

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES WATT.

BY KENNETH M'LAURLAN.

Written on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the James Watt Dock, Greenock, on August 6th, 1881.

There is a name above all names That ever wore a crown— His diadem of royalty A genius of renown. That revolutionized the world Far as our fancy's ken, Subdued the savage states to thrift— A conqueror of men.

Not by the drum or trumpet blast, That summon hosts to strife, Hath Watt proclaimed through fields of blood The doom of human life. A champion of the giant brain, He rose but to increase The conquests of the arts of toil, The glorious power of peace.

His wizard hand gave breathing force: The engine's every limb Moved like a monster brought to life— That strength came forth by him. A force the joys of countless hearts, Where millions work to feel, How pleasure comes to happy homes By labour's merry wheel.

His ponderous, god-like force moves on, Propelling fleets in flight, With stores from shores of every clime, O'er waves of mountain might. His genius gave our empire's wealth: Through earth's wide regions he Hath struck the fetters from the slaves, As progress willed them free.

His states is the world's love, Enduring, never to die; His priceless worth is ever crowned With immortality. His town of birth is famed with him: Like him, may it transcend, Its commerce leads to prosperity In triumph to the end.

May wisdom with her counsels live, To lift the load of care From him who does, or all who need To fill the civic chair. Their mutual union aid the good That brings each sailing line With riches of our Indian fields, And treasures of the mine.

To leading lights, and labour's sons, Strong-limbed, with horny hand, The army of the mighty Watt, Who cumbereth not the land, Wave high your ranks of banners, March rejoicing o'er his fame, With lusty cheers o'er the dock, Adorned by his name.

Should this day's records ere be found 'Neath that foundation stone, Memorials of the dead shall rise, From buried ages gone. May Greenock's children find her growth Then greater than before, And praise the judgment science gave Toil's generals of yore.

MONACO IN THE SUMMER.

Monaco is wide awake, while all the other towns seem fast asleep, and life goes on briskly enough through the summer months upon the majestic slopes of Monte Carlo, down in the valley of the Condamine, or in the quaint old town upon the rock of Monaco itself. These three districts are the distinct divisions of the principality, and they form one of the most striking and attractive corners of the Mediterranean coast. I have met here people from all parts of the world—people who know every nook and cranny of the East, people who have been in the habit of spending four and five months at a stretch under tents in the desert, Germans with their intensely exaggerated patriotism, Americans who have been over almost every country one can name, from Japan and China to little Holland,—and all say that Monaco is unique, that they can mention no place that can be compared with it. The three districts make up as wonderful a picture as could be conceived. Standing in the valley of the Condamine (where the train lands you at the Monaco station), the old town is on the summit of the lofty rock to the right; and Monte Carlo, with the gorgeous magnificence of its casino, the varied splendour of its garden, the exquisite beauty of its lemon groves and olive plantations, is to the left; while behind all, rising bare and arid and majestic, their purple peaks clearly defined against the blue sky, are the mountains by which the principality is positively hedged in. The sun, reflected on the red rocks of this mountainous district, gives forth a heat that words cannot describe, and that is accountable for the nickname of *Petite Afrique* in which a part of the neighbourhood rejoices. The burning rays of the sun are tempered, however, by the sea-breeze, and I have heard many people declare that the heat of London is far more difficult to bear. The air here is so exquisitely clear and light and dry, one feels no oppression, none of the terrible exhaustion that is consequent upon the heavy damp heat and close stifling air, of London in the summer-time. The class of people who come here, as well as the natives, are inclined to take life very coolly. A great deal of time is spent in lounging. One lounges down to the Casino gardens in the afternoon to listen to the orchestra, composed of eighty-five musicians, each of whom is a picked performer, a man of special training and abilities, who has been selected, independently of nationality or professional prejudice, to form one of this brilliant musical association. You can take a chair among the gaily-dressed, laughing, flirting assemblage of men and women, or you may wander to a lower terrace, and find a quiet corner where the music will reach

your ear, where your eyes may wander over the matchless expanse of sea and mountain and sky, bathed in the brilliant glow of the summer sun, while your thoughts wander possibly farther afield, according to the spirit and associations of the music. In the mean time, while you may be dreaming of other times and other places, a sturdy workman, whose sole duty appears to be to walk up and down the Casino terraces with a broom in his hand, on the look-out for stray scraps of paper, cigar ends, etc., has been contemplating you with wondering eyes; and presently, when one of the gorgeous Casino officials, in his green and gold uniform, with "Garde," in big gold letters, on his *krépi*, passes by, there will be a lively argument between the two men as to whether you may happen to be a Nihilist, with your pockets full of dynamite, or merely one of the pickpockets of which we are warned at every turn and corner of the principality. The gorgeous *garde* will doubtless walk up and down in front of you once or twice, in order to satisfy himself that you have no infernal machine under your arm, by means of which, when a fitting opportunity occurs, you hope to blow up the Casino, or at least one of the roulette-tables; and when he is convinced of the mildness of your intentions by your general aspect and demeanour, he will shake his head and shrug his shoulders, and glance at the official with the broom, as who should say, "Eccentric but harmless!" It is, in truth, extremely eccentric in the eyes of the officials to display any interest or absorption in anything without the magic pale of the gaming-tables. Therefore, when they see a well-dressed and fairly prosperous-looking person apparently strongly interested in sea or sky or music, they suspect something wrong immediately. During the summer months numbers of people attend the evening performances of the orchestra, which takes place on the terrace overlooking the sea, and then the scene is a most brilliant one. The splendour of these southern nights is quite as remarkable as the splendour of the days, and the beauty of Nature strikes you and overwhelms you at every step. As you leave your house on the hill of Monte Carlo, and saunter in the soft twilight towards the Casino, you are dazzled by the combination of effects. The scent of the lemon-blossoms pervades the air; myriads of fire-flies sparkle in the olive plantations, glitter among the foliage, shine above your head; and you hear the hum of countless insects, the twittering of birds on all sides; and below, you see the brilliant lights of the Casino of the Hôtel de Paris and the Café de Paris, through the trees, while the placid moon throws her silver beams upon the whole scene—upon the terrace where the band is playing, upon the scores of eager listeners, upon the sea, upon the exquisitely arranged group of palm-trees, upon the long line of light that marks the road from Monte Carlo to Monaco. If the music should tire you, if the air should grow too fresh, you can turn into the Casino, you can roam about the Salle des Pas-Perdus at your leisure, you can instal yourself comfortably in the reading-room, and, when you have looked at your favourite papers, you can, if you choose, avail yourself of the Casino pens, ink and paper, and write a letter to your bosom friend which has been weighing on your mind for so long. Or you can procure the necessary card—which is not given to anyone under age—and can saunter into the splendid saloons where the gaming-tables stand—the four roulette-tables in the first room, the two trente-et-quarante tables in the second room. There is always food for reflection and diversion in the close observation of the men and women gathered about those irresistible tables, and one may see at times striking passages of domestic dramas that are being played out in the vicinity of the green cloth. I should very much like to hear the croupiers' view of human nature. As a matter of fact, they look impassible and unimpressionable to the utmost degree; and it is only when the moment come for their periodical intervals of off-duty that their faces lose their weary expression, and expand into something like a smile. What an opinion they must have of erring humanity! There are numbers of women installed at the tables—young women and pretty women; and it is in this as in all other respects—when once women fall into the pit, they sink deeper than the men. They are to be found round the tables at all hours; and neither the splendid scenery of the principality, nor the admirable music, nor the wealth of literature within their reach, can draw them away from the powerful attractions of roulette and trente-et-quarante. And, putting the gaming-tables entirely apart, most persons who come here will promise themselves a speedy return. There is a wide field in Monaco for painter, for poet, for the student of the natural sciences and for the student of human character. There are opportunities for the consideration of all those points, and encouragement is afforded to all tastes—to the lover of music, the lover of literature, as to the lover of art. There is a splendid studio, by the bye, which is placed entirely at the disposal of the artists who visit the principality; and it is a matter of constant surprise to many persons that the entire Riviera, and especially, and above all, Monaco and Monte Carlo, should have been so little worked by the artists of our day, who are, or should be, ever in search of the untrodden paths of Nature's magnificence. All this food for the man of taste—the concerts, the reading-room, the studio, the run of the Casino, with its great hall, where one may rest awhile with one's book or newspaper, its ample *vestiaire*, or cloak-

room, where superbly attired men servants are always in waiting to take or give the coats and cloaks and wraps—all this is gratuitous; there is no question of payment until the gaming-tables are reached; and, of course, if you want to join in the sport there, you must have your pockets well filled. There are many ways of losing money in the familiar rooms, there are innumerable "systems" which the men who have devised them declare to be infallible. There is a pamphlet selling now at the newspaper kiosk by the Café de Paris, at the modest price of six hundred francs which ensures success to the possessor of a thousand francs to start with! As a rule however, people trust to chance in their play; and the man (or woman) with a system should be systematically avoided by those who value their peace of mind and the satisfactory condition of their purse.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

VARIETIES.

CARLYLE had a very peculiar handwriting. An expert has said of it: "Eccentric and spiteful looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd-ways; some are intended to represent the 'i' dot, though far removed from the parent stem, while others commenced as a cross to the 't,' suddenly recoil in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somersault, and in so doing occasionally cancel the entire word whence they sprang. Some letters slope one way, and some another, some are halt, maimed or crippled, while many are unequal in height, form or style, and everything else. The autograph is rather larger than the rest of the manuscript, the manner of which does not impress the eye pleasantly, the crabbled look not being very significant of amiability." Carlyle was a terror to compositors. He used to revise and retouch his proofs so much that the labour of correcting and overrunning was greater than the first work of setting up. One day, his London Publisher's foreman said to him, "Why, sir, you really are very hard on us with your corrections. They take so much time you see." Carlyle urged in reply that a printer ought to be accustomed to such annoyances, and that in Scotland there was no fuss made over them. "Ah, well, sir," responded the foreman, "we have a man here from Edinburgh. He took up a bit of your copy the other day, and dropped it as if it had burned his fingers. 'Mercy on us!' he cried, 'have you that man to print for?' Lord knows when we shall get done with all these corrections!" The author used to laugh heartily at this story when he told it of himself. Another new and characteristic anecdote is told of the "sage of Chelsea." After having passed sleepless nights owing to the horrible noise made by a Cochon China cock in a neighbouring garden, Carlyle interviewed the proprietor of the fowl, and expostulated. The owner, a woman, did not think Mr. Carlyle had much cause for complaint; the cock only crew three or four times in the night. "Eh, but, woman," said the unfortunate philosopher, "if you only knew what I suffered waiting for him to crow!"

If any ambitious young artist would like to eclipse the fame of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, he would do well to ponder an anecdote which has recently been told of a plucky painter. It is said that while the celebrated Martin, the lion tamer, was staying at Ghent in 1825, he noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie, a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin introduced himself, and the two became intimate friends. One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. "Don't let that be any obstacle," said the tamer, sympathizingly. "If you will come with me into Nero's apartment, and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity." The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would, on a given day go into Nero's Cage, and take an amateur foreigner with him. The Duke did not fail to put in an appearance. The plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called "nasty." But, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner; and the painter sitting down opposite coolly proceeded to cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The tamer and the young painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the Duke having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was not to be had for money, and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. This was Verboeckhoven, afterwards famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent requires; and yet adds the narrator of the anecdote, one would hardly like to whisper to the young aspirant of to-day. "Go thou and do likewise."

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HUMOROUS.

THE Three Most Inquisitive English Rivers, According to Cockneys.—The Wye, the Wen, and the Ware.

"ENNY man," says Josh Billings, "who koo swap horses or ketch fish and not be about it iz just as plus as men ever get to be in this world."

"WHAT are the wild waves saying, John?" sang out a young Californian to a Chinaman on the beach. "Washee, washee," calmly replied the Celestial, with a grin.

LORD BRACONFIELD said there were many people who would resolve to lead virtuous lives, on the principle that "virtue is its own reward," if they could only get the reward in advance.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Have been away some time. Two postal cards received referring to Problem No. 341.

The result of the recent contest between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort is still agitating the minds of chess amateurs, and it is evident, as we stated a week or two ago, that much disappointment is felt in the old country at the English player's defeat.

After giving a list of the past achievements of Mr. Zukertort, and paying a tribute to his skill, *Land and Water* says:—

"To Mr. Zukertort personally no one can object, seeing that he is a respectable, well-conducted member of the chess community; but we dislike Teutonic supremacy, and therefore cannot at all relish what has happened."

Perhaps the best explanation of the results of the contest will be found in the following remarks which we learn from the *Dramatic News* appeared in the *Westminster Papers* some years ago:—"Mr. Blackburne is one of the strongest and best educated English chess players of the present day. He is a master of book chess, and very skilful in his application of that knowledge. His game, too, especially when giving odds, is liberally studied with rich gems. His fault in match play is over-elaboration. He nearly always seems to play as if he were determined, as regards beauty of style and depth of combination, to cast into the shade all the previous efforts of the most distinguished masters.

Strange to say, though very rapid in skilful games, and in those marvellous exhibitions of genius which he has given in his blindfold play, yet in match games he is slow beyond the average, and, after wasting his time unnecessarily, is often obliged to make a move hastily which his judgment, if it does not condemn certainly does not approve—an epistolical move that mars the beauty of an otherwise very fine combination, and produces ultimate, if not immediate, disaster."

This criticism was written by "Mars," the present pleasing chess contributor to the *Dramatic News*, and he says that it is as applicable to Mr. Blackburne now as it was when it first appeared.

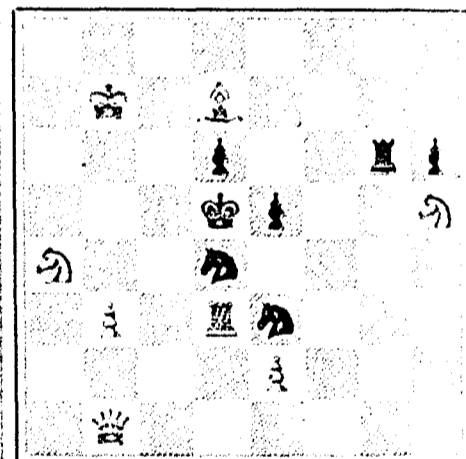
It is with the deepest regret that we learn from the *Sonnatags Blatt* the death of G. R. Neumann, which occurred on the 16th of February last, at Alzenberg, East Prussia. The chess world loses a first class player and writer, and ourselves an intimate friend. Our number will bring an obituary.—*The Chess Monthly*.

PROBLEM NO. 35.

By A. E. Studd.

(From *Chess Caps*.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 4730.

The sixth game in the match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort.

CHESS IN LONDON.

(Giuoco Piano.)

Table with two columns: White—(Mr. Blackburne) and Black—(Mr. Zukertort). It lists 30 moves for each player, such as 1. P to K4, 2. K Kt to B3, etc.