

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

The sight of your last number with its pleasingly fine representation of those probably, each in its line, the finest works of art of the hour—I don't say day, because that implies period, and we live and progress so fast now-a-days—has called to mind a passage in Milton long ago impressed upon me by the sight of the celebrated painter, David's picture, or pictures, rather, for there were two (a set) of the "Temptation," and the "Fall." David's "Temptation" and "Fall" of Adam and Eve was more than a nine days' wonder in the world of art. In Mathurin's *chef d'œuvre* now before us, in the sister art—the sculptor's—we have, I think, even a truer realization of Milton on this theme. Whether or not David (French) or Mathurin (also French) ever read Milton, I know not—probably not, and the co-incidence but goes to prove the truth of the axiom that "True art, true nature." The lines I refer to as applied to the fact, are very—yes, sublimely human, and I venture to recall them for the nonce. The passage is in the ninth book of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and in his soliloquy ("answer inward"), when Eve, immediately after eating the forbidden fruit, "with countenance blithe her story told." Then, "Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length he inward silence broke"—

"O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote;
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed brand
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no! no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh!
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

Sept. 2. HOMO.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Several valuable communications received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 188 received. Correct.
E. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 187 received. Correct.
W. B., Montreal.—The game shall be inspected.

THE CANADIAN CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNAMENT.

Subjoined we give a table showing the condition a few days ago of the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tournament. We may add that the Tournament has, so far, been a complete success, and that it does much credit to Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, who was the originator of the contest, and who has given a large share of his time and labour to make it, what it certainly is, an enterprise in every respect worthy of the attention of Canadian Chess-players.

It is calculated in more ways than one to promote the growth of Chess in the Dominion. Fifteen or sixteen players, living in widely separated parts of Canada, cannot be in almost daily communication by post with reference to games in course of play, without some interest being excited among friends and acquaintances as to the results.

The anxiety shown by Chess amateurs on both sides of the Atlantic with regard to the International Postal Tournament, is represented in a great measure by the feeling which shows itself among the friends of our Canadian competitors, and in both cases the cause of the Royal game is, to a great extent, advanced.

The gain to individual players in contests of this nature is stated in a few words.
Each player finds himself in friendly contest with several persons with whom under other circumstances he, perhaps, would never have come in contact. The postal card, besides being the medium for the transmitting of moves, conveys, in almost every case, friendly greetings, and communications connected with the game generally, which in a social point of view must be productive of good in many obvious respects. Then again, contests of this nature must lead to beneficial practice of the game. Careful consideration and study of position, with ample time at command, ought most assuredly to improve the play of each competitor in the Tournament, whatever should be the result of his encounters. Such are a few of the advantages of the Tournament which at the present time is occupying the attention and skill of a goodly number of players in our Dominion.

As we have stated above, we consider that much credit is due to Mr. Shaw, the conductor of the Tournament, but at the same time it ought not to be forgotten that the Chess Column of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS was the first to publish the particulars of the contest, and bring it prominently before the notice of Canadian players.

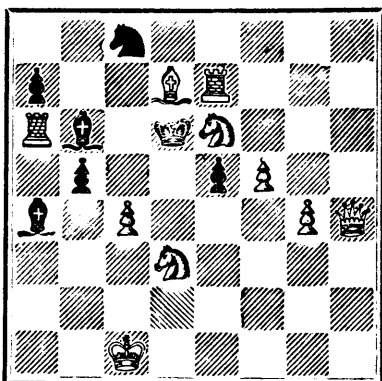
The following table shows the standing of all the players in the Canadian Correspondence Tournament, August 14th, 1878.

Players.	Number of Games Played	Points Won
W. H. Hicks	1	1
John Henderson	2	2
A. Saunders	1	1
J. W. Shaw	2	2
M. J. Murphy	1	1
C. A. Boivin	1	1
W. Braithwaite	1	1
Dr. J. Ryall	4	1½
H. N. Kitchin	0	0
G. Gibson	3	1
J. E. Narraway	4	2½
J. Clawson	3	1
J. T. Wyke	2	1
J. G. Foster	1	1
G. P. Black	2	1

PROBLEM No. 191.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

It appears from a statement made a few days ago in the *Hartford (Conn.) Weekly Times*, that the British players are one game ahead in the International Tourney.

We have just had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Frank W. Hicks, a member of the Montreal Chess Club and a son of the chess editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Mr. Hicks is on a visit through the United States, and is now on his way to Hot Springs, Ark. He informed us that chess was quite lively in Canada, and that a tourney was in progress under the auspices of the Canadian Chess Association.

—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, U.S.

GAME 293RD.

Played recently between Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Quebec, and Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John, N.B., in the Canadian Chess Correspondence Tourney.

WHITE. Mr. M. J. Murphy, Quebec.	BLACK. Mr. J. E. Narraway, St. John, N.B.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. R to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to K 2 (a)
4. P to Q 4	4. P takes P
5. Kt takes P	5. Kt to B 3
6. Kt to B 5	6. Castles
7. Q to B 3	7. P to Q 3
8. B to K Kt 5	8. B takes Kt
9. P takes B	9. Kt to K 4
10. Q to K 2	10. Kt takes B
11. Q takes Kt	11. Kt to K 5
12. B takes B	12. Q takes B
13. Castles	13. Kt to B 4
14. Kt to B 3	14. Q to K 4 (b)
15. Q R to K sq (c)	15. Q takes P
16. Kt to Q 5	16. Q to K 4
17. Kt takes P	17. Q R to B sq
18. P to K B 4	18. Q to Q sq
19. Kt to Q 5	19. Kt to K 3 (b)
20. Q takes Kt	20. Q takes Q
21. Kt to K 7 (ch)	21. K to R sq
22. Kt takes Q	22. R takes Kt
23. P to B 5	23. Kt to B 4
24. R to K 7	24. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) B to Q B 4 is better here.
- (b) An injudicious move, which leads to a bad game on the part of Black.
- (c) Q to K Kt 4 seems preferable, but White, we suppose, gives up the Pawn for the sake of immediate attack.
- (d) An oversight; he should have moved his K.

GAME 294TH.

(From the *Hartford (Conn.) Times*.)

The first drawn game in the International Tourney match. Played between G. W. Stevens, of Coventry, England, and H. Holmes, of Bay City, Mich.

WHITE.—(Stevens.)	BLACK.—(Dr. Holmes.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. Kt takes P	4. B to B 4
5. B to K 3	5. Q to B 3
6. P to Q B 3	6. K Kt to K 2
7. P to K B 4	7. Castles
8. B to K 2	8. Kt takes Kt
9. P takes Kt	9. B to Kt 5 (ch)
10. Kt to B 3	10. Q to Q B 3
11. Castles	11. B takes Kt
12. P to Q 5	12. Q to K B 3
13. P takes B	13. Q takes P
14. B to Q 4	14. Q to R 4
15. B to R 5	15. P to Q 3
16. P to B 5	16. P to K B 3
17. Q to Kt 4	17. K to R sq
18. R to B 3	18. Q to Q 7
19. B to K 3	19. Q to K 7
20. Q R to K B sq	20. P to K Kt 3
21. R to R 3	21. R to K Kt 3
22. B takes K Kt P	22. R takes B
23. R takes P (ch)	23. R to Kt sq
24. R to R 8 (ch)	24. K to Kt 2

And the game is drawn by perpetual check.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 189.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K R sq	1. B moves
2. Q to Q Kt sq	2. B to Kt 4
3. Q to K Kt sq mate	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 187.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 7	1. Q to Q 4
2. Q to K R sq (ch)	2. Q takes Q
3. P moves, becomes a Kt and mates	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 188.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q 2	K at Q 5
R at K Kt 3	Pawn at K Kt 3.
R at K Kt 7	4 and 5
B at Q 5	
Kt at Q 3	
Pawns at K B 2	
Q 6 and 7	

White to play and mate in three moves.

BURLESQUE.

BRUDDER GARDNER SETS A STRAY DARKEY ARIGHT.—"Las' nite ez I sat on de front doah step mendin' de handle of one of de ole woman's flat-irons," began Brother Gardner (at the Lime-Kiln club) as the notes of the triangle died away, "long comes dat nigger Thornapple Scott. He was puffin' an' blowin' an' fannin' hisself wid his hat, an' de minit he cotched sight of me he rushed in and called out:

"'Brudder Gardner, dis kentry am all gwine to ruin! Starvashun looks de poor man square in de eye, dar am no work for de laborer, an' de tax-gather hez got us by de froat!"

"I looked to see if dat nigger hed gone crazy, an' den I axed him to look aroun' an' see de new houses gwine up in ebery direkshun. I axed him to disremember dat kaliker was only four an' five cents a yard, butter fifteen cents a pound, flour low, 'taters way down, an' clothin' cheap 'nuff to bust half de dealers, an' he sot down an' replied:

"'Deed, sah, but dat's de fack—dat's de fack."

"I axed him to look across de co'ner lot an' see de droves of workin' men gwine home to der families after de labors of de day, an' he looked an' replied:

"'Deed, sah, but dey hez bin to work, I reckon."

"I went inter de cabin an' brought out my tax-receipts for de two y'ars back, an' showed him dat de taxes for dis y'ar war \$5 less dan las'; an' he hitched aroun' an' said:

"'Deed, sah, but de speeches of de pollytishuns an' de facks in de case doan hang togeder."

"Den I stood him up agin de house, whar I could look him square in de eye, an' I said: 'Thornapple Scott, you am a good 'nuff nigger for common weather, but you'd better kiver your head with a blanket if a rain storm comes up. You talk about de kentry gwine to ruin, an' yit you loaf aroun' an' let your wife an' darters wash an' iron an' support ye! You talk about starvation lookin' de po' man in de face, an' yit you haven't worked a day fur six months! You talk about de tax-gatherer, and yit you neber paid one cent of taxes in year life! Go home, nigger—skip outen dis locality afore some mule kicks ye to death! It am you an' de oder loafers an' lazy-boneses who am all de time blowin' sich nonsense, while yer families are diggin' inter hard work to keep ye in food an' whiskey!"

"Gem'men, dat nigger skipped. Ize got six brick handy for de nex' pusson dat comes talkin' in dat way, no matter what his color. I iz lookin' for signs, I iz. I iz lookin' for signs dat some member of dis club am sitting wid his feet hanging over a dry-goods box while he talks about starvashun, ruined kentry, an' so forth. When I diskliver de sign you'll diskliver a vacancy in de club, an' let no man disreckollect it!"

HARROWING.—A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman, "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No; a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman, "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear, "oh, tell me what has happened; what—"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it? what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be—"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands; "tell me the worst. Is he—"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted—"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

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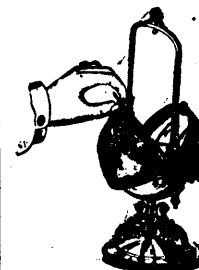
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