

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

When the eve is growing gray and the tide is rolling in, sit and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;

The folks are chatting gay and I hear their merry din, But I look and look across the bay to the bonny town of Lynn;

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay to me And I hear his jovial song and his merry face I see;

O my love, your cheek is cold and your hands are stark and this! O hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of Lynn!

O my lover, speak to me! and hold me fast, mine own! For I fear this rising sea and these winds and waves that moan!

But never a word he said! He is dead, my love is dead!

Ab me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all alone, Alone as old and gray, and the tide is rolling in!

F. E. W. WEATHERLY.

STONEWALL JACKSON, THE PROFESSOR.

My first recollection of Stonewall Jackson is when I was a schoolboy at Lexington, Va., in the fall of 1860. I am not able to say whether it was the peculiar carriage of the stiff, military-looking institute professor who daily passed the college-grounds that was of chief interest to the students of Washington college, or whether the stories told of daring and reckless courage in his early military life invested him with a halo of romance and made him an object of hero-worship in their youthful minds.

"Old Jack," as he was familiarly called by cadets and students, was so plain in manner and attire, there was so little effort at show, his feet were so large and his arms and hands fastened to his body in such an awkward shape, that the cadets didn't take much pride in him as a professor. They feared him in the lecture-room, they paid the strictest deference to him on parade, but in showing a stranger the sights about the institute a cadet was never known to point out "Old Jack" as one of the ornaments of the institution.

My first meeting with Gen. Jackson in the social circle was one evening when he called to see a friend at our boarding-house. I shall never forget the impression his manner and appearance made upon me. Boy as I was, I looked upon him with a reverential awe. I had heard the stories of his struggles in early life; of how he had walked from his house in Lewis county to Washington to receive his appointment as a cadet to West Point; of his being ill prepared, and the difficulty he had in keeping up with his classes; and then I had heard of his brilliant career in Mexico, of his mounting the walls of Cherubusco with the American flag in his hand; and here now was the hero of my youthful enthusiasm before me.

But when the conversation commenced I lost sight of the awkward looking figure. I even lost the reverential awe which had so deeply impressed me at first. I only saw the mild eyes emitting gentle beams, and only heard a soft, melodious voice—speaking, it is true, in short, crisp sentences—but withal as mild and winning as a woman's. I then understood how it was that Maj. Jackson could be a hero. Underlying that rough, uncomely exterior was a vein of the most exquisite sentiment. In the soul of the man was that magnetism, which attracted and that power which controlled and made him the master of his fellow-men.

The Benedictines are about to start a magazine in German and Latin as the organ of the order in Austria, Italy, and Spain.

THE YOUNG COLOUR BEARER.

In the spring of 1863, while the army of Northern Virginia was encamped on the Rapidan river, preparing for that memorable campaign, which included the battle of Gettysburg, there came to it from Hampshire county, Va., a beardless boy scarcely eighteen years of age, the eldest son of a widowed mother. His home was within the enemy's lines, and he had walked more than one hundred miles to offer his services to assist in repelling a foe which was then preying upon one of the fairest portions of his native state. He made application to join Company "D," Eleventh Virginia cavalry, which was made up principally from his county, and therefore contained many of his acquaintances, and seemed much surprised when told that the confederate government did not furnish its cavalry with horses and equipments.

On the evening of the 4th Gen. Lee, in preparation for his retreat, began to send his wagons to the rear in the direction of Williamsport, when it was found that the enemy's cavalry had gone around our left and taken possession of a pass in South mountain, through which lay our line of march. To dislodge them required a stubborn fight, lasting late into the night, in which Gen. Jones' brigade was engaged, and he himself becoming separated from his men in the darkness, was supposed to have been captured or killed.

Finally the federals were repulsed, and the wagon train proceeded on its way to Williamsport. In the morning Watkins' command was ordered to march on the left flank of the train to prevent a renewal of the attack upon it, and on approaching Hagerstown those in the rear of the column heard loud and repeated cheering from the men in front.

Another of the chess veterans has departed. The news of the death of Mr. Lowe, of London, England, will be received with regret by chessplayers generally. For upwards of fifty years he was known as a player of much skill, and we have no doubt his love of the noble game was a source of enjoyment to a life which it appears was extended to more than the ordinary length. His age was supposed to be nearly ninety. Chess does not seem to shorten the life of its votaries, as Mr. DeLannoy, the chess writer, endeavours to maintain. Mr. Lowe, from all accounts, was much esteemed as a kind and agreeable man, and had many friends.

It must have been a great consolation to Cambridge University men, after their defeat on the Thames in the late rowing match, to find their chessplayers so signally successful in the annual contest between the two great schools over the chequered board. There were seven players on each side, and the best men were selected for the struggle. The result was a very extraordinary one, as the Oxonians did not win a game. The Cantabs had it nearly all their own way. They scored eleven games won and two draws.

The match was played in London, at the St. George's Chess Club, and the renowned chessplayer, Mr. Steinitz, was the umpire. Dr. Rosenthal announces in his Chess Department in La Revue des Jeux that Dr. Zukertort's conditions for the proposed match are satisfactory to him, and are accepted with these modifications: That there shall be a recess of two hours after four hours' play in each game, and that the match begins about Sept. 1 instead of in April, as suggested. Mr. R. states that the condition of his health forbids his playing in hot weather, and he fears, if play begins in April, the match may be protracted into the summer, because, as draws do not count, it is impossible to say how many games will have to be played.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Boonsboro', until darkness covered their retreat. In those desperate struggles, many went down on both sides, and it was not until after it was over that men thought of their comrades and inquiries were made for the missing. The Captain of Company D, looking over the battlefield for the killed and wounded of his command, found young Watkins lying on the ground his head supported by the surgeon. In reply to his question: "Was he badly hurt?" he answered: "Not much, captain, but I've got the flag!" and putting his hand in his bosom he drew out the little apron and gave it to the officer. When asked how it came there he said that when he was wounded and fell from his horse the federals were all around him, and to prevent their capturing it he had torn it from the staff and hid it in his bosom. The surgeon told the captain aside that his leg was shattered by a large piece of shell, which was imbedded in the bone; that amputation would be necessary, and he feared the wound was mortal. "But," he added, "he has been so intent upon the safe delivery of that apron into your hand as to seem utterly unconscious of his wound." After parting with his flag, the brave boy sank rapidly. He was tenderly carried by his comrades back to Hagerstown, where a hospital had been established, and his leg amputated. The next morning his captain found him pale and haggard from suffering. By his side was a bouquet of flowers, placed by some kind hand, which seemed to cheer him much. The third day afterward he died, and was buried in a strange land by strangers' hands, without a stone to mark the spot where he sleeps. Thus ended the mortal career of this gallant youth, who had seen scarce sixty days' service; but though he lies in an unknown grave, he has left behind a name which should outlast the most costly obelisk that wealth or fame can erect. Gentle as a woman, yet perfectly fearless in the discharge of his duty, so sacred did he deem the trust confided to him that he forgot even his own terrible sufferings while defending it. Such names as these it is our duty to rescue from oblivion, and to write on the page of history, where the children of our common country may learn from their lessons of virtue and self-sacrifice. In his character and death he was not isolated from many of his comrades; he was but a type of many men, young and old, whose devotion to what is now known as the "lost cause" made them heroes in the fullest acceptation of the term, flinching from neither suffering nor death itself if coming to them in the line of duty.

A PRINCELY SALAD.—"La Salade du Prince de Galles"—to which the Prince of Wales is said to be extremely partial—is stated to be composed of sardines boned and cut in small pieces, lettuce, watercress, and chervil with minced capers; the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs pounded into flour are added, with salt, pepper, cayenne, and mustard, and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. The salad is garnished with slices of lemon and pickled capers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand. Thanks. T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problems Nos. 267 and 270 received. E. D. W., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—262 was printed for 269 in our answer to you on the 3rd inst. Correct solutions received of Problems Nos. 263 and 270. E. H.—Solution received of Problem for Young Players No. 267. Correct.

MR. LOWE.

Another of the chess veterans has departed. The news of the death of Mr. Lowe, of London, England, will be received with regret by chessplayers generally. For upwards of fifty years he was known as a player of much skill, and we have no doubt his love of the noble game was a source of enjoyment to a life which it appears was extended to more than the ordinary length. His age was supposed to be nearly ninety. Chess does not seem to shorten the life of its votaries, as Mr. DeLannoy, the chess writer, endeavours to maintain. Mr. Lowe, from all accounts, was much esteemed as a kind and agreeable man, and had many friends.

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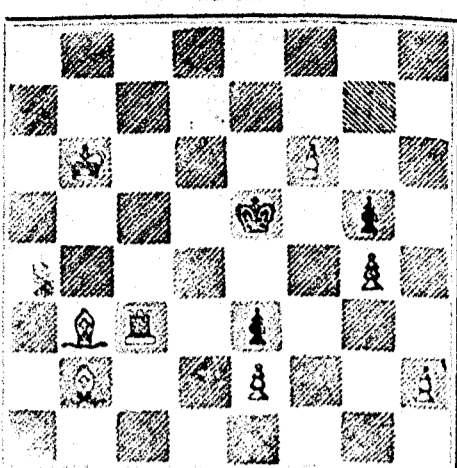
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The Chess Monthly says that Mr. Rosenthal's challenge has been accepted by Herr Zukertort, and that the winner of the first seven games is to be declared the victor. The time limit is thirty moves for the first two hours, and fifteen moves each subsequent hour. The match will be played in London, at the St. George's Club. This match is creating much sensation in the chess world, as the combats have been for a long time making arrangements for their encounter.

PROBLEM No. 272.

By H. J. C. Andrews.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 402ND.

Played in Manchester, Eng., recently between Mr. Blackburne and one of the strongest amateurs of that city. (From Land and Water.)

(Hamppe-Algaler.)

- White.—(Mr. Blackburne.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q 3, 3. P to B 4, 4. Kt to B 4, 5. P to K R 4, 6. Kt to K 5, 7. Kt takes P, 8. B to B (ch), 9. Kt takes P, 10. P to Q 4, 11. B takes P, 12. B takes B P, 13. P to B 3, 14. P takes Kt, 15. Kt takes B, 16. Castles, 17. P takes Kt, 18. Q to Q 6, 19. Q to B 7 (ch), 20. Kt to Q 5, 21. P to K 6, 22. Kt takes Q, 23. P to K 7, 24. B takes R, 25. R to Q sq. Black.—(Mr. Baddeley.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to Q B 3, 3. P takes P, 4. P to K K 4, 5. P to K 5, 6. P to K R 4, 7. K takes Kt, 8. P to Q 4, 9. Kt to K 2 (ch), 10. Kt to B 3 (ch), 11. Kt takes K P (ch), 12. B to K 5 (ch), 13. Kt takes P, 14. B takes P (ch), 15. K takes B (ch), 16. Kt to K 4 (ch), 17. K takes B, 18. Q to K 3, 19. Q to Q 2, 20. R to B sq (ch), 21. Q takes Q, 22. R to Q K sq, 23. R takes R (ch), 24. B to Q 2, Resigns.

NOTES—(Condensed.)

- (a) There is something to be said for Kt to R 4, and K to K sq is probably preferable to the text move. (b) A different position. (c) Intending to continue as in the text. (d) Black's ingenious conception has proved adequate to the object he had in view, which was to clear off complications and come out with even forces, but any hope he may have formed of obtaining an equal if not superior position, has scarcely been realized, though at first sight White's game looks as if gone all to pieces. (e) R to K 4 to Q sq the reply is R to K 3. (f) Q takes Q, K takes Q, R to Q K sq, B to K 6, and Black is not much better off, save that he may struggle to exchange a Rook for the Knight and Pawn.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 270.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to K 5, 2. Kt to K 7, 3. P mates. BLACK. 1. K takes Kt (ch), 2. P takes P. (a) 1. K or P takes P, 2. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 268.

- WHITE. 1. K to K B sq, 2. Mates accordingly. BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 268.

- White. K at Q 3, Q at K B sq, R at K 7, R at Q R 3, Kt at Q B 3. Black. K at Q K 5. White to play and mate in two moves.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to 11 Noon of TUESDAY, the 29th APRIL, instant, for the immediate supply of FOUR LOCOMOTIVES. Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained, on application at the Mechanical Superintendent's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B.

By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 6th April, 1880.

APPLICATION

will be made to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate "The Montreal Steam Heating Company."

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.