

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

SONNET.

How fast and fleet of foot art thou O Time,
So tranquilly yet swift thy moments fly.
That life's sweet Spring is press'd by Summer-time.
On Summer's heels treads Autumn, and we die.
Oh! all our days rush onward to an end,
With fearful certainty, and soon are told;
Our youth and manhood scarce together blend.
Before our mirrors whisper—"ye are old."
And early frosts besiege the golden tress.
While glowing cheeks grow colorless and pale;
And failing limbs show signs of sore distress.
That lately were so stalwart and so hale.
And man leans on his staff—and trembling waits
The glorious opening of the Everlasting Gates.

HENRY PRINCE.

Montreal, January 16th, 1876.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A SMOKE-ROOM YARN.

BY J. H. B. J.

In the fall of the year 1866, following the example of many a better man, I determined to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" in this "better land far across the sea." "In short," as Mr. Micawber said, "to see what would turn up" in this Canada of ours, better than a Commissionship in the coal and wine lines, which combined provide but a meagre living for the inner man of one whose digestive organs were in a singularly healthy condition.

In pursuance of this most laudable determination, I found myself and baggage, (latter somewhat attenuated), on the landing stage at Liverpool, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the M. O. S. S. Co.'s tug. Need I mention that I was brimful of enthusiasm, not to mention beer, and impatient to bid "my native land good night," and, in the absence at Liverpool of the white cliffs of old England, to bid adieu to the fogs and rains so dear to every well-regulated English mind.

Some one has said "blessed be he who first invented a flat candle stick." He must have been a sleepless soul having the sole reversion of a comfortable four-poster, and would have unless a constant visitor to Father Neptune's domains found these comfortable articles of domestic furniture useless on board the good ship S——ian, at all events on this particular occasion, as I observed that the great majority of the passengers were engaged all night and others most of next day in what is vulgarly called "casting up their accounts," which is apparently some abstruse arithmetical calculation, the proper settlement of which can only be satisfactorily accomplished by frequent visits to the "side" and a prolonged contemplation of the deep.

Taking this arithmetical view of casting up accounts, I came to the conclusion that the steward must be a profound disciple of the immortal "Cocker," as his (the steward's) services seemed in frequent requisition.

Verily the man who first invented "going down to sea in ships" is not blessed under these circumstances.

Be it understood that this is not intended as "a diary of a passage across the Atlantic," but a simple rendering of a yarn as given one Christmas Eve in the smoke room of the S——ian, and I shall therefore be excused if I plunge at once in *medias res* by stating that in consequence of "head winds," "heavy seas," "bad coal" and all the other ills that steamships are heir to, instead of eating our Christmas dinner amidst expecting friends in Montreal, (for all on board were not waifs like myself, we were tossing about on the stormy Atlantic. Most of us assembled in that refuge of the destitute, that comfort of the comfortless—the smoke room—ready to do anything in reason to while away the tedious hours until "lights out."

The conversation happened to turn upon the congenial subject of pipes. Most of us had our favourite meerschaum or confessed to a weakness for a partially calcined brier root; or again the merits of a disreputable cutty "black as your hat" was the subject of admiration.

The atmosphere was, to say the least of it, somewhat hazy, and it required some time to distinguish the features of a passenger comfortably ensconced in one corner and from whose mouth volumes of smoke came in the most unremitting manner, and during an interval, the following words—

"Gentlemen. Here's a pipe I've had nigh on thirty years, and which no money would purchase. I smoke it once a year, and then one pipeful only—on the anniversary of the battle of—"

"Stop," said the chairman, (I omitted to mention that we did all things in order on board the S——ian.) "This promises a yarn and as this is Christmas Eve, let us not let it go round and our good friend, the Captain, will begin."

Such was the rank in Her Majesty's service to which the narrator of the following yarn was entitled.

"Mr. Chairman, I intend to make my yarn like the pipe I hold in my hand, short and sweet, and to tell how it came into my possession, and how it played its small part in one of the most glorious pages ever written in the history of old England." Here our friend paused and, being as in duty bound loyally disposed, said—

"I beg to propose a toast."

"The Queen. God bless her."

"It's an old military toast and answers well the purpose of introducing to you an old soldier or all that is left of the 'smart young man' who

accepted the Queen's shilling in the spring of 18—, and who after the usual inspection, &c., found the depot of his regiment in a Cathedral city, in the Eastern Counties, and from that day had, like the young bears are said to have, all his troubles before him.

"I was initiated into the famous 'goose step,' which I was at the time strongly of opinion that I had proved myself sufficiently proficient in by stepping into H. M. service at all, and it seemed that further to increase my claim to proficiency in the pedestrian exercise aforementioned, I contemplated in conjunction with another equally 'goosey' individual to step into matrimony.

"My attentions were most assiduous, and my success in my wooing all I could wish—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Now Mary was housemaid and my surreptitious visits were dangerous in the extreme, "no followers being allowed" and the military specially tabooed. Love, we all know, laughs at lock-smiths, and I continued my visits and always indulged in a pipe, this pipe being given to me by Mary for the purpose. I had pulled many a pipeful up the chimney when familiarity with the danger breeding the usual contempt, and the olfactory nerves of the powers that were being delicately and yet powerfully developed, led to my discovery and dismissal. Mary had the option given of her own dismissal or mine, and wisely chose the latter.

"I cling to the pipe as a remembrance of my first love and solaced myself with another (dove, not pipe) as soon as possible.

"So much as to how the pipe came into my possession and now for another reason why I prize it.

"A soldier loves his pipe, and God knows the things he has to love or to love him are few and far between. That pipe has cheered and comforted me in the frosts of Canada, with the thermometer below zero, and in the burning heat of Hindoostan, with the thermometer registering in the nineties in the shade. It has been my sole companion, comforter and friend when "doing sentry go" on the heights of Cape Diamond, and many a time and often in the Crimea "a pull at the pipe" and another at the "waist belt" has had to serve in lieu of a meal.

"Little wonder that I prize that pipe.

"There is yet another episode to be recorded and that a mournful one, an interval of many years elapsing during which time I had been slowly but surely promoted and reached the rank of color-sergeant and served in almost all the colonies, finally finding myself on board troop ship No. 89 bound for the Crimea.

"This being simply a history of my pipe, I content myself with a very short account of my experiences in the Crimea. We went through the usual routine of duty in the trenches, plodded through the mud on "escort" or "fatigue" to Balaklava. Grumbled, not without cause, at the quality and quantity of our daily rations, and saw day by day our comrades fall by our side from dysentery. Consolated ourselves as best we might and waited for the end which for many of us came at last on the 5th November, 1854. I remember it too well. In the exercise of my duty I had "paraded," "inspected" and "marched off" the night guard, "called the roll" and then turned in as I hoped for the night. And here pardon me if for one moment I digress to describe my friend James King, or to his familiar "Potter" King, an allusion, I suppose, to his occupation as a civilian. He was my beau ideal of a British soldier. Tall, broad-shouldered, punctual and "clean as a new pin" on parade. Never questioning an order, an old companion in arms of mine, nay—a friend. We came from the same village, had gone to the same school, lived in the same room for years, smoked the same pipe, and this brings me to the reason why my pipe came to play its small but tragic part in the battle of Inkerman.

"Poor Jim came in as usual to my quarters to rub up my accoutrements for the morning parade, and smoke the pipe of peace and enjoy a social chat about our present, past and future circumstances, for on such occasions we were thoroughly on an equality much as I was compelled to stand on my dignity on parade. After some time, with a pleasant "good night" he turned to go and with my pipe in his mouth—this was the last time I saw James King alive. I was in a sound sleep and like many another, dreaming of old England and "her green hills by the sea," of the "girl I left behind me," long become a nation of the dear little toddling wee ones, whose sweet prattling voices I might never hear again, and the patter of whose feet upon the stairs sound like music in my ear never more.

"God grant that dreams as sweet as these filled the last sleep of many a husband, many a father on that night, for surely the hour of awakening is at hand—and many a widow, many an orphan learnt almost to curse the day that brought such an awakening to their loved ones on those bleak Crimean Hills.

"Hark, 'tis the cannon's opening roar
And there was mounting in hot haste
The muttering squadrons and the clattering car,
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar
And near, the beat of the alarming drum."

"So sings Byron on the dawn of Waterloo. The dawn of Inkerman had come as pregnant with the fate of nations as that great conflict fought on Belgian plain. Waterloo was a General's battle, *i. e.* manoeuvre and counter-manoeuve. Inkerman was emphatically the soldier's battle, each man fought like Harry of the Wynd, "For his own hand."

"And 'Ours,' Her Majesty's gallant—th

Regiment of Foot, did their duty, as indeed British soldiers ever have and ever will. We came out of the fight terribly cut up. As for myself I had not been touched, but many of our sabaturn officers having fallen, I in due time received my commission as Ensign.

"But what about the pipe? I am coming to that now. As soon as the nature of my duties permitted, I asked and received permission to go in charge of a "fatigue party" in search of James King reported missing.

We had not far to go to the ground on which "Ours" had been engaged, and yet even in that short journey what melancholy sights were ours.

"There lay the rider distorted and pale
With the dew on his lip and the rust on his mail."

His sword still clenched in his sinewy hand and the stern light of battle which doubtless lit up his face in life fixed (as by the sculptor's art) instantaneously by the hand of death.

Here in a group lay friend and foe—stiff and stark—soon to be consigned to a common grave, vanquished and vanquisher, alike forgetful of their quarrel and ah! how indifferent.

Truly what a layler is death, and what a sermon ought such a scene as this to preach to those who make the quarrels and the battles.

It has been well said that no man deplores the horrors of war more than the soldier who has experienced them. But a truce to moralising, for here is the stern reality we are in search of, all that remains in this world of poor Jim King, fallen with his face to the foe, shot through the breast, bled to death, and in his mouth my pipe firmly clenched in his teeth—doubtless lit after he was wounded, but incapable of moving. I removed the pipe and in it are still the marks of his teeth, and, as I said at the commencement, once a year I smoke that pipe and breathe a prayer for the repose of the soul of as brave a man and as true a hero as ever fell for his Queen and country, though he was only one of the rank and file.

No "storied urn" no "animated bust" marks his last resting place, yet is his "memory still green." And here the Captain, as stern a bit of humanity as ever wore pipeclay, passed his pipe around for inspection, and I verily believe took the opportunity furtively to wipe away a tear.

That night we had many yarns, though I think none that left the impression of the foregoing.

I need not enter into any further particulars of our voyage. The fact that this has been written proves that we arrived safely.

THE ROTHSCHILD OF THE WEST.

He hadn't any baggage, and after one look at him the brush-boy walked away and sat down. The average brush-boy of the average hotel knows when he can brush a quarter out of a guest just as well as if he was a lawyer. The stranger wrote his name on the register with great deliberation. It was a long name. It read: "Henry Herbert Washington, Chicago, Ill." The clerk regarded him for a moment with a keen glance and then asked:

"How long will you remain here?"

"About a week," was the reply.

"Shall I credit you with \$10 paid in advance?"

"Who are you talking to?" demanded the stranger, as he stepped back a little.

"Strangers generally pay in advance," replied the clerk.

"Well, sir, I'll be hanged, sir, if I was ever invited before! Ask me for money in advance! Oh, sir, do you know that I could buy this hotel and still have millions left?"

"I have my orders."

"Am I to be treated like a dead beat?" continued the stranger. "When a man comes to Detroit to lend \$200,000 on a mortgage, do your people look upon him as a skulk and a thief?"

"My orders are positive," quietly replied the clerk.

"I want to see the owner of this hotel, and I want to take him to the Board of Trade, the Mayor's office, and the water works, and I want him to find out what kind of a man I am."

"The proprietor isn't in."

"You don't know me—you don't know who I am!" exclaimed the stranger, tapping the office counter with every pause. "I didn't care to be known, but since you have insulted me I want to inform you that I am the Rothschild of the West!"

The clerk started off with a letter to his girl, but had only got as far as "Beloved Sarah," when the stranger yelled out:

"Who advanced money to Chicago to build her water-works? Who owns twenty-eight steamers and six tugs? Who owns six elevators and 100 miles of railroads?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"And yet when I come into this house I am insulted as if I were a loafer!" continued the stranger. "Why, sir, come to the bank with me, sir, and see if my check for \$50,000 will be dishonored!"

"I'll go," said the clerk, putting on his hat.

"Yes, sir, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't go. I wouldn't stop here if you'd give me \$1,000 a day. I'll go to some other house, and when spring opens I'll buy a site next to you and build a hotel of my own and run your house out of sight."

"Call an officer," said the clerk to one of the boys.

"That's the crowning insult!" shouted the man. "But I'll bide my time. I'll go over to the other tavern and send over a \$50,000 check

for you to look at, and no matter how sorry you feel, sir, I'll not accept an apology, sir—blast me, if I do."

He went out, and at noon was seen eating crackers and cheese in the post-office.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

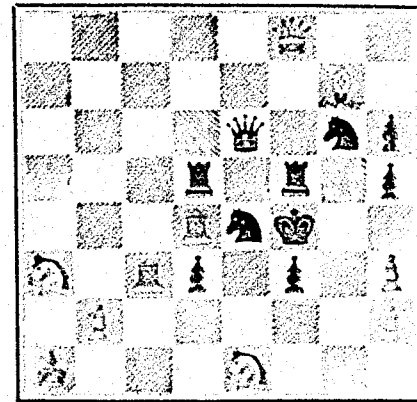
Student, Montreal. Correct solution of Problem No. 50 received. Also, solution of Problem No. 53. In the latter, if Q takes K1, Black moves R to Q R 5, and then White cannot mate in three moves more.

H. A. C. Fuchs, Montreal. Correct solution of Problem No. 54 received.

Subjoined will be found two games played in the match at New York between Mr. Bird and Mr. Mason. It appears that prior to the match, Mr. Bird had in all hand games with Mr. Mason won a large majority, but in order to satisfy the friends of the latter, it was arranged that a match should be played by the two antagonists; and to test the matter a large stake was subscribed to be given to the successful competitor. The winner of the first eleven games was to be declared the victor. At the end of the nineteenth game Mr. Bird resigned having won four games to his adversary's eleven. Four of the games were drawn.

PROBLEM No. 52.

By H. A. C. FUCHS, Montreal.
BLACK.



WHITE
White to move and mate in three moves

GAME 71st.

Played recently at New York in the match between Messrs. Bird and Mason.

Irregular Opening.

WHITE—(Mr. Bird.)	BLACK—(Mr. Mason.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4
2. P takes P	P to Q 3
3. P takes P	P takes P
4. K Kt to B 3	P to Kt 5
5. P to K 4	K Kt to B 3
6. P to Q 3	Castles
7. Q B to Kt 5	Q Kt to B 4
8. B to K 2	B takes Kt 1
9. B takes R	B to Q 2
10. Q Kt to B 4	Q to Q 5
11. Q to Q 2	K Kt to Q 2
12. Kt to Q sq	K Kt to K 4
13. B to K 3	Q to Q 3
14. B takes B	Q takes B
15. Q to K B 2	Q to Kt 5 (ch)
16. Q to Q 2	Q to Kt 4
17. Kt to Q B 3	K R to Q sq
18. Q to K B 2	Kt to Q 5
19. B to Q sq	R to Q 3
20. Kt to Q 5	B takes Kt 4
21. P takes B	Q to Kt 5 (ch)
22. Q to Q 2	Kt takes Q P (ch)

Mr. Mason wins.
(a) The commencement of an attack carried on splendidly to the end, and overwhelming all attempts at opposition.

(b) A sparkling termination.

GAME 72nd.

Played recently at New York between Messrs. Bird and Mason.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE—(Mr. Mason.)	BLACK—(Mr. Bird.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P
3. B to K B 4	P to K B 4
4. Q to K 2	K Kt to B 2
5. P to K 5	Kt to K 5
6. K Kt to B 3	B to K 2
7. Castles	P to Q 4
8. P takes P (en pas)	Kt takes P
9. B to Q Kt 3	Q Kt to B 3
10. P to Q 4	Kt to K 5
11. Q to B 4	Kt to Q 3
12. Q to Q 5	Kt to Q Kt 5
13. Q to K 5	K to B sq
14. Q takes P at B 4	P to Q B 1
15. Q P takes P	Kt to K 5
16. Q Kt to B 3	B takes P (ch)
17. Q B to K 3	Q to Q Kt 3
18. B takes B	Kt takes B
19. K to R sq	P to K R 4
20. R P takes Kt	Q to Q Kt 4
21. Kt to Q R 4	K to B 2
22. Q to Q 6 (ch)	
23. K R to Kt 3 (ch)	Mr. Bird resigns

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 53.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 8	P to R 4 (a)
2. B to B 5 (ch)	Anything
3. Kt or B mates	

(A)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. —	P to Kt 4
2. Kt to Q 7	Anything
3. B or R mates	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 54.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q B 7 (ch)	B to K sq
2. Kt to Q B 4	K to Kt sq
3. R takes B (ch)	K to B 2
4. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to B 3
5. P to K Kt 5 mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS. No. 55.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Kat K R 3	Kat K Kt 2
Qat Q 3	Qat Q Kt 7
Rat K sq	Rat Q R 6
Bat Q B 4	Rat K R sq
Ktat K R 4	Bat K R 3
Kt at Q B 6	Bat K B 2
Pawn at K R 2	Pawn at K Kt 3
And K Kt 3	And K B 3

White to play and mate in four moves.