

"Young ladies, the subject for discussion this afternoon is 'Pretentiousness.' Those of you who have had longer acquaintance here, know it is not a new theme. In speaking to you, I address you as *thinking* girls; if you are not willing to be these, it will be of no benefit to listen. Now think seriously. There are twenty-two of you sitting before me. What is the object and aim of each in life? I know enough of youth not to press this question for verbal reply; but now ask each for yourself, What are you going to do with your life? It is this want of thought, this drifting aimlessly on to whatever may betide, that wrecks so many lives. Without a purpose, life is valueless, and young ladies, to you is committed a fearful responsibility. If you face this and determine to do your part well, you will have lived not in vain. Pretentious imitation, what *real* benefit the followers of this gain I never can clearly see. I can understand your saying Mrs. Jones has gratification in dinner parties and party giving. Well, if Mrs. Jones has the means for this, and derives her small satisfaction from so doing, I have nothing to say to Mrs. Jones, but when Mrs. Smith hates dinner parties, is bored at any party, and brings all her forces to the front to drag her life along with these, simply because Mrs. Jones does it, why there I make a stand. Again, Mrs. J. has an interesting family, dressed with taste and abundance, but because Mrs. S. has hers in some new-fangled fashion just out, Mrs. J. knows no rest till the smaller J's are clothed in precisely the same style. Now, young ladies, bring common-sense into action. Do you, or do you not think this a frivolous aim in life? Now, you twenty-two girls in this city can do a little towards reversing the order of the day. If people only looked closely at their doings, they would see it is a proof of a *common stamp of mind* to be ever on the look-out to imitate dress, manners, or habits of others. The only imitation that stamps true nobility of soul is to be *emulous of following in every direction leading to what ennobles, refines, exalts*. Whatever tends to keep the eyes upon their own little world frustrates any lofty aspirations, and dwarfs whatever shoots may be struggling into life. I am not for levelling classes,—in my opinion that will never be done—well never in our time. In the far-off future there may be distinctions with little difference, but people are not going in the right direction to accomplish this, and now frustrate the end *they* have in view, by the very means they adopt to gain it. When "individuals" have overcome the little of their own nature, when every object in life is pursued because it is *right*, and *principle*, not *circumstances* rules lives, then classes will surely become less distinct. But it is not with the future we have to do,—the present needs the co-operation of each. Which of you is willing to be a little leaven in the lump? I said I was not for class, but shame on those who, secure in their own position, look with disdain on those lower in the social scale. No matter whatever the calling or occupation, the momentous question is, How are you fulfilling its duties? When that is once sincerely *felt* by each nature, society will present a very different aspect. Now, young ladies, what have you to say on this subject?"

(To be continued.)

YEARS AGO.

She was seated close beside me,  
On a May-day, years ago:  
Heart of mine you must not chide me,  
I was but a boy you know.

'Tis no secret, I'll reveal it,  
Heart of mine, 'twas long ago;  
This lock of hair, if I did steal it,  
I was but a boy, you know.

Was she pretty? Did I love her?  
Heart of mine 'twas years ago;  
And that pang of bliss is over,  
I was but a boy, you know.

"Was she rich?"—now that is funny.  
Heart of mine 'twas long ago:  
What cared I for lands or money?  
I was but a boy, you know.

"And you parted—how you missed her"—  
Heart of mine 'twas years ago:  
"And you pressed her hand and kissed her,"  
I was but a boy, you know.

Do I love her yet—O, olden,  
Precious past, thou heart of mine,  
See, this lock of hair is golden,  
And the head that wore it—thine.

TRUTH crushed to earth, however much battered and soiled, is far preferable to a clear neat lie.

Chess.

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

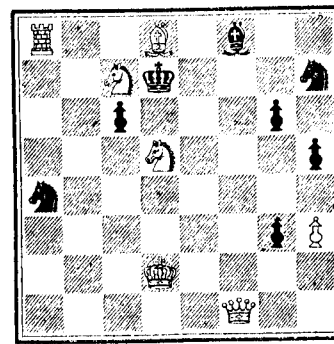
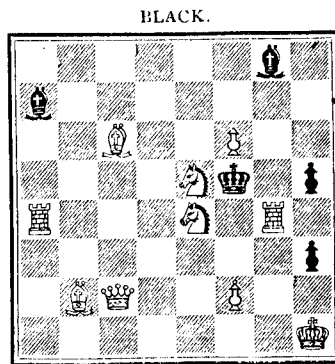
Montreal, August 28th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET NO. 13. MOTTO: *L'échec n'empêche pas le travail.*

PROBLEM No. CI.

PROBLEM No. CII.



White to play and mate in two moves. White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF TOURNEY SET NO. 10.—MOTTO: "*Sic est vita.*"

PROBLEM No. 94.—Q to B sq.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S., "Pretty; but wanting in the essential feature of a two-mover, viz., difficulty."

PROBLEM No. 95.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 Q takes Kt	K to B 5	2 B takes P (ch)	K moves	3 Q takes B mate
	B takes Q	2 Kt to K 6 (ch)	K takes R	3 B mates
	B or Kt tks Kt	2 Q to K 4 (ch)	K moves	3 Q takes P mate
	B to B 3	2 Kt takes Kt (ch)	B to Q 5	3 Q R takes B mate

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN PROBLEM TOURNEY.—We regret to learn that the Fourth Prize Set has been proved unsound, one of the three-movers having a second solution. This leaves only the second and third sets intact. As the thirty days allowed for public examination have expired, these sets will probably receive the 1st and 2nd prizes.

EPILOGUE TO THE DOMINION CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

BY MR. M. J. MURPHY.

The even tenor of Problems and Games in Chess is so monotonous and prosaic that any departure is a relief; and in stories and anecdotes of chess and chess players, as shown in Capt. Kennedy's "Waifs and Strays," or in J. Paul Taylor's "Chess Chips," there is a freshness and an enjoyment which every chess player is not slow to appreciate. Poetry, as well as prose, has often been employed to the same end, and in Vida's immortal poem, the lately discovered Latin poem, so beautifully translated by Dr. Howe, of Montreal, and which appeared in a recent number of the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, in Cerutti's "Jeu des Echecs," and the numerous, though lighter productions of Mr. J. A. Miles, of Fakenham, to say nothing of the verses and songs that are constantly appearing, the beauty of the game is enhanced by the vivid description of its various phases in measured numbers. It may be readily believed that in all attempts to raise small subjects to the dignity appertaining to nobler themes, rythmical cadence and resonant numbers, with well-chosen language, add greatly to the beauty of the poem, while not the least important acquirement in the mind of the author is that ingenuity which is necessary to work out the subject with integrity, freedom and originality.

In the poem before us, Mr. Murphy has applied himself to the task of ennobling the Chess Correspondence Tourney, and specially celebrating his game with Mr. J. W. Shaw, the Conductor of the Tourney. He has succeeded admirably, for, though a few lines might be polished into more rythmical cadence, the poem is well constructed throughout, and the ingenuity with which the moves are designated remarkable.

The poem consists of about 250 lines in heroic metre, and opens with a prologue deprecatory of the author's own powers, in which he says:—

"Ambition prompts the use of language terse,  
Discretion bids me write in humbler verse."

The original inception of the Tourney is thus referred to in the following lines:—

"For from thy mind a bright inspired thought,  
To friend and stranger happy greeting brought:  
\* \* \* \* \*  
With modest grace, the tourney's helm you took,  
Cheering your corps, by word, and act, and look."

These lines are smooth and pleasant, but are followed by one whose rythmical cadence is at fault. "Your army jubilant sprang to the field," seems to jump rather than roll.

The poem continues with a description of the pieces, well conceived and ingeniously worked out:—

"And Caissa still retains the Hindoo horse;  
Say whence, and how, from what qualm of remorse,  
The untamed steed is bridled with the name  
Akin to modern as to ancient fame,  
Of Knight?"

Here again in "qualm of remorse" we find an inharmonious conjunction of syllables which breaks the melliflence and euphony of the verse. From the line, "From out his shade Lopez directs the White," we learn that the game was a Ruy Lopez, played by the author (White) and Lucena's move of K Kt to K 2 in reply to B to Q Kt 5 is thus designated:—

"To dusky King, Lucena wings his flight,—  
The kindred spirit of a shadowed light,—  
To prompt the Chief, direct him in the fray,  
White's third to meet by King's Knight into play."

We have no objection to this, but the last line is far from smooth. It is to be regretted that the game selected for immortalisation is not the best sample of either player's skill, though it is not altogether devoid of interest.

The description of the game proceeds, each move being described with a force and