

Literary Notices.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE still keeps its place as a literary marvel. By the excellency of its selections it commends itself to the best spirit of the age. Two articles on the "Jubilee" and another on "The Royal Castle" in the 23rd July issue are specially noted, as indicating the social drift of European thought.

From the August *Century*, which comes with its usual freight of good things, we clip the following, which *some* will appreciate :

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! nothin' at all to say !—
Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way !
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to
me—
Vit here I am, and here *you* air ! and yer mother—where is
she ?

You look lots like your mother ; purty much same in size ;
And about the same complected ; and favour about the
eyes.

Like her, too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay ;
It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her !—but I hain't
got nothin' to say !

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost h
page—

And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but if yer goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

You don't rikollect her, I reckon ? No ; you wasn't a year
old then !

And *now* yer—how old air you ? Why, child, *not* "twen-
ty !" When ?

And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile ? and you want to git
married that day ?

I wisht yer mother was livin' !—but—I hain't got
nothin' to say !

Twenty year ! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found !
There's a straw ketchd onto yer dress there—*I'll* bresh it
off—turn round.

{Her mother was just twenty when us two ran away !}

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !
—James Whitcomb Riley.

And from wise, funny, sage *St. Nicholas* this little
piece of history :

THE SHOOTING OF STONEWALL JACKSON AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

After night fell, Stonewall Jackson rode out with his
staff to reconnoitre in front of the line he had gained.
It was his idea to stretch completely around in the
rear of Hooker, and cut him off from the river.

The night was dark, and Jackson soon came upon
the Union lines. Their infantry drove him back, and
as he returned in the darkness his own soldiers began
firing at their commander, of course mistaking his
party for the enemy. Jackson was shot in the hand
and wrist and in the upper arm at the same time. His
horse turned, and the general lost his hold of the
bridle-rein ; his cap was brushed from his head by
the branches ; he reeled, and was caught in the arms
of an officer. After a moment he was assisted to dis-

mount, his wound was examined, and a litter was
brought. Just then the Union artillery opened again,
and a murderous fire came down upon the party
through the woods and the darkness. One of the litter-
bearers stumbled and fell, and the others were fright-
ened ; they laid the litter on the ground, the furious
storm of shot and shell sweeping over them like hail.
Jackson attempted to rise, but his *aide-de-camp* held
him down till the tempest of fire was lulled. Then
the wounded general was helped to rise, and walked
a few steps in the forest ; but he became faint, and
was laid again in his litter. Once he rolled to the
ground, when an assistant was shot, and the litter fell.
Just then General Pender, one of his subordinates,
passed ; he stopped and said :

"I hope you are not seriously hurt, General. I
fear I shall have to retire my troops, they are so much
broken."

But Jackson looked up at once, and exclaimed :
"You must hold your ground, General Pender ;
you must hold your ground, sir !"

This was the last order he ever gave. He was borne
some distance to the nearest house, and examined by
the surgeon ; and after midnight his left arm was
amputated at the shoulder.

When Lee was told that his most trusted lieutenant
had been wounded, he was greatly distressed, for the
relations between them were almost tender.

"Jackson has lost his left arm," said Lee, "but I
have lost my right arm."—*From "A Great Battle in
a Forest."*

OUR LITTLE ONES (the Russell Publishing Co.,
Boston) comes fresh as ever ; here is a song some of
our little ones can apply. Little friend, is it you ?

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind ;
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink.
She says her name is Allie,
But, sad to say,
Oft times a day,
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way :
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by and by," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We one and all
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve ;
And then for Dilly Dally
We'd gladly say,
Each well spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW (New York : Funk &
Wagnalls) and the *Pulpit Treasury* (New York : E.
B. Treat) for August are both before us. The dis-
tinctive merit of each is well preserved. Even sum-
mer heat does not affect the solidity of their matter.