THE GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—a failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862. No. 46.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Of one square (10 lines,) inserted ONE OR THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid' will receive prompt attention.

JOHN DONOVAN,

HAVING returned to Easton, will attend to any business, pertaining to a general agency, entrusted to his care.

Office on Washington St., opposite the residence of H. H. Goldsborough, Esq.

june 28 6m.

A Sadiron Heater.

LADIES who practice economy would do well to examine this article; it is really something new and valuable. You will find it at the Hardware Store, corner of Dover and Washington streets, Easton. [sep 27

For Philadelphia.

THE schooner "Elizabeth Jane," Captain Christopher, will leave for Philadelphia about the 16th of October. For freight or passage to or from Philadelphia apply to THOS. C. NICOLS, Jr., Easton, Md.

JAMES L. BEWLEY & CO., 326 South Wharves, Philadelphia.

oct 4-tf

Spring and Summer Millinery GOODS.

MRS. KATE PLUMMER would most respectfully inform her old customers and all who may desire anything in her line of business that she has just returned from the city with a large and splendid assortment of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

suitable for the present and approaching seasons. She deems it useless to enumerate articles. Her stock will be found to compose everything adequate to carrying on the above business. In addition to making up new work she still continues to do

REPAIRING

with neatness and at the shortest possible notice. The public are most respectfully invited to call and examine her stock. Shop at the old stand, next door to Mr. Jos. Rasin's store. [may 3

PURE KEROSENE ILLUMINATING OIL, combining PERFECT SAFETY WITH AN ECONOMICAL AND BRILLIANT LIGHT.

FOR

Brilliancy, Intensity and Softness IT IS NOT EXCELLED.

And as a Sewing or Reading Light, it will be found even more desirable than Gas, possessing a softness and steadiness entirely relieved from the flicker which always accompanies a gas light. This light far surpasses that produced from any other Oils or Fluids now in use, and for

ECONOMY AND SAFETY

It is particularly recommended—burning at a cost of less than three-quarters of a cent per hour, and cannot be inflamed any more easily than common whale oil. Lamps altered to burn the above oil. KEROSENE OIL LAMPS of the latest and most approved Patterns, with Globes, Chimneys, Wicks, &c., for sale by

sep 7 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

The National Taxes.

THE undersigned having been appointed Assessor of Taxes under the act approved July 1, 1862, entitled "An act to provide Internal Revenue to support the Government, and to pay interest on the Public Debt," hereby gives notice to the people of the First Collection District of this State, that he has made the following divisions of the District, and appointed the persons herein after named, Assistant Assessors under said act, designating at the same time their Post Office.

No. 1.—Worcester county,—Assistant Assessor, Joseph J. Ennis, Snow Hill.

No. 2.—Somerset county,—Assistant Assessor, Robert H. Ellegood, Saulsbury.

No. 3.—Dorchester county,—Assistant Assessor, Levin E. Straughn, Cambridge.

No. 4.—Talbot county,—Assistant Assessor, Reuben Tharp, Easton.

No. 5.—Caroline county,—Assistant Assessor, John H. Emerson, Denton.

No. 6.—Queen Ann's county,—Assistant Assessor, Robert K. Willson, Snow Hill.

No. 7.—Kent county,—Assistant Assessor, Wm. H. Lambert, Chestertown.

No. 8.—Cecil county,—Assistant Assessor, E. E. Ewing, Elkton.

The above named act took effect on the first day of September instant.

All persons, of whatever trade or occupation, are required to take out license to continue the same. Applications must be made to the Assistant Assessor, who are furnished with blank forms for the purpose. All business done without application as above is contrary to law.—Owners of carriages, coaches, hackney coaches, omnibuses or other carriages, not exclusively employed in husbandry or the transportation of merchandise, are required to report the number and value of the same. Owners of billiard tables, yachts, and gold and silver plate must report the same with the amount of plate owned.

2nd. Manufactures, where not especially exempt, are required to make return to the Assistant Assessor within ten days after each and every month of the actual sale, made by them during the preceding month.

Auctioneers are required to make a monthly report of the gross amount of their sales.

The *Proprietors or Manager of Rail Roads or Steamboats* are required to make a monthly report of the gross amount of their receipts.

Butchers and others whose business it is to slaughter, for sale, any cattle, calves, sheep or hogs, shall make a monthly return of the number respectively slaughtered.

3d. All persons whose income, derived from any source whatever, shall exceed six hundred dollars [$600] per annum, will be required to report the same to the Assistant Assessor at as early a period as practicable after the 31st day of December, proximo.

Schedules of articles subject to tax can be had after a short time, on application to the Assistant Assessor, together with any information that may be required. GEORGE M. RUSSUM,

Assessor 1st Collection District, Md.

Assessors Office, Denton, Maryland. Sep. 11th, 1862. } Sep. 13-4w.

NEW WHEAT FLOUR.—Gambrill's Super, Extra and Family Flour, of New Wheat, just received and for sale by the pound and bbl. at

aug 2 Jos. RASIN.

OX BOWS.—There is no use for the old home made, when you can buy better ones, cheaper than you can make them. A nice lot now on hand at the Hardware Store.

may 31 H. M. NICOLS & Co.

BATH BRICKS—For polishing knives, forks, &c., on hand and for sale by

sep 27 DAWSON & BRO.

For the Easton Gazette.

Little May.

BY CYMON.

I knew a little rustic dear,
They called her little May,
Her eye was bright, her brow was clear
As summer's sunny day.

Her prattling tongue the weary hours
With childish glee beguiled;
Fairest of all earth's choicest flowers,
A pure and lovely child.

Her genial presence banished gloom—
Her carols cheered the heart;
When all seemed dark, e'en as the tomb
She would her joy impart.

A ray of sunshine 'mid the storm,
A flower 'mid desert sands,
A shield to guard the heart from harm
When tried by sin's demands.

Too good for earth was little May,
(She was only *lent*, not *given*,)
As softly closes summer's day,
As swiftly twilight's ling'ring ray,
Calmly and sweet she passed away,
To her perfect Home in Heaven.

B. C. N., Oct. 25, 1862.

For the Easton Gazette.

HEAD QUARTERS 2D DEL. VOLS., BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, VA., Oct. 18, 1862.

Editor of Easton Gazette:

My Dear Sir—We very well know that we have some very warm friends, as well as some very *warm* enemies, in your pleasant little town, and for the gratification of each, we sit down in our little tent to write you a line or two.

We are in the 2d Army Corps, 3d Brigade, Richardson's Division. The 2d Corpse is Sumner's famous fighting corps; a name well earned and fully deserved. Our Regiment has passed through the fiery ordeal. It has stood where the balls fell like hail. We have lost some of our best men. And from nearly a full regiment we have been cut down by the ball and by disease to only about three hundred and twenty men. You may rest assured that Co. C., (the Cecil county company,) have always done their duty, for you know they are of the right material.

At the last great battle of Antietam our regiment made one of the most desperate charges of the day and Company C carried the colors on that famous day. The color bearer and color-guard were all either killed or wounded. The colors were shot down three times, *but we have them yet.* Riddled and torn they bear the mark of battle, and proud we are now when we see them waving over us.

Our men look up to it and say "God bless that old flag and accursed be he who would trample upon it." Under it we have been born, under it we have seen years of happiness and under it we will fall, if needs be.

Often, very often, when our company are sitting around the camp fires, do we talk of the pleasant hours we spent in our little camp near the sweet little grove just by the quiet old meeting house.

Lieut. Col. Baily, who was with us while we were with you, is now Colonel of our Regiment. We need not speak of him, for you all know him. He is a good and kind officer, a gentleman and an honest man. As brave as good, he leads us; as we all love him, we will all follow him.

With our best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and all our friends at Easton, and with the earnest hope that the Union will soon be as prosperous and as happy as of old, we are

Very truly and respectfully,

Yours, CECIL.

THE REBEL ENVOYS AT LONDON AND PARIS.

Correspondence London Morning Post, (Ministerial.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 30. P. M.—The public telegram has announced the recall of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, the Commissioners of the South American Confederation sent to London and Paris under the supposition that England and France would ere this have recognized the independence of the South. Although I am told that Mr. Slidell has not yet received any official notice of his recall, he has no doubt that he will shortly do so.

It appears that both Mr. Slidell and Mr. Mason had come to the conclusion that their mission could scarcely be accomplished within any reasonable period of time. The Governments of England and France are by no means unfriendly in their feelings towards the South; but as long as the civil war does not result in any decided triumph of either party they can only know and hold communication with the Government of Washington In Paris Mr. Slidell has not held any communication with the French Government. The Cabinet of the Tuileries, from the first, has harmonized its policy with that of the Cabinet of St. James; and both, I believe, had long since come to the conclusion that it is for the contending parties to invite mediation if required, and not for England and France to offer mediation, however much they may desire to see this cruel and wicked war brought to an end. To recognize the South would be to interfere; to depart from that neutrality which is the policy of England and France towards the United States.

It was hoped and believed that some event of the war might, before this, have brought about an armistice, and that both North and South would have called in foreign Powers, with a view to reconciliation. But as the war goes on the contending camps become less men and more inhuman. The latest despatches which reach the Government of this country do not, I am told, hold out any alternative for a close of the war but the exhaustion of both North and South; and as the resources of the North are known to be more extensive than those of the South, supposition on the spot gives the final victory to the North. But, of course, this is mere speculation, for the North may fall to pieces from inward disputes and anarchy. At all events, the Southern Commissioners see no probability of their services being required for some time to come, and expect a recall, if it has not already reached London and Paris.

We publish the following at the request of a subcriber and an old Democrat. There is no one living better capable of judging of the heniousness of Secession than this gentleman. He is a man of age, experience and wealth, and can speak with knowledge of the blessings of the government under which we now live.

Virginia on Secession.

To the Editor of the London Daily Post:

Dear Sir—During the last war between the United States and Great Britain the New England States, dissatisfied with the policy of the Government, met in council at Hartford, Connecticut, and were unjustly supposed to contemplate a movement hostile to their own country. Such was not the case; still, as these States were suspected, let us see what Virginia then taught, as sound doctrine on the question of a constitutional right to secede from the Union. Annexed you have what the Richmond Enquirer said in November. 1814, on that subject; and I will only add that this paper, as now, was then the most influential journal in Virginia, and regarded as the exponent of the views of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and othres of our fathers then living.—Forty-eight years have elapsed, and it remains for the Letchers and Wises of Virginia, and the Lindsays and Spences of England, to teach Americans the true meaning of their Constitution.

Yours, &c.,

July 24, 1862. LOYALIST.

[Richmond Enquirer, November 1, 1814.]

"No man, no association of men, no State or set of States, *has a right to withdraw itself from this Union on its own accord. The same power which knit us together can only unknit.* The same formality which forged the links of the Union is necessary to dissolve it. The *majority of States* which form the Union must consent to the withdrawal of *any one* branch of it. Until that consent has been obtained, any attempt to dissolve the Union or obstruct the efficiency of its constitutional laws is treason—treason to all intents and purposes. Any other doctrine, such as that which has been lately held forth by the Federal Republican, that any one State may withdraw itself from the Union, is an abominable heresy, which strips its author of every possible pretension to the name or character of a Federalist.

"We call, therefore, upon the Government of the Union to exert its energies when the season shall demand it, and seize the first traitor who shall spring out of the hot-bed of the convention of Hartford. This illustrious Union, which has been cemented by the blood of our forefathers, the pride of America and the wonder of the world, must not be tamely sacrificed to the heated brains or the aspiring hearts of a few malcontents. The Union must be saved when any one shall dare to assail it.

"Countrymen of the East! we call upon you to keep a vigilant eye upon these wretched men who would plunge us into civil war and inevitable disgrace. Whatever may be the temporary calamities which may assail us, let us swear upon the altar of our country to save the Union."

☞ People are getting tired of so much talk about bagging Rebels. Our forces are always about to bag the Rebels, but don't bag them.—The promises come duly off, but the bagging doesn't. When Lee's forces crossed the Potomac into Maryland, it was published everywhere that our army would bag the whole of them, but it didn't. When Stuart's cavalry more recently made a bold dash 200 miles through Maryland into Pennsylvania, the country was vehemently assured that we should bag every man of them, but we didn't. When Gen Sill, a few day's ago, made a rush into Frankfort, scattering Morgan's guerillas, it is said, in all directions, we were cheered with the declaration that he could bag the last man of them, but he couldn't.—When Bragg retreated after the battle of Chaplin Hills, we were all exhilerated with the intelligence that Buell. Gilbert, and Granger were on all side of him, hemming him in, and that they would bag him just as certainly as he lived but they did nothing of the sort. When we hear of Rebel troops being completely "hemmed in," we can hardly help responding—"ahem!" As for bags, the Rebels generally give us the bag to hold, but not with themselves in it.—*Louisville Journal.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE LATE REBEL RAID.—A gentleman who has just returned from the borders of the State relates the following: After the rebel cavalry left Chambersburg, on their way towards Gettysburg, when about twelve miles distant from the former place, they met a large funeral procession, which they ordered to come to a halt. Dismounting from their own horses, they selected *forty-three* of the best horses in the procession, and amongst them *the horses attached to the hearse.* No violence was used; but, to the contrary, the greatest politeness was displayed towards the surprised mourners. At length one of the funeral escort demanded to know by whose orders their horses were thus taken. The reply was, "By order of Gen. McClelan; they are wanted for the army." As soon as the funeral horses were properly secured by their captors, they pursued their way to the Potomac, leaving the afflicted friends to find their way with the corpse to the place of burial as they best might. —*Phila Ledger.*

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid foods, drinks, medicines and tooth-washes and powders are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon juice or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger nail, as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg softened in this way becomes hard again by being put in the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated the sooner the disastrous consequences will be manifested.—*Scientific American.*

"MONITORS" IN THE WEST.—One iron-clad "Monitor" harbor and sea-going vessel to be called the Tippecano, is contracted to be built by Miles Greenwood, Esq., at Cincinnati, and two of the same kind and size are contracted to be built by the Niles Works—one of them to be named the Catawba. Also, another at Birmingham, on the Monongahela river, near Pittsburg, by Messrs. Mason & Snowden, to be called the Manayunk. All of them are to be sea-going steamers. Chief Engineer King, United States Navy, is the Superintending Engineer of hulls, towers and machinery. There are now nearly fifty of these iron-clad men-of-war building for the Government, besides all those afloat.

Marry if you would prosper; a pair are always *fore* handed, an individual never.

The History of Cannon.

The following extracts from Mr. Headley's article in *Harper's*, for October, are just now of great interest:—

"There is great discrepancy among writers as to the time in which artillery was first used.—The word "cannon" is evidently derived from the French word *canne*, "a reed;" and they were first made of wood, wrapped in numerous folds of linen, and secured by iron hoops. Some say the Chinese used them eighty years after Christ, and that a deserter from Henlopolis introduced them into Greece in 676. Once, in his "History of the Moors of Spain," says they used them in attack and defence of fortified places as early as 1118; and so on down till we have Cordova, in Spain, besieged by artillery in 1280.—Ferdinand IV is said to have taken Gibralter from the Moors, by artillery, in 1308. There seems to be good reason for believing that Spain and Italy used artillery about this period. Many doubt these statements, and assert that there was not ten years' difference in the time in which artillery was used by the principal powers of Europe. Taking this view, they place its introduction in the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Louis Napoleon seems to find no authority for their being used in France till 1359, in which year five hundred little cannon of a *palme de longuer* were made in the town of Perouse. Others say that there is found in the archives of Tournay a statement that in 1846 the town council having heard that a worker in tin, named Peter Burges, knew how to make an engine called *connoiles*, which could throw leaden balls, ordered him to construct one. He did so, and presented for their inspection a hollow tube, weighing two pounds. This, at their request, he fired off, and though, to their surprise, they could not see the flight of the ball, they found it had killed a man beyond the second wall of the town. This so frightened Peter that he fled to a church for safety. In view, however, of all the circumstances, he was granted a free pardon.—This seems good authority; any other circumstances render it probable that the general introduction of artillery into Europe could not have been much antecedent to this.

It is hardly credited that, in a military age, when the art of war was the chief study of all European princes, two centuries could have elapsed after its introduction into Spain and Italy, before it was used by the bordering powers.—The knowledge of such an invasion must have traveled fast in those warlike days, when might made right. This also seems probable from one of the letters of Petrarch, who was born in 1304. He says:—"I am astonished that thou also dost not possess those brazen globes, which, impelled by fire, start off with a horrible noise. Was it not sufficient that the anger of an immortal God should thunder from the sky, but must a tragile being thunder in the earth. This scourge, till lately, was so scarce as to be looked upon as a prodigy; but now, that men's minds are apt for he most wicked deeds, it has become common."

In contrast to this may be mentioned.

THE LATEST ARTILLERY INVENTION.

The *Warrior*, it is said, has an English invention on board, which, it is claimed, will give her an advantage in a moment of her shot-proof sides, that will make her overwhelmingly superior to any vessel that ever floated. By it she is enabled to throw molten iron into an enemy's ship. A cupola furnace is constructed on board for melting iron, which is poured into a thin shell, which breaks in pieces on entering a ship, leaving the molten mass imbedded in the timbers.—Several apparently insuperable objections suggest themselves to the practicability of this strange scheme, and we predict its abandonment. Still it may be a success; if so, it is a horrible one, for no wooden vessel could withstand many broadsides of such shot. It would hardly have begun to fight before it would be in flames.

History of Yankee Doodle.

The origin of "Yankee Doodle" is by no means so clear as American antiquaries desire. The statement that the air was composed by Doctor Shuckburg, in 1755, when the old Colonial troops united with the British regulars near Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac, and that it was produced in derision of the old-fashioned equipments of the Provisional soldiers, as contrasted with the neat and orderly appointments of the regulars, was published, some years ago, in a musical magazine in Boston. The account there given as to the origin of the song is this:—During the attack upon the French outposts in America, in 1755, Gov. Shibley and Gen. Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, while these troops were stationed on the banks of Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers" flocked in from the Eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley regiment as took up its position on the left wing of the British army.

The band played music as antiquated and *outre* as their *uniforms;* officers and privates had adopted regiments, each man after his own fashion; one wore a flowing wig, while his neighbor rejoiced in hair cropped closely to the head; this one had a coat with wonderful long skirts, his fellow marched without his upper garments.—Various as the colors of the rainbow were the clothes worn by the gallant band. It so happened that there was a certain Dr. Shuckburg, wit; musician and surgeon, and one evening after mess he produced a tune which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and Yankee Doodle was hailed by acclamation "their own march."

This account is somewhat apocryphal as there is no song; the tune in the United States is a march; there are no words to it of a national character. The only words ever affixed to the air in this country are the following doggerel quatrain:—

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it;
Only binding round it.

It has been asserted by English writers that the air and words of these lines are as old as Cromwell's time. The only alteration is in making *Yankee Doodle* of what was *Nankee Doodle.* It is asserted that the tune will be found in the *Musical Antiquities of England*, and that *Nankee Doodle* was intended to apply to Cromwell, and the other lines were designed to "allude to his going into Oxford with a single plume, fastened in a knot called a maccaroni." The tune was known in New England, before the Revolution, as *Lydia Fisher's Jig*, a name derived from a famous lady of easy virtue, in the reign of Charles II, and which has been perpetuated in the following nursery rhyme:—

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it maccaroni.

The regulars in Boston, in 1775 and 1776, are said to have sung verses to the same air:

Yanke Doodle came to town
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock, &c.

The manner in which the tune came to be adopted by the Americans is shown in the following letter of the Rev. W. Gordon. Describing the battles of Lexington and Concord, before alluded to, he says:—

"The brigade under Lord Percy marched out (of Boston) playing, by way of contempt, Yankee Doodle; they were afterwards told that they had been made to dance to it."

It is most likely that Yankee Doodle was originally derived from Holland. A song, with the following burden, has long been in use among the laborers, who, in the time of harvest, migrate from Germany to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by the exertions:—

Yanker didel doodle down,
Didel, dudel lauter,
Yankee viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und Tanther,
That is, buttermilk and a tenth.

Biographical Sketch of Stonewall Jackson.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD STONEWALL.

BY ANNO DOMINI.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent has seen many biographical sketches of the renowned "Stonewall," but they all abound in inconsistencies, untruth and inaccuracies. In the hands of some historians his life, like the short India rubber blanket of a long soldiers, is stretched to suit the subject; to others this eventful history has been as a lump of clay in the hands of a child—capable of any degree of plastic distortion or beauty, from a Hindoo idol to a winged statuette of Apollyon the Lovely. Some there be who declare him a myth, a will-o'-the-wisp, a dancing jack of the wilderness, the creation of a mind—or any amount of minds—disordered, but they err, Mr. Editor. Stonewall Jackson is a fixed fact, a melancholy, a stubborn fact; and that his life may not go down into darkness, that his deeds of daring may not be wiped out forever like a sum in simple division on a schoolboy's slate, a historian is needed—one that is faithful, capable and unbaised; like those, for instance, who do the biographical sketches for the New York morning dallies—one that is wholly competent, and that careth not a pin for Northern praise nor Southern commendation; in brief, one like who write the biographical histories for the papers aforesaid. Such an one is Anno Domini, and he herewith presents a history which he is willing to take his affidavy is as reliable and worthy of credence as though it was written for one of those immaculate sheets—the New York dallies.

Stonewall Jackson was born very early in life—in fact so young was he at that interesting period of his history, that the date thereof lurketh not in his own memory, nor yet in that of his present biographer. Sufficient be it to say, he was BORN. The ancestry of S. J. has hitherto been shrouded in doubt. Some have asserted that he is descended from Jack, surnamed the Giant Killer, and that the "seven-league boots of the aforesaid J. the G. K. are yet in his possession, which accounts for the celerity of his movements. Others declare him to be an offshoot of the Jacobin family, the founder of which was Jackaloo the Chinese Pirate. They are all wrong Mr. Editor. Stonewall Jackson is descended in a curved line from the Wandering Jew. In early time the Jew family was rich, but one evil day the head of it went down into Egypt, "bucked" against Pharoah, and came back with nary shekel, having lost them all in that interesting game. From that time till the discovery of the Mississippi River, the family was too poor to have a name. Stonewall's grandfather ran a flat-boat on the aforesaid river, and was extravagantly fond of the classic game of 'old sledge.' He married, and in course of time had four sons, whom he named—to commemorate his favorite game—High, Low, Jack, and the Game. Jack followed the example of his father, married and had one son, the subject of this sketch, who was naturally called Jack's son, and in course of time Jackson. A family trait lurks in Stonewall, for at any critical stage of the game he is sure to "turn up" and become the trump.

Young Jackson in his youth gave great promise of future usefulness, so much so that when he was sent to school he invariably ran away to play "tag" and leap-frog; to the constant study of which he owes his agility. One day Jackson *pere*, learning of his son's truancy determined to chastise it out of him, and so collared the incipient hero, and bent him over his knee, thus throwing a prominent part of the youth into bold relief. Mrs. Jackson (the mother) then seized a skirt-board with both hands and proceeded to bring the youngster to a sense of his duty, by divers ponderous blows. Young Jackson squirmed like a fish worm, but, with that Spartan firmness that has ever distinguished him, shed not a tear. At about the fortieth blow the old lady paused, while the old gent eased up his hold, and enquired, "My son wil'st thou go to school in future?" The young hero raised his head, wiped his sleeve across his nose, and looking up into his fathers face, said "I say old gentleman, why am I like a cabin passenger on a canal boat?" "My son I knowest not," sagely observed Jackson senior. "Why" said the young incorrigible, with a knowing wink," its because I am *boarded astern.*" The poor, outraged father, could only ejaculate "board" him again old lady, 'board' him again.'" "Not I," said the mother dropping the skirt board, "You might as well larrup a *Stonewall.*" From that day to this the hero has gone by the name of Stonewall Jackson. "But mother" said the father, as the released youth skedaddled out of the room to finish his game of tag, "What *shall* we do with the boy?" "Do? why send him to West Pint, he ain't good for nothin else." Stonewall went to West Point. Many interesting events occurred during his pupilage there but—following the example of the N. Y. papers—I condense.

Stonewall Jackson passed a creditable examination and graduated number two (from the foot) of his class, and the rebellion having just commenced, was immediately appointed a Brigadier General by the Southern Confederacy—the U. S. Government paying his livery stable bill at West Point and his passage to the rebel lines. While passing through our army he stopped to make a sketch of our fortifications, when an inconsiderate sentinal demanded his pass. The sentinel was immediately sentenced to be hung, but was afterwards allowed to resign.

The N. Y. papers have given such an accurate account of Stonewall's military exploits that I need no more than give a brief epitome, taken from that same reliable source.

His first battle was at Bull Run, in 1861, where he slew a whole division of the federal army with his own hand and then got slewed himself. In this battle both armies were defeated, but unfortunately, neither of them found it out in time to take advantage of it. The Union army greatly outnumbered, but "gained a material advantage" (see McD.'s despatches). In June, 1862, he took command of 500,000 men (see Northern papers of that date) and turned his attention to the political economy of the Shenandoah Valley. Not liking the state of the currency there, he determined to abolish Banks; in doing which several desperate battles were fought, in all of which, though outnumbered, our troops 'gained material advantage,' (see B—k's despatches) but our cavalry horses becoming thirsty the army fell back to the Potomac to water them. Jackson's horses, also being dry, he pushed on for the same watering place, but learning that Fremont had cut loose, fell back. Fremont following, a desperate engagement took place at Front Royal, in which Stonewall would have been annihilated, had not the U. S. Government stopped the battle (see *N. Y. Tribune,*) to hold a court of enquiry, to see if Freemont had not paid three postage stamps too much for a bushel of oats, furnished through a California friend to the horses of his body guard. While court was in session, Stonewall skedaddled. Fremont followed, however, and would have bagged him, if he had not taken the wrong road (*N. Y. Herald,*) and travelled *North* while Jackson was going *South.* Getting safe back to Richmond, Stonewall bore a leading part in the battles in front of that "doomed" (see all the papers) city.

According to the northern prints, Jackson suffered terribly in person, during those battles. He lost his right leg at Hanover Court House, and his left at Gainsville. The next day while leading his corps into battle at Savage's, his horse baulked in front of a barrel of beans which had been abandoned by our army, and he was compelled to dismount and go in on foot, in doing which he lost his right arm. The succeeding day he lost his left arm at Peach Orchard. Two days after at the battle of Malvern Hill, he stooped down to fasten his shoe, and while in that position, his head was blown off by a 103000 pound shell. This was the unkindest cut of all, but the old veteran merely raised his martial form erect and said "My bleeding country, I cheerfully make the sacrifice, Old head, farewell!" These are but a few of the wounds the old man has received—according to the papers. Even as I write, the report comes that this modern Briarcus lost another arm at Antietam,

Stonewall Jackson, in personal appearance, is most unlovely—and it is said that he—like the Ashantees—files his teeth to a sharp point every other morning. He stands eleven feet and five inches (or five feet eleven inches, I am not certain which) in his boots—when he has got any.

His hair is black and was furnished to order by Batchelor of N. Y. In religion he is at times a devout Catholic—at least he followed closely in the footsteps of the Pope, during one of his campaigns—and at others he is a colporteur, for the A. Tract Society—at any rate he has probably left more tracks in Virginia than any other white man; and according to the papers always goes into battle with a family Bible under one arm, and a Greek Testament in the coat tail pocket, which he reads during the intervals of the fighting.

He is abstemious in his habits, having been known to live nine days off one sardine and a barrel of whiskey. In dress he is extremely neat, never wearing a shirt more than three months without changing it. He is a man of taste, for he buys all his clothes at McGregor's, and his hats of Corey, and gets them via Baltimore.

To sum up, Stonewall, in private life, is—as Shakespeare says—"a man as is a man, that we may never look upon his like again." In his military capacity he is, to quote Sheridan Knowles, "in peace a lamb, in war—*a lam'er.*"

ANNO DOMINI.

THE following "Owed to Lake Ontary" is worth preserving:

"Green are thy waters, green as bottle grass—
Behold 'em stretched thar!
Fine muskalous and Oswego bass
Is ol'tn katched thar.
Thar the red Injun took his delights,
Fisht, fit and bled,
Now most of the inhabitants is white,
An nary red!"

When is a tired man like a thief? Ans. when he wants *a-resting.*