

THE TIME OF LOVERS IS BRIEF.

From the depth of the green garden-cloves,
Where the summer in darkness dozes,
Till autumn pluck from his hand
An hour-glass that holds not a sand;
From a maze that a flower-bed incloses
To the stones and sea-grass on the strand,
How red was the reign of the roses
Over the rose-crowned land!

The time of lovers is brief;
From the first fair joy to the grief
That falls when love is grown old,
From the warm, wild kiss to the cold,
From the red to the white rose-leaf,
They have but a season to seem
As rose leaves lost on a stream
That part not and pass not apart
As a spirit from dream to dream,
As a sorrow from heart to heart.

From the bloom and the gloom that incloses
The death-bed of love where he dozes
Till a relief be left not of sand
To the hour-glass that breaks in his hand,
From the change in the gray garden-cloves
To the last stray grass of the strand,
A rain and ruin of roses
Over the red-rose land.

SWINBURNE.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT SHORE MILNES BOUCHETTE.

"The late," as applied to a friend, is a very mournful form of expression, and cannot be employed without a twinge. It is especially so in its relation to Mr. Robert Bouchette; for he always carried about him such an air of youthfulness, of vivacity, of cheerfulness and exuberant life, that it is difficult to realize the fact that he has "turned his face to the wall," and the place which once knew him "will know him no more for ever." Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, will have the unwelcome opportunity of adding a fresh spray to his garland of "Maple Leaves," and of writing a new name on the historic roll of Canadian worthies. For there can be no doubt that Mr. Robert Bouchette came of a chivalrous and high-minded race, whose record is inseparably interlaced with the history of Canada. The inherent quality of gentleman was as plainly seen in Mr. Bouchette's face and carriage, as it was fairly illustrated in his conversation and conduct. It would have been difficult for him to have been the author of a *gaucherie*, and impossible to have been guilty of a rudeness, for his courtesy was innate, and his high breeding, like a personal feature, was a part of himself. Like an agreeable epidemic such charms were contagious and seemed to affect all who were brought within their influence. Even his parrot apparently was touched by them, for the clever bird was not only a reciter of poetry, but was very apt and accurate in quoting selections from Shakespeare.

Mr. Robert Bouchette's grandfather, Commodore Bouchette, was not only a subject of France, but he was an officer of the French King when Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759. When the Treaty of Paris was made in 1763, and Canada was abandoned by its ancient rulers, the subjects of those rulers were suddenly called on to make their election and either follow the lilies of France, to their home in Europe, or remain in Canada under the protection of the lions of England. The choice, it is probable, was made with some difficulty and many misgivings. Nevertheless the problem had to be solved, and those who were able to do it thoroughly, and without reserve, showed true wisdom. Could honor be extracted from misfortune, and might liberty and peace as truly be enjoyed under the new as under the old flag?—was the form which the question probably took. Commodore Bouchette, by his conduct, returned an affirmative answer to all such inquiries, for he gave his allegiance and services to King George the Third as truly as he had given them to King Louis the Fifteenth.

In 1774, a year memorable alike to the United States and to Canada, Mr. Joseph Bouchette, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born. The former succeeded Major Holland as Surveyor General of Lower Canada. It was during his incumbency of that office that he rendered to his native country an imperishable service, for he published his grand work on the geography and topography of Canada, accompanied with maps and illustrations. The work was honorable to the Province, but it was ruinous to the author, for it impoverished him and injured his family. However, it is due to his sons to say that while they missed the money which had purchased fame, they dearly prized the fame, irrespective of the sacrifice by which it had been acquired. Mr. Robert Bouchette never failed to speak with filial enthusiasm of his father's worth and services, and it is a matter to be deplored that neither he, nor any one else, could speak in the like way of his country's appreciation of those services.

Mr. Robert Bouchette was the youngest of four brothers, and was born on the 12th of March, 1805. He was educated for the law, and called to the Bar in 1826. In 1837 he was the editor of the *Liberal* and the fast friend and contemporary of the late Sir George E. Cartier, with whom he thoroughly sympathized in his plans and aims to secure the amelioration of the political status of the inhabitants of Lower Canada of French origin. The effort failed in form, but eventually it became successful in fact. But between the first and second periods a voluntary absence from Canada, on the part of both those gentlemen, was necessary in the interests of prudence and safety. Hence it came about that Sir George Cartier and Mr. Robert Bouchette had the advantage of see-

ing and living in countries foreign to their own. For a while the latter, with his first wife, resided in one of the New England States. The social life of that part of the Union was pleasing to neither of them, but it was put up with by both, and with amusing, if not satisfactory, results. We have said, elsewhere, that Mr. Bouchette's geniality and courtliness never deserted him. His respect and homage were due to any form and condition of life that qualified and clothed itself in the typical petticoat of womanhood. He recognized the garment as one "of mystical sublimity whether of russet, silk or dimity."

Mrs. Bouchette used to tell an amusing story of their New England life. They wanted a servant, and could afford to keep only one. "A help" came "to hire." The contract included the condition that she was to "meal with the family." This condition was cheerfully assented to, Mr. Bouchette observing that it would be highly unbecoming not to conform to the habits of the people whose hospitality they were receiving, and among whom their lot was cast. The first day's experience sufficed for "the help," but the method by which experience, the teacher, gained his end, was unique and characteristic. It sparkled with amusement, for it was pointed with drollery, and its recital always provoked laughter. In the first place, "the help" found that her employers desired to have breakfast "at no fitting time at all"—10 o'clock. "The help" would have been "real starved" by that time, so she had her breakfast at 7. In the next place, no lunch was needed, as dinner was to be served at six, which the help concluded would suit her "for supper," and she would dine by herself at twelve. The hour of six and the dinner arrived together. Mr. Bouchette had busied himself in getting flowers to decorate the table—a large bunch and two bouquets, where covers were placed for the hostess and "the help." On the announcement being made that dinner was ready, Mr. Bouchette appeared in full evening dress, and Mrs. Bouchette in an elaborate robe, including the low neck and short sleeve conditions, which our mothers and sisters were accustomed to observe, but to which the prudes of the present day take envious exception. Mr. Bouchette offered chairs to "the ladies," and opening his cellaret placed wine and glasses on the table. Having said grace in latin, he invited "the help" to have some soup, which she declined. Mr. and Mrs. Bouchette ate their soup slowly; he all the while provoking "the help" to converse, and only succeeding in making her look, and probably feel, miserably hot and uncomfortable. "Now," said Mr. Bouchette, turning towards "the help," and wiping his lips with a napkin, "you take wine with my wife while I clear away the things." "The help" could not stand this, and made an effort to discharge a waiting maid's duties. "Excuse me," interposed Mrs. Bouchette, taking in the fun of the thing; "excuse me; you must not rise till dinner is over, Mr. Bouchette is very particular on this point, and never allows me to rise, much less to move away from the table, as he says it would be a reproach to his gallantry and politeness. "Of course he has not been accustomed to this kind of work," continued Mrs. Bouchette, playfully, "but he is very quick in learning, as you will see in time." The fish then appeared, but before anything more was done, Mr. Bouchette, radiant with smiles, and sympathetically smoothing his hands, invited "the help" to take a little fish! "No, she'd rather not," Mr. Bouchette again rose, "cleared away" the things and brought in "the cutlets," his wife enquiring of "the help" whether he did not do it very well, considering his want of experience. "The help" would have a cutlet, but she noticed that the host and hostess held their knives and forks in a way to which she had not been accustomed, and so the cutlet was rather turned over than tasted. This indifference gave rise to tender inquiries about the health of "the help," and sympathetic ones about her appetite. Then wine and walnuts followed. Would she take a little of the "red wine," inquired Mr. Bouchette, coaxingly, "or crack a few walnuts?" "No, she wouldn't." The dessert came to an end. Mrs. Bouchette rose to retire, and "the help" followed. Mr. Bouchette preceded them, opened the door, but before they had passed out, he, with a courteous bow, presented his wife and "the help" each with a bouquet. The result was announced before the door was closed, for the help exclaimed that she "would rather eat her victuals in a cupboard and off a board than go through such a horrid time again." That was the first and last time that the maid "mealed with the family." The story was characteristic of the man, and serves to illustrate the way in which rough notions may be subdued by refinement.

Mr. Robert Bouchette successfully served his country in several capacities as Law Clerk of the Crown Land Department—as Commissioner of Customs—as special Commissioner on various subjects—and on several important occasions, including the office of Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition in 1866. He was both trusted and respected, and we think deservedly so. Moreover, he was equally liked by the French and English speaking races into which Canada is divided, and did much towards tightening the line and lessening the obstructions that separate the members of different nationalities. On his retirement from the public service a dinner was given to him by those whom he left behind, and who still wore the harness of the State. As one looked at him the thought did not occur that he

had reached the age of three score years and ten. His gaiety of manner rather suggested that it was an arbitrary way of measuring a man's life by the standard of years, for men were not equally old, in fact, though they might in years be equally aged. All such speculation is idle. The time arrives and the collapse comes. He whom we knew yesterday, to our surprise and deep regret is called away from us, and passes in silence into the company of the "great majority." Like his father and his grandfather, Mr. Robert Bouchette was an ardent Royalist at heart, and a loyal subject of Her Majesty. It was therefore fitting that he should go into ordinary, and rest from his work, on the 4th of June, being the anniversary of the birthday of that much maligned monarch, but nevertheless good king, who as the third George sat on the English throne when Canada became a portion of the British empire.

THE GLEANER.

THE presentation of new colours to the French army will take place early in September in the neighbourhood of Paris.

It is reported that Paris will have a grand baby show in the month of September next, to come off in the Palace of Industry like other competitive exhibitions.

A NEW game has been invented. It is called Jaculun. Spears, a target, a velvet lawn, pretty dresses, and plenty of opportunity for small talk are pressed into the service of the coming pastime.

THERE is announced in London for early sale a curiosity which is, of course, unique—namely, the original anvil and hammer of Powell, "the harmonious blacksmith" of Whitechurch, from which Handel composed his celebrated melody, named after him.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has a museum of Napoleonic relics. There is the sabre worn by the Emperor at Marengo, a silver dressing-case which he gave to King Jerome, the little three-cornered hat, and the field glass with which he watched his battles.

ALTHOUGH no orders have as yet been received at Portsmouth on the subject, it is reported in naval circles that the Indian troopship *Serapis*, which conveyed the Prince of Wales to and from India, is to be got ready to take His Royal Highness and a distinguished party to Australia, where the Prince will open the great colonial exhibition.

AFTER a patient labour of nearly three years M. Pinelli has succeeded in unrolling several rolls of papyrus that were found amongst the manuscripts at the Institut de France. The documents are mostly very ancient title deeds to property. One is a deed of sale of a house under Ptolemy Soter. These papyrus rolls are now to be seen on the grand staircase of the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

VARIETIES.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The French Government are developing the carrier-pigeon service in earnest, for in Paris and twelve of the other fortified towns no fewer than 6,000 birds are fed at the public expense. The art of pigeon breeding and training is taught to a number of officers and soldiers, and a great deal of the work of communication is regularly carried on by the pigeon post. Prizes are given for pigeon races by the Ministers of Public Instruction and Agriculture.

AT THE BARON'S GRAVE.—At Baron Rothschild's funeral a few days ago there stood by the grave, mute and motionless, as they had stood for upwards of an hour, three remarkable figures. The centre one, an elderly man with black eyes, and black beard just touched with grey, was dressed in caftan and bernouse, whose rich colour was stained with the marks of much travel. His companion on the left also wore a bernouse of dark crimson cloth. The third man, though of strongly marked Oriental type, had absolutely abandoned his more familiar dress and appeared in a suit of Western clothing. These men had just arrived from Jerusalem, and, hearing that the great Baron was dead (though he had lived just long enough for them to know how unquestioning was his charity), they had found their way to Willesden to pay the last homage to his memory.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.—The ages of animal passions, of muscular supremacy, of conflict with wild animals, of barbarian wars—in short, the ages of physical prowess, when the only ordeal was one of muscle—belong indisputably to man. The subservience of woman was one of the conditions of progress in those rude phases of human existence. But it does not follow that this will always be the case. It is a generally recognized principle that the stepping-stones of one generation are likely to become the stumbling-blocks of a succeeding one; and Mr. Spencer even uses the argument of a presumptive evidence against opinions which have arisen in a barbarous age. Legouve says: "The protracted subjection of woman proves but one thing, that the world so far has had more need of the dominant qualities of man, and that her hour has not yet come. We have no reason to conclude from this fact that it will not come." And he fortifies his position with the following striking illustration: "How many centuries did it take to produce this simple maxim of common sense, 'All

men are equal before the law?' The tardy advent of an idea, so far from proving its uselessness and fallacy, is often an argument in favour of its grandeur. The principles of liberty, charity, fraternity, 'are all modern principles.' It remains for these principles to become still further modernized by their extension to women as a part of the human family. Their coexistence, with certain curious 'survivals' from the ages of muscle, supplies a striking example of the remarkable tolerance of the average human mind for incongruous ideas, provided these ideas have been associated for a sufficient length of time. In England, until the reign of William and Mary, women were refused the benefit of clergy, and in the time of Henry VIII. an English parliament prohibited the reading of the New Testament in English by women and others of low estate. The male Mohammedan to-day indignantly rejects the idea that his female companion, as well as himself, may have a soul. Among the Hindoos women are still excluded from the advantages of reading and writing, and with a few exceptions, the higher institutions of learning are everywhere still monopolized by the more muscular sex. That these facts (gathered from widely separated ages and countries) harmonize in spirit and principle, thus revealing a common origin, scarcely needs to be pointed out; the laws of heredity and descent are therein conspicuously illustrated, and, as between men and women, the age of muscle still exists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 228.
G. E. R., St. Ronan's Malvern, England.—Post card received. We will attend to the matter.
E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 226 received.
Anonymous, Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

We have received the June number of the *Chess Players' Chronicle*, which contains, as it does, such a fund of chess news from the old world, must always be welcome to amateurs on this side of the Atlantic. In the issue just received, we have an excellent sketch of the life of the late George Walker, which necessarily embodies a fund of matter of a chessical nature, at all times interesting to lovers of the game. The games published this month are chiefly those of celebrities of the day, but, besides these, there are two played some years ago by Mr. Cochrane, whose contests over the board, on account of their brilliancy, are always profitable to the chess student. The monthly record, containing news from London, Germany, the United States, Scandinavia, New Zealand, &c., will be acceptable to those who, besides enjoying the game themselves, are glad to find it extending its influence from one end of the world to another. The problem department is under the supervision of Mr. H. J. C. Andrews and C. W. of Sunbury; a sufficient guarantee for the merit of this important feature of the *Chronicle*.

A correspondent, who does not give his name, kindly sends us an extract from the translation of M. Delannoy's Prize Essay, which appeared in the *Hartford Times* a short time ago. The extract is headed "Three London Players," but, as we have already published in our Column the part which so admirably describes our old friend, Mr. Bird, it is only necessary for us to find space for his companions in the picture, Messrs. Macdonnell and Hoffer, who, we doubt not, are equally well delineated:

"The Rev. G. A. Macdonnell is a man of acute mind, deeply learned, and has something of the Parisian in his manners and character. He likes, as the French say, his laugh and his glass, and has a fund of *apropos* anecdotes, illustrations, and remarks worthy of the 'Regence' in the best days of Comte de Boissy, D'Angia, Labourdonnaie, Doazan, Mouret, and Salsias. To see him play and hear him talk carries me back to my youth. He likes to give odds, and his confidence in his own powers enables him to try the most risky combinations, and to emerge, notwithstanding, safe and sound, to the no small astonishment of the bystanders. However, he has been not unfrequently engaged in matches with many of the strongest masters, and has often scored a victory.

"I have reserved for my closing sketch that of Mr. Hoffer, whom I knew for a long time in Paris, and who has compelled my regard and sympathy by his talents, his character, and his unvarying kindness to myself. Unlike certain other celebrities, who like to make themselves conspicuous, Mr. Hoffer keeps in the background, shows no pretensions to majestic honours, has no ambition to occupy the King's throne; but the share of his science and practice is not a small one, and the flame of his genius which seems smouldering under a covering of ashes, will prove, if I am not mistaken, to be a dormant volcano, whose eruptions will one day astonish the world of Chess. His present state is but a prelude to future success. Only the will is yet wanting. I must add that he has great kindness for novices; playing with them he is no niggard with his valuable suggestions and advice. In such cases he plays for no stake when requested, which is by no means infrequent, and for which I like him the better."—A. Delannoy, in the *Hartford Times*.

As regularly as moons come, Northern papers state regularly that Paul Morphy is reported insane. Mr. Morphy is a quiet little gentleman, engaged in minding his own business, which fact is perhaps sufficient reason for meddling correspondents to call him crazy.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Miss Blake has received no response to her challenge which was sent to Mrs. Gilbert nearly two weeks ago.—*Weekly News, Charleston, S. C.*

On Saturday, the 14th inst., the Montreal Chess Club was visited by Mr. H. J. Webber, a member of the City of London Chess Club, and conductor, for several years, of the class which meets regularly at the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, London, for the purpose of learning chess. Mr. Webber has been very successful in his teaching, and is, perhaps, the only chessplayer in the world who has under his care a large number of young persons, of both sexes, learning the royal game. He is on a tour to the West, and will probably, on his way home, revisit Montreal, and try the skill of some of the members of the chess club.