

A MEMORY OF MURRAY BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE."

Let us tarry here in sweet seclusion, safe from the hated intrusion of city dust—city noises—far away from the disturbing influence of business and the disquieting effects of decaying bank shares and stock quotations.

To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock precise, a caravan of hay carts will take us nine miles to Ste. Agnes, beyond the yawning depths of the "Grand Ruisseau," of all the Laurentian hills the mightiest. The Ste. Agnes picnic, remember, is an annual one, on no account to be omitted by every well-born Canadian, whether of Saxon or Gallic blood. Despite the increasing mist of years, we have still in our mind's eye one of these merry meetings, undertaken when dawned for us the purple light of youth—when the young blood coursed through the veins with its maddening tide of freshness and hope. Ah, me! such preparations! the pyramids of chicken and veal pie, the hampers of cold mutton, baskets of India pale ale, crowned with sundry bottles of "green seal," or Burgundy! All this happened in the good olden time for rich and poor, when money overflowed in our banks; when fleets of London and Liverpool merchantmen—thirteen hundred annually—sought at our wharves the "wealth of our pine forests," without having to pay to a Hibernian or French ship-laborer \$4 a day for his services, or without asking "By your leave."

Our sturdy ponies have drawn us up the mighty precipice of the "Grand Ruisseau." The feast is over. Home again. To-morrow at peep of dawn, through the courtesy of the proprietors, we shall go and throw a cast for salmon in the river Murray; drive the ladies to the Grand Lac the day after, and make up a select, a very select party, as to anglers, for the moist banks of Lake Grand. Lo! and behold! watch for our return from this picturesque, though uncertain elysium of lake trout! We count on laying before your startled gaze a cart-load of speckled beauties—three or four pounders at least—with their rosy flesh all packed in the greenest fern leaves which the Laurentian flora can furnish.

Rejuvenated, restored, ruddy with health plucked from the crest of thy living billows, sweet cottage-crowned bay! let us now say adieu to thy rocky heights, to thy Alpine gorges! May thy rural, hilly rides, thy luscious sardines, thy silvery smelts, thy appetizing fresh herrings, continue to restore vigor to the frames of thy gay tourists, and to bring back to the cheek of the budding belles their wonted roses and carnations! May the cheery voice of hospitality, the sound of glancing footsteps continue to be heard on thy shores, in the cottage of the lowly, as well as in thy old Scotch manors, even long after the Lairds thereof shall have been gathered to their forefathers—wafted beyond the ethereal heights of Cap-aux-Oies, where, in the words of Ossian, they may be supposed to ride in their airy chariots, with the warriors, their "fathers, in silence solemn on the summits of cloud-capped Morven! Let us hie away to the green fields and pebbly beaches of Cacouna, or wood-crowned Mitis.

Pointe-à-Pic, Aug. 1, 1879.

A STEP IN RIGHT SPELLING.

The movement to remedy the gross defects of the present system—if system is the proper term for such a chaos—of spelling the English language is making very gratifying advance, especially in the West. Chicago has for some time been a focus of discussion, and, in true Western style, it proceeds without ado to put its newly accepted principles into practice. The *Tribune* of that city has adopted some of the innovations recommended by the American Philological Association, taking a sort of first step toward revolution. It now fights its old political enemy under the diminished guise of a "demigog," throws the axis of its protection over the "pedagog," abbreviates the "decalog" to meet the requirements of a fast age, promises to extend the "catalog" of its excursions in the future, and thus takes at a step one of the highest seats in the phonetic "synagog." It compresses its proceedings into a "program," as some New York papers did several years ago. Generally the effect of the changes it has made scarcely interferes with the familiar look of our old acquaintances. Our friends from Havana and Turkey are not less welcome as "cigarettes," nor are blue eyes or black eyes any less fascinating as "coquets;" and certainly the world does not breathe less freely since the *Tribune* has taken up a tuck in the skirts of "etiquet." The finite remains as large as ever, but the "infinite" is diminished at one end, a thing that will please the pessimists who already take so much delight in the discovery that life is not worth living. Occasionally there is a gain in picturesqueness by these elisions. Is there not a touch of grit and of the fateful porcupine given to the treacherous pretender when his robe is clipped and he stands simply as a "hypocrit?" And equally a little lovable quality passes from the book of the old friends, the old books, the old loves, when this scythe of modern time lops off abruptly their tender farewells and bundles them off unceremoniously as ordinary "favorites." But

General James Murray granted Murray Bay, in 1782, to two favorite companions in arms—Major Nairne and Col. M. Fraser. The boundary between both estates was the River Murray. These names exist to this day. The Cape & P. Angle and was styled Mount Murray.

how much more will the poets grieve when they find that the bright creatures of their thought are mere "fantoms," and that a little "fonetic" wand suffices to turn in an instant the vast pageantry of visible things into a simple "fantasmagoria." Truly the "fonetic" is a great leveller. Under his sway the wisest of mortals takes his place in the same rank with the most unwise. He is robbed of his venerable digraph, and henceforth "filosofer" becomes as simple as fool. Heretofore the line of innovation has been the reverse; and the wearer of cap and bells sought to pass among the philosophers by adopting the philosophic "digraf." But the day of the "phool" is ended.

Of the remaining changes made by the *Tribune* one or two, it seems to us, are not well considered. The use of a double consonant to indicate a short vowel preceding is an excellent one, and is shared by English partially with other cultivated languages. It cannot be discarded advantageously until we have distinct signs for the long and the short vowel sounds. Thus in dilemma the short sound of e is clearly indicated even to a reader unfamiliar with the word. But write it "dilema" as the *Tribune* decrees, and there might be doubt whether the vowel should be long or short.

The *Utica Herald*, one of the chief papers of the State, outside of New York, and a score of other luminaries throughout the country, have veered their orbits to a greater or less degree into the same path of reform. This fact, taken in connection with the authority of an imposing array of scholars and authors, who commend these changes and adopt them in their own writing, goes a good way toward meeting the demand of the canon of good usage. Too far, at least for any future step backward. In the logic of events the movement must go forward. The *Home Journal* was not one of the last, as its readers are well aware, to advocate the reform of which this is a slight beginning, and it will not be behind in falling into the step now when the music begins. It adopts the principles approved above, and hereafter will consider any words spelled according thereto, in its columns, as rightly spelled. It would gladly form one of a number of high-class journals to adopt in concert still more thorough changes.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Martura, or Un mariage civil.—by Theodore Vibert. Paris, Auguste Ghio, publisher.

This is a charming poem full of vigor in style and in thought. Its author—a philosopher and a christian—has applied himself to demonstrate the absurdity of the purely civil marriage in principle and in its results. What distinguishes Mr. Vibert's works, is not so much the magic of the style and the harmony of the rhythm, as the force of the idea. He sketches his work on a broad canvass, throws on his colors somewhat carelessly, yet with boldness, and handles his energetic brush in a manner a little harsh at times, but always with a striking effect of ensemble.

Martura is on a par with the previous productions of the poet, and apart from a few slight defects of detail, it truly breathes with fine and wholesome poetry.

L. H. F.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HISTORY says that Eve first tempted Adam, but we have never heard her story.

THE maiden with the new parasol always regrets that she can't keep it up in church.

WOMEN should always avoid exhibiting bad temper. None of them care to show their rage.

"This is the rock of ages," said the father, after rocking two hours and the baby still awake.

THE only time in life when woman seems to be truly happy is when she calmly sits down and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimmings. She seems to be truly happy, but what a Vesuvius is at work in her heart!

WHEN you see a lady running after a horse-car shaking her parasol like mad and crying out frantically, "Here, here!" the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been taught to whistle on her fingers. But her gloves! Ah, yes; we hadn't thought of that. Perhaps it is as well as it is.

Soft as silk with golden hair,
Bright as stars were her eyes of blue.

Truly I loved my lady fair;
Truly my lady loved me, too.

Did it break my heart when my love lay dead?
Why, bless your heart, she didn't die.

Time wrought changes as it onward sped;
She loves another—so do I.

We have just heard of a pretty, gentle little girl who spent a week by invitation last summer in our neighbourhood. Both her father and mother were drunkards, and her home was purgatory. She died this spring, and to her Sunday-school teacher, who was with her near the last, she talked of "that time when she lived in the country." She said: "It is the only happy week I remember in all my life." She is dead, but I think that hospitality was not wasted. Who can say how often some little incident of that memorable time has come back to remind her that life is not all violence and meanness? And how often the thought that she was reunited for this summer has tidied her over some moment of child-

ish despair! Such an event in such a life was not a trifle; it was the setting of a saving influence about a soul in dangerous surroundings; it was the unseen but far larger part of the blessing which any good man or woman may confer on any child whom they merely invite to a week of fresh air in the country.

HUMOROUS.

A CHASM that often separates friends—Sarcasm.

MRS. PARTINGTON, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

AN Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know; I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

A SPRINGFIELD, Mass., man has named his four boys Ara, Era, Ira and Ora, and they are "all alive and mischievous as if nothing had happened."

THE son of a coffee and spice dealer was asked at school where coffee came from, and the reply was: "Father said I musn't tell, and he'll lick me if I do."

WHEN a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in a column headed "Pearls of Thought."

THERE is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at \$2 a day he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

A PENNSYLVANIA boy made a gun of a section of gas-pipe. He was a very ingenious little fellow, and but for his untimely death might have accomplished perpetual motion some day.

FRENCH mother to her only boy, after the annual school examination:—"And why didn't you, too, obtain a prize—a floral crown?" Jules:—"Mother, that is against my republican principles."

ALL the spelling reforms of all the men in all the world will not succeed in lessening the intensity of the school-boy's affection, who scrawls on his slate with a broken pencil: "i luv yu," and hands it across the aisle, with a big apple, to a pretty little blue-eyed girl who reads in the Second Reader.

MR. GALLAGHER had been to the beach and was watching some boys bathe, when one of them called out that he was drowning. Mr. Gallagher was equal to the emergency. Shouting to the lad to keep up for 14 seconds, he hastily took off his clothes, splitting up his shirt the whole length of the back in his effort to divest himself of it. He then made a desperate effort to get his stockings off, without removing his shoes, but he had to abandon the project, and was about to plunge in to rescue the boy, when he suddenly thought that it would do no good, as he couldn't swim. But it made no difference, as the boy had been got ashore some time before.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers to hand. Thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 233.

E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 239.

At a numerous meeting of the chess-players of the city of Montreal, held at the Club Room (Montreal Gymnasium), on the 13th inst., the Montreal Chess Club was re-organized and the following officers elected:—

President—H. A. Howe, Esq., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents—Thomas Workman, Esq., Principal Hicks.

Secretary-Treasurer—John Henderson, St. Hyppolite Street.

Council, including other officers—H. Von Bokum, Esq., John Barry, Esq., J. G. Ascher, Esq.

Club evenings for play—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Chess Editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—If you could afford the space necessary for the foregoing and say a word in favor of "Our Old Right Royal Game," you would confer a favor as we are desirous of getting up a club worthy of the city.

Yours truly,
J. HENDERSON, Sec.-Treas.

Montreal Chess Club Rooms,
15th September, 1879.

In calling attention to the foregoing notice and letter, we must say that it gives us much pleasure to find that a meeting has been held in Montreal for the purpose of re-organizing the Chess Club, and we feel sure that the newly appointed Secretary, assisted by an able Council, will let no opportunity pass to secure the prosperity of the Club, and the consequent advancement of the noble game in our city.

We have shown before that the game of Chess is at the present time gaining favour in all progressive communities, as is evident from the rapid increase of clubs in the large cities on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as in provincial towns, and the appearance almost every week of fresh means in the shape of magazines and chess columns for the conveyance of chess information testifies in the same manner to an interest in the game which is as pleasing as it is instructive.

We say instructive, for it shows that the rapid progress which education has made among the masses has evoked a love of intellectual pursuits even to the extent of reaching the amusements of the people so that the smallest towns of England and the United States can boast of flourishing clubs for the royal game, and its practice is no longer confined to the dwellings of the learned and rich, as was the case not many years ago.

Under such circumstances, that Montreal should not have a Chess Club fitting its standing among the cities of the Dominion would, indeed, be a subject deeply to be regretted.

The meeting which was held the other night at the Gymnasium is, we hope, the earnest of a prosperous future for the club, but at the same time what has been done by it in past years should not be entirely overlooked. Very nearly thirty years, we believe, have elapsed since the Montreal Chess Club was established, and we can on our part testify to the fact that during nearly the whole of that time there has not been wanting a room prepared for the pursuit of the game, or for the reception of visitors to the city who might be desirous of meeting with antagonists.

The members of the club have on many occasions used their influence to induce young persons to join their ranks, and only recently an advertisement was inserted in the city papers for that very purpose. It should also be known that during the last three or four years effective measures have been taken to create an interest in the game in the city, and also to improve the play of the club, by inviting to Montreal two of the most distinguished players of the day, and the results, we can safely state, have been of a beneficial nature.

Something could be said, also, as regards the past, to local tournaments, telegraphic matches with distant cities and other means, the whole of which had their uses in extending the influence of the game.

So much for the years gone by of the old club, and now that a reorganization has taken place, we call upon all who love the noble game to lend a helping hand. We have shown that something has been done in the past, let us anticipate success for the future.

We say again, then, that Montreal from her position among the cities of the Dominion ought to have a Chess Club in numbers and skill which would bear fair comparison with any similar association on this continent.

It is to the young players of the day that we must look for co-operation in this matter, and we earnestly hope we may not be disappointed.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Many of our readers who are devoted to the "old right royal game" of chess, will be glad to learn that the Montreal Chess Club has been re-constructed on a promising basis. By referring to our city news columns our readers will recognize among the recently appointed officers, names well known and honored in chess circles. It is to be hoped that the club will soon receive such support and encouragement as will render it worthy of what is the commercial and what ought to be the intellectual capital of the Dominion.

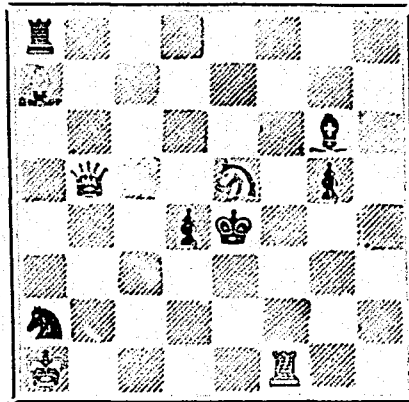
CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting will take place at Ottawa on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., and the Tourney will commence on the same day and terminate on the 3rd of October. We are led to hope that there will be a numerous gathering of amateurs. Quebec will send some of its best players and Montreal will be well represented. Important subjects bearing upon chess matters will be discussed, and altogether, the meeting, we have no doubt, will be both pleasant and profitable.

PROBLEM No. 243

By M. J. SEEBERGER.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 38TH.

One of twenty games, all played at the same time by Mr. Blackburne at the Manchester Chess Club.

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. V.)

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| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to K B3 | 2. Kt to Q B3 |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. B to B4 |
| 4. P to Q Kt4 | 4. B takes Kt P |
| 5. P to B3 | 5. B to B4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. P to Q3 |
| 7. P to Q4 | 7. P takes P |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to Kt3 |
| 9. Kt to B3 | 9. B to Kt5 |
| 10. B to Kt5 | 10. B to Q2 |
| 11. P to K5 | 11. P takes P |
| 12. P to Q5 | 12. Q takes K2 |
| 13. B takes B (ch) | 13. Q takes B |
| 14. Kt takes P | 14. Q to B4 |
| 15. Q to R4 (ch) | 15. K to Q sq |
| 16. B to B4 | 16. P to K R3 |
| 17. Q R to Q sq | 17. Kt to Kt3 |
| 18. B to Kt5 (ch) | 18. K Kt to K2 |
| 19. P to Q6 | 19. P takes P |
| 20. R takes P (ch) | 20. K to B2 |
| 21. Q to B4 (ch) | 21. K takes R |
| 22. Kt to Kt5 (ch) | 22. K takes Kt |
| 23. R to K sq (ch) | Resigns. |

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 41.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q to Q R8 | 1. Any move |
| 2. Mates accordingly. | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 239.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q2 | 1. P moves |
| 2. R to Q4 | 2. Any move |
| 3. Mates acc. | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 240.

The following from the Cincinnati Commercial is a position occurring in actual play. It is a very easy but a useful example of an end game. In moving out of check, White made a mistake, and the game was drawn.

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| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at K B6 | K at Q R6 |
| Pawn at K Kt7 | R at K R5 |

White to play and win.