

LEXINGTON.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun.
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire:
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low is death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-cloud the thunder burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath.
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall:
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein:
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest—
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SEVEN OF THE THREE HUNDRED

CHILDREN GATHERED AT THE WESTERN HOME, NIAGARA, ON THE 22ND OF SEPTEMBER LAST TO MEET MR. DOYLE, THE ENGLISH INSPECTOR.

No. 1, LOUISA, from Bristol.—Indentured to service. Been in Canada since 1873,—her indenture will expire this autumn. She intends to remain in the same family after that date. Miss Rye was visiting at the house of her master and mistress, when Mr. Doyle's report reached Canada. Noticing that her friend was in great trouble, Louisa asked her mistress the cause, and being told that Mr. Doyle had written to say that poor girls in England, were far better off in Work Houses than in Canada. The following was the characteristic comment: "The brute, anyhow, I'm glad, we're here, (alluding to her two little sisters). Then after a pause, with a long sigh, "But I'm sorry for them, poor things at home."

No. 2, LITTLE HEZIBAH, from Greenwich Union.—This child came out in 1873, with a little sister, and a widowed mother who has, since that date, been house servant at the Home, Niagara, Hepzi living with her mother. The medical men belonging to the Union warned Miss Rye she should never get the child across the Atlantic alive, and there certainly seemed great chance of the fulfilment of the prophecy, for the child was a mere bag of bones, and the Work-house authorities declined to pay one cent towards the expense of removing either the mother or the children.

No. 3, NANCY, from Holborn Workhouse, who left England in 1870.—A poor plain, delicate little waif, now adopted by a wealthy gentleman who has no children of his own, and this is how little Nancy won her way in the world. A request was sent to the Home, that a specially pretty and attractive child should be sent to—. After the usual enquiries, answer was returned, that the only child in the Home available for adoption was little Nancy, whose merits and demerits were fully described, and in fear and trembling the child was sent to her new home. Great and serious was the disappointment felt on her advent in the place, and toleration was all that was felt for a few months. After a while, the lady of the house fell sick, and the child's affectionate devotion became very apparent. "Oh!" said the step-mother, one day, as the child lay with her on the sofa, kissing and stroking the pale cheek, "do you really love me, Nancy?" "Why yes," was the ready answer, "don't you know that I've no one else to love me 'cept you and my Father in heaven." That little speech sealed the bond for ever, and untold gold now could not part the foster-parents and the child.

No. 4.—MARTHA, from Kirkdale, Liverpool, came out in October, 1869. Been in one place six years; removed this spring, by advice of her mistress and with Miss Rye's consent. Has saved \$60, \$53 of which, she writes, are in the bank, adding in her last letter to Miss Rye, a propos of Mr. Doyle and his report: "them gentlemen in England, as says we poor girls are better off in the workhouses at home than out here in Canada, don't know nothing about it."

No. 5. KATE, from the slums of Islington.—Father dead. Mother, a worthless reprobate. When brought to Miss Rye's London Home, the little feet were so full of sores that the child could barely stand, and one of the ladies working in that home, was so touched at the sight that she herself knelt to wash those feet, and as she washed, the tears rolled down and down her kind face; while the comment made by the child was simply this: "My mother's a cruel woman, she said, she'd scrub my feet with a scrubbing brush." Truly, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

No. 6.—SARAH, from Foxteth Park, Liverpool, came out in October, 1870. Been in same place ever since, (indentured for service), time up this summer; intends to remain in same place; has a sister who came out from same school, at same time. Living in the same village in Canada, the joint prayer of the two sisters, who saw Miss Rye two months ago, was to bring out a third sister from England, if she could only find her!

No. 7.—AMIE, from Kirkdale, Liverpool, came out in October 1870. Adopted in same family ever since, said by the neighbours near where she lives, to be "just the very best girl Miss Rye has ever brought out." The photograph was sent by the child to Miss Rye, just before the last great gathering at the Home, for fear an invitation should not be sent!

Children brought out by Miss Rye, since October 1869,—1870, of whom 200 have been non-union children.

Mr. Doyle reverses the figures, and makes out that Miss Rye has added the Workhouse children as addenda, the truth being that her Home, at "Peckham," London, for waifs and strays, was not opened until 1873."

MR. CHILDERS ON CANADA.

Mr. Childers delivered an address to his constituents at Pontefract lately on the subject of his recent visit to the United States and Canada. Before speaking of his tour in the States, to which the greater part of the lecture was devoted, Mr. Childers gave his impressions of Canada. He said that he travelled through the greater part of Canada, and, with the exception of Quebec, visited all its most important cities. He found among all classes only one great sentiment, and that was the sentiment of loyalty and attachment to the mother country, coupled with the hope and desire that Canada might long flourish as the most important colony of this country. As to the condition of Canada, Mr. Childers said that if any thought that the Dominion of Canada was overshadowed by the great empire of the United States close to it, they were greatly mistaken. The Dominion of Canada has advanced in wealth, prosperity, population, and in matters of self-government quite as much as any other part of the world, and quite as much as the United States of America, and we might be satisfied that we had in Canada, not only a thoroughly loyal, but a thoroughly prosperous and well-governed country. "But," Mr. Childers continued, "I have been told—and I have heard it said since I came home—'Oh, the Canadians, however you may speak of their success and of their loyalty, are not such fine fellows as the inhabitants of the United States are, and in the long rivalry between the two nations the Canadians must go to the wall.' I think also that it must be a mistake. I am not at this moment speaking of warfare, of what might happen if any differences between ourselves and America were to lead to a war in that country, but as to the character of the people which occurred to me, watching, as I did, the different classes from the top to the bottom of society. I saw both their public men; those engaged in commerce, those of no occupation, those engaged in the humbler vocations of life—and it seemed to me that the Canadians bore to their American neighbours much the same position that the Scotch bear to the English. They may be in some respects a colder people, they may have all those special characteristics which we attribute to the Scotch, but just as you know that Scotchmen are able at all times to hold their own with Englishmen—as however proud we may be of being English, the Scotch character is a thoroughly independent and thoroughly stable character—so it seems to me that our Canadian fellow-subjects will be thoroughly able to hold their own with the United States, and retain their thoroughly national characteristics. On that ground, therefore, as well as on many others, we may well be thoroughly proud of our connection with them.

DEATH OF CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

It is not often a man of conspicuous ability can pass through a long life without creating a single enemy. Of Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly, who died last week at Jacksonville, Fla., it could be truthfully said that he had not an enemy in the world. No one ever spoke of him except with respect and kindness, and he was recognized as the type of a chivalrous, modest gentleman. Mr. Shanly was born in Ireland, and part of his early life was spent in Montreal, where he first began to write for the press, and for the last twenty years he had resided in New York. He was a constant contributor to the daily and weekly press and to the leading magazines, and wrote stories, essays, criticisms, and poetry with equal facility and with remarkable

evenness of merit. He edited *Vanity Fair* and *Punchinello*, to which he contributed drawings as well as articles and paragraphs. There is probably not a daily paper of any reputation in New York to which Mr. Shanly was not an almost constant contributor, and his work was always done in a thorough and conscientious way. While he was one of the most gentle and courteous men, he loved a solitary life. He rarely visited any of his friends, and few of them knew where he lodged. His favorite amusement was to take long solitary walks, and he often began the day by a walk to High Bridge and back.

For the last two years it has been evident that consumption had taken firm hold of Mr. Shanly, and last fall he was compelled to give up work and seek the milder climate of Florida. He died at the age of sixty, and there is not a man who ever met him who will not read with warm regret of the death of this honest and noble gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to good reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humour of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

SCOTCH GIRLS.—We question if a more beautiful sight can be seen upon this wide world than the fashionable promenade of Prince Street, Edinburgh, any sunny day about four o'clock. Let the spectator take his eye from the picturesque glories of that exquisite landscape, and fix them upon the more beautiful of Nature's works who pass him by. The writer promenaded upon one occasion during the past summer with an American gentleman of considerable taste; and, said he, "What I admire about your Scotch ladies is their healthy look and their educated faces." He had struck the right note. In the high-bred air which he remarked he saw perfect health, without vulgarity; ease of manner, with unapproachable dignity; elegance of costume, with common sense. Scotch girls are educated for use, not show; to live a life of usefulness and pleasure to others and themselves. What they know they have learned solidly. If they play the piano, which they generally can, they do not offend the musical sense by sitting down like a mark of interrogation, and thumping the soul out of a showy piece of music like an eccentric sky-rocket in a shower of whirligigs. The Scotch girl may not venture on the confines of marvellous execution; but what she plays is generally executed with feeling, trained accent, and proper time. The same rule holds good in every branch of education.

FACES.—How many and how varied are the faces which Nature has imprinted on our fellow-creatures! The human face, with its different features and many expressions, is truly a study none are sufficiently wise to read and fathom entirely and distinctly.

Often merely an expression keeps an otherwise perfect face from being beautiful; and again, one containing hardly a regular feature has been rendered almost divine by its extremely lovely expression. Hence, to a true reader of human nature, beauty consists not only in perfectly chiselled features, but the disposition, character, and feelings are helping elements; for has it not been said the "eyes are the index of the soul?"

How quick we are to notice one's face, and how ready and lavish with our criticisms and judgments, and how wrong and harsh these judgments are many times! There is nothing which has so great an influence over us for a time as a truly beautiful face. It was no marvel that Mark Antony with "such lofty scorn did cast a world away from Cleopatra's lips!" It was a strange enchantment that held his great heart with Circean bands stronger than life itself.

There is as much difference existing between two pretty faces as between an ugly and pretty one; and the impression made on us is as great. There are some faces we gaze on as we would a beautiful picture, with faultless features and dazzling complexions, but soulless; which fade from our memory when removed from our sight. There are faces, too, which are, at a glance, pronounced cold, cynical, and proud; then passed by. Stop and study such. Note the pallor of that classic brow, radiant with the light of genius; drink deep from the depths of those large midnight eyes, for they are the well-springs of nobility of soul. A face of this kind takes its destined place in the gallery of life's pictures, whose likeness, though shadowy, will never entirely fade away.

Warm hearts, bearing their heavy burdens behind gilded and costly masks, often produce harsh faces; while many a fair face has been the mask behind which foul play and many dark deeds have been carried on. Would that the world be more careful, and draw a line of discrimination between the features and expression of the human face; more would be read rightly, and fewer worthy souls would go down to their graves misunderstood and misappreciated!

LOVE, FEAR, HATE.—Love nothing but what is just and honourable; fear nothing but what is ignoble; and hate nothing but what is dishonest.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lachute, P.Q. Solution of Problem 14, received. Correct.

We have this week inserted in our columns, a game recently played between two of the best players of the Cambridge University.

The late contests between that University and Oxford having excited considerable interest on both sides of the Atlantic, we thought a fair specimen of the skill of the Cantabs in Chess might prove to some extent acceptable to our subscribers.

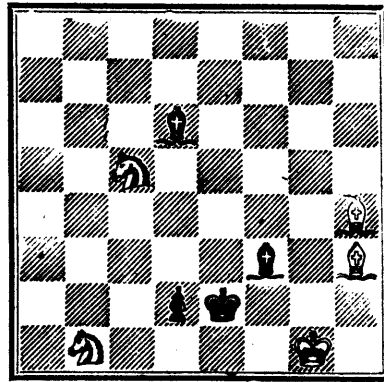
Next week we purpose inserting one of the game played in the Inter-University Match.

It will be borne in mind that Cambridge came out victorious in the late trial of Chess skill.

PROBLEM No. 17.

By M. D'Orville.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White, playing first, gives mates in four moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 15.

WHITE. BLACK.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to Q 2nd (ch) | 1. P takes R |
| 2. R to Q 3rd (ch) | 2. P takes R |
| 3. P to K 4th | |

Mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 14.

WHITE. BLACK.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. R to B 6th (ch) | 1. Kt takes R |
| 2. Kt takes B (ch) | 2. K takes P |
| 3. Kt to K 3rd (ch) | 3. K to Q 3rd |
| 4. Kt to B 4th (ch) | 4. K to Q 4th |
| 5. Kt takes Kt P (ch) | 5. K to Q 3rd |
| 6. R to Q 7th Mate | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.—No. 15.

WHITE. BLACK.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| K at Q Kts sq | K at K Kt 2nd |
| Q at Q B 4th | Q at K B 5th |
| R at K R sq | R at K sq |
| B at Q B 2nd | R at Q R sq |
| Kt at K Kt 3rd | B at Q Kt 3rd |
| Pawns at K Kt 2nd | Kt at Q Kt 2nd |
| K Kt 4th K B 3rd | Pawns at K R 2nd |
| Q 2nd Q Kt 3rd and at | K Kt 3rd K B 3rd |
| Q R 2nd | K 4th Q B 3rd |
| | Q K 2nd |

White to play first, and mate in five moves.

GAME 22nd.

The following game was recently played at Cambridge, England, and is a good specimen of University chess.

WHITE. BLACK.
Mr. Chatto (Trinity). Mr. Keynes (Pembroke).

French Opening.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th |
| 3. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. B to K 2nd | B to Q 3rd |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | B to K Kt 5th |
| 6. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to K B 3rd |
| 7. B to K 3rd | P to K R 3rd |
| 8. Q to Q 3rd | Kt to B 3rd |
| 9. Castles [Q R] [a] | Q Kt to Q 2nd |
| 10. P to K R 3rd | B to R 4th |
| 11. K R to K sq | B to Kt 3rd |
| 12. Q to Q 2nd | B to Kt 5th |
| 13. B to Q 3rd | Castles |
| 14. B takes P [b] | B takes B |
| 15. P takes B | P takes B |
| 16. Q takes P | Kt to R 2nd |
| 17. R to K 3rd | Q to B 3rd |
| 18. Q to R 5th | Q to B 5th |
| 19. P to K Kt 3rd | Q to Q 3rd |
| 20. P to Kt 4th [c] | B takes Kt |
| 21. P takes B | K R to K sq [d] |
| 22. P to Kt 5th | R takes R |
| 23. P takes R | Q to R 6th (ch) |
| 24. K to Q 2nd | Q takes R P (ch) |
| 25. K to B sq | Q to R 8th (ch) |
| 26. K to B 2nd | Q to R 7th (ch) |
| 27. K to B sq | Q to R 6th (ch) |
| 28. K to B 2nd | K Kt to B sq |
| 29. Kt to R 4th | Q to R 7th (ch) |
| 30. K to B sq | Q to Kt 6th |
| 31. R to Q 2nd [e] | Q takes P [ch] |
| 32. K to Q sq | Q to R 8th (ch) |
| 33. K to K 2nd | Q to K Kt 8th |
| 34. Kt to B 5th | B to K sq [f] |
| 35. Kt to R 6th [ch] | K to R sq |
| 36. Kt to B 5th [ch] [g] | Kt to R 2nd |
| 37. Q takes P | R to K Kt sq |
| 38. Q takes Q Kt | Kt takes P |
| 39. Kt to K 7th | Kt to K 5th |

And Black wins.

NOTES.

[a] Exception may be taken to some of the moves in the opening. At White's fourth move it is usual to carry the Bishop to Q third. At Black's fifth he loses time by playing the Bishop to K Kt fifth. Finally, this policy of Castling on the Queen's side is almost always reprehensible in the French Game, as the hostile pawns can advance so readily.

[b] Well devised, but certainly not sound, as the Black Queen can so readily be brought to the rescue.

[c] Too slow to be effectual.

[d] A good move.

[e] He should have continued to move his King.

[f] An oversight, we presume, as it allows White a chance of retrieving himself.

[g] By taking the Pawn with Knight he might have drawn.