

NAMELESS.

There is a name so sweet, so dear,
That I could never write it here,
Where careless eyes perchance might see
The name a loved one gave to me;
A little name, one simple word,
Soft as the twitter of a bird,
Brooding above her tiny nest;
But, oh! it is the dearest, best;
And softly I'll that name repeat
Until my heart shall cease to beat!

There is a little plaintive song,
My heart repeats the whole day long;
I heard it once at day's decline,
Low breath'd by lips close pressed to mine.
I would not that a careless ear
Should catch the song I love to hear;
So my heart's throbbings come and go
As to myself I breathe it low;
Soul-music holy, glad and deep,
Within my heart of hearts I keep.

There is a heart so warm and true,
And eyes of pure and tender hue;
I know full well I need not fear
What fate may bring, if they are near.
Oh! fond, true faith, on which I rest,
And own myself so richly blest!
Oh! faithful friend, for whom I yearn,
And count the hours till they return;
The name, the song, the heart I own,
I keep for thee, and thee alone!

AS THE ROSES FADE.

By CATHERINE OWEN.
(Concluded from our last.)

Two or three days later Percy Lee received a letter that made it necessary for him to leave hurriedly. He told Mrs. Maberly, and after a hasty packing up, and a farewell ramble, he left, Linda by his suggestion (of course he had seen her during this ramble) keeping her room with a sick headache, and when her mother came to bring her toast and tea, the headache was a very genuine one as the hot flushed face and heavy eyes testified. The room was darkened and so the sympathising mother did not see the traces of tears on her cheeks.

It required a great effort on Linda's part not to confess her love to her mother, but she had promised Percy, and so forced herself to get up and dress and go about her usual employment the next morning, pale and weary looking, which she attributed to the previous day's headache.

She walked in the wood where they had passed so many happy hours. Every tree and stone seemed to have some sweet association as connected with her absent lover. Ah! how could she possess her soul in patience for a whole fortnight until he came back! How long and weary the morning was! As she looked back to her life before she knew him, the calm peaceful life she had thought so happy, she shuddered. How could she endure it again? Even the fortnight before her seemed too desolate to think of.

The passion of love had changed the nature of this simple child, and had filled her with an eager restlessness. He had promised he would write, but there could be no letter yet, and so she must get through the day with her heart unfed by news of him.

Next morning she went down to the post office and found one letter, and that one for her; she always went for letters herself, and so it had been arranged that Percy could safely write to her. The first impulse was to read it in the woods, but then a feeling that in the sanctity of her chamber she could better enjoy her happiness, and a sort of childish pleasure in keeping herself in suspense (a suspense that was no longer painful) a little longer, led her to speed home instead. With what a cruel sense of relief she saw her mother in the kitchen garden employed, she knew for hours, gathering and drying herbs.

Gaily calling to her:
"No letters, mama," she skipped up to her own pretty room, and blushing and trembling in sweet ecstasy she opened her first love letter.

"My darling!
I still call you my darling, although before you have read this you will see that, unless by your own sweet will, your ineffable woman's goodness, you forgive what you must now learn, I have no longer the right to call you mine. Linda, I have deceived you! It may as well come first as last. I don't think you can feel more pain in reading than I do in writing this. Heaven knows, I never meant to deceive you, and yet the only right thing I have done since I have known you was in tearing myself away as I have done. You cannot know the struggle it cost me, the misery and suffering of that last week under the same roof with you, to know what happiness was within my reach if I chose to continue the deception. When you have finished this, let that one spark of virtue plead for me. Think what I had it in my power to do, and yet from the purity and greatness of my love I renounced."

Thus far Linda read with paling cheeks and eager eyes. She felt sick with a sense of impending evil, and even yet, while the real cause of Percy's excuses was unknown, she felt how little he had known her, how much he had over-rated her simplicity, and alas! the selfish sophistry was but too apparent even now. Feeling that she was reading the knell of her own happiness, she read on:

"Pity me, my beloved, when I tell you I was engaged, long before I saw you, to my cousin. It had long been planned by our family, and loving Laura, as I now know, in a brotherly way, I acceded to the plan. There are large money interests involved, which I need not explain, that make our marriage the one great desire of my mother and father, although that would have little weight with me if I had anything independent of them. It would have no effect for my

own sake, for I would gladly share poverty with you until the publication of my book should enable me to live by my pen. But what I have not the courage to do is to break Laura's heart, expose her to ridicule perhaps, and disappoint my family. My marriage is so near that I expect my mother and Laura to arrive by the next steamer from Europe whither they have been for the trousseau, and immediately on their return our union is to take place. Ah, Linda! you are perhaps hating me now, and that thought almost takes from me the courage to send this. I feel if I were villain enough, I might have kept your love, gone on deceiving you and lived two lives, one of bliss near you, and another of misery by the side of her to whom duty will before long bind me. You, I know, are so pure, so innocent, that you would, if I had only told you there was an obstacle to our marriage, have been content with such a pure and holy tie. Linda, my beloved, can this not be? You are exceptionally good and pure and holy, could you make this sacrifice for me? I ask nothing unworthy that purity and goodness, nothing but to see you as a friend occasionally, to know there is a woman who consecrates her life to me. Such friendships have been, dear. There would be no wrong done to Laura. I give myself to her, I sacrifice to her the happiness of my life, and will be a faithful, kind husband, but my heart is and always will be yours. Whether I see you or not will make no difference to her. The question is, shall we be so happy as circumstances allow, or shall we both be miserable?"

So far Linda read with passionate amazement, and then pausing one instant, she realized with horror and disgust the cruel selfishness of the man she had loved. For the time all her love was swallowed up in these two feelings—and scorn for the man who could have so misjudged her, and whose love was so mean and poor a thing that he could not sacrifice social and pecuniary advantages by marrying a poor little unknown country girl, and yet could sacrifice her and her life's happiness, if it might be, for its own selfish pleasure. In her contempt she did not finish the letter, but tore it into shreds, and trod them underfoot. And then she wept passionate bitter tears. She scarcely felt pain at knowing that Percy was lost to her, but she wept for her lost love and faith in human nature. Henceforth her days must be grey and cold and cheerless. She had cast her whole life's happiness on that one die, and it had failed. She did not realise all this as she wept, nor for many weeks after, but only the one great aching pain to know him for what he was, was horror unspeakable. If he had only died!

When Mrs. Maberly came to look for Linda she found her with glittering eyes and burning cheeks. She was so alarmed that she did not stay to make enquiries, but sent for a doctor. Before midnight Linda was in high fever, and from the delirious days that followed the poor loving mother learnt that all her care to shield her daughter's happiness had been brought to naught by a few weeks of misplaced confidence.

For many days Linda's life was despaired of, but kind as death would have been, the old Reaper withheld his scythe from that one flower for awhile, and very slowly Linda passed out of the shadowy valley into life, but not the old buoyant life. Never again was she to know the joy of free unfettered health, but like a drooping white lily she lived, glad that she did live for her mother's sake, although to herself, with her grief ever at her heart, life was a pitiful burthen. But she knew it could not be for long, and she felt she was expiating her past weakness.

One June day, two years after Percy Lee had left, Linda had come out on to the piazza to enjoy the sun and sweet balmy air of that rare morning. She had a book in her hand, but sat enjoying the perfume with which the air was laden. The glad song of the birds, and the sweet sound of fluttering leaves infected her with something of her old feeling of enjoyment, and for once she longed to be able to walk out into the free woods. She almost thought she would call Martha, their solitary servant, and try her strength. As she sat irresolute, she saw a figure turn in at the gate, and come up the path towards her. It needed no second look to assure her that the new comer was Percy Lee. For an instant she felt an impulse to fly anywhere rather than encounter one who had wronged her so deeply, but she knew her own feebleness would prevent her leaving so quickly as to be unobserved by him, and she thought too that it were better to face him than let her mother be annoyed by an interview with the murderer of her daughter's happiness. She believed she would suffer least, and so, despite her trembling limbs and beating heart, she awaited his approach with apparent calm.

He stood before her some moments in silence, regarding her intently with a shocked, pained look.

"My Linda, have you no word for me?"

He held out his hand with a tender entreating look, but she stood erect appearing not to see it.

"Linda, I understood from your silence after my letter that you did not forgive the wrong I had done you. Heaven knows I have expiated that wrong in these two years of self-reproach and misery, and now to see you thus and by my fault! Linda, I was mad, mad, so to throw away my happiness, mad to suppose you could ever be to me even as a friend while I was the husband of another, but now, my darling, I am free. God knows I try not to exult in it. Poor Laura never knew any want of care or love on my part, but now that I am free to choose again, Linda, there can be no obstacle to our happiness. Linda! Linda! do not look on me in that way!" he cried passionately, seeing her calm scornful eyes.

"My darling, you cannot be so unforgiving."
"I forgive you Percy, but if you want love from me, I have none to give."

"Linda!"
He started forward, and caught her hand which she sought to withdraw.

"Linda, you cannot mean what you say."
She smiled sadly, and for the first time he began to realise that her love was dead. It was no mere offended woman's coquetting that made her cold. A great fear took possession of him.

"Linda, will you kill me after all I have—we have both gone through?"

There was a world of contempt in her voice as she said.

"Men like you do not die for a woman's love. I forgive you; now go from me, you weary me. Can you not see that I am not long for this world? Let me enjoy the time I have in peace."

"Linda, my darling, don't talk so."
He bent his head on the pillar of the piazza, and sobs of emotion shook his frame.

Linda felt her strength failing her.
"Good-bye, Percy, I am weak and must go in."
She left him, standing, and went in doors.

"Fetch my mother, Martha, quickly!" she said to the girl who flew to do her bidding.
When Mrs. Maberly came she found Linda panting on the couch. The poor heart had been overtried.

"Mother, Percy has been here. I—I have seen him."
"My poor darling, my poor child, it has killed her."

The mother was right. Linda had received her deathblow, and with the June roses she passed away.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

The popular song of "The Old Oaken Bucket" is said to have its origin under the following circumstances, which give it additional interest: Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several others, "Old New Yorkers," were brother typos in a printing office which was situated at the corner of Chestnut and Chambers streets, there were few places in the City of New York where one could enjoy the luxury of a really "good drink." Among the few places most worthy of patronage was an establishment kept by Mallory in Franklin street, or about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had dropped in at this place one afternoon for the purpose of taking some "brandy and water," which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it, for after taking a draught he laid his glass upon the table and smacking his lips declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted. "No," said Mallory, "you are quite mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations far surpassed this in the way of drinking." "What was that?" asked Woodworth, dubiously. "The draught of pure fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer." The teardrops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eyes. "True! true!" he replied, and soon quitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memory of succeeding generations.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

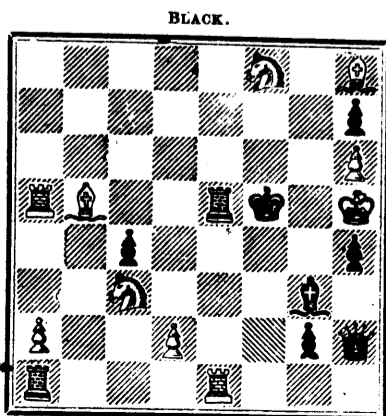
TO CORRESPONDENTS

F. H. A. Quebec. Letter containing game received. Many thanks.
It is stated that Mr. Bird is about to bring out a new edition of his "Chess Masterpieces," of which work a favourable review was given in our column a few weeks ago. This new edition is to include specimens of provincial play for which room could not be found in the first issue.

A chess match between Mr. W. A. Potter and Mr. J. H. Zukertort is exciting much attention in chess circles in England at the present time. From all accounts, the play, so far, has been in favour of the latter player.
From several announcements which have already been made in connection with clubs in England it is evident that the Royal game will not be neglected there during the present winter. What is Canada going to do, in order to excite interest in the same direction? Players and clubs are not wanting in this new country. The prospects of the International Chess Tourney at Philadelphia are becoming very promising. A large sum of money has already been subscribed.

PROBLEM No. 48.

(From Land and Water.)



White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 55TH.

Played in London, Eng., a short time ago between Mr. Wisker and an Amateur.

Erans' Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Wisker.)	BLACK.—(Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P
7. Castles	P takes Q B P
8. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd
9. B to K Kt 5th (a)	Q to Kt 3rd
10. Kt takes P	B takes Kt
11. Q takes B	Kt to K 2nd
12. B takes Kt	K takes B (b)
13. P to K 5th	R to K sq (c)
14. K R to K sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
15. B to Q 3rd	Q to R 4th
16. R to K 4th	P to K Kt 4th (d)
17. Q to Q R 3rd (ch) (e)	K to Q sq
18. P to K Kt 4th	Q to R 3rd
19. Q R to K sq	Q to Kt 2nd (f)
20. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Kt 2nd
21. Q to Q 3rd	K to Q B sq (g)
22. R to Q sq	R to K 2nd
23. R to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
24. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
25. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 5th (h)
26. Q to Q B 3rd	B takes Kt
27. Q takes B	R to Q Kt sq
28. P to Q R 3rd (i)	Kt to Q B 3rd
29. P to K 6th	Kt to Q 5th (k)
30. R takes Kt	Q takes R
31. P takes K B P	R takes P
32. B takes R	

And White ultimately won.

NOTES.

- (a) Whether this move be critically sound or not, it certainly affords a better attack than is to be obtained by the ordinary form of the "compromised" variation.
- (b) He cannot take with the Knight on account of Kt to K 5th.
- (c) The best play apparently.
- (d) He is threatened with the loss of the Queen.
- (e) This move, the object of which is to drive the Black King to Queen's square, is scarcely necessary.
- (f) In order to defend to K Kt P without moving the Rook. White threatened Q to Q B sq.
- (g) Black's position is very difficult. If he attempt to carry his King over to his own side, White can break up the position by P to K R fourth.
- (h) This manoeuvre does not prove so effective as it looks.
- (i) This quiet move seems to leave Black without resource.
- (k) K B P takes P would have been better, but would not have saved the game.

GAME 56TH.

Played a few days ago at the Quebec Chess Club between Mr. Champion and Mr. Sanderson.

(Allgaier.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Champion.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Sanderson.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd
6. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	Q to K 2nd
9. B takes P	Kt to K R 4th
10. Castles	Kt takes Kt
11. R takes Kt	B takes B
12. P takes B	Q takes P
13. Q to K B sq	Castles
14. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to K 6th (ch)
15. K to R sq	Q to K 6th
16. Q R to K sq	Q takes P (ch)
17. Kt to Kt sq	B to B 4th
18. Kt to K 4th	B takes Kt
19. Q takes B	P to K R 4th
20. P to Q 6th.	Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 46.

(Braune.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 6th	1. B takes either Kt [A]
2. Q takes P (ch)	2. K takes Q
3. R mates.	

[A] 1. P to Q 5th, or B takes Q.

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 45.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to K 6th (ch)	1. Q takes Kt [best]
2. Q to K R 6th (ch)	2. K takes Q
3. B to B 8th mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 46.

WHITE	BLACK.
K at K Kt 2nd	K at K Kt 5th
Q at K B sq	Q at Q B sq
R at Q R 6th	R at K sq
Kt at K Kt 6th	Pawns at K 3rd, K B 4th, and K R 3rd.
P at K Kt 3rd	

White to play and mate in four moves.

Merchants Bank of Canada.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of **FOUR PER CENT.**

upon the CAPITAL STOCK of this Institution for the current half year has been this day declared, and that the same will be due and payable at the Bank and its Branches and Agencies on and after

Monday, the Third Day of January next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JACKSON RAE.

Montreal, 27th Nov., 1875.

General Manager, 12-23-5 253.