

CARCASSONNE.

(From the French of Gustave Nadaud.)

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long,
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen—
It almost seems a wrong:
A dream I had when life was new.
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,
That lovely city—Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue.
Fain would I walk five weary leagues—
I do not mind the road's fatigues—
Through morn and evening's dew,
But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes—that yellow blight!
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spiro
Shoots up like those of Rome!
The bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne,
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right! he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware;
He says, "O! guard the weakest part,
And meet the traitor in the heart
Against ambition's snare!"
Perhaps in autumn I can find
The sunny days with gentle wind,
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne!

My God and Father! pardon me
If this, my wish, offends!
One sees some hope, more high than he,
In age, as in his infancy.
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandsons went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
Half-dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see
Those streets that seem so fair."
That night there came for passing soul
The church bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne,
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

MR. BROWNING'S "JOCOSERIA."

The somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. Browning's latest work will hardly prepare his readers for the curious mixture which it contains; the poems can hardly be called disappointing, because the world has long ceased to expect from their author intelligible utterances or that music which no living poet used to produce more graciously. How is it that the author of "Pippa Passes" never gives us any melody now? Is it possible that he has really lost the power through long and wilful indulgence in roughness and discord? However that may be, the poems in the present volume are, with one exception, "Ixion,"—totally unworthy of the writer's once great reputation; and he has even contrived to mar the piece in question by the entire absence of rhyme, an essential feature in the elegiac measure when written in English; still, with all the faults there is a lurid splendour about "Ixion," and it has had a narrow escape of being a really fine work, which is more than can be said of most of the pieces. Two of these, shorter ones, are touching and simple, and have so obviously subjective a character as to be practically removed from criticism: we refer to "Wanting Is—What?" and "Never the Time and the Place," which serve, as it were, for prologue and epilogue, though perhaps the latter place is more effectively filled by the last stanza of "Pambo," apparently intended as an *ad misericordiam* appeal to the poet's critics:—

Brother, brother, I share the blame,
Arcades amicus umbra!
Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,
Lack not the critic's lambent beam,
And look to my ways, yet, much the same,
Offend with my tongue—like Pambo!

This is all very well, but as a matter of plain fact does Mr. Browning look to his ways? If he does so seriously, how are we to account for such strange, un-English words as, to cite only two, "columnar" and "acquest"? Why does he indulge in occasional spelling which seems to have been learned in New York, in a system of punctuation which leaves the metrical student in despair, and a constant use of ellipsis which as effectually destroys the music of his verse as it confuses the understanding of ordinary readers? But let us see now. The first two narrative poems, "Donald" and "Solomon and Balkis," would go trippingly enough, were it not for the natural irritations which arise when the musical ear is offended by the constant recurrence of rhymes which would have been excellent in a Strand burlesque, but offend when it is felt that the second word is dragged in to meet the exigencies of the first! Take these for example:

And minor damage left wisely alone—
Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,
Out—what went in a Goliath well-nigh—
Some half of a David hobbled.

Apart from other reflections, it strikes one that David is not recorded in Holy Writ to have been either cripple or pigmy. The story is a painful one, but redeemed in the last verse by the author's manly sympathy for the poor, in-

nocent beast, and contempt for its dastardly murderer:

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest;
For, as Homer would say, "Within grates
Though tooth kept tongue," my whole soul growled
"Rightly rewarded,—Ingrate!"

Still one feels that "within grates" is no true rhyme to "ingrate." As for the second named, it is a curious study what would have been said about some passages had they proceeded from a writer of the so-called "fleshy" school; as this:

But Solomon nonplussed! Nay! "Be truthful in turn!" so bade he:
"See the Name, obey its best!" And at once sub-
joins the lady
—"Provided the Good are the young, men strong and
tall and proper,
Such servants I straightway enlist,—which means
but the blubbers stop her.

"Cristina and Monaldeschi" is fine and dramatic; the last two stanzas terrible in their intensity, when we remember the ghastly tragedy which they record:

Friends, my four! You, Priest, confess him!
I have judged the culprit there:
Execute my sentence! Care
For no nail such onwards wear!
Done, Priest? Then, absolve and bless him!
Now—you three, stab thick and fast,
Deep and deeper! Dead at last?
Thanks, friends—Father, thanks! Aghast?

What one word of his confession
Would you tell me, though I lured
With that royal crown adorned
Just because its bars inured
Love too much? Love burst compression,
Fled free, finally confessed
All its secrets to that breast
Whence—let Avon tell the rest!

Then we come to the finest but one in the book, "Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli,"—and that is so noble and touching that it makes one forgive a great deal; it is but short, and we will not attempt to quote, but leave the reader to appreciate its beauty in the original. "Adam, Lilith and Eve" is, we must honestly confess, utterly beyond our comprehension. And now for "Ixion." In this we recognize something of the spirit of the "Prometheus Vincens," and rather more than a reminiscence of that magnificent fragment, "Caliban upon Setebos." As we understand it, the poem may well serve as companion to the last named; a wild, passionate appeal against the impossible tenets of certain narrow-minded religionists, and embodying withal some equally glorious lines; what could well be finer than this one:

Flesh that he fashioned with sense of the earth and
the sky and the ocean.

Or take rather the following passage, by far the finest in the book:

Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgressor,
of purpose
No whit more than a tree, born to erectness of bole,
Palm or plane or pine, we land if lofty, columnar—
Loathe it at thwart, askew,—leave to the axe and the
flame!

Where is the vision may penetrate earth and behold-
ing acknowledge
Just one pebble at root ruined the straightness of
stem?

Whose fine vigilance follows the sapling, accounts for
the failure,
—Here blew wind, so it bent: there the snow
lodged, so it broke?

Also the tooth of the beast, bird's bill, mere bite of
the insect
Gnawed, gnarled, warped their worst: passive it lay
to offence.

King—I was man, no more: what I recognized faulty
I punished.
Laying it prone: be sure, more than a man had I
proved.

Watch and ward o'er the sapling at birth-time had
saved it, nor simply
Owned the distortion's excuse,—hindered it wholly:
nay, more—

Even a man, as I sat in my place to do judgment, and
pallid
Criminals passing to doom shuddered away at my
foot.

Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read
plain a repentance,
Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed to the
wise.

Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not dealt
the renewed ones
Life to retrace the past, light to retrieve the
misdeed?

Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more it
believed thee.
Zeus, who madest man—flawless or faulty, thy
work!

Of "Joehanan Hakkalosh" we would rather not speak at any length; it is very long, and seems to be intended as a sermon on the unsatisfactoriness of things generally, as exemplified in the experiences of the aged Rabbi; but we are really not sure that we have grasped the meaning, which is enveloped in meshes of verbiage, and what must be called cacophony. There is a typical verse at page 116, but it is so hopelessly entangled with its successors that quotation is baffled; some of the choruses in the *Examenides* or the *Agamemnon* are nothing to it. In conclusion, cannot real, loving appreciation of his genius coax some more true singing poetry from the man who wrote "Paracelsus" and "The Pied Piper," and other treasures of a more? There is not a superfluity of great singers nowadays, and it would be a grief if the rising generation should judge of Robert Browning by this his latest utterance.

MORTALITY OF PARIS.

According to the recent census, Paris has a population of 2,239,928. The total number of deaths for the week ending January 4th, 1883, was 1,099, of which 306 were under five years of age. There is an erroneous popular opinion

that very few births take place in Paris, but for the same week the number of births exceeded the number of deaths by 58, whereas in New York city the number of deaths generally exceeds the number of births. The number of legitimate births exceeded that of the illegitimate in the proportion of 852 of the former to 303 of the latter. In Heidelberg the average number of illegitimate births is about one third of the whole number of births.

For the week ending November 23, the proportion of births to that of deaths was as 1,242 to 1,071, an excess of 171 births, while for the week ending December 14, the number of births showed an excess of 137.

The number of marriages is, however, small, ranging from 381 to 403 per week at the periods above referred to.

In all cases the death list shows a decided preponderance of males, the largest number being due to consumption, which is followed by cerebro-spinal meningitis.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

The following letter from Mr. Shaw on the right of the winner of a game of chess to make use of the score for publication will, no doubt, be interesting to many of our readers. We shall be glad to have the views of others on this and kindred subjects. We have always considered the adding of notes to the scores of games a delicate matter, and yet it is very rare to find a game published without the winner coming in for a good deal of praise, and his antagonist for something quite the reverse. The loser of a game is sure of the hard knocks; as it is perfectly safe to condemn unsuccessful endeavours.

Montreal, April 2.

To the Chess Editor "Canadian Illustrated News."

Dear Sir,—Permit me to reply briefly to your remarks on my letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, republished in the "News" of 31st ult.

I agree with you that "off-hand" games, the product of haste and generally full of shortcomings, should not be published without the consent of both contestants, but, in the case of match games, tourney or otherwise, the same objection will not apply. It was to games of the latter description that I had reference in my communication to the *Glasgow Herald*. In contests of this nature players are presumed to exercise careful study, and use the highest skill of which they are capable. What legitimate objection can the loser make against the publication of such games? His protest of "discourtesy" on the ground that his consent to publication had not been previously obtained, is not, in my opinion, worthy of serious consideration.

Mortification, consequent on defeat, forms the real ground for his protest.

You manifest much compassion and sympathy for the poor chessplayer. Is nothing to be urged on behalf of the strong player?

Is it unreasonable to allow him, as a reward for his skill, the option of publication of a game in which he has proved himself the better man?

"To the victors belong the spoils," is an aphorism of an apparently truculent nature, but is it not the universal practice of mankind in all species of warfare?

You state that it has always been your practice "never to publish a game without the consent of both parties concerned."

Are you not singular in this respect? I do not hesitate to say that such practice is not general on the part of chess editors in this country or elsewhere.

Fancy the amount of correspondence entailed by a strict observance of such practice!

How cunningly a chess editor would require to word his communication to an angry player (and in what game is the loser so angry as in chess?) in order to obtain his consent to publication! I imagine that most editors would design their portfolios rather than face such a prospect.

Is it too much to ask that sentiment be eliminated from the question?

Chess is unlike all other games whatsoever. In it, the element of chance is wholly absent, skill is paramount. It has been truly characterized as "the most intellectual pastime, that the wisdom of antiquity has bequeathed to us."

Is the winner of such a game to be denied the right of publication of the result of his superior intelligence? Must he first beg the consent of his vanquished opponent? Is his omission to do so to be styled "discourtesy?"

Let it not be forgotten that the exercise of a right is often necessarily attended by "discourtesy" to the other party in the case. I will give you a notable instance of this in a private letter. I am, yours &c.,

J. W. SHAW.

TORONTO v. QUEBEC.

The telegraphic match between Quebec and Toronto was resumed last night, and will be concluded on Saturday. So far the two sides stand exactly even, but in the games yet to be finished Quebec has apparently a little the advantage. The score so far is as follows:

TORONTO.	QUEBEC.
Northcote.....1	Sanderson, sr.....0
Boulbee.....1	Blakeston.....1
Freeland.....1	Macleod.....0
Meyers.....0	Fletcher.....1
Hell.....0	Sanderson, jr.....1
Dye.....1	Campbell.....0
Hill.....0	McCallum.....1
Total.....31	Total.....31

—Toronto Mail, March 30

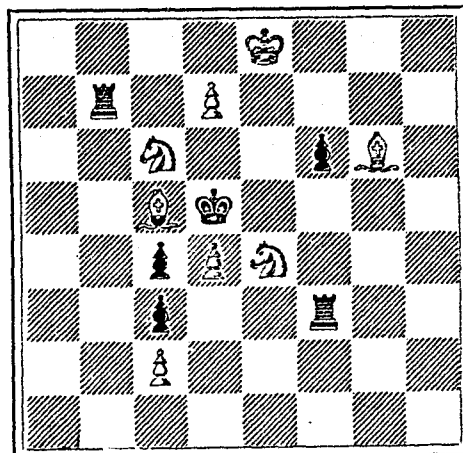
Mr. Blackburne's circuit: The great success which invariably attends the exhibitions of the distinguished player is so constant that the previous reports of his doings may be reproduced, and will read well, with a slight alteration of figures, as a *résumé* of his latest provincial tour. At Sheffield, on the 24th of January, 10 blindfold games, winning 5, and 5 draws; out of 23 simultaneous games he scored 20, lost 2 and drew 1. Manchester, on the 5th ult., at the Exchange Chess Club, 18 games, against all comers, winning all with the exception of one draw. Burton-on-Trent, on the 6th ult., 9 games blindfold, winning 6 and 3 draws, and on the 7th he only lost 1 out of 19 simultaneous games. —London Chess Monthly.

Steinitz won eight games, lost one and drew one in the match with Mr. Golmayo, of Havana. He has returned to Philadelphia to take leave of his friends there prior to his return to England.

PROBLEM No. 423.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

By mistake the solution of Problem No. 426 was inserted in our last Column and numbered 425. The solution of Problem No. 425 is as follows:

White. Black.

1 B to Q4
2 Mates acc.

1 Any

GAME 554TH

Played recently between Messrs. W. J. Ferris and W. Braithwaite in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney.

Scotch Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Ferris.) BLACK.—(Mr. Braithwaite.)

1 P to K4	1 P to K4
2 Kt to KB3	2 Kt to QB3
3 P to Q4	3 P takes P
4 Kt takes P	4 B to B4
5 B to K3	5 Q to B3
6 P to QB3	6 Kt to K2
7 B to QB4	7 Kt to K4(a)
8 B to Kt3(b)	8 Castles
9 Castles	9 P to Q2
10 P to K R3	10 B to Q2
11 Kt to Q2	11 Kt to Kt3
12 P to K B4	12 Kt to Q B3
13 P to K B5(c)	13 Kt to K2(d)
14 Kt(Q2) to K B3(e)	14 Kt to K4
15 K to R4	15 P to K R3
16 Kt takes Kt	16 P takes Kt(f)
17 Kt to K6	17 B takes B(g)
18 Kt takes R	18 B to Q B3
19 Kt to Q7	19 B to Kt4(h)
20 Kt takes P	20 B takes P
21 Q to Kt4	21 Kt takes P
22 Kt to R2	22 Kt to Q3
23 Kt takes B P	23 Kt takes Kt
24 Q takes B	24 B to B4
25 B takes Kt	25 B to Q3 ch
26 K to R sq	26 K to R sq
27 B to B2	27 P to Kt3
28 Q to K6	28 Resigns

NOTES.—By W. J. Ferris.

- (a) P to Q3 is also recommended.
(b) Mr. Gossip here recommends B to K2.
(c) The position is now the same as in a game between Braithwaite and Henderson in Hamilton tourney, which was thus continued:
- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 14 Q to R5 | 12 Kt to K4 |
| 15 P takes P | 14 P to Kt3 |
| 16 Q to R4 | 15 Q takes P |
| 17 B to Q sq | 16 Kt to K2 |
| 18 B to K R5 | 17 P to K B4 |
| 19 B to Kt5 | 18 Q to B3 |
| 20 P takes P | 19 Q to R3 |
| 21 R takes R | 20 K takes P |
| 22 R to K B sq | 21 Q takes R |
| 23 P takes Kt | 22 Kt takes Kt |
- And Mr. Henderson resigned.
(d) Mr. Braithwaite thinks he will not invite the above continuation.
(e) Q to R5 can not now be played because of Kt takes Kt. &c.
(f) If 16 Q takes Kt, 17. Kt to K B3, and White wins a piece.
(g) Probably the best move. If 17. P takes Kt, 18. B takes B, and White has a strong attack.
(h) If 19. Q to Q3. 20. P to B6, Kt to Kt3. 21. P takes P.

British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.
General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate
Engraving.
Portraits a Specialty.
G. B. BURLAND,
President & Manager.