

MY SLAIN.

BY THE LATE COL. REALF.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summ'ed little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry
Nor hear the weepiness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith;
I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my own childheartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When the June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years;
O, moaning life, with life irreconciled;
O, backward looking thought, O pain, O tears,
For us there is not any silver sound
Or rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs our every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any good except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this sad cherub which I slew for aye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dance,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

On the Advantages of Keeping a £5 Note in one's Pocket.

If I were asked what was the index of a peculiarly happy and prosperous state of affairs, I should say that it was the possession of a clear, crisp five-pound note, hid away in the intricacies of the purse, a department of the pocket-book, or a recess of the waistcoat-pocket. A peculiar and even sacred character should attach itself to this blessed fiver. It is to be there, not for a normal, or even extraordinary, expenditure on oneself; but is to be there as a kind of fairy force, to be put forth at times, on critical occasions, and for great uses. I have often noticed that a five-pound note thus used possesses all the constituents of power, comfort, and ability of doing good. It is a five-pound note which you will very speedily change, but only at a special instance. It is a five-pound note which, when once spent, must be replaced as speedily as possible. There is something mystic about the character of this five-pound note. It has an extraordinary faculty of multiplying itself. It seems to shed a halo upon the whole fraternity of bank-notes, from the rumpled, greasy one-pound note of a Scottish bank to some note of tremendous value, if you should ever have the good fortune to possess one, such as Jemmy Wood the miser is reported to have kept framed and glazed in his bank in Westgate-street, Gloucester, now occupied by a branch of the National Provincial.

Let it be remarked that the possession even of this solitary glorified fiver is an outward and visible sign of a very blessed state of things. It assumes that you are without debt and without very pressing cares. You are not so very anxious about this bit of flimsy. The loss of it would not make you sick or sorry, as might be the case with impecunious multitudes of your fellow-creatures. A man may have very large dealings with a bank, and yet not be able to spare this loose fi-pun note. He might have dealings with half a dozen banks, and yet not be able to spare it. There was a man in the Insolvent Court the other day, who said that he had an account at half a dozen banks. When asked what was the use of so many banks, he candidly avowed 'to overdraw them.' Such an individual, though he might have thousands in his banks, might yet be destitute of the blissful bit of paper which I am discussing. He might be extremely solvent pecuniarily, yet utterly insolvent in all those higher principles and generous emotions which would induce a man to specialise and consecrate such a note. My five-pound note argues not only an external prosperity. It also argues in the good prosperous man a certain amount of plenty and prevision. Suppose you are travelling about—and it is in travelling about that you will often have the best opportunity of dispensing the constituent factors of this blessed fiver—how awkward that you should run short, run short in a country where your name is unknown and your cheques would be unhonoured! You have to change your last five-pound note, and your farewell glance at it, ere it melts away in metal, is as the last glance at the setting sun, the last glance from deck at your receding fatherland. When once it is changed it melts away with incredible velocity. Never change a bank-note until the last moment and at absolute necessity. That man is indeed, in a very high sense, *totus teres atque rotundus*, who can always carry with him this enchanted document. To quote Horace once more, he often realises the *deus ex machina*. He is a kind of good angel upon earth. He is a sort of visible Providence. Moreover, to add to his blessings and accomplishments, he must be learned in the lore of the human countenance and the human heart. He must be able to detect his opportunity and to seize it. In this way you may entertain angels

unawares, and obtain the blessing of him who is ready to perish.

You had better not lose much time in exchanging your beatific note. There is a certain kind of good which can only be done by gold; a certain kind of good which can only be done by silver; a certain kind of good which can only be done by copper. In the same way the opportunity arises in which you may spend your five-pound note at one burst, and then, with all convenient speed, you should provide another. Two curates had a conversation one day. The one who was the visitor was lamenting the pressure of some debt, and said that he must write at once to his remorseless creditor. 'If you go to that drawer,' said his friend, 'you will find some letter-paper, and you will also find some note-paper, to which you are quite welcome.' On the top of the letter-paper was the five-pound note which exactly met the emergency of the day. At a little inn in the Lake district one day, two tourists who knew each other met. The one was just on the start very flush with fivers; the other was returning, and at the very dregs of his last note. As one of them was counting out his roll of notes, he observed a wistful look on the face of the other. 'Would one of these be of any use to you, old man?' he remarked. The offer was gratefully accepted, and he little knew what extraordinary good that note was the means of effecting. The fiver was repaid, and was sent once more on a rejoicing career of good. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his earlier novels, makes his 'young Duke' slip three hundred pounds into a widow's basket. It was a munificent action, and I have known such actions sometimes happen in real life, as well as in the pages of fiction. But I solemnly asseverate that I have known a five-pound note do as much as would tax even the Premier's imagination to realise.

But let us not forget the uses of the silver and the copper as well as gold and 'paper.' I am glad that so much attention has been concentrated of late upon dear old Johnson, nearly half a dozen publications having been issued respecting him of late. We contrast his tender nature with his rugged exterior. When he found the little street Arabs asleep on the stony steps of the City he would slip some coppers into their hands, that they might have the wherewithal to provide a breakfast. I met a little boy in a street in the East-end of London one day nearly breaking his heart with grief and terror because he had upset a pint of beer. In all probability he would have had an awful thrashing when he got home. It was only a few coppers, but perhaps the child was saved a miserable memory, which would have haunted his life. A lad makes an unfortunate tumble, and the contents of the milkcan, with which he has been intrusted, are upon the ground. How the little children, not to mention cats and dogs, come to lick the pavement and the gutter! That small boy's wage becomes dreadfully mortgaged to his employers: a shilling or two will make all matters square. You are at a railway station, and you find a worthy old body in a state of dreadful bewilderment. She learns that there is no third class to the place where she wishes to go, or that she has not got enough money even for a third. Perhaps she wants to go to a bedridden sister or a dying child. You bethink yourself of the little reserve fund at your command. The old lady's difficulties all vanish away in smiles and tears. I know a noble lord who is as liberal as day, but very negligent in the way of providing himself with small change. Like Addison, he could write a cheque for a thousand pounds, but might be at a loss for ninepence. He arrived at a metropolitan station for the purpose of going down the line to attend a wedding, and found himself penniless. He found his way among the clerks, and tried to effect an arrangement about a return ticket. 'I don't know if you're a lord,' said a young fellow, 'but you look an honest man, and I will lend you a five-pound note if you like.' I have no doubt that fiver, cousin-german to the fiver I am describing, blossomed into something better.

A small handful of silver will often do a whole armful of good. You live, say, in a country place, and you know something, directly or indirectly, of the cottagers and their families. Here is a poor girl who has had typhus fever, and is slowly recovering. She has relations who will give her the enjoyment of the bracing air of the north country. But her travelling expenses represent a number of shillings which form an impassable barrier as strong as the National Debt itself. Or, again, some one at a great distance is struck down by consumption. They have got an admission at the Brompton Hospital; but then the cruel problem of those travelling expenses emerges to the front. You slip forward with what can be forthcoming of that mystic fiver. The poor girl shall be strengthened by the bracing northern air. She shall not only be cured of her illness, but thoroughly reestablished in her health. That poor patient's travelling expenses shall be paid from the door to the station, and from the station to the hospital. Then again there are convalescent hospitals, and homes, and retreats, where for some ten shillings a week you get three times the amount of good. The difference may make all the difference in the world—the difference between recovery and chronic illness, the difference between life and death.

Then there are certain people who labour nearly all through their lives under a kind of chronic impecuniosity. Working as hard as they can they never exactly attain to the happy point of balancing expenditure and receipts. As Mr. Micawber very truly observed, "If a man had twenty pounds a year for his income, and spent

nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable." There are certain people in whose case a small present will convert a deficit into a surplus. A clerk or a curate will hardly get the non-elastic ends of an income to meet. Then comes the good genius with a magical fiver, perhaps persuading a few other good geniuses to do the same thing. A whole family may thus be lifted up beyond the level of want and declension to find life sweet and hopeful, and that useful and honoured careers are opened to its members. Of course I am aware that to the votaries of political economy there is a radical defect in all this discussion. They are much more ready to administer kicks than halpence to the impecunious. The sermon on the Mount would find little space in an economical treatise. Their rule is that all almsgiving is a great mistake. They are blatant enough at some times, but let there come a mining accident at Abercarn, or a sinking steamer in the Thames, and their blatant cries are lost in the outburst of national pity and generosity. Go, my friend, and drop your anonymous contributions into the box at the Mansion House. Of course you are told that you incur the risk of helping undeserving people. But first satisfy yourself about the distress, and you may afterwards discuss the question of desert. And if you have a trained practised eye you can soon get a skill in discerning the rights of a case, and even if you make a blunder the blessing you intended will return into your own bosom.

I have said a great deal respecting the higher purposes of the extra bank note; but much might be also said, on a lower and more popular plane, on the great convenience and comforts of the extra fiver which is free from any purposed demand upon it. The extra note gives you a great deal of liberty of choice; it sets you free to do what you like. You get the book or the picture or the bit of furniture which you meet with by a happy chance, and can get it at a real bargain. You take the express instead of an ordinary train—or give up the train altogether for that ride across a fine country in a post-chaise, which Dr. Johnson considered as the acme of human enjoyment. You call for your bottle of Steinberg Cabinet or '34 port. You can give a quiet dinner at your club to men, or a box at the opera to the ladies. You are never embarrassed and never at a loss. You are never obliged to "do things fine." I do not dwell on the more obvious and secular uses of the fiver. Only there is a real connection between these uses and that higher use which I have pointed out. A man who knows how to give a fiver to others is never at a loss for fivers for himself. He may scatter abroad, and yet may be rich at home. His mirth is without hollowness, his conversation without guile, his innocent enjoyments without satiety or dissatisfaction. These fivers are the rarest and most lasting of all his monetary possessions. They come back to him in a hundred ways; and when everything else is lost, they appear on the credit side of the books of the Recording Angel.

VARIETIES.

SLUMBERING PLANTS.—It is well known that plants sleep at night but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at mid-night and sometimes waking up, from the habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night, without any apparent ill effects.

IF YOU MUST HAVE A BAR, BUY AT HOME.—A Western journal has the following very practical remarks for those who cannot get along without frequent whiskies! "Liquor dealers pay on an average \$2 per gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whiskey. In other words, he pays \$2 for the whiskey and \$4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. Make your wife your bar-keeper. Lend her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey, for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drank a gallon she will have \$6.50 or enough money to refund the \$2, borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of \$2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons, your wife will have enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave."

HUMMING OF TELEGRAPH WIRES.—As to the cause of the sounds frequently heard to proceed from telegraph wires in the open air, it has been customary to accept the wind—it producing the sounds by direct vibration, similar to those of the Æolian harp. A writer in an Australian journal, however, calls attention to the fact that one who gives close observation to both the wire and sounds will find that the latter make themselves obvious likewise when there is a total

absence of wind; and in a quiet morning in winter, when the wires appear covered with frost to the thickness of a finger, they nevertheless carry on lively vibrations and swinging—while the air is totally quiet. According to this writer, therefore, the vibrations are due, not to the wind but to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of the temperature induces a shortening of the wires, extending over the whole length of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sound both in the wires and the poles.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows. Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it is not supposed that husband will be tender and good if treated in this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follow:

Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives have on hand), place your husband in it and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letters and papers received. Many thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 206 received.
T. S. St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 204 received.
R. F. M. Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 203.
E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 204 received. Correct.
W. M., Waterloo, P. Q.—Received correct solution of Problem No. 207, also of Problem for Young Players No. 204.

On Saturday, the 11th inst., in the afternoon and evening Captain Mackenzie played a series of single-handed games against the principal members of the Montreal Chess Club, and in every instance gained a victory over his opponent, although there were some tough contests, and several players struggled bravely against their skillful antagonist.

On Tuesday, the 14th, the Club Room at the Gymnasium, presented an animated appearance, as a large number of our citizens assembled in order to be present at the final contest of the American champion, who consented to engage in a simultaneous contest with fifteen of the members.

The play was closely and attentively watched by the visitors, and each player on the side of the club did his best to make the most of the last chance, at the present time, of scoring a game against so formidable an adversary.

The following gentlemen were successful in doing so: Dr. Howe and Messrs. J. G. Ascher, John Barry and C. S. Baker. Mr. A. Saunders succeeded in making a draw, and the Captain won the remaining ten games.

The names of those who were fortunate enough to win against the redoubtable Captain during his visit to our city are: H. Von Bokum (2), J. G. Ascher (2), Prof. Hicks, J. W. Shaw, A. Skiff, Dr. H. A. Howe, John Barry and C. S. Baker. The players who drew are: T. Workman (3), A. Saunders (2), John Barry, and Prof. Hicks.

Captain Mackenzie left Montreal on Thursday afternoon, the 16th inst., and several members of the Chess Club went to the station to bid him adieu. His visit here, there is no doubt, will prove eminently useful to the cause of Chess in more respects than our space will enable us to enumerate at the present time, and his courteous bearing, and willingness to gratify all who were desirous of testing his powers, will not soon be forgotten by the Chessplayers of Montreal.

In connection with this event we must not forget to speak of the excellent arrangements of Mr. J. W. Shaw, upon whom devolved the consideration of all matters relating to club preparation for the different contests and the general management of affairs during the Captain's visit.

(From the Huddersfield College Magazine.)

January, 1879.

The Canadian Illustrated News of November 9th gives special prominence to Chess, as besides its regular weekly column devoted to the game, which is one of the best in the world, it reprints Dr. Howe's translation of the old Latin Chess poem which appeared in the H.C.M. for October last, and has a lengthy and amusing sketch of the peculiarities of the leading players are hit off with a rare appreciation of the salient points open to attack, while it is done with such evident enjoyment and good humour that even those who are the hardest hit cannot, we should think, avoid a hearty laugh at their own foibles. Under the transparent disguise of "Wash," Dr. "Weho," Professor "Skich," "Skinaton," "Krownam," "Horsenden," "Search," &c., it is not difficult to recognise the names of the principal habitués of the Club.

(From Land and Water.)

On the 9th inst, Mr. Blackburne played eight simultaneous blindfold games against the following members of the Manchester Chess Club, viz: Messrs. Agar, Boyer, Duerden, Fish, Glass, H. Jones, Wilson and Dr. Hewitt. Mr. Blackburne, as everyone knows, has scores of times performed a similar feat, and moreover, he was amongst his own people; but familiarity did not breed its proverbial offspring, for the contest of No. 8 eyes against eyes was on this, as has been the case on every other occasion, watched with much interest by the assembled spectators. The final result was that the blindfold player lost to Messrs. Agar and Jones, drew with Mr. Boyer, and defeated his other five opponents. We publish in this issue two of the games played on this occasion, and would direct the special attention of our readers to the fine termination of the combat with Mr. Fish, who is a strong Manchester amateur.

We publish one of the games alluded to in the above in our Column this week, and the other shall appear shortly. ED. C. C.