

## A Legend of Mount Beloeil.

BY KRISS.

Upon the summit of Beloeil  
There stands a pilgrim's shrine,  
'Twas placed there many years ago  
By men of good design.

And sinners climbed the mountain's side  
By rugged paths and wild,  
To pray forgiveness for their sins  
Their erring hearts beguiled.

One night, 'tis what the legend says,  
An awful storm arose,  
An God in anger long suppressed,  
Did His high wrath disclose.

For, there up in that pilgrim's shrine  
Built most 'twixt earth and air,  
The lightning showed a sinner's form  
In attitude of prayer.

Loud clashed the angry elements,  
The shrine rocked to and fro;  
What vexed the Holy Will that night,  
'Tis said that none did know.

But now there came a flash and crash—  
A flaming cloud of fire  
Enclosed the sinner kneeling there,  
The awakener of God's ire!

Down, down the trembling mountain's side  
It bore him fierce and fast,  
Into a rent of gaping earth!  
And now the storm was past.

Next day, 'tis said, the crucifix  
Which erst the shrine had crowned,  
Was sought by willing men, but to  
This day has ne'er been found.  
Montreal.

## A Summer Week with a North-West Survey Party.

BY BARRY DANE.

(Continued.)

Wednesday morning, bright, clear and beautiful. I see the fresh air of camp has already begun to make thee more sprightly in thine uprising. Here goes for our morning bath in the cool lake, and then a hearty breakfast.

And thou wouldst chain with me this fine morning, and make thyself of some practical use. Then thou shalt have thy desire gratified. Take these pins and the end of this chain and we will measure the traverse line that the men are cutting. Thou wilt find it no fashionable promenade, swept by silken skirts and bewitching pullbacks; nor wilt thou be able to get a "shine" for half a dime, when the polish shall have vanished from thy shoes.

Up that perpendicular rock? Aye, and perhaps a score more of them ere this day's work be done. A little balsam gum upon thy shin will heal thy wound,—hey! keep upon the line across that rush-bed,—water to thy knees, aye, and to thy middle, too, my friend; and thank heaven that the other side of this quaking mire does not fall out, and let thee through altogether. Keep a firm grip of thine end of the chain, and I will pull thee out, though thou shouldst at "frog" it in cecytus. Thou hast lost some of the pins; better hadst thou lost thy brains; for it necessitates a reclaiming of that last "tally," when thou shalt surely sink into the Plutonian Shades.

Thy feet are wet—strange! passing strange! and thy garments, too, a little soiled; but thou art safe and sound, except thy broken skin and a few square inches of pelt in different parts of thy body.

Come, 'tis dinner-time, lend a hand to make a fire, and boil some water to draw tea. And so thou art really hungry, and dost enjoy thy cold pork and bread and sugarless tea; but look yonder in that can, there is a sweeter substance for dessert. Molasses! turn not up thy city nose at it until thou hast tried its flavour on the line. I told thee it was good, and now thou art sorry it is gone. I verily believe thou wouldst glut thyself upon the long-tailed sweetness. When had thy pipe so sweet and fragrant a flavour as now, when, after thy simple meal, thou liest down upon a couch of moss to inhale its narcotic fumes? Never, I'll warrant thee—never. But we must to the line again, and once more dangle by a chain from rocky points, or sink waist-deep in the slippery home of the bullfrog and catfish.

The sun is resting on those island tops, and thou hast done nobly for one day, so we will back to camp and hang our bedraggled raiment upon some tree to dry, and deck ourselves in more comfortable costume.

Thou wouldst write home to-night! Canst thou not tear thyself from the dripping quill for one short week? Then, if thou art determined on it, have a care that thou sayest nought but the truth.

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," for with thy vivid imagination thou couldst easily picture thyself in Elysium Fields, or cast thyself into the depths of Tartarus. Cleave, I pray thee, to the truth. Tell them not of hand-to-hand conflicts with grizzly bears, for there are none in these parts. Stop short when thou wouldst mention heads of buffalo bearing down on our devoted camp, and of our delivery from the great danger through thy bravery, for these animals abide farther west. Talk not of naked savages reeking with the blood and arrayed in the scalps of their victims, for the Indian of this country has lost his whole nature since his mixture with the whites. But thou mayst say that we struck the trail of a caribou, and that thou heardst the whine of a bear in the woods at night, but that thou wert too late upon

the spot next morning, with thy double-barrelled breech-loader and scalping-knife. That thy feet have been wet, but well dried upon return to camp, to avoid rheumatism, thou mightst remark. The latter part of the statement will allay any fear for thy health caused by the former portion. But why do I presume to give thee hints on what to write, for even hadst thou not suffered much and enjoyed more, thou couldst doubtless fill pages with a glowing account of thy joys and troubles, toils and adventures.

But surely thou hast written enough for to-night. Then put away thy log-desk, and let us sleep soundly after our day's work.

What, up before me, sirrah! wouldst thou steal a march upon thy friend who has dragged thee thus far through a week of camp life, and taught thee what free and healthful enjoyment is? I will be with thee in a moment, and help thee to devour pork and beans and have a morning pipe. To-day our line runs straight back into the country from where we finished yesterday. We shall go there in a canoe. That is clever, now! Put thy number fifteen through the bottom of the canoe—these frail barks are not accustomed to be jumped into; but if thou wilt continue the practice, they may become used to it, and not upset, nor take any harm thereby. Here is the rock at which we land. Lift her clear and leave her on the bank till we return. The men have some two hours' start of us. Pull out the chain.

That, my friend, is a "windfall" that may cost thee dear in tattered clothing and bruised shins ere thou hast passed across it. Wert thou a squirrel, thou wouldst find it easier work to scale those reclining trunks. Aye, truly, sorry am I for the knees of thy city trousers; but thou shalt have needle and thread to-night to sew thy tattered self together. There they go again! but thou hast still enough left to sit down upon, and with a flour-bag to patch them with, thou wilt make the rest of the party as jealous as Joseph's brethren. Smile if thou wilt, but there is no tailor within three hundred miles of us, and a flour-bag is the only cloth at hand. When thou hast pricked thy fingers a score or more of times in vain attempts to sew in a patch, thou wilt not smile incredulously at my statement.

Another dinner upon the line. It is marvelous how quickly thou hast learnt to get outside of cold pork and bread and treacle, and with what numberless cups of unsugared tea thou wastest it down. And thou art no longer so fastidious about what brand of tobacco thou wouldst smoke. Something less regal than pure Virginia leaf or Turkish satisfies thee now, and if the common substantial plug, which thou now enjoyest, should run short, I doubt not but that I would find thee, with a glow of satisfaction on thy face, fumigating thyself with a fill of "black-strap." O tempora! O mores!

This that we are coming to is a cedar swamp, where the moss grows soft and green, but where the unwary traveller—there, thou art, up to thy knees; but that is nothing. This black will wash off. Nay, call it not beastly filth; it is the purest of water mixed with the richest of earth. Just fancy how thy rockery at home would sprout and bloom, couldst thou but fructify it with that bootful of mud.

But the sun is low, and thy feet are heavy and tired. So let us retrace our steps to the canoe and steer for camp.

Here we are at last. Now change thy clothes and have some supper, for thou hast earned thy meals to-day, not only by thy work, but by thy misfortunes.

And now that we are gathered round the fire, who will sing us a song? Come, David, tune thyself. My friend here is in a sentimental mood, give him one of thy softest strains, like the good soul thou art. Hush! a moment, boys. Now, Dave, begin.

Let me linger where my heart is,  
One fond moment more with thee;  
Need I tell thee that to part is  
Bitter than death to me?

Weary leagues may come between us  
Ere we meet again as now,  
But the angels they have seen us,  
And shall bear my parting vow.

Years may pass thy hair to whiten,  
Wrinkles sear thy snowy brow,  
Time shall only serve to tighten  
Cords that bind me to thee now.

N't the beauty of thy features,  
Nor thy form, though fair thou art,  
Nor thy smiling eyes, Love's teachers,  
But the beauty of thy heart.

That shall bind me ever to thee,  
That shall keep me ever thine;  
Darling, canst thou answer truly,  
That thy heart is ever mine!

Oh, David, had I thy sweet tenor voice, I would be a roving minstrel with a troupe; though sure thy voice needs no sweeter accompaniment than the sighing wind among the trees. Can I not praise thee enough to get another song out of thee to-night? Friend Paul, thy voice may be in tune this evening. Let us hear no faint excuses, which, though perhaps the accustomed prelude in the drawing-room, will find no sympathy here. Begin, begin, thou reckless wielder of the paddle.

Gaily she rides o'er the glittering wave,  
My light, frail craft, my bark canoe,  
Down rolling streams where the rapids rave,  
And the wind is the voice of the Manitou.

Past rocky banks where the lichens cling,  
And the stunted pine in the crevice stands,  
Swiftly she sweeps with her cedar wing  
Past the wooded shores and pebble strands.

I fear no gale on the boundless lake,  
For she cleaves the billows, a thing of life,  
As over her bows they toss and break  
And lash her sides in a ceaseless strife.

When the wind is hushed, and the moon is bright,  
I launch my bark from the silent shore,  
And paint the lake with the silver light  
Of the spreading wake, like a soft aureole.

No gondola by palatial walls  
Bears half so happy a heart as mine,  
No music, I ween, as serenely falls  
On the listening ear, as of sighing pine.

Was ever a life so gay and free?  
Was ever a friend more tried and true,  
Than the summer days on an inland sea,  
And my light, frail craft, my bark canoe?

Well done, friend Paul! I shall never again call thee a witless wight, for thou hast actually got through a whole song without stopping in the middle to ask "what the devil the rest of the words are." It shall be graven in birch bark and scattered abroad among the tribes, this last accomplishment of thine.

And so thou art pleased with our camp-fire opera troupe, and wind and water orchestra; with thy reserved log-seat and thy hard-handed companions. Thou hast heard better music and as witless words, I know, in older lands, where Patis, Nilsons and Albanis enchant perfumed audiences, but when, in those days of opera boxes, white kids and bewitching eyes, didst thou enjoy thyself more than thou hast to-night, listening to untutored voices beside this North-West camp-fire, beneath a cloudless moonlit sky? Ah! though stickler for French and Italian opera, ungrateful dog, get thee to thy blankets and buffalo robe, and snore thyself an opera bouffe or a Wagnerian march, so that thou disturbest not my peaceful slumbers. Good-night.

What, snoring still! Ah, I see that thy wondrous activity of yesterday was but a spurt, and thou hast returned once more to thy sluggish ways. Come out of thy cocoon, thou worm, and sun thyself into a tattered butterfly. We shall have a tramp through the trackless wood this morning, to strike the end of the line where we left off yesterday. Guided by the sun, we can make a pretty good guess as to the locality. Come on.

Yes, it is hard enough travelling here, over rocks and windfalls, through muskegs and marshes, without a trail of any kind to guide one. Wert thou some poor rheumatic Scot, I would pity thy wet feet more than I do, but thy warm blood and the exertion of walking will keep the marrow in thy bones from congealing.

What! another rent, crossing that fallen tree. Verily, the sunbursts in thine unmentionables make thee look, to my mind, like some patriotic son of Erin; but here we are upon the line, and not far from our work either. We must hurry, if we would catch the men by dinner-time. Pull out the chain. I think thou wouldst rather be in thy sanctum, wielding the mighty pen and shears, and swearing at the "devil" who will not bring the proofs in time, than dragging sixty feet of chain over stocks and stones, and knocking thy tender shins against snags. And, if I mistake not, these overhanging clouds mean wet skins for us both ere long. But here we are, up to the men, and dinner will be a balm to many of thine ills. There, I felt a heavy drop—we are in for a wetting, and as the men are going back to camp, we shall also make a track for home. Wet, tired and muddy. Thou seest it is not perpetual sunshine in this North-Western paradise. Warm thyself and put on some dry clothing, and get thyself outside of a comfortable supper. We shall have no camp-fire concert this night; and, if I mistake not the appearance of the clouds, a rainy day is in store for us to-morrow. Come, light thy pipe, and let us have a talk, for thy week is well nigh drawing to an end; but two more days and thou wilt be back once more busied among high piles of "exchanges." Some of them thou wilt never open, but consign them at once to the waste-basket, along with numerous poems and tales that have caused high hopes to spring in the breasts of youthful tyros with the pen; others will be skimmed over lightly by thee, and be honoured by an occasional clip from thy ponderous shears; but a few, a choice few, will be reserved until the last. Over these thou wilt spend an hour or two. I can see thee leaning back in thine easy chair, thy pipe between thy lips, absorbed in the perusal of the *Graphic*, the *Queen*, or some other leading journal.

(To be continued.)

THE International Literary Congress at Paris has adopted as a basis for its decisions the principle advocated by Victor Hugo that a book once published becomes in part the property of society, and that after the author's death his family cannot prevent its re-issue, but that they are entitled to a percentage on the profits.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Postal received. Solution of Problem No. 180 correct.

B., Montreal.—The game shall appear shortly.

A. K., Montreal.—The position No. 179 is correct.

E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 177 received. Correct.

It is pleasant to observe that several of the Editors of Chess Journals and Columns published on the other side of the Atlantic, have given notices lately of the approaching annual meeting of the Dominion Chess Association. This is as it should be. It has been said that the doings of our great and flourishing neighbour, the United States,

so absorbed the attention of Chessplayers that very little connected with the royal game, as far as Canada was concerned, received any consideration. It may be, however, that very meagre information respecting Canadian Chess was transmitted to those who have the means of giving it publicity. We shall endeavour to prevent this in future, and trust that there will be such a gathering of players at Montreal next August, that the particulars will not fail to be interesting, not only to our friends across the Atlantic, but also to our neighbours in the South, who, we are sure, feel a lively interest in our doings in this respect.

A good deal will depend upon Canadian Chessplayers themselves.

It is impossible to read the particulars published in English and American Chess journals without perceiving that there is an enthusiasm with reference to the game existing in both these countries.

The opportunity will soon present itself for all our players to exhibit something of a like feeling, and then they will find that their friends, both far and near, will be happy to congratulate them on the successful carrying out of their annual meeting.

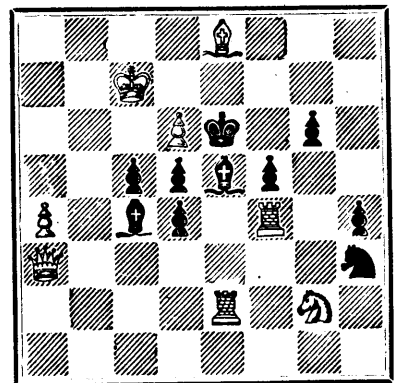
## LADY CHESSPLAYERS.

The Holyoke Transcript published last week a letter from a New York lady over the initials "M. E. F." in which the chess prowess of a Mrs. Worrell, of New York, is highly complimented. The lady correspondent proposes that a Chess tournament be held at Holyoke, with lady participants, and in this way bring about a trial of skill between Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Worrell. The Hartford lady also received a letter from "M. E. F." inviting her to meet them at Holyoke. While Mrs. Gilbert never shrinks from contesting a game of Chess in a quiet way with anybody who calls upon her for that purpose, she does not court the publicity which the proposed tournament would involve. Inasmuch as "M. E. F." and Mrs. Worrell propose to travel to Holyoke via Hartford, Mrs. Gilbert despatched a note inviting the New York lady to call at her house and contest a few friendly games with her. This seems the proper thing to do, although it will divert from Holyoke an interesting project.—Hartford Times.

## PROBLEM No. 182.

By MR. J. STONEHOUSE.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 272TH.

Played in Class 2nd at the late Grantham Tourney.  
(From the Chessplayers' Chronicle.)  
(Knight's Game.)

WHITE. (Mr. Marriott. *)	BLACK. (Mr. Walton.)
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3	2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QB4	3. B to K2(a)
4. P to Q4	4. P takes P
5. Kt takes P (b)	5. Kt to K4 (c)
6. B to QKt3	6. P to Q3
7. B to KB4 (d)	7. Kt to KB3
8. Kt to QB3	8. Castles
9. Q to K2	9. P to QR3 (e)
10. Castles (Q R)	10. B to Q2
11. P to KR4	11. P to QB3
12. P to KR5	12. P to KR3
13. Kt to KB5	13. B takes Kt
14. P takes B	14. Q to QB2
15. R to KR3	15. Kt to KR2
16. B takes Kt (f)	16. P takes B
17. Kt to K4	17. QR to Qsq
18. R to Ksq	18. K to Rsq
19. P to QB3	19. P to KB3
20. R to Kt3	20. B to Q3
21. R to KRsq	21. KR to Ksq
22. R to KR4	22. P to Kt4
23. QR to Kt4	23. R to K2
24. P to QR3	24. P to QB4
25. B to K6	25. Kt to KBsq
26. B to Q5	26. P takes Kt (h)
27. Kt takes P (g)	27. B to R2
28. R to Kt8 (ch) (i)	28. B to B4
29. B to B4	29. B to B4
30. R to KR8 (ch)	30. K takes R
31. Q mates.	

## NOTES BY A. B. SKIPWORTH AND W. WAYTE.

(a) This is known as the Hungarian Defence, from its successful adoption by Pesth in the great match with Paris. The *Handbuch* gives as the continuation 4 P to Q4 4 P to Q3 5 P to Q5 5 Kt to Kt5 best, 6 B to Q3, 6 P to QB3, 7 P to QB4, leaving White a very slight advantage of position. We should prefer instead of making White's KB, 5 P to QB3, as more in accordance with modern principles.

(b) We should certainly have elected to Castle here, and leave the Pawn for the present, when the position would not have been poor in promise.

(c) The Kt here, we fancy, is merely a mark for attack.

(d) Appearances are very much against this move. The square now occupied should have been left for the King's Bishop's Pawn, an attack invited by the adversary.

(e) This, and Black's next move, are painfully careful. Bolder measures might considerably have freed Black's game, and enabled him to strike the first blow.

(f) B takes K R P, playing afterwards P to KB4 (regarding the piece) would, at least, have caused a breach in Black's defences.

(g) Quite worth the venture under the circumstances, though we rather doubt the soundness of the move.

(h) The natural move, and one which many stronger players would have made; but would not P to K5 have seriously interfered with all White's plans?

(i) The termination is extremely neat.

\* Mr. Marriott was the winner of the first prize at Grantham in Class II., scoring every game.