

THOUGHTS.

I.

How is it God doth to us ever send
Some great enticing joy and grief
That follows love and joy, doth tend
To darken all our thoughts, hopes, belief?
He who deals these bitter woes we're told
Loves us beyond all else that He hath made:
He'll guide us in our youth, or when we're old,
With faith in Him, we will not be afraid.
Ah! Gracious Heaven thy path 'tis high!

II.

How is it lightnings cleave the clouds asunder:
Flashing spontaneously in distant space,
Causing the deep, rumbling, mighty thunder:
Leaving in the sky no light, no trace?
The mysteries of sun, and moon, and stars
Seeming lanterns lighting all the glorious sky.
Raising weary eyes from earth we gaze afar,
Lost in meditation deep, and why?
'Tis earth so low! 'Tis Heaven so high!

III.

How is it through the hanging earth enrolled
Rank verdure springs as seasons come and go
Great mines a thousand gems unfold
And mighty ocean's waters ebb and flow?
Ah God! how can we fragile mortals tell
One half the wonders of this lovely earth!
Sufficient here for us awhile to dwell
And questioning not, one trusting hope be this:
When dead to earth! To live in Heavenly bliss!

CLARA R.

Port Dalhousie, Ont., February 24, 1880.

BEASTS AND BEAUTY.

Is man the only creature who has a taste for beauty of color and symmetry of form? We know that birds delight themselves with music, that they listen eagerly to tunes and learn them. We know that the war-horse is exhilarated with the trumpet's tones, and that from old serpent-charmers have had certain notes which gratified their grim charges. An animal whose nervous organisation is so delicate as to be sensitive to music may well have some taste for art. Both colour and odour are perceived by insects and birds that feed on nectar or fruit. Only flowers with odours or gaily-coloured blossoms are visited by these, and such flowers are provided with nectaries for their guests, and are so constructed that their winged visitors carry away pollen to neighbouring plants for the purpose of cross-fertilisation. The colour and the odour take the place of a public invitation to the banquet. It is the same with fruit. There are colour, odour, and juicy pulp to feed the winged wanderers chiefly in those cases in which birds disseminate the seed after having devoured it. These observations have been so pressed on our notice recently that the famous lines about the flower that is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air, have lost their melancholy and their point, since millions of eyes are eagerly directed towards millions of blossoms whose beauty is an advertisement to their visitors of the goods to be had within. Birds and insects must, therefore, discriminate colours, nor are there wanting ingenious experiments which illustrate and verify our conclusion.

Now the great law of association of ideas may be supposed to play a part with animals as with human beings. If gay colours denote sweet feasts they may please elsewhere than at banquets. It is worthy of remark that the nectar-sipping bees, moths, and butterflies, whose pleasant moments are among roses, lilies &c. have partners who woo them bedecked in colours as brilliant as the flowers among which they find nourishment. Do they ever relish their own gaudy? There are many facts which seem to point to the conclusion that they do.

To begin with man. When man is in that stage of progress which most nearly assimilates him to animals, he is fond of pronounced colouring and of ornaments. Both children and savages (who have been called children of larger growth) are lovers of paint, plumes and flowers, and are vain of fine clothes, beads, and glittering toys. In a remarkable passage Carlyle upholds that the love of ornament, rather than the desire for comfort, was at the origin of clothes. A few species of bird seem to have got as far as infants and savages in admiring ornament not quite personal or part of themselves. The bower-birds of Australia adorn the bowers which they construct with shells, gaudy feathers, shining pebbles, or anything odd, bright, or glittering which they can pick up. Some humming-birds have the habit of sticking or intertwining moss or flowers into their nests, seemingly for the decoration of their ladies at the season of honey-moon. Magpies collect queer museums with an eye for everything that glitters. Choughs pick up coins and even bits of burning wood. Light has a fascination for a wide range of animals. Larks are lured and caught by turning mirrors. Lizards deliberately walk into bush-fires. Fire-flies and moths singe their wings. Male animals are excited by their images in mirrors, showing sometimes jealousy, sometimes courtesy, and there are a few well-authenticated anecdotes of birds singing and gesticulating before well-painted pictures of their mates. If, on the other hand, the immense majority of animals show perfect indifference to pictures of themselves, it must be remembered that there are savages so low in the scale as to be quite unable to recognize their own portraits or pronounce any opinion on them whatever, as to whether they see a delineation of a man, house, or tree.

Looking at our style of ornament, nothing can be more striking than the fact that both in savage and in civilized countries the head is the principal seat of adornment. This has its

analogue amongst a very large class of birds. Our crowns, coronets, plumes, painted cheeks, and jewelled ears are more than rivalled by combs, wattles, ear-lobes, bright iris, and brilliant skin in species of our domestic poultry, and in the brilliant birds of warmer climes. Next to the head, ornament, both with men and animals, is always placed where it can best be seen. Shoulder-knots, breast-knots, and iridescent neck feathers make up a part of the display. Spangles of ruby or emerald are not hid beneath wings that are not seldom raised. If there are beautiful parts not always exposed there is a provision of muscles to erect or spread them out at pleasure, as the peacock can do with its tail coverts, or many birds with their crests. Those insects which have a habit of displaying the under portion of the wings are the only ones that have the under portion gay with pretty patterns.

Another analogy in the display of beauty between man and the lower animals is that in both the culminating season for gaiety and display is the season of match-making. In the spring birds put on their wedding garments. A brighter iris glows within their eyes, and their habit of displaying themselves reaches its most active stage. Peacocks, blackcocks, humming-birds, grouse, birds of paradise &c., are never tired of gesticulating, dancing, rattling their quills, drumming with their wings, and calling attention to the charms wherewith Nature has endowed them. Not only are the woods vocal, but every colour of the rainbow is flitting through the branches in the months of spring and early summer. Not only birds and insects are then gayer, but cold-blooded reptiles and fishes become more interesting in their attire. The common newt at that time puts upon its back a deeply indented crest, and a lizard (of the genus *Sphenomorphus*) then unfolds its fan of blue, black, and red, and which is a brilliant appendage of the throat. Little sticklebacks glow with love, and both with them and with lizards the beautiful colours wane away under terror or defeat. Indeed, in the class mammalia, to which man belongs, the influence of beauty and brilliancy is not nearly so patent as among butterflies, bees, moths, fireflies, and birds. The monkeys whose colouring is most marked are those who gyrate and perform the most amazing revolutions with a view to display.

That there is a common power of readily observing colours in man, monkey, reptile, and bird may be said to have been established by the physiological discovery that in all these beings the cones of the eye, which are colour organs, are, especially in birds, numerous, developed in proportion to the rods which are merely light organs. In nocturnal birds' eyes there are very few cones, and in nocturnal quadrupeds none. The chameleon, which is remarkable for change of colour, and which feeds on insects, therefore requiring keen vision, is a reptile with as many cones in proportion to rods as birds have. It is only in the adult state that either song or beauty in animals becomes potent and influential. Compare unfledged nestlings with adult birds, or caterpillars with mature insects, and a general impression of the greater beauty and finer symmetry of the latter will be carried away. In the case of caterpillars, however, their dull and angular appearance is not universal. Many of them have brilliant hues, which cannot be explained on the principle of sexual attraction.

Another almost universal rule throughout the animal kingdom is that the male, who is eager and whose interest it is to secure the female, is the most beautiful. His ornaments must be of great use to him for the purpose of successful wooing, for they are often cumbersome, and make him conspicuous to his enemies. There is also a law of compensation which should not be overlooked. Those birds who are highly musical are oftentimes plain, those who are brightly attired have seldom any song, while with certain quadrupeds and insects, perfume as a sexual attraction takes the place of both colour and melody.

Once admit that beautiful, melodious, or keenscenting animals have a taste for song, beauty, or perfume, and one can easily imagine how, from small beginnings, the perfume, beauty, and song, which are the poetry of animated nature could be built up. If in any way bright colours, melody, or perfume, be a lure to the female those males who are most attractive would be sooner in securing mates, and thus have an advantage in leaving representatives of their gifts to new generations. One can scarcely withhold from believing that fine feathers and fine songs have such an effect, else why at the courting should the males be so eager to display their charms? Doctors, however, differ. Those who think that volition is a factor in adding beauty to animated existence will find an able leader in Mr. Darwin. Those, on the other hand, who are incredulous about such a theory will find that a great deal of the colour and appearance of animals can be explained on the principle of protective resemblance. That there is such a thing as protective resemblance seems indubitable, after Mr. Wallace's elaborate elucidations, especially when we study the crucial cases dwelt on by this naturalist. Probably most of their readers will agree that both attraction and protection are final purposes with Nature, but that there are many cases in which it is impossible to draw the line.

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of the news." The ladies are yet undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or otherwise.

MILK.

Owing it is said to the operation of some of the new regulations of the Metropolitan Board of Works between 2,000 and 3,000 cows have been lately driven out of London. Milk is an article of food which undoubtedly tends much to the comfort of existence. It seems no less than bread, to be the support, though it cannot with any consistency of metaphor be called the staff, of life. In the "Wisdom of the Son of Sirach" it is mentioned as one of the principal things for the whole use of man, in conjunction with oil and honey, fire and clothing, wine and wheat, and a few more articles necessary to our well-being. No more significant expression occurred to the inspired writer of the Pentateuch, to describe a prosperous country, than a "land flowing with milk." The chorus of Bacchantes, in the well-known play of Euripides, in their panegyric of Bacchus, forget not to make mention of it. In the good time coming, as they conjecture, the whole earth will flow, so runs their song, with milk, and wine, and the nectar of bees, and a smoke as of frankincense. And so, too, Ovid could think of no sweeter imagery to express the happiness of the golden age before Saturn was sent to Tartarus, than to declare that in those old days all the rivers were of milk.

Most people of the present are accustomed to the consumption of the milk of cows rather than of other animals. In past times a different custom prevailed. Among the Sarmatians milk was understood to be that of the mare. This people milked their mares in the morning, and added flour to make a cake. On festive occasions the cake was enriched with horse's blood. The ancient Hebrews seem to have preferred the milk of the goat to that of any other beast. Jacob's present to Esau of thirty milch camels was a present of milk which occupied perhaps the second place in their estimation. Pliny, indeed, says that camel's milk is the sweetest of all milk when mixed with a certain proportion of water, and the same writer had a notion that a medicinal virtue resided in the milk of goats, especially when they had browsed on the mastich tree. He quotes the case of a certain Considia, the daughter of a man of consular rank, who was by the aid of her physician, Democritus, restored to comparative health, after a long disease, which admitted of no stronger remedy, solely by means of this simple medicine. Perhaps we have here the explanation of the old legend which represents the ruler of the heathen gods receiving his first nourishment from the she-goat Amalthea. The efficacy of asses' milk in particular kinds of sickness, as, for instance, in the earlier stages of consumption, is allowed by the faculty now as it was by physicians more than a thousand years ago. These men, indeed, appear to have considered that milk, either of this or that animal, was able to cure all maladies to which flesh is heir. Dioscorides, the medical attendant, as we are told, of Antony and Cleopatra, held it of extreme service in the case of internal ulcers, gout, pulmonary complaints, the falling sickness or epilepsy, and as many other diverse disorders as modern empiricists are wont to assure us are infallibly healed by the sole and constant use of their pills and nostrums. So Abd al Rahman, a learned doctor of Sayut, in a medical work which he called the "Book of Mercy," and which is, in fact, a treatise on the properties of animals, boldly declared that the most important and only effectual aid in cases of childbirth is afforded by dog's milk mixed with equal parts of wine and honey, necessary, no doubt, to temper the acidity which distinguishes the milk of the carnivora from that of the herbivore, always more or less alkaline. The modern Arabs place much faith in their *laban*, a species of curd usually concocted of goat's milk, in use as a drink and for the superior purposes of cookery. This in all probability was the food appearing in our version as "butter," which Jael offered to Sisera in a lordly dish. Of the camel's milk they make an intoxicating drink which, fermented and distilled, contains, alcoholic properties like the Koumis or milk-pie, of the Tartars.

The Bedonin women, says Burckhardt, count it a disgrace to take money for milk. How far has civilisation set ourselves in advance of these simple barbarians! Milk, like bread, being one of the essential articles of human food, is, of course, with us largely adulterated. How early the admixture of water began, or of sugar, or flour or starch, or gum arabic, or rice, or gelatine, or other numerous articles, with which the mention of milk is in the public mind more or less associated, it is not easy to determine. Who first added salt to strengthen the milk's savour, or annotta to give it a creamy richness in hue? The devices which have made milk other than it ought to be are not wanting in number, nor, indeed, in art. The systems of milk sophistication, a process known to the trade by another and more simple term, are as ingenious as numerous. He, for instance, who first combined with the principal ingredient of our children's food the brains of horses, was one whose generous efforts for the general good deserved some sort of recognition. His was a name which posterity ought not willingly to have let die. Such keenness of wit as this man possessed defies the galactometer—or other instruments of a like nature—which those who do not sell milk have invented to the confusion of some of their less astute fellow-citizens, proud proprietors of a milk-walk of their own. Nothing is now more easy to the milk merchant than to give artificially, by the infusion of horses' brains, that exact amount of density to his milk which an

earlier addition of water has taken away from it. It is true that the presence of these and other abominations may be detected by chemistry, but who among us, except he be of a very scientific turn of mind, would care to see a chemical chest set up between the toast-rack and the teapot on his breakfast table?

Some century and a half ago there is an account in one of the journals of the milkmaids who served the Court dancing on May Day minuet and rigadoons before the Royal Family at St. James' House with great applause, and Steele, in one of his *Tatlers*, speaks of the honours done to him by "Margery, the milkmaid of our lane, dancing before my door with the plate of half her customers on her head." Milk vendors dance no more. Their cry is a melancholy cry. Their very walk has become lethargic, torpid as their sense of delight. If here and there such a thing as a brisk milkman exists, his alacrity is ever discounted by an internal sorrow. A "little grain of conscience," which is still left to him, as in the hero of Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," has made him sorer even than his own milk.

HUMOROUS.

Trouble can always be borrowed at low rates.

A LITERARY man makes a splendid husband when his wife's grandmother dies and leaves him enough money to live upon.

A COCKNEY's way to drop an acquaintance: "It 'im on the 'ead with the 'eckery audle of a 'ammer, and make 'im 'op."

ATHLETIC sports at Vassar: Jumping at conclusions, walking around a subject, running through a novel, skipping full descriptions.

THE days are longer now than a month ago, but we notice that a fellow who wants to borrow a quarter doesn't let that interfere with his calling around.

SHE said: "I am going to the post-office, John; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

AN Englishman, who is boarding, says he can stand Ash Wednesday once in a while, but Ash Monday, every week, is too hard.

AS Iowa tramp drove the children and teacher out of a school-house and devoured the contents of four teen dinner-baskets, they think he must have been some great Greek scholar.

A VERY weak tenor in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the "gods" to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: "Corney, what noise is that?" "He-dad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistling in the pipes!"

A BOARDING-HOUSE keeper in Philadelphia has banished the beefsteak club from her establishment, having discovered that it saves time and trouble to place her steaks under a heavy freight train.

"Who is it of our neighbours, father, that always goes home at a 2:40 rail?" asked a rapid young Chicagoan last night. "Idiotious!" exclaimed the parent; "no man can go home at such a great rate as that!" "Yes they can, my dear paternal," cried the lad—"then about the man who lives between 238 and 242!" The father fainted.

A CARPENTER, who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was ascending towards the eaves he exclaimed, "Just as I told you! Catching, however, in an iron, spent his kick off his shoes and regained a place of safety when he thus delivered himself: "I knowed it! There's a pair of shoes gone!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 263.

E. D. W., Sheshonke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 263. Your first solution did not come in time for insertion in our Column of February 28th.

E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 263. Correct.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 264 received. Correct.

H. & J. McG., Cote des Neiges.—Correct solutions received of Problem for Young Players Nos. 260 and 261.

We have just received the February number of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and, inasmuch as we have missed it lately from among our exchanges, we are glad to have a renewal of its visits. The *Chronicle's Chronicle* is an old acquaintance of ours, and it is as welcome now, as it was many years ago, when chess was as new to us as it was attractive. We have now before us a volume of the old series, which dates back just about forty years, and a comparison between it, and a similar one of the present time would afford much that would be profitable as well as interesting. In this old volume which is nearly filled with the scores of games played by the amateurs of the day, we find the well-known names of Staunton, Cochrane, Jaques, Lewis, and St. Amant, and it is singular to notice that most of these players seemed desirous of attesting themselves from public notice by giving the bare skeleton of their names, or only their initials, in order, we suppose, to avoid recognition. Modesty must have been allied with chess genius in those days, *mais nous avons change tout cela*.

In connection with the scores of these games, we find very few notes indeed, and the student was obliged to trust to his own power of analysis to fathom the depth of skill displayed by the player on either side. Now, however, in many cases, the notes are far longer than the games, and, perhaps, much more difficult to be understood.

The first problem in the book is by Major Janitch, and is to be solved in seventeen moves, and it is rare that we meet with a position of this nature which requires to be solved in less than four, six, eight, and nine moves are the rule, and in connection with these problems we find the names of Bone, Bolton, D'Oreille and others. Games from the celebrated match between De La Bourdonnais and McDonnell are given, and doubtless were very interesting to amateurs. Both of these players at this time had recently died in London.

In looking over the volume, and comparing it with the present successor, one of the greatest points of contrast is the little space given to the chess news of the day. Not a dozen places are mentioned in connection