

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANOTHER WARNING.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR:—Once more a steamer has collided with ice; man's skill, his presence of mind, and courage have this time claimed the victory, but how near defeat! How terribly near every one on board of the steamer "Moravian" stood on the brink of eternity; none can tell, excepting her commander, with that four hundred feet of ship, under him, carrying a dead weight of ship and cargo, of some "three thousand tons". He knew well the danger when heading for that wall of ice, with but an inch of iron plating between him and eternity. Clear must have been the brain, and well strung the nerves, that were not found wanting at such a moment. Had the berg not been so affected by the sun's rays and wind, as to take from it the consistency of green ice, or had it been of larger dimensions, the concussion of the ship would not have succeeded in cleaving it in two halves, and the probability is that all on board must have perished. As it was, had the "Moravian" not been fitted with a bowsprit, (like some of the later built ships), or had the attention of the Captain been withdrawn for a moment, previous to the collision, her bow would have been stove in like so much glass, starting the foremost bulkhead, and allowing the water to rush into the second compartment, when the ship in less than ten minutes would have been under water. Another warning has gone forth, a silent appeal in the cause of humanity, to those enjoying wealth and power, to secure a safer class of vessel for the Canadian Passenger Trade.

Levis Sept. 17, 1875.

E. W. SEWELL.

GENIUS AND SENSITIVENESS.

Every man of genius feels at times a sense of loneliness more or less. It caused Byron much misery; John Stuart Mill suffered from it for years; and Dickens, when near the end, complains that he feels that he has missed a someone he has never seen. The ideal of such men is seldom realized. Unknown to themselves, they create a creature in their heart and brain whom they eagerly seek in flesh and blood, and too often in vain. It does not follow—indeed, it seldom happens—that this ideal conception of the man of genius is a perfect creature, or one like unto himself, but generally of a contrary nature and possessing the very qualities which are most wanting in him. Some few have found this ideal, and always in the form of woman; others have found her only to lose her, like Walter Scott and Byron; not a few have found her in the wife of another man, like Petrarch and Sterne; others have fondly imagined that they have found her; but, too late, have discovered their mistake. These last are they whose married lives have proved failures. The wives of men of genius separated from their husbands are a long and fearful list. Who is to blame? Certainly not the wives, for they are human and very feminine; and as for their husbands, they are more than human; so let not us men sit in judgment upon them.

Byron had all the restlessness and contempt for the world peculiar to Burns. Their natures were much alike. The peer and the peasant unite in the temperament of the poet. Byron was very near being the most unfortunate man who ever lived. He endured the misery of deformity, of disappointed love, of calumny, and of genius. He only wanted Burns' poverty to make him the most unhappy man ever born. Any one of these misfortunes would be as much as an ordinary being could well bear; but when we think of them centred in one man, and of the painful sensitiveness of genius to such influences, we wonder that Byron was so good a man as he was.

With men of genius, sensitiveness is a perfect disease; indeed, it is this very quality which enables them to feel and to express those emotions which escape other men. Sensitiveness is an innocent and amiable self-love, and must not be confounded with selfishness. A selfish man is sensitive, but only for himself; but a sensitive man has much sympathy for others. The two qualities always go together, and are largely developed in women and men of genius. Many women have as much sympathy as men of genius, but they exercise it with greater strictness and partiality. Thus women have little or no sympathy for evil doers; men of genius frequently have.

Speaking of calumny, it is a thing to which a man of genius is particularly liable, especially an unknown man. People see that he is often unhappy, and uncertain and strange in his humour and ways—in short, he is different from themselves; and, knowing the cause, they are so kind as to invent one, always taking great care that it shall be to the man's discredit. Said Bulwer Lytton, with tears in his eyes, "Men calumniate me, yet I would die to serve them." The fact is, we love to see each other come and fall down heavily.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO FETES.

The fetes in commemoration of the birth of Michael Angelo are now in progress in Florence. To give *éclat* to the fetes a cast of the celebrated statue of Moses, which is on the tomb of Julius II. in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, at Rome, has been sent to Florence for the occasion, this work having been ordered by Signor Peruzzi, the Syndic of Florence. The chapter of St. Peter's

consented only on the condition that the cast should be made by Signor Malpieri, a well-known modeller of Rome, who cast the sculptures of the column of Trajan for Napoleon III. In addition to the cast of the great statue of Moses, the Italian Government has had casts made of several other works by Michael Angelo in the churches of Rome, which have been sent to Florence for the celebration. These include casts of the statues of Elias and of Rachel in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, of that of the Christ in the Minerva, of the Saviour in St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, and of the Pietà in St. Peter's. The Church of San Pietro in Vincoli (St. Peter's in Chains), from which the most important of these works are taken, is so called because it was built to preserve the chain with which St. Peter was bound in Jerusalem. On either side of the statue of Moses, in this church, stand those of Elias and Rachel. In July last, a plan was adopted for the illumination of the piazza of the Municipal Palace at Florence, and at different times aid has been given by foreign Governments and private contributors of memorials of Michael Angelo in various forms. Among the rest, the Belgian Government agreed to forward a new cast of the Madonna of Bruges, a celebrated work by Michael Angelo. There has been a general effort on the part of the Florentines to furnish up all the public works of art in their city, and to put things in holiday shape. Among other things the fountain of Neptune, by Ammanati, at the corner of the Municipal Palace, and almost on the spot where Savonarola was burnt, has been restored. The fountain consists of an octagonal basin rising about 8 feet 6 inches above the pavement, very handsomely moulded, and made of a rich purple and white-veined marble. On four of the eight sides are nereids and sea-gods, with attendant fauns and tritons, very cleverly sculptured in bronze, although in somewhat extravagant attitudes, but with their shells, dolphins, and other decorations they have a sumptuous effect. How the fauns are mixed up with water-sprites is beyond explanation. The fountain was so incrustated with deposits from the water and with slime and green impurities that Ammanati's design fared badly. Now it is seen as he made it; Neptune is whiter than ever, and his tritons are pure as the sea-foam. Water has been copiously replaced, and the three tritons which strengthen the legs of Neptune blow streams for their shells, and a jet from the ear proclaims its watery nature, while the fish-heads puff streams into the green ocean below. There was and is a general expression of regret among foreigners that the month of September should have been chosen as the time for the celebration, as the climate of Italy renders the country particularly unwholesome to foreigners at this time of the year.

SHANDON BELLS.

Writing of a visit to Shandon, Charles Warren Stoddard says: Surely I ought to have been happy, inasmuch as a lifelong wish was at last gratified; and so I was, I suppose, but I would have been far happier could I have forgotten how all these years I have thought of the Lee as a broad placid river, fringed with rushes. Shandon to me was a village of Arcadian loveliness, and in its midst towered the gray old walls of the church, its ivy-curtained windows reflected in the silver bosom of the stream that flowed noiselessly below it; and in my day-dream the chorus of those bells swam down the still air in faint and fading harmonies divinely sweet. O Father Prout! to you I am indebted for a dream and an awaking, the one joyous and the other sad. It was you who furnished the theme on which the quick imagination of youth hung its enticing picture; it was you who sang:

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee:
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Below me there was a miserable conglomeration of houses, good and bad. Across the way there was a butter market of extraordinary dimensions, while in the vile unswept streets the pigs and people swarmed on a common footing, the amenities of which were only disturbed by an occasional sharp dispute as to the right of way. Surely thy music, O Shandon bells, speak of fairer scenes than these, and thy melody, rung in the ears of the wanderer beyond seas when, fortunately, the unsavory odors—the only incense that curls about thee—had perished on the gale.

HOW NOTRE DAME WAS SAVED.

Ever since the Commune there has been much speculation as to how Notre Dame happened to escape destruction. M. l'Abbe Riché has just published a book, in which he gives the following:

On the 25th of May, 1871, I was sent for to prepare for death the Communists who had been sentenced. On arriving in the prison and announcing to them their doom one fine young fellow, about twenty-five years old, threw himself on the ground, exclaiming in voice of keen emotion: "I knew that one deed would bring me to the scaffold." I turned to him and begged of him an explanation. He hesitated for a few minutes, but then said: "Yes l'Abbé, I will tell you; but let us be quick, for there is not a second to lose." Whereupon he told me that that evening at nine o'clock Notre Dame was to be blown up; that he himself had assisted to carry in the gunpowder. I waited to hear no more, but taking a company and the young

Communist as guide we flew to the cathedral, which we were barely in time to save. I begged the life of my young friend, which after some deliberation, was granted me, and thus came Notre Dame to be saved.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M. Quebec.—Letter and problem received. The latter shall appear in due course.

On the first of the present month, Mr. Zukertort played seventeen games simultaneously against as many members of the City of London Chess Club. He won sixteen, and drew one.

Some time ago, we called attention to the fact that the ladies of both Europe and America were beginning to take more interest in Chess than was formerly the case, and that some of the fair sex on both continents were becoming distinguished for skill in a pursuit which was supposed by many to be confined to gentlemen alone.

We are now glad to subjoin a game played, recently, by correspondence, between an American lady, Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, U. S., and Mr. Berry, of Beverly, Mass. As will be seen, the game has some remarkable features, one of the most interesting being that the lady was victorious. We feel sure Mr. Berry had too much gallantry to feel chagrined at the result.

The moves and notes are taken from *Land and Water*.

GAME 42ND.

Played by correspondence between Mrs. Gilbert, of Hartford, N. S., and Mr. Berry, of Beverly, Mass. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Mrs. Gilbert.)

1. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd
3. B to Q Kt 5th
4. B to R 4th
5. Castles (a)
6. R to K sq
7. B takes Kt
8. P to Q 4th
9. P takes P
10. Kt to Q B 3rd
11. P to Q K 4th
12. P to Q Kt 3rd
13. Q to K 2nd
14. Kt to K 4th
15. P to B 3rd
16. P to Q Kt 4th
17. Kt to K Kt 3rd
18. Kt to Q 4th (d)
19. P takes Kt
20. P to Kt 5th (e)
21. P takes P
22. P to K 6th
23. Q takes B

And White announced mate in nineteen moves (f).

BLACK.—(Mr. Berry.)

- P to K 4th
- Kt to Q B 3rd
- P to Q R 3rd
- Kt to B 3rd
- Kt takes P
- Kt to B 4th
- Q takes B
- Kt to K 3rd
- Q to K 2nd
- B to Q 2nd (h)
- Castles
- P to K B 3rd
- Q to B 2nd
- R to Kt sq
- P to K R 3rd (c)
- P to K B 4th
- P to K Kt 4th
- Kt takes Kt
- R to K sq
- B takes P
- B takes P
- Q to Kt 3rd
- P to B 5th

NOTES

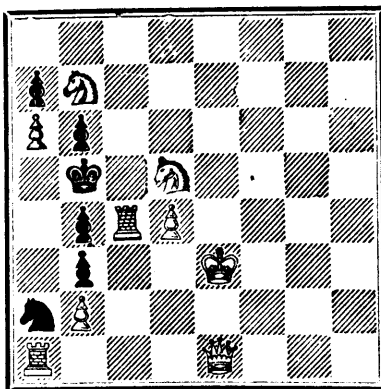
- (a) P to Q 3rd is better. The move in the text brings about a dull and drawn position in most cases.
- (b) Decidedly better to have exchanged Queens.
- (c) All this is much too slow to be effective.
- (d) An excellent move, greatly weakening Black's game.
- (e) Excellent: this advance, taken in connection with the twenty-second move, gains for White a clear piece.
- (f) The fact that this feat was accomplished by a lady, renders it still more remarkable. We subjoin the moves which lead to the *dénoument*. It will be observed that Black has in some cases a choice of moves, but we have discovered no means of prolonging the struggle.

24. R takes P
25. Q takes P (ch)
26. Q to Kt 5th (ch)
27. Q to Q 7th (ch)
28. B takes P
29. Q to Kt 5th (h)
30. R to R sq
31. R takes B
32. Q takes Q
33. R to R 7th
34. Q to Kt 5th (ch)
35. Kt to B 5th
36. Q to Q 5th (ch)
37. Kt to Q 6th (ch)
38. Kt takes R (dis ch)
39. Q takes R
40. R takes P
41. Q to K Kt 6th (ch)
42. Q to B 7th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 39.

By C. H. Wheeler, of Englewood, Ill.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 37.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to K B 6th | 1. Kt takes P |
| 2. Q to B 3rd (ch) | 2. K takes Q |
| 3. Mates. | |
| 2. Q to Q R sq | 1. B to K B 7th |
| 3. Q mates. | 2. Anything. |

Solution of Problem for Young Players.

No. 36.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to Q 3rd | 1. K to K 5th |
| 2. R to K 5th (ch) | 2. K to Q 5th |
| 3. Q B P one | |
| Checkmate. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 37.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K R 5th | K at K R sq |
| B at K R 2nd | P at K R 5th |
| K at K B 6th | |

White to play and mate in four moves.

A REVOLUTIONARY FABLE.

Speaking of instances where history has been perverted a writer says: Another revolutionary fable which has imposed even on that usually hypercritical writer, Mr. Carlyle, is the horrible story of Mlle. de Sombreuil. Rumor has it that, during the "massacres of September," her father was dragged from prison and was about to be murdered by the mob, when she flung herself before him begging for his life and crying out that she was a friend of the people. "If that be so," said one of the furious crowd, "let us see you drink the blood of an aristocrat," and, tearing a heart from one of the corpses, he squeezed it into a cup and presented it to her. The heroic girl, so runs the story, drank it off, and thus saved her father's life. The romantic fable, however, is only one more paste jewel to add to our collection. As matter of fact, the courage, beauty, and devotion of Mlle. de Sombreuil, as she pleaded for her father's life, completely disarmed the murderous gang; and when, overcome by her emotions, she fainted, one of them offered her a glass of water, a drop from his bloody hand fell into the cup, and hence the horrible story, which is repeated by every historian of the French revolution. Louis Blanc first published the true account; he heard it from a lady to whom Mlle. de Sombreuil had herself related it; in fact, the latter always told the story to show that, although cruel, the men of September were accessible to pity.

LA GUICCIOLI.

A correspondent says:—I had recently the pleasure of holding in my hand a locket which Madame de Boissy had presented to a lady. It contained two locks of hair, one a dark, slender ring, which had been clipped from Byron's head after death; the other a lock of silky, golden chesnut, unbleached with a single thread of silver, though Madame de Boissy was sixty-five years of age when she severed it from the mass of her still abundant tresses to join it to Byron's in the gift for her friend. She preserved most of the traits of her wondrous beauty, her pearly teeth, her exquisitely moulded shoulders, the grace and winning charm of her manners to the latest hour of her life. She always wore around her neck the miniature of Byron, and the greatest proof of affection that she ever gave to this friend was the permission to have this miniature copied. While the work was in progress she sat beside the easel, watching and directing the progress of the pencil. This miniature lay on her heart when, an aged lady, she was borne to her grave after a life which, apart from the one error of her youth, had been singularly noble and blameless. As the Marquise de Boissy, she was a veritable queen of society, and her receptions were celebrated as being among the most brilliant and successful ever held in Paris.

WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

Pints and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

ARTISTIC.

THERE is a report that Sir Francis Grant is about to resign the post of President of the Royal Academy, which he has held since June, 1866. Sir Francis has been for some time out of health, and this step therefore will not take art world by surprise, though it would occasion great regret.

ALTHOUGH it is generally believed that the Mohammedans will not have the likeness of living persons taken, the Sultan of Turkey has had a portrait of himself painted, and has commissioned Gérôme to produce a series of historical pictures for his palace.

THE sculptor Horatio Stone, who died a few days ago in Italy, was a brother of the physician who waited on Lincoln's death-bed. Horatio Stone leaves several statues in the Capitol, Hamilton and Hancock being the most notable. He was a conscientious workman, but his figures are stiff and lack grace.

At Florence, in Italy, great preparations are on foot for the celebration of the Michael Angelo centenary. MM. Meissonier, Ballu, Garnier, and Charles Blanc will represent, in uniform, the French Academy. Mr. Leighton will represent the English Royal Academy; Di Rosen, Sweden; and Ciseri, Switzerland. Profs. Luzzo and Horke will bring a laurel wreath of silver gilt from the literary and artistic institutions of Germany. The exposition of Michael Angelo's sketches, designs, and models in wood and wax is rich and rare. There are also photographs of all his works existing in foreign countries.

THE jury charged with making a choice of a new French postage stamp out of the 431 designs sent in have selected three for the prizes offered, and among which the final award will have to be made by M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance. The models among which the competition is reduced are the following:—1. Peace and Commerce leaning on the world, represented by a globe, on which a scroll contains the price of the stamp. 2. Abundance, supporting an escutcheon, on which the value is also marked. 3. France, a torch in hand. This last, although entitled to a premium, will probably be rejected, because the figure on it is entirely nude. A design, placed fourth by order of merit, represents Mercury mounted on Pegasus.