

TO IDEALIA.

Wilt thou roam with me To the dark blue sea, When the sun sits throned in the West, And the hills and streams, With his radiant beams, In richest garments are drest?

Oh, come, let us gaze On the golden blaze Of light on the sparkling sea: For then will awake Those wild thoughts that make Our spirits both joyous and free.

When the daylight dies, And the bright stars rise, And the pale moon shines afar; The lightning that gleams From thy dark eye seems More brilliant than moon or star.

Then, come, let us go And list to the flow Of the billows that break on the shore— How beautiful the spray! How transient its ray! Which gleams, and is seen never more.

But fairer by far Than eve with its star, Or the moonbeams that kiss the sea, Is the light that steals O'er the face, and reveals The soul of thy beauty to me.

How I love to stand On the golden sand, And list to the wind and the wave! The mournful surge Is a sweet, sad dirge For mortals who haste to the grave.

Then, come, let us roam Where the white billows foam, On the deep resounding sea; For I can speak there The thoughts that elsewhere I never could utter to thee!

Montreal.

H. M. SRAMBERG.

A VISIT TO THE INDIAN LORETTE.

By J. M. LE MOINE,

Author of "Quebec Past and Present," &c.

Of the many attractive sites in the environs of the city, few contain in a greater degree, during the leafy months of June, July and September, picturesque scenery, with a wealth of historical associations, than the village of the Huron Indians of Lorette. The nine miles intervening between Quebec and the rustic hamlet of the village, thanks to an excellent turnpike, can be spanned in little more than an hour. I shall now attempt to recapitulate some of the sights and incidents of travel recently befell me, while escorting to Lorette an Old World tourist, of very high literary estate. Fortunately for myself and for my genial but inquisitive companion, I was fresh from the perusal of Bressani, Ferland and Faillon, as well as the excellent French sketch Tahourenché, which my friend Mr. Montpetit had published, to whom I take this early opportunity of making due acknowledgment. My agreeable and illustrious companion had spent one day in the old capital sight-seeing. Possessed of a guide-book of "Quebec Past and Present" of my Tourist's Note Book, which he had inwardly pondered and digested, he had devoted the whole forenoon visiting

- The Citadel of Cape Diamond, The site of the old French Walls, Wolfe and Montcalm's Monument, The Laval University—its Museum and Picture Gallery, The Literary and Historical Society and its Museum, The French Basilica (1646)—its Relics, Pictures, &c., The Ursuline Convent and its famous Oil Paintings, The Dufferin Terrace—the Dufferin Improvements, The New Parliament Buildings, The Plains of Abraham, Spencer Wood and its Grand River Views,

where His Honor the Lieut.-Governor had assembled some of the Quebec literati to meet the great literary lion after luncheon. Our friend had engaged a comfortable carriage and driven down to the FALLS OF MONTMORENCY, the promenade obligée of all lettered Quebec tourists, crossing over to the east bank and contemplating the striking panorama and glittering distant city roof, from the very spot, forsooth, on which Wolfe, in July, 1759, had stood, whilst settling the details of the campaign, which by its results was to give the Anglo-Saxon the supremacy in the New World. The NATURAL STEPS and the famous ford adjacent thereto, defended in 1759 by Montcalm's militia men and Indians—nothing had escaped the eagle glance of the learned man. My functions as Cicerone, confined to a visit to Lorette and the Chaudière Falls, were to commence on the morrow. With a mellow autumnal sun, just sufficient

to bronze the sombre tints, lingering at the close of the Indian summer, we left the St. Louis Hotel, the headquarters of tourists, and rapidly drove through Fabrique and Palace streets, towards the unsightly gap in our city walls, of yore yeleft Palace Gate, which all Lord Dufferin's prestige failed to protect against vandalism, but which, thanks to his initiative, we expect soon to see bridged over with graceful turrets and Norman towers.

A turn to the west brought us opposite to the scarcely perceptible ruins of the Palace of the French Intendants, destroyed by the English shells in 1759, and battered by the city guns in 1775 to dislodge Arnold and Montgomery's New England soldiery.

The park which intervened formerly between it and the St. Charles was many years back converted into a wood yard to store the fuel for the garrison; a portion now is used as a cattle market; opposite stand the depot and freight sheds of the North Shore Railway; the road skirts the park towards the populous St. Roch suburbs, rebuilt and transformed since the great fire of 5th May, 1845, which destroyed 1,600 houses, occupying the site of former spacious pasture grounds for the city cows, styled by the early French La Vacherie. In a trice we reach Dorchester bridge, the second one built there in 1822—the first, opened with great pomp by His Excellency Lord Dorchester in 1789, having been constructed a few acres to the west, and called after him. The bridge, as a means of crossing from one shore to the other, is an undoubted improvement on the scow used up to 1789.

One of the first objects on quitting the bridge and diverging westward, towards the Charlesbourg road, on the river bank, is the stately, solid, antique mansion of the Hon. W. Smith, who at one time owned nearly all the broad acres intervening between this house and Gros Fin. It took for a time the name of Smithville and was inherited by several members of his family, who built cosy houses thereon. These green fields, fringed with white birch and spruce plantations, are watered by the St. Charles, the Kahir-Koubat of ancient days. In rear of one of the first villas, Ringfield, owned by Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., runs the diminutive stream, the Loiret, at the confluence of which Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535-6, leaving there one of his ships, the Petite-Hermine, of 60 tons, whose decayed oak timbers were exhumed in 1843 by Jos. Hamel, City Surveyor of Quebec. A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr. Parke—a circular field (hence the name Ringfield) covering about twelve acres, surrounded by a ditch, with an earth work about twenty feet high, to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet at the entrance of the St. Charles, before Quebec. A minute description has been given by General Levi's aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, of what was going on in this earth work, where at noon, on the 13th Sept., 1759, were mustered disorganized French squadrons, in full retreat from the Plains of Abraham towards their camp at Beauport. Here, on that fatal day, was debated the surrender of the colony—the close of French rule; here also, close by, in 1535-6, was the cradle of French power, the first settlement and winter quarters of the French pioneers—Cartier's hardy little band. From this spot, at eight o'clock that night, began the French retreat towards Charlesbourg church; at 4 a.m. the army was at Cap Rouge, disordered, panick-stricken; oh! where was the heroic Levi!

On ascending a hill, to the north, the eye gathers in the contour of a dense grove, hiding in its drooping folds "Auvergne," the former secluded country seat of Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell, now owned by George Alford, Esq.

A mile to the north, in the deep recesses of Bourg-Royal, rest the fast crumbling and now insignificant ruins of the only rural Chateau of French origin round Quebec. Was it built by Talon, or by Bigot? is an unfathomable mystery. Silence and desertion at present reign supreme, where of yore Bigot's heartless rascals used to meet to gamble away King Louis' card money and piastres.

"And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth, And empty the goblets and dreary the hearth!"

The tower or boudoir, where was immured the Algonquin maid Carolue, the beautiful, that too has crumbled to dust. The Rosignol and Hermit thrush now warble their soft melody over the very spot which once echoed the dying shriek: the poniard of a rival had struck deeply, had struck well. Charlesbourg, in part colonized by Intendant Talon's quiet peasantry, with its white cottages, its frugal peasants, its erect cedar picket fences, like stockades or sentries to prevent Indian surprises, amidst its lands, which

* Originally a brewery owned by Intendant Talon, and by him sold to the French King in 1686 for 15,000 *écus*. Later on its magnificent rivalled that of Chateau St. Louis.

† Kahir-Koubat "a meandering stream." Ahatsistari's house (formerly Poplar Grove, the homestead of L. T. McPherson Esq.), on the north bank of the St. Charles, is now called Kahir-Koubat. Here, formerly, dwelt, we are told, Col. De Salsberry, the hero of Chateauguay.

‡ Beyond the unmistakable vestiges of its having been of early French construction, there is nothing known of its history under French rule of Bigot's little Chateau. History is replete with details about his speculations and final punishment in the Bastille of France; possibly the legends in prose and in verse, which mantle round the time-worn ruin, have no other foundation than the fictions of the poet and the novelist. Thanks to Papineau, W. Kirby, Jos. Marquette, Beaumanoir is now immortalized in song.

fan-like all radiates from a common centre, the parish church, is not a bad type of the primitive French village.

But let us hurry on over the pleasant road, meandering round the crest of the highlands, towards the quaint Indian settlement of Lorette, for a glimpse of which my companion is longing. Here we are at last, but where is the waigwan of the chief medicine man, his *chickiquois* and *totems*? I had expected an Indian greeting such as rejoiced the ears of my friend Ahatsistari, when recently he escorted there the light hearted officers of the French frigate Laplace.

"Quaig! quaig! oiataro! (Good morning! Good morning! Friend!) and the response "Quaig! Quaig! (Good morning! Good morning!) was ready, when instead of the great Chief Tahourenché, a comely young woman, with nothing in her air to remind you of Pocahontas, in classic French, informed us that if it was her father Paul we were seeking, he was not at home she regretted to say. We were politely asked to come in and rest, and as I was known to her father, a silver tray with French wine was brought in; proud we felt in pledging the health of the great Tahourenché, whose hospitable roof, says Ahatsistari, has sheltered "dukes, counts and earls," as well as many men famous in letters, war and trade.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE day before Her Majesty left Baveno, she planted a cedar and a laurel tree in the garden of the Villa Clara, as mementoes of her sojourn there.

GUSTAVE DORE has been named officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy—and this in appreciation of his illustrations of Dante and Aristo.

THE people of Sicily have presented Garibaldi with a shield, in memory of his efforts to secure their independence. The shield bears designs of all the general's battles, and is to be deposited in the museum of the Capitol of Rome.

ON it becoming known at one of the Conservative clubs at Burnley that Lord Derby had succeeded from the Lancashire Conservative Association, one of the members of the club threw a coal at the portrait of his lordship which hung on the wall, and smashed the glass, whereupon another member pulled down the portrait and put it on the fire.

POLICE orders were given a few days since to all the stationers and print-sellers of Strasburg to remove from their shop-windows engravings of incidents in the 1870-71 war, such as "Le Bourget," the "Charges des Cuirassiers à Morsbronn," "La Dernière Cartouche," etc., as well as photographs or prints representing inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, with or without the cockade.

THIS year is the eighteenth centenary of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and, in consequence, the directors of the excavations have conceived the project of celebrating the event by a scientific fête, which will be held in November. The principal Italian archaeologists are already invited, and it is probable that the invitations will be extended to foreign savans. It is to be hoped that Mount Vesuvius will be in its good behaviour.

HUMOROUS.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, for there is less of it.

THE mule kicks in the way he does because he cannot talk back.

A GOOD, square kick will sometimes help a man further along in this world toward independence and prosperity than a dozen pulls by the hand.

WHAT a host of memories it brings up to drag forth a last year's light vest and find a dime snugly encased in one of the pockets!

A LITTLE dog in the back yard will make more noise in an hour than four gross of organ-grinders can make in a week—especially if a fellow wants to sleep.

THE fall of Adam was not so humiliating as it might have been. There was nobody around to say, "Come here, sonny, and I'll pick you up."

THESE are uncertain days when a young man wears his cane down-town in the morning, and before night wishes he had borrowed an umbrella.

AN Indiana paper took a man off a dray, put him to writing locals, and in three days the chap was writing criticisms against Booth's style of acting.

A BRIGHT boy was walking along the street with his mother, and observing a man with a peculiar blith in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed: "Look there, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet!"

How the pedestrians would travel heavenwards, if it was announced that St. Peter would divide the gate money dally with the man who arrived first.

"WHAT" asks a correspondent, "is the meaning of Shelley's 'Epipsychidion'?" We are not perfectly certain, but it sounds wonderfully like the name of some new aque medicine.

THE 4-year-old child is an admirable nucleus for a circus party. As many as fifteen persons have been known to take an afternoon off just to see that the elephant didn't step on the little fellow.

SOME men never lose their presence of mind. In New York a man threw his mother-in-law out of a window in the fifth story of a burning building and carried a feather-bed down stairs in his arms.

§ Louis XIV. granted to his Canadian Intendant Talon, in 1665, Bourg-Royal, Bourg La Reine, Bourg-Talon. The great Intendant had located French settlers here, and the lands were divided and tapered off to a point round the church, so that in the event of an Indian raid the tolling of the bell might call them to arms and to concentrate in one spot.

"THE moon is always just the same," he said languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

THE weather continues very changeable in Central New York. A few days ago a man in that country was sunstruck right at the close of a snow-storm because he couldn't get his ulster off quick enough.

THE following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics: He was asked—"What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 223. R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 224, also, correct solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 221. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 222 received. J. H., Montreal.—Letter received containing score of game. Thanks. R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 222.

We are sorry to notice in the English papers the announcement of the death of Mr. George Walker, one of the oldest of our chess writers and players. He became associated with London Chess society about fifty years ago, and he contended during the earlier part of his career with La Bourdonnais, Alexander McDonnell, Lewis, Cochrane, and other chess magnates, whose names are familiar to the student of the game. Mr. Geo. Walker was connected with *Bell's Life in London*, as Chess Editor, for more than forty years, and by his literary productions in the same line, he did a great deal to make the game what it has become, a popular amusement. His first work was the *Art of Chess Play*, which appeared in 1833. In 1835, he published *Philidor and his Contemporaries*, and *Chess Studies* in 1841. In 1846 appeared his *Art of Chess Playing* and *Chess and Chess Players*. The skill and research contained in his productions have won him a fame among chess writers, but it is, perhaps, his association with the history of the game during the last half century which has chiefly endeared him to the amateurs of the present day, as it appears from all accounts that his memory was replete with the most interesting particulars connected with the great players with whom he had come in contact.

Croydon in Surrey, England, seems to have a chess club which exerts itself bravely to provide its members with the best of practice for their advancement in their favourite pastime. Last February, our old friend, Mr. Bird, became their invited guest, and played a simultaneous match with a number of their players, and now we are informed that Mr. Blackburne has recently contested blindfold with seven members of the same club, and that the results were all in favour of their distinguished visitor. We will endeavour in our next column to give fuller particulars, with one of the games of the contest.

The ladies are certainly coming to the front in chess for one of them, viz. Miss C. A. Holroyd, of Hull, England, has lately won the prize offered for the solution of a very difficult problem contributed by Mr. G. R. Heischelm to the *Brooklyn Transcript* (U.S.A.). Miss Holroyd was the only solver of this puzzle, which is as follows: "Place the men as at the beginning of a game, and (with the sole condition that Black's moves must be the exact counterpart of White's) mate in six moves with Knight, in eight moves with King's Rook, Queen's Rook, and with a double check, and produce a double stalemate in twenty-five moves." *The West Sussex County Chronicle* reproduces this puzzle, and offers a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" to the first sender of the correct solution, the above-mentioned young lady being of course debarred from competing. We should not be surprised if underhand appeals for help be made to her, and it will then remain to be seen whether solving a complicated problem is more difficult than keeping a secret.—*Land and Water*.

SCORE OF THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY

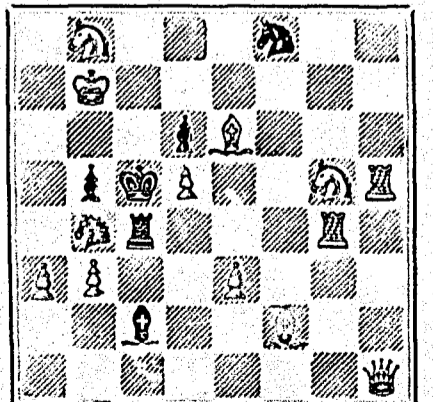
Table with 2 columns: WON, and 2 rows: America (18), Great Britain (17)

Last week the announcement of Mr. French's brilliant victory tied the score in the International Tourney, and this week we are pleased to announce that Mr. Foster, of Michigan, has won another game, beating Mr. Croker, his English antagonist, in fifty-six moves. This opportunity victory once more gives the Americans a lead of one. Well done, Sir Knight! —*Hartford Times Conn.*

The Leipzig edition of the Paris Tournament games is announced to appear this month from the press of Messrs. Velt & Co. It will contain all the games played in the great contest of 1878, annotated by M. Schalloop, and a supplement devoted to the problem tourney. It may be obtained through Seibert, Broadway, near Nineteenth street, or Westermann & Co.; 234 Broadway. The publisher's price is four marks, which is about \$1 of our currency, including freight and customs duty.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

PROBLEM No. 226.

By C. W. M. Dale. BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in two moves.