

LINES TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

May the happy memories of this day
Be ever present with you on life's way.
O may its brightness and its joys be yours
Through the changes that are wrought by passing years.
Keep the holy vows that you have given.
For they are registered in Heaven;
Learn to forgive, for both are human,
And perfect life is given to no one.

Learn to believe, to know that God is love,
And that every gift comes from above,
And may this joyous happy morning be
Bearer of countless joys to her and thee;
May Heaven's best blessings upon you rest,
And both your hearts with hope and peace invest.
This my prayer, I cannot ask for more.
My heart hath given you of all its store.

Montreal.

JOHN B. HURLAND.

SOME YORKSHIRE CRICKET STORIES.

"The game isn't what it was, sir," said an old professional to me not long ago, as we were watching together a cricket-match at the Oval. "The game isn't what it was."

Now while I am not prepared to maintain that the motto, "Sumus ubi fuimus"—that of the Weare family, its English, "We are where we were," would be, if universally, advantageously applied, I am not sorry to believe that, with regard to one part of the country at least, my companion's words as to cricket are true, and that the game is not now, in some respects, what it was twenty years ago.

The ability to present in a new light a well-worn subject is a gift much to be envied, and possessed by few; among these few the well-known M. P., who lately discovered the source of the Fugitive Slave circular in the philanthropy of a promoter laudably unwilling that slaves be allowed to delude themselves with the belief that can save their lives by boarding ironclads so sure to sink as ours. Among them also a young barrister friend of mine, who, being called upon by the judge at five minutes notice to defend a prisoner accused of being in unlawful possession of a basket of fish, presented certain stubborn facts in so fresh an aspect to the jury that his client was acquitted; my friend receiving for his fee next morning, while in the High-street, a tap on the shoulder and, with a respectful salute, the following: "Sir, I am obligated much to you. You are a wonderful gentleman, sir. I do assure you, sir, when you was a-talking to the twelve gents yesterday I fairly didn't know whether I had taken them fish or not."

But to this ability I can lay no claim; my tales are plain, unvarnished, and true, and are told exactly as they occurred.

My early cricket experience was cast in those favoured localities where, *test Me. Punch*, the head of a stranger develops a magnetic attraction for the moiety of a brick, the bull-pup appropriates the baby's milk, and the necessity of "getting foughten" with all possible despatch is on high days and holidays universally acknowledged—the mining districts of Yorkshire. It was with the hope of providing a healthy substitute for the fast-named and similar diversions that my brothers and myself used what influence we possessed toward the formation and encouragement of cricket clubs in the populous villages of our neighbourhood.

Every unprejudiced person is aware that when a Yorkshireman takes up a new idea he goes in for it heartily; and so it was after a short time with our cricket. When water boils some is sure to boil over; but in our case the difficulty was to prevent the boiling over of the whole, so strong became the *esprit de corps* and the rivalry of the various clubs.

The idea of an umpire being anything but a strong partisan of the eleven from whose village he came, was sure to be received with the contempt which it deserved. Nevertheless did we contrive to possess in such an official one whose reputation for impartiality and upright dealing was allowed by all to be beyond dispute.

His name was Jem, and he was built upon the principle of the Irishman's wall, which, as every one knows, was three feet high and four feet thick, became, when the wind blew it over, "higher than it was at first."

"Jem," said I one day to him, "how is it that whenever we have to go to a match with you there is always some trouble between the umpires? Every one says you are the only fair man about here."

Jem looked solemnly round, as though a great secret were on his mind, and in a low impressive voice unburdened himself.

"Mister Arthur," said he, "it's this way. I'm all for fair play, I am. I wait till I see t'other chap begin; then what I sees to is this—I has the next trick."

Give and take, you will observe, live and let live—statesmanlike principles, now so highly extolled—guided his every action. His manly and consistent character commanded our admiration to the end.

Saturday was our match-day, for many of our eleven were hard at work below ground or above on other days of the week. There was no lack of challenges: we had more than we could take up. They were intelligibly, if not always grammatically, worded. "The East Pitley cricketer is willing for a fair game on Saturday se'nnight—say if you'll come."—"The Bonaparte Young Hopefuls challenge the— The B. Y. H. bats your Mr. A." This was one of us, afterwards of his University and country eleven—a great card even in his school-boy days; so great that, on one occasion, after our arrival without him on the match-ground,

my attention was drawn to a respectably-dressed man gesticulating wildly to a surrounding circle, who hailed me with "Bain't your Mr. A. a-coming, sir?" and when I answered that he was obliged to be elsewhere, declared the match to be "a regular sell;" "for," said he, "I have come six-and-forty mile to see him play, and now I'll have to go back again."

That much-to-be-desired faculty of taking rough and smooth alike with equanimity was in our case a necessity. When we reached East Pitley, for instance, we searched in vain for the ground, having declared our unwillingness to believe that our wickets were to be pitched in a field ripe for the hay harvest. But so it was to be; and a scythe had to be brought before a beginning could be made.

The Bonaparte Young Hopefuls inclined to the other extreme, sending to us on our arrival a deputation to intimate that we should find the ground "a bit bare;" the which, as Mrs. Gump says, it was, being a well-rolled composition of coal-refuse and that which in Yorkshire is known as "dross," i.e. the residuum of the furnaces when the molten iron has been drawn off.

None the less did we have an exciting game, and I have seen the ball "bump" much more in a university match at Lord's.

And I have reason to remember another contest, which took place on a path running through the middle of a field; for I achieved on that occasion a feat to me unwonted—going in first and "carrying my bat out," and with all my bones unbroken.

The great holiday in Yorkshire is Whitsun-Monday, on which day occur, as the local almanacs inform you, a large proportion of the "tides" of the various townlets. Yorkshiremen speak of a "tide" where less instructed people would say fair or feast. Drowning tide was second only, in the opinion of its inhabitants at least, to Greenwich fair, abolished some twenty years ago—its epitaph, "Sic transit gloria Easter mundi"—and the ancient game of "knur and spell" held its own against cricket on that occasion at Dowling. But Parsley was a less populous place, and thither one Whitsun-Monday, an unusually hot day, we repaired punctually to our time, eleven o'clock, and were met by some of the principal members of the club, overlookers for the most part, as the chief employes in a spinning-mill are called, who informed us that before we could begin to play we had "got to come to dinner."

Half-past eleven A.M. was, to say the least of it, a somewhat early dining-hour; but to dinner we went; my brother and myself to one house, the others being distributed in the village at various hospitable abodes.

The first dish proved to be an enormous plum-pudding, of which the host insisted on our eating, or appearing to eat, more than a pound apiece; this was followed by roast beef, after which came apple-pies and cheese.

We did our best; but our entertainers prophesied that we "should be but small" if we never ate more than that.

It was on this occasion that there arose a slight difficulty, owing to the dissatisfaction felt by a member of the Parsley eleven with a decision given by our immaculate umpire, the before-mentioned James.

"How's that?" cries some one.

"Aaat," says Jem.

"Whatten ye say?" asks the batsman.

"Ah say aat," repeats the umpire.

"Then ah shalln't leave t' sticks."

And leave the "sticks"—that is, the wickets—he would not; and he was deaf to the commands and entreaties of his captain, until the spectators, losing patience, informed him that they weren't going to have the game stopped; and if he didn't come out, why, he'd be fetched.

We were rich in "Scripture names" in our club—Manasseh, Job, Levi, Ephraim, Judah, and Matthew, I remember, with two Emmanuel and a Seth. One of these—he is a cricketer still, I hear (and as were known and addressed by their Christian names, I must not particularise) prided himself of "stealing runs;" and he frequently, in the attempted accomplishment of the theft, ran his partner out. But it was never, I need hardly say, his fault—at least in his own estimation. No one he would say, need ever run out if he would only keep his eyes open. But once this very fate overtook the man himself, and at a critical point of the game; we had four runs to make, and one more wicket to fall after his. He was fairly out, but took up his position to receive the next ball as though his right to do so could not be questioned. But no ball was delivered, and he appealed to the umpire, who repeated his decision, "Aat!" whereupon our friend deliberately pulled up the three stumps by his side, put them under his right arm, marched to the opposite end, and repeating the operation proceeded with the six "sticks" to the boundary fence, threw them one by one over it into a field of standing grass, leapt the hedge after them, and lying flat down on his face refused to be comforted.

Our opponents claimed the game, but to this we demurred; the case was not provided for in *Lillywhite's Guide*, nor could any of us call to mind a precedent. This match therefore sad to say, "ended in a wrangle."

The only other match which I can remember as ending in a similar manner gave rise to a question, as to the solution of which even the omniscient sporting papers differed. We had agreed to draw the stumps at seven o'clock; at

six-fifty-five we had two runs to get to win, when some one the opposite side shouted, "Seven has struck." Umpires were appealed to; the watch of one said five minutes to, that of the other five minutes past, seven. While we disputed a distant infallible clock sounded the hour. Of course you will say the umpires' watches ought to have been compared at first, and in a state of high civilisation they would have been. But which side had won? We had been done, we argued, out of five minutes, in which we should most likely have obtained our two runs. But, said our opponents, you had not got them by seven o'clock. And I am afraid the question will not be answered much before the settlement of the damages in the well-known story of the cow and the boat.

I wonder if it rains as much as ever in Yorkshire. I am more of a South-countryman now and an umbrella is by no means a superfluous article in these parts. But such weather as Parsley had for its tide afore mentioned was a thing to be talked of for the rest of the summer. It almost always rained. Some said it was the long chimneys that did it; but, as a rule, we played "rain or shine." Saturday was our "day out," and we could not afford to waste it.

But the "field" was sometimes a strange sight. I wonder if a certain member of the present Government remembers, as I remember it, his energetic holding at long-leg with a large potato sack artistically disposed about his person. And it was not enlivening to sit, as we once did for four hours, in a tent on a ground two miles from anywhere, hoping in vain for a cessation in a downpour so heavy that even our play was stopped.

An additional reason for our unwillingness to be driven in by the wet was that if the opposing teams got together, with nothing to do but talk, disputes would arise as to the prowess of the respective champions, which were apt to be settled by appeal to the ordeal of battle. Affection for this said ordeal was a distinguishing characteristic of a township which we will call Sudby; so much so, that when I was once making up an eleven to contend with the Sandbeins, and was balancing the claims of two of our men, about equal in physical strength and height, the matter was settled by Jem: "We'll take Tom" (this was the big man, "for he'll be the most use if it comes to a row.")

Sudby had a bad name—there was no denying it—and I fear that it partly deserved it. Dog-fights certainly were, I do not say they are now, more plentiful on Sunday than on other days in Sudby, and the mysterious game of knur and spell was in full swing during the time of afternoon service; for there was a church there, and more than one chapel; and there was a parson—Parson M. he was called—who tried to do his duty; but the material was too hard for him to make much impression upon it. Nor did the chapels fare much better than the church. But when Parson M. died everyone said he had done what he could and no doubt he had gone to his reward. Whereupon there appeared in one of the papers of a neighbouring large town a paragraph professing to describe Parson M. applying for admission at the door of which St. Peter held the key.

"Who are you?" asks the saint.

"I am Parson M."

"Where do you come from?"

"I come from Sudby."

St. Peter has never heard of such a place. Parson M., however, convinces him after much trouble of the existence of Sudby, and is admitted at last; the saint apologising for the delay, because, saith he, "You are the first that has come from there."

This I remember brought an indignant reply, assuring the public that there were as good Christians in Sudby as in C.—the town where the paper was published—only they did not make a parade of their religion. Whatever doubt might be entertained as to the truth of the first part of this assertion, the latter part was strictly in accordance with the facts.

I have all but lost sight of my old allies now, but I hear of them occasionally. The stealer of runs is flourishing, and in a fair way, they tell me, to make his fortune; but he still sticks to cricket, his fifty years notwithstanding. "We've no captain in our club," he used to say "we're all captains." But he got his way then, and gets it all the more now; it is a case of

"Down with the rulers, down with everything; We'll all be equal—and I'll be your king."

He is great in the chair at the annual dinner, and greater at bulls, rivalling even him of the sister isle, who on taking his place thus addressed a troublesome member of the company: "Now, Mr. B., let me hear nothing from you this evening but silence, and not too much of that."

The little man who used to keep our wickets, and whose temper was, not to put too fine a point upon it, extremely villainous—he was always spoken of as "good-tempered Perkins"—has disappeared from the scene. So also has the hen-fancier, a tall thin lachrymose individual, who, being saluted on entering the tent after the decease of a favourite bird with "Well, Thomas, how's t' owd hen?" replied, "Nay, Richard, that's shabby; thou knowed it were dead;" and pulling out his handkerchief, wept aloud.

The "pillar" of a small chapel, who, on the rare occasions of our allowing the wet to drive us within our canvas, would insist on regaling us with the latest piece of music therein in use, and who would entreat silence while he showed

us how "This is the place where t' bass cooms n," is still faithful, I am told, to the vocal, but grown too fat for the bodily, exercise.

The last I saw of them all was when, being at home three months after my ordination, I was asked to preach by our old vicar. The club heard of it. There were one or two church-goers among them; but the great majority, however, went, like him of the bass voice, to one or other of the numerous chapels. But as service began on the Sunday morning a long procession of stalwart men, two and two, to the number of thirty, marched into the church and took their seats, and conducted themselves with all due decorum.

I am a middle-aged parson by this time, in the West country, and heartily as I entered into our contests of old, I have grave doubts as to my deriving equal enjoyment from similar scenes now. We do play cricket in these parts, but among the class of our neighbours most nearly answering in position to my friends of the pit and mill we much need more *elan* and energy, and one or two special importations from the North would do cricket doubtless more good than harm. But there would be certain attendant risks: the run-stealer's heart would surely be broken in his first innings; and if the answer received by me from a stout young butcher when asked to join us—viz. "I don't want to have my legs knocked by that there hard ball" were to be made to "good tempered Perkins," I could not be answerable for the consequences, or for the preservation of the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen.

ARTISTIC.

FRANK BEARD, the artist, has just completed the manuscript and drawings of a book on the use of the blackboard in the Sunday-school.

IN London the chronic dissatisfaction with the Royal Academy Exhibition has at length expressed itself in the form of an avowed rival to that institution. Grosvenor Gallery, the new comer in the lists, is under the direction of Sir Coutts Lindsay, who is sole capitalist and patron.

A PICTURE painted by a young artist who has been studying at Rome, is expected to make a great sensation at the Paris Salon. It represents Herodias, carrying the head of John the Baptist in a dish. The wife of the gentleman who had been sitting at a model fainting away on seeing the finished picture.

GÉRÔME, *peintre en chef*, to the great disappointment of those who have to feast upon his framed-of-dish paintings, GÉRÔME is fired by Michael Angelo's ambition to shine as a sculptor and painter. He has abandoned the easel for the chisel, and has passed many months over a gigantic statue of the gladiator, in his well known *morceau de sculpture*. The work is in bronze, and the victor and the dead vanquished are both the size of life. This great work will be exposed at the next Exhibition. Gustave Doré has fallen before the same temptation, as he exhibits a large sculptured group, representing Cupid and the Parcae; and Paul Dubois, whose "Florentine Minstrel" will live for ever, and has made him immortal, has taken to the easel, and has limned a child's face of exquisite beauty.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Lubin's Parisian Hair Remover*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its original color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favorite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head-dress. It can be had of all chemists in large size bottles, 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

FARMERS, MECHANICS.

and all people who appreciate the value of keeping a memorandum of business transactions, daily events, and items of interest or importance, for future reference, should call on their druggists and get Dr. Pierce's Memorandum book free. The Doctor's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which cost, when finished, two hundred thousand dollars, will be opened early in June next, for the reception of patients afflicted with chronic diseases and deformities. It will afford the most perfect facilities for the cure of such affections, and its Faculty of physicians and surgeons will embrace graduates from both American and European Medical Schools who have become distinguished for their skill. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, a work of over nine hundred large pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt, is sent to any address by the author on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Almost one hundred thousand copies have already been sold.

S. A. Craig, Esq., druggist, of West Alexander, Pa., says: "I sell more of Dr. Pierce's preparations than all the others combined. They give satisfaction in every case and I can cheerfully recommend them to the public."

PHOSFOZONE

A NEW DISCOVERY in Medicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Callaya and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS.

and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on apply log to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.