
13. Q B takes P	13. Q to Kt3
14. Kt to B2	14. Kt to Kt5
15. Kt to K3	15. Kt to Q2
16. Q R to K sq	16. K to R sq
17. Kt takes Kt	17. B takes Kt
18. R to K3 (d)	18. P to K R4
19. Q to Q2	19. Q R to K sq
20. B to K2	20. R takes P
21. R takes R (e)	21. Q takes R
22. B to Q3	22. Q to Q4 (f)

White mates in four moves.

## NOTES.

(a) Hoping to better himself by taking Mr. Blackburne away from the main road. In fact, like a pugilist's youngling, he says, "Come down my street."

(b) This narrow alley is by no means a favourable place for the fight. P to Kt5 leads to more open ground.

(c) His best, no doubt, for it is useless to think of castling on the other side.

(d) It is a characteristic of Mr. Blackburne's play that he makes much use of his Rooks.

(e) Aiming rather at quick returns than small profits.

(f) Falling into the snare prepared for him by his acute enemy. He should move his Queen either to K2 or K3. If the latter, then after Q P to Q5, she could go to K2.

## GAME 387TH.

## CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Prof. Hicks of Montreal, and Mr. H. N. Kitchin of Hamilton.

WHITE.—(Prof. Hicks)	BLACK.—(Mr. Kitchin)
1. P to Q4	1. P to Q4
2. P to K B4	2. Kt to K B3
3. P to K3	3. B to K B4
4. B to Q3	4. B to K5
5. B takes B	5. Kt takes B
6. Q Kt to Q2	6. P to K3
7. Kt takes Kt	7. P takes Kt
8. Q to K2	8. Q to Q2
9. Kt to K R3	9. Kt to Q B3
10. Castles	10. B to K2
11. P to Q R3	11. Castles (K R)
12. P to Q B4	12. Kt to K sq
13. K to R sq	13. P to K B4
14. B to Q2	14. P to Q B3
15. B to Q B3	15. P to K R3
16. Q R to Q sq	16. B to B3
17. Q R to Q2	17. Kt to H2
18. K R to Q sq	18. P to Q R4
19. Kt to B2	19. Q to Q B2
20. P to K Kt4	20. P to K Kt4
21. P takes K R P	21. K takes P
22. Q to K R3	22. B to Kt2
23. K R to K Kt sq	23. P to Kt5
24. K takes K Kt P	24. P takes Kt
25. R takes P	25. Kt to Q3
26. R takes B (ch)	26. Q takes B
27. R to K Kt2	27. Q takes R (ch)
28. K takes Q	28. K to R2
29. Q to K5	29. Kt to H4
30. Q to Q B7 (ch)	30. K to Kt sq
31. K to K B2	31. R to B2
32. Q to K5	32. Kt to Kt2
33. Q takes K P	33. Q R to K sq
34. Q to Q3	34. Kt to B4
35. B to Q2	35. P to Kt3
36. P to K4	36. Kt to Q3
37. P to K5	37. Kt to B4
38. Q to K4	38. R to K3
39. P to Q5	39. P takes P
40. P takes P	40. Kt to Q3
41. Q to Q4	41. R takes K P
42. Q to K Kt (ch)	Resigns.

## SOLUTIONS.

The solution of Problem No. 254 (Blackburne's), which appeared in the Column of Dec. 27th, was a mistake. The following is the author's solution:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q sq	1. Anything.
2. Mates acc.	

## Solution of Problem No. 255.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q4	1. B to Kt5
2. Kt to B5	2. Anything
3. Q or P mates.	

There are other defences.

## Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 254.

White.	Black.
1. P to K7	1. Any move
2. Mates acc.	

## PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 257.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q B sq	K at Q6
R at K sq	B at K7
R at K8	K at Q5
B at Q7	Pawns at K5.
Pawns at K B2	K B6, Q B5 and
and Q Kt2	and Q Kt6

White to play and mate in two moves.

ONE of the most pleasant of the many festive gatherings of the New Year was that at the factory of John L. Johnston, Esq., manufacturer of the well-known Fluid Beef, and was given by the worthy proprietor to the numerous working hands, including those from Rouse's Point, for whom free transit was provided. The large room was tastefully decorated, and, with excellent music and refreshments, on temperance principles, the New Year was ushered in in the most pleasant, happy and cordial manner by all present. Such expressions of consideration and interest tend strongly to make the mutual relations of employer and employee profitable and lasting, and are worthy of all praise, and if more generally followed would most effectually kill the antagonism so often displayed, and which is so detrimental to all business progress and good-will when indulged in.