

SO FAR AWAY.

Forth from a sky of windless gray
Pours down the soft, persistent rain,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss, now makes my pain,
Being far from me this autumn day—
So far away.

Upon the waters cold and gray
No floating sail appears in sight!
The dull rain and the humid light
No wind has any heart to spite,
This dreary, low, autumn day,
With love away.

Where she in may skies not be gray,
But sunshine thrill the vital air—
Ah, were she here, or were I there,
Skies might be dull, or might be fair,
And I not heed, so she this day
Were not away.

No gulls wings out 'twixt gray and gray—
All gray, as far as eye can reach;
The sea too listless seems for speech,
And vaguely frets upon the beach,
As knowing she this autumn day
Is far away.

Ah, like that sea my life looks gray—
Like a forgotten land it lies,
With no light on it from her eyes,
Lovely and changeful as these skies
'Neath which she walks this autumn day
So far away.

But they shall pass, these skies of gray,
And she for whom I sigh in vain,
Who makes my bliss and makes my pain,
Shall turn my gray to gold again,
Being not, as now, that future day,
So far away.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

PATTI'S MISTAKE.

It is not surprising that Patti should suppose that she had returned to the America that she had left many years ago, nor that the career of Jenny Lind in this country should seem to her the career which every great prima donna might expect. She knew that the excited youth of New York, forty years ago, unhitched the horses from Fanny Elssler's carriage, and drew her home in triumph from the old Park Theatre. She knew—not knowing, perhaps, his kinship to the excellent manager of Jenny Lind's concerts—that Genin had paid some hundreds of dollars for the first choice of seats at Jenny Lind's first concert. She knew that the Philharmonic Concerts at that time were a highly meritorious aspiration of a select circle, but that they were not the delight of the great public. She knew also that Jenny Lind sang only in concerts, in supposed deference to the great "serious" public sentiment of the country, which was not friendly to the theatre. This was the America that Patti knew, and to which she proposed to return—she the acknowledged *diva* of the hour, who sang to applauding Europe the songs that the elder *diva* had sung. Why in America should she not have her own sweet way? Why not sing in concerts, and charge enormous prices, and bring a tenor and a virtuoso or two, and with the Western world with her magical vocalization, and turn the heads of the sons and daughters of Jenny Lind's votaries, and embroider her vast silken pockets with gold?

Why not, indeed? If only the sun stood still once more, and the river of time would stop! Could Patti have come to the America of Jenny Lind, she might—an Easy Chair loyal to the incomparable Swede can not concede more—she might have renewed Jenny Lind's American career. But even then she must have had Jules Benedict and Belletti, and every artist must have been of the best. Jenny Lind did not presume to conquer even the wild hordes of New York without adequate weapons. She did not enter upon her victorious campaign with a questionable tenor, and a worthy but not surpassing violinist. Even the rude and primitive people to whom she sang did not feel that they were contemned, if not despised, and although the prizes they paid for their pleasure were large, they were paid gladly, and with a satisfactory feeling that the barter was fair.

But it was another America to which Patti came. It was an America which had half outgrown the Italian opera, and which listened with delight to the music of the future. It was indeed the cultivated, intelligent, musically developed America of which we spoke last month, accustomed to hear the greatest works of the greatest masters performed in a manner which would not discredit the Academie in Berlin, the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, the Conservatoire in Paris. It was an America glad to welcome once more the charming singer whom it had heard at her girlish debut, and who returned a *prima donna assoluta*. Yet while she had been enchanting Europe she had not known the marvellous growth of the land that she had left. Jenny Lind—even Jenny Lind!—had become a tuneless tradition heard by the newest America not without head-shakes and murmurs of incredulity, and when in this year of grace it was offered something less than Jenny Lind's concerts for four or five times the price, the amused incredulity became so excessive that the hall was left empty.

There is much money in New York, but there is also some taste, some sense of proportion, some knowledge of the fitness of things. It is not altogether a miner's camp upon the frontier. It will pay generously for the good thing that it desires. But the queen of the Italian lyric stage, warbling a ballad to the piano to-day, ought not to have expected to take the place of Jenny Lind in the concert room of thirty years ago. It was an error. It was presently repaired,

It will not be repeated. But for a moment it seemed as if the charming *diva* were disposed to wrestle with a continent, and to insist that she would be heard upon her own terms or not at all. But *divas*, like mere human beings, learn, and sometimes by ungracious experience, that the world listens only upon its own terms.—
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's*.

CRIME IN SOCIETY.

BY RICHARD L. DUGDALE.

The common origin of all men is from the primeval savage, who remains savage so long as he fails to accumulate property, but with the increase of property lays the foundation of commercial exchange as a substitute for rapine. It has been seen that in our own day the national vicissitudes growing out of political revolutions—scarcity of food, and commercial and industrial stagnation—always bring in their train conditions analogous to those of savage life, and that these develop, in the various forms of crime, savage attributes latent in the community. Now these national vicissitudes do not control simply the criminal and quasi-criminal; they affect all classes of society. The sudden loss of wealth and the consequent change of social position breaks down the character of many men and women of good repute, who are as weak to withstand the shock as the veriest criminal, and are exposed to the same dangers. While a man may be stronger than some accidents, no man is stronger than all the circumstances that may environ him.

The check of crime, therefore, must be one that extends beyond the training of the habitual criminal. It must be co-extensive with society, and must provide something like a common training of the faculties, moral, physical and industrial, which will prepare each individual to meet such contingencies as may occur in the life of any person, and ought to be provided for beforehand. This preparation consists in the industrial training of all classes of society, male and female; but under this term, much more is meant than the mere instruction in any particular trade, though even that would be much. It includes all the concomitants of moral character which accompany an industrial life. An examination discloses the fact that a surprisingly small proportion of the population of the most civilized countries are skillful mechanics, or persons fertile in invention. It is not merely that the laboring and professional population are untrained as artisans, but that the very refinements of modern manufacture tend, by the minute subdivision of labor, to restrict a man's dexterity to some special manipulation, entirely useless in any other trade, and often in another branch of the same trade. When it is remembered that one of the principal elements which affect the rate of wages is found in the aptitude of the laborer, it can be readily seen that a want of aptitude in adapting himself to any important change of industrial or national conditions may reduce the most skillful artisan to the lowest level of inefficiency. In other words, having ceased to be of any service, he fails to receive remuneration, and finds himself a prey to overwhelming circumstances. He no longer rises superior to misfortune, but succumbs to it.

Those who comprehend the more obscure processes of moral growth, how it begins with the education of the senses, through acts, which, by repetition and variation organize in the mind definite and permanent abstract conceptions of right and wrong, are prepared to admit that the kindergarten system for infants and youth furnishes the best model for practical training. Its claim above all other methods, is that it concurrently trains the hands, so as to establish the impulse to industry, and enlists the mind to accomplish a predetermined task, while the result is always in accordance with the moral requirements of society. There are here combined three essential elements for success in life: the impulse to industry, the dexterity of the senses and their organs, and the power of applying this dexterity in such various directions as the exigencies of gaining a livelihood may require. The kindergarten is not only a miniature workshop; it is also a little society, where each child is induced to act towards his playfellow after the manner in which he will be called upon to act as an upright man when he reaches maturity. It is not simply that the kindergarten will make skilled mechanics, and train children to the practice of the social virtues, which recommends its use; it is also the best means of keeping in check the most dangerous vices. The part which lust plays in producing crime has been purposely omitted, but it is here in place to say that the aphorism of the French detective, that "there is a woman at the bottom of every crime," is true in so large a number of instances as to make it acceptable; and it may be added that she is also a dangerous woman. Now the best possible safeguard against being dominated by a passionate nature is education to the habits of industry. It not merely diverts the thoughts away from vain imaginings, but in addition it occupies the time given to their indulgence, and moderates their transports. We have no space to enlarge on the advantages of the kindergarten, and must content ourselves with urging that its claim to preëminence in connection with the subject which we are treating is that it brings out by practice all the essential elements which go to organize civilization.

If in insisting on the universal education of the senses and emotions of the people, whether low born or of high degree, the charge of escap-

ing the real issue through vague generalizations may be made what shall be the practical methods employed in transforming the character of the criminal class? Strange as it may seem, the employment of our already established reformatory and charitable institutions can never play a very important part in modifying individual character; and the reasons for this opinion are easily given. Society is like water; it never rises above its own level. If you lift water in a pail to the top of a church steeple, and liberate it on the apex, the pail will speedily upset, while the water flows to the base; so, if you train a child in an institution where its wants are provided for by an almoner, its morals are cosseted by a goody instructor, its work given out by a task-master, and its social life regulated and confined by an exclusive association with children, you must not be surprised if, on being liberated, the child will be tided over to the dead level of temptation, and sink into the ditches of debauchery and wrong-doing. The test, and the only test, of sound moral character is that it possesses coherence under liberty, and has learned those numerous arts of adaptation to ever-varying circumstances which make it a working quality, constant, rational, and automatic. To produce this result, there is need of a new experiment; not a revolution, not a reform, not a philanthropic venture to redeem the fallen, but a sober business enterprise, entered into as you would undertake the building of a railway in the wilderness, which is in time destined to make the wilderness fruitful by settling it with a hard-working and frugal population.—*Atlantic*.

VON BOYLE'S LOST DOG.

A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.

His name was "Bismarck," mit only vone eye, on account of a old plack cat, vot belongs to a servant Irish gals mit red-haired hair. Also, he has only dree legs on account of a molotiff engines mitout any bull-ketcher. He was a dog, "Bismarck" vas. He was paldt-headed all ofer himself, in consequence of red-hot water, on account of fighting mit a old maid's cat. On vone end of himself was skittated his head, und his tail it vas py de oder endt. He only carries about vone-half of his tail mit him, on account of a circular saw mill. He looks a good deal more older as he is already, but he ain't quite so oldt as dat until de next Christmas. De vay vot you can know him is, if you calls him "Shack" he vont say notings; but he makes answer to de name "Bismarck" by saying "Pow-vow-vow," und, in the meantime, vagging half of his tail. Dot oder half vas cut off, so he can't, of course, shake it. Also, if you trow some stones on top of him he vill run like de tuseful. Dots de vay you can told my dog. He looks like a cross between a bull-foundland und a cat mit nine tails, but he ain't. I haf been eferywheres looking for dot dog.

Another vay vot you could told if it vas "Bismarck" is dot he vas almost a dwin. He would pe half of a pair of dwins dot time, only dere vas dree of them—a pair of dwins und a half. I peliefe dey calls dot a driplets. Also, he got scars on de top of his side, where he scratched himself mit a Thomas cat; but dot Thomas cat nefer recovered himself.

You can also tell "Bismarck" on account of his wonderful inshtinct. He can out-inshtinct any dog vot you nefer saw in my life. For inshtinct, if you pat him on de top of his head mit your hand he knows right avay dot you like him; but if you pat him on de head mit a pavement stones, or de sticket of a broom, den he vill suspect right off dot you care not fery much apont him. I tink, after all, dot maype de pest vay vot you can tell him—by his inshtinct. Eferybody says he vas de most inshtinktenest tog dot nefer vas.

A LITTLE OVERSIGHT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S

From "The Lincoln Life-Mask and How it was Taken," by Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor.

"The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No. I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon." passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk, and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frockcoat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and re-dress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing."

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow—
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The speut sails shiver, the little masts reel,
And the sheeted ropes are a-smooth as steel.
And oh that the sailor were safe once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet wiu home!"
Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,
But resolute still: 'tis the sailor's way.
And perhaps—at the fane the stern eyes dim—
Somebody's praying to night for him.

Ah me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her merry look,
His little maid crooning her apelling-book;
The baby crawls from the cradle fair;
The grandma nods in her easy chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.
The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.

Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever float o'er that isle of calm.
O friends who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think, when the vessels are over-tue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home
'Mid the cruel blasts and the curling foam,
And breathe a prayer for your happy lips
For those who must go "to the sea in ships;"
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Harper's*.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

CANON MOLESWORTH, of Manchester, has in active preparation for the press a history of the Anglican Church from 1610 to 1860.

The French Government bought five pictures at the sale of Courbet's works at the Hôtel Drouot. The announcement was received with cheers.

PARIS is to have a duplicate of the statue of Palissy the potter, by Barrias. It will stand in front of the chapel that gave the signal for the slaughter of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day.

The committee appointed by the Connecticut Legislature to report on a statue to Governor Buckingham for the State Capitol have reduced the choice of sculptor to Messrs. Ward, Saint Gaudens, Thompson and Warner.

SEÑOR SUNOL has been entrusted with the commission for the statue of Christopher Columbus which is to be erected in the square of the Casa de la Moneda, Madrid. The inauguration will not take place until the 12th of October, 1883.

EZEKIEL, a talented young Jewish statuary, now in Rome at work on statues for the Corcoran Art Gallery, has sent to Cincinnati a bronze bust of Spinoza, his great philosophical co-religionist. The order came from the Osterman Lodge.

MISS DORA WHEELER, of New York, takes both first and second prize in the competition for Prang's Christmas cards. The votes of artists and the votes of the general public were taken, and in both cases the first prize went to the same card.

SOME lively anonymous verses in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled, "Disgust," are attributed to Mr. Swinburne, and are the answer to Mr. Tennyson's "Despair," in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 362 and 363.

THE CHESS CONGRESS

The late Chess Congress at Quebec may be said to have been a success in many respects. The chessplayers of the ancient capital spared no pains to make it so, and their friends, and particularly their generous President, gave liberally to make the prizes attractive. Those who came from a distance to join the gathering have every reason to keep in mind the hospitable treatment they received, and the good feeling which characterized all the meetings of the Congress, whether called to settle arrangements with reference to individual contests, or to prepare for future proceedings, was in every respect all that could be desired.

We are sorry to say, however, that from one point of view it was not a success. It represented the players of only one Province of the Dominion. This was not the fault of those who had the management of the affair, but it is nevertheless true. Notices were sent to the most important chess clubs in the Dominion, but Montreal alone sent delegates to the Congress.

This weakness in the gatherings of the Canadian Chess Association has been spoken of before in our Column, and we may revert to it again at some future time.

The following letter will be of interest to those who have had their attention called to the recent Congress at Quebec:—

To the Chess Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—Now that the tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Congress has terminated by the recent gathering in Quebec, it becomes a matter of interest to examine carefully some of the features involved in the ascertained results.

There were fifteen entrants for play; eleven of whom were Quebec gentlemen, and four from Montreal. Of the Quebec eleven, two withdrew from inability to give the requisite time, thus reducing the number to nine Quebecers and four Montrealers, or thirteen in all.

Two secular days, from the morning of Wednesday, the 28th December last, and terminating on the evening of Saturday, the 7th January, were the limit within which all play was to be completed, but Friday, the 6th of January, being a *fête d'obligation*, play was not enforced by the committee in deference to the scruples of all engaged in the encounter, the time for play was extended to the evening of the Monday following, thus ninety days could be represented by the nine Quebec players, and forty days by the Montreal,