

THE PARTING DAY.

I. Some busy hands have brought to light, And laid beneath my eye. The dress I wore that afternoon You came to say good-bye. About it still there seems to cling Some fragrance unexpressed, The ghostly odor of the rose I wore upon my breast; And, subtler than all flower scent, The sacred garment holds, The memory of that parting day, Close hidden in its folds. The rose is dead, and you are gone, But to the dress I wore The rose's smell, the thought of you, Are wed forevermore. II. That day you came to say good-bye (A month ago! It seems a year!) How calm I was! I met your eye, And in my own you saw no tear. You heard me laugh, and talk, and jest, And lightly grieve that you should go; You saw the rose upon my breast, But not the breaking heart below. And when you came and took my hand, It scarcely fluttered in your hold, Alas! you did not understand! For you were blind, and I was cold. And now you cannot see my tears, And now you cannot hear my cry, A month ago! Nay, years and years Have aged my heart since that good-bye.

ZOLA AT HOME.

Emile Zola was born at Paris on April 2, 1840, but from the age of three up to that of eighteen he lived at Aix, in Provence, where his father, an Italian engineer, had been charged with the construction of the canal which still bears his name. At the age of seven he lost his father, and the law suits which followed that event placed him and his mother not in actual misery, but in very straitened circumstances. In 1858 he came to Paris to finish his studies at the Lycée Saint-Louis, and obtained his bachelor's degree. The period of acute misery then commenced. For two years he did nothing, but with that boldness which characterises the Southerner he never doubted either his genius or his destiny. Meanwhile, he entered the establishment of Hachette & Co., the publishers, at a salary of twenty-five francs a week. His duties consisted in packing and tying up parcels of books. At night and on Sundays he wrote verses. After he had been a year in Hachette's store he went up stairs one Saturday night before leaving, and placed on Louis Hachette's desk a Dantean poem in three parts, "L'Amoureuse Comédie," inspired by Lamartine, Byron and De Musset, for Zola was at that time a "Romancist." Mr. Hachette found his employé's verses very excellent, and made him his secretary at an increased salary. The following year, 1864, appeared "Les Contes à Ninon;" in 1865 a novel, "La Confession de Claude," and in 1866, feeling himself now strong enough to launch into the career of literature, he sent in his resignation, and became literary critic to the Figaro newspaper. After writing for a number of journals, he published, in 1867, "Thérèse Raquin." This book deservedly attracted a great deal of attention, for Zola is in it entirely with his precise observation of details and minute descriptions. Steady work followed until Mr. Zola conceived the desire of becoming the Balzac of his time, and commenced, in 1860, "Les Rougon-Macquart," the natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire. Since this date Mr. Zola has given to the publisher Charpentier, and the publisher Charpentier has given to the public, a yearly volume. Mr. Zola, however, continued his newspaper writing, and he now holds the sceptre of the dramatic critic in the Voltaire, and contributes besides a monthly literary letter to a Russian review. In short, Mr. Zola is a worker, and his motto, like that of Victor Hugo and Littré, the lexicographer, is "Nulla dies sine linea." Mr. Zola's apartment in the Rue de Boulogne contains nothing remarkable, except the portrait of the owner by the "impressionist" painter, Manet. The furniture is commonplace and inelegant; the library contains a collection of books as commonplace as the furniture, and the working-room itself is innocent of the thousand nothings that one expects to find in the apartment of a literary man. Mr. Zola is a utilitarian in his furniture; he writes at a good solid mahogany bureau-table, and no place is taken up by things ornamental but useless. On reception nights a few additional candles are lighted and things look more lively. Among the habitués are Gustave Flaubert, Théodore de Banville, the poet; Edmond de Goncourt, Charpentier, the publisher of the "Naturalists"—Charpentier who "discovered" Zola, and launched the brothers de Goncourt on their brilliant and inseparable career; the painters Numa, Coste, and Manet; Duranty, and four young men who are the best expression of the "naturalist" school; Huysmans, author of "Marthe, histoire d'une fille," published at Brussels, and considered to be a master piece of its kind; Henique, author of the "Dévouée," a great collector, who, like many others, failed to finish his legal education, "pour cause de littérature en couches;" Céard, and Alexis, who was the

Ireland of Charles Baudelaire, and who succeeded in deceiving the connoisseurs by some *vers inédits* of the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal," which he got published in L'Artiste. These men, who form the picked corps of the naturalist school, include soldiers as well as officers. The naturalists have an unbounded veneration for the author of "Madame Bovary." The perfection of Flaubert's style throws them into a state of absolute discouragement. The conversation at the Wednesday reception is, of course, literary, and the literature discussed is the literature of the future, about which we are all anxious to know something. Victor Hugo seems to them as far away as Shakespeare or Corneille. With the exception of "La Légende des Siècles," his work is to them as old as the "Cid." His language, however, finds favor in their eyes. Balzac, on the contrary, was as it were, born yesterday. "What a pity," they say, "that he has not formed!" To judge from the opinions that one hears expressed, one might formulate their verdict as follows: "First prize for style *ex æquo*, Théophile Gautier, Gustave Flaubert and Théodore de Banville; prize for ideas, Balzac and Baudelaire; prize for ensemble, Zola!" Mr. Zola's manner of working is just such as one might imagine from a careful examination of his works. The "Rougon-Macquart" are the development of a series of experimental and physiological deductions. Zola writes a book in order to study such and such morbid states and temperaments. There is hardly any plot. Zola himself says that there is none at all. He builds up the scaffolding in two or three hours, and then begins a long process of reporting. Having fixed upon a scene, he visits the street, the house, and the very rooms where he intends to lodge his characters. He studies their trade and their language, and records the result of his observations in his note books. For example, for the "Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," he made a little note-book labelled: "Ornements d'Eglise" (church ornaments.) The pages are full of notes about ecclesiastical matters, and extracts from theological works. For the famous "Assommoir," Mr. Zola made plans of the rue de la Goutte d'Or, of the memorable promenade of the wedding party through the Louvre Museum, and, in short, of all the places in which the events of the book are located. Each personage, too, has a note-book devoted to what might be called his physiology. More note-books bearing the word *ébauche* (sketch,) contain each proposed chapter of the book condensed into four pages. Such are the materials out of which Zola constructs, spins, or builds his complete novel. He works four hours a day, from nine o'clock in the morning until one, during which time he writes in a large schoolboy hand the amount of some five printed pages; the next day he adds five more, and so on with the steadiness and regularity of a machine, until the volume is finished. He then makes a few corrections, very few, and carries his annual tribute to the publisher. In the evening he corrects his proofs, does his correspondence, and writes his dramatic criticism. Zola is an observer, but his observations are made in view of one book, and of one book only. He is not like Balzac and Molière, an observer every day going to the very foundation of things. "Eugénie Grandet," for instance, is the résumé of a whole life of observation. Zola, in spite of his "naturalist" theories, isolates himself, and divines more than he sees. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous and mechanical than the life of this Southerner, who is cold as the grave. He leaves nothing to chance. His inspiration is regulated by the hands of the clock. In the morning he is an inspired novelist, in the afternoon an inspired journalist; between whiles, he eats a heavy breakfast, and takes a nap as prosaically as a retired grocer. Methodical and confident in himself he pays no heed to the clamor of the world around him. He writes what he pleases about others, and acknowledges the right of others to say what they please about him. Those who know Zola intimately say that his apparent overbearing pride is, in reality, only the cloak of an excessive timidity. We do not know Zola intimately enough to confirm or refute this view; in any case, the cloak is what the world in general sees, and it is of all unwholly cloaks the unloveliest. Physically, Zola is rather a short, round and fat man. He is not so fat as Sarcy, or the late lamented Jules Janin; but he need not be ashamed. His rotundity is seemly and promising. Black hair, black eyes—rather small, and always sheltered behind a double eyeglass—a black and closely-cropped beard, pale complexion, fine and small features, a round head, a high forehead—such are the distinguishing features of Zola, a man who rarely smiles, talks little, and, either from timidity or pride, gives you the disagreeable impression of a disdainful Jupiter or of a sulky child. At the theatre you see Zola, during the entr'actes, leaning mournfully and sulkily against the wall of the Couloir, and deigning now and then to accord a word of qualified praise to the piece which everybody else finds charming.

Mr. FRANCIS PARKMAN, historian, is an erect, slender, energetic person, 56 years old. When a student at Harvard, and only 18 years old, he determined to write a French-American history, and straightway began to prepare himself for the work. He has always been greatly troubled with failure of sight, and has been obliged to employ a secretary. While at work on "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" he was not able to endure daylight at all, and could not make the least attempt to read or write.

DINNER PARTIES WHICH OUGHT NOT TO BE GIVEN.

Mr. Ernest Hart selects some examples of these in his article in the February number of the Sanitary Record. As a type of the dinner which ought never again to be given, he instances the one which is at the present time so frequently to be met with, that the sensitive gastronome cannot take up a *menu* card without an instinctive fear of meeting with it. It usually runs thus—"Clear" soup, "thick" soup, turbot, lobster sauce, oyster patty, sweetbreads larded, roast mutton, currant jelly; pheasants, quails, cabinet pudding, jelly, ice pudding, and cheese straws; with sherry, hock, sauterne, champagne, claret, liqueurs; and sherry, Madeira, claret, and port wine with dessert. He condemns this *menu* on the ground of monotony, want of appetising qualities, or of gastronomic imagination. He describes the soup, thick and gruesome, humorously termed "mock turtle," a compound of Liebig's extract, baked flour, fragments of calf's head, and fiery sherry, or the inevitable white compound of Jerusalem artichokes and milk stock. The "clear" soup would be a proper ptegenic fluid with which to commence a dinner if it were properly prepared, of the delicate pale yellow colour natural to the meat juice, and not filled with pieces of dried vegetable, which are only admissible on ship-board, where fresh vegetables are not to be had. The fish then comes under notice, and, though of excellent quality, its unsuitability, from its solid nature, as a course in a long dinner, is pointed out. The oyster patties, when well made, are approved of as light and palatable; they should, however, be constructed of fine, fresh oysters, cream, and the lightest puff-paste. The tinned oysters, flour, and milk, which so often mock the eye, make up a leathery and indigestible edifice. The insipid, but ubiquitous "larded sweetbread" is an invalid dish; the preference so largely shown for the thymus of the calf as an *entrée* for healthy people being incomprehensible. Saddle of mutton is welcomed as an excellent and toothsome *pièce de résistance*; but the writer enlarges on the rarity of its being served thoroughly hot, and the probability of the flabby slice being garnished with half-cold fat, so often offered at large dinner parties, proving a difficulty to the digestive organs. Boiled fowl and tongue is dismissed as an exploded item in a banquet. The custom of offering legs of pheasants and the inferior parts of game to guests is also noted with disapprobation. A proper supply of this course should be provided, so that these inferior and not unfrequently tough morsels should be reserved for second-day cookery, soups, salmis and pasties. The regulation cabinet pudding is relegated to the limbo of anachronisms. This superior nursery compound ought never to be set before intelligent adults as part of a dinner. The ice pudding—if properly prepared with cream, liqueurs or fresh fruit syrups—is unexceptionable. It is, however, generally compounded by a pastry-cook, and then it is made of custard-powder instead of cream, chemical essences in place of fruit syrups and liqueurs; and, thus sophisticated, it is equally unpalatable and unwholesome. The last thing considered is the wines, in the selection of which the host shows at once his generosity, gastronomic status, and thought for his guests. The wines should be few but of first-rate quality, three or four varieties being amply sufficient for all purposes. The requisites for a satisfactory dinner are defined to be simplicity, good materials and good cooking, variety, and digestibility. These essentials are not difficult of attainment if the lady of the house exercise her mental faculties in the same way as she probably does in her toilette. If her cook cling to the old traditions, she must make a resolute stand against the conventional *menu* that will probably be set forth for her consideration. Excellent treatises on cookery—both small and large—abound. The markets of the world, ransacked for Cockayne, are at her disposal. Let her then discard the traditional and worn-out *menu*, of which some of the dishes may be utilised, but in combination with the fruits and vegetables so freely placed at her command. Let a sole à la Normande, trout with "sauce bleue," or "verte," or some mullets "en papillotte," take the place of turbot and lobster sauce, a braised fillet of beef with olives, tomatoes, mushrooms, or purée of fresh vegetables, or a fricandeau of veal, with sorrel or spinach, be substituted occasionally for the saddle of mutton, and the result will probably be satisfactory, if only from the novelty of partaking of a fresh dish. Game can be frequently far more agreeably presented in the form of charreusse or salmi than always as a roast. The ordinary middle-class dinner of soup, fish, roast joint or poultry, game, boiled potatoes and vegetables, puddings and tarts, is equally open to the objections of excess in meat and solid food, monotony, waste in preparation, and undue taxation of the digestive powers. Here again we want more adaptability on the part of our housewives, more ingenuity, more enterprise, and much more painstaking in the variety of food they set before their households. Pecuniary saving, improved digestion, and consequently the chiefest of all blessings—health—would amply repay the time and thought so expended.

Mr. SMITH, who has to lug a scuttle of coal upstairs three times a day, reads with prospective joy the announcement that the coal fields of the world will be exhausted in 2,000 years.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Healey's Problems are very beautiful and very sound. Your solution of Problem No. 269 is not quite correct. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 268 received. Editor Chessplayer's Chronicle, London, England.—Thanks for answer to letter. The March number, however, has not come to hand.

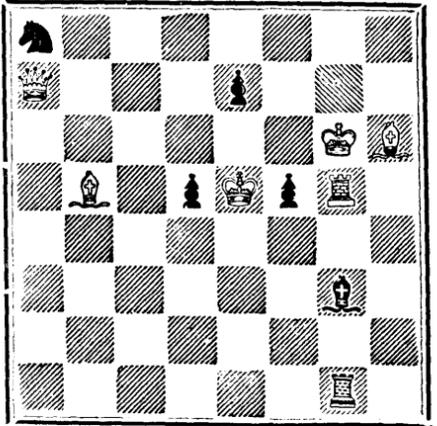
THE QUEEN OF CHESS.

The signal success of Mrs. Gilbert in the International Correspondence Tourney in winning the whole of her games from Mr. Gossip, her transatlantic opponent, is a subject of much rejoicing on the part of our American cousins, and they seem to be very proud of their lady player. On the other side of the Atlantic also, the ability of Mrs. Gilbert has obtained much notice, and we doubt not she will receive many congratulations from chess amateurs in all parts of the civilized world. Her example as regards her devotion to chess, we believe, will be very effective, and very soon we shall find it as common to meet with good lady players, as it is now a rarity to find any one of the gentler sex taking an interest in the mysteries of the chequered board. The Saturday Review in a recent number thus speaks of Mrs. Gilbert's late triumph: "We should be making a grave omission did we not refer to the fact that, as in every other department of intellectual activity, so in chess, the ladies are resolved not to leave man alone in his glory. Ladies' clubs have been formed in this country, and their members contest with men on even terms. But America has thus far produced the best lady player. Mrs. Gilbert, of New York, in a recent match with a well-known gentleman performer has been astonishing the chess world by her feats of prescience, doing what we never knew done before—namely, announcing twenty or thirty moves beforehand, the exact process by which she intends compassing the destruction of her antagonist, and carrying out her threat at the point indicated to the very move."

We are glad to find from the Montreal press that our kind correspondent, Mr. J. W. Shaw, has received a handsome present in the shape of a magnificent chess-board and men, of a size, which we doubt not, are in proportion to the good wishes of the donors. The gift, we are convinced, will be the more acceptable to him from the fact that the board is the handiwork of his own son, whose artistic taste has, most certainly, been well employed on the present occasion. Although we see it hinted in a public notice that the size of the pieces would make them formidable weapons of attack, we are well aware that the force of Mr. Shaw's play in the noble game compared with the ponderous nature of the men would prove to any of his opponents the weightier matter of the two.

PROBLEM No. 271.

By F. Armstrong. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 401st.

(From Bird's Chess Masterpieces.) (Evans' Gambit.)

- White.—(Kolsch.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 4. Castles 5. P to Q Kt 4 6. P to Q B 3 7. P to Q 4 8. P takes P 9. P to Q 5 10. B to Q 3 11. B to Q R 3 12. Q takes Kt 13. P to Q 6 14. Kt to Q B 3 15. Kt to Q 5 16. B to Q Kt 2 17. Q to K 3 (d) 18. Kt to Q 4 19. Kt to Q B 6 (e) 20. Kt takes B (ch) 21. Q to K R 6 22. B takes K B P 23. P to K B 4 24. R to K B 3
- Black.—(Paulsen.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to B 4 4. Kt to K B 3 5. B takes P 6. B to K 2 (a) 7. P takes P 8. Kt takes P (b) 9. Kt to Q R 4 10. Kt to Q B 4 11. Kt takes B 12. Castles 13. P takes P (c) 14. P to Q Kt 3 15. Kt to Q Kt 2 16. Kt to Q B 4 17. Kt to K 3 18. B to K B 3 19. P takes Kt 20. P takes Kt 21. P to Q 4 22. Q to Q 3 23. R to K sq 24. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This move, not often played, is not in favour.
- (b) Black could, we believe, play P to Q 4 without disadvantage, still retaining his pawn.
- (c) B to B 3 would be better.
- (d) By far the best move.
- (e) A beautiful conception.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 269

- WHITE. 1. R to K 5 (ch) 2. P to Q Kt 4 3. Mates accordingly.
- BLACK. 1. K takes Kt (best) 2. Any move.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 267.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K R 3 2. R to Q B 4 mate
- BLACK. 1. K moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 268.

- K at K B 2 R at K 8 R at Q B 8 B at Q 6 Kt at Q 5 Pawns at K Kt 6 Q B 5, Q Kt 5 and Q R 6
 - K at Q 2 Q at Q sq Kt at K 3
- White to play and mate in two moves.