

was dead. They had sent to acquaint the police. But Elly was so happy, that, though she tried, she could not be less happy because of this. All the night she lay awake, giving thanks and praise, and saying over to herself, a hundred times, 'At last—at last!'

At last! after all this long rigmarole. At last! after all these thousands of hours of grief and despair. Did not that one minute almost repay her for them all? She went on telling herself, as I have said, that it was no dream—that she need never awake. And I, who am writing her story, wonder if it is so—wonder if ever to such dreams as these there may not be a waking one day, when all the visions that surround us shall vanish and disappear for ever into eternal silence and oblivion. Dear faces—voices whose tones speak to us even more familiarly than the tender words which they utter. It would, in truth, seem almost too hard to bear, if we did not guess—if we were not told—how the love which makes such things so dear to us endures in the eternity out of which they have passed.

Happiness like Elly's is so vague and so great that it is impossible to try to describe it. To a nature like hers, full of tenderness, faithful and eager, it came like a sea, ebbing and flowing with waves, and with the sun shining and sparkling on the water, and lighting the fathoms below. I do not mean to say that my poor little heroine was such a tremendous creature that she could compass the depths and wide extent of a sea in her heart. Love is not a thing which belongs to any one of us individually; it is everywhere, here and all round about, and sometimes people's hearts are opened, and they guess at it, and realize that it is theirs.

Dampier came early next morning, looking kind, and happy, and bright, to fetch her for a walk; Elly was all blue ribbons and blue eyes; her feet seemed dancing against her will, she could hardly walk quietly along. Old Françoise looked after them as they walked off towards the Bois de Boulogne; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou peeped from their bedroom window. The sun was shining, the sky had mounted Elly's favorite colors.

When I first saw Lady Dampier she had only been married a day or two. I had been staying at Guildford, and I drove over one day to see my old friend Jean Dampier. I came across the hills and by Coombe Bottom and along the lanes, and through the little village street; and when I reached the cottage I saw Elly, of whom I had heard so much, standing at the gate. She was a very beautiful young woman, tall and straight, with the most charming blue eyes, a sweet, frank voice and a taking manner, and an expression on her face that I cannot describe. She had a blue ribbon in her hair, which was curling in a crop. She held her hat full of flowers; behind her the lattices of the cottage were gleaming in the sun; the creepers were climbing and flowering about the porch.

All about rose a spring incense of light, of color, of perfume. The country folks were at work in the fields and on the hills. The light shone beyond the church spire, beyond the cottages and glowing trees. Inside the cottage, through the lattice, I could see Aunt Jean nodding over her knitting.

She threw down her needles to welcome me. Of course I was going to stay to tea—and I said that was my intention in coming. As the sun set, the clouds began to gather, coming quickly we knew not from whence; but we were safe and dry, sitting by the lattice and gossiping, and meanwhile Miss Dampier went on with her work.

Elly had been spending the day with her, she told me.—Sir John was to come for her, and presently he arrived, dripping wet, through the April shower which was now pouring over the fields.

The door of the porch opens into the little dining room, where the tea was laid: a wood-fire was crackling in the tall cottage chimney. Elizabeth was smiling by the hearth, boasting cakes with one hand and holding a book in the other, when the young man walked in.

He came into the room where we were sitting and shook hands with us both, and then he laughed and said he must go and dry himself by the fire, and he went back.

So Jean Dampier and I sat mumbling confidences in the inner room, and John and Elly were chattering to one another by the burning wood logs.

The door was open which led, with a step, into the dining room, where the wood-fire was burning. Darkness was setting in. The rain was over, the clouds swiftly breaking and coursing away, and such a bright, mild-eyed little star peeped in through the lattice at us two old maids in the window. It was a shame to hear, but how could we help it? Out of the fire-lit room the voices came to us, and when we ceased chattering for an instant, we heard them so plainly—

'I saw Will to-day,' said a voice. He was talking about Laetitia. I think there will be some news of them before long. Should you be glad?

'Ah! so glad. I don't want to be the only happy woman in the world.'

'My dearest Elly!' said the kind voice. 'And you will never regret ———. And are you happy?'

'Can you ask?' said Elly. 'Come into the porch, and I will tell you.' And then there was a gust of fresh, rain-scented air, and a soft rustle, and the closing click of a door. And then we saw them pass the window, and Jean clasped my hand very tightly, and flung her arms round my neck, and gave me a delighted kiss.

'You dear, silly woman,' said I, 'how glad I am they are so happy together.'

'I hope she won't catch cold,' said Jean, looking at the damp walks. 'Could not you take out a shawl?'

'Let her catch cold,' said I; 'and in the meantime give me some tea; if you please. Remember, I have got to drive home in the dark.'

So we went into the next room. Jean rang for the candles. The old silver candlesticks were brought in by Kitty on a tray.

'Don't shut the curtains,' said Miss Dampier; and come here, Mary, and sit by the fire.'

While Elizabeth and John Dampier were wandering up and down in the dark, damp garden, Jenny and I were comfortably installed by the fire, drinking hot, sweet tea, and eating toasted cakes, and preserves, and cream, I say we, but that is out of modesty, for she had no appetite, whereas I was very hungry.

'Heigho!' said Jean, looking at the fire. 'It's a good thing to be young, Mary. Tell me honestly: what would you give ———?'

'To be walking in the garden with young Dampier,' said I, (and I burst out laughing,) without a cloak or an umbrella, or india-rubbers. My dear Jenny, where are your five wits?'

'Where indeed?' said Jean, with another sigh. 'Yet I can remember when you used to cry instead of laughing over such things, Mary.'

Her sadness had made me sad. Whilst the young folks were whispering outside, it seemed as if we two old women were sitting by the fire and croaking the elegy of all youth, and love, and happiness.

'The night is at hand,' echoed she softly, and she passed her fingers across her eyes, and then sighed, and got up slowly and went to the door which opened into the porch.—And then I heard him call me. 'Come here!' she said, 'Mary.' And then I, too, rose stiffly from my chair, went to her. The clouds had cleared away. From the little porch, where the sweetbrier was climbing, we could see all the myriad worlds of heaven, alight and blazing, and circling in their infinite tracks. An awful, silent harmony, power and peace, and light and life eternal—a shining benediction seemed to be there hanging over our heads. 'This is the night,' she whispered, and took my hand in hers.

And so this is the end of the story of Elizabeth Gilmour, whose troubles, as I have said, are not very great; who is a better woman, I fancy, than if her life had been the happy life she prophesied to herself. Deeper tones and understandings must have come to her out of the profoundness of her griefs, such as they were. For when other troubles came, as they come to all as years go by, she had learned to endure and to care for others, and to be valiant and to be brave.—And I do not like her the less because I have spoken the truth about her, and written of her as the woman she really is.

I went to Paris a little time ago. I saw the old grass-grown court; I saw Françoise and Anthony, and Tou-Tou, and Lou-Lou, who had grown up two pretty and modest and smiling young girls. The old lady at Asnieres had done what was expected, and died and left her fortune to Tou-Tou, her god-daughter. (The little Chinese pagoda is still to let.) Poor Madame Jacob did not, however, enjoy this good luck, for she died suddenly one day, some months before it came to them. But you may be sure that the little girls had still a father in Tourneur, and Caroline too was very kind to them in her uncertain way. She loved them because they were so unlike herself—so gentle, and dull, and guileless. Anthony asked me a great many questions about Elizabeth and her home, and told me that he meant to marry Lou-Lou eventually. He is thin and pale, with a fine head like his father, and quiet manner. He works very hard, he earns very little—he is one of the best men I ever knew in my life. As I talked to him, I could not but compare him to Will Dampier and to John, who are also good men. But then they were prosperous and well-to-do; with well-stored granaries, with vineyards and fig trees, with children growing up round them. I was wondering if Elizabeth, who chose her husband because she loved him, and for no better reason, might not have been as wise if she could have appreciated gifts better than happiness, than well-stored granaries, than vineyards, than fig-trees, which Anthony held in his hand to offer? Who shall say? Self-denial and holy living are better than ease and prosperity. But for that reason some people wifully turn away from the mercies of heaven, and call the angels devils, and its greatest bounties, temptation.

Anthony has answered this question to himself as we all must do. His father looks old and worn. I fear there is trouble still under his roof—trouble, whatever it may be, which is borne with Christian and courageous resignation by the master of the house: he seems, somehow, in these latter years to have risen beyond it. A noble reliance and peace are his; holy thoughts keep him company. The affection between him and his son is very touching.

Madame Tourneur looks haggard and weary; and one day, when I happened to tell her I was going away, she gasped out suddenly—'Ah! what would I not give—,' and then was silent and turned away. But she remains with her husband, which is more than I should have given her credit for.

And so, when the appointed hour came, I drove off, and all the personages of my story came out to bid me farewell. I looked back for the last time at the courtyard, with the hens pecking round about the kitchen door; at the garden, with the weeds and flowers tangling together in the sun; at the shadows falling across the stones of the yard. I could fancy Elizabeth a prisoner within those walls, beating like a bird against the bars of the cage, and revolting and struggling to be free.

The old house is done away with and exists no longer. It was pulled down by order of the Government, and a grand new boulevard runs right across the place where it stood.

THE END.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS!

The greatest single engineering work ever undertaken is the tunnel for a rail-road through Mont Cenis. A report on this subject has lately been presented to the Lower House of the Italian Parliament by the Minister of Public Works.

This tunnel was begun in 1857, and that year and the two following were spent in preliminary operations, such as the construction of houses, workshops, &c. When completed it will be nearly 8 miles in length. Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, set in operation a steam boring machine, soon after operations were commenced, and about eight times the quantity of work was done by it that had been done by hand. But steam could not be used for boring in the interior of the tunnel, on account of a want of air. The Italian engineers then proposed to substitute compressed air instead of steam; and their method is now in full operation.

This tunnel, when completed, will unite France with Italy, by rail, and it is to be a joint work between the Governments of the two countries, France paying a large portion of the cost. It is calculated that this tunnel will be completed in twelve and a half years from the period of its commencement; but with ordinary hand drilling it would have required twenty-five years' labor. The work proceeds now at the rate of 2,600 feet per annum. The use of compressed air to operate the drilling machines, not only affords the power for this purpose, but also supplies air for respiration to the miners. At one end, 720 men are employed; at the other, 900. The cost thus far has been about 2,545,400.—Scientific American.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS COLUMN.

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ONTARIO CHESS CLUB, OF HAMILTON.

Communications to be addressed to the Editor of the Illustrated Canadian News.

At the request of numerous friends, we commence this week a Chess column, which will doubtless be appreciated by all lovers of the noble game, and may tend to awaken an interest therein in the minds of the young, or of those who have not yet learned it. It is a game of the highest antiquity, and has been for ages the study and relaxation by turns of philosophers, poets, and statesmen. It is of all games the most intellectual; and its value as a means of mental improvement is indubitable. Being increasingly popular in Canada, we intend to devote a column to it henceforth.

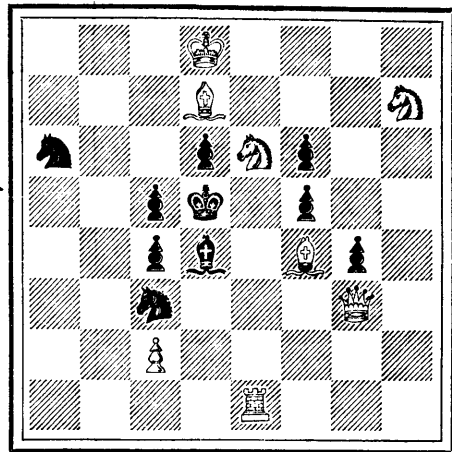
Morphy's games being acknowledged as the standard of highest merit, we shall from time to time make selections from the best of his published games, as well as from the European Masters. At the same time we shall be happy to publish any Telegraphic or private matches between provincial players, as well as problems, end games, &c., possessing any points of merit or interest.

No. 1.

PRIZE PROBLEM IN WHO'S TOURNAMENT, 1862.

BY J. A. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves

One of eight simultaneous games, played blindfold at Paris, by Mr. Morphy.

PHILDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE—MR. MORPHY.

BLACK—MR. BAUCHER.

- 1. P to K 4
- 2. Kt to K B 3
- 3. P to Q 4
- 4. Q takes P
- 5. K B to Q Kt 5
- 6. B takes Kt
- 7. B to K Kt 5
- 8. B to K R 4
- 9. Kt to Q B 3
- 10. Castles K's side
- 11. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
- 12. K Kt to Q 4
- 13. Q R to Q sq
- 14. P to K B 4
- 15. P to K B 5
- 16. K Kt to K 6
- 17. P to Q R 4
- 18. Q to K 2
- 19. B to K Kt 3
- 20. B takes Kt
- 21. K R to K B 3
- 22. K R to K R 3 (d)
- 23. Q to Q 2
- 24. Q takes Q B
- 25. K R takes K R P (ch)
- 26. R to Q 3 (f)
- 27. Q to K B 7 (ch)

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

And wins.

(a) Kt to K B 2 would have been better; the Kt at present occupies a bad position.

(b) Kt to K Kt's 5 is preferable; the move made is lost time, as is shown by move 15.

(c) To enable him, if his Kt is taken, to capture the Bishop with Q's pawn.

(d) Threatening mate in two moves.

(e) To avert the promised mate, by R takes P, &c.

(f) The termination is exceedingly elegant.

ROSES A LUXURY OF THE ANCIENTS.

To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of rose leaves was shaken upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon the guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times, they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Anthony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet rooms, but also the colonades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths, and narcissi, and walked about upon this flowery platform.

LIFE.—We pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

Modesty promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.