

which rose to all men's lips when they heard that the bravest of the rebel brave had died a soldier's death, was a victory won by the heart and temper of the northern people, on which the muse of history will linger, perhaps, with something like relief from her sad chronicle of "men arrayed for mutual slaughter." The northern people honoured in Jackson qualities which the worst cause cannot obscure. They respected the sincerity of the man as much as they admired the daring of the soldier. They believed him misled, but they felt that he was no misleader. They lamented in his victories only this, that feats which reflected such renown on American gallantry should have been performed in a cause so fatal to American hopes; and not even the sense of gain we all must feel in the loss to the rebel hosts of such a captain, can make us stand otherwise than with uncovered heads before the early grave of an heroic chieftain, the example of whose high qualities the truest and most loyal soldier of the Union and the right may honourably lay to heart.

The *London Times* thus refers to the dead hero:—The Confederate laurels won on the field of Chancellorsville must be twined with the cypress. Probably no disaster of the war will have carried such grief to Southern hearts as the death of General Jackson, who has succumbed to the wounds received in the great battle of the 3rd of May. Even on this side of the ocean the gallant soldier's fate will everywhere be heard of with pity and sympathy. Not only as a brave man fighting for his country's independence, but as one of the most consummate generals that this century has produced. Stonewall Jackson will carry with him to his early grave the regrets of all who can admire greatness and genius. From the earliest days of the war he has been conspicuous for the most remarkable military qualities. That mixture of daring and judgment, which is the mark of "heaven born" generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time. Although the young Confederacy has been illustrated by a number of eminent soldiers, yet the applause and devotion of his countrymen, confirmed by the judgment of European nations, have given the first place to General Jackson. The military feats he accomplished moved the minds of people with an astonishment which it is only given to the highest genius to produce. The blows he struck at the enemy were as terrible and decisive as those of Bonaparte himself. The march by which he surprised the army of Pope last year would be enough in itself to give him a high place in military history. But perhaps the crowning glory of his life was the great battle in which he fell. When the Federal commander, by crossing the river twelve miles above his camp, and pressing on, as he thought, to the rear of the Confederates, had placed them between two bodies of his army, he was so confident of success as to boast that the enemy was the property of the Army of the Potomac. It was reserved to Jackson by swift and secret march to fall upon his right wing, crush it, and, by an attack unsurpassed in fierceness and pertinacity, to drive his very superior forces back into a position from which he could not extricate himself except by flight across the river. In the battle of the Sunday, Jackson received two wounds, one in the left arm, the other in the right hand. Amputation of the arm was necessary, and the Southern hero sank under the effect of it, supported to the last by his simple and noble character and strong religious faith.

VI. Miscellaneous.

1. "MY WIFE AND CHILD."

[A correspondent, "Southron," sends us the following, with a request for its publication in our columns. It is from the pen of the famous "Stonewall" Jackson, written while he was with the United States Army in Mexico, of which army he was then, as he is now, of the Confederate, a brave and efficient officer. Our correspondent thinks Gen. Jackson must be accorded the merit of a true poet. The pathos of poetry and true affection were never more justly delineated.]

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;
God of the tender, frail and lone;
Oh, guard the gentle sleepers' rest;

And hover, gently hover near
To her whose watchful eye is wet—

To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou can'st stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain,
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast—
No frowning look nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh! God protect my wife and child!

THOMAS JEFFERSON JACKSON.

2. THE CAMBRIDGE PRESENT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

When the old Marquis Camden was elected Chancellor of Cambridge, King William IV., who was on intimate terms with him, said jokingly, "So you have turned printer of Bibles, have you? you must give me a specimen of your skill." the Marquis, as the story runs, ran off to the Syndicate and asked what book could be given; the press was in a very bad condition, as it has been once or twice since, and the Syndicate and printer found that they had not a book that was presentable. If they gave a Bible it could only be one of their common books put into a handsome binding; a happy thought struck the printer, Mr. J. W. Parker. Suppose we print one on purpose! Agreed, was the chorus. And accordingly, when the Marquis was installed, a dozen presses were got ready, each with its form of type, and the first twelve sheets were printed on vellum, the pressmen being no less eminent personages than the Dukes of Wellington, Cumberland, Cambridge, Northumberland, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who affixed their autographs and seals to the copy, so printed for his most Gracious Majesty. A number of the most learned men were selected to read the sheets, and considerable noise was made. The book took a long time to print, and before it could be presented the King died. The copy on vellum, the only one printed on that material, formed four volumes, and was presented to her present Majesty, we believe, in 1837, or very soon after she came to the Throne, and now reposes in the library at Windsor. The KING'S BIBLE is said to be remarkable as being the first book round the pages of which red border lines were printed, and being printed on large paper forms a very handsome volume, or is still handsomer if bound in two. The Wedding Present from the University consisted of a copy of this Bible, together with a Prayer Book printed uniform with it, and bound by Messrs. Rivington, the London agents for the University, in a most sumptuous manner. We are afraid that we cannot convey satisfactory account of the binding, or of the massive silver mounting of the volumes, and must, therefore, be content to refer the curious reader to the *Cambridge Chronicle*, where he will find them described in true journalistic style.—*The Bookseller*.

VII. Educational Intelligence.

CANADA.

—UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.—His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—The Hon. Joseph C. Morrison, to be Chancellor of the University of Toronto, in the room and stead of the Hon. Skeffington Connor, deceased. Edward P. Bull, Esq., of Toronto, to be an additional member of the Senate of the University of Toronto.