

During the Valley campaign and that around Richmond, in 1862, I was General Jackson's chief of staff. His prudent reserve was noted; it was such that he never disclosed anything of his own military designs except the necessary orders to his chief of staff, or even to his major-general next in command, and he was chary of expressing to them his thoughts on the general conduct of war. Colonel Alex. R. Boteler, an accomplished scholar and statesman and honorary aid to the General, was the foremost civil representative of the people in General Jackson's military district. He seems to have employed him as such occasionally as a medium of communication with the government. The statement of his views for the subsequent campaign of 1862, chapter 15, Cedar Mountain, was given on the express authority of Colonel Boteler, and, indeed, almost in his words. I believe he is yet alive and will attest his own facts. They may be relied on as perfectly accurate and intelligent as far as they go.

I was selected not by myself—not having taken up the faintest idea of such an attempt—but by General Jackson's family to write his biography. I sought the help of all suitable documents which the family possessed. All which were allowed me I employed diligently and faithfully. It scarcely need be said that I was not responsible for such as were withheld.

Gen. Barringer shows that Jackson was thinking out, in addition to an immediate threat upon Washington with 50,000 men, a permanent plan for the future conduct of the war. The details given are full of interest. I am forced to believe that the types here played a trick upon Gen. Barringer in describing Gen. Jackson as planning four or more "light columns" of 50,000 men each. Gen. Jackson was certainly aware that General Lee's heaviest masses would hardly exceed 50,000 men, and would usually be under that number, as Gen. Johnston's always were. Such being the real size of the two grand armies of the Confederacy, four or more "light columns" of 50,000 men appear entirely improbable; the numbers should have probably been 5,000.

Upon the other point—General Jackson's view of taking prisoners—he probably spoke as fully to me as to any one. If I am asked why, then, I did not explicate these views in the biography, the simple answer is that Gen. Jackson gave them to me in a confidential conversation, the privacy of which he did not give me the right to disclose. Now that the Charlotte Chronicle asserts the authority of his family for revealing this point, I may do so without impropriety.

On the 18th day of May, 1862, (between the battles of McDowell and Winchester) I was riding alone with the General along the Valley of Mosby Creek, in Augusta county, to visit the bivouac of the famous Twelfth Georgia Regiment, in our front. He was, what was rare with him, in the mood of converse. Our thoughts traveled naturally upon the prospect of our struggle. Encouraged by him, I expressed my own conclusions with the unreserve (perhaps the indiscretion) of one of those citizen-soldiers whom Gen. Jackson thought so well of. I said that the manner adopted by the Confederate government for conducting the war filled me with apprehensions. The government, dominated by the technicalities of West Point, and of professional soldiering, seemed to forget what was needed in a revolutionary war such as ours. They were relying upon the routine methods, good for mercenary standing armies, but inappropriate to our circumstances. In this species of tactics the enemy's superior numbers and riches, backed by Europe, would in the end beat us. The longer the catastrophe of the war was delayed the more we should lose in the martial spirit of our gentry and yeomanry, for mere drill carried to completeness would replace their clan; that a defensive war would be sure to wear us out and crush us in the end. The supineness of the authorities in failing to reach out after the fruits of our victory at First Manassas had especially discouraged me. I seemed to hear the voice of history and of God at once demanding, in view of that fatal omission, "How can ye escape who neglect so great salvation?" (This

## THE STANDARD

Kosuth is the healthiest man for his age in Europe. He is 86.

The Bohemian element is rapidly multiplying in New York city.

The Ballot Reform bill was passed by the Connecticut Legislature.

There are twenty-seven more dogs than sheep in Miami county, Ohio.

Ex-President Jefferson Davis entered upon his 82nd year June 8th.

Baltimore has abolished public commencement exercises in the high schools.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular woman orators in England.

It is estimated that the United States has a doctor for every 600 inhabitants.

A dog down in Piedmont, W. Va., has two tails, and he wags them in different directions.

It is proposed to construct a cable between Honolulu and San Francisco at a cost of \$1,500,000.

Ben Butler's portrait is to be hung in the rotunda of the State Capitol of New Hampshire.

The dog tax of France gives the state an annual revenue of about \$1,500,000.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest state.

June 1st the law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors went into effect in New York.

The report comes from Oklahoma that rich iron mines have been found near Guthrie.

Dr. Chas. E. Simmons wants \$143,450 for professional services to the late Samuel J. Tilden.

The study of music has been introduced with success in the public schools at Danville, Va.

More than 1,000 empty patent medicine bottles were found in the house of a rich bachelor who died at Knoxville, Pa., lately.

By a recent decision of the Supreme Court a pack of playing cards is not a gambling device.

Sam Small says that nine-tenths of the rows at home among the children are started by the girls.

Senator Cockrell is credited with having used three gallons of ink in his private correspondence last year.

Ex-Senator Riddleberger says Mahone offered him the "Mission to Hong Kong" but he refused it.

The little prayer beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep" was written by John Rogers, the martyr.

Florida has \$12,000,000 invested in the orange business, and the sales this year were a fourth of that big sum.

It is fly time with the dishonest cashier when he thinks his peculations are on the eve of being discovered.

It is said that an English syndicate is after the Elgin watch factory. An offer of \$10,000,000 has been made for it.

Adolphus Andrews, the inventor of the American jack screw, died in New York the other day, aged ninety years.

Signor Tamagna, the Italian tenor, unless fairy tales be told, will receive \$2,000 a performance during his tour with Patti.

The Legislature of Massachusetts appropriated \$10,000 and the Legislature of Connecticut \$25,000 for the flood sufferers.

Pete Nutt, of Dade county, Ga., has a chicken eating mule. He eats them raw, and will chase a fat hen for a mile, if necessary.

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of 190 tons upon an acre.

The President has appointed Thomas J. Morgan, Rhode Island, to be Commissioner of Indian Affairs, vice John H. Oberly, resigned.

Tin and glass have found a rival in paper as a material for making kerosene oil cans. The latter, it is claimed, will not rust and leak like tin or crack like glass.

Alexander Graham Bell, in Science, calculates that a mother in talking to her infant speaks 36,000 words a day—equal to about four hours' continuous talking.

The receipts of the Brooklyn bridge during the first year after its opening in 1883 were \$403,000. During the past year they amounted to \$243,360.

In a house near Hagerstown, Md., destroyed by the cyclone was a sleeping infant, who was found when the blow was over, half a mile off and not injured.

## Pigeons Used in War.

[Charlotte Chronicle.]

The first successful attempt to make use of pigeons was during the investment of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. After the investment, it was not possible to communicate with the provinces except by balloons, and then there was no certainty whether the balloon and dispatches carried by it ever reached their destination. The first one that left, nothing was heard of, the second carried three pigeons, which returned the evening of the same day announcing that the balloon had landed in safety, and that the official dispatches would be delivered. The Parisians were amazed at this almost unexpected success, and the papers were filled with the doings of the wonderful messengers, and printed fabulous tales of their performances.

On November 4, a regular post was established by the government between Paris and Tours by balloon and pigeons, and messages could be sent by any person at a rate of 50 centimes per word, which was afterwards reduced to 20 centimes.

At first the dispatches were written by hand on small pieces of very thin paper, and only on one side. As this was, however, a long and tedious method, and there was an enormous number of messages, they were finally printed, and then reduced by photography to a very small size, and read by aid of a microscope. This method was further simplified by photographing messages on a very thin film of collodion, each film containing on an average of 2,500 dispatches. One bird could easily carry a dozen of these pellicles, or films, making 30,000 dispatches. One pigeon which arrived in Paris February 3, 1871, carried eighteen pellicles which contained 40,000 messages, most of them private.

The official bulletin states that 150,000 official dispatches and 1,000,000 private ones were carried by pigeons into Paris during its investment. These messages, if copied in ordinary writing, would fill 50 volumes.

The organization of "military pigeon systems" in almost every continental nation of Europe soon followed the Franco-Prussian War. France now devotes \$30,000 for the maintenance of pigeon lofts under the military authorities. Germany devotes \$8,500, and their system is by far the most extensive and complete of any nation.

Russia devotes \$10,000 and the birds are more extensively used in tactical operations and military maneuvers than in Germany. Italy has an extensive service, mainly with a view to their employment as messengers from cruisers off the coast.

Spain has also pigeon lofts at various coast guard stations, employing the birds to communicate between the shore and the naval cruisers which in war times would be employed to intercept the enemy's ships, and in peace, to stop smuggling.

Other countries, especially Belgium, have brought pigeon flying to a bright state of perfection, and private pigeon clubs have enormously increased in all countries, especially in Germany and France, where, under the fostering care of the war ministers, prizes are given and all efforts used to increase their usefulness.

## Floods of the Future.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The Conemaugh Valley disaster must not be viewed simply as a calamity. It is a warning. When boats navigate Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, and carp invade the houses of that city, we see the shadows of coming events—something even worse than the Johnstown horror. We have more than once pointed out in these columns the probable consequences of the floods that will visit this country in the future. The destruction of our forests will make the cloud burst as familiar to us as the tornado is to the dwellers of our western plains. Von Behber, in his work on "The Influence of Forest Growth on climate," says: "The old experience that the destruction of woods accentuates climate extremes, and more especially enhances the danger of floods, has not thus far been contradicted. Nay, it receives calamitous confirmation in the disasters which, in the South Tyrol, for example, recur so frequently, and which it is vainly sought to prevent by artificial works." \* \* \*

## Queen Margaret, of Italy.

[The most beautiful Queen in Europe, is without doubt, Margaret, Queen of Italy, the lovely and brilliant consort of King Humbert, to whom she was married in 1888, when only seventeen years old. She was already by birth an Italian princess, being the daughter of the late Duke of Genoa, brother of King Victor Emanuel, founder of Italy; her husband is therefore also her first cousin.]

Under her influence the Italian Court has become one of the most distinguished for intellect and manners. She is deeply interested in literature, and keeps abreast of contemporary literature; all books of importance appearing in England, France, Germany and Italy are sent to her. She encourages Italian genius in every way; a splendid edition of Dante's work, containing all that has been written by the poet, with the reproduction of every picture inspired by the poetry, all annotated by Signor Banahi, the great



Dante scholar, was brought out at the Queen's expense for the education of her son. Her charity is marked by intelligence and influence, she is at the head of nearly every charitable movement of importance in Italy. She encourages Italian industries wherever she can, and it is owing to her fostering care, that the very important art of lacemaking in Italy has been brought back to prosperity. The art was apparently lost, and the once thriving community of Burano was a listless and starving population, the memory of one old woman, who learned the stitch in her youth, saved the dainty industry from extinction.

The Queen carries herself with a regal part and is always willing to give that which the populace is always ready to behold with delight, the spectacle of its sovereign in the pomp of royalty. Queen Margaret is perfectly adored by the people of Italy, the flower which bears her name has become a sort of national emblem. She is very pious and although her husband reigns over what used to be the Papal State, she is said to be on excellent terms with Pope Leo. She has one child, the Crown-prince of Italy, who is now about twenty years old.

[He Couldn't Strike.]

Detroit Free Press.] He stood on a step-ladder trimming the dead limbs out of a fruit tree, when a man came along with some tools in his hand and stopped and asked: "How many hours are you putting in for a day's work?" "I'm busy from daylight to 8 or 9 o'clock at night," was the reply. "Don't you know that nine hours is a day's work?" "I've heard so, but he won't let me off at that."

"Then strike on him!"

"I can't very well."

"Don't you kick?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Some rich old cuss who wants to grind you into powder, eh?"

"Well, he keeps me at work. I believe I put in thirteen hours every day."

"Then you are a fool!"

"Maybe so."

"He ought to be talked to."

"Yes."

"Why don't you quit?"

"I would, you see, but I am the 'old cuss' you are talking about, and though my man can get his day of nine hours I have to put in three or four more or things will get behind."

## To Find Your Nick-Name.

Write in figures the year of your birth, and to this add four. Then add your age at your next birthday, if it comes before the succeeding January 1; if not, add your age at your last birthday. Multiply this result by 1000, and subtract from the product, 678,423. Substitute for the figures the corresponding letters of the alphabet as follows: A for one, B for two, C for three, D for four, E for five, F for six, G for seven, etc.

## About Animals.

[A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of the cage every day. One morning, as it was picking the crumbs off her carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it in a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favorite, but on turning about instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the slightest injury.]

Persons who have the management of elephants have often observed that they knew very well when any one is ridiculing them, and that they very often revenge themselves when they have an opportunity. A painter wished to draw an elephant in the menagerie at Paris in an extraordinary attitude, which was with his trunk lifted and his mouth open. An attendant on the painter, to make the elephant preserve the position, threw fruits into his mouth, and often pretended to throw them without doing so. The animal became irritated, and, as if knowing that the painter was to blame rather than his servant, turned to him and dashed a quantity of water from his trunk over the paper on which the painter was sketching his distorted portrait.

A gentleman of Brechly having shot a hen-swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sabbaths, when he did not recognize him in consequence of his change of dress.

## Improbable Things.

Joking others in company. Gazing rudely at strangers. Loud and boisterous laughing. Cutting finger nails in company. Talking when others are reading. Reading when others are talking. Leaving a stranger without a seat. Making yourself the hero of your own story. Want of respect or reverence for seniors. Leaving church before the worship is closed. Reading aloud in company without being asked. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. Not listening to what any one is saying in company. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude. Correcting persons older than yourself, especially parents. Whispering or laughing during worship in the house of God.

## He Struck the Right Man.

[Exchange.]

The other day an important looking gentleman took a seat besides a quiet man in an Arkansas railway carriage and began a conversation.

"I'm going up to Little Rock," he said, "to get a pardon for a convicted thief. I'm not personally acquainted with the Governor, but he can't afford to refuse me."

"Is the fellow guilty?" asked the man.

"Of course he is; but that makes no difference. His friends have agreed to give me \$400 if I get him out, and the thermometer is very low when I can't get up a good talk. Where are you traveling?"

"Going to Little Rock."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might be of some service to me. What business are you in?"

"I'm the Governor."

He wasn't of the least "service to him."

Harriet Beecher Stowe is in failing health.

It took \$3,000 to heal the breach in the heart of an Alleghany, N. Y., girl.

An accident occurred to a Sunday-school excursion at Armaugh, Ireland. Seventy-four children were killed. Horrible!

Edward Morrow, living near Bradford, Penn., while plowing last fall, lost a \$20 wad of greenbacks, which his son plowed up a few days since as good as ever.

## A Nigger's Charmed Life.

[Winston Sentinel.]

On Tuesday Dr. D. A. Dalton removed a number of buckshot from the person of Alfred Hill, confined in Forsyth jail, who was shot by the guards on the 16th of April while trying to make his escape from the chain-gang of this country.

The negro has a remarkable history, and appears to bear a more charmed life than the proverbial feline.

When 5 years old he was hooked and seriously injured by a cow, an ugly gash still remaining as a memento of that occasion.

At 9 years of age he was shot by his brother, the shot still remaining encrested under his skin.

At 14 years of age his right eye-balls was taken out by Dr. Graham, of Charlotte.

When 19 years old he had the back part of his head chopped off by a hoe in the hands of "a friend at a party."

When 21 years of age he was badly mutilated by another "friend" on the railroad in South Carolina, his shoulder and back being cut and a portion of one ear removed.

His last experience in this line was on April 26th, when Messrs. Neal and Saunders, the guards, had to put four loads of buckshot into his carcass before they could stop his flight.

Alfred says he feels much lighter since Dr. Dalton removed a portion of the last loads of shot and is once more ready to pursue the uneven tenor of his way.

## Caught by a Simple Scientific Trick.

In a large factory, one of the workmen carelessly allowed his hammer to slip from his hand. It flew half way across the room, and struck a fellow workman in his left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal an injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court, an eminent oculist, retained by the defense, examined the alleged injured member and gave as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye, and proved it. Knowing that the colors green and red combined make black, he prepared a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—Ex.

## The Bishop and the Boy.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"What are you doing here my lad?"

"Tending swine, sir."

"How much do you get?"

"One florin a week, sir."

"I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary."

"That may be, but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care."

The bishop was about retiring when the boy continued.

"Say, can God do anything?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Can he make a two-year-old colt in two minutes?"

"Why," said the astonished bishop, "he would not wish to do that, my boy."

"But if he did want to, could he?" insisted the boy.

"Yes, certainly, if he wished to."

"What! in two minutes."

"Yes, in two minutes."

"Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

The bishop collapsed.

## The Meanest Man in Creation.

[Linville (Ala.) Democrat.]

A man living in Clay, who owes us over two years subscription, put his paper back in the postoffice last week marked "refused." We have heard of many mean men. There is the man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole coppers from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for pure downright meanness the man who will take a paper for years, mark it "refused," and then stick it back into the postoffice, is entitled to the first premium.

## Sitting Bull, the Sioux war chief, is dying.

The Samoan treaty has been officially signed. It is said to be satisfactory to the cabinet in its final shape.

Col Emmons Clark, who has commanded New York's crack regiment, the Seventh, for twenty-five years, will resign on June 21.

Gideon L. Pease, of East Wilton, Me., who was a Sergeant in the Black Hawk war, is thought to be the only living United States soldier of that war.

Harrison has appointed Robert Smalls, a negro, as Collector of Customs for the District of Beaufort, S. C. The "coons" are "getting there" in the South.