

been tried with success at several public schools in England, as well as by regiments stationed at Gibraltar. The mode of laying it down is as follows: The matting, which consists of two long strips, each twenty yards long and one wide, joined in the centre—the seam if neatly made will be found no inconvenience—is nailed down with spikes eight inches long, three at either end and two on either side at the centre. The matting must only project about two inches over the batting crease at either end, otherwise a bowler with either spikes or nails would cut it up in no time if stretched to the wickets. Any sort of level ground will do, which should first be well watered, and when the water has soaked in, pull the matting tight all round, peg closely down, and in a short time you have an excellent pitch, on which a much more satisfactory match can be played than on many of the bumpy and dangerous grounds now used. It is best for the batsman to run clear of the matting.

THERE has been a lot of nonsense talked and written in England and America about the *World-Yates* affair and about what is known as "society journalism." Mr. Yates has explained himself in his own organ, and his rival, Labouchere, has not only contributed to the same subject in *Truth*, but has unbosomed himself in the *Pall Mall Gazette* office. Premising that the mainstay of "society" journals is their gossip, Mr. Labouchere claims that good natured gossip is harmless, is the staple talk of the wisest of the human race, and does not see why the press should ignore it. He did not justify the paragraph for inserting which Mr. Yates was sentenced to imprisonment, but thought it slipped in the *World* through inadvertency.

"To show you how accidents may occur, I will tell you a case in my own experience. One of the best-known men on the press sent me a paragraph. Its basis was political, but it contained a reflection on an individual. I passed my pen through the reflection. The printer, however, imagined that I meant to underline it, and printed it in italics. The individual brought an action. I, of course, accepted the responsibility, and did not state in my pleadings what had really occurred, for I thought that people would say that I was trying to get out on a subterfuge. Well, we each spent about £300, when I came to the conclusion that my best plan was to agree to pay the plaintiff's costs. A mistake, therefore, which certainly was no fault of mine, cost me £600."

Mr. Labouchere would never dream of inserting a fact sent to him by the best of ladies—"the fair sex is credulous and imaginative." He thinks the sentence of four months' imprisonment a severe one "considering that a man may break his wife's head for a great deal less." He cannot understand why the writer of the obnoxious paragraph, Lady Stradbroke, was not prosecuted by Lord Lonsdale.

THE partizans of Cambridge, who were overjoyed at the result of the boat race, met with a serious disappointment on the following day in the Inter-Varsity sports, the majority of the events in the programme being looked upon as "sure things" for the representatives of the Light Blues. However, of the nine events set down for decision, Oxford won six and Cambridge but three. The contests were good throughout, the mile, done in 4.26½, being the best on record in the history of 'Varsity sports, while the performance of Pollock, of Cambridge, in the Hurdle Race, who covered the distance in sixteen seconds, if the timing be correct, marks him as the most brilliant hurdle racer of the day. The other two events which went to Cambridge were the high jump and broad jump. Since the commencement of these sports in 1864, Oxford has won ninety-four and Cambridge ninety-three events. The chess contest between the sister Universities went to Cambridge by four games to three. Seven men represented each University. Since the inauguration of the annual meeting in 1873, Cambridge has won five games, Oxford three, and one resulted in a draw. The double-handed rackets for the ninth time in succession went to Cambridge, though the match was one of the best ever witnessed, the Light Blues winning by four games to three. Thus making as the result of all the matches played fifteen to Cambridge and thirteen to Oxford. In the single-handed game the Cantab also proved too much for the Oxonian and won a grand match by three games to two. Of these matches Oxford has won fifteen and Cambridge thirteen.

FEW there are of those now left amongst us whose names are associated with Waterloo. Of that select few, one who witnessed the glories of that memorable Sunday has just gone to join so many of his comrades who then fell at La Belle Alliance—Mr. William Hamilton Williamson. The deceased gentleman was the second son of Sir Hedworth Williamson, the sixth baronet of that ancient and honourable house, and at an early age was sent to Eton. The only books, however, which he ever studied *con amore* were the Racing Calendar, the Stud Book, and the lists of the Durham and Zetland Hounds, and his stock of learning when leaving that classic seat was much on a par with that of Sir Robert Walpole, who by his own confession acknowledged to having picked up "a few lines of Horace and

a knowledge of how to swim." At an early age Mr. Williamson was gazetted to the 6th Dragoons, or "Inniskillings," in which regiment at Waterloo the present Earl of Albemarle also served. But it is not as a soldier, but as a sportsman, that "Billy Williamson" was so well and so generally known. Few there are of us but have revelled in the pages of "Mr. Soapy Sponge," drawn by the master hand of Mr. Surtees, in which old Ralph Lambton figures as the master of the Durham Hounds, and Billy Williamson as his favourite pupil in all matters pertaining to horse and hound. To the mastership of this celebrated pack he succeeded on the death of his Mentor. Still, it is chiefly in his connexion with the turf he has gained such notoriety. No man living was a better judge of thoroughbreds, and never was the proof of his keen judgment more satisfactorily proved than in the case of "Voltigeur," who won the Derby and St. Leger of 1850. Yet had it not been for Mr. Williamson's discernment, his brother-in-law, the late Lord Zetland, would never have purchased the colt, and possibly one of the finest horses the English turf has brought out might have never been seen between the flags at all. As long then, as Derby winners are valued and honoured among the foremost nations of civilization, so long will the name and memory of Mr. Williamson continue to be associated with the history and fame of "Voltigeur." With the late Admiral Rous, and with the late Sir Samuel Martin, Mr. Williamson lived on the closest intimacy, and no men of the present century ever knew more of the thoroughbred and racing matters in general. Sir Samuel never ceased to regret, to the hour of his death, that he had not left "Coke upon Littleton," and "Byles upon Bills" alone, and confined his studies to the works periodically promulgated by Messrs. Weatherby.

THE action of the French Chamber of Deputies in voting General Campenon's proposal making it obligatory on all classes of the nation, without any exemption whatever other than that of physical or mental incapacity, to serve three years in the army, is a step full of political portent. Hitherto, considerable exemptions were allowed, and the professional classes were allowed to pass out of the ranks after a year's service. This policy will bring the probabilities of war closer even than they are. Indeed, a writer in the *Journal des Débats* has the courage to make the following gloomy forecast:—"The Republic is preparing a dragon's crop of armed men which will some day be let loose on Europe to avenge the disaster of Sedan, and to realize again the dream of military glory which has always been the bane of France."

THE C.P.R. BY THE KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE SELKIRKS.—X.

THE ROGERS' PASS.

FROM the summit of the Selkirks—down the western slope—to the Columbia, the distance is about forty-five miles; and, in the first week in September, a trail had been cut only about half way. Soon after starting from the summit, we came upon the Ille-cille-waut, sometimes called Moberly Creek, and followed it pretty closely all the way down, except in the last three or four miles of its course. We found ourselves in the heart of the undisturbed forest primeval, and among slate mountains intersected by quartz veins tempting to prospectors. The cedars, hemlocks, spruce and white pine are all on the largest scale. Before reaching a point where the river is said to "fork," or where a large branch enters the main stream from the north, we came upon the most perfect box cañon we had yet seen. The river boils between walls of naked rock, two hundred feet high, the distance from wall to wall at one point being not more than twenty feet. A mile or two below this cañon, the trail—to our sorrow—ended. Here, at McMillan's Camp, whose men were busy surveying and trail making, we were to part with Major Rogers and with our horses, and foot it as best we could to the Columbia, where we hoped to effect a junction with Indians from Kamloops.

On the way down from the summit to McMillan's Camp, I had many long talks with the Major about the steps taken by him to discover the pass. The information obtained then, and confirmed subsequently, in all requisite points, by official documents, I may give in the form of a historical sketch:

From the time that British Columbia was formed into a Colony, its public men looked forward to being connected, by waggon road and then by railroad, with the other British Colonies in North America. They were thoroughly loyal, and had no idea of remaining in the condition of a thumb separated from the body any longer than they could help. Discoveries of gold at the Big Bend of the Columbia attracted a mining population in 1864 to that remote district, and it became important to