

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

[In connection with the memory of Bayard Taylor, late U. S. Minister to Berlin, whose portrait we published last week, we reproduce the following charming little poem, which contributed more than perhaps any single one of his compositions to establish his reputation.]

ED. CAN. ILL. NEWS.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried.
The outer trenches guarding.
When the hostile guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombardment.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under.
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer beamed its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the fort to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon.
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame.
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name.
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-axe confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers.
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters.
With screams of shot, and burst of shell,
And howling of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valor wearing!
The bravest are the truest—
The loving are the daring.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S YOUTH

Many of the incidents which connect themselves with the life and character of a great and good man may become of such importance as to make it necessary for the truth of history that they be given to posterity.

There is a lost leaf or unwritten page of the life of Stonewall Jackson which it is the purpose of this paper to supply.

The "Old Jackson house and mills," situated on the west fork of the Monongalia river, four miles north of Weston, where Stonewall Jackson lived and worked, and then so little known to the outside world, have, by association with his name, become historic.

Cummins E. Jackson, the uncle of Stonewall, and owner of the house, mills and adjoining farm, took him, after the death of his father, Jonathan Jackson, when about twelve years of age, to live with him, who taught him to work in the mills and on the farm.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, titled in the conflict of arms "Stonewall Jackson," who was well known to the writer, was a youth of exemplary habits, of a melancholy temperament, of indomitable will and undoubted courage. He possessed in an eminent degree a talent for mathematics, and was unwilling whilst at school to acknowledge his incapacity—"give him time," to solve any proposition.

He was by no means what is nowadays termed brilliant, but was one of those untiring, plain, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up when he engaged in an undertaking until he accomplished his object. He learned slowly, but when he got learning in his head he never forgot it. He was not quick to decide, except when excited, and then when he made up his mind to do a thing he did it on short notice and in quick time. As an evidence of his most extraordinary decision of purpose: A Mr. Mills taught school in the neighbourhood. He was a pupil, and while on the way to the school an overgrown rustic behaved rudely towards two of the school girls. He was fired at his cowardly conduct and told him he must apologize to them at once or he would thrash him. The big rustic, supposing he was an over-match for him, declined to do so; whereupon he pitched into him and gave him a severe pounding.

When the vacancy occurred in the cadetship to West Point from this congressional district, by the failure of the appointee to report himself at the academy, he decided to try for the place, and left here near sundown on horseback, 300 miles from Washington, poorly clad and ill qualified, to see Judge Spencer, the secretary of war, and ask him for the position. Arrived in Washington, he went straightway to the war department, and the parley which took place between the secretary and him, said an eye witness, "was gruff and heroic." Young Jackson had sand in the craw—some of the grit of "Old Hickory," and would neither be bluffed nor driven from his purpose. The secretary was much aggrieved about that time on account of the execution of his son "on the high seas" by order of Commodore McKenzie, and consequent-

ly was not much in a giving humour. He claimed that the appointment should be given to the son of some soldier or seaman who had lost his life in the service of his country, and that there were then many applicants. Young Jackson was an orphan and a descendant of the early settlers and Indian fighters of Northwest Virginia, and consequently had but little difficulty in overcoming his objections to his appointment.

The secretary of war, in giving him the place, said: "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first one who insults you knock him down and have it charged to my account!" He obeyed orders, and although green, raw and seedy, and a good subject for the caudles "to put through," he decided to go through himself or die in the effort.

As is usual, the boys soon began to lay their plans to introduce him into what was then known as the mysteries of a West Pointer, and so unbearable did their conduct become that he was forced, out of self-respect, to give the officer charged with the performance of that duty a fearful bruising. The result was he was brought to trial, and only saved himself from expulsion by pleading the order of the secretary of war.

He was one of the hardest students ever at West Point, and for the first two years studied as much as sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

He made it a rule to sit with his back to the door, with his book before him, and to speak to no one who entered his room during study. At the end of the first two years it was thought he would not be able to go through, and some of the professors advised him to resign. His pride was touched, and he indignantly replied he would not do so, but "would go through or die." About the middle of the third year, to use his own words, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw through things at a glance which required him weeks to see through a year before. After that time he seemed to have had no trouble in any of his classes, and to have taken high rank. His merits were few and of no consequence. He graduated at the end of the fourth year with distinguished honors.

Young Jackson, as a horseback rider on the race, had no superiors. His uncle, Cummins E. Jackson, kept a number of blooded horses and had a four mile track on his farm. "Thomas," as he always called him, was his trainer, and so well was he taught to ride that he was never thrown from his horse, and rarely ever failed to win the race. He looked awkward on horseback, and cut rather a poor figure, from the fact that he rode with short stirrups and leaned forward—a position his uncle required of him when on his fastest steeds running for a "big pile," and the habit he then contracted he never after abandoned. And just here an element in him never failed to show itself, the mention thereof must not be omitted. Notwithstanding he rode his uncle's race-horses, and won for him money, he was a moralist in its fullest meaning. He observed the Sabbath, read good books, abstained from all intemperance and was kind to the poor. He early espoused the doctrine of foreordination, and cultivated the belief that men never die till their time comes—an error which may have prematurely led to his untimely death.

After leaving West Point he entered the United States army and fought through the Mexican war. How he bore himself in that war, the despatches of Gen. Scott to Mr. Marcy best tell. At its close he was placed in command of a body of United States soldiers at Fort Hamilton, and subsequently at Tampa Bay, and after remaining at these two places some two years, his health giving way he resigned his place in the army, and returned to his old home at Jackson's mills.

His uncle, a bachelor, had a number of negro slaves, who kept house for him and attended to his domestic affairs. Some of them had nursed young Stonewall when a child, and his meeting with them, after an absence, was not unlike an old-time love-feast. Such a shaking of hands, and laughing, loud enough to shake the house-tops, was a sight worth seeing.

Thomas J. Jackson was a noble-hearted fellow, and was never known to have forgotten a kindness or forsaken a friend.

While at the mills he was a close student of history and the laws of war, and nothing pleased him more than to discuss with the writer the generalship of the commanders of armies and the treaties made by contending forces. He often said he had but one talent, and "he would never be anything but Tom Jackson unless the United States engaged in war."

He had read and pondered closely the lives of warriors and heroes of the old and new world, and was enamoured with the "poimp and circumstance of war!" Taking in review his own matchless campaigns, it is not wonderful that two such masters in the arts of war as Julius Caesar and Frederick the Great should have become his prototypes. That he often drew inspiration from their dash and rapid marches—their disposition of troops and dispatch of an enemy in his "valley campaigns"—there can be no doubt.

One of the marked characteristics of this extraordinary man was his extreme modesty. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to speak of any act, however meritorious, with which his name was associated. No young officer was ever more highly complimented by his superior than he in our war with Mexico; and yet, if that fact had been left alone for him to have told, it would never have been known.

After remaining at his old home some length of time he became tired of inaction. He wanted something to do. In the meantime a new pro-

fessorship was created in the Virginia Military Institute. He was an applicant, and through the exertions of the late John S. Carlisle he was appointed to the place. He discharged its duties to the satisfaction of all concerned; but the field was too small for the display of his great talents.

When the vacancy occurred in the chair of mathematics of the University of Virginia, by the death of the accomplished Courtney, his friends presented him as a suitable successor, and he only lost the place by Dr. Bledsøe being an alumnus. For when Judge George H. Lee, a representative of his old home, laid before the board of visitors his credentials of fitness, the venerable Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared that no such high character of recommendation had ever before accompanied the applicant for a professorship in the university.

Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson connected himself with the Virginia Military Institute in 1851, as professor of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery tactics, and remained in that position until the breaking out of our civil war. He took sides with the South, and the role he acted in that bloody drama has become a part of our country's history.

CONCATENATION OF TROUBLES.—Troubles multiply, they never end. Yesterday morning a careless man threw a mug of hot shaving water out of a second story window. Instantly the air was filled with horrid shrieks, and looking out he saw that he had emptied the water on the head of his wife, who was digging up a geranium bed with a pine stick. He leaned out of the window to get a better view of the wreck, when the sash fell down on his neck, shutting off his vision. His wife, dismayed at the unexpected shower bath and appalled at her husband's situation, started at once on the run to his release. In her haste she fell over the baby's cot, upsetting it and hurling the wailing cherub upon a cactus plant. The hired girl up stairs, hearing the shrieks in the front yard and doubting not that the baby had been stolen by some philoprogenitive tramp, sprang to the rescue with such alacrity that she only touched two steps of the whole flight of stairs, the top one with her feet and the bottom one with her head, etc., etc., etc.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Thanks for several valuable communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 205 received.

J. E. N. St. John, N.B.—The game shall appear. Many thanks.

T. S. St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.

G. D. Montreal.—See the rules in Staunton's Chess Praxis.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 203 received. Correct.

On Friday morning last Captain Mackenzie arrived in Montreal, and though fatigued by his long journey during the recent storm, he signified his readiness to meet the members of the Montreal Chess Club in the evening for a simultaneous contest.

Arrangements were immediately made at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, and at 8 p.m. he encountered fourteen players who were so arranged that he could visit each board in regular succession.

The jubilant character of the Montreal Chess Club has been recently described upon the pages of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS by a more graphic pen than ours, but we must say that on this occasion a more solemn assembly could hardly be imagined. Quietness was the order of the evening, and every one felt that he had his work to do. In a short time it became evident that the Captain's regular visits were too rapid and too successful, and one after another of his opponents bowed in acknowledgment of defeat and retired. Only two out of the fourteen were able to withstand the brilliant play of their antagonist, Mr. Thos. Workman succeeding in obtaining a draw, and Mr. Von Bokum in winning his game. The contest lasted three hours, and there was a fair attendance of visitors who seemed to take much interest in the results of the play on both sides.

On the following day, Saturday, at 3 p.m. at the same place, the Captain met twelve members of the Club, and a similar encounter took place which resulted in the defeat of the whole of his antagonists, except one player, Mr. Saunders, who succeeded in effecting a draw.

In the evening single games were played in succession between seven members of the Club and the Captain. Mr. Von Bokum was the only player who was able to claim a victory on this occasion, and as this is the second game which he has won from his formidable antagonist, he has been eminently successful in maintaining the credit of Chess in Canada.

Feeling sure that everything connected with the brilliant Chess career of Captain Mackenzie will, at the present time, be interesting to Canadian amateurs, we insert in our Column today the game which he won of Dr. Zukertort, who took the first prize in the late Paris Tournament, and next week we hope to give the one which he secured against M. Wiaxer, who won the second prize in the same contest.

(From Land and Water.)

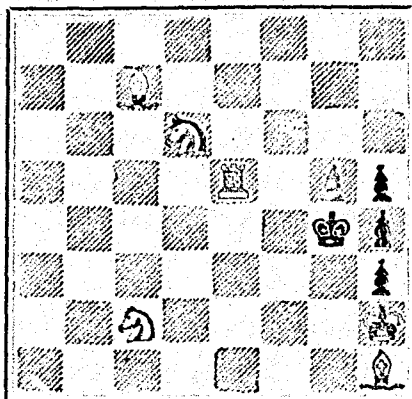
We learn, by the West Sussex County Chronicle, that Lord Henry G. Lennox, M.P. (with three others), was lately elected a member of the Chichester Chess Club; and we have also heard from various sources that the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., Mr. Grantham, M.P., and the Hon. Granville Leveson-Gower are members of the Croydon Chess Club. We are not among those who think that a man is likely to play at chess any better on account of his name being ornamented with some affix or prefix; and still less do we consider that a fine old game like chess derives any additional lustre from being practised by men of distinguished social rank; but still, as proofs of the estimation in which the game is held amongst all classes, facts like these are worth adducing to. It must, however, be remembered that there is no royal road to excellence in chess, as Prince Leopold has probably found out by this time. He is fond of the game, but we apprehend that any of the third-class players at the City of London Club could be safely backed against him.

We have not yet received the December number of the Chessplayer's Chronicle, and miss its ample budget of Chess intelligence.

PROBLEM No. 207.

By THOMAS SINCLAIR, St. Andrews, Manitoba.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 328th.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

Played at the Paris Tourney on the 21st June, 1878, between Dr. Zukertort and Captain Mackenzie.

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE.—(Dr. Zukertort.) BLACK.—(Capt. Mackenzie.)

1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. K to Q R3 2. K to Q R3
3. Kt to K B3 3. Kt to K B3
4. B to Q Kt5 4. B to Q Kt5 (a)
5. Kt to Q3 5. Kt to Q3
6. P to Q B3 6. P to Q B3
7. P to Q R3 7. P to Q R3
8. B to R4 8. Castles
9. Castles 9. P to Q3
10. B to K3 10. B takes B
11. P takes B 11. Kt takes Kt
12. P takes Kt 12. Kt to K2
13. B to Kt3 13. Kt to Kt3
14. Q to K sq 14. P to K B4
15. R to Q sq 15. B to Q2
16. P to K4 16. P to R5
17. P to K R3 17. K to R2
18. Q to K4 18. Q to K4
19. P takes P (b) 19. Kt takes P
20. P to B4 20. Kt takes Kt (ch)
21. R takes Kt 21. B to K sq
22. P to K4 22. B to Kt3
23. B to B2 23. Q R to K sq
24. Q to B2 24. Q to Kt4
25. B to Q3 25. Q to Kt4
26. R to K sq 26. R to K4
27. K to R2 27. Q to B3
28. P to K R4 (c) 28. Q to K2
29. P to R5 29. B to K2 (d)
30. B to K B sq 30. B to Q2
31. R takes P 31. R takes R
32. Q takes R 32. Q to R5 (ch)
33. K to Kt2 33. B takes P
34. Q to Kt3 34. Q takes P
35. R to B4 35. R to B4
36. K to B2 36. K to Kt sq
37. B to K2 37. Q to Kt4
38. Q to B3 38. Q to K2
39. B to Q3 39. P to Kt4
40. Q to Kt2 40. Q to Kt2
41. R to B3 41. P to Kt5
42. R to B4 42. P to Kt4
43. P to B5 43. P to R5
44. P to B6 44. P takes P
45. P takes P 45. B to K3
46. K to Kt sq 46. R to Q B4
47. Q to Q2 47. P to R6
48. Q to Kt4 48. R to B (ch)
49. K to B2 49. Q to K2 (e)
50. P to K5 50. P to R7
51. Q to Kt8 (ch) 51. K to Kt2
52. R to B6 52. B to B2
53. R to R6 53. P to Kt5 (ch) and wins (f)

NOTES.

(a) I have said somewhere that B to B4 is better, but I have lately seen reason to doubt whether that opinion was correct. At the same time I by no means admit that the text move affords a satisfactory defence, nor have I any liking for 5 P to Q3. I have said in the present number that 3 P to K Kt3, instead of bringing out the K Kt, does not please me in any way, and there I propose to leave the question at present.

(b) This seems to me premature. B to B2, I should say would be a very promising move.

(c) This turns out very badly, and I think Zukertort ought to have seen that it would. He could not reasonably expect to win in the position now arrived at, and ought to have played for a draw.

(d) The well timed movements by virtue of which the Q and R stand at this juncture just where they are wanted call for much praise. It will be observed that it would never do for the Q to be now at B3.

(e) To give a square for the K.

(f) No victory could be better deserved, considering the patient skill with which this most difficult game has been conducted by Captain Mackenzie.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 205.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to K5 1. B takes Kt
2. Q takes P (ch) 2. K takes Q
3. R takes B mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 203.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Kt to Q Kt2 1. K to Q4
2. P to Q B1 (ch) 2. K moves
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 204.

WHITE. BLACK.

- K to Q Kt7 K to Q R4
- R to K B sq Q to Q B4
- R to Q Kt6 P to Q Kt7
- K to Q Kt4
- Pawn at Q Kt3

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE well-known and popular seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. FERRY & Co., of Detroit, Mich., are again before our readers with their annual announcement. Their catalogue, which is mailed free, is offered to all of our readers. We would advise them to avail themselves of this offer.