

For the News.]

OPEN WATER.

(From the Norwegian of Bjornstjerne Bjornson.)

Open water! open water!
Through weary wintertime looked for with yearning.
With anxious hopes our bosoms now are burning.
Eager we watch each narrow blue strip's clearing
Every short hour long as a month appearing.

Open water! open water!
Warm smiles the sun. The ice no longer bearing
Engulphs the victims of their headstrong daring.
Scarce has the sun's kiss left it, ere it seizes
The cool nights fondly favoring aid, and freezes.

Open water! open water!
Storms must be, and storms are soon arriving.
From other's summer towards us swiftly driving
With billows mountain high, and sea troughs hollow.
When hideous wreck and deep engulfments follow.

Open water! open water!
Where rock forms and sky tints again are blotted
Here with white sails, there with a steamer dotted;
Bound onwards, with far nations' friendly greeting;
Bound onwards, ocean's rage with calm front meeting.

Open water! open water!
The sun's fierce rays and the warm rain descending
Free resurged earth, which speaks, its snow around
rending
And the soul answers. Freshened nature viewing
Maa feels strength, hope—his very life renewing.

NED P. MAH.

WEDDING-GIFTS.

The sightseers who on the last Wednesday in April passed through the White Drawing-room at Windsor, must have left that august chamber convinced that even in this world virtue has its own reward. The saloon looked like Christie's with Beckford's treasures on exhibition, or Strawberry Hill before the life-work of Horace Walpole was brought under the hammer of Mr. George Robins. The Duke of Albany is a good Prince, and it was doubtless an agreeable duty for his many friends to testify to this pleasing fact by crowding on him the costly wedding-gifts which sparkled on the tables of his mother's house. The great silver centre-piece and the diamond star of the Thistle, presented by an anonymous "Scotch nobleman," the golden bowl of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, the chased candelabra of the Christchurch alumni, the silver honey-pails of Lord Aberdeen, the curious—though less expensive—liqueur-case of the Duke of Edinburgh, the bracelets out of number, the usual Cashmere shawls, the endless tiare, and the numerous articles for which it may be difficult to find a use, attest much munificence on the part of the donors, and an abounding prosperity among the makers of bullion shrines. They also enable us to solve the oft-recurring problem of who buy the high-priced absurdities which fill the jewellers' windows. Nobody, except Lothair, ever uses a silver inkstand, though, being made in abundance, they must find appreciative purchasers. What use can one make of a spirit-flask, holding half a glass of brandy, enclosed by a ruby-topped stopper, or the plated bootjack and silver warming pan which the estimable Rawdon Crawley so deeply regretted he had not taken when the trusting tradesman pressed them on his acceptance? Yet, when the marriage presents of the typical British bride are displayed, like funeral baked meats, on the eve of her wedding, scores of things make their appearance which are never seen except there, or in the goldsmiths' show-cases. Here is the pearl-eyed owl, into whose sage head it would be disgraceful to put mustard; the ivory work-boxes which may be used for anything except work; the pile of photographic albums which will never be filled, the presentation books which are never opened, or the thirteen different card-cases, which will entail on the matron-to-be a world of care, if she is to use each of them, when calling on their respective donors. It is tritely rude to look a gift horse in the mouth, but when sixteen copies of *Proverbial Philosophy* arrive from as many admirers of Mr. Tupper, human nature will assert itself.

Yet what young woman of properly-constituted mind would wish her well-wishers to abate, by one jot or tittle, this self-taxation on her behalf? Her wedding-presents are the gauge of her past merits, the criterion of her future social success. The card-cases and the albums, the tea-pots and the fish-knives, the vinaigrettes and chatehaines, are to the useful housewife what the bunch of smoky scalps are to the Indian brave; they are the trophies won by her prowess, the tangible evidence that, if not fondly loved, she is at least a little feared. Lord Rowton may afford to testify esteem for his Sovereign's son by sending the rough scroll of the Berlin Treaty, or the Premier his assurances of distinguished consideration by the gift of a sheaf of political pamphlets; but humbler folk are not let off so easy. Indeed, to every one,—save, perhaps, Sir Georgius Midas and the Corporation, who are never so happy as when clearing the jewellers' shops of candelabra and gold boxes—these monotonous mementoes during a brisk marrying market become as serious a drain on a slender purse as the Easter eggs and Christmas "vails" which empty Paris of impecunious bachelors at the approach of the seasons of repentance and indigestion. Then, after all, the unhappy gift-giver is in a quandary lest he should select something, that somebody else, or somebody worse has chosen, or that the gift should be deemed inappropriate, or shabby, or ostentatious, or lead papa to wonder "how the deuce the fellow can afford it," with the corollary of awkward reflections to which this uncharitable

speculation sometimes gives birth. People do not snuff nowadays, so that one unflinching recourse of the gift giver is dried up; and a punch-bowl, even if it could be got, makes at best an indifferent salad-basin. Not that the difficulty would at all trouble any one, for we all know that marriage-presents are not intended to be of use. But a cigar-case to a lady who smokes on the sly, a rouge box to a faded beauty, or a silver tankard to an individual who is fond of explaining that his red nose is hereditary, might be deemed an insult.

Young couples who marry for love, and endeavour to live on the proceeds of a Treasury clerkship, or a slenderly-paid commissioner of something or other, often find the multiplicity of gifts which greeted their launch into married life seriously embarrassing. They had abundance of friends, all richer than themselves, who were anxious to help them in their new venture, or, at all events not to evidence by any niggardness that they were conscious of their poverty. A dining room table would have been acceptable, a four-poster not out of place, a cartload of kitchen utensils extremely handy, and, did our social usages admit of these, the "couple of house niggers," which, in the old Southern days, were a common marriage gift to the wealthy planters daughters, still more useful to a lady who has a vague idea that puddings are American tinned fruits, and that shoulders of mutton ready roasted can be ordered at "the stores." But instead of these necessities there arrive a set of silver dish-covers, which only a duke could live up to, a gorgeous epergne, impossible to be disposed of in a tiny house, and, strong though the temptation may be, out of the question to dispose of in any way. A well-bred, but slenderly endowed tourist, having in an effusive moment expressed his wish that we had elephants to ride in England was surprised, though not agreeably, to receive as a wedding-gift from a Bengali Nawab a little Jumbo with a black man to look after it. What he did with the beast and the black is not recorded, though his case was even harder than that of the young doctor who was presented with a carriage and a pair, which he could only keep by lending them to a wealthier friend. They were his Huggarty diamonds. In India, when "the Company's" officers were prohibited from taking money for services done to native magnates, they accepted presents, which were duly sold and bought again until a popular surgeon sometimes got the same snuff-box or diamond ring so many times that at last he would keep it as an old friend. But that solace is not permitted to the receivers of wedding-gifts. They must bear their burdens, and run the risk of losing the friendship of the donors, as they so often do. The epic poet finds that his volume of "delightful" verses has never been cut up all these five years, while the erotic rhymes of a hated rival are lying on the table with the paper-knife inside their rough-edged leaves. Mrs. Rungay detects Philip Firmin's children playing with the seven annals of which she plundered the *Pall Mall Gazette* office for his marital enrichment, and, worse still, Time, which tries all, discovers the coffee-service to be plated, and the diamond bracelet to be—well, not the jewel of price which in ante-nuptial hours it was fondly considered.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The sight of an afflicted face, provided it mourn a healthy sorrow, creates within every manly breast an honest respect.

"She whom we love is beautiful," an old-time saying of the Italians, and 'tis rarely quoted, for, if the choice of one were the choice of all, there would be no tolerating the sneers and jibes of the married pair, or, the "twigs" and "snubs" of the devoted fiancée.

Strange to say, the foremost novelists of the day are Scotchmen.

Thomas Hardy, who weaves his stories as he trains his vine-covered portico, or prunes his heavily-laden poplar trees on the banks of the tender Thames; Blackmore, whose traits of character are so piquant and real withal; William Black, whose heroines grow into one's heart somehow, and whose descriptive powers are beyond description, are likened to those of Bulwer.

The crude utterances of Nature are not to be despised. Expostulate with them in one form, they invariably "crop up" in a more malignant form, as regards the moral persuasion of one's mind to combat against them.

Was there ever a beautiful idyl formed, any brilliant success achieved by painter, poet, or modeler, that did not first originate from woman?

The bark of a watchdog at midnight; the lark winging her flight to heaven's gate, singing her matin song; the dive of a fishy monster; the hectic cough of a quondam sufferer; are not these the few of the items which serve to make up our earthly existence?

Literature and the successful combatant require pace, but not pace heedlessly striven after. As the bird without her mate, so is pace to a successful writer without its attendant forethought, study.

MAX MAURICE.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. Huddersfield, Eng.—Post card just received. Will make enquiries and send you answer by post.

The Vienna tournament has ere this been brought to a conclusion, and the results will soon be things of the past, but they will form an important part of the history of the royal game, and we hope a pleasing one. Some surprises there will be, and some disappointments; these we may expect, but a similar gathering next year in England or elsewhere will give opportunities for obtaining laurels which have been vainly sought for in the contest just finished.

It will be seen by an item in our Column to day that Mr. Bird, who a few years ago paid a visit to the chess-players of Montreal, was to be one of the contestants at Vienna. We are certain he has the best wishes from Canada for his success.

Captain Mackenzie, also a visitor some time ago to the Montreal Chess Club, has, we learn, crossed the Atlantic to enter the fray.

From all we know of these two gentlemen, who did much when they were here to improve Canadian chess, we have every reason to believe that their record, when it comes to hand, will be of the highest description.

We learn that Mr. H. E. Bird will take part in the coming Tournament at Vienna. His entry promises that the dullness of modern match play will be relieved of some of that monotony which has characterized recent contests, as Mr. Bird's brilliancy and originality are sure to assert themselves.—*Chessplayer's Chronicle*.

The Student's Chess Club at Prague is probably the largest of the kind in existence, numbering 98 members. Herr Neustadt was the winner of its winter tourney; correspondence games are being played with Herr Mieszkowicz, with the Academic Club of Berlin, and with the High School of Art at Vienna.—*British Chess Magazine*.

ONTARIO CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

The final part of this contest was played at the Toronto Chess Club rooms last Thursday evening between Messrs. Gordon and Littlejohn, resulting in a victory for the former.

The following is the complete score, the first-named in each case being the victor:

FIRST ROUND.

Littlejohn, Toronto, v. Lockwood, Guelph.
Gordon, Toronto, v. Baldwin, Guelph.
Judd, Hamilton, v. Punshon, Toronto.
Harley, Guelph, v. Ryall, Hamilton.

SECOND ROUND.

Gordon v. Barclay. Littlejohn v. Judd.
Baldwin v. Ryall. Lockwood v. Punshon.

THIRD ROUND.

Gordon v. Littlejohn. Judd v. Barclay.
Baldwin v. Lockwood.

Fifth Round.—Judd v. Baldwin.

Sixth Round.—Littlejohn v. Judd.

Seventh and Final Round.—Gordon v. Littlejohn.

The first prize therefore falls to Mr. Gordon and the second to Mr. Littlejohn.

Appropos of this Association, the conditions of the Problem and Solving Tourney will shortly appear in our column.—*Toronto Globe*.

Mr. Blackburne gave a blindfold exhibition at the Twickenham Chess Club on Wednesday, April 12. He had eight opponents, of whom six were defeated, but the other two, namely, Messrs. Ryan and Ledger, effected draws.

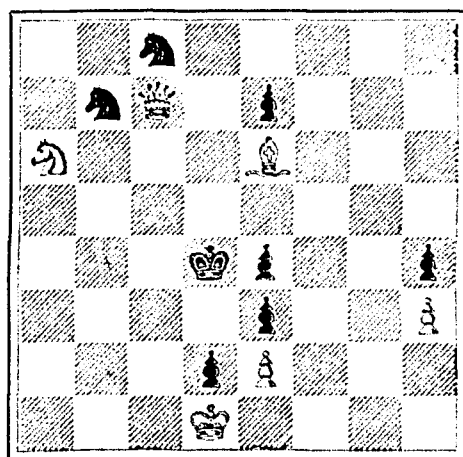
It was very different at Brighton on the 24th inst. when Mr. Blackburne contended against Messrs. Bowley, H. Erskine, A. Smith, Mead, Thomas, Stuckey, Andrews, and Bartlett. The blindfold player won by only a bare majority, viz. by three games to two, with three draws. The victors against him were Mr. D. Thomas and the Rev. L. B. Bartlett, while the credit of drawing belongs to Messrs. Smith, Erskine, and Andrews. So strong a stand against Mr. Blackburne has not been made for years. The performance took place in the Banqueting Room, and Mr. H. W. Butler officiated as teller.

Next evening there was a simultaneous exhibition at the same place against twenty opponents, three of them ladies. Mr. Blackburne won eighteen games, and drew the other two games, which were conducted by Mr. W. Andrews and Concellor Booth.—*Land and Water*.

PROBLEM No. 382.

By J. B. Fisher.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 380.

White.

1. B to Q Kt 4
2. B to Kt 6
3. Mates acc

Black.

1. B to B 4
2. Any

If R to B 2, or R to B 3, then 2B or P takes R.

GAME 509TH.

Played in the Leipzig Chess Congress between the first and second prize winners, Herren Englisch and Paulsen.
(Sicilian Defense.)

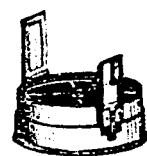
White.—(Herr Englisch.) Black.—(Herr L. Paulsen.)

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to Q B 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | 2. P to K 3 |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3 | 3. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 4. P to Q 4 | 4. P takes P |
| 5. Kt takes P | 5. Kt to K B 3 |
| 6. K Kt to Kt 5 | 6. B to Kt 5 |
| 7. P to Q R 3 | 7. B to R 4 |
| 8. P to Q Kt 4 | 8. B to Kt 3 |
| 9. Kt to Q 6 (ch) | 9. K to K 2 |
| 10. Kt to B 4 | 10. B to Q 5 |
| 11. Kt to Q Kt 5 (a) | 11. P to Q 4 |
| 12. Kt takes B | 12. P takes Kt |
| 13. Kt takes Kt (ch) | 13. P takes Kt |
| 14. B to K Kt 5 | 14. Q to B 2 |
| 15. Q to Q 4 | 15. R to Q sq |
| 16. Q to B 5 (ch) | 16. K to K sq |
| 17. B takes Kt | 17. P takes B |
| 18. B takes P | 18. Q to B 5 |
| 19. B to Q 3 (b) | 19. Q to K 4 |
| 20. Q takes Q | 20. P takes Q |
| 21. K to K 2 | 21. P to K 2 |
| 22. K to K 3 | 22. R to K Kt sq |
| 23. P to Kt 3 | 23. B to K 2 |
| 24. K R to Q sq | 24. Q R to K B sq |
| 25. R to K B sq | 25. B to B sq |
| 26. Q R to Q Kt sq | 26. B to Q 2 |
| 27. P to Q R 4 | 27. R to Q Kt sq |
| 28. P to Kt 5 | 28. P to Q B 4 |
| 29. P to R 5 | 29. R R K Kt to Q B sq |
| 30. P to Q B 4 | 30. R to Kt 2 |
| 31. B to K 2 | 31. R R B sq to Q Kt sq |
| 32. R from Kt sq to Q sq | 32. R to B 2 |
| 33. P to B 4 | 33. P takes P (ch) |
| 34. R takes P | 34. R R B 2 to B sq |
| 35. P to K 5 (c) | 35. R to K B sq |
| 36. B to B 3 | 36. B to B sq |
| 37. B to K 4 | 37. P to K R 4 |
| 38. R to R 4 | 38. R to K R sq |
| 39. B to B 6 | 39. P to B 3 |
| 40. P to Kt 4 | 40. P takes K P |
| 41. R takes P | 41. R takes R |
| 42. P takes R | 42. K to B 3 |
| 43. R to Q 4 (d) | 43. P to R 3 |
| 44. P to K R 6 | 44. K to Kt 3 |
| 45. P to Kt 6 | 45. K takes P |
| 46. B to Q 7 | 46. R to Kt 2 |
| 47. B takes B | 47. R to Kt sq |
| 48. P to Kt 7 | |

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A beautiful move.
- (b) White would have done wrong to take the P and check. He would have lost all the advantage he had gained.
- (c) Well played.
- (d) Bringing the affair to a close.

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