

## THE RUINED QUAY.

BY JOHN READE.

## I.

By the ruined quay she sits in sorrow,  
As she has sat for years and years,  
Waiting the dawn of a bright to-morrow,  
Waiting a ship that never appears:  
"Come back, my love, or my heart will break,  
It only beats for my darling's sake;  
O cruel white sails, bring back my darling,  
Have pity, O winds, on a maiden's tears."

## II.

By the ruined quay a vessel is lying,  
The people on shore have ceased to cheer,  
The tattered flag is at half-mast flying—  
Where is she now that her lover is here?  
Dead he has come from over the sea  
To meet his dead love by the ruined quay,  
And no more shall winds or waters sever  
The lovers asleep by the cypress tree.

—New Dominion Monthly for October.

## A TRIP FROM TORONTO TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

A journey of two weeks' duration is not a very irksome task, to even the most fastidious, when travelling can be made so comfortable; with the Pullman palace, drawing, dining, and sleeping cars for land travel, and the superbly fitted up steamers (that may, without exaggeration, be called floating palaces for comfort) for conveyance by water. It would, therefore, be absurd to say that any person travelled from Toronto to Kingston without giving some explanation as to how the journey was undertaken; we can, therefore, do no better than give a brief sketch of the trip undertaken by Mr. Arthur C. Paull, of the Education Department, Toronto.

Saturday, August the seventeenth, at 10 a.m., due preparation having been made, and all things being ready, I left Toronto harbour, not in the best of spirits, but with a stout heart and willing hand, feeling confident that, although the work at first might seem somewhat laborious, it would in the end be a benefit to myself, not only for the physical exercise, but in gaining an extended view of the country; such that could be obtained in no other way than by coasting along the borders of the lake in a small boat, steamers not being able to come near the shore, on account of shoals or hidden rocks, and the railroad train not passing close enough to the picturesque spots to gain an unbroken view.

In coaching along the shore west of Toronto, the Northern elevator can be seen for fifteen or twenty miles, and, as a consequence, some part of the city can be kept in view for several hours. Not so travelling east, however; the sharp bend at Scarboro completely shuts out all view after going about eight miles from the city. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the first stoppage for meals should be at Victoria Park, as thereby one and a half hours of grace was gained for a last look at the western metropolis. One hour and a half may appear to be a long time to cook and eat a camp dinner, but when the wind is blowing and wet wood is in the ascendancy, in fact, dry chips not to be found, it will, no doubt, be thought, after all, within bounds; it must be understood that three such meals a day are no small job, either in the way of cooking or eating.

Having completed the first meal, a fresh start was made towards Whitby, which was intended to be the first night's resting place. Scarboro, Frenchman's Bay, or Pickering Harbour, having been passed, the day seemed drawing to a close, as far as nerve and muscle were concerned, and at eight p.m., the wind being also blowing rather stiffly from the south, it was found necessary to pull in for the night, although then only one mile from Whitby. After pulling ashore, the first little piece of manoeuvring, new to me, had to be accomplished—the novelty of making a bed on the hard stone beach was somewhat crude and tiresome. No one will deny that stones are not all equally hard and solid, but nevertheless they are all equally soft, as far as making a bed to lie on is concerned; there was then little or no difficulty as to selecting a soft spot, and as far distant from the water as possible; the bed was then made, comprising a waterproof blanket, rug, cushions, carpets, mat, &c., belonging to the boat, and an ordinary blanket, these being covered over by the boat being laid bottom upwards over them, and the provisions and other necessaries being placed safely under the skiff—the camp for the night was complete. A very pleasant night was spent, having only changed positions about a hundred times, first lying on my right and then my left side, and finally getting little or no rest on my back. Such little naval tactics as these were necessary in order to keep the ribs and limbs as sound as possible.

The dawn of Sunday morning was welcomed by me with a joy that can be appreciated only by those who have been placed in a similar position. Away from society, no company, nothing but the hard stony beach to lie upon, and the waves roaring within a dozen feet of your head, is a situation highly to be appreciated as soon as you get to like it.

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?"

Sunday being over, the day having been spent in reading, cooking and eating, another night had to be endured, this time, thank the stars! only a short one, lasting no longer than seventeen hours, it being impossible to get out of the confined space from under the boat until ten on Monday morning on account of the rain.

Eleven o'clock found the small boat on her cruise again; only for one hour, the wind and waves being too high; land had again to be struck at twelve, noon.

Having landed about three miles from Oshawa, and wishing to post some letters, I thought it highly probable that, if the letters were got ready, it might not be long before an opportunity would present itself for posting them; nor was I mistaken, for after surveying the country, on completing my preparations, a sportsman was seen in the distance, and all speed was made to entrap him, which, with the aid of a quarter was easily done, and for three hours the would-be Nimrod and his companion, for he had one—lucky man—were my constant associates. At the end of that time they left me, with the full assurance that my letters would be posted that night.

The wind blew very strong the remainder of the day. There was, of course, no further progress made that afternoon.

Tuesday morning, six a.m., the water was somewhat smooth and little or no wind blowing, and accordingly a further pull of one hour's duration was made, it being found at the end of that time that the land breeze was too strong to continue.

At this stage of proceedings it was thought best to take advantage of the forced stoppage to cook the morning's meal, which being done and partaken of at 9.30, all things were ready for a further progress on the cruise. It must not be understood that meals were cooked and partaken of only where mention is made, as at every stopping place the necessary viands were prepared and disposed of.

A lengthened description of every day's proceedings would be an unnecessary waste of time, and would make a very monotonous narrative. I shall, therefore, only make mention of the various incidents worthy of note.

To a person shut out of the world, as it were, there is nothing more pleasing than suddenly to see some tangible proofs of civilization; and what more striking evidence than to see the great Iron Horse steaming over the country? Such a scene presented itself when off the port of Oshawa. The morning sun striking its brilliant rays over the distant landscape, the deep blue shade of the water and the ethereal blue above, giving a vivid aspect to the scene, made the view, combining these and the undulating land, with its many trees and shrubs, farm houses and harvest fields, and the invaluable locomotive appearing now and anon—a very pleasing sight.

The scenery, after passing Oshawa, is something really beautiful. Bowmanville, especially, forms a brilliant scene for a landscape artist. Three miles from land the view is really exquisite—the town, with its surrounding upland and valley interspersed with trees and cottages, and the brilliant hues of the surrounding sky and water, the sun being high and making the water sparkle, can better be imagined than described. Scenes like these are worth hours of toil, and the weary traveller may consider himself well paid for his trouble.

By Wednesday noon, the grotesque and lowly little town of Port Hope was reached. These terms appeared to be very applicable, as the town seemed to have a style peculiar to itself. The houses being to a great extent wood, and built right down to the water's edge, gives the traveller the impression, at first sight, which, by-the-by, was gained when three miles off, that it is a fashionable watering place, and that the aforementioned houses are for the use of bathers; but the wayfarer is soon undeceived, as, on further approach, it is found that they are simply the abodes of "poor, but honest," fishermen.

By dint of steady pulling Cobourg was passed by two p.m., but, before proceeding, it might be interesting to know that, although four days and a half had elapsed since leaving Toronto, not a single female had been seen, until Port Hope had been left about a mile in the rear, when a boat was passed containing three ladies and a gentleman, one of the ladies being a resident of Toronto. This fact may tend to illustrate the truth as to what little nautical taste the ladies residing away from the larger towns have.

It cannot be denied that however enjoyable the trip appeared in the day, at night time it was gloomy and anything but pleasant, in fact, making me at times feel rather depressed in spirits.

At times when the weather was dull, and the appearances were in favour of a storm, it was necessary to keep within a dozen yards or so of the shore; at such periods it became very monotonous, the cliffs being too high to see anything but the bare rocks. At such intervals a little excitement was nevertheless experienced, and to my grief. When rowing through apparently clear water you may suddenly come to a stand still on the top of a sharp abutting rock, and for the time it causes a curious sensation, that has to be felt to be estimated with any sort of exactness.

Having passed Cobourg, and therefore all the towns bordering on the lake, in fact all places of any importance, I may safely say

"I am out of humanity's reach  
I must finish my journey alone."

From Cobourg forward the scene varies considerably; it is there you get the first sight of an island, the light-house between it (Cobourg) and Port Hope being built on it. You no sooner pass a deep bay than a sharp promontory presents itself, then a small harbour, such as Grafton, then another point of land, &c. Prince

Edward County presents one continuous change of scenery; it would appear almost as if it were the commencement of the Thousand Islands, for as soon as you leave Salmon Point, that is one of the many headlands at the back, or lake side, of the county, islands are being continually passed, from one just big enough to build a light-house on, to Amherst Island, twelve miles long by about five broad.

At 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, the twenty-second, when just within ten or fifteen miles of Salmon Point, a very curious object appeared on the top of the water; it had a head to all appearances like a snake about six inches long; it followed the boat for about a quarter of a mile and then submerged itself again in the waters of the lake.

It was probably the *Great Sea Serpent*, or it might be a large fish similar to that caught opposite Gananoque a short time ago, the five hundred-pounder, that nearly killed its captor; of course the head was only six inches long and about seven inches around, but what matters that? There might have been a body a ton weight underneath in the waters of the deep. Should it have been a second edition of the Gananoque monster, goodness knows what damage might not have been done.

A fish of that kind would not have thought twice about swallowing a sixteen foot varnished skiff, and then eating the *fat bracony* voyageur as dessert, and finally ending the scene by using the two pair of oars as toothpicks.

From 5.30 p.m. on Friday, the twenty-third, until Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, at 1 p.m., the weather being very inclement, there being either a high wind blowing or the lake was too tumultuous for a small open boat to plough through, no progress was made; but notwithstanding that, a very pleasant time was spent, and every advantage taken of the lost time on water to reap some benefit by making excursions through the adjoining country.

It would be very ungracious did I pass on without making at least a few remarks as to certain kindness shown while staying at this, to me, memorable spot. Some people have the unusually happy knack of being able to show benevolence without in the least incommoding themselves or appearing to have done anything deserving of praise. To say that great kindness was experienced at the hands of one of the farmers residing in that portion of the county, where it was my happy lot to be cast for three and a-half days, would only convey a very slight impression of the merits of their undoubted openheartedness. For a perfect stranger to be entertained for over three days, and the use of a horse and buggy to be placed at his disposal, together with a request to let nothing stand in his way which would in the least debar his further enjoyment, that could possibly be removed (as it would immediately) by the mere asking, is indubitably unbounded liberality.

Few people have had the pleasure of sleeping within three yards of the surging swell and experiencing the heavy spray driving over their bed.

Having landed on a rough stoney beach, it was with difficulty that even the distance of half a rod from the water's edge could be made; the beach being rather high and the lake somewhat calm, no fear was entertained that any mishap would take place; indeed all things ran smoothly until midnight, when something, apparently a tremendous shower of rain, falling on the top of the extemporized shanty, caused me to cease my slumbers rather suddenly, and took away all sleep from my peepers for the remainder of the night; but beyond a sleepless night, no further alarm was caused, notwithstanding that the sea kept roaring and swelling the rest of the night.

The remainder of the journey was very pleasant, fine weather all through, until arriving in Kingston at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday.

Tuesday night's proceedings ought not to be passed over without some notice. Having landed in a very romantic-looking little bay, surrounded by bush down to the water's edge, and to the back of that again a long lofty ledge of rocks, the work of cooking being accomplished and supper partaken of, a rest was made for the night, and Morpheus was not long in doing his work. I had not slept more than one hour when a noise of some kind startled me; but, on throwing a stone amongst the bushes in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, silence was again restored, and sleep once more got the mastery. Having slumbered for three or four hours and dreamt about BEARS, BULL-FROGS, SEA SERPENTS and MUD TURTLES, I was suddenly brought to my senses finding a small innocent little squirrel nibbling at my boot, and which it appears was the harmless cause of all my fright.

After leaving the last point of Prince Edward the work of rowing was comparatively light, as the water was very smooth, that part of the Bay of Quinte lying between Amherst Island and the mainland having more the appearance of a very broad river than a part of the lake. Although a light shower fell about five on Wednesday afternoon, no inconvenience was experienced, as a small boat-house, on Amherst Island, was reached without any difficulty, and accommodation found for both the boat and its owner.

As has been mentioned before, Kingston appeared in sight on Thursday morning; in fact I was right into the harbour almost before the city was seen; having kept near the mainland, no view was gained of the ancient military post until close beside the Penitentiary, which is how- ever at the outskirts of the city.

The last adventure worthy of note was the row from the last part of Bay of Quinte sheltered by Amherst Island to the harbour of Kingston. The long, heavy swells having the sweep of the whole lake, driving along looked very grand, and the movement they gave to the boat was very pleasant and harmless, the little craft floating right over them without taking in a drop of water; but the exertion necessary to propel the skiff was rather to be ruminated on than desired. The swells were so high that had there been another skiff a dozen yards or so away, it would have been out of sight as often as in view.

The trip had all the pleasures, in fact more, than a ten days' solitary confinement in jail would have; but should the "same cruise be undertaken by a party, of say four, a very enjoyable time might be had.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter, &c., received. Many Thanks. Also, correct solution of Problem No. 193.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 193 received.

C. J., Montreal.—Problem No. 191 was composed by one of our best English Problemists. Compare your solution with the one given in our Column.

J. W., Halifax.—The game kindly sent appears in this week's Column.

J. C., St. John, N.B.—Letter received. The game shall appear shortly. Thanks.

The *Derbyshire Advertiser* of the 19th inst., contains the following which we have no doubt will be interesting to the Chessplayers of Canada:—

## "CANADA"

"Is making great strides in Chess. The Canadian Correspondence Tourney, under the conductorship of J. W. Shaw, Esq., of Montreal, is a genuine success. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, *Dominion Monthly*, *L'Opinion Publique* (a French Canadian paper), &c., &c., show most active signs of life; and we see that the *Montreal Gazette* is giving daily reports in its news columns of the Seventh Annual Chess Congress, now in progress. The *Montreal Daily Witness*, and the *Montreal Herald* also devote good space to the same."

## (From the Field.)

The members of the Ladies' Chess Club, Little Queen Street, Holborn, London, (Eng.) have just finished a handicap Tournament, and it appears from the result that the sterner sex were this time more conspicuous in gallant play than in gallantry, for the two prizes fell to two gentlemen, Messrs. W. T. Hearn and H. Hearn.

## THE PARIS CONGRESS.

Mr. Zukertort, the winner of the Paris Tournament, gave a dinner entertainment on Thursday, the 22nd ult., at the St. James restaurant, to his fellow competitors, Messrs. Bird, Blackburne and Mason, and a select number of friends. After the dinner, the host was most cordially congratulated by various speakers on his great success. The following acoustic, which is marked at the commencement of the lines with the name of Herr Zukertort, was read by the author, Mr. Cubison, and received with the warmest applause:

Join, German and Russ with the sons of Gaul,  
Hands clasped in good faith, England answers the call.  
Zeal oft may mislead in political fight,  
Unprejudiced we who assemble to-night.  
Kind thoughts for the heroes who fell on the field,  
Each strove—who dare say 'twas dishonour to yield?  
Remember the Bruce—six defeats he endured;  
Though beaten, not baffled, then triumph secured.  
On this festive night let the toast circle round,  
Renown to the victor—no murmurs found,  
Then chief in the Tourney be Zukertort crowned.

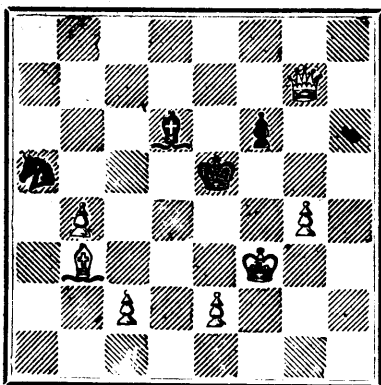
Mr. Gumpel, who proposed the health of Chess, coupled with the name of Mr. Steinitz, laid great stress on the cosmopolitan character of our pastime, which he trusted would be duly recognized amongst British supporters of the game. Mr. Steinitz, in returning thanks, expressed his gratification at the rise of our mental exercise in public estimation of all countries and different nationalities. The cultivating influence of chess had received the high acknowledgment of support from foreign governments. In England the practice of the game was spreading constantly, and there was every reason to hope that its rank as an intellectual training would be universally recognized. Other toasts followed, and the company dispersed at a late hour, after having spent a most pleasant evening.—*Figaro*.

We are informed that the eminent Problemist, W. T. Pierce, Esq., one of the editors of the recent work, *English Chess Problems*, is about to become Chess Editor of the Problem Department of the *Chessplayer's Chronicle*, and will enter upon his duties very shortly.

## PROBLEM No. 195.

By C. T. WILD.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.