

in spite of occasional fallibility, Priscilla is an important and useful person in her own sphere, and when her tall straight figure, and shining jet-black face is surmounted, as it generally is, by an awful turban of the same hue, composed of an inflexible wiry gauze, and constructed in a manner unknown to millinery, she is calculated to inspire light-minded beholders with a degree of deference, which improves their manners, and greatly augments her own peace of mind.

At length, we reach a lonely old rambling cottage, which has seen better days, and is now occupied by a small dark woman, whom we approach with a certain awe, quite unmingled with feelings of reverence or regard. She is a curious self-contradiction. She lived during many years a life of unusual riot and profanity, yet was the same scrupulously tidy little doll then, that you see now. The neat black lustrous gown, and spotless narrow-filled cap, fresh from the Italian-iron, were as conspicuous in those days as they are at the present moment. Her dwelling partook of the same cleanliness and order which characterised her person, undiminished it seemed by the indolence of a helpless old husband, or the habits of her evil companions. Dirt and disorder, the almost unfailing accompaniments of violence and vice, were foreign to this strange and awful woman. She and they could not exist together, and yet those who were in the habit of passing her former abode, would hurry by in terror, as the torrent of frantic language with which she assailed her husband, or indeed any other offender, reached their ears. She possessed the one merit of industry. That renovating principle never left her; and her skill and capabilities as a working-woman were so uncommon, that her labour was desired even by those who well knew her character. But not very long ago, she rather startled her present neighbours by coming to reside among them, and although the harmless old husband was in his grave, she did not come alone. She brought with her a very young child, and from the time of her arrival, a remarkable change was observed in her outward behaviour. Her attempts at friendship towards the surrounding people were very limited; she cared little for their society, but she appeared also to have abandoned her former companions for ever. The innocent, helpless child, who was a constant care, and would have been a troublesome burden to many a better woman, seemed to be, to this one, an all-sufficient compensation for her relinquished indulgences. The infant was one of those forlorn creatures, banished at the hour of their birth, from the mother's bosom, and given over to hired cruelty, or compassion. But in respect of what it most needed, kindness, this little one was fortunate indeed. She who had been a terror to the stout and strong, tenderly watched and cherished the frail baby. As the child grew in beauty and strength, the great love it testified for its stern friend, must have awakened some response in the hardest heart; but the marvel was, that such a nurse had truly earned that guiltless regard. The woman, grown old in crooked paths, returned to comparative innocence and peace as she guided the toddling steps of her unconscious regeneration. And her pride in the babe beauty was boundless. She would often make reasons for calling at the houses of her employers, to gain an opportunity of displaying its loveliness, and calling forth its prattle. And curious it was to see the golden head of the infant nestled lovingly against her hard brown cheek, and note how the indomitable glance of her fiery black eyes would soften, as she directed your attention to some new attraction of her darling. It was natural, perhaps, to look at first with some distrust and fear at the bond that united these two. It was such a practical overthrow of some theories which we could not well give up, even with this contradictory result before our eyes. But we learned the same lesson regarding this matter that more important events sometimes teach us. We learned to be glad for the good that was doing, without help, or merit of ours, and we grew to hope and believe, that when all who knew her, of her own erring kind, the righteous, as well as the sinner, deemed this woman irreclaimable; a wiser and better than

they, put a gentle little hand in hers—a hand that unknowing its commission, may yet lead her in the straight and narrow way.

STONEWALL JACKSON: A military Biography by John Esten Cooke. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

As this work is from the pen of a former member of General Stuart's staff, it will not surprise the reader to find that it is written from a purely Confederate point of view. The author follows, with loving reverence, the career of the great and good Southern soldier, from his appointment as Colonel of Volunteers unto the fatal field of Chancellorsville, where he—in many respects the foremost man in the Confederate army—fell by the hands of his friends. General Jackson, as most of our readers are aware, was educated at West Point; and it was his good fortune to leave that Institute at a moment which enabled him to take part in the Mexican war, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and rose from the rank of second Lieutenant to that of Major. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginian Military Institute, Lexington; and it seems strange to read that amongst those who competed with him for the Professor's Chair were McClellan, Reno, and Rosencrans, the afterwards celebrated Generals of the Northern army. The Virginian, in this, as in so many other fields, unhorsed his opponents. During his residence at Lexington those great qualities, which subsequently distinguished Stonewall Jackson, were but little recognized. Mr. Cooke writes—"Nothing is better established than the fact that the man to whom General Lee wrote, 'could I have directed events I would have chosen for the good of the county to have been disabled in your stead,' and of whom the *London Times* said, 'that mixture of daring and judgment which is the mark of heaven-born Generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time'—nothing is more certain, we say, than that this man was sneered at as a fool, and on many occasions stigmatized as insane."

It was in the first battle of Manassas, or Bull's Run, that Jackson earned his distinguishing appellation of "Stonewall." We may say, in passing, that Mr. Cooke's description of this battle does not harmonize with the popular view of the encounter. He describes it as a hard-fought field, in which the Northern troops displayed great bravery, were well handled, and only defeated by bayonet charges and superhuman exertions on the part of the Confederates. Although from the date of this battle Jackson was looked upon as a rising man and was idolized by the soldiers of his immediate command, it appears to have been long ere he enjoyed much of the confidence of the Confederate government. For it was only during the last few months of his career, when, by his daring, skill and energy, he had more than once saved the Southern cause from irretrievable disaster, that the War Department at Richmond united in the estimate which General Lee had previously formed of him.

The strength of the religious element in Jackson's character will, to a considerable degree, account for the extraordinary devotion with which he was regarded by his men. He succeeded in inspiring them with something of his own sublime confidence, and they never faltered where he led. His death, as we know, was mourned with the deepest sorrow throughout the South. All felt that a King in Israel had fallen, and it is not too much to say that, if any one man could have saved the Southern cause from collapse, that man would have been T. J. Jackson, had he lived to inspire his countrymen with his own energy, fervour, endurance and indomitable bravery.

As to the value of Mr. Cooke's book as a military biography we may state that he was an eyewitness of much that he describes. His estimate of men and things is, of course, open to criticism. For example, the views of many will hardly coincide with his deliberately expressed conviction that McClellan will probably rank as the ablest Federal Commander of the war. The book is handsomely printed, contains several useful maps, and an excellent portrait.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW Jewish journal written in Hebrew, entitled *Libanon*, is published by M. S. Guerin, rue du Petit-Carreau, in Paris.

AMONGST deaths recorded during the month, is that of Mr. Robert Buchanan, one of the oldest journalists of the day, who was formerly editor of the *Glasgow Sentinel*. His son is the poet and author of "*Understones*."

Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, the *London Times'* correspondent, has another new novel on the eve of publication—"The Adventures of Dr. Brady; or, the City and the Camp."

Mr. GORDON CUMMING, the African lion-hunter, died at Fort Augustus on the 24th ult. He was, we believe, about fifty years of age.

THE late Master of Trinity has left to the College Library more than a thousand volumes of books, including the college prizes he received as an undergraduate, among which is a copy of Newton's *Principia*, which bears strong evidence of constant use.

THE following appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum* as an advertisement:—"Authentic Relic of the Poet Cowper. The identical Chest of Drawers immortalized in the Poem of 'The Retired Cat,' to be immediately disposed of by the present owner, for the highest sum offered."

We believe that the second volume of the 'History of Julius Caesar,' by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, may be expected in the latter part of the present month. It will be devoted to the history of Caesar's wars in Gaul, which is understood to have been for many years a favourite subject with the Emperor, and it will be rendered more valuable by the extensive excavations and explorations of all kinds which have been made on the sites of Caesar's exploits by the orders of the Emperor. The latter is said to have paid great personal attention to this volume in its progress through the press, which accounts for the delay in its publication. It will be illustrated with numerous maps and plans.

THE correspondent of the *Sicècle* says: "Strangers being very numerous at Rome on account of the Holy Week, an attempt has been made to afford them some amusement. On last Sunday week, we learn by letters, an enormous tripod, surrounded by a large quantity of faggots, and guarded by eight gendarmes, was erected in the Piazza San Carlo, before the church of that name, one of the most frequented parts of the Corso. Towards six o'clock one of the missionaries advanced, and from the top of a platform announced to the crowd that his crusade against wicked books had met with unexpected success. 'The unfortunate persons, deceived and seduced by the writings of Rénan, Prondhom, &c., have hastened to bring them to their confessors, and it has been resolved to burn the whole publicly.' At this moment the doors of the church opened, and amid the noise of bells and the chants of the monks and penitents, the pile was lighted. The missionary seized a book and threw it into the flames with a triumphant air. It was the 'Vie de Jésus.' Volume succeeded volume. Some hundreds of romances were soon no more than empty smoke, in the middle of which, from time to time, some jets of turpentine thrown in flared up to render the flame more brilliant."

SELF-ACTING CLOCKS.—An application of electro-magnetism, as a motive power for clock-work, has just been made by Mr. Bright, of Leamington. The pendulum, the bob or ball of which consists of an electro-magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feeble current of electricity, thus beating true seconds, with a train of wheels only. One of the advantages of the system is said to be; that a number of clocks, in different parts, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used. Mr. Bright has patented the plan; but the simultaneous movement of clocks by electrical means is not new.