

CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES UNDER THY FEET.

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet,"
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;
Think not earth has no glory left,
Because a few of its frail things die.
Spring time will bring fresh verdure as sweet,
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Look not back with despairing heart,
Think not life's morning has been in vain;
Rich broad fields lie before thee yet,
Ready to yield their golden grain;
Autumn may bring thee a fruitage sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadows fall
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,
Till they reach the light of eternal day:
Life is not long, and the years are fleet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Bravely work with a steadfast soul;
Make others happy, and thou shalt find
Happiness flowing back to thy heart,
A quiet peace and contented mind;
If earth be lonely, then Heaven is sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As come the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty land, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write!"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"DRESS AND HEALTH; OR, HOW TO BE STRONG: A BOOK FOR LADIES," is the rather pretentious title of a book we have lately received from Messrs. John Dougall & Son. The author (?) states that it is a compilation, and we quite agree with this statement. It is a compilation, and put together in a very disconnected shape. While fully sympathizing with the object of the work, we cannot but regret that enthusiasts should rush into print with the vain hope of effecting reforms or being dubbed authors merely on account of tacking together newspaper clippings. In the introduction we find the following statement, which is misleading, speaking of the reform in dress, the author says: "From Boston the idea spread rapidly over the United States and Canada, and it has now taken firm root in the Old World, women in England and Scotland showing themselves far more ready to accept the change than their sisters on this side of the Atlantic." For many years we have read in the *Lancet* articles advocating reform in Dress. To speak favourably of the book, we can say that the extracts are good, and a pattern at the end reminds us of Mark Twain's curious map of Paris, to understand which one is obliged to stand on his head.

"MEMOIRS OF A CANADIAN SECRETARY: A POSTHUMOUS PAPER." This is a brochure written evidently by some one who would have been much better occupied in some other pursuit than literature. It is a confused medley of politics, erratic prophecies, and senseless platitudes. It is a lame and over-drawn attack upon the Liberal bugbear,—the National Policy; and though it were an easy task to have made out a good case, the writer of the above has signally failed. We regard this pamphlet with a little pleasure, for the reason that it has afforded some little occupation to the printer, and we have pleasure in assuring readers that "a contemplated Sketch will not be missed by Canadian readers." *Cela va sans dire* and the author has scored a point.

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 7th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

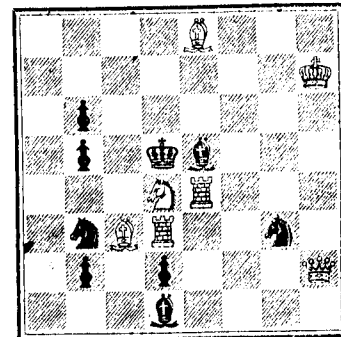
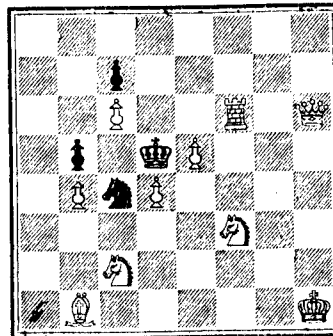
SET NO. 10. MOTTO: *Sic Est Vita.*

PROBLEM No. XCIV.

PROBLEM No. XCV.

BLACK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 7.—*Problematic Characters.*

PROBLEM No. 86.—B to K Kt sq.

This problem can also be solved by R to K B 3.
Author's solution received from:—J.W.S., Pax.

PROBLEM No. 87.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 Q to K Kt 6	Q takes Q	2 R to K 4 (ch)	Q takes R	3 Kt mates
	R to Q 3	2 Q takes R (ch)	Q to Q 4 (ch)	3 Kt mates
	Q to K 3	2 Q takes Q	R to K 8	3 Kt mates
			R to Q sq	3 Q mates
			B takes B	3 Q mates

Correct solution received from:—Pax.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAX.—Postal card received. By referring to our last issue, you will see that you are not quite correct in No. 84. In No. 85, you are right. Solutions of Nos. 86 and 87 are acknowledged above. We are glad to learn that you mastered No. 83, but as you sent us the wrong key move, we had to leave you out in the cold!

TO OUR SOLVERS.—Problem No. 85, which appeared July 10th, in our Tourney Set, No. 6, under the motto: *Strategy*, has made a pleasure trip to Scotland, has been solved, duly admired, published in *The Ayr Argus*, and returns to our desk on July 31st, exactly three weeks after the date of its publication in the SPECTATOR. And yet we received only one correct solution of this problem from our solvers, though they have nearly three weeks time in which to send in their solutions of the problems. We trust that the lesson taught by this instance of modern rapid transit will stimulate them to greater and more earnest efforts in the future.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

We are informed, on good authority, that there will be no meeting of the "Canadian Chess Association" this year. A meeting, however, will probably be held early in January, 1881, in the city of Ottawa, to consider the future prospects of the association. We hope that arrangements will then be made to place the association on a more satisfactory basis than it seems to have hitherto occupied. It has been suggested, we understand, that a new association be formed, to include chess players from the Maritime Provinces, the Province of Quebec, and that part of Ontario east of Kingston. The players of Ottawa and vicinity would prefer joining such an association rather than the Ontario Association. One of the reasons given for this preference is that Toronto, Hamilton and London, which are the probable places of meeting for the Ontario Association, are too far distant from Ottawa, owing to the lack of direct communication, while Montreal, Sherbrooke and Quebec are all easily accessible to visitors from Ottawa and vicinity. A good title for the proposed new association would be, "The Eastern Canada Chess Association," to distinguish it from the Western, or Ontario Association.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE PROBLEMS.—It is with great regret we learn that the first prize set "*Per aspera ad astra*" proves to be unsound, No. 2 having a second solution by (1) Q to Q R sq. The credit of this discovery is due to Mr. Jacob Elson, of Philadelphia. It is curious that this solution should have escaped the notice of the three eminent judges who made the awards in this tourney.

CHESS POEM.—The Quebec *Chronicle* has lately published in its Chess Department a long poem, extending over two columns, written by the Chess Editor, Mr. M. J. Murphy. The subject is the recently concluded "Chess Correspondence Tourney" of Mr. J. W. Shaw, of this city, and the poem is dedicated to that gentleman. It is well written, the style is graceful, and somewhat after the model of the *Aeneid*, though parts of it remind us of Parnelle's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." By far the greater part of the poem is devoted to a picturesque description of a game in this tourney contested between the poet and the Conductor of the tourney. As a means of adding interest to a game somewhat lacking in that respect, this manner of recording games may be pronounced a success; but, regarded simply as a new style of chess notation, it may, with some justice, be claimed that it is the reverse of concise. It is, however, pleasant reading for those who love poetry better than chess, and we must not expect to find all the virtues walking hand in hand.

After reading such an elaborate record of a game—certainly not one of the best in the tourney—we cannot help thinking that two or three lines form but a meagre tribute to the puissance of the victor—the all-conquering hero of the tourney!

The poem concludes with a warm, and doubtless well-merited, tribute to the ability, amiability and affability of the conductor of the tourney, without whose indefatigable energy, we may remark, *en passant*, neither the tourney nor this pleasing poem would have found a place in the history of Canadian chess.

The Chess Editor of the SPECTATOR, whose chair we endeavour to keep in equilibrium during his absence from the city, has promised to write us a review of this poem—conceived, we trust, in a more amiable spirit than our remarks—which we hope to be able to publish in our next issue.—[CHESS EDITOR, *pro tem.*]