

DOLLY—A PICTURE.

Dolly's Tavern : Temp, 1700.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, OTTAWA.

My Dolly, you're dead—and I know it—
Some hundred and seventy years :
Yet what is an age to a poet,
When moved to or laughter or tears ?
There you stand in your beauty and blueness,
With the long ringlets gracefully drawn,
And your feet in the freshly-strawed russet
That maybe you gathered at dawn.

Just a cook's what you were, or a waitress,
That came to the tap of the bell.
Were you light too of love, and a traitress !—
There's no one alive now to tell.
You're dead, like Queen Anne and her ladies,
Yet here you are smiling at me :
Shall I call you once more out of Hades,
A crown and a kiss for your feet ?

In the world of gay wits and glad beauties
Was it ever your passion to shine,
While wrapt in your round of low duties,
In passing the chops and the wine ?
If it was not, 'twas well for you, Dolly,
Content your vocation to play,
Far down from the dangerous folly
Of moths that were fluttering high.

Come, trip it, my Dolly, and bring me
A pint of the best in the house :
I'll buss thee, my girl, and thou'llt sing me
A catch for our merry carouse.
You'll tell me, I know, it was heinous
Dick Steele should come chucking your chin ;
Perhaps 'twas a touch of his genius :
Perhaps it was only 'he gin.

Did you rap Mr. Congreve's white knuckles,
To keep down his plundering hand,
Thou' free from your fair bosom's buckles,
When the wine had his wits at command ?
Did you tremble at Swift in his powder,
And pale at the scowl of his brow :
And his voice, was it softer or louder
When Dolly came dropping her bow ?

Did you fill Joseph Addison's glasses ?
Did you joke with John Dryden at times ?
He was free of the guild of gay lasses,
And gave them fair querdion of rhymes.
Did you envy the sparkle and splendour
When Bracegirdle passed on her way,
In beauty all smiling and tender,
To dazzle the beaux at the play ?

Was Mohun a guest ? Did you "drat him" ?
For a wicked and tearing Mohawk,
Or bribe some brave lad to go at him
Till his lordship would wither and walk !
Did you dream that these names would be famous,
As you blushed at their whispers and jeers—
That their books would be living to shame us,
To move us to laughter and tears ?

'Tis vain to recall you, my Dolly,
A smile is the most you can give,
It was all that you gave for your lolly,
'Tis all that we get who now live :
Just a smile or a laugh that is heartless,
For a joke or a jeer that is passed,
When Cupid is drunken and dartsless,
And Venus is painted and fast.

Yet there you sit, ringleted, smiling,
With youth's purple light on your face :
And here I'm my fancy beguiling,
Investing your picture with grace.
In vain I, the poet, am bewitching,
This ringleted waiting-maid wears I—
My Dolly, you're dead, in your kitchen,
This hundred and seventy years.

FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY.

III.

JOSE-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

The fires of the sunset, the hue of the rapt us-
flower, the purple and all the gold of Paul Ver-
onese or Delacroix, are almost pale beside the
glowing strophes of José-Maria de Heredia ! Ask
not from him the dreamy sadness of Léon Dierx,
the familar grace of Coppée, the subtle philo-
sophy of Sully-Prudhomme ; born beneath the
burning sky of Cuba, what he has to offer are
fiery explosions of colour. Alike in the poem
entitled "La Déesse d'Atahualpa," and in the
sonnets, not very numerous as yet, which deal
with huntresses of Hemus, whose red hair drag-
gles in the blood of slain beasts, or Spanish con-
querors sailing into the gorgeous sunset in quest
of fresh Americas, he shows chromos, ver-
milions, and ochres in prodigious abundance,
and of a truth no one excels him in making ver-
bal sonnetiers produce luminous bursts of color
upon the mental retina. Are they, indeed, mere
words which he employs ? One might almost
liken his verse to solid jeweler's work, in which
carbuncles, sapphires and rubies are gorgeously
set by a skillful hand.

LA DOGARESSE.

Le palais est de marbre, où sous de hautes portiques
Convivent des seigneurs tels qu'en peint Titien.
Et des colliers massifs au poids du marc ancien
Rehaussent la splendeur des robes dalmatiennes.

Ils regardent au fond des lagunes antiques,
De leurs yeux où reluit l'orgueil patricien,
Sans le pavillon clair du ciel vénitien,
Éblouir l'azur des mers Adriatiques.

Et tandis que l'essaim brillant des cavaliers
Traîne la pourpre et l'or par les blancs escaliers
Joyeusement haugués dans la lumière bleue.

Indolente et superbe, une dame, à l'écart,
Se tournant à demi dans des floes de brocart,
Sourit au négrillon qui lui porte la queue.

BLASON CELESTE.

J'ai vu parfois, ayant le ciel bleu pour émail,
Les anges d'argent, ou de pourpre ou de safran,
A l'Occident où l'ail s'éblouit à les suivre,
Peindre d'un grand blason le céleste vitrail.

Pour cimier, pour supports, l'héraldique bétail,
Licorne, léopard, aigle ou griffon,
Monstres, géants capifs qu'un coup de vent délire,
Exhausent leur stature et enlèvent leur poitrail.

Cette, aux champs de l'azur, dans ces combats étranges,
Que les nuirs Séraphins livrent aux Archanges,
Cet écu fut gagné par un baron du ciel.

Comme ceux qui jadis prirent Constantinople,
Il porte, en son Croix, qu'il soit : George ou Michel,
Le soleil, besant d'or, sur la mer de Sinople.

IV.

ALBERT MÉRAT.

At Courbevoie, one of the islands of the Seine,
there is close to the bridge a little edifice adorned
with slender ionic columns, giving it, at a
distance, the air of part of an antique temple.
Why is it there, a solitary pagan, in the midst
of that Parisian suburb with the oarsmen in
their striped blouses passing swiftly to and fro
all day long in their light yaws ! I know not ;
but it has always seemed to me that this must
be the temple of Albert Mérat's muse ; and,
doubtless, when the shades of evening fall, and
the stars glimmer out in the sky, thither flock
in sportive troops fauns from the Ile de Crois-
say and naiads of "la grenouillère," with offer-
ings of violets not exempt from the odor of
poudre de riz, to dance to the rhythm of the
latest waltz by Léo Delibes.

Truly, Albert Mérat is, above all things, the
poet of the Parisian suburbs, celebrating better
than it has ever been done miniature scenery so
sprightly in its artificiality, those trees that are
like the forest trees in a fairy piece, those hori-
zons that are like scene-paintings, revealing the
mysteries whispered by two voices under the
cherry trees of Montmorency, and the garrulous
fun of the guinguettes, and the pretty perjuries
of rosy lips, that are rosier for a sip of the "vin
de bois de campêche," which usurps the name of
"Argenteuil !" Be it said, nevertheless, in
spite of the familiarity of his voice, he never de-
scends to the banalities of the "chanson ;" he
knows how to extract elegance and poetry out of
these "dimanches à la campagne," and, thanks
to a truly exquisite artistic faculty, the Asnières
and Meudons he celebrates are worthy of an
Oarystis.

LA NUIT.

C'était sur la Seine, à minuit,
Le soir d'un dimanche de fête :
Et Rougival faisait un bruit
Qui nous cassait un peu la tête.

Deux orchestres, l'un à mi-voix,
L'autre en reprises plus vibrantes,
Jouaient deux danses à la fois
Sur des mesures différentes.

Les jupes blanches frissonnaient
Dans ce décor posant agreste,
Et les chevaux de bois tournaient
En musique comme le reste.

Indulgente, pleine de fleurs,
La nuit, sans en dire plus fêre,
Mélait les verres de coquelins
Aux étoiles dans la rivière :

Et l'on eût dit, en vérité,
A voir ce spectacle mobile,
Un Songe d'une Nuit d'Été
Chatoyant et rose, à la Mabilée.

Double fête, double tableau !
Clameur ici, là-bas silence,
Et l'obscur fraîcheur de l'eau
Sous le bateau qui se balance :

Les hauts peupliers sur les bords
Dressant leur tête taciturne,
Et s'écroulant que les accords
De la grande rumeur nocturne !

Quand pâlirent les lampions
Et les lampes, une par une,
Les flots menés que nous coupons
Redevirent tout blancs de lune.

Et le subit apaisement
Nous laissa voir par et sans voiles
Le magnifique firmament
Où brillaient toutes les étoiles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

THE Theatre Royal of Madrid has a subscrip-
tion of 1,000,000 francs.

WAGNER has taken the Villa d'Angri, at Posi-
lippo, where he will pass the winter.

LISZT has published a pamphlet entitled, "No
more entr'acte music."

SULLIVAN has received very handsome offers
from Mapleson and Carl Rosa for an original opera.

WOLFF's ROOST has not been the success
hoped for it on John T. Raymond's tour, and he has had
sometimes to fall back on "The Gilded Age."

PAUL TAGLIANI, director of the ballet at the
Royal Opera, Berlin, recently celebrated his fiftieth an-
niversary as a member of this institution.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, a new opera, by M.
Diaz, author of the "Coupe du roi de Thule," has, it is
reported, been received at the Grand Opera, Paris.

MR. JOHN HARE, manager of the St. James
Theatre, London, has had a play written for him by
Robert Buchanan, the poet.

VIENNA has a new ideal—a Zulu Concert
Troupe, with choruses, in the native tongue. Wagner is
the man to work such a party in a new aboriginal tri-
ology.

THE latest addition to the list of musical pro-
diges is one Maurice Deugrenant, a violinist only
twelve years of age, who has made an unprecedented
success in London in the performance of Mendelssohn's
violin concerto at one of the Crystal Palace concerts.

"PHONOGRAPHY MADE EASY," by Prof. J. A.
Mansueti, 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 110 pp., with cuts and gilt
title, 75c., at Beauchemin & Valois, Publishers, Montreal.
For particulars see CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, page
295 of vol. xx.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Letter received. Thanks. Cor-
rect solution received of Problem No. 250.

T. S. St. Andrew's, Manitoba.—Correct solution re-
ceived of Problem No. 247, and also of Problem for
Young Players No. 244.

E. H. Montreal.—Correct solution received of Prob-
lem for Young Players No. 247.

R. F. M. Sherbrooke.—Correct solution received of
Problem for Young Players No. 246.

The Chess season may be said to have commenced
fully in Canada at the present time, and already we hear
of proposed matches between rival clubs, and also con-
tests which are to be carried out within the familiar walls
of the players' club room.

The members of the club at Quebec intend, as usual,
to begin a series of home matches, and as their custom
is to invite their friends to be present during hostilities,
we are sure they will have many spectators.

Such a practice is calculated to be very beneficial, as
it creates a public interest in the noble game, which is
much needed here as well as elsewhere. If we want to in-
crease the number of Chess votaries among our young
people of both sexes, no better plan can be adopted
than to allow them to witness contests over the board by
the best players of the locality in which they reside,
and, in this way acquire a taste for an innocent and in-
structive amusement.

(From the Dramatic News.)

The answer to the question—"Who is the best Eng-
lish player?" depends very much upon the sense in
which the word is used. At the first blush it might
seem that there was no difficulty as to this point, the
"best player" being rightfully the title of him who in
the last great set match, or international tourney, has
come out first prize-winner.

But to this I reply: Circumstances may have prevent-
ed a better man from taking part in the contest, and why
thus should the actual conqueror be placed over his
head ? To this it may be rejoined that the man who was
ready to play, and has played and won, is entitled to the
first place. Even if the better man had played, it is not
a certainty that he would have won.

To this I answer: Well, the conqueror may be pro-
nounced the best, but only so far as the circumstances
admitted of his proving himself to be so. Moreover, in
many cases success has been to a very large extent
achieved owing to the winner being in form for play ;
owing to his having most, if not all of his time at his
own disposal—in short owing to his being in matters
apart from the game a professional drone. But that the
title best, does not necessarily belong to him who ob-
tains it is evident from facts. Thus Staunton, Buckle,
and Boden enjoyed successively the English champion-
ship, although during a portion of their tenure of it they
engaged in no serious matches and won no great victo-
ries. The superiority of each of these players was for a
time so self-evident that all reasonable and competent
critics acknowledged it.

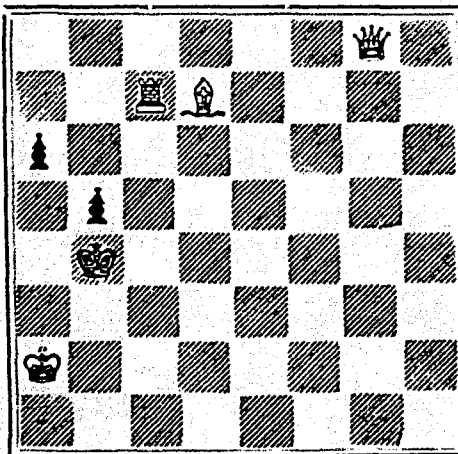
It follows then that the title of best was not always
accorded to the man upon whose brow the laurel wreath
of victory bloomed greenest, and this seems to me but
fair. Certainly it is according to a principle that ob-
tains in analogous cases. Thus in answer to the ques-
tion—"Who is the greatest general of this age?" no just
man would say Sir Garnet Wolseley, so long as Moltke
lives.

Again, no man would be justified in declaring the win-
ner of the Derby this year to be superior to the winner last
year. But if the title of best is to be given according
to this interpretation of the word, then I think the
champion can be easily singled out. We have but to go
down the names of the winners in the various first-class
matches and tourneys that have taken place during the
last ten, or five, or ten years, and the highest scorer in
the aggregate is the champion. But I am inclined to
hold that the best player is the best game-maker, he
who, out of the games he plays produces the largest
proportion of games acceptable to critics generally ac-
knowledge to be competent—who sets before us the
prettiest pictures, and exhibits the most masterly
strategy. Perhaps after all, the fairest way of deciding
the question is to consider it with reference to the two
meanings I have ascribed to the word best, and if this
course be adopted, I think the majority of good judges
would pronounce Mr. Blackburne to be the most deserv-
ing of the title ; and I am all the more willing to bestow
it upon him because he is a singularly modest man. A
few days ago I asked him this very question, "Who is
the best ?" And his answer was, "There is no best ;
there are about six or seven perfectly equal." I believe
he referred to the following : Messrs. Potter, Winkler,
Burn, Boden, MacDonnell, Bird, and, of course, himself.
I am not now counting Americans, or of course I should
include in the list Messrs. Mason and Mackenzie.

PROBLEM No. 251.

By W. A. Shinkman.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 37TH.

(From Chess Masterpieces.)

I played between Messrs. Winkler and MacDonnell, in
1874.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE.—(Mr. MacDonnell.) BLACK.—(Mr. Winkler.)

1. P to K B 4
2. P to K 3
3. K to K B 3
4. B to K 2
5. Castles
6. Q to K 4
7. K to Q R 3 (a)
1. P to Q 4
2. P to K K 3
3. B to K 2
4. P to Q B 4
5. K to Q B 3
6. Q to K R 3
7. K to K R 3

8. K to R 4
9. R to Q K 4
10. P to Q K 3
11. B to Q K 2
12. B takes B
13. R to Q B 4
14. P to K R 2
15. K to K B 2
16. P to Q B 3
17. Q to K B 2
18. P to K K 4
19. B to K B 3
20. P takes P
21. B takes K
22. K to K 4
23. K to Q B 2
24. P takes P (c)
25. Q to K 3
26. P to Q K 4
27. R takes R
28. Q to K B 2 (c)
29. K to Q 4
30. Q takes P (ch)
8. P to Q R 3
9. Q to Q B 2
10. Castles
11. P to Q K 4
12. K takes B
13. P to K B 3
14. P to K 4
15. B to K 2
16. Q to K B 4 (b)
17. K to K B 4
18. K to Q 3
19. P takes P
20. K to K 5
21. P takes B
22. K to K 2
23. P to K K 4
24. P takes P
25. K to K 3
26. R to K B 6 (d)
27. P takes R
28. R to K 7
29. P takes K
30. K to R 3

NOTES.

- (a) Not an advantageous move.
- (b) Black has now the better game.
- (c) Very injudicious.
- (d) A winning move.
- (e) Had he taken the Rook the game would have been won by force in a few moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 249.

WHITE.

1. R to B 4
2. R to Q K 4
3. R or B mates acc.

BLACK.

1. K moves
2. Anything

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 247.

White.

1. K to Q R 7
2. P mates

Black.

1. P moves

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 248.

WHITE.

- K at K 4
- Q at K 3
- B at Q 4
- Pawns at Q 4 and K K 5

BLACK.

- Pawn at Q 4
- K at K 3

White to play and mate in three moves.

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Dept. of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879.

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