

DOWN BY A RILL.

Down by a rill—a murmuring rill,
I walk with a lady fair;
In the evening; when the clouds are still,
I gaze on her glossy hair,
And I watch the fading sunlight dwell
On her peerless face I love so well.

Down by the rill we walk in the morn
Half hidden by whispering limes,
Then linger beside a field of corn,
When I think of sunnier climes,
Of a home 'mong Tuscan vines and flowers—
'Neath azure skies, through unclouded hours.

Often I see the lady at eve,
Alone by the musical rill;
The spot I am loth to leave,
For that I've never a will:
I only wish to be where she goes—
Love in my heart like dew in a rose!

I wonder whether the lady loves
With a fervour true as mine;
Often I think of two parted doves,
That long for each other and pine;
But cannot learn if the cause for me,
The truth is hid like a pearl in the sea!

Down by the rill some day I may know
That the lady cares for me;
For unto the church we both may go—
That moment I long to see;
For chiming of the church bells daily bring
Thoughts of a bride and a golden ring!

THE FRENCH CROWN DIAMONDS.

Upon a day towards the close of April, 1871, said my friend, who is a very well informed person, there came a delegation from the Commune to the Bank of France. It was introduced to the Marquis de Plouc, Vice-Governor of that financial institution, by Citizen Jourde, and the object of the delegates' visit was to demand that the diamonds of the French Crown should be forthwith delivered up to them for safe keeping. The Marquis de Plouc, a high couraged gentleman, with something of the manners and aspect attributed by tradition to the Roman magistrate who negotiated with Brennus, replied that no such deposit as that alluded to by Citizen Jourde and his political friends had been made with the Bank, and in order to convince them that he spoke the truth, which honest lips are bound to speak at all hazards, the Marquis courteously offered, not only to submit the Bank registers for the citizens' inspection, but personally to escort Messieurs Jourde and Company down to the subterranean caves beneath the establishment, where they might obtain ocular demonstration that those jewels they were pleased to describe as national property belonging to themselves were not among the treasures guarded by the Bank. Citizen Jourde, though much abashed by the calm and stately politeness of his reception, nevertheless insisted that neither an inspection of the Bank registers nor a view of the underground cellars could furnish him with satisfactory proof that the valuables he sought were not in the building, for considering the importance of the deposit it was extremely likely that no mention of it would be publicly registered, and also that extraordinary pains would have been taken to conceal it; moreover, the Bank probably possessed many secret receptacles which would defy all inexperienced search, however patiently and minutely conducted. The Marquis de Plouc looked rather blank at this view of the case, which was not without shrewdness, and the delegation retired, after having expressed their incredulity through their spokesman in the manner above mentioned. It was certain therefore that they were dissatisfied with the answer they had received, and that the bank had not heard the last of them.

Accordingly upon the following morning, before the day was even aired, Citizen Jourde, attended this time by M. de Beslay, appeared again in the Vice-Governor's parlour, and they then exhibited a document which seemed to prove to demonstration that the Bank had verily received the deposit in question. This document was neither more nor less than a "procès-verbal," or official narrative, containing a detailed account of the manner in which a casket containing the Crown diamonds had been placed by the Empress Eugénie in the hands of the Governor of the Bank. This paper was authenticated by the well-known signatures of M. Rouland, the Governor himself, and of M. Magne, Minister of Finance, and it was dated the 29th of August, scarcely a week before the catastrophe of Sedan and the fall of the Empire. The Marquis de Plouc was astounded at the production of written testimony apparently so unanswerable, but which, as subsequent events disclosed, only supplies a striking example of the utter untrustworthiness of documentary evidence, however positive in its look and character. The Marquis de Plouc, taken by surprise, could not venture to express a doubt of the authenticity of a *procès-verbal*, which was seemingly invested with all the forms required by law in the most scrupulous dealing between the Government and the Bank. He could only reiterate the proposal which he had made to Citizen Jourde the day before, and offer to submit the innermost recesses of the establishment to a search. The citizen now however laughed this licence to scorn. He insisted that the Bank should instantly be occupied by the battalion of Belleville, and that these disorderly bands of armed men should remain quartered there till the Crown diamonds were found. Aghast at a prospect so disastrous, the Marquis, at his wife's end, could only beseech M. Beslay to obtain from his colleague a respite of twenty-four hours; and this delay, after a terribly anxious discussion, was granted by the suspicious Communists, upon the express understanding that a messenger should be despatched post-haste to Versailles to clear up the mystery. It

was evident that M. Rouland was the only person who could give the desired information, and he had taken refuge with the rest of the Government in the old Royal suburb.

The Governor of the Bank, though grievously deploring the unlucky discovery which had been made by the Commune, and bitterly upbraiding the imprudence of the Imperial Minister who had left so compromising a paper behind him in Paris, at length explained that when the Empress became convinced that Paris would be invested and besieged, she sent for M. Rouland, and with a very high-souled and unselfish patriotism she herself proposed to entrust him with the Crown jewels. The Governor consented to take charge of them, but on condition that the Bank should be absolved from all responsibility, and that it should only undertake to convey these jewels with other precious things to a certain fortress upon the seacoast, where they might be placed beyond the chances of the possible sack of Paris. The Crown diamonds were then forwarded with the utmost mystery to Brest, lest the Germans should get wind of the transaction, and there they remained till the war was over. In proof of these affirmations M. Rouland gave to the Bank messenger a duplicate copy of a letter from the Empress, and it is pleasant to record that an august lady's word carried unhesitating conviction to the mind of her triumphant enemies. There was also a very knightly strife of courtesy between the Bank and the Commune upon this event. It was nine o'clock on a bleak spring evening, with a bitter north-easterly wind blowing, when the Bank messenger returned from Versailles to Paris; and the Marquis de Plouc immediately carried the tidings he had brought to M. Beslay. That citizen, who was no less than seventy-five years old, and who was likewise growing tired of the emotional nature of revolutionary life, had just gone to bed, but he roused himself when his visitor's quality was announced, and came forth to hear the Vice-Governor's explanation. The gravest episodes of history have always a comic side, visible to those who see them nearly, and a painter with a demure serious humour in him might delight in producing that queer Parisian night's entertainment. Citizen Beslay, disturbed in his arrangements for repose, and desirous to show all possible respect for his noble guest, had hastily come out from his bedroom to welcome the Marquis, and upon his venerable head was a cotton nightcap of majestic proportions, which did not seem to have been made for him. It nodded and swayed about like the helmet's plume of a hero in some book of chivalry, and, indeed, the words which the stern old Republican spoke were not unbecoming a hero of romance. To the honour of these troublous times, let it here be recorded that the Communist delegate refused to read the duplicate of the Empress's letter to the Imperialist officer, and that M. Beslay took the nobleman's word for its contents, as loyally as that word was given. No finer story is told of the lion-hearted Crusader and the Soldan. Citizen Beslay gave the Marquis de Plouc a most comfortable assurance that the subject of the Crown jewels would henceforth be dropped, and as he lit the Vice-Governor of the Bank to the door of his chamber with kindly deference and parting words of esteem, the cotton nightcap, which was so high and so large, fell suddenly from his bowed head and extinguished the light as effectively as though made for the purpose. Thus the noble and the citizen feelingly took leave of each other in the dark; and as the marquis went upon his way with a quiet mind relieved of a great burthen, M. Beslay muttered "Satané bonnet de coton, va!" Indeed, all the relations between the honest nobleman and the honest Republican were so creditable to themselves and to their country as to suggest a doubt whether there is any essential difference between the behaviour of upright men, whatever may be their rank or station. It is surely no small thing to add that when the Versailles troops entered Paris in the rage of battle, and with blood upon their hands, M. Beslay found a safe asylum in the apartments of the Marquis de Plouc. He remained some days there perfectly unmolested, and was then provided with a passport for Switzerland. Before this paper ends, too, it should be added that the Communist who had all the wealth of France at his disposal never touched a piece of French gold, and that he went into banishment hand in hand with honour.

OUR TREASURE DRAWER.

FROM A LADY'S NOTE-BOOK.

It is a dreary winter evening. The wind howls with an angry roar. Old Boreas is fierce with rage, the cloud king is sending out his signals. The big drops are falling fast on the window pane. Not a traveller dares venture forth to face the severe tempest or to brave the furious elements. Home seems desolate, cheerless, with the petting against doors and the rattle of the windows; the spasmodic hurricane shakes the house's timbers, and rocks its foundation. There is a long, dismal evening before the inmates. Music and songs seem to jar on the ear; games and plays are not in union with the fear that the gale and storm creates. We will retire to the solitude of our chamber.

This dark night recalls many memories and associations of the past, which never lie dormant within our bosoms. We have a treasure drawer in which we have placed the gifts of love, the keepsakes of affection, the pledges of friendship, dearer to us than our rich costly jewels, which lie in their casket, unvalued and useless; these precious treasures are worn for ever in our re-

membrance, only to part with them when the messenger calls us to the unknown hand.

Who of us, dwelling in experience, waiting at the gate of rest, have not love's recollections of the days gone by—the memorials of young years and early love—lingering near them, keeping themselves within the recesses of their hearts? It is natural human affection should keep such treasures from the prying and curious, therefore we conceal them in some secret nook as sacred property, for around each relic there is a tide of unceasing memories which will never reach the ocean of oblivion or float away on the sea of time.

"Let me sit in tender calmness
On memory's silent shore,
That still remains."

This a dull, solemn evening. Our maidens are listless, speechless; we will ask them to our boudoir, show them our choice collection; we will talk with the history of our life, that they may learn the shadows of earth that darken every hope, that blast every joy—that here there is ever night, with chilling dews, where storm clouds ever gather—the bright dominions are only in heaven's eternity. Woman's eye is never too dim to glisten, her countenance never too old to become radiant over the sight of the tokens of her virgin love. We stand proudly before our sweet listeners with these emblems of our maidenhood's triumphs and conquests spread on the table before us. We have passed many sad years of sorrow and loneliness since we received them from the hands of fond devotion and rare esteem. Life's footprints have been in the ruts of earth's highways—we have seldom trod the paths covered with daisies and roses. It has seemed as if we ever beheld graveyards, cypress, vines, creeping ivy, weeping willows, with wide open vaults and marble monuments.

We will softly shut the door, for we care not to exhibit to others our gifts, simple as they are, priceless in value to us. To us, they are memory's golden chain with indestructible electrical flame—not a link broken or unclasped—which we will wear around our necks whilst we live. Here lies an envelope, dated some thirty years ago, the delicate offering of a noble lover. It is marked, "For her I love," in his clear chirography. It contains merely a faded rose, which once blossomed on the rosebush near the old homestead porch; that withered flower carefully laid in the yellow paper tells of a sunny hour of exquisite joy and of rapturous bliss—the close embrace, and warm clasp of hand in hand. How many lips can utter the same moan—"I've nothing but the recollections of his precious love left!" How little did we dread, when this rose was red and fragrant, this flower the first blossoming of a May morn, that in after years we should carefully preserve it for dear memory's sake! Alas! he who plucked it and bestowed it with such manly emotion and winning grace, worthy of a woman's constancy and fidelity, awaits our coming to the celestial gardens, where we shall meet again, to pluck the roses from immortal rose-bushes.

"These life's flowers keep all their sweetness,
Blight not by frost or tear."

We take up this manuscript volume—we turn its pages to read once again thrilling verses, all illuminated with manhood's passion; verses that were dedicated to us, as if we were the goddess of his heart and the idol at whose shrine he worshipped. When this book was given into our keeping, "for you alone," we thought to be the bride of the donor, our first love, our earliest attachment; from the opening years of girlhood he had been the one particular star that nightly rose and set in the firmament above our head. We had listened beneath the moon's silver light to his protestations, his vows and promises of love—so deep, so fervent, so ardent! Who could doubt their sincerity? Yet he was writing them on the sands of ocean beach, to be washed away by the first swell of a boisterous wave. How readily, how easily he broke his troth and forgot his pledges! The heart that was bound up in his own knows too well the bitterness and agony it suffered and endured.

What is in this blotting paper? The golden curl of a beautiful boy of five summers. I can see his little head covered with his long, shining ringlets, as the summer breeze tossed them. He was then wearing the invisible crown of a cherub—the guardian angels were waiting to carry him away as a lamb in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Long did a waiting mourning Rachel lament, sitting oft, sighing and weeping over her loss; others have filled his place, but left to her is his memory and his great beauty.

These packets of hair tied with all colours of ribbon—a story is attached to each. What changes since these strands were cut from off the precious heads! Let us lay them away, for the dead owners may by their touch return again to us, to haunt our midnight visions by their grim presence.

We dare not read these valentines—they bring back many painful regrets; there are heart scars which are deemed healed, but are opened by the least word of the past. Ah! had we understood his love, when these valentines were received, and we read all the fervent, glowing love of the sender, perhaps he would never have believed our love was not true or genuine. Maidens must play at random even with the hearts they have gained, toy with them until one wonders if in woman's soul there is any love or pity. We did love; but with all our devotion, all our idolatry, the depth and strength was doubted. We had thought there was no truth in a second love—that trust and faith would only be felt once in a lifetime; all other passion was a mere semblance;

but when the lone heart yearned for sympathy—when it was drooping, withering, for want of the warmth of love, the shelter of manly protection—when it needed strength and affection, there was met one radiant in the glory of virtue, worth and excellence; it was not strange the heart was made captive a second time, and that it found joy and rapture in his welcome and greeting.

We must lock up our drawer; you have seen some of its treasures—we have told you some of the incidents of our life—you must not peer deeper into those memories which fill us with the sorrow that human hearts are fettered and imprisoned here; they are only free in the sunny summer clime of eternal love. We wait patiently for that blest May, that balmy June, when the warmth of celestial air will bring the freshness and colour back to our faded flowers and dead leaves—when flaxen locks and raven tresses will shine in the light of the golden sky, and we shall meet our departed love.

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

F. X. Lambert, Ottawa. Correct solution of Problem No. 84 received.

Sigma, Montreal. Correct solution of problem No. 83 received.

H. A. C. F., With reference to the dual in the solution of problem No. 83, it is evident that it could only occur in very bad play on the part of the defence. It can hardly be said to be a defect in so fine a position.

C. H. Baker, Montreal. Your problem shall appear next week. Many thanks.

We have been requested to state in our Column that recently in Montreal a Chess Match for an albert chain and locket was played by the following amateurs. Mr. M. Ferguson, M. Guinan, M. C. Charron, Mr. J. O'Brien and Mr. Charles H. Baker. The arrangements were to the effect that each player should play two games with every other player. The player winning the greatest number of games to be entitled to the prize. Time limit five minutes for each move. After playing the stipulated number of games Messrs. Ferguson, Charron, and Baker stood equal, having won five games each. M. Guinan won four games and Mr. O'Brien one. In subsequent play on the same terms by Messrs. Ferguson, Charron and Baker, Mr. Ferguson won three games, carrying off the prize, Mr. Baker two games, and Mr. Charron one.

We are very happy to notice in our Column, any effort on the part of our chess friends to promote the cause of the noble game, but at the same time we must say that it would be well if all its votaries in our city would connect themselves with the Montreal Chess Club, where they would find a number of players who for many years have been doing all in their power to spread a knowledge of the game in the Province. The Club at present fairly represents the players of Montreal, but it would be better if all the young players of the city would lend their aid in increasing its numbers.

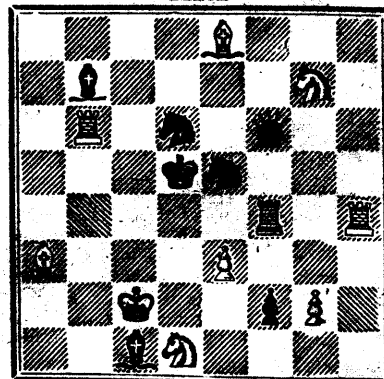
Chess players all over the world will be grieved to hear of the death of the great player, Herr Lowenthal, of his life; it may be sufficient to say that both as a player of the game, and as an author of chess literature, he was equally well known. After Mr. Morphy's successful tour in Europe in 1858, Mr. Lowenthal published a collection of that great player's games, and in several other ways he contributed considerably to our stock of chess literature.

Fears are entertained that the anticipated great Chess Congress at Philadelphia is to fall to the ground. Want of funds is said to be the cause, owing no doubt in a great degree to the depression in business felt almost everywhere.

PROBLEM No. 86.

By M. J. MURPHY, Quebec.

BLACK



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME 122ND.

(From Land and Water.)

A smart skirmish which occurred recently between Mr. Macdonnell and another amateur at Signet's Tavern, the former giving the odds of the Queen's Knight.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Macdonnell.) BLACK.—(Amateur.)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. B to B 4 | Kt to KB 3 |
| 3. P to Q 4 | P takes P |
| 4. Kt to KB 3 | Kt takes P |
| 5. Q takes P | Kt to Q 3 (a) |
| 6. Castles | Q to B 3 |
| 7. R to K sq (ch) | B to K 2 |
| 8. B to K Kt 5 (b) | Q takes Q |
| 9. R takes B (ch) | K to B sq |
| 10. Kt takes Q | P to K B 3 |
| 11. Kt to KB 5 | Kt takes Kt |
| 12. R to B 7 (ch) | K to K sq |
| 13. Q R to K sq (ch) | K to Q sq |
| 14. B takes K B P (ch) | Kt to K 2 |
| 15. R to B 8 (ch) | R takes R |
| 16. B takes Kt (ch) | K to K sq |
| 17. B to B 3, discovering checkmate. | |

NOTES.

- (a) The herald of all Black's subsequent disasters.
(b) From this point to the end White maintains the attack with remarkable ingenuity.