

THE SCARLET FLOWER.

Oh! stilled was the music, forgotten the dancing,
And whispers were rife as the Baron's young heir
Talked low to the maiden so bashfully glancing,
With blossoms of scarlet entwined in her hair.

Admired of all, was the laughing young soldier,
And handsome and brave as a soldier should be;
The maid was the envy of every beholder,
Although but an humble dependant was she.

Love filled up her heart with a blissful completeness,
She saw not the shade of a gathering woe,
But sipped of the draught that allured with its sweetness,
Nor dreaded the poison that lurked in its flow.

A tress fell unbound, and the flower that grazed it
Dropped down at his feet, and lay perishing there;
He stooped, in his breast with devotion he placed it,
Where nestled already a ringlet of hair.

The youth sought his parents, but stern were their
glances

That erst met his own with expression so mild,
They whispered: "Take heed ere thy passion advances,
Nor link to thy fortunes that portionless child."

But when would Love ever be counselled by Duty?
He turned a deaf ear to the warning of pride:—
"The maiden hath nothing but virtue and beauty;"
"Then rich is her portion," the lover replied.

They saw him pine slowly; then coldly relenting,
(For war with its perils was claiming him now.)
His mother smiled first, then his father, consenting,
Cried: "Gather thy laurels; we'll sanction thy vow."

He is gone; but alas! he dispatcheth no token,
The maiden droops sadly, grown pale to the view,
Then these were the words in foul treachery spoken:—
"Why weep, and lament for a lover untrue?"

Removed from thy spells, that with witchery bound him,
He long hath repented his folly with thee,
And there, where the great and the wealthy surround
him,

He weddeth a lady of noble degree."

Oh! fair would she fly from the scene of her sorrow,
But home she hath none, and is friendless beside:
A grey-headed Count told his love on the morrow,
Fate favored his fortunes, and gave him a bride.

Time passed; and she dwelt with a wifely devotion
The treasure, and pride of her beautiful home,
But the heart that once throbb'd with a tender emotion,
Is cold in her breast as a vessel of stone.

One day in her castle a stranger lay dying;
They sought her in haste when the spirit had fled,
For on the cold bosom a something was lying
They bade her guard well, for the friends of the dead.

She lifted the wrappings that something that shaded
With reverence tender, then shrieked in despair;
A blossom of scarlet, all withered and faded,
Lay twined with a raven black ringlet of hair!

Too late doth this mark of thy truthfulness find me,
The joys that we dreamed of forever have fled,
For golden and strong are the fetters that bind me,
And thou, once beloved, art silent and dead.

She gives back the token with tremulous fingers,
To moulder and mingle at length with his dust,
And then through existence she languidly lingers,
And prays to forgive those who murdered her trust.

The world does not find her remiss in her duty,
Beloved as a mother, unmatched as a wife,
Nor guess they who bend at the shrine of her beauty,
How memory's shadow will darken her life.

MARY J. WELLS.

Montreal, Nov. 21st.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS WRITTEN
BY A GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.

V.

PARIS, 1878.

The Parisian cafés are beverage dispensaries, with seats and little round tables on the pavement, sometimes three rows deep, where the people of both sexes, great and small, go after dinner for their *café noir*, *absinthe*, and other mysterious drinks. Here they sip and chat, quarrel and laugh, and smoke cigarettes for hours together. One evening I counted two hundred and forty-six people, all seated on the sidewalk at one of the most popular of these places. In that great city, they flood their gutters for two continuous hours every morning, and keep an army of street sprinklers constantly at work. But, it is a very difficult thing to get a drink of drinkable water, and the supply for general household purposes always seems limited. The people drink wine, and despise water.

Of all the days of the week, Sunday is the busiest. The shops are all open, and people buy and sell merchandise, and build houses, &c., the same as on other days, from early morn till late at night. When it is intended to ornament the front of a house (and there are few without embellishment of some kind), they build it, in the first place, comparatively plain, and do the carving afterwards. But, that you may understand the feasibility of this, I should tell you that the building stone can be chopped up like so much maple sugar. It is, nevertheless, very beautiful, and seems to have all the requisite elements of endurance.

To get a seat in a street-car, you must first go to one of the stations, which are to be found every few hundred yards, where you will get, without money, an oval ticket, bearing in numerical order the number of your application; then, when she comes along, crowd, and crush, and elbow your way through to get as near the conductor as possible, where you will hear sufficient numbers called out to fill the seats that are vacant. Without any further explanation, you will be able at a glance to see the wondrous beauties of the system, and the perfect security it affords the weary traveller. Like the lotteries, they have no blanks; every ticket draws a seat. It is only necessary to repeat the crushing and elbowing operation for a sufficient number of times, until your turn comes, and if you are not particularly pressed for time, feeling that half a day is no object, you have a rare treat in store, for when you

get seated you will experience a feeling of satisfaction, better imagined than described.

This street-car business will long keep Paris green in my memory, for my chances always seemed about one in sixty-nine.

The cabmen look all alike, quite as much so as a handful of shillings. You can tell the old from the young, and that is about all. They wear tall, glazed hats, brass buttons, blue coats, and red waistcoats. They are lazy, indifferent, good-for-nothing wine-bibbers. When you come to Paris, take my advice and use broken, or badly-cracked English. If you attempt good French, your replies will be incomprehensibly pure Parisian.

The character of the people is truthfully symbolized in their lavishness of plate-glass and gilding. If you hire a cheap bedroom on the seventh floor, the chances are that it will have at least three handsome mirrors, gilt chandeliers, and frescoing to match. Their cooking is gravely mysterious—they so disguise their dishes that you cannot distinguish a rice pudding from a lobster salad. The old proverb about doing in Rome as the Romans do, is strikingly verified in Paris, for unless you profane the weather in faultless French, smoke cigarettes, eat garlic, and drink unlimited quantities of nerve-shattering *café noir* and *absinthe*, you are marked as a foreigner, and as such the legitimate victim of all kinds of ingenious knavery. Your restaurant waiter will give you short change, your cabman will cheat you in time or tariff, and the very beggars, lank and lean, will reach down through your hearts into your pockets for *centimes* to fill the mouths of starving children that have not tasted food since the siege.

There was a review of forty thousand troops in the *Bois de Boulogne* the other day. The French called it a small affair, but it was big enough to show off the sad deficiencies of their soldiers. They are mostly round-shouldered, short in stature, and slovenly in walk and general demeanour, contrasting very strongly in this respect with the English and German troops, whom rigid drill has developed into physical models for the rest of the world. Then the French uniforms lack that richness and brightness which you naturally expect to see. If you have preconceived ideas of perfection in the French army, abandon them at once, or when you come here you will be sadly disappointed.

The other day I was canvassed by a guide to take a seat in a coach for an excursion to Versailles. I yielded to the persuasive fibs of the scamp, and paid him about two dollars too much for a place. There were three Americans in the back seat, two Americans and a literary Englishman; in the second, one crusty Englishman, one deaf English woman, one English girl, one sweet young English woman, and a basket of sour wine in the third, while my choice was with the driver in front.

The coach was equipped with all the necessary paraphernalia, including a coachman and a footman, in livery, that had seen days of gorgeousness and splendour a good while ago. The four horses had each three tails, one short one at each ear, and one long one in the place where the tail ought to grow. It looked a trifle funny, but I supposed it was all right. The coach being an unwieldy thing, and awkward to turn in a crowded thoroughfare, perhaps it was intended to back it into Paris, like the railway trains, in which case one need have no fears of being reproached for having our horses' heads where their tails ought to be.

We passed through many of the beautiful towns environing Paris, and the battle-field of Montretout, where the trees were thickly inlaid with Prussian bombs and bullets, fully one-half of them having struck away up among the high branches. On the brow of a hill almost hidden in a wealth of foliage and flowers, we saw a beautiful little stone cottage, with an unexploded conical shell imbedded about half its length in the key-stone of the arch over the doorway. The force of its blow had succeeded in shattering the stone-work around it, but nothing more. There it was, as it had struck over seven years ago, looking for all the world as if on its sudden arrival it had taken a peep at the beauties of the place, and for their sake had turned traitor to its country.

When we reached Versailles, we had more of an appetite for dinner than for pictures, and governed ourselves accordingly. Amongst many things I ordered beef. I was decidedly hungry, and during the early stages of the meal did not stop to criticise the quality, but, as the keen edge of hunger wore off, the keen sense of taste came on, and I began to take stock of what I was eating. The vegetables, with all sorts of high-sounding names, were good, and, strange to say, the water was clean, but I felt that the beef was not up to the mark. I tried another sample of it, which proved worse than the first; still somewhat hungry, it was very strange that it required such an effort to swallow the last mouthful. I stopped, turned the thing over and stared at it in silent speculation. The more I looked, the less I liked it. Terrible suspicions were now crowding on my mind. I felt my feet rising. In another second the crisis was reached. I stamped the floor, my knife and fork dropped from my hands, and, fairly shaking with disgust, I exclaimed: "It is horse!" I turned instinctively to the bill of fare, composed of thirty-four pages of closely-printed subjects, but felt convinced that to look there for explanation was a hopeless task. Suddenly, however, my eyes caught a line that soothed the dying pangs of hunger, and took away my appetite for a fortnight to come. It was printed in heavy black letters, and read thus:

"HORS D'OEUVRE CHAUD."

Here was confirmation of the most uncomfortable nature. I was just French scholar enough for the emergency, translated the line in a twinkling, and in my mind the thing on my plate was labelled—

"WORK HORSE, HOT."

Oh! horror of horrors! I turned to my literary English fellow-traveller for sympathy—a word of comfort, if it was only to say that he was eating the same thing; he was not eating the same thing, and he was too literary to render any assistance. I endeavoured, after a fashion, to convince him my translation was correct, but he doubted the question most cruelly. He kept his mouth full of delicious strawberries, so that he would not commit himself by offering a square opinion. In despair I turned from my Cockney friend to my own table, half dreaming that I was on the billowy deep.

A fortunate discovery revealed to me that the English translation was on the opposite page, and now my "work horse" turned to "side dishes." The colour (blushes) returned to my cheeks, and I felt better. Wiping the cold perspiration from my brow, I joined the party headed by an English guide who understood very little but French.

We saw enough of the Palace and gardens to make us feel that their greatest splendour had departed with the Empire, but still enough to convince us it was well worth another day.

From Paris to Geneva, through Macon and Dijon, the scenery, for at least two hundred miles, is ordinary, but one's attention is attracted by the beautiful vineyards, and the entire absence of hedges, fences and dykes. If any one wants to try the pump peddling or mowing machine business, France is the most likely field I know.

I will not trouble you with a description of Geneva, as it would be necessarily dry. Hundreds of miles from here I had heard of Divonne, but my anticipations were not particularly delightful. I firmly believed that, notwithstanding my declared intention to stop a week, I should cut it off with twenty-four hours. Once, then, during an uneventful career, I am agreeably surprised, and now am of the opinion that the more you feast on the prospect of coming pleasures, the less appetite you will have for them when they do come.

Divonne is twelve miles from Geneva, overlooking the beautiful lake, and in full view of Mont Blanc, which is seen rearing his haughty head high above his vassals. The old fellow nearly always wears a veil of clouds, as if to give himself an air of exclusiveness. Now and then, when the sun goes down, he unmasks for the benefit of delighted tourists, just as a human monarch will raise his hat to an applauding populace.

Right through the middle of the hotel where I am living there is running a beautiful little brook that rises in a thousand bubbling springs at the foot of the mountains. Here it is in all its natural beauties rushing over the pebbles, dashing over the rocks, with a splash and a roar as if to soothe by its sweet music, the restless nerves of the vast audience that has gathered from the great cities to breathe the pure air of dear little Switzerland. Before it reaches the hotel it turns a great wheel, which in revenge for its buffetings, robs it of its sparkling waters, to distribute them to the tables and bed-rooms of the establishment. A few yards below it is again brought under perpetual bondage to grind the village corn. The sweet little stream looked perfect, as I stood a whole hour this morning, enchanted by its loveliness. Its music, and the chorus of a thousand birds, is all that breaks the stillness of the mountain solitude.

If you want grandeur of scenery; if you want a refreshing sleep; if you want quiet rest, and wish to feel the blood tingling through your veins, under the magic influence of the mountain air; in short, if you want health—come to Divonne, and try the remedies laid before you by the benevolence of the Divine Physician. Pay no attention to the recompense of health, so freely offered by unscrupulous quack doctors, and endorsed by equally unscrupulous testimonial-makers. I give Divonne a certificate as genuine as the gratitude which inspires me to do so. If you want to see how nature sometimes contributes to man's laziness, come and see these handleless village pumps, from the spouts of which a constant stream of spring water gushes forth in a never-varying flow during all seasons of the year.

I would not exchange the sublimity of this little place for all the picture-galleries and museums of London and Paris combined. This reminds me of the admiring crowds which I used to see at those places—groups of enthusiastic Italians, Dutch and French, in ecstasies over the works of Veronese, Rubens and Lebrun. As I passed down and round a gallery, with at times a feeling of indifference, and at other times with a touch of rapture which seemed to proclaim the possibility of civilization within me, I would find there, people at some picture, sitting for hours in admiration, and talking themselves to exhaustion over its merits.

At a recent marriage in a suburban town the bridegroom when asked the important question if he would take the lady for better or for worse replied, in a hesitating manner: "Well, I think I will." Upon being told that he must be more positive in his declaration, he answered: "Well, I don't care if I do."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several communications received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 201 received.
A. R., Montreal.—Send it by Post, and it shall receive attention.
E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 198 received.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

The Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney is still carried on most successfully, and nothing has occurred to interrupt the good feeling with which the enterprise was commenced some months ago. Several games have been finished, and one or two competitors can count six or seven victories already. There are others upon whom fortune has not yet smiled, but who wait for better days. Some players have contests in hand which have not a promising look, as far as their side of the board is concerned, but still they play on in hope, and trust with Mr. Micauber that "something will turn up." Many are the curious expressions which accompany the moves, and in some cases they appear to be intended to raise a smile, and soften what in other respects is found to be a "heavy blow, and great discouragement." One antagonist, in sending a dashing coup, and fearing that he might be considered as not knowing what he was about, says, "Who's afraid?" and another gently insinuates that he is in a fix, and almost apologizes for the tameness of his reply. We felt much for a worthy opponent who recounted in plaintive strains that he had just lost a game by an unfortunate slip, but the next moment we were enabled to rejoice with another, who intimated that he was on the eve of adding another laurel to those which his skill had already brought him.

Mr. Shaw is a most indefatigable Director, looks well after the whole of the affair, and has the satisfaction of seeing it in a flourishing condition.

He is, we believe, making a good score himself in the Tourney, but this he keeps modestly to himself.

We are sorry to notice the death of the distinguished chessplayer, Chess Keneary. We have no doubt full particulars of his chess career will shortly be published in the pages of the leading Chess journals of the day.

We have received a catalogue of the books contained in the Chess library of the late Professor Allen, of Philadelphia. It is a treat even to read the names of the different works, and we hope to find space shortly to make a few remarks on this valuable collection of Chess literature.

We are indebted to the Secretary of the "Mackenzie Reception Committee," Mr. Shaw, for the following information concerning the "Captains' movements": "Captain Mackenzie left Cleveland (Ohio), on the 18th inst., Toledo, on the 19th, and was to reach Chicago on the evening of the same day, where he will remain at least one, perhaps two, weeks. Thence he expects to go to Milwaukee and St. Louis, and, on his return, will stop about a week in Buffalo, and thence will go to Montreal (stopping at Toronto, if invited)."

(From Turf, Field, and Farm, Nov. 15th.)

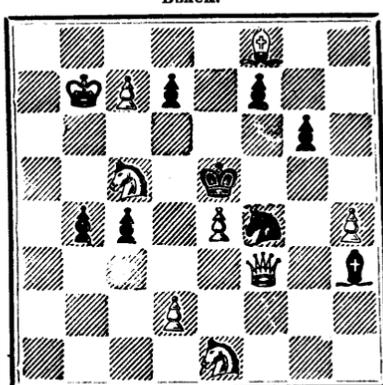
The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for Nov. 9th, besides its usual interesting Chess Column, contains a graphic and amusing sketch, in which the writer depicts his experiences during his visit to the Montreal Chess Club. The principal Chessplayers of that city, their peculiarities and their follies are introduced in a pleasant vein of satirical humour, which is doubtless most entertaining to the friends of the gentlemen who are so capitally taken off.

PROBLEM No. 202.

By KARL KONDELIK.

(From the Set which obtained the Second Prize in the Leipzig Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 316TH.

CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

Game played between Mr. J. G. Foster, of Halifax N.S., and Mr. Braithwaite, of Unionville, Ont.

(Scotch Gambit.)

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

and White resigns.