

A FLORENTINE CARNIVAL SONG OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Composed by Antonio Alamanni.)

AS SUNG BY A COMPANY OF MASQUERS, HABITED AS SKELETONS, ON A CAR OF DEATH DESIGNED BY PIERO DI COSIMO.

Sorrow, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye;
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence!

E'en as you are, once were we:
You shall be as now we are;
We are dead men, as you see:
We shall see you dead men, where
Nought avails to take great care,
After sins, of penitence.

We too in the Carnival
Sang our love-songs through the town:
Thus from sin to sin we all
Headlong, heedless, tumbled down:
Now we cry, the world around,
Penitence! oh, penitence!

Senseless, blind, and stubborn fools!
Time steals all things as he rides:
Honours, glories, states, and schools,
Pass away, and nought abides:
Till the tomb our creases hides,
And compels this penitence.

This sharp say the you see us bear,
Brings the world at length to woe:
But from life to life we fare;
And that life is joy or woe:
All heaven's bliss on him doth flow
Who on earth does penitence.

Living here, we all must die:
Dying, every soul shall live:
For the king of kings on high
This fixed ordinance doth give:
Lo, you all are fugitive!
Penitence! Cry penitence!

Torment great and grievous dole
Hath the thankless heart mid you:
But the man of piteous soul
Finds much honour in our crew:
Love for loving is the due
That prevents this penitence.

Sorrow, tears, and penitence
Are our doom of pain for aye;
This dead concourse riding by
Hath no cry but penitence!

J. A. S.

WHICH PROPOSED?

Dr. Gibson, having made a friendly visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the garden-gate with her daughter Matty.

Matty was now 20 years old, and the doctor was 30. Her eyes were brown, and his were grey. She "had on" a pink calico dress and a white muslin apron; and he wore professional black.

The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses, one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her chin. She inquired, with considerable show of interest, about the Kuggles children, who had the measles. He told her, gravely, all about Tommy and Ben, Alice and Kit; and when he had finished, a silence fell upon them.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how singular it was for Mr. Scott to paint his verandah pea-green, with lavender borders, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her.

He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said, "Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

Her very look would have told him, without a single spoken word, how thoroughly unlooked for such a proposition had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson, thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But tears came to her relief, as she saw the quiet face grow a trifle overcast.

"I hardly believed you did care for me," he went on, after a pause. "But I hoped you might learn to do it."

"But—but," said Mary, with embarrassment, "I—I thought everyone knew I am engaged to my cousin Tom."

"Your cousin Tom?" echoed the doctor. It was impossible to mistake the expression which passed over his features. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however, but directly said: "Matty, I shall never get over this—I mean that I shall always love you; and if you ever need a friend or protector, or—or any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

She promised, and held out her hand to him. He took it warmly, said "Bless you," and left her hurriedly.

Matty, still leaning on the little wooden gate, watched the retiring figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question: "Tom, what would you do if I should jilt you?"

Tom stroked his downy upper lip, and looked pensive.

"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of reflection. "You might try it, and see."

"Perhaps I will," she responded, more seriously than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared hard at her, but immediately forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day, Mrs. Kellicott's servant rushed into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced to that gentleman that "Mr. Tom would be dead as a door-nail long afore he got there, if he did not run." For two seconds, thinking of Tom as his rival in Matty's affections, the doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good,

stupid, old Dr. Wells; but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's at the very heels of the excited servant-girl.

When he arrived, he found Tom in a high state of delirium. He pronounced it a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt whether he would recover. He sent to his own house for some changes of clothing, and prepared to stop for the present with the sick man.

Matty, too, was unwearied in her work, and, being necessarily much in Tom's room, consequently saw the doctor constantly.

He and his patient presented a marked contrast to each other: the latter was cross, capricious and peevish to an unheard of degree, and talked incessantly of some unknown being named Kate.

On the other hand, Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong and helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in astonishment.

One morning, as the doctor prepared a sleeping draught for some patient, and dictated to Matty a prescription for somebody else, she said, with real solicitude, "Dr. Gibson, you will certainly kill yourself, if you keep on at this rate, and 'tis my belief that you are over-worked and you ought to take a rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?" he inquired, straightening up, and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty," he continued, solemnly, though with a merry twinkle in his eyes; "work," as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, "is a panacea." Matty understood him, and coloured crimson.

At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the doctor felt he must remove his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honeysuckle vines of the piazza, watched him go, and cried a little.

The morning after, Tom and Matty sat on the lawn; he reading, or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither had uttered a word for more than half an hour.

Presently Matty shook out the muslin cap she was making, and laid it on her work-box, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her hands, one over the other, into her lap. Then she looked up.

Tom was staring straight at her. She coloured violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began, "don't be angry. Oh, do forgive me!—I—"

She paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly; but went on, bluntly, "I want to end our engagement."

"So do I," rejoined he, with difficulty repressing a whistle.

Then both burst into a hearty laugh.

"You see, Mat," said Tom, when he could speak, "I love some one else."

Matty appeared to be taken quite by surprise at this declaration.

"But I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't. She is—"

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate, and her eyes are the bluest, and her cheeks the ruddiest, and she sings 'Under the Stars,' with guitar accompaniment," rattled Matty, all in a breath.

It was now Tom's turn to stare.

"Where did you find all that out?" he asked.

"My dear, a little bird whispered it. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin;" and off she ran, glad to escape from the questions which she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me—" he called after her.

"And never shall," she returned, whisking into her own room.

In less than half an hour she had reconciled her mother to Fate's decree, had written to Miss Kate Spencer, had persuaded Tom to write also, and had done much toward informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's wedding, bethought herself what she should do. There were her summer dresses to be made up and the flowers to attend to, but these occupied neither all her time nor thoughts. There ought to have been Dr. Gibson, too, she could not help thinking, but that gentleman, instead of falling at her feet as soon as he heard she was free, paid her no more attention than before.

She waited for him in growing wonder and worry, an eternity—two weeks—and then took measures to bring him to his senses.

She employed only recognized and lady-like means, however. She began by flirting a little with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to our heroine on the average four times a year, ever since she was fifteen.

She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically; but they were the best friends in the world. She now told him in so many words, that she would accept all the attentions he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded not from any special regard for him, but was made in pursuance of some occult design on her part.

Forthwith, the pair embarked upon what seemed the stormiest flirtation Skimmersville ever saw. In the long mornings they drove or walked out together; they dined at Mrs. Kellicott's, and immediately sallied forth on some other excursion. Both were excellent equestrians, and Matty gloried in galloping "over hill and over dale," on one of Will's handsome horses (Will, by the bye, was the son of a rich

man.) Then they drank tea on the lawn, and spent the evening at the piano, or in reading.

At the hour of 10, Matty always sent Will home, without a particle of ceremony, or regret at his departure. In short, what appeared to Skimmersville a serious courtship, was, in reality, a purely business matter, and so understood between the parties to it.

This state of affairs continued for a week, or so, during which time the doctor ignored Matty's existence, except as she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicott. And all the while the girl was raging inwardly at her former suitor.

"Why doesn't he ask me once again?" she queried, mentally. "I am sure he loves me, and anyone might see that I love him; but he won't speak, and I can't. I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem, but he did not; he imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom, or had hardly decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last. She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of man; but she determined to try what a modest and retiring behaviour would effect.

So she dismissed Will, and became, to all outward resemblance, a little nun. Still, no advances on the doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope, finally, of ever coming to a better understanding with him, when something happened.

Dr. Gibson "dropped in" one morning, when Mrs. Kellicott sat sewing on the lawn, in the cool, refreshing breeze.

"You musn't come here," she called, as he alighted from his gig. "My work requires my undivided attention. You may go and help Matty, if you like."

That young lady was making tartlets in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding, found herself presentable, and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she said. Wouldn't he come in?

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little brick pavement under the window and lean over the sill.

So there he stood, under the grape-vine trellis, with little flocks of golden sunshine falling on his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unlover-like, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose.

Somehow the talk veered round from the weather to Miss Becker, the suffrage, and woman's rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up. She didn't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot-box through the agency of husband and brother.

"When I vote," she said, "I vote to march to the polling-place, and put in my vote my own self."

"What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty, with that rolling-pin in your hand, and—"

"I am not at all sure that I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I would just like to make a few laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the House of Commons," suggested the doctor, gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws; only social customs and usages. I'll tell you just what I mean."

She laid the rolling-pin aside with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms a-kinbo, looking very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other. "Now, at a party, when a lady sits alone in a stiff chair all the evening, not dancing, simply because she hasn't a partner, and can't ask any one—ah, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know—"

"How it is myself?" interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's, the other night. If I had been Anna Radcliffe, or Dora Collard, I'd have asked some of you men to dance with me."

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whatever they wish?" he retorted, with a half smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have the right in such a case as you mention, but also in more serious affairs. For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now, such an idea had never entered Matty's head, and she seized the jam-pot in great embarrassment. The doctor went on, with much gravity.

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that, in many instances, it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the filagree-work of vine-leaves above him. It was evident he was thinking of women in the abstract only, but a faltering little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to himself.

And there stood Matty, smiling, blushing, dimpling, ready to extinguish herself in her brown apron.

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much!" she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The doctor jumped through the open window, and made his proposal over again.

DOMESTIC.

CELERY.—Celery can be kept for a week or longer by first rolling it up in brown paper, then pinning it up in a towel and placing it in a dark place, and keeping as cool as possible. Before preparing it for the table, place it in a pan of cold water, and let it remain for an hour. It will make it crisp and cold.

ONION DUMPLING.—Take a large onion (Spanish if possible), cut it in two, and take out just as much of the heart as will leave room for a little piece of bacon or ham. Make a common paste with flour, suet, add salt, as large as will hold the onion. Put the two halves of the onion together, and close it up in the paste. Boil in a cloth for two and a half hours.

BREAD SAUCE.—Boil a moderate-sized onion with black pepper and milk till the onion is quite soft. Pour the strained milk on grated white stale bread, and cover it closely to keep in the steam. In an hour put it into a saucepan with a good piece of butter mixed with a little flour; boil the whole up together and serve.

OATMEAL.—Oatmeal, as ordinarily prepared, contains much more flesh-forming material than fine wheat-flour, and often from six to eight times as much oil. Oatmeal frequently contains seven or eight or even ten per cent. of oil, while the whole grain of wheat rarely has more than two per cent., of which the greater part is cast aside in the preparation of flour. Oatmeal is hence much superior to wheat, not only as a muscle-forming food, but also for increasing the formation of fat. In addition to a large quantity of readily assimilable starch, it also contains a notable proportion of sugar, and is capable of furnishing the requisite mineral constituents for the formation of bone.

FRENCH STEW.—Two pounds of knuckle-end of a leg of mutton cut into pieces about two inches square, the bone being well broken, six large carrots cut into rings about a quarter of an inch thick, two onions, one tablespoonful of catsup, one of any pungent sauce, and two of vinegar, a bunch of parsley, half a pint of boiling water, and two tablespoonfuls of dripping butter. Put the dripping into a hot saucepan, and fry in it the onions cut into quarters; add the meat, vinegar, sauce, catsup, and parsley, with a little pepper and salt; cook all together for five or ten minutes, taste the gravy to judge if more pepper or salt is required, then add the carrots and water, and stew slowly for two hours, stirring occasionally. If more gravy is desired, add more water. Serve hot.

"OLD RELIABLE."

There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the permanent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierce's Pocket Memorandum Books are given away at drug-stores.

"PUBLIC HEALTH MAGAZINE,"

Edited by Geo. A. BAYNES, M.D., &c., &c.,

Says:—We have used Phosfozone in suitable cases with marked advantage, and were so pleased with the results that we now prescribe it constantly, having perfect confidence in its action. AS A TONIC during convalescence we know of nothing equal to it, and felt it a duty to recommend its use to our conferees and the public generally. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—etter received. Many thanks. Stu lent, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 162 received. Correct.

G. G. London, Ont.—Letter received, which we have handed to Mr. Shaw, the conductor of the Tourney.

G. B. Montreal.—Games received. They shall appear shortly.

E. A. Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 159 received. Correct.

We have recently had the pleasure of looking over a very interesting Chess work, Philidor's "Analyse du Jeu des Echecs." It is the second edition of the work, the first having appeared about thirty years before. The volume bears the date of 1777, and consequently is just over 100 years old. It is in a good state of preservation, and belongs to the McGill College Library.

We learn from the work that it was published by subscription, and in the list of subscribers we find some names which, at that time, were among the most important connected with the political and literary affairs of England and France. Charles Fox, Lord North, Voltaire, Marmontel, Raynal and Mrs. Garrick, are names associated with circumstances and events which are well known to the student of history.

As a guide to Chess, the work is not equal to some of the treatises of the present time, but it was very valuable at the period when it was published, and Philidor's name was a great recommendation, as he was the great Chess player of the day. The work was published in London, and must have been highly prized by the members of the Chess Club of that city, which at that time met in St. James Street.

It has been stated that Philidor's chief excellence lay in his pawn play, and his expression, "Le pion c'est l'ame du jeu," is often repeated. We notice in his analyses that he gives particular directions as to the proper employment of these important minor pieces.

It is not generally known that Philidor was also an excellent music composer, his Chess skill having cast his other talents into the shade. He is also generally acknowledged in Chess circles as among the first to exhibit before the public those astonishing performances of blindfold Chess of which numerous examples are given in the present day by Blackburne and others.

All Chess-players interested in the International Tourney will be pleased to read the following, copied from *Forest and Stream*:

"The games in the International Tourney are already well advanced, and, judging from the games published, the contestants are generally playing extremely well, and with great care. The pairing of the several participants shows very good judgment on the part of the managers of this Tourney, notwithstanding a few critics demur to Mrs. Gilbert, the 'Queen of Chess,' being opposed to Mr. Gossip, a prominent English player. These aggressions are uncalled for, unkind and unjust to that lady, and these critics ought not to persistently ignore her record containing important match games won by as brilliant and sound combinations as correspondence play has yet spread upon the record, from players not inferior to Mr. Gossip in Chess strategy."

In our Column before the last we are made to say, in speaking of Mr. Biri's reception in England, that his general character was appreciated by his Montreal friends