

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR!

BY THE LOWE FARMER.

Within a lonely forest glade,
A way-worn wanderer lies;
The dark pines don their silvery crowns,
The shimmering moonbeam flies,
The shrouding snow is all around;
The tall trees song with moaning sound;

The old, old year came tottering on,
Bound to that mystic shore.
That skirts thy sea, eternity,
To sink for evermore.
The wanderer watch'd with prescient eye
As the old year strode on to die.

He saw him sink, he saw him die,
And saw his yawning grave;
They laid him down to sleep the sleep
That shall no waking have;
Then piled the earth above his head;
The night breeze sang the song of the dead!

And soon, before his wond'ring gaze,
An Andean mound doth rise;
Its base is o'er the old year's grave,
Its apex in the skies;
Nor warrior kings on Trojan shore
Such mighty monument rose o'er.

A myriad hands are working there,
Old, young; the mean, the grand;
The grave, the gay; the weak, the strong;
They come from every land.
There were mighty monarchs, lords of state,
A few that love, more that hate!

And all who came a burthen bore
Of every shape and hue;
Some were as light as summer dawn,
Some heavy, heavier grew.
Each instant, as they onward pressed
Where the old year was laid to rest.

The stars grew dim, wild clouds obscured
The glorious vault on high;
The raven's baleful screech was heard
High in the darkning sky;
The wanderer gazed around and saw
What mortal eye ne'er saw before.

He saw the multitudinous throng,
With one intent, haste all.
Whither the pile, stupendous, rose,
And there, their burthens fall;
A mingled mass of hopes and fears,
Of sorrows, joys, and cares, and tears.

First came (and horror reigns supreme)
By death and furies borne,
The tyrant, neath whose direful sway
The sorrowing nations mourn;
He left his load devoid of care—
The curses of millions were there!

Close on his steps, were those who forge
Dread superstition's chains;
The swart-robed priest, the dealers out
Of more than mortal pains:
They left their greed, their myths, their dreams,
The stars sent down their brightest beams!

Ambition's votaries passed on;
They bore their prostrate hopes,
High places, honors, glory, gold!
All! All! said-twisted ropes;
Which down they cast, by phantoms led
To the huge altar of the dead.

High up the mound the conqueror strides,
Alot his gory spear;
Far in the rear the murderer stood,
By conscience chained and fear.
The spear was fresh from field of strife;
Red with blood was the murderer's knife!

The swindling knave, the paltry cheat,
The man of worthless word;
Those meaner souls are in the throng,
A foul, ignoble herd!
They cast their burthens on the pile
And, for a moment, were less vile.

The unhappy came, uncountable,
Their sorrows in their hands;
And every mournful heritage
Pervaded these sad bands;
But e'en for them Hope's star shone bright,
And lighted up their dull dark night.

The love-lorn maiden brought her tears
To swell the wondrous pile;
The widow and the fatherless,
Forlorn, are there awhile;
O'er them soft pity waves her wing,
And seaph voices, pitying, sing.

The loyal and the true appear'd;
The honest and the brave;
The good, of every class and clime,
Came to the old year's grave.
The patriot statesman passed along,
In duty, stern, in honor, strong!

But who are they, the joyous band,
Marching with step elate?
Beauty and mirth are in the train;
They dance, defying fate;
The merry maid, the jocund youth,
Bring up their loads of love and truth.

And sweet to them the fair fresh joys
Anticipation showers;
Hope swells each breast, and love disports,
Among his rosy bower.
All hail! gay pilgrims; and for you
Be there pleasures ever new!

The pile recedes, but ere it goes,
O, let us hope and pray;
That all who sought the old year's grave,
Went better far away;
That many left their sins behind;
That rogues grew honest, tyrants kind.

The mountain sinks, the vision flies,
The bright New Year awakes!
The wanderer rose, resumed his staff,
And let the forest brakes.
To all and each, a glad New Year;
For the old a sigh—for the new a cheer.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 99 received.—Correct.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Letter containing Problem received.—Many thanks.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solutions of Problems No. 99 and No. 100 received.—Correct.

During the Christmas week the members of the Montreal Chess Club expect the honor of a visit from Mr. Bird, who ranks so high among the great Chess players of the day. Mr. Bird has been for a considerable time in the United States, where, in his contests with the strongest players of that country, he has fully maintained the reputation which he gained for himself in Europe.

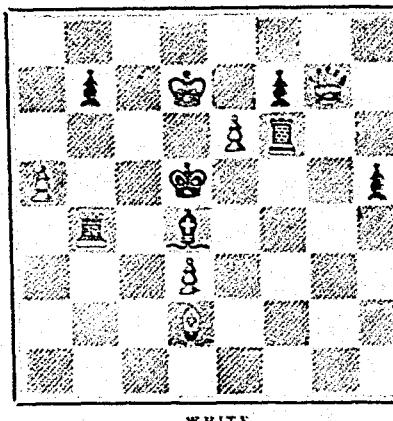
He will, during his sojourn in Montreal exhibit his skill in the game by simultaneously playing a large number of the players of the Montreal Chess Club, and we have no doubt the contest will interest greatly all in our city who appreciate the noble pastime. We are inclined to think that the visit of Mr. Bird will do much for the advancement of Chess in our Province in more ways than our space will allow us to mention.

The telegraphic match between Seaford and Montreal is not yet arranged, but it is in a fair way to come off at an early date.

PROBLEM NO. 102.

By A. CARL PEARSON.

BLACK



WHITE to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 146TH.

Played at New York between Mr. Bird and Mr. Williams, in the late New York Tournament.

(Counter Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Williams.) 1. B to K 4
2. Kt to B 3
3. Kt takes P (a)
4. Q to K 2
5. P to K R 3
6. P to Q 4
7. B to K 5
8. P takes B
9. Q to K 3 (ch)
10. Q takes Q (ch)
11. Kt to Q 3
12. B takes Kt
13. Kt to Q 5
14. Kt takes K B P (ch)
15. Kt to Q 5 (ch)
16. Kt to K 3
17. B to K 2
18. P to R 3
19. P to K 4
20. Kt to K 2
21. B to K 3
22. Castles (Q R)
23. R takes B
24. R to K 1 (q)
25. R to Q 5
26. B takes P
27. R to B 5 (ch)
28. R takes Kt
29. R takes R
30. R takes P
31. R to R 2
32. K to Q 2
33. K to K 2
34. R to B 2
35. R to B 5 (ch)
36. K to B 3

NOTES.

(a) P takes P is a stronger reply to Black's last move.

(b) Throughout the game the play on both sides is deficient in vigour, but here Mr. Bird is guilty of a blunder that costs him two valuable Pawns.

(c) This suicidal stroke is entirely in keeping with the 26th move referred to above. After it, mate in a few moves cannot be averted.

GAME 147TH.

Played in Paris some years ago by Mons. Laroché and M. Sébastien, of New York.

(Girouette Piano.)

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

(a) Best retort.

(b) A bad move.

(c) Giving up the exchange to strengthen the attack.

(d) A good move.

(e) Q to K 4 is better.

(f) K Kt to B 6 is better play.

(g) White here overlooks a mate in 4 moves by check with Q at K R 3.

(h) The winning move.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 100.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 3	K or Kt takes Q
2. Kt to B 4 (ch)	K moves
3. Kt to K 2 mate	

1.	2.
P to B 4 (ch)	Q takes Kt
Q to K 3 mate	K takes P

if	if
3.	2.
Q to K 4 mate	K to B 3

3.	2.
Q to Q 4 mate	K to K 4

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 98.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q 4	P to K B 4
2. Kt takes P (ch)	K to K 3
3. R mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 99.

A position occurring in a game between two players of the Montreal Chess Club.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at K Kt sq	K at Q sq
Q at K R 4	Q at Q 4
B at K B 2	B at Q B 2
B at Q Kt sq	B at K sq
Kt at K 3	Pawns at Q R 2
Q R 2, Q Kt 3	Q R 2, Q B 3
Q B 3, Q 4	And K 3

White to play and mate in six moves.

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