

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

A soldier boy from Boston lay gasping on the field. When the battle shock was over, and the foe was forced to yield. He fell a noble hero, before the foe's aims. On the blood-stained field of Richmond—of Richmond on the James.

But one still stood beside him—his comrade in the fray— They had been friends together, in boyhood's happy day; And side by side they struggled, thro' fields of smoke and flame, To part that eve near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

He said, "I charge thee, comrade, my friend in days of yore, Off far and distant dear ones, whom I shall see no more; Tho' scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well-known names, Oh, bear them back my blessing from Richmond on the James.

"Give my good sword to my brother, and the badge upon my breast To my young and gentle sister, whom I used to love the best; Give one look from off my forehead to my mother who still dreams Of her soldier-boy's returning from Richmond on the James.

"Close on my breast, dear comrade, oh, lay those neat brown braids; For they are of the fairest of all the village maids, We were to have been married, but death the bridegroom claims, And she's far away who loves me now from Richmond on the James.

"Say, does my pale face haunt her dear friend, who looks on me; Or is she singing, laughing, in careless, girlish glee? It may be that she's joyous, and knows but joyous scenes, And not that I lay bleeding near Richmond on the James."

"Tis far from those who loved him, this youthful soldier sleeps Unknown among the thousands for whom their country weeps; But no higher heart nor braver one was laid 'neath sunset's gleams, As was laid that eve near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

Now the land is filled with mourning, from hall to cot left lone; And we miss the boyish faces that used to greet our own, And long lone wives and mothers will weep, with little dames, To hear the name of Richmond—of Richmond on the James.

A TALE OF A TEMPEST.

We were gathered after dinner in the Press-Room of the House of Assembly at Quebec, one brutal evening in February, 1874, enjoying a quiet smoke before the reopening of the sitting. The day had been an atrocious one. Blasts of sleet-laden wind had been roaring up the valley of the St. Lawrence ever since morning; the streets were almost impassable with heavy drifts that blocked them in every direction; and the unhappy mortals whom evil fortune obliged to be out of doors had their visage scarred remorselessly by particles that smarted wherever they lodged. The ramshackle pile of bricks wherein the legislators of the Province do meet and deliberate, sighed and groaned under the pressure of the tempest; the windows rattled, as if myriads of disconsolate ghosts demanded entrance, and every now and then, a searching blast would penetrate an unsuspected cranny, with a shriek like the last despairing note of a lost soul. The weather had a depressing effect upon the whole of us, and we sat, exhaling tobacco smoke, grumpy and conversationally annihilated. There was none of that sparkle of fun and excess of joviality that usually marked the evening gathering; indeed, the average aspect of the membership would have cast a gloom over a funeral. The generally unwelcome announcement that the Speaker had resumed the Chair was accepted as a blessed relief, and we took our seats in the gallery, perfectly resigned to sit out what we knew was going to be a profitless, spiritless, scurvy debate on a subject that we had all long ago sickened of—the Tanneries' Land Swap.

About eight, the House went into Committee, and we retired to the Press Room again, to smoke. The storm had increased in violence; but one who had just come in, remarked that the snow had taken a turn, and instead of being sleety, was dry and scabbinably penetrating. We closed the door upon the Babel of voices below, and commenced a pleasant talk, the first of the day when—

Cr-r-r-r-ash !!!
A low, thunderous roar broke upon us, and the old building rocked and quivered, as if a Titan had taken it unsteadily upon his shoulders. Then it settled down with a sort of a bump, and the storm rattled away as before. We didn't know what to make of it. The sensation was somewhat akin to that of an earthquake, but not sufficiently so to make us believe that there had been any disturbance in the bowels of our planet. The noise that had accompanied the motion was in every way uncommon, and I am not ashamed to confess that I was somewhat frightened. Ten minutes later, however, a powdery boy from the office of the paper which had the inestimable advantage of being secure of my services, announced to me that there had been trouble in Diamond Harbour, that I was requested to descend the Hill, yclept Mountain, at once, and that a colleague would do his best to fill my place in the journalistic tribune of the House for the remainder of the evening. This was a pleasing prospect. "Trouble in Diamond Harbour" usually meant a disagreement among gentlemen doing a fine business in the crimping line, accompanied by a free use of revolvers, and

some slashing with knives. I had been an unwilling spectator of a good deal of trouble there, and had seen, in my time, subjects for the Coroner which had been prepared with a despatch that must have been far from exhilarating to their families. I was not so sure that some of the worthies of the locality had not been engaged in a fresh game of mutual annihilation. The idea of carrying on faithful reporting in an atmosphere as thick with bullets as with the curses of the warriors, was not a cheering one to a naturally timid man with a small family, but duty was duty, and I prepared to go.

Arrived at the office, I found that there was, on this occasion, no fight on hand. But a great accident had happened, and would I kindly transfer my labours from the legislative to the accidental scene, and write up a good report thereof? Nothing could give greater pleasure. A cariole was waiting, and I was at liberty to incur what expenses I thought proper. Enchanted. And, while not in the slightest degree doubting my ability to do the subject justice, would I turn the thing out in such style as to make the rival city journals green with envy? Most decidedly.

After driving back to the Legislature to give final instructions to my substitute, I rushed away through the blinding whirlwind, through the gateway that Arnold had vainly attempted to storm on just such a night, nearly a century before, down the steep hill, where the men fell like sheep, past the old Neptune Inn, of famous memory, through the old Lower Town Market, past the site of Champlain's "Abitation de Québec," past the queer old church of Notre Dame de la Victoire, through the once infamous Cul-de-Sac, away under the cliff, below the Lower Park, and the ruins of the houses swept away by that awful avalanche of stone, through the narrowest gut of Champlain street, on beyond the cleft in the rock which bears the sign "Here Montgomery Fell," on over the road along which he toiled that dreadful night when Hugh McQuarters fired his fatal gun; on and on through whirls of snow and gathering drift, now jamming against a groping vehicle, now rattling against a rock, until a plunge into a crowd, and a rearing of the horse brought the heady career to a close.

The crowd was angry, apparently, at the intrusion. My onset was a vigorous one, and had I not been known, my chances of receiving a batin' would have been excellent. As it was, I was lifted out of the cariole, and respectfully conducted to see what was to be seen, and hear what was to be heard.

What was to be heard?
"Why, sor, there's the whole ov the Gibsons under the snow. God help them; and its us can't git at them, the shuff's so dry.

Before me was a mountain of snow. It rose high in air to meet the whirling clouds. The struggling light of lanterns showed in the rear a gray gap in the cliff, and it was plain that an avalanche had fallen and swept more than inanimate brick mortar and wood with it.

There was a terribly excited crowd. The disaster had been swift and sudden; the descending tons of snow had shaken the whole neighbourhood, and there were masses still hanging on the overshadowing precipice that threatened to overwhelm other homes than the one that lay buried beneath the white, unrelenting heap before us. Then the lanterns gleamed out fitfully in the whirling tempest, and above its angry shriekings rang the roar of many mad voices. Willing active hands were there, but confusion reigned. Spades and shovels were brought forth in eager haste, and it was dig! dig! dig! for human souls were in peril beneath the white impassive mass! Dig! for Gibson and his family were fifty feet under the tremendous heap. Dig! for they might die if a moment were lost. Dig! for they were in a living grave, unshriven. Dig and toil in the darkness and uncertainty, for there was a chance to save them from the snowy tomb in which they were buried. Dig! boys. Dig away for that mother and her pretty children, for that hard-working father who was a credit to the neighbourhood.

How they worked! To see those men and boys struggling with the snow that was beneath them, and being constantly increased from above them, to see man after man carried away exhausted from the strife with the elements, to see weeping women and shrieking girls around the hecatomb, and watch the despairing faces of those whose whole soul was in their self-appointed work, was agonizing. Confusion reigned for a while, for the labour seemed hopeless. The snow was of that feathery impalpable nature that almost defies removal; it was like so much calcined magnesia; move it in one way and it falls back in another. It was long before any impression was made, indeed until the storm abated, little or no progress was affected. But it was dig! dig! dig! As one relay became exhausted, another came on and took up the shovels, those broad brown wooden shovels that one sees nowhere out of Quebec. At last they made an impression. Through full forty feet of snow the workers penetrated, until they struck the bricks of the overwhelmed chimney. Beside it they found a child. It was a boy, a bright-eyed little fellow in a red flannel night-gown. He lay open-eyed with his arm over his head—a head that had an ugly gash from a falling brick. 'But he was dead; dead with a peaceful little face, and the smile of an angel. Dig again! boys. Dig, for there's hope for the rest! And the workers toiled on through the night, hoping against hope. Ah! here is an arm. Gently now; look out for the head. Dead. It was another boy,

with a sad wistful face; older than the first and handsomer. Dig! Here is the stove, and beside it the father, with a little girl in his arms. Dig carefully boys, he's warm yet, and they took the twain out carefully and carried them across the way, to the shop of a friendly grocer, and rubbed them with spirits, and did all in their power to resuscitate them, but to no effect. They were dead. Dig! boys! along the chimney. You'll find Mrs. Gibson and the baby. They dug, and they found her, an hour or so later. They found her lying over the cradle, and when rough but kindly hands laid her on the floor of the grocery beside her husband, the women present saw that her bosom had been uncovered to nurse her child, when the hell of snow overwhelmed her, and hurled her to a horrible death. Suddenly stricken, and probably stunned by the first onset, there was no change to speak of in her features, which were comely and particularly modest in their expression. She was laid in turn on the floor with the little crushed-out life in her arms, and matrons knew that there was another life that had never seen the light of this world. My God! it was a sight to curdle the coldest blood. I thought of my own baby girl at home, and the wife who, I knew, was watching for my coming, and thanked Heaven for their and my happier lot.

By and by the toilers in the snow brought in another child, a boy, whose body was yet warm, though he had been dead for several hours. Later on the body of an old woman was discovered, and added to the dismal row on the floor.

Midnight struck, and the workers desisted from their labours. All the corpses had been recovered, but the unflagging heroism that had been displayed had failed to save a single life. The ghastly harvest had been reaped, and the moon shone complacently down upon such a sight as I never wish to see again. On the floor, hastily covered, wet with melting snow, lay the whole of the Gibson family. Not a soul was spared; the name was completely blotted out of existence. The old woman who perished with them was named Haberlan, and her corpse lay in another room. The rooms, there were only two, and small and choky at that, were crammed with excited people. The first impulse of grief and fear over, they resumed their ordinary manner. Death in its horrible form had only a temporary interest with them, and when they had discharged the duty of muttering a "God rest their souls" and crossing themselves, they chatted and joked away as if nothing had happened. The men smoked and related their share of the night's work; the elder women talked in shrill falsetto, the younger giggled in the corner, and indulged in as much flirtation as the moral code of Diamond Harbour permitted of. The whole thing looked more like a suddenly improvised spree than anything else, and its incongruity was simply horrible.

Of course there had been medical assistance from the first, but nothing could be done for the victims of the disaster. The doctor remained until the priest, a member of the Order of the Redemptorists, arrived, and with his arrival came a lull in the hilarity that had up to then had full swing. The sudden devotion that fell upon the gathering was remarkable. The customary prayers were read, the customary responses made, and the clergyman retired. The wake assumed its ordinary course, and lasted till day break. Underneath all this apparent indifference to the awful event that had occasioned the gathering, and to the fate of the stark victims of the disaster whose bodies had actually to be stepped over to permit of any movement, there was undoubtedly much kindly feeling, but kindly feeling blunted by familiarity with scenes of accident and violence.

The next day the bodies were buried in St. Patrick's cemetery. There was a grand and impressive service in St. Patrick's Church. The coffins were piled high on a catafalque, and made to me a terribly sickening spectacle. Though the day was intensely cold, the greater part of the city turned out to view the procession, and testify sorrow and regret for the victims of an avertable catastrophe. Over the grave in the cemetery an obelisk has been erected by the citizens recording their names and untimely fate.

Under the beetling cliff of Cape Diamond still cluster homes densely inhabited and exposed, summer and winter, to destruction. The disintegrating effect of frost upon the rock produces continually increasing quantities of gravel which are ceaselessly tending downwards; here and there barriers of wood have been put up to check the downfall, but to no effect, for the movement is irresistible. There have been mighty avalanches of stone before to-day; whole families have been swept into crushed and mangled death without a moment's warning. Any instant the news may come that the "rock has fallen in Diamond Harbour," yet no steps are being taken to avert calamity. To some people experience teaches nothing.

TERENCE TYRWHYTE.

Montreal, 4th September, 1876.

Such a preparation as the Children's Carmine Cordial has long been looked for, that is to say, one that could be administered with perfect safety of not endangering the child's health and constitution. In the Children's Carmine Cordial you possess this valuable assurance. Its formula has been submitted to several of our leading physicians, who have approved of it for all cases of Teething pains, Restlessness, Loss of sleep, Colic, Wind, Gravel, &c.

MODERN BECKY SHARPS.

In New York at present Becky Sharp is omnipresent. She assumes many characters, but, like some popular actors, is the same in all. Her soft hands have confidently pawed the coat-sleeves of every man we know. Boarding houses are the chosen field of operations of the Becky Sharp of to-day, in American life, at least. She may appear as an unprotected orphan, whose only brother has gone to China on business; as a widow, whose poor, dear husband sleeps beneath the daisies in some far Western village; as a wife, whose husband has had to go to the Mediterranean for his health, or to Montana as a commercial traveller; as a demure young lady, who is in the city only for the purpose of studying music with an eminent professor, and who sings in some choir on Sundays; as a middle-aged lady, whose husband (a judge on the Pacific Coast) has sent her East to be treated for a chronic disease of the nerves; as an unhappy maiden, who cannot live at home with her cruel stepmother; as an artist, who always has the same unfinished picture on her easel; as a writer for the press, waiting to have her story accepted; as a music teacher, who hopes to get some pupils next week, &c.; but in all cases she is the same Becky Sharp. There are two things she seldom, if ever forgets. The first is a punctuality of payment which wins the heart of the landlady; the second, an ultra respectability and propriety which command the respect of her fellow-boarders. She takes care to dress elegantly, but does not neglect to explain that "dear hubby" has sent her that fine camel's-hair shawl or "Brother Will" has presented her with the costly watch and chain, or she has received her new set of pearls and diamonds from "dearest mamma," or timely remittances from beloved relatives have enabled her to procure her superb spring outfit. With such gushing confidences she nips the early growth of that most inconvenient of queries.

"Where does she get them?"
Often, after dinner, you will hear her sweet voice singing in the parlor, especially if there are well-to-do bachelors in the house; but on such occasions she always prefers to have at least two or three persons present, and the door must be open; no quiet *teles-a-teles* for her; she knows that they give rise to whispers, which may grow to scandals. She will go to the theatre or opera if her dear friend, Mrs. X—, will go along. At table she blushes if such horrid things as the Beecher case are talked of. On Sunday she makes a point of not simply going to church, but of incidentally mentioning at dinner that she has done so.

Whatever else she may do or avoid doing, there is one purpose of which the unmarried Becky Sharp never loses sight—that is, catching a husband. She prefers an elderly man, who has already made his fortune, rather than a young one, who has it yet to make—not because she is mercenary, or for the still better reason that "there's no fool like an old fool," but, as she naively argues, because the former is "more staid and quiet, having sown his wild oats and settled down." It is not often, when she makes a "dead-set" at a victim, that he escapes. An innocent girl has no chance at all against her, and even a widow cannot afford to give her a single point in the game. After she is married her husband may notice, with some surprise, how many gentlemen give her partial or entire recognitions on the street, but he need not hope to find any old letters or make any discoveries which will enlighten him. Becky is too smart to be caught.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

- M. J. M., Quebec.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 85.
- C. S. H., Halifax, N. S.—Letter and game received. The latter shall appear very shortly.
- J. A., Montreal.—Letter and games received. They shall receive due attention.
- J. T. W., Halifax, N.S.—Solution of Problem No. 83 received. Correct.
- C. H. B., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem N 86 received.

From all accounts, it appears that the Centennial Tourney was to be commenced at Philadelphia, on the 15th of the last month, and that many players who intended to take part in the affair had arrived in the city. We do not hear of the arrival of any European celebrities, although we saw, some time ago, a statement to the effect that a noted foreigner was expected to be present. Mr. Bird and Captain Mackenzie will, there is no doubt, do their best to maintain their standing in the Chess world, and Mr. Mason will not fail to do all he can to retain his present high position among American players.

We are sorry to see in the public journals a notice of the death of Mr. G. Larmine. A few years ago, he was one of the editors of the "Montreal Trade Review," and during his sojourn in our city, he was an active member of the Montreal Chess Club. Mr. Larmine was highly esteemed for his genial disposition, and much regret has been expressed by his former associates at his unexpected departure. Mr. Larmine, at the time of his death, was commercial editor of the *Globe*, and also, we believe, had charge of the Chess Column of that paper. The late Tourney of the Counties Chess Association has been exciting much attention among Chess players in England. We have not space now to notice the particulars, but Mr. Burn, of Liverpool, came out first, in this encounter. But, indeed, we give one of the games of the match.