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;
And the fishertolks are near,
But I wish they never hear
The sought the far bells make for me, the bonny bells of

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:

He told me to wait here
Upon the old brown pier,
To wait and watch him coming when the tide was rolling

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;
And now, he's at the pier,
My bonnie love and dear!
And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands

outstretched to me.

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

O have you not the best so told the county best of hyun?
O have you nought to say
Upon our wedding day!
Love, hear you not the wedding belts across the bay of
Lynn!

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

But never a word he said!
He is dead, my love is dead!
Ah me! ah me! I did but dream; and I am all alone,
Alone and old and gray, and the tide is rolling in;
But my heart's away, away, in the old graveyard at
Lynn!

F. E. W. WEATHERLY.

STONEWALL JACKSON, THE PRO FESSOR.

My first recollection of Stonewall Jackson is when I was a schoolboy at Lexington, Va., in the fall of 1900. I am not able to say whether it was the peculiar carriage of the stiff, militarylooking 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. Whatever the cause, the solid tramp of Maj. Jackson on the plank walk would be the signal to stop all games of mirth that may have been in progress on the college campus until he had passed. The stiff, stolid-looking-man would pass on, turning his head neither to the right nor left, but a single

touch of his cap was the silent recognition given of the deferential respect shown by the boys.
"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 le ture-room, they paid the strictest deference to him on , but in showing a stranger the sights about the institute a calet was never known to point out "Old Jack" as one of the ornaments of the institution. He was more popular with the college students, who did not have the same reasons for fearing the austerity of his manner, but who knew him as the son in-law of their college president, the Rev. George Junkin.

first meeting with Gen. Jackson in the social circle was one evening when he called to see a friend at our boarding-house. 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. He was so different from what I thought a hero ought to be! There was so little animation, no grace, no enthusiasm ; all was stiffness and awkwardness. He sat perfectly erect, his back touching the back of the chair nowhere; the large hands were spread out, one on each knee, while the large feet, sticking precision), occupied an unwarranted space. The figure recalled to my boyish mind what I had once seen-a rude Egyptian-carved figure intended to represent one of the Pharaohs.

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. In after days, when I saw the uplifting of his dusty cap excite the wildestenthousiasm among his veteran legions, I knew whence the power emanated.

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 Rapi-dan 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 Com-pany "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. Some members of the company present, who noticed his earnestness and the disappointment caused by this announcement from the officer, said: "Enroll him, captain, and we will see that he has a horse and equipments the next fight we get into!" In faith of this promise he was enrolled James M. Watkins, Company "D," Eleventh Virginia cavalry, Jones' brigade. Shortly afterward the campaign opened with the light at Brandy station, in which 20,000 cavalry were engaged from daylight to sundown, and before the battle was over Watkins was mounted and fully equipped, and took his place with his company. It was not long after this engagement that Gen. Lee advanced the whole army and crossed into Maryland, Watkins' command covering the rear. During the battle of Gettysburg on the 3rd and 4th of July, we were engaged several times with the enemy's cavalry on our right, upon which occasion he was always found in the front and while on the march was ever bright and cheerful.

On the evening of the 4th Gen. Lee, in preparation for his retreat, began to send his waggons 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

Finally the federals were repulsed, and the waggon 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 renewed 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. After having been in the enemy's country fighting night and day, in rain and mud, those cheers came to us who heard them in the distance as the first ray of sunshine after a storm. Many were the conjectures as to their cause; some said it was fresh troops from the other side of the Potomac; others that it was the ammunition waggons, for the supply was known to be short; while others surmised that it was Gen. Jones, re-appearing after his supposed death or capture. Whatever the cause was, the effect was wonderful upon the morale of those men, and cheers went up all along the line from those who did not know the cause in answer to those who did. When the command had reached a stone mill about three miles southeast of Hagerstown they found the cause—only a little girl about fourteen years of age, perhaps the miller's daughter, standing in the door, wearing an apron in which the colors were so blended as to represent the confederate flag. A trivial thing it may seem to those who were not there, but to those jaded, war-worn men it was the first expression of sympathy for them and their cause that had been openly given them since they had crossed the Potomac, and their cheers went up in recognition of the courage of the little girl and her parents who thus dared to give their sympathy to a retiring army almost in sight of a revengeful foe. When Company D was passing the house the captain role up and thanked the little girl for having done so much to revive the drooping spirits of the troop, and asked her if she would not give him a piece of the apron as a souvenir of the incident. "Yes, certainly," she replied, "you may have it all." And in her enthusiasm she tore it off, out at an exact angle to the leg (the angle seem not waiting to unpin it, and handed it to the ing to have been determined with mathematical officer, who said it should be the flag of his company as long os it was upon Maryland soil "Let me be color-bearer, captain," said young Watkins, who was by his side; "I promise to protect it with my life." And fastening it to a stoff he resumed his place at the head of the company, which was in the front squadron of the regiment. Later in the evening, in obedience to an order brought by a courier, the Eleventh cavalry moved at a gallop in the direction of Williamsport, whence the roll of musketry and report of cannon had been heard for some time, and, rejoining the brigade, was engaged in a desperate struggle to prevent the federal cavalry from destroying the waggons of

the whole army, which, the river being unford-

able, were halted and packed at this point, their

principal defence against the whole cavalry force

of the enemy being the teamsters and strag-

glers that Gen. Imboden had organized. The

Eleventh cavalry charged the battery in front of

them, this gallant boy with his apron flag riding side by side with those who led the

charge. The battery was taken and retaken and then taken again, before the federals with-drew from the field, followed in the direction of

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 Cap tain 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 budly hart!" 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 burned 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 erest. 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 them 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, watercrees, and shevril 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 capsicums.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Paper to band, Thanks.

T. S., St. Andrews, Manitobs, --Correct solution of Problems Nos. 257 and 256 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. 269 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 has 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 ninely. 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 consolution to Cambridge niversity 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 shools 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.

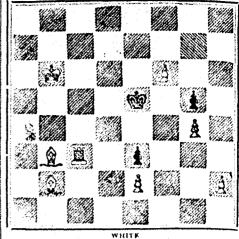
The match was played in London, at the St. George's Chess Ciub, and the renowned chessplayer, Mr. Steinitz,

Dr. Recombal announces in his Chess Department in La Recue dex 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 recease of two hours after four hours' play in each game, and that the match begins about Sept. I 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.

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 sensition in the chess world, as the combatants have been for a long time making arrangements for their encounter.

Montreal, 7th April

PROBLEM No. 272. By H. J. C. Andrews. BLACK.



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-Allgaler.)

White,--(Mr. Blackburne.) Black,--(Mr. Bad leley 1. P to K 4 2. Kt 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2, Kt to Q B 3
3 P to B 4
4, Kt to B 3
5, P to K R 4
6, Kt to K 7
7, Kt takes P
8, B to B 4 och
9, Kt takes P
10, P to Q 4
11, B takes B P
12, P to B 3
14, P takes Kt
15, Kt takes R 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. P takes P 4. P to K Rt 4 5. P to K:5 6. P to K taken Kt

8. P to Q 4

9. K to K taken K 1

10. K to B 1 (2a)

11. K taken K P (a)

12. B to K to G (cb)

13. K taken P (cb)

14. B taken P (cb) 15. Q takes B (d) 15. K to K t (e) 17. Q takes B 18. Q to K 3 10. Q to Q 2 20. B to B eq (f) 15. Kt takes B 16. Castles 17. Piakes Kt 18. Qito Qif 18. Q to Q to 10. Q to B 7 (en) 20. Kt to Q 5 21. P to K 6 22. K takes Q 23. P to K 7 24. R takes R 25. R to Q sq 21. Q takes Q 22. R to Q K t sq 23. R takes R (ch) 24. BioQ2 Resigns.

NOTES - (Condensed.)

) is There is something to be said for K to R 4, and K to K sq is probably preferable to the text more.

(5) A define all position.

ic. Intending to continue as in the text.

36 Black's ingenious conception has proved adequate to reach a ingenious conception has proven acceptance to the others be had in view, which was to clear of compitations and forme out with even forces, but any hope he may have formed of obtaining an equal if find superior position, has sourcely been realized, though at first right White's game books as if gone all to pieces.

(c) It 16 Kt to Q sq the roply is 17 Q to Kt 3

(f) 24 Q takes Q, 21 Kt takes Q, R to Q Kt sq. 22 f to K b, and Black is not much better off, take that he may struggle to exchange a Reak for the Knight and Paws

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 270.

	The state of the s
WHITE	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 5	1. K takes Kt (a);
. 2. Kt to K 7	2. I takes I
3. P mates.	
	ini t. K my P takes P
2. P ta B 4	2. Anything.
d. Kter P males	
	an and the second
Solution of Profirm	for Young Players No. 2
WHITE,	HLACK.
** *****	111/01/11

2. Mates accordingly.

1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 508. White. Riack KatQ3 QatKH sq RatK7 RatQR3 Kat Q Kt5 Krat Q B3 White to play and mate in two moves.



RAILWAY. INTERCOLONIAL

Tenders for Rolling Stock-

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of TUESDAY, the 20th AURIL, instant, for the immediate supply of FOUR LOCOMOTIVES.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained, on application at the Menhanical Superintendent's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Monoton, 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

Montreal, 7th April, 1880.