

GENTILITY.

Gentle it is to have soft hands;
But not gentle to work on lands.
Gentle it is to lie a-bed;
But not gentle to earn your bread.
Gentle it is to cringe and bow;
But not gentle to sow and plow.
Gentle it is to play the bean;
But not gentle to reap and mow.
Gentle it is to keep a gig;
But not gentle to hoe and dig.
Gentle it is in trade to fail;
But not gentle to swing a nail.
Gentle it is to play the fool;
But not gentle to keep a school.
Gentle it is to cheat your tailor;
But not gentle to be a sailor.
Gentle it is to fight a duel;
But not gentle to cut your fuel.
Gentle it is to eat rich cake;
But not gentle to cook and bake.
Gentle it is to have the blues;
But not gentle to wear thick shoes.
Gentle it is to roll in wealth;
But not gentle to have good health.
Gentle it is to out a friend;
But not gentle your clothes to mend.
Gentle it is to make a show;
But not gentle poor folks to know.
Gentle it is to be a knave;
But not gentle your cash to save.
Gentle it is to make a bet;
But not gentle to pay a debt.
Gentle it is to curse and swear;
But not gentle plain clothes to wear.
Gentle it is to know a lord;
But not gentle to pay your board.
Gentle it is to waste your life;
But not gentle to love your wife.

I cannot tell what I may do,
Or what sad scenes may yet pass through;
I may, perchance, turn deaf and blind,
The pity of all human kind;
I may, perhaps, be doomed to beg,
Or hop about upon one leg;
Or even I may come to steal—
But may I never be gentle!
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
Oh, may I never get that low!

STONEWALL JACKSON.

His School Boy Days, Career at West Point and Subsequent Service.

[Wm. E. Arnold in the Washington Capital.]

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, and 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 undaunted 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 now-a-days 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 neighborhood. 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 asked 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 consequently was not much in a giving humor. He claim-

ed 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 north-west 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 cadets "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 demerits 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 afterwards abandoned. And just here an element in him never failed to show itself, the mention whereof 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 died 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 dispatches 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 enamored with the "pomp 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 professorship 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. Bledsoe 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.

Things Worth Knowing.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.
2. That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though, in that case, do not scald them.
3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.
4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.
5. That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., that should not be added until the dish is prepared.
6. That fresh milk, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.
7. That clear, boiling water will remove tea stain and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.
8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth: also from the hands.
9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.
10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum-arabic dissolved.
11. That beeswax and salt will make your flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax-rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.
12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and that a coat of white wash is ditto for the walls of a log house.
13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.
14. That kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

A Song that was Suddenly Made Popular—Henry C. Work's Melodist.

Not to know "Grandfather's Clock" argues yourself unknown. With its accompaniment of winding up, striking, ticking and running down, it is nightly played in theatre and concert hall to applauding auditors, and is whistled by unnumbered puckering mouths. But not to know the words of this latest musical hit, or not to be able to name the author, is simply to enroll one's self with the thousands who would be obliged to confess to the same ignorance. Two years ago the writer was shown a sheet of music by Chauncey M. Cady. The music was entitled "Grandfather's Clock." It was then unknown. Mr. Cady hummed it, and said: "That's going to be popular. It will be just the thing to catch the popular ear." This was in '76. Mr. Cady's prophecy has come true in '78, and he himself told me how it was done. "It was written by Henry C. Work," said Mr. Cady. "You know him? No! Bless you! His life is a little romance. Let me tell you about him. In the first place, his father was Alanson Work, who, with Burr and Thompson, were, in 1841, condemned to twelve years' hard labor in the Missouri state prison for assisting fugitive slaves across the Mississippi river. Well, about the time of the beginning of the rebellion, Henry Work came to our office in Chicago (I was then with Root, in the firm of Root & Cady) with the manuscript of a song. He was then a printer, struggling for a living. We saw that he had something in him, and not only took his song, but engaged him to write for us for a term of years, agreeing to pay him a stipulated copyright. After he turned out Kingdom Coming and one or two other popular songs, we increased his copyright voluntarily. His songs made a great hit, especially Wake Nicodemus, Babylon is Fallen, and Marching Through Georgia. You didn't know he wrote that? Yes, indeed. I told you that he had it in him.

"His proceeds from his songs," continued Mr. Cady, "made him rich. He traveled extensively in this country and in Europe, and in 1867 he went from Chicago with a snug fortune. Then he went to Vineland, N. J., and with his brother invested his earnings in two or three hundred acres of land, built houses and prepared to establish an extensive fruit farm. But the hard times came on, his investments were unprofitable and he lost all his property. Added to this were domestic trials of the most heartrending nature, and finally there only remained to him his little daughter Nellie. He disappeared from view, no one knew where he was.

"Meantime the Chicago fire dissolved the firm of Root & Cady. We lost \$315,000, and recovered from the insurance companies only \$55,000. It was a severe stroke to me. I was threatened with brain fever, and had to quit work. About three years ago I came here and started in business again as a music publisher. I wanted some one to write popular music for me, and I thought of Henry C. Work. But I couldn't find him. He had secluded himself so effectually that it was six months before I found him, and then it was by meeting him accidentally on Broadway. He was very poor, and was trying to support himself and his little daughter by writing magazine articles. Well, the result of our meeting was that Work wrote three songs for me, The Mystic Veil, Sweet Echo Dell, and Grandfather's Clock. These were all published in 1876, and sold well from the start, but the latter has eclipsed the others, and, in fact, all other songs recently published. It is the hit of the times."

"But how did you make it popular, Mr. Cady? You showed it to me in 1876, but I did not hear of it again until 1878."

"I'll tell you. I have collected the names of thousands of musical people, dealers and the like, and I sent them circulars, with ideas of the words and music of my publications. So I did with Grandfather's Clock. The first that the music dealers knew of the success of the piece was from the large orders they received from the country. In fact, the piece has been popular in the country for over a year. Last winter it was just as popular in Philadelphia as it is now in New York and Brooklyn; and for a year and a half it has sold in large numbers on the Pacific coast. I think the first concert troupe that brought it out was the Hyers Sisters' Combination. They are negroes. They brought it out in New England,

Sam Lucas singing the solo, and an invisible quartette the chorus. I saw by the papers that it was successful, and went to New Haven one night to hear it. It was certainly a good thing. The audience gave them double and triple encores. As Sam Lucas said, they tore up the benches."

"Well, then, Mr. Work is no longer so very poor?"

"Poor! I should say not. I pay him now \$250 a month on Grandfather's Clock alone, and he gets a good thing on others that he has written. You know he wrote the famous temperance song, Father, Come Home. He now has another of similar character, not a temperance song, though, called Shadows on the Wall, and he has also just finished a sequel to Grandfather's Clock. And, another thing, Mr. Work not only writes the songs, words the music, but he designs the title page. As I said before he's got it in him.

Chewing Gum.

Among the quiet little manufactures of the country is that of chewing-gum. Only one factory exists in this city, and the few others are in New England, New York State, Ohio, Illinois and Tennessee. The gum is sold by druggists, grocers and confectioners in cities, and any country grocery that hasn't it is considered incomplete. Gum from spruce trees was exclusively used until recently, when it found a rival in gum mastic, a white and attractive article made from paraffine, which is sweetened. The consumption of this chewing-gum in the United States is about thirty tons yearly; that of spruce gum somewhat less, and that of a gum made in Tennessee, from balsam tolu, and sold in the Southern States, about twenty tons. Lately a material has been used styled "rubber gum." It is from the sap of the sapotia tree of South and Central America. The sap, like that of the india-rubber tree, has a milky look. The gum was first imported into the United States with a view of melting it with india-rubber, in order to produce a cheaper article than the latter. It was found to be impliable, and therefore useless for that purpose. It had long been chewed by South and Central American Indians, and found useful in allaying thirst. Experiments were therefore made here in purifying it for chewing, and with final success. It is tasteless, and has the merit of lasting longer than other gums, which more quickly dissolve and crumble in the mouth. So great is its ductility that a piece half an inch long, after being heated in the mouth, can be stretched into a thread a hundred feet long. Its consumption is about fifty tons a year. Chewing-gum does not like tobacco, require that the saliva be, expectorated. It does not, like smoking, excite the nerves, nor, like a superabundance of food and drink, hurtfully overload the stomach.—New York Sun.

The Latest Social Tendency.

It is now considered the height of fashionable flummery in this city to be among the last arrivals at a social party given at a private residence. Last evening there was a party of that description on North B street—which didn't come off. A lady, who desired to give a little entertainment, made the usual preparations and invited a number of guests. She illuminated the parlors and left the blinds open, that the glare of the gas might light the weary traveler on the street. This was her grand mistake. About 9 o'clock a couple came up to the house, and, the young lady looking in the window and seeing the parlors empty, insisted on returning home, as she would not for the world do such a vulgar thing as to enter a house where there was not a big room full of people to look at her. The two accordingly returned home. In a few moments another couple reconnoitered the situation from across the street and retired. One after another the guests came up, viewed the empty parlors and melted back into the darkness. There was no party, and the lady who prepared the entertainment didn't know what to make of such shabby treatment. This idea of trying to be the last one at an evening party is growing to be so common on the Comstock that the time will come when an invitation to a Friday evening's entertainment will mean "Come as early as possible on Saturday morning."—Virginia, (Nev.) Chronicle.

For his "services" to France as president of the musical jury at the Exhibition, M. Gevaert has been nominated officer of the Legion of Honor.