

them. The Sarnia Garrison Artillery, under Capt. J. F. Adams, accompanied the 27th Battalion. In less than half an hour after the arrival of the troops, the tents were pitched and the business of the Camp actually commenced. The Camp was under the command of Colonel Taylor, D.D.A.G., assisted by Lieut.-Col. Moffatt, Brigadier, Quarter-Master Reid, Supply Officer, J. P. Smythe, District Paymaster, Major Leys, &c. The staff tents were pitched on the extreme left and nearest the road. The first day was occupied by the men in getting their arms, &c., in order, and the evening in singing till "lights out" sounded, when military silence prevailed till "réveille."

On the second day, with *réveille* began the drilling of the men, and they were turned out to "squad drill" before breakfast, to battalion and Company drill before and after dinner. This was the daily routine excepting one "field day" and "march out" and one particularly wet and unpleasant day, when it poured from 8 a.m. till 2.50 p.m. This effectually spoiled the "Grand Field Day" which was to have been the thing of the Camp. The rain created quite a hecira from the tents in the low grounds (where they were regularly deluged) to the higher rows on the upper ridges.

Owing to the extraordinary coolness of the weather, orders were issued after the first night to give the troops extra blankets, and they were very acceptable. The Officers of the Camp to the number of 15 ran for a cup given by the London Turf Club to those who ran their own horses. Captain George Steward, of the Mooretown Cavalry, won. The course was well attended by both military and civilians. The strength of the Camp was almost 3,000, Officers, N. C. O's and men, and after remaining 12 days in Camp, with nothing to mar the harmony or pleasure of the troops, (but the rain and the first cold night above referred to), the tents were struck and the Battalions marched off to the Railways, each separate one cheered and saluted with 3 guns from the Local Troops, while their Band played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and "They are jollow good fellows."

### THE GREAT LACROSSE MATCH IN TORONTO.

SHAMROCKS DEFEATED. — TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

Many were the eyes which were directed toward the sky, toward 2 p. m., on Saturday, as it was well-known throughout Toronto that a match for the championship was to be played that afternoon at 2.45. The afternoon was well adapted for the purpose, as a cool breeze sprang up and served to invigorate the players for the coming contest. The Toronto twelve are: J. Henderson, J. Hughes, W. Ross, H. Ross, C. E. Robinson, T. Mitchell, C. Nelson, W. C. Cousens, S. Hughes, R. Mitchell, H. Suckling, and J. Ewart. The Shamrock twelve are: J. Mohan, J. Hooben, T. Boerman, C. McHugh, T. Keogh, J. Morton, J. Hiland, J. Davy, A. Moffat, H. O'Rourke, J. McKeown, and J. Bain. Mr. R. B. Hamilton acted as captain for the Toronto Team, and Mr. J. J. Flynn for the Shamrock. The Toronto Team had been picked with the greatest care and probably the result was the strongest team ever put on by them before. This served to inspire our men with confidence, as the match Shamrock *versus* Toronto is always well contested. When we arrived on the field of action, 2,500 anxious spectators had well filled the lower portion of the field and the grand stand shone forth with dazzling splendor; "eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again;" the rich dresses and wonderful beauty of our Toronto ladies adding immensely to the scene. If fair charmers can incite to deeds of valour, then indeed were the Toronto Boys in luck as the result of the day's sport testified. The Shamrocks have hitherto been considered invincible and the title "Champions of the World" which they had won and kept through many a well contested fight, seemed to the majority of spectators to add a lustre to their record which their less fortunate rivals did not possess. The Toronto Lacrosse Club had played the Shamrocks on three occasions, always fighting hard. On one occasion, in 1871, the result of the match was a draw, darkness intervening and preventing further play.

As the Toronto Club was supposed by those interested to have the strongest team ever put on, an immense amount of excitement prevailed and members of the Club were not slow in saying that if ever they could beat the Shamrocks it would be this time. The Shamrocks are, as a rule, strong, sturdy and muscular. The Torontos, while possessing a fair share of these qualities, have also a nervous energy and quickness which their opponents cannot boast of. The ball was faced amid complete silence at 3.15 p. m., Moffat of the Shamrocks drawing the ball which he shied to another Shamrock who threw it on the Toronto defense. A Shamrock ran out and picked up the ball, our coverpoint following close, and our point running out to assist him. The ball was thrown over the Torontos' head and caught by a Shamrock standing in front of the flags, who put it through amid loud cheering on the part of their sympathizers. Time of 1st game, 15 seconds. This made things look bad for the Torontos who, however, nothing daunted by their ill luck, resolved from this out to do or die.

The next game was faced and at the word 'go,' Nelson, of the Torontos, succeeded in capturing the ball and immediately the rubber

passed from one Toronto man to another, a series of catches and fine running on the part of Nelson, Robinson and R. Mitchell eliciting decided marks of approval from the field. The ball was thrown on the Shamrock goal repeatedly and gallantly did their goal keeper maintain his ancient reputation by stopping time and again the ball thrown swiftly from a Toronto Boy's Lacrosse. After a hard struggle the Shamrocks succeeded in working the ball well down the field and fiercely turned the attack on the Toronto goal, W. and H. Ross as usual coming to the rescue in fine style and saving trouble more than once. W. Ross, getting the ball after a scuffle, passed it to Tom Mitchell who threw a splendid 'overshot,' the ball passing a few feet outside the Shamrock's flags. Here Suckling of the Torontos, at times fighting two Shamrocks, particularly distinguished himself. After a hard fight behind the flags, Sam Hughes came to hand, picking up the ball and, running up behind the flags, threw the ball in the air immediately in front of Shamrock's flags, when Ewart, of the Torontos, by a well directed stroke of his Lacrosse, sent the ball between the flags amid deafening cheers. Time of 2nd game 7 minutes. The Shamrocks and Torontos had now one game each and the excitement of the crowd began to manifest itself. A continual hum and buzz was kept up till the commencement of the third game. Time being called, Nelson and Moffat again faced the ball. Nelson for the second time securing the ball, immediately a fight for it ensued, a Shamrock getting it and sending it whizzing down towards the Torontos' goal. The defense worked splendidly together, Henderson taking the ball, and by a series of brilliant dodges, succeeded in reaching centre field, throwing the ball just beyond his opponent's goal. Sam Hughes again got the ball, and repeating his former dodge, the ball was caught by R. Mitchell who sent it through in splendid style, thus scoring game No. 2, for the Torontos. This ended the third game, time 2½ minutes. And now the game stood, Torontos, 2; Shamrocks, 1. Still there were not wanting those among the crowd who still stoutly supported the Shamrocks and loudly asserted that they would yet repair their evil fortune and retain the championship which they prized so highly. The Shamrocks, apparently taken by surprise, could not understand how their skill, dexterity and strength on which they had relied hitherto, had availed them nothing as against the lightning-like rapidity and swiftness of their opponents. At the end of ten minutes the ball was again faced and wassent hither and thither, now taxing the strength and skill of the Toronto defense and anon causing the Shamrocks many an anxious look and hard struggle. The really fine play of the match now began, both sides doing their very best for victory. A finer exhibition of Lacrosse never took place. Hooben, Davy, Moffat and McKeown of the Shamrocks, particularly distinguished themselves. The Shamrock redoubled their exertions and seemed to get wild with excitement as they saw the championship slipping out of their grasp. The Torontos, on the other hand, played with remarkable skill and coolness, one grand feature of their play, viz., science, forming an important element in their success. The play now changed to centre field, Nelson, Robinson, S. Hughes and Cousens having it all their own way, their superiority in running being a noticeable feature. The Shamrocks now massed on goal and formed an almost impenetrable phalanx leaving the Toronto fielders uncovered. Davy, of the Shamrocks, however, secured the ball and making a brilliant dash down field towards Toronto flags, was checked and compelled to throw the ball. Henderson got the ball and after throwing it to J. Hughes, was run into, and violently thrown down by O'Rourke. Such play cannot be sufficiently commended, as it will tend to lower our national game in which we as Canadians glory. J. Hughes now, as all during the match, showed some fine play taking the ball "through a crowd of Shamrocks. He, however, shook them off and sent the ball up the field from whence it was thrown back to centre field, Cousens, of the Torontos, catching it and by a straight overshot sending the ball to the centre of Shamrock goal. The goal-keeper stopped the ball which dropped down in front of the flag. Ewart again coming forward, knocked the ball through, scoring third game for Torontos, time, 10 minutes. The enthusiasm of the crowd was at fever heat. They now broke all bounds and rushed *pelle-melle* over benches, ropes, &c., and almost smothered our boys in frantic congratulations. This finished the most brilliant game of Lacrosse ever played in Canada, and Torontonians are now elated with honest pride at the prowess of our boys which has won them the high honour of being champions of the world. After three cheers for the Shamrocks by the Toronto twelve, the crowd dispersed. The Shamrocks started for home on the 7 o'clock train. YORK.

### A PLEA FOR ACTRESSES.

London Society says: If the dramatic profession is one which it is disgraceful for any lady to adopt, reason compels us to say that no lady ought to enter a theatre at all. And social inconsistency is still more strongly brought out when we reflect how excessively popular are amateur theatricals, and to what a professional extent they are carried. There are several private houses in England which possess a regular theatre, where every theatrical contrivance and stage appurtenance are to be found, and where performances are repeated night after night, to which friends, tenants, and, tradespeople are in

turn invited as spectators. Nobody thinks there is any harm in this, and, as a simple matter of fact, there is no harm. Ladies, in the highest sense of the term, eagerly and brilliantly assist in these performances, which are rapidly becoming public in every way; for we know that ladies often act in private theatres to promiscuous audiences who pay their money for admission. Why, then, should educated ladies who are born with the dramatic instinct strong in them, but have no other future to look forward to, except, perhaps, a prize in the matrimonial market, be debarred from adopting the stage as a profession? Surely it is as honorable to work for a livelihood with God-given talents as to sell a handsome face to a wealthy suitor. Surely it is not less worthy a clever woman to teach adults, from the stage, what they are and what they ought to be, than to inculcate the rudiments of education in the school-room. Surely if the theatre is a place to which we may take our wives and daughters with impunity, we should desire that the actresses whose art they are to witness should be in their turn women contact with whom they should have no cause to shrink from. Is it not a crying shame, and a disgrace to the liberal and enlightened age in which it is our boast to live, that, when gentlemen of birth and education find it necessary to adopt the stage as their profession, they should also find it necessary to change their names, as if they were doing something of which society thinks they ought to be ashamed? Those who are practically acquainted with the profession know by bitter experience the toil, the hardships, the drudgery, the disappointments that have to be gone through in years of hardest work, before a substantial position can be gained; and society, for whose intellectual amusement and intelligent recreation the theatre exists, should warmly and heartily recognize the labors and efforts of those upon whom it depends so much, and do all in its power—and it can do a great deal—to elevate and encourage all who possess true dramatic genius.

### THE NEW ATALANTA'S ESCAPE.

In the current number of the *Revue Britannique* M. d'Orceet gives some curious and heretofore unknown details respecting a famous model who posed for the Atalanta of Pradier and the young girl in Gerome's "Cock-Fight," now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. She was also the personage from whom Henri Murger drew his Musette. She was a thorough original and though she arrived in Paris a young and illiterate peasant, she managed to educate herself, even going so far as to study Latin. While posing for the Atalanta, she ceased one day to come at the accustomed hour, so Pradier went in search of her, and found her, as he thought, lying dead. An attack of brain fever had struck her down, and in a few days all was over to all appearance. But this seeming death was only the rigidity of an intense attack of catalepsy, and poor Musette knew all that was passing around her. After the first shock was over, Pradier concluded that he would take a cast from the corpse. The modelling of the hands and feet gave the poor patient no uneasiness, but it was far otherwise when it was a question of taking a cast from the head and chest. Even if care had been taken to keep the mouth and nostrils free, which in the case of an artist modelling a corpse was extremely improbable, the weight of the plaster on her chest would infallibly suffocate her. So great was poor Musette's fright that the very excess of her terror triumphed over the lethargy and enabled her to break its fetters. To the amazement of the artist the supposed corpse bounded from the bed, and seizing a mass of the half-liquid plaster she dashed it full in Pradier's face. The violent exertion did her good. A profuse perspiration ensued and Musette was saved. But the sculptor vainly tried to win her favor again. She never forgave him for having nearly been the innocent cause of her death by suffocation, even though he did actually save her life. She refused ever to set foot in his studio again, and Pradier was forced to engage another model to complete his Atalanta.

### THE GLORY OF GLUCK.

In an unknown corner of Paris, there lives an old man of nearly ninety years, and his daughter, who is herself an old demoiseille. This lady has but one passion in her life—music; and but one love—Chevalier Gluck—surely as innocent and respectable a sentiment as could be imagined. Reading one day the pages of Berlioz concerning the venerated creator of the dramatic music of France—pages inspired with enthusiasm—a passage struck her, namely, that where the French composer writes:—"There can be found no prince, so-distant protector of the arts, rich enough to avenge the memory of Gluck upon the vulgar editions which publishers have inflicted on his scores, and to give us in their first splendour those works which are to us a sacred book." The old demoiseille was inspired by these words. "Since the prince cannot be found," she thought, "I will raise a monument to the glory of my chevalier." Then she and her father consulted and went into estimates. They counted up the worth of the household effects and the fortunes of the old man and his daughter; they deducted the necessary means for two to live upon. The disposable remainder amounted to the respectable sum of 40,000 francs. Gluck shall be avenged on the profane editions! This edition is already begun; one of the works has appeared. The noble and courageous enthusiast is named Mlle. Pelletan, and is the niece of the Deputy for the Seine who bears the same name.

### OTHELLO AND SAMPIERO.

Elliot Browne renews the inquiry whether Shakspeare was indebted for any part of the conception of Othello to the story of Sampiero, the famous Corsican leader. The hint was thrown out more than a century ago by the anonymous writer of a paper in Dodsley's Museum, when replying to some of Rymer's criticisms upon this drama. He said, (in substance)—"Why this continual cry about the unnaturalness of Othello, when there is evidence from real life that a brave soldier, whose character resembled in many points that which Shakspeare has given to the Moor, being placed in similar circumstances of terrible perplexity, behaved almost exactly as Othello is represented to have done?" There is some resemblance between the careers of Sampiero and Othello. Sampiero, or, as the name is more correctly written, San Pietro di Bastelica, was, says Mr. Browne, an Italian adventurer in the service of France, who had arrived at high distinction by conduct and valor, and he had married, against the wish of all her relatives, the beautiful Corsican heiress, Vanina d'Ornaño. After much active service during the civil wars of France, he became the principal leader of the Corsican revolt against Genoa, and is allowed by all the historians of the period to have been a man of considerable military genius. In 1563, leaving his wife in France, he went to Constantinople to beg assistance for the Corsicans from the Turks. During this absence his Genoese enemies are said to have tampered with some servants of his wife's household, and caused a report to reach Constantinople that she was living on to intimate terms with his secretary, Antonio. Immediately returning to France, Sampiero came up with his wife at Aix, and after a scene which all accounts agree to have been characterized on his part by a strange mixture of passionate tenderness and brutal ferocity, and on hers by gentle, uncomplaining submission, he asked pardon upon his knees for the deed he was about to commit, and deliberately strangled her with her handkerchief. It is proper to add that there is in existence another version of the affair, in which the cause of Vanina's fate is attributed to her husband's indignation at some secret advances which she had made to the Genoese Government for the purpose of obtaining his pardon, thus excluding altogether the motive of jealousy.

### LITERARY.

STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeans Pipes) will return to this country in the course of a few months. His personation of the poets and comic writers of the Pacific coast have made a hit in English society.

MR. SWINBURNE has nearly a new dramatic poem of about the same length as "Atalanta in Calydon," and, like it, founded upon a subject from Greek mythology. It will be published about Christmas.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet, is at Barnum's Hotel. His novel of "The One Fair Woman," now in the hands of his London publishers, it is said, will run through the pages of the Galaxy the ensuing year.

LONGFELLOW recently received presents of two cases, both of which were cut by a native of Acadia. One of them grew on the summit of Cape Blomidon and the other is from an old apple tree that stood near the shop of "Basil," the blacksmith.

THE late M. Athanasie Coquerel, *pasteur* of the Socinian Church in Paris, had been engaged for upwards of four years on a "History of Comparative Religion," with a rationalistic aim in view. The work, though not complete, will be published by his admirers and friends.

FUNDS are being asked to provide for the putting up of a marble medallion likeness of John Keats on the blank wall, near the grave of the poet, in the Protestant cemetery at Rome; and for the placing of a bust or medallion in Poet's Corner, if permission can be gained—if not, elsewhere, as may be determined on.

"The Orphan of Cimlico and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings," by Thackeray, are announced. Some of the drawings are hasty sketches, and were made in travelling note-books; others were afterwards used for the purposes of illustration; some were done for the amusement of children, others for that of his friends.

W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A., author of "The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time," has commenced the publication of "A History of the Art and Science of Music." In the first of four volumes of which it is to consist, the history of music from the earliest time till the fall of the Roman Empire, receives exposition, illustration, and explanation.

PROBABLY the most successful literary man now living, in so far as pecuniary profits are a test of success, is William Cullen Bryant. But his wealth is due not so much to his poetry as to his journalism. For fifty years (next year) he has been connected with the *New York Evening Post*, and still writes in it, though he will enter his eighty-second year a few weeks hence.

MR. CARLYLE declines with scorn the degree of LL.D., conferred by Harvard University. American universities, he says, are "semblances;" their degrees the "silken shawl feathers;" and that he should be asked to "join in heading your long line of D. D.'s and LL.D.'s—a line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing on into the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes"—is more than he can bear.

THE death is announced of Dr. Bleek, the eminent philologist. Probably no man had such an acquaintance with the languages of South Africa as he. He was a German by birth, but spent most of his life and died in South Africa. There he prepared his "Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages," and other kindred books. He translated and edited, also, many of the materials collected by Sir George Grey on the Malayo-Polynesian group of languages.

THE following noblemen and gentlemen have been appointed Royal Commissioners to inquire into the operation of the laws of copyright—Lord Stanhope, Lord Rosebery, Hon. R. Bourke, M. P., Sir H. Holland, Bart., M. P., Sir J. Rose, Bart., Sir C. Young, Bart., Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Louis Mallet, C. B., Sir Drummond Wolff, M. B.; Mr. Daldy; Mr. T. H. Farrer; Mr. F. Herschell, M. P.; Mr. Jenkins, M. P.; Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, Q. C.; and Dr. William Smith. They will probably meet to take evidence in January next. One of the points that will be strongly urged upon the commissioners will be the necessity of protecting novels from unauthorised dramatization.