

Musical.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Can you inform me if the annual meeting of the Philharmonic Society has been held yet, and if so, who are the officers for the present year? There are many members besides myself who would like to have a report from the committee, of last year's expenditure and receipts.

Yours, &c.,

A Member of the Society.

[We have been repeatedly asked the same question by members of the Philharmonic Society. The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. M. Perkins, will, doubtless, give all the information desired.—ED. MUS. COL.]

ORCHESTRAL PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The second of these pleasing entertainments was given in the Skating Rink on Thursday evening. The selections were of a popular character, and were, on the whole, very creditably performed. The orchestra has improved immensely since the last concert, and, with regular practice, may be expected to give some really good performances during the coming winter. The programme included the overture to "Guy Mannering," waltzes by Gung and Strauss, and the Andante from Haydn's Symphony in E flat. The waltzes were well played, the parts being properly balanced, and the instruments played well in tune; in the Symphony and Overture there was a certain amount of unsteadiness as regards time, and we thought the second violins a little weak; we would have preferred, too, a trombone to the B flat Saxhorn employed for the bass of the brass instruments. Notwithstanding these little imperfections, we enjoyed the instrumental music very much, and hope that within a short time we may have unfolded to us the beauties of the multitude of orchestral compositions which for a long time have been to us a sealed book.

Miss Gertrude Franklin was again the vocal soloist; she has made quite a reputation in Montreal already, and was recalled after each selection, being enthusiastically applauded; her vocalization is almost perfect, and she trills apparently without the slightest effort. We hope this is not the last time we shall have the pleasure of hearing her in this city. The attendance was a little better than at the first concert; still, considering the calibre of the entertainment, and the reasonable admission fee, we think many more might have attended. We had a great deal of talk some time ago about importing musicians to form an orchestra; let us support those we have here already, and, if they do not give us satisfaction, we can readily import sufficient performers to fill the places of the careless and incompetent.

We understand that Dr. MacLagan intends forming a second, or amateur, orchestra for the study of the simpler compositions of the masters, and that only those capable of performing the highest class of orchestral music will be admitted as members of the winter band, which will be in every sense a professional organization. This will reduce the strength to about thirty members, but, as the winter series of concerts will be given in a smaller room, we think the orchestra will be sufficiently large for all practical purposes.

MR. FRED. E. LUCY-BARNES, R.A.M., late Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, informs the public that, notwithstanding his appointment as Organist to Trinity Church, New York, he has made arrangements to continue teaching in Montreal on and after September 16th, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in each week.

Terms and references may be had on application to Mr. Barnes, at Mr. Gould's Piano-forte Rooms, 1 Beaver Hall Square.

Chess.

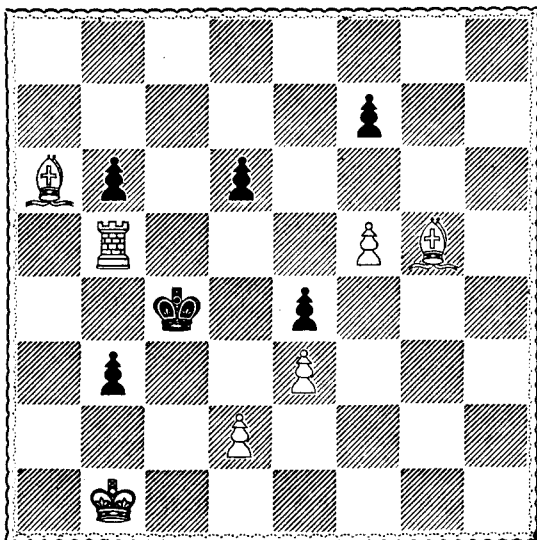
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, July 26th, 1879.

PROBLEM No. XXXI.

By Mr. G. J. Slater, of Bolton, England. Contributed to THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR by Mr. J. Watkinson, of Huddersfield, England.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XXVIII.—Q to Q 5.

Correct solution received from J.W.S., PAX, J.J., USBORNE.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT TO THE SECOND CANTO.—The gods take their places. Apollo commands the white army, and Mercury the black. They cast lots for the first move; Apollo begins. A white soldier advances, and is opposed by a black one. Being upon opposite squares, they cannot attack each other. The troops advance on both sides. The black soldier that first stepped from the lines kills his man, and is slain in his turn. The black King moves to the left wing. The cavalry on both sides come into the engagement. A dreadful slaughter follows. Mercury moves one of his horse to an advantageous post, from which check is given to the white King, and an elephant is at the same time in danger. Apollo saves his King. The elephant falls. The white army is covered with consternation. The black trooper is slain by the white Queen. The elephant is still lamented. A simile. Mercury is resolved to work by stratagem. A black archer threatens destruction to the white Queen. Apollo overlooks her situation, and is going to move. Venus favours the white army; she makes signs to Apollo; the Queen is saved. Mercury complains of foul play. Apollo justifies himself: he had a right to change his mind before his hand was off. A new law is made; and for the future the rule is, touch man and go. Jupiter reproves Venus by an angry frown. Mercury is enraged: he is tempted to throw the board in their faces. He endeavours to cheat by a false move; Apollo sees the fraud; the man is recalled. A hearty laugh among the gods. Apollo watches Mercury's tricks. A black horseman attacks the white Queen. A white archer interposes. The black King and Queen are both in danger from an archer. The archer is killed; and the black one who gave the mortal wound falls in his turn. A dreadful combat ensues. Both sides retreat alternately, and return to the charge. The Canto ends with a simile.

Th' immortals take their seats; around them stand
Of lesser deities a duteous band.
The white battalions to Apollo's sway
Submit, and Mercury the Moors obey.
The compact settled, that no power shall show
To either side the meditated blow.
By lot they try which state shall claim the right
(A point of moment!) to begin the fight.
To the white nation this the Fates assign—
Their chief conceives a deep, well-laid design.
He bids a soldier tempt the Moorish host
Before the queen, who took his faithful post.
The soldier marches forth; two paces makes;—
The sable warrior the same measure takes.
Now front to front each other they defy,
And seem in wood to roll a threat'ning eye.
Vain menacing the laws restrain their rage,
Nor let foot soldiers on one tract engage.
Auxiliary aid straight joins each adverse band,
Pour forth their camp, and people all the land.
Nor yet the horror of the day is seen,
And Mars but preludes to the swelling scene.
At length, the warrior of the sable crew,
Forth from the lines who first to combat flew,
On his left side directs a deadly wound,
And plants his standard on the hostile ground,
Unhappy youth! he little saw the foe
With vengeful malice aim the sidelong blow;
Prostrate the hero falls—untimely slain—
And leaves his laurels on the crimson plain.
This from his rank beheld the Moorish king,
And mov'd his sacred person to the wing.
There deep surrounded, and from danger far,
He eyes the quick vicissitudes of war.

And now, the cavalry, in all their pride,
From the left wing descend on either side,
Furious they rush alternate on the foe,
And scatter round destruction, death, and woe.
From all retreat the laws of war debar
The Foot, who fall whole hecatombs of war.
O'er the wide ranks the fiery trooper bounds,
And the drench'd field with pawing steeds resounds.

But while Apollo guides his horse along,
And wreaks his vengeance on th' ignoble throng,
In Hermes' breast designs far deeper roll—
Lodge in each thought, and settle in his soul.
He bids his cavalry remit their sway,
And unperforming through the battle stray.
Th' obedient steed flies guiltless o'er the plain—
Bounds o'er the ranks, nor hear the sounding rein,
Till all his wiles, and all his doblings past,
He gains the meditated post at last.
There the bold enterprise confess'd to view,
Proudly he halts before the hostile crew;
Threatens destruction to the regal state,
Or dooms an elephant to instant fate—
A tow'ring elephant on the right-hand side,
That march'd in all his formidable pride.

Apollo, now what anxious thoughts possess
Thy troubled soul? while in the last distress
A monarch calls for aid; or, doom'd to die,
An elephant, with mute imploring eye,
Sues for relief in vain! The monarch's life
Claims his first care. Amidst the dangerous strife
The elephant remains. The fatal blow
At length is dealt them by the sable foe.
Oh, dire disaster to the milk-white train!
The huge, vast beast down drops upon the plain.
"The time shall come," incensed Apollo cries,
"When thou shalt sorely rue that dear-bought prize;
When thou shalt wish thee guiltless of the life
Of my brave warrior, noble in the strife."
He said: his infantry sweep o'er the land,
And round the victor close embodied stand.
The trooper sees th' impending danger nigh:
He falters, looks aghast, attempts to fly.
Vain his attempt! Here the white Queen commands,
And there the foot a dreadful phalanx stands.
At length, enrag'd, the fair one gives the wound,
And lays him breathless on the chequer'd ground.
Who would not be that youth? no more to rise,
Slain by a female hand, the hero lies,
His comfort e'en in death! and clos'd his willing
eyes.

But the white nation still their loss bemoan;
A mingled cry bursts forth—an army's groan!
Rage and despair rise in each breast by turns,
And the whole host with mix'd emotions burns.
As when a bull enraged, with furious might
Provokes the war, and rushes to the fight:
'Gainst his right horn if Fortune's blow hath sped,
And shatter'd half the honours of his head,
With strength renew'd he kindles all his ire,
And from his eye-ball flashes living fire;
His huge, broad chest, his limbs, he bathes in gore,
And hills and woods re-bellow to the roar.
Revenge, revenge! exclaims the god of day,
And animates his cohorts to the fray.
On the black troops, enrag'd, his cohorts fall,
Careless of life, and prompt at honour's call.
In Moorish blood the crimson fields are drown'd,
And shrieks and agonising groans resound.
But Mercury meantime with deep intent
Views all the war, and on destruction bent,
Observes each motion, where the warriors glow,
And plans the future slaughter of the foe.
The snowy Amazon he views from far,
As on she rushes through the ranks of war.
Her to ensnare his bold brigades he led,
And ruin nods o'er her devoted head.
The infantry, to hide the bold design,
A man detach to tempt the hostile line.
The man advances; with well-feign'd surprise,
The leader seems to mark where danger lies;
Blames his rash conduct; with delusion sly
Starts, looks aghast, and heaves a treacherous sigh,

Meantime, a sable archer shifts his place,
And from the right moves on with ardent pace:
'Gainst the white Amazon with dextrous art
He draws his arrow, level'd at her heart.
Apollo saw it not; with hopes elate,
Unconscious of the scheme, and blind to fate,
To the left wing he rolls a pensive eye,
Resolved from thence an ambushade to try;
There on a warrior's shoulder lays his hand:
The warrior felt him, eager for command.
But the soft Queen of Love, who took her seat
Before Apollo, saw the near defeat.
To her own lov'd white warriors still a friend,
And griev'd to see unnumber'd woes impend,
She nods, she smiles, she rolls a melting eye,
And winks intelligence of danger nigh.
Scar'd at the sight, Apollo checks his aim,
And once again reviews the lists of fame;
Sees the black archer in close ambush wait,
And from his queen averts the feather'd fate.
"She's mine! she's mine!" exclaim'd Hermes cries;
"What, ho! Apollo, yield the radiant prize:
The queen is mine!" he shouts, and rends the sky:—
"The queen is mine!" the echoing shores reply.

But strong affections, through the host divine,
Invade each breast, and different ways incline.
Phœbus, who knew all parties and their ends,
Their views and wishes, thus his cause defends:
"What law forbids me provident and slow,
While yet I meditate the future blow—
What law forbids me to retract my hand?
Ere yet alone the untouch'd warrior stand.
Wouldst thou enact, that when our fingers light
On a man's head, that man shall stand the fight
Without retreat from danger or surprise?
If such thy will—" "We will it," Hermes cries.
The warriors hear: the law both nations choose;
The gods approve, and loud applause ensues.

Meantime, of heaven the cloud-compelling sire
Awful beholds the queen of soft desire;
Not with that look which sends the storm aloof,
But nods his sable brow, and frowns reproof.
Cyllenius saw it not, but sore with pain,
And still his wrath unable to restrain,
In rage well nigh o'erthrew the mimic world,
And both the camps in one confusion hurl'd.
With art he now resolves the foe to meet,
Train'd up in fraud and practis'd in deceit;
He bids an archer counterfeits the mien,
Of a brave trooper counterfeit the mien.
Too plain the cheat Apollo to beguile,
To the celestial synod with a mile,
"What though," he said, "Cyllenius boasts the art
To practise wiles, and play the impostor's part,
And though, thou cunning deity, I find
Fraud is the ruling bias of thy mind,
Yet here no more thy stratagems perform;
Call back your archer, and his pace reform."
He said: with joy the glad spectators roar,
And unextinguish'd laughter fills the shore.
Hermes with vain excuse his man withdraws,
And through the ranks proclaims the martial laws.

But not less vigilant Apollo's mind;
He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd;
Watches each movement with observant eye,
And marks the nimble fingers where they fly:
The nimble fingers as they move along
Th' alternate soldier through the embattled throng,
Might else a second, ambush'd in his hand,
Instruct to march, and gain his silent stand.
A sable trooper, now in martial state,
On the white queen denounces instant fate:
But soon the Moor is check'd—the wily foe
An archer sends to ward the impending blow:
Meantime an elephant in snowy pride
Is seen from far o'er all the ranks to ride.
Now a white trooper, from his fatal post,
Aims at both sov'reigns of the Moorish host.
Mistaken youth! smit with the love of fame,
His breast high beating with the patriot's flame,
He takes his stand where fiercest valour shines,
And fears no danger 'midst the hostile lines;
In fancy, sees the swarthy Memnon yield,
And deems his own the laurels of the field.
To check his rage see the black archer fly,
Proud, self-devoted, for his king to die.
What though too near a snowy soldier stand,
In act to stretch him on the crimson strand,
Dauntless he draws the bow; the unerring dart
Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart.
The snowy troop falls, and bites the ground,
Th' indignant spirit issues at the wound.
Nor long the Moor rejoices: on the loard
Prostrate he falls, by white soldier's sword;
Soon the white soldier dyes the crimson plain,
"And the gor'd battle bleeds in every vein."
The tow'ring elephants with fury rage,
Archer meets archer, horse with horse engage.
The fiery troopers swell the purple flood,
"Spur their proud coursers hard, and ride in blood."
The ranks condense; with rage the battle burns;
Plebeians, heroes, kings and queens, by turns,
Mix in the strife: arms clash, and bucklers ring;
The fierce battalions throng around their king.
Slaughter ensues; blood streams; the nations yield,
And valour now—now fortune rules the field.
The Moor retreats; enrag'd, the milk-white train
Pursue the swarthy legions o'er the plain.
The white troops halt; they fly: the Moor pursues,
Hangs on the rear, and the fierce fight renews,
As when th' Ionian wave fierce tempests sweep,
Or where th' Atlantic heaves the rolling deep;
If burst from adverse quarters of the sky,
The winds their high-engender'd battle try;
Now o'er the land the swelling billows roar,
Now back recoil, and foam along the shore.

(To be continued.)