

## OLD COMANCHE.

Honour to old Comanche,  
The sole survivor he  
Of the fierce fight where Custer died  
With all his cavalry.

Honour to Keogh's charger,  
Only his dashing eye  
Saw the Three Hundred fighting—  
Saw the Three Hundred die!

It was the place of honour,  
Where his Irish rider fell  
When the Seventh rode into the valley  
That blazed like the mouth of hell!

The horse is part of the soldier,  
He mixed his blood with theirs;  
Therefore for old Comanche  
All comforts and no cares.

For him feed stall and pasture,  
While strength and life remain;  
And let no living rider  
Beside his back again!

But when the longest summer  
The Seventh to parade,  
Saddle and bridle Comanche,  
In sable housings arrayed.

And let the trumpet lead him,  
The horse that saw Custer die,  
To the place of honour  
In front of the main party!

With ye faithful to his fellows, whose riders  
Fell on that fatal morn;  
Will they hear him and the trumpets  
Out on the Little Big Horn?

Honour to old Comanche,  
While strength and life remain!  
But let us see the Captain  
Upon his back again!

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN AT  
RIEDAU HALL.

The following is the article from the London *World's* "Celebrities at Home," the gist of which the London correspondent of the *Globe* telegraphed to that paper on its appearance.

It is four o'clock on a bright January afternoon, and the reader will be good enough to suppose that he or she is one of a tolerably numerous company which has just arrived after a short drive from the capital of the Dominion of Canada on a visit—unhappily it is a farewell one—to the favourite residence of that Governor-General whose term of office will so speedily have expired. The air is not only clear with a clearness such as is seldom known in British winters, but murmurous with a music that is strange to British ears. How sings Edgar Allan Poe!

Hear the—sings with the bells—  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

And the sounds that now fill the air are produced by the "jingling" and the tinkling" of those bells, which, our hosts of this afternoon will soon have heard for the last time. Well, it is better to say adieu to the sounds of such an accompaniment and amid such a world of social gaiety as we have here, than to be envied by the gloomy accessories of conventional farewells. Better suited, too, is the bright scene to the classic nature of the illustrious Britain—or should it be Celt—who will place between himself and Rideau Hall the long leagues of the Atlantic—many weeks are over, than any solemn, semi-funeral, parting ceremony; more appropriate to the brilliant future which surely waits him elsewhere, and to the visions of that future which all those who have known him in Canada instinctively form. The snow is thick and polished on the ground, almost as white as when it first fell, notwithstanding that many sleighs have already passed over its surface, and that, as we stand looking on at the animated and picturesque spectacle, fresh relays of these tintinnabulating conveyances arrive every moment. Independently of the human figures in the landscape, independently of the wonderful grace of the sleighs themselves, of the glossy skin and faultless limbs of the steeds which draw them, and which, though they have had a smart run and no light load, stand tossing their heads and, in consequence, ringing their bells, as if proud alike of themselves, their equipage, and freight—as proud they well may be—the prospect is singularly attractive. It is, in truth, a thorough English home, this Rideau Hall, in a new world; embellished as to its surroundings with beauties partly English and partly American. The arrangements of garden and park, flower-bed and grass-plot, is what might be seen in any neighbourhood of any English shire. The hall itself, an irregular structure of grey stone, is thoroughly English also. There is nothing that might not be English in the lake, unless, indeed, it be the thickness of the ice which coats it. But the forest of firs, with the frozen snow sparkling with all the hues of the kaleidoscope, is Canadian all over; Canadian, and not English are the snow-clad summits of that miniature mountain-range in the background; Canadian, too—of pure Canadian growth—are most of the trees that form the noble avenue, at one end of which is visible a line of sleighs in long perspective, while at the other stand the granite portals of Rideau Hall itself.

Lord and Lady Dufferin are both of them *per excellence* "at home" to-day; and the visitors—after emerging from the masses of skin of seal, bear, wolf, opossum—enter the hall door, are announced, and are welcomed. But it is not the custom at the Rideau Hall entertainments to rely on what the inside of the house can afford for the amusements of the afternoon. Indoor recreation will come a little later, and

meanwhile we will mix in the multitude of *ad fresco* revellers on the lake. The practice of figure-skating is being illustrated with the exactness and elegance of an art. It is the very poetry of motion; to which gentlemen and ladies alike contribute, exemplified on congealed water, as an hour or two later it will be on the floor of the Rideau ballroom. Would you have a somewhat ruder pastime? There are the curling rinks hard by. Would you take part in a sport which is exclusively native of the soil—of the soil as covered with ice and snow? In that case, if you are young and fair and daring, you may essay the perilous ordeal of the toboggan, and will be at no loss for zealous and efficient pilots. You are probably ignorant of what the toboggan is. It shall be explained. Tobogganning, then, is wholly Canadian in its origin, and is most enjoyable when you have once got into the way of it. To begin with, imagine a steep incline—that at Rideau is partly natural, partly artificial—covered with snow, and traversed by a kind of groove or channel from top to bottom. This groove is sheeted with ice, and down it the toboggan slides—the toboggan being a sled made from a strip of bark about half a yard wide curled over in front, and containing a cushion on which the passenger sits or, to use the inebriant but more strictly accurate term, squats. The passengers are two in number—a lady behind, protected against summary precipitation by a gentleman in front. While they are seating themselves the toboggan is held in position on the top of the declivity. At the word "Go!" the check is removed, and away it flies, sliding, rushing, jumping down the hill until the bottom is reached. It does not, however, invariably arrive at the goal without some mishap. When half of the lightning-speed journey has been accomplished, the toboggan frequently goes off the track, and the passengers are at once thrown out into the loose snow on either side, amidst the laughter of the spectators. The tobogganning arrangements are generally superintended by Captain Hamilton, Lord Dufferin's A.D.C. and brother-in-law, who has by this time acquired a considerable experience of the sport itself, and of the demand it makes upon the nerves of the fair Canadians who take part in it. Apparently the first impression which the headlong motion of the toboggan produces upon the feminine tobogganist is a conviction that she is launched upon the track of sheer inevitable destruction. This idea results in a movement akin to that which is the last effort of drowning persons—a convulsive clutching at the neck or waist of their rescuer. The movement is one which has generally the same effect on a Canadian snow-hill as it is calculated to have in water, and involves the two in a common ruin. Captain Hamilton could tell many a tale of toboggans made violently to swerve from their track, and of the prostration of himself and his companion in consequence of the wild gesticulation of arms that have finally fastened in despair on his throat, or have made themselves felt on his waist in such a way that his equilibrium has been upset, and he has been hurled forth from the flying locomotive.

Bidding adieu to the perilous delights of tobogganning, let us spend the few minutes that have yet to pass before tea is announced in strolling through the rooms of the house, which Lady Dufferin has thrown open to her guests. Never in vice-regal or regal dwelling was more the grace that is the outward visible sign of a mind to which art is a second nature and taste an hereditary instinct, blended with such a richness of solid comfort and homely luxury. It is a noble chamber, this great drawing-room, admirably proportioned and beautifully furnished. Yet it is on the glories of nature rather than art that the eye first rests. Never, in the visitor's initial impression, was there seen in one room such a profusion of beautiful flowers. Great majolica vases are filled with begonia in fullest bloom. Geraniums, heliotropes, and countless other varieties, cut or in ornamental pots, are scattered about through the carved-amber vases, Sevres, Bisque, and Dresden ware on the various cabinets and tables. Many of the articles of *art et nature* have interesting associations grouped round them. Some of the exquisite china once adorned the boudoir of the Empress Eugenie, and was purchased at the sale of the effects of the late Emperor Napoleon. That head of Father Winter is the work of the Princess Louise, and the design for a fan just above it representing a skating scene, the figures wonderfully animated and life-like, is also the workmanship, as it is the gift, of the same Royal artist. But we are entering on the second stage of the entertainment at Rideau Hall. It is nearly half-past five, tea has been served, and there is a general movement in the direction of the ballroom, where a cotillon is struck up. Never was a more dazzling variety of colour produced than from the dresses of the dancers whirling round like the satellites of Iris; quilted silk or satin petticoats of every conceivable hue, velvet skirts, and costly furs, are the dresses chiefly worn. At one end of the room, which is the theatre of these gay and even splendid effects, are two chairs of state surrounded by a canopy. They are the destined thrones of Lord and Lady Dufferin. But their Excellencies prefer walking about, mingling with their guests, now entering into conversation, and now into the dance. The whole thing has about it an air of easy splendour and natural brilliancy which is singularly appropriate to, and suggestive of, the character of the host. The second, or rather the third, feature in the Rideau Hall programme is a play performed by the children of the household. Since the commencement of Lord Dufferin's

Viceroyalty, a piece, more or less of the extravaganza order, has been annually "put on the boards," and has been the delight of the company. His Excellency's term of office expiring, as has been already intimated, the performance given this afternoon is the last of the pleasant series. The fortunes of "Fifine the Fisher Maid" are the subject and title of the play, the older characters being taken by Colonel the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton, Captains Hamilton and Ward; all the other parts by the Blackwood and Littleton children. It is a great success. The members of the youthful company are perfect in their parts, and act with a vivacity and finish that astonish every one, and how describe the round of ringing plaudits at the end of the play, when all the performers, including little Lady Victoria Blackwood, the youngest of the family and Her Majesty's goddaughter, form a tableau, in a grotto illuminated with red fire! But something else has yet to come. The Hon. Terence Blackwood delivers the epilogue, which concludes with these lines:

The years have slipped away so very fast,  
This fairy tale is sad to say, our last.  
Before another merry Christmas Day  
The company will all have gone away.  
And ocean will divide our little band  
From all but memory of your kindly land,  
And when we meet again in after years,  
Some may be Generals and some Premiers.  
Some Nobodies—for some you know must be.  
There'll be no progress, though, I clearly see.  
One thing is certain: we shall all have grown,  
And some, perhaps, have "fairies" of our own.  
But still we'll not forget, though old and tall,  
"The Children's Christmas Play" at Rideau Hall.

It would be strange if the announcement thus conveyed that the gifted and amiable family who during the past five years' residence have done so much to widen the views, refine the manners, and elevate the tone of Canadian society, were about to leave the scene of their generous hospitality and kindly labours, perhaps for ever, did not produce a visible and touching effect. The plaudits which greet the delivery of the epilogue are succeeded by a momentary silence, more significant, more appreciative than speech.

By the exercise of a refined and genial hospitality, by treating with unvarying kindness and courtesy all who have come within their sphere, Lord and Lady Dufferin have won the hearts of the Canadian nation. Thus the good work which the Viceroy has done in private will not be forgotten in the enduring memory of his great public services. This is not the place in which to dwell on the splendid results of the statesmanship and ability which Lord Dufferin has displayed, or the accumulated triumphs of his patriotism, his industry, his genius, and his eloquence. Lord Dufferin is one of the few men in whose existence the Solomon maxim may be disregarded, and who may safely be called happy while he lives. His administrative success is probably without a parallel in the history of our colonies. It has certainly been illustrated by a brightness and splendour that are without a precedent. But it is also a success which has been won by labours of huge magnitude. We have seen Lord Dufferin at home: to judge of his character and work aught we should be with him also on some of his great Colonial progresses. He has traversed thousands of miles of the Dominion to investigate personally the vast resources of the country, and from experience to form an opinion as to the best mode of their development. These undertakings have been fatiguing and costly. But they have resulted in what cannot fail to prove a permanent strengthening of the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the English Crown, as well as in placing on a firm and secure basis the friendship happily existing between the great English democracy and English Dominion which lie side by side in the New World. The policy which Lord Dufferin proposed to himself at the very outset of his Canadian career was to administer his government in strict accordance with constitutional rules. From the moment of his entering upon office up to the present time he has held himself from party politics or political partisanship; whatever Ministers were in power, to them he gave his complete confidence, and whenever they went out of office the same confidence was reposed in their successors. He stated in one of his earliest speeches that a Governor-General, as the head of a constitutional State, as engaged in the administration of parliamentary government, should have no political friends. Still less need he have political enemies; the possession of either—may even to be suspected of possessing either—destroys his usefulness. As an orator Lord Dufferin is the true descendant and heir of his brilliant ancestor Richard Brinsley Sheridan—equal to any English speaker living for the breadth of view, the finish of style, the delicate touches of humour which he has imported into his speeches. Other statesmen and administrators have illustrated the claims of duty and the virtue of patriotism. To Lord Dufferin has it been reserved, not only to exemplify patriotism, but to identify it with loyal and joyous service; not only to show what duty is, but to gladden the conception of it among, to bequeath a bright image of duty to, the great and growing populations of our Empire in the West.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades, also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES  
OF SILVER.

"A word filthy spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." When the body becomes diseased, the mind is thereby necessarily influenced. National wars, State dissensions, neighborhood broils, and family differences, are more frequently than otherwise the result of diseased and disordered constitutions. When the body is suffering, the mind, acting in sympathy will become irritated and perplexed. When the physical system is in health, the mind perceives things in their true light, and the disposition assumes a very different phase. Nothing more directly tends to destroy the happy, cheerful disposition of a woman, and render her peevish, nervous, and fretful, than a constant endurance of uterine disorders. The diseases peculiar to woman takes away the elasticity and buoyancy of health and reduce her body and mind to a mere wreck. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *real peace-maker* in a family. No woman suffering from uterine disorders can afford to be without this remedy. The Favorite Prescription saves unnecessary doctor bills, prevents divorces, wards off suicides, brings back buoyant, joyous feelings, restores the woman to health, and her family to happiness. It is sold by all druggists.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal—Letter received, May 10th, 1878. Solution of Problem No. 112 received. Correct.

Student, Montreal—Correct solution of Problem No. 112 received.

A. H. Montreal—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 109 received. Correct.

E. B. Montreal—Chess Openings by W. Cook will be found very useful.

Subjoined is an extract from an account which *Land and Water* gives of the late Chess contest between the great schools of learning in England. Space will not allow of our giving the whole of the account, which is very full and interesting. As will be seen, the Cambridge players were victorious, and we wonder whether they considered this a sufficient cause for the university fortune in the recent rowing match. Judged by the excitement which always attends the trial of strength between the two parties on the water, and the little note which is taken of the struggle over the chessboard, the supposition that it seems ridiculous. Chess, however, is a science to study, and the Universities are England's great seats of learning. Still there are many both in and out of the Universities who would rather have the fame of a Hamilton or Bentham than that of a Morphy or Anderssen.

## THE UNIVERSITY CHESS MATCH.

The sixth annual Chess contest between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge came off on Thursday last, at the rooms of the St. George's Club, King Street, St. James's. The result is shown in the following table, which contains the names of the winners of each year, together with the number of games won, lost and drawn by them respectively.

Year.	Winners.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1873	Oxford	5	3	2
1874	Cambridge	5	3	2
1875	Cambridge	10	2	2
1876	Oxford	12	2	2
1877	Oxford	8	3	2
1878	Cambridge	10	2	2

The first match, which was played at the rooms of the City of London Chess Club, in Gordon's Restaurant, Milk Street, was an most Chess players will remember an immense success, and the second, which was contested at the same place, showed no falling off in the interest everywhere aroused. Upon each occasion from 600 to 700 spectators attended to witness the event. The third match was likewise conducted under the auspices of the City of London Club and the scene of action was the Guildhall Tavern, rooms thereof having been most liberally engaged for the purpose by the committee of the association. This again was the occasion of a most successful gathering, and the number of chess players who attended was very large. Among the University players were the guests of the late West End Chess Club, and their match took place at Freemason's Tavern. From some cause or other this, as a public event, was a failure. Much money was spent by the executive of the West End Club, but to little purpose. Comparatively speaking, there were but few witnesses of the contest, and a general air of depression seemed to hang over the affair. It is permissible, we hope, to express our opinion that the committee of the defunct club had not the organizing ability of the City of London officials, while, at the same time, it must be admitted that there was in this case a smaller constituency of members to invite as spectators. With the match of 1876 ended the public Chess contests of the two universities. They met last year at the St. George's Club, and it was a very quiet affair; the hostile and enthusiastic of the City Club remained conspicuously absent. If the crowd of spectators at the three past matches was a cause of distraction, and we believe statements to the effect were made—there was now no such ground of complaint, and the players were free to display their best form. The same observation holds good respecting the event of Thursday last. There were but few witnesses, and these were almost entirely composed of members of the St. George's Club, together with a few friends of the players. We consider it regrettable that the once interesting contest should have assumed a character so utterly private and exclusive. Play commenced about two o'clock, and before very long Cambridge scored the first game. A second and then a third fell to the same colour, the last mentioned game being very prettily finished by Mr. Challo, who gave an elegant mate in three moves. So it went on, Cambridge winning right ahead. In fact, that side lost only one of the eleven games brought to an actual termination and the solitary loser, Mr. Blythe, ought, according to our judgment, to have drawn his game without much difficulty. Half-past six p.m. came, and there remained an unfinished game between Messrs. Challo and Lee. This was adjudged to the latter, who undoubtedly had every reason to expect a win. Thereby the score of Oxford was brought up to the magnificent total of two games won by them against ten scored by their opponents.

We are happy to be able to state that the Prospectus of the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association is arranged, and will soon be forwarded to the Secretaries of the different Chess Clubs of the Dominion. As soon as we receive a copy, we shall not fail to give the full particulars in our Column.