ETHELRED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Slow the summer night is falling;
In the darkness and the dew
Twilight weaves her spell enthralling.
Sweet, my lost love, where are you?
Rosy pale the planet Hesper
Glitters in the golden west,
And the wind, with drowsy whisper,
Lulls the leafy world to rest.

Through the haunted woods of Arden Still some ghostly memory
Lends me to this dim old garden,
And the ancient trysting tree;
Far, faint sounds of water falling
In the darkness and the dew,
Seem like spirit voices calling:
Sweet, my true love, where are you?

'Neath the dusky laurel closes
Lurks the old, mysterious gloom;
Still the wilderness of roses
Breaks in one great flush of bloom
At the feet of Arden towers—
Overruns the parapet,
Crowns the grim stone gate with flowers,
Wreathes the carven scutcheon, yet!

But, of all her antique glory.
One sweet memory is mine,
Like some half told fairy story,
Heard in summer days divine;
Ethelred, wild flower of Arden,
In the darkness and the dew,
Mid this dim, spice-haunted garden,
All my thoughts turn back to you!

Here I held you to my bosom,
While the hearded moments fled,
Plucked thy kisses from the blossom
Of your sweet lips, Ethelred!
Fair of face and gentle-hearted,
Blue eyes misted o'er with tears,
Here we met, my love, and parted,
In those old impassioned years!

Vainly I had sued, that morning, Vainly I had sued, that morning,
For your hand, my Ethelred—
Half in jest, and half in scorning;
"She is but a child,"—they said;
"Dear," I whispered, "I am banished
To the lands beyond the sea,
Till the roses thrice have vanished
From the haunts of Arden Lea!"

Long the years have been, and lonely.
Since that twilight of the past;
Dearest, I have loved you only,
And will love you till the last!
Though one day my heart was broken,
Where the laurels overlean
Youder simple mural token:
"Ethel, aged Soventeen."

A REMINISCENCE OF MIDLOTHIAN.

A special contributor of the Paper Trade Review writes as follows: -Was it Haynes Bailey or T. K. Hervey-both were, half a century ago, poetasters in a mild yet melodious way, after the fashion set by that Tommy Moore, of whom Huzlitt fiercely said, that in his "Irish Melodies" he had "turned the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box "—was it either of these thus specified who wrote these lines, or something like them, which an occasionally treacherous memory may not, perhaps, exactly reproduce. Here they are, or at least a simulacrum of them. They ring in the car and mind and the heart of the writer, because they were often hummed and sung to him in Midlothian by paternal lips long since closed in death-

Oft in the stilly night.

When evening closes round thee,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around thee.

Autres temps, autres mairs. This may be true sometimes, but not so in the instance of that which is now in the mind of the writer, and which, in a day or two after the time of writing (August 18), will meet the eye of the reader. A lew lines above was writ "Midlo-thian," and he who holds the pen which indites these words is a Midlothian man. His memories were pleasantly and healthfully inspired when his friend and chief, the Proprietor and Couductor of this just-launched craft, told himand it was afterwards recorded in print (in No. 1 of The Paper Trade Review)—that amongst other visitors to "The Cottage," in the late Exhibition, was Mr. Charles Cowan. "How old did he look?" I asked Mr. Stonhill. The reply was—"Thirty-six or thereabouts." The response was no disappointment; although the Charles Cowan whom the undersigned best recollects is the father of him who put in an appearance at

The good citizenship of the Cowans is proverbial. In a certain sense altogether beyond the limits of their own business, many middle aged prosperous tradesmen of Edinburgh owe their first start in life to advances made by one or other member of the family. Nor were these advances limited to persons following their own trade or avocation. More than one shopkeeper in Edinburgh, dealing in drapery and other goods altogether dissociated from any branch of stationery, even in its widest range, has to thank a Cowan for the first helping hand he had. Of course they picked out the proper men and se-cured themselves. And I have reason to believe that their sagacity has proved as successful as

their kind generosity was freely rendered, Edinburgh and the adjacent country, both alluvial and hilly (I should like, were I a covetous man, and with an appetency for aggrandi-sement, to own a few hundred acres of the land which surrounds the Duke of Buccleuch's palace at Dalkeith, or even some of that which is not very far away from the Cowans' mill at Penicuik, or the country house of Charles Cowan, sen., at Valleyfield), - after this long parenthe. sis I must recall the previous context, for the help of the memories of myself as well as those

of the readers-Edinburgh has sometimes been hurt by overpraise—to which if an Edinburgh man may tell the truth and shame the d——, whose existence Robert Burns tried to extirpate from morose Caledonian minds, but unfortunately he still exists in some Scotch pulpits and imaginations—Edinburgh men themselves are somewhat too prone to self-praise; Edinburgh is not and never has been the "Modern Athens." God forbid that I should calumniate or even less in the just claims of (Scotch readers will understand the vernacular) my Kittling grawl. For the benefit of benighted Englishman, I shall translate :—"Kittling grund" means "breeding-ground." Edinburgh has produced or has nursed very grand men; although I cannot recall in her muster-roll a Socrates or an Æchylus -cer-tainly not a Plato. Even Raeburn was not a patch upon Praxiteles; and Steel, although the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington (and this is far from his best work), before the Ragistry Office which is Register Office, which I saw inaugurated more than thirty years ago, is very well in its way, quite a Phidia. Sir Noel Paton scores very well, but - and I know he would be the first to admit it-was artist ever satisfied with his own work? If he were he would be no artist-but he is not quite up to the mark of either the painters of the Italian or the Flemish renaissance.

No good can ever be done by preferring extravagant pretensions. But whether or no Edinburgh he a " Modern Athens," she has merits which one of her most obscure but most reverential and loving sons may truthfully cherch in his heart of hearts. Apart altogether from any artistic, literary and scientific accomplishments and achievements-of which her University, with a larger roll of students (double now what they were in my day), is at once the feed. ing ground and the focus—apart from these and many other claims—which make me, who have heard such prima donna as Catherine Hayes (long since ascended from earth), Jenny Lund and Adehna Patti, sing that most lovely and most charming song—"Within a mile o' Edin boro' Town — apart from these and all else, Edinburgh — Edinburgh historical, and Edinburgh existent, may stand to the last inch, as her burghers did at Flodden Field, around the fighting body and the inanimate corpse of their king, as proud of her citizens. Civic virtue was not more highly exemplified, not more highly appreciated and honoured in ancient Sparia, Athens, Rome, or in modern Florence or Geneva, than in Edinburgh. Now, this is a clear chalk to the good — Edinburgh never banished an Aristides, although if the Reverend Doctor Begg had lived in Athens two thousand years ago, I think he would have been one of those to vote for hemlock being administered to Socrates.

Edinburgh possesses robust civic virtues, such as those whose decline was mourned in sal prose by Tacitus, and in sardonic and serious verse by Juvenal. She honours her worthy citizens. Does not the bronze effigy of Adam Black, the publisher of the Encyclopedia Britannica, stand in honest and worthy vicinage to the great Gothic secular fane erected to the memory of Sir Walter himself? Not many yards off is that business house of the Cowans, of whose firm the London outpost and offshoot is in Cannon-street. Edinburgh has within the last thirty years honoured herself and honoured them by sending two Cowans (Charles and James) as her representatives to Parliament. If the old patriarch, Alexander, whom I recollect well, in his house in the Royal Terrace, on the Catton Hill, with his house filled by a bevy quite two score strong, of loving and revering orphaned grand children, were to revisit earth some few years hence, he might find a descen-dant in the second degree representing Edmburgh.

Neither Edinburgh nor the Paper Trade could find a better mouthpiece. So at least humbly vetures to say a living son of

AULD REEKIE.

A CAR DRIVER'S REMORSE.

"I used to think it was my duty to cut 'em with the whip, and I took satisfaction in givin' it to 'em hard, but I wouldn't strike a boy now for the best thousand dollars that was ever coined."

He was a car driver, and his attention had been called to three or four boys stealing a ride on the rear platform.

"Yes, I was a sort o' terror on this route to the kids," he continued. "Not one of them boys could put his foot on the step and get away without a cut from the whip. Big or little, rough or gentle, I served 'em all alike, and if the passengers scowled at me for lashing a little kid of seven or eight years I solaced myself with the reflection that it was my duty

A passenger was dropped at the corner, and as

the car started up again the driver went on.
"Well, one day when the boys had bothered me more than usual I dodged through the car and found a little bit of a chap, not over seven years eld, scated on the lower step. He was all humped over and softly crying about something or other. At another time I might have felt pity, but the boys had got my mad up and what did I do but give the little chap a cut with the lash and call out with such a voice that off he tumbled into the dust. I saw him rise up and limp away, and there was something in the look he gave me that I shan't forget in a hurry. Whoa! now!"

The car stopped to take on two ladies, and

presently the driver resumed:

"Do you know that I felt so consciencestricken that I kept looking for that boy on every trip, calculating to make up with him and secure his forgiveness for my brutality. I did not see him again until the afternoon of the second day."
"And what did he say?" was asked as the

driver hesitated.
"He was in his coffin!" was the reply. "It was his funeral procession which stopped my car for two or three minutes. That child was ill when he tried to steal his way home with me, and death was not twenty-four heurs away when I lashed him and chuckled over the way he rolled into the street. I tell you, sir, when I saw his coffin in the hearse, and caught a look from the mother, which seemed to charge me with being his murderer, I got a stab at my heart that pains me yet, and I wouldn't strike another boy if the reward was to be the whole line and its outfit."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Post card and "Herald" to hand. Thanks.
P. J. D., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 449.
F. P., San Francisco, Cal.—Problem received. Many thanks. Your excellent Problems are always welcome.

An article which we published a short time ago from one of the leading Chess Columns of the day, showing the great patromage which the royal game is receiving just now from distinguished persons in all parts of the civilized world, and at the same time exhibiting by statistics the rapid increase of cause in the great cities of Europe and America, is satisfactory to a certain extent, but it could be easily shown that zuch, it not all, this interest in chess is connected with the results of contests which test the ability and relative standing of a few gifted players, who appear to be naturally litted to shane in one pursuit, and in that only. Professional players occupy positions which attract so much notice, and centre in themselves so much public attention, that we fear chess divested of the fascinations with which they invest it, would appear to many a very common-place subject altogether. What we would like to be furnished with is an account of the extent to which they invest it, busined and appear to many a very common-place subject altogether. What we would like to be furnished with is an account of the extent to which they invest it, busined and appear to many a very common-place subject altogether. What we would like to be furnished with is an account of the extent to which the game is used among us as an ordinary home anascement. Is it played now more than it was a tew years ago in the home circle? Are there any chess classes for instructing the young in the game found in connection with our educational institutions; such, for instructing the young in the game found in connection with our educational institutions; such, for instructing the young in the game found in connection which are an all share of the attention which we would like to have answered, and they appear to us to be of more vital importance than the result of the luture contest between Steinitz and Zukertort.

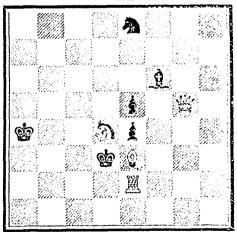
The increase in the number of chess clubs, and also The increase in the number of chess clubs, and also the increase in the number of subscribing members to these clubs may appear satisfactory, but all this may be the result of mere temporary excitement, and ought not for a moment to be piaced side by side with that appreciation of the game which would lead to its selection as a home amusement from its pecuniar merits alone, independent entirely of chess clubs, professional players, and exciting fournaments.

Here are two other reasons Steinitz gives for being deteated by Zukertort. He says: "I have to state that though the strictest silence was imposed on all the speciators. It was, on several occasions, disturbed by audible talkings and whisperings on the part of nostile committeemen quare close to me, who conversed with an impoent neighbor, or occased attemportant games and in critical positions, and mostly when it was my turn to piny." Addignating states: "It was admitted, and I think the publication of my games will saliciently prove, that I was cut of form' tins time." He thus argues that he surprises mis rival: "I have beaten him two out of three times an general tournament score, besides personally and decisively in a match." Does all this not seem tike childish practic? For example: The attacky says: "When it was my turn to strike the ball solmetonly always made a hoise, or I was too tired and sleepy, and could not hit it. Anyhow, it you did beat me to-day I beat you yesterday." Steinitz evidently played up to his fullest strength, was in good form, was not disturbed in his games, and the only reason why he was defeated is that he had a stronger opponent in the person of his pupil, Dr. Zukertort. Let us hear so more of this baby talk from so great a master of the game. Steinitz, you are undoubledly a magnificent chessplayer, but Zukertort has shown himself to be a little better.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

Mr. Blackburne does not allow his talents to rest

Mr. Blackburne does not allow his talents to rest Mr. Blackburne does not allow his talents to rest for want of using. Immediately after the International Tourney in which he took part, we found him entering the Nuromberg contest, in which he secured second prize, and now we learn that he was present at the closing meeting of the Counties Chess Association, and that in the evening he undertook to play a number of simultaneous games, no doubt, much to the gratification of those present.

PROBLEM NO. 452. By C. W., of Sunbury. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 450. White. 1 Q to O R 6 2 Q to K 2 3 Q to K R 5 mates.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 570 TH

(Sicilian Defense.)

WHITE.-(Englisch.) BLACK .- (Techiforin) BLACK.—(18cm 1 P to Q B 4 2 K t to Q B 3 4 K K to K 2 5 P takes P 6 Kt to K 3 7 B to K 2 8 Castles 9 B to B 4 (a) 10 B takes Kt 11 P to B 4 (b) 12 R to B 2 (c) 13 P to Q Kt 3 14 B to K t 2 16 R to B 8 8 17 R takes Kt 15 Q to K 2 2 O to K 2 2 Kt to K l 2 Kt to Q B 3 3 Kt to B 3 4 B to K 2 5 P to Q 4 6 Kt takes P 6 Kt takes
7 Cestles
8 B to K 3
9 P to B 4
40 K to R sq
1 B takes B
2 B to R 5
3 P to K 5
4 Kt to K 5
Kt to Q 6
Kt takes B
B to B 3
P to E 16 K to B 88 K to B 88 K to K B 20 to K 2 19 K to Q B 2 20 K to R B 89 (e) 22 K t to Q 89 (e) 23 K t to B 22 24 R to Q 89 P to K 2 25 P to kes Q P 28 R takes R oh 20 F to K 8 9 31 K to B 2 30 K t takes B 33 K to R 4 4 K to K 4 4 4 K to K 4 4 4 K to K 4 4 4 K K to B 2 4 5 K to B 2 5 K to R 4 4 5 K to K 4 4 4 6 K to B 2 5 K to B 2 5 K to B 3 5 K to C 4 5 K to C 5 B to B 3 P to K Kt 3 (d) 22 P t · Kt 3 23 K R to Q sq 24 P to Q R 4 (f) 25 P to R 5 26 Q takes R P 27 P takes P 28 B takes P 20 B takes R 30 P takes P 31 B takes P 27 takes P
28 B takes P
29 16 takes R
30 P takes P
31 B to Q 4
32 Q to Q 5 ch
33 B to B 3
34 B to B 3
35 R to K 8 q
36 Q to Q 6 (p)
37 B to Q 5
38 B to K 6
39 B takes K B P
40 B to K 4
41 Q to Q 4
42 B takes K t ch (b)
43 Q to K 4 ch
44 Q to B 5 ch
45 Q to R 3 ch
46 R to K 6 ch
47 Q to B 5 ch 46 K to B 2 47 K to Kt sq 47 Q to B 5 ch 48 R to K 8 mate

NOTES.

(a) This is a lost move, dividing one into two halves Better would have been 9 P to Q 3, and if White plays 10 P to B 5, then 10 K Kt to K 4. &c.

(b) The advance of this Pawn is not advisable: but it is difficult now for Black to find a satisfactory defense, as he has already compromised his position. With 11 P to R 4, Black wanted to prevent 12 P to B 5, but he weakens his Q P. We have examined 11 Kt takes B, but it does not seem satisfactory either.

(c) This is the only available square for the Rook. If $12\ R$ to B 3, then $13\ P$ to K 5, and $12\ R$ to K 5g would involve the loss of a Pawn by $13\ P$ takes P, P takes P; $14\ Q$ to Q 5 ch, and $15\ Q$ takes B P, &c.

(d) Confining the movements of the hostile Queen. This is just a game suitable to Englisch's style. He has one object in view—the weak point Q2, and never lets go the thread of his combination.

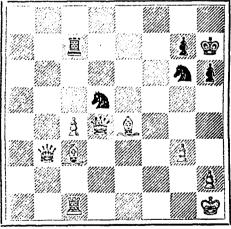
(c) Perhaps it would have been advisable here to bring the Queen into play with 22 Q to $\rm K1.5$

(6) Very well timed. 24 P to R 4 would not have been good so long as the Kuight stood at Q sq, because Black could have returned K to Q B 3, followed by Q to K; 5, as indicated in note (e).

(g) Threatening 37 Q takes P ch.

Position after Black's 41st move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

(h) A very elegant finish. In fact, the whole game was played by Englisch with great precision.—The

THE question whether the marriage of priests is valid in France is now, after a long interval, once more raised before a court of law. The Ablé Junqua, after being unfrocked by ecclesi-nstical authority, was prosecuted for continuing to wear the ceclesiastical costume, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He afterwards married, first in England and subsequently in Balaina, a wildow with a fortune. Belgium, a widow with a fortune. He sat up as a bookseller in Paris. Recently he became bankrupt, and the wife moved for the restitution of her dowry. The official assignee of the bankruptey of posed this, on the ground that the Congretation where the moved to the confidence of the bankrupter of the state of the bankrupter of the state of the bankrupter of the state of the sta cordat makes the marriage of priests void. The Judge-Advecate, Gastambid, supported this view, and the Tribunal of first instance reserves judgment. M. Cazot, now President of the Supreme Court, is a reformer, and strong hopes are entertained that under his auspices the law may be settled that priests have the same civil rights as other citizens.