

DEAR CANADA!

Cold winter bright, with sky most clear.—
For some the best part of the year,—
Thy shorten'd day and evening long
(Give time for music, mirth, and song;
Thy out-door sports are brisk, I ween,
The curlers seek the ice most keen,
"Stanes," besoms," and the hog-score line,
Make many think of "Auld Lang Syne."

The snow-shoe clubs must have their tramps,
Out o'er the Mountain to their camps,
Whilst others try their break-neck skill,
With long toboggans on a hill,
With sports like these, and many more,
Before we know it the winter's o'er,
The sugar kettle's on the hook,
'Tis spring! the ice melts on the brook.

Sweet spring, all hail! in azure bright,
Thou fann'st our cheeks with zephyrs light,
Thou giv'st new life to all below;
Thou bringest joy for ev'ry woe;
The very birds for joy do trill,
Their tuneful notes on ev'ry hill,
And warble sweet their merry lay
To welcome in thy natal day.

Again sweet flow'rs shall bud and bloom,
Their odours sweet the earth perfume;
Come, we'll respire the healthful breeze,
Beneath the green top'd sturdy trees,
Huzrah, then, for the lovely spring!
The merry, bright Canadian spring;
The maple leaf shall soon compare
With blush on maiden's cheek most fair.

Again we'll climb Mount Royal's heights,
And roam the woods for pure delights,
For balmy air, and fragrant shade,
We'll seek St. Helen's steep and glade,
Pursuing nature's beautiful wiles,
We'll sail amidst the Thousand Isles,
While sunshine in resplendent sheen
Reflects them in the waters green.

But, hark! the spray sweeps o'er the deck,
They're far behind, our boat's a wreck!
Ah! no, she rights! again runs slow;
We've just rush'd through the grand Long Sault;
Again, again, we reel, we heave,
You'd think the rocks our craft would cleave,
But just as eye obscures the scene
The last is run, below Lachine.

Should grander beauty be your guest,
Go, view her from Cape Diamond's crest,
Or, further north, near Murray Bay,
On, on the river Saguenay;
There, cliffs majestic you'll descry,
Or range of mountains meets the eye,
With picturesque green rolling hills,
Grand water-falls and rippling rills.

Dear Canada! with scenes like these,
With rivers grand, and inland seas,
With daughters fair and sons most true,
Thou'lt flourish 'neath a sky so blue;
But, always put your trust in God,
Who bless'd the land our fathers trod,
Then, 'neath the flag with crosses three,
Thou'lt prosper, and continue free.

J. HENDERSON.

St. Hyppolite Street, Montreal.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

MYSTERY OF FOUR HORSEMEN AT THE GATE OF TOULOUSE.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 12th of April, 1655, the keeper of St. Anthony's gate in the large city of Toulouse, in the south of France, was aroused from his slumbers by loud and violent rappings at the gate. He dressed himself, grumbling at being hurried out of his bed at so unreasonable an hour of the night, and stepped out into the street.

Upon approaching the gate he heard a man without angrily shouting: "Is it impossible to wake up that lazy dog of a gate-keeper?"

"Hold on, you rude fellow, whoever you may be. I am the gate-keeper. I am a functionary of the municipality of Toulouse, and I shall not brook any insults, no matter from what quarter they may come."

The gate-keeper, after uttering these words in a tone of considerable exasperation, was still further irritated by the loud laughter into which the person outside of the gate burst in response to what he had said.

"Open this gate without a moment's delay, or you shall lose your head on the executioner's block. There are four of us here; we want to get in without further nonsense from such a pig-headed rascal as you!"

The scaffold threat was not lost upon the gate-keeper. He made no insolent reply, but asked rather meekly:

"Are you armed?"

"Of course."

"Then I have to ask his Excellency the Governor of Toulouse first whether I shall admit you or not."

"Mille tonnerres!" roared the stranger without; "do you know who is waiting outside of your accursed gate?"

"Who is it?" demanded the gate-keeper, greatly taken aback.

"Why, His Royal Highness King Louis XIV. of France!" was the answer.

Quick as lightning the terrified gate-keeper opened the gate. He beheld in front of himself four horsemen, who were closely wrapped in their long white cloaks, for the night was damp and chilly.

"Where is his Majesty, that I may implore his pardon?" cried the gate-keeper.

Instead of a reply, the foremost of the four riders, who had carried on the above mentioned conversation with him, dealt him a terrible blow with the handle of his sword, on the head, completely stunning him. Then the four riders galloped into the city.

Three of them were men in the prime of life. The fourth rider was, to all appearances, a de-

licate, slender youth, with a very handsome aristocratic countenance.

Suddenly the four strangers halted in front of a large and very old building.

"This is the Hostelry du Saint Esprit, your Majesty," said one of the men to the youth, in a most submissive tone.

"The old rookery looks uninviting enough," replied the youth. "I am tired to death, and long for a good, soft bed."

"Ah, sire, you will find it here," rejoiced the first speaker. "The Hostelry du Saint Esprit is the best tavern in the whole south of La Belle France, notwithstanding its forbidding look outside. We shall get here nice beds, a splendid repast and the most generous of wines. Let me knock at the door."

He pounded vigorously against it for nearly five minutes before he heard footsteps approaching from within.

At last the door was cautiously opened, and an old man, holding a lantern in his hand, peeped out.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"His Majesty the King, Count Baron de Momfrey, Viscount Lalletier and the Prince de Ligne."

"Be welcome to my humble establishment," said the old man, bowing profoundly. "What is his Majesty's gracious wish?"

The first speaker replied:

"We want the best repast you can give us, my good host, and then four bed-chambers. Now bestir yourself, for we are hungry and tired."

The landlord bowed again, deeply. Then he flung the door wide open and led the way.

The four horsemen rode into the high, narrow hallway, which was paved with brick, and which was lighted but dimly by the landlord's lantern.

When they reached the yard several drowsy hostlers took charge of the horses.

A minute later they were ushered into a sumptuously furnished reception-room, well heated by a roaring fire.

They threw off their cloaks, and now their elegant and costly costumes appeared for the first time. The three men were dressed in tight-fitting black velvet suits, fringed with the costliest Bruxelles point lace. Large lace collars were hanging down from their necks. The youth was dressed in a gorgeous suit of purple velvet. On his left breast sparkled a star of gold and large diamonds. A large blue ribbon was flung over his right shoulder, and fastened to a costly belt studded with precious stones.

He flung his broad brimmed, plumed hat on a table, and threw himself with a sigh upon a lounge. His face looked pale, but bore all the distinctive and well-known features of the royal Bourbons of France.

His companions were all men of distinction. Their proud, distinguished bearing indicated this very plainly. But him they treated with the most respectful consideration.

"Sit down, messieurs," said the youth at last, languidly. "Will our meal be ready soon?"

The Prince de Ligne rang the bell-ropes. The landlord stepped in.

"We are hungry," said the Prince de Ligne. "His Majesty orders you to have our repast ready without further delay!"

"In two minutes," said the landlord, bowing again and again, "in two minutes I shall have great honour in conducting his gracious majesty to my dining-room, where I shall set before him a repast such as no Toulousian hostelry—"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" interrupted the Prince de Ligne, angrily, "and make haste about the meal!"

The landlord hurriedly withdrew from the room.

A few minutes after the youth and his companions entered the dining-room where a truly royal repast was served up to them. They cooked well at all times in France, and the menu of that nocturnal repast at the Hostelry du Saint Esprit, at Toulouse, would have made an epicure's mouth water.

And such wine as the landlord poured into Venetian goblets for them! For his wine cellar was stocked with the choicest brands of Southern France, that paradise of wine-drinkers.

The four partook of the food almost voraciously.

"Your Majesty," said the Count Barson de Momfrey, "this meal tastes better than I ever ate."

"We have not eaten anything since day-break," replied the youth, munching some luscious Spanish raisins.

Then he rose from the table, and said to the Prince de Ligne:

"Ask the landlord if my bed-chamber is ready."

"It is," said the landlord.

He led the way, and ushered the youth into a gorgeously furnished bed-room. The pillows of the couch were covered with white satin, and the quilts were made of costly brocade. On the night-table stood a heavy golden candlestick, in which six wax tapers were burning.

When the landlord had left the room, the youth took from his pocket a superb locket, which he opened. For a minute he gazed at the portrait of a most beautiful lady which it contained. Then he said:

"Oh, mother! my mother! what am I doing all this for? Do I want to dethrone my brother? My noble companions want me to do so, but I—only want to have an opportunity to see and embrace you once more!" He burst into tears. "Nay," he cried, clenching his

fist, "I also want to punish that wretch Mazarin, who caused Richelieu to have me wrested, when I was but four years old, from your arms, and immured in that gloomy old castle San Zephildo in the Pyrenees. Ah! what sufferings I have undergone there! Every day I had longed and wept for you, until these three noblemen delivered me from that living grave, and told me that Mazarin had led you to believe that I was dead. Sixteen years have elapsed since I saw you last. They assure me that our enterprise is sure to succeed, and that I bear so strong a resemblance to my brother, the king, that hardly anybody would be able to distinguish us.

Then he undressed, and as he removed his velvet jacket his bosom became slightly bare. It was the well developed bust of a young girl!

Yes, it was a girl—one of the children, and the very image of beautiful Ann of Austria, the queen dowager.

Her royal mother had called her Yseult (Isolde), and Mazarin had caused Richelieu to have her kidnapped when she was barely four years old, and sent the child as a prisoner the Pyrenean Castle San Zephildo, where she had grown up under the harsh treatment of an old haridan that had made her young life a burden to her.

When the wars of La Fronde broke out against Cardinal Mazarin the prince de Ligne, Count Barson de Momfrey and Viscount Letellier had somehow discovered that Yseult was at San Zephildo, and that she bore a most life-like resemblance to her brother, King Louis the Fourteenth.

They had resolved to liberate her, dress her in male attire, and let her personate the king.

They were men of dauntless courage, and had forced an entrance into Castle San Zephildo, cut down the small garrison, so that no one could tell what had occurred, and laid their plans before Yseult, who eagerly consented to play the dangerous part assigned to her. Mounted on superb horses, they had reached Toulouse, where they agreed to make the first public demonstration. All of them were mortal enemies of Cardinal Mazarin, and they risked their heads in order to overthrow him.

Next morning at a very early hour they repaired with Yseult to the palace of the military governor of Toulouse, the marquis de Calvados, whom they told that Cardinal Mazarin had tried to have the young king murdered, and that the latter had fled to Toulouse in order to escape being murdered.

M. de Calvados believed every word they told him. Yseult was treated by him with royal honors, and the garrison of Toulouse, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, did homage to her.

Then public heralds informed the people of Toulouse that the young king was in their midst. This announcement was most enthusiastically received, and the royal palace, where Yseult had now taken up her abode, was surrounded all day by cheering crowds.

Messengers were dispatched to Bordeaux, Montpellier, Aix, Marseilles and Toulon to communicate the startling news to the royal authorities of those cities.

Everywhere the news was believed to be true. In ten days 9,000 veteran troops had assembled at Toulouse to do battle for the person whom they took for their king.

News at that period travelled slowly, and the intelligence of what had occurred at Toulouse did not reach Cardinal Mazarin until two weeks later.

At first he was dumfounded.

"Who can the impostor be?" he asked himself again and again. Then he added: "This rising may cost the real young king his life." And then he murmured, "And me, too."

He rang his bell. A secretary entered.

"Send for Gavini and Sorleria," commanded the Cardinal.

"More murders! more murders!" muttered the secretary, as he left Mazarin's private cabinet.

An hour later two Italians were closeted a long time with the cardinal. They left him, and a few minutes later they set out from Paris on fleet-footed horses in a southerly direction. They managed to obtain access to Yseult after their arrival in Toulouse, and requested a private interview with her, which she unsuspectingly granted. No sooner was she alone with them than they threw a small cord around her neck and tried to strangle her, but she got her hands under the noose and resisted desperately.

In the scuffle that ensued the bosom of her dress was torn, and her shapely bust became visible.

"It is a woman!" cried Gavini, in surprise.

The other hired assassin at last succeeded in tightening the noose and the beautiful girl was slowly strangled.

Then the two murderers exhibited her corpse at the window and shouted to the people:

"You have been imposed upon by a daring adventuress! Submit, or his majesty, who is alive and well in Paris, will utterly destroy your city."

The people submitted. The three noblemen who had brought Yseult to Toulouse were arrested and strangled that very night by Mazarin's emissaries.

It was the Cardinal's policy, however, to hush up this strange affair.

He prohibited its being mentioned to the king under pain of death, and for years Louis XIV. did not hear of it.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 181 received.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 179 received. Correct.

The intelligence contained in the following extract of the results of the great Chess Tourney at Paris, up to the 2nd of July, will be eagerly read by Chessplayers all over the continent. Each of the great players named has his friends, and some will be elated and many disappointed. No one will be surprised at Mr. Blackburn's success. We regret that Mr. Steinitz is not among the combatants, as his great skill, and former success in the game, would have added greatly to the interest of the contest.

CHESS.

(Montreal Star, July 3, 1878.)

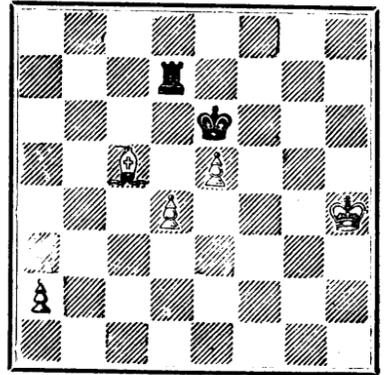
PARIS, July 2.—Twelve of the principal Chessplayers in the world are entered in the International Chess Congress. Of eleven rounds, representing 133 games to be played, four rounds already have been played, with the following results:—Winawer, of Russia, won eight games, lost none; Blackburn, of London, won eight games, lost one game; Rosenthal, of Paris, won 5 1/2 games, lost 2 1/2 games; Anderson, of Breslau, won five games, lost three games; Clere, of Besancon, won five games, lost three games; English, of Vienna, won 3 1/2 games, lost 4 1/2 games; Bird, of London, won three games, lost five games; Mackenzie, of New York, won three games, lost five games; Gifford, of London, and Paas won one game, lost seven games; Pilsell, of Stuttgart, won no games, lost eight games.

The Holyoke Transcript published recently a game between Mrs. Worrall, the lady champion of Mexico, and Mrs. M. E. Favor, an amateur lady player of New York, in which the former was victorious.

PROBLEM No. 182.

(Chess Study from "La Stratégie.")

BLACK.



WHITE

Black to play and draw.

GAME 274TH.

The two following games were played recently at the Montreal Chess Club, between Messrs. G. Barry and Hicks, the latter giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

Remove Whites's Q Kt.

WHITE.—(W. H. Hicks.) BLACK.—(G. Barry.)

- 1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. P to K5 2. P to Q B4
3. P to KR3 3. Kt to Q B3
4. P to KB4 4. Kt to R3
5. Kt to KB3 5. P to K3
6. P to Q B3 6. B to K2
7. B to Q3 7. P to B5
8. B to B2 8. Castles (a)
9. Castles 9. P to B3
10. P to Q4 10. P takes P (en passant)
11. B takes P 11. P takes P
12. P takes P 12. Kt to B4
13. B takes Kt 13. R takes B
14. Kt to Q4 14. R takes R (ch)
15. Q takes R 15. Kt takes P
16. Q to K2 16. B to B3
17. B to B4 17. Q to B2
18. Kt to Q Kt5 18. Kt to Q5
19. Q takes Q 19. Kt takes Q (b)
20. Kt to B7 20. P to K4
21. Kt takes K 21. P takes B
22. Kt to B7 22. Kt takes P
23. Kt takes B 23. Kt to R5
24. R to Ksq 24. B to Q2
25. P to B4 25. B to Q5 (ch)
26. K to Rsq 26. Kt to B6
27. Kt takes P 27. Kt takes P
28. R to Qsq 28. B to K4
29. R takes B 29. B takes Kt
30. R takes Q Kt P 30. B to K6
31. R to Kt3 31. B to Kt3
32. K to R2 32. Kt to B8
33. R to Kt5 33. Kt to Q6
34. R to Q5 34. Kt to B4
35. K to K Kt2 35. K to KR2
36. K to KB3 36. Kt to K3
37. P to K Kt4 37. Kt to K4
38. P to KR4 38. P to QR4
39. R to Q7 (ch) 39. K to B3
40. R to Q Kt7 40. B to B4
41. K to K4 41. P to KR5
42. R to Kt5 42. P to R6
43. R to R5 43. K to K2
44. K to Q5 44. K to B3 (e)
45. R to B6 45. K to B2
46. R takes Kt 46. B to Q5
47. R to R6 Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) B to KR5, checking and preventing White from Castling, was, perhaps, better at this point.
(b) Giving up the exchange.
(c) The position of this Pawn was the origin of Black's troubles.
(d) The advance of Pawn ought to have given Black the game.
(e) A step which loses the game at once; B to Q3 seems the proper move here.