

POETRY.

A Bachelor's Ballad.

American Queen. Returning home at the close of day, Who gently chides my long delay, And by my side delights to stay?

"JACKSON'S WAY."

THE PLAN PROPOSED BY STONEWALL JACKSON FOR CONDUCTING THE WAR.

Endorsed by General Robert E. Lee.

WOULD HAVE PREVENTED SHARPSBURG AND GETTYSBURG—WRITING JACKSON'S BIOGRAPHY

(Charlotte Chronicle.)

The article by Lord Wolsey has attracted great attention in the South to the war policy of the Confederacy, and people are curious to know what plan each leading man preferred.

For the first time, The Chronicle is able to lay before the world at some length, in sufficient detail, and with absolute authority, Stonewall Jackson's broadest and fullest plans as to how the Confederacy should have conducted the civil war.

DAVIS VS. LEE AND JACKSON.

Exceeding great interest centres in Jackson's plan; first, because of the author's own greatness, next, because the plans had the approval of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and last, because President Jefferson Davis's policy was in opposition, if not antagonistic, to the great Jackson's "plan of campaign."

MRS. JACKSON'S LIFE OF STONEWALL.

Mrs. Mary R. Jackson, widow of the immortal Stonewall, who resides in Charlotte, is engaged in writing a life of her famous husband. She has been at work on the book now nearly a year, and it is thought that it will be fully six months before the last pages are written. She leaves Charlotte to-morrow for her brother's home in the country, that she may the more closely devote her time and attention to the writing of the memoirs.

It was not Mrs. Jackson's intention to treat at all of Gen. Jackson as a soldier; she merely intended to write of him personally, and in his relations as son, husband and father. It happened, however, that there were matters brought out indefinitely or unsatisfactorily alluded to in Dabney's "Life of Jackson," that she desired to amplify, for the purpose of throwing full light upon them.

DABNEY'S ERROR.

Among these more or less obscure points is Jackson's idea of how the war should have been conducted. It is treated in Chapter XV, on the battle of "Cedar Run," but in an incomplete, inaccurate, and erroneous way. The chapter says that while the army lay near Westover, Gen. Jackson had an interview with Hon. Mr. Boteler, in the former's tent, where the general communicated his views of the future conduct of the war, and begged that on Mr. Boteler's next visit to Richmond he would impress them on the government.

Jackson told Mr. Boteler that the Confederates should "carry the horrors of invasion from their own borders to those of the guilty assailants." Dabney closes the paragraph with this sentence: "What weight was attached to it, is unknown; but the campaign soon after took the direction which he (Jackson) had indicated."

GEN. BARRINGER'S CORRECTION.

Gen. Rufus Barringer, a resident of this city, who was a brother-in-law of Gen. Jackson, has been able to furnish Mrs. Jackson very valuable information on this very point, obtained in a council held with Stonewall Jackson in the latter's own tent, and at his own request. Instead of the subsequent campaign taking "the direction which he (Jackson) had indicated," it was just the opposite to his plan, and made Sharpsburg and Gettysburg disastrous possibilities and actualities.

JACKSON SENDS FOR BARRINGER.

Gen. Barringer now possesses the letter in which Stonewall Jackson directed to the former's Colonel, telling him to send (then) Capt. Barringer to the headquarters of Gen. Jackson as the latter desired to confer with the captain on matters of importance.

Although Capt. Barringer and Gen. Jackson, having married sisters, were brothers-in-law, they had not met since the opening of hostilities; and as the Captain always resided in

ODDS AND ENDS.

In Paris they call inventor Edison "The King of Light."

10,000 lives were lost last week by a hurricane at Hong Kong, China.

The smaller the pocket-book, the more important a dollar will make it look.

Evil talkers should be arrested for carrying concealed weapons in their tongues.

The man who runs from a bumble bee may show great courage when fighting with a lion.

Slander is like a conversation over a telephone in that you can never hear but one side of the story.

The Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Virginia Military Institute will be held in July 3rd and 4th.

Heuric Mathen, 101 years old, one of Napoleon's veterans, died in a small New York tenement Tuesday.

"Show me a man who rides a velocipede or bicycle and I'll show you a case of spinal complaint," says Dr. Agnew.

It is the opinion of all those who come in contact with Coporal Tanner that his manners have been sadly neglected.

The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard is in office again as a commissioner to settle the Delaware-Maryland boundary question.

The sheriff at Troy, N. Y., put a prisoner in charge of his horse, and the prisoner naturally trotted off with the animal.

The war records show that almost 4,000 Union soldiers deserted during the war, while 267 were caught and executed.

A ton of rope made of the hair of devout women of Japan has been used in building a \$3,000,000 temple to Buddha at Kyoto.

Mrs. Spurgeon, wife of the celebrated London preacher, sends books to poor country clergymen and bonnets to their wives.

They are making fun of a Buffalo judge for calling a double-barreled gun a "two-shooter." It's all in English as she is spoke.

Mr. Pulver, of Vineland, N. J., has eaten an egg every day for the last half century. Up to date he has pulverized 1,521 dozen.

Every week some American falls heir to \$3,000,000 of English money, but somehow you never hear of the money being paid over.

Col. W. B. Chilton, aged 44, a Virginian by birth, for fifteen years on the Louisville Courier-Journal staff, has just died from overwork.

Only one person in every 50,000 of the population dies in his bed when asleep, and there is little excuse for lying awake and worrying about it.

Disappointed office-seekers, walking home from Washington, are reminded that the blackberry patches will soon be doing business at the old stand.

John Bright, one of the greatest Englishmen of the Victorian reign, who lately died, left an estate of \$440,000. Mr. Gladstone is also well off as to money.

In Niagara county, N. Y., farms sold at \$100 per acre fifteen years ago. They can now be bought at from \$40 to \$60, and almost every one in the country is for sale.

Always deduct about four years from the age of a veteran claiming to be 120 years old. Medical science has no record of a person in this country living beyond 102 years.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor, create quiet a sensation in Brooklyn the other day by declaring his belief that a person could repent for a sin after he is dead.

Searching Small Boy—Daddy, why didn't he tell a lie when his father asked him about the cherry tree? Cynical Parent—Hum, guess he was getting one ready, boy, but s'pose he hadn't time to hatch.

Cynics say: "Friendship is a good thing but it has no market price" Mlle. Hortense Leduc, of Montreal, knows better. She has just been left \$4,000,000 by the will of a rich Frenchman, as a token of friendship.

It will take from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 to repair the damage to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal caused by the flood. It is virtually gone as a water way, and the general impression is that the end of the canal has come.

In Holland an unmarried woman always takes the right arm of her escort, and the married woman the left. At a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right arm of the groom, and goes out on the left side of her husband.

Copper money first made its appearance in England in 1609.

Is Marriage a Failure?

A LADY TAKES AN STUDENT TO TASK SHE GOES TO COLUMBIA FOR AN ARGUMENT.

Is "Daisy" Married or is She Single?

HARD ON OLD BACHELORS, OLD MAIDS AND HEN-PECKED HUSBANDS—

USES THE WIDOWER TO PROVE A POINT.

The Durham Plant, in its issue of May the 29th, gives a long article, "Is Marriage a Failure?" written by a lady who signs herself "Daisy."

We have no way by which to tell whether "Daisy" is married, or discusses this question through the influence of the powers that in her beat and from a longing desire to test in a practical way what she labors to prove.

LEE AGREED WITH JACKSON. Whilst Gen. Lee agreed with Gen. Jackson on the general idea of this policy the former said that circumstances might arise before plans for its fruition could be set afoot that would necessitate presenting entirely different plans of campaign.

BARRINGER A GOOD SOLDIER. Jackson had apparently forgotten his brother-in-law, for he asked Stuart: "Is Barringer a thorough disciplinarian and tactician?"

Stuart told him that Barringer was a thorough soldier, and appreciated to a nicety drill and discipline. Jackson said: "All the better. I like a civilian with practical sense and an idea of discipline. The old army men are apt to be martinet, unsuited to command and get the best service out of untrained volunteers."

Strangely language that for a graduate of West Point! but who shall be able to refute the great Jackson's opinion?

GREETING HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW. When Capt. Barringer appeared at his brother-in-law General's tent, the commander's greeting was entirely devoid of sentiment. The General was busy, as usual. He was at the door of his tent, giving commands.

As the Captain approached the General said with an inquiring yet welcoming intonation: "Capt. Barringer (?). I have sent for you on business. You will stay in my tent all night. We'll have a good time, unless the Yankees disturb us; if Pope doesn't, I know McClellan will not."

DISCUSSING THE WAR POLICY. That night the brother-in-law General and the brother-in-law Captain, who later himself became a General, discussed at length the war policy of the Confederacy.

Already Jackson had seen that the South could not stand having the enemy's armies within her territory. The mere invasion was sapping the roots of Confederate supplies.

He and Capt. Barringer conferred at length on the cavalry, its merits, its disadvantages, and where and how it could be best used.

OPPOSED TO THE DEFENSIVE POLICY. Gen. Jackson announced his emphatic opinion, in that interview, that continuance of the defensive policy meant ultimate disaster and ruin.

JACKSON'S IDEA OF INVASION. Jackson's plan was, he said, to organize two, four, or more, interior camps at the more important points in the South, and use the best troops as "Light Movable Columns," of not over forty or fifty thousand men each. These should be made up of the very best men, under the command of the pick of officers. They should be lightly equipped, and prepared for long, quick marches. These he would hurl against the enemy as they invaded the Southern territory, or use them to make rapid incursions of the North. He would select the best and least protected cities, fall upon them without notice, levy contributions on them of \$50,000, or \$100,000, or more, as circumstances suggested, and destroy the towns that refused the levy. Whenever he should find the enemy pressing him in the North he would retreat and fight his way across the line.

OTHER AND FLANK INVASIONS. In the meantime, however, one of these "Light Movable Columns" would be on the way to some other unprotected city, perhaps 500 miles away, which would be levied on or destroyed.

Gen. Jackson went so far as to specify the States into which he would send the lightly equipped columns. He named Pennsylvania, Ohio and "bleeding Kansas" as constantly exposed points.

It was his intention on these incursions to take no prisoners except high civil officials, whom he would hold for ransom. His idea of taking no prisoners is one that his biographer, Dabney, either was not thoroughly familiar with, or which he unintentionally failed to make him-

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boundless love that sparkled from her soft brown eyes, when he took her soft white hands in his and imparted to her lips a kiss of purest affection and called her, "my own darling girl."

[A girl does look mighty pretty in a hammock, if she is the "daughter of a millionaire." Is love a "flame," and can't you quench it even when "she goes back on you"? Are the evenings in June "romantic"? "Unfolded to her his aching heart"—the heart of a boy in love must be something like a rag if it can be unfolded that way. That kissing business and holding "soft white hands" and called her "my darling girl" must be what they call "courting," and from what others have told us, we believe that "Daisy" has described it in a real life-like manner.]

"A few years later they are married and living in a beautiful little cottage. See him on an evening like this, sitting out on the front piazza reading the evening news to her who sits by his side, watching the little year-old tottler playing at his feet with his kitten. Their hearts beat as one, and more love, joy and happiness than this cannot be realized this side of that celestial city, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Ask this man if marriage is a failure, a consummation of love and affection, and he will tell you: 'Marriage is the beginning of a man's happiness, almost a taste of the beatitudes of heaven itself.' Go ask that man whose wife sits up until after 12 o'clock at night, sewing for his and their children's support, while he is asleep, dreaming of some romantic event in his boyhood days, if marriage is a failure? It was indeed a fortunate success with him."

[It is right pleasant to read the evening news, even though a lady is not near by. But to see a little "year-old tottler" play with a kitten doesn't seem to contain much pleasure. The cat might scratch the baby and scatter its hair about the child's clothes. "Their hearts beat as one." We don't think that it is right to allow a child and a cat to get so intimate and in love with each other as to cause their hearts "to beat as one." A man that would lie asleep, dreaming of boyhood's foolishness, while his poor wife was sewing for a support for her family till after 12 o'clock, is a miserable wretch. Is marriage a success in his case?]

"And again, to prove that marriage is not a failure: Look at a man when his wife dies; he goes home from her grave, and the first thought that occurs to him is this: 'I can't live without a wife; where will I find me another one? Now if he is not a possessor of a sludish suit of clothes, he next thinks: 'Where will be the best place to purchase me a fashionable suit of clothes; I can't get along without them.' So he goes to the city next week, and dikes himself out in a new suit, buys himself a new buggy, and when you see him at church on the following Sunday you would not know him at all if it was not for the string of crape on his new silk beaver. Just watch him smiling from the left corner of his eye at Mrs. Spooner.'

["Daisy" is too hard on the widowers! Does it take a duds suit of clothes and a new buggy to win the affection of a woman, "Daisy"? You do a great injustice to the good and true women to intimate such a girl, whose affection can be won with a duds suit and new buggy is not the one to prove that "marriage is not a failure." "Smiling from the left corner of his eye" Goodness, "Daisy," you have located the "corners" of the eye and made it to "smile"—what a discovery!]

"He will be married in less than six months. Now if marriage is a failure, why is it that he wants to do the same thing over again? Some may say, well, it's because he has a large family of children, and can't be without a wife to help him care for them. But stop! my friend; this man's wife did not die until two years after his baby. They marry just simply because they know how much happier their lives were after marriage than before.

"When a man invests \$75,000 in a gold mine, and digs for months and years, and finds nothing but sand rock, and loses every red copper invested, will that man ever invest anything in a gold mine again? No indeed, he will not. It will make him sick at the stomach to hear the word "gold-mine." Now it seems to me a failure in one thing would be just the same as in any other. Why should it not?]

[There now! This is a stunner. It is true that a man seldom invests \$75,000 in a gold mine the second

time, but occasionally he'll spend \$300 for license for a second marriage in order to keep up the fashion.]

"Can you tell me why it is that it is always an old bachelor or a fit subject for the insane asylum that tries to prove that marriage is a failure? I am anxious to know."

[Why, "Daisy"! you are excited. If you have such a clear case you should not say such hard things. An "old bachelor" or a "fit subject for asylum" "Daisy" you are mad.]

"Well, now, suppose we visit a bachelor's den and see if we can find 'single blessedness' any more of a success than the young man we left reading the news to his wife. There is one, right across the street. I see him now."

[You seem to be interested in this bachelor to watch him so closely.]

"He is in the garden picking peas for dinner."

[How many married men pick peas?]

"You know bachelors always do their own cooking. Do let's slip in without his seeing us. Horrors of horrors!!! The dogs and cats are on the bed which has not been made these many months."

["Daisy," you are inconsistent. You thought it so nice to see a beautiful little child playing with a kitten, but it is horrible to see a man have a cat.]

"His silk beaver is on the meal barrel."

[Some married people don't have meal barrels.]

"His shoes on the bureau, his comb and brush on the floor—but there—there on the mantle! What is it? Why, it is the picture of a beautiful girl, in a silk plump frame, buried back there in a mass of rubbish with a pair of socks he has worn no less than two months, hanging over it."

[Socks ought to last two months or more. Do you expect him to buy a new pair every week?]

"But come, let's go, the odor from this place is giving me a fearful headache. Now you go ask the inmate of that room if marriage is a failure and he will unhesitatingly reply, 'Yes, a complete failure. Nobody but a fanatic ever said it was not.'"

["Daisy," has a powerful strong imagination. We have seen several bachelors' rooms and we know her description to be a poor one. "Headache," didn't your head ache?]

"Of course happiness is not the result of all marriages, but that doesn't make it a failure any more than a man who has been for a number of years a member of the church, when found drunk on the streets, makes religion a failure."

"Old bachelors and old maids and a few hen-pecked husbands are the class of people that are constantly commenting on the subject, 'Is marriage a failure?'"

[You have them "spotted," have you? "Old bachelors, old maids and hen-pecked husbands." What kind of a wife do you call that one that has to sew for a living while her husband "lies asleep and dreaming."]

"I will leave you by saying that marriage is a failure with none but those that are married in name only, and those who can't find any one who will marry them. I will admit, 'brother Bony,' that it is a failure to that extent."

["Daisy," you have thrown considerable "light" on the subject. We hope that you may again contribute an article to the press upon this perplexing question. Suppose you tell at what age the young should marry, what they should be worth before entering upon such a life, how to "dress" in order to win, what kind of a buggy to buy—Columbus, Cincinnati, or an "H.M.T."—and ventilate the subject in such a manner as you may deem proper. This is a national, yes universal, question. Turn on the lights.

Now, really! do you think marriage a success?]

Had an Object.

Detroit Free Press.]

"My friend," he said, as he entered a shoe maker shop on Gratiot avenue, "I should like to sing you a song."

"How much you charge?"

"Not a red cent."

"Vhus it a nice song?"

"Very nice. I am sure you will be pleased with it."

The man drew a long breath and started off. It was a awful noise. It was intended to lift the shoemaker right off his bench. He did so, and after the first verse he said:

"Maype you haf some object?"

"I have, my dear sir. While I don't charge any thing for singing I do charge twenty-five cents to stop."

"I see; rhell, I vos going down to Springwells for dis afternoon. While I doan' sharge you to come in, I make you pay feefy cents to get out."

And he stepped out and locked the door, and for two hours the itinerant talked with an inquiring public through a broken pane of glass, and freely acknowledged that there are better games than his.

He Fought at Winchester.

AND HE WILL NOT PASS THROUGH THE PENITENTIARY GATES.

Judge Phillips, who held Forsyth court, told The Sentinel a pathetic incident which occurred at the last term of Surry court. It beautifully illustrates the tender sympathy of one soldier for another who has been unfortunate.

In the case of the State vs John Stuart, indictment for larceny, the prisoner appeared in the court room, shuffling along, scarcely able to walk. He wore a soiled check shirt, a very much worn suit and a battered hat.

Appearing as State witnesses were two well dressed, sleek-looking men, who clearly showed by their looks that they were determined to send the old man to the penitentiary if possible.

"Has the prisoner any counsel?" asked Judge Phillips.

"I have none, your Honor," answered Stuart. "I am a poor man, unable to hire an attorney."

The Judge saw by the man's looks that this was an unusual case and said: "Well, go on and tell your story."

"Well sir, I was in the Confederate army, and at the battle of Winchester I was shot through both hips. Since then it has been exceedingly hard for me to support myself. I went to work for this last year and worked eight months, upon his promise to board and clothe me and to pay me what my services were worth. During that time he paid me ten cents, with which I bought tobacco. At the end of eight months he refused to pay me any money and refused to give me any clothes, saying that my services were worthless. Then, your Honor, I went into his ward-robe, took a suit of clothes to hide my nakedness and left. He had me indicted for larceny and I have been in jail ever since."

As the old man finished, a hushed murmur of indignation was heard throughout the court-room.

"You say you were shot at Winchester?" asked Judge Phillips, who was himself an officer in that splendid and memorable charge.

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the second charge, to the left on the other side of the town?"

"The prisoner's face brightened. "Yes," he said, "I was there, in Rhodes' division and was shot while crossing the ravine just below the hill."

The Judge was satisfied that the old veteran was telling the truth, but to be certain he called the State's witness.

While the witness was giving in his testimony, which was to the effect that the old man's story was about right but that he refused to pay him anything because his services were worthless, Stuart leaned over to Solicitor Settle. "Mr. Settle," he said, "your father and I were friends. I lived in Rockingham county and your father persuaded me to enlist in his company. I received my wound while following him. Since then it has been a hard struggle for me to keep out of the poor-house."

By this time Judge Phillips, Solicitor Settle and everybody else in the court-room was satisfied that the old soldier had been pitilessly persecuted and the faces of the on-lookers showed the deepest pity and sympathy for the unfortunate man and the blackest indignation for his heartless employer.

"Mr. Solicitor," said the Judge, "change your bill of indictment from larceny to trespass." This was willingly done by Mr. Settle.

"Now," he continued, "judgment is suspended and the prisoner is discharged."

Scarcely had the last word been spoken before every man in the room applauded, and great tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of strong men. A similar scene, Judge Phillips tells us, he has never seen in the court-house.

As the old man who, half an hour before had been friendless, hobbled out of the court-room, hundreds of men drew around him to shake his hand. Our townsman, Hon. W. B. Glenn, volunteered his services to secure a pension; Mr. Hollyfield offered him a position as miller and in less than five minutes a handsome purse of money was made up to buy the old soldier a comfortable suit of clothes.

Needless to add, he was almost overcome with gratitude, and to his dying day he will bless the memory of his old comrade-in-arm, and his generous, new-found friends.

Copper money first made its