# BOYS and GIRLS STORIES of the WAR

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General Stonewall Jackson.
Commodore Foot and Colonel Small, etc. etc.

WEST & JOHNSTON, Richmond.

# STORY OF A REFUGEE.

MY dear children, you wish to know why I am here so far from my dear old home. I will tell you.

All of you have heard Pa and Ma talk of Milroy, the Yankee General. He is

a very bad man. No one where I lived had a good word for him. He took away all the horses, cows, pigs, and chickens of poor people as well as rich people. He was a brute to women, old men, like me; and did not care what became of little boys and girls. If he did not like their fathers, he would seize them, and burn their houses and fences. Ruin and this Milroy were great friends.

Well, I lived in the Valley of Virginia. My home was a sweet place not far from a fine, clear stream of water.

Pretty fish swam in the clear, silver stream. On bright days Mary and Willie got in a safe little boat which I kept in a green nook, and I took them to a shady spot where they caught fish. Many a little perch was caught and fried for dinner. Then there were beehives where the busy

bees made much sweet honey; and a fine orchard with apples, pears, peaches, plums and cherries. There were cows to give milk, and horses to ride, and pigs and geese, chickens and turkeys. It was a sweet home where Uncle William and Mary and Willie lived.

Milroy with a long line of bad men, each with a gun, came to my house and took my horse, my cow, and in fact all he could lay his hands on. I told him it was wrong to take all I had, and that God would see that it did him no good. One of his men struck me, and then set fire to my house. Mary and Willie were born in that house, and when they saw the fire they ran out and cried as if their hearts would break.

So the house was soon burnt, and my little family had no good bed to lie on at night, nor a morsel to eat. But after a

while a good friend took us to his house, yet it did not seem like the old home.

Now my children, you have heard your Ma and Pa talk of Stonewall Jackson. He was a brave, good and great man.

When he went to fight the Yankees, he always prayed that he might have help from God. I knew that God would punish the bad men who burnt my house and drove us out into the woods. Sure enough it was so, for Jackson with his brave, good men came along and fought Milroy and his bad men. Our friend Jackson met Milroy just where my house was burnt. The smoke was still rising from the black ruins. Milroy ran as hard as he could out of the Valley, and Jackson after him.

Every thing looked drear and lonely. My good friend did his best to make us happy, but I could not sleep for I saw but the

fire and ruins, and the bad Yankees. Mary and Willie wept themselves to sleep.

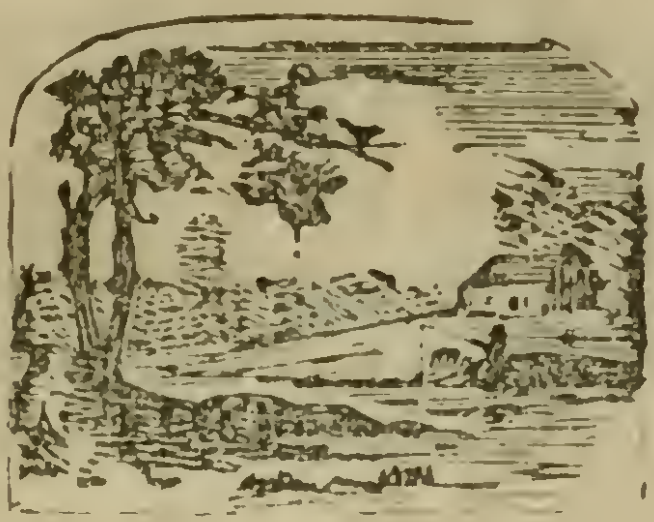
While I was at the house of this good friend, a little while after the fight with Milroy, I saw the bad Yankees under General Shields and Fremont, and Banks, run away from Jackson. The great "Stonewall," had whipped them, and their dead and wounded lay on the field of battle ghastly to see,

This Yankee Banks ran away to Winchester, where Uncle William, when he was a boy, went to school. Our good "Stonewall" came to that town and made Banks run across the Potomac river. When "Stonewall" got to Winchester, all the men shouted for him, and the good ladies rushed into the street and gave our soldiers all sorts of sweet and good things to eat. Even the little boys and girls clapped their hands and cried, "Huzza, for our friend, Jackson!" Tears of joy stole down the cheeks of old men like myself, when they heard the cry in every part of town, "Huzza, for glorious Stonewall!" Even the little negro boys, Tom, Jerry, Pink and Reub, joined in the cry against the hated Yankees.

And now, my little friends, stop just here, for Uncle William wants to shout

too. Raise your little hands and swing them around your head every time I do, and cry, "Huzza, for 'Stonewall!'" One more, "Huzza!" one more, "Huzza!" That was well done.

Take your map and get Pa or Ma to tell you where the Valley is. It was a dear, sweet place before the Yankees came to



burn and rob. God will punish them for their bad deeds, for they have made many a widow and orphan.

Here I am, my dear children, without a home, but the war will end some day, and

then I will try to build a new house, and raise more horses, cows and chickens. If you ever come that way on Christmas, step in and see Uncle William.

# THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE.

DO you wish to listen to another little story? I see your eyes light up, and they say as plain as words can tell me: Uncle William, tell us another story.

Well, "Stonewall" was in the habit of marching his men at a very rapid rate over tall mountains called the Blue Ridge. Even goats have a very hard time to climb up the high rocks and through little narrow paths that lead over the Blue Ridge But "Stonewall's" men, who were called "Foot Cavalry" because they were so fleet in their movements, moved fast over the big hills and the huge rocks.

In this way they often pounced upon

the Yankees when they thought "Stonewall" was far off.

One dark night when there were neither moon nor stars "Stonewall" wanted a guide. He found a cabin at the foot of the mountain. In this cabin lived old uncle Ned, who had been born on the spot.

Uncle Ned heard the fife and the drum, and thought the Yankees had come. He was very much scared, for he hated the Yankees. They had once been in his cabin, stole his milk and bread, robbed his potato patch, and carried off his young master as a prisoner.

So Uncle Ned seized a tallow candle, and looked out of his window trembling all the time, while his eyes grew as large as Mexican dollars.

In a few moments, a soldier rode up and asked Uncle Ned to shew him a path over

the mountain. Uncle Ned cried out: "Is you a Confed. or a Yank?" "I am a Confederate officer," replied the soldier in the grey coat, and with stars on his collar. "Well den marster," said uncle Ned, I will 'tend to you right 'way. But stop, who is at de head of all dese men. Is it old "Stonewall." "Yes," said the officer, "I am "Stonewall." "Hurray!" cried uncle Ned, "hurray! I goes wid you all ober de Blue Ridge! hurray!" and he swung his old hat in the air.

So the faithful negro shut the window, locked the door of his cabin and was soon seen guiding the army through the mountain pass.

Uncle Ned, was a good guide. He knew every foot of the tall lonely mountain, for he had gone over it hundreds of times into the valley beyond. Jackson got over safe,

and rushed upon the Yankee camp. The Yankees were at breakfast and having a good time of it at their messes. All at once they heard the crack of our guns, and in great terror each man fell into ranks. After a short fight, the Yankees ran away.

"What became of uncle Ned?" you ask. He had got a gun and fought too, but having gone too close to the Yankees, he was taken prisoner, and forced away with them.

Some time after this fight, a party of "Stonewall's" men made a dash into a Yankee camp near Winchester, and routed them. In this fight Uncle Ned got away, and when "Stonewall" marched his army into Winchester, who do you think rode into town in great glee?

A crowd of soldiers and people were gathered on the street, laughing fit to kill themselves. Riding along was Uncle Ned

on a little pony with a Yankee behind him. He had captured the Yankee in the woods and was bringing him to "old Stonewall." The Yankee did not like to ride behind Uncle Ned, and came near falling off when his captor struck the pony a lick with his whip. "Hold on, Yank!" said Uncle Ned, "hold on, for if you don't I'll blow your head off with dis here pistol. You is de chap dat took my milk and potatoes, and now I'se goin' to carry you to de prison where all de rogues lib." And so he did to the great amusement of the soldiers and people.

Let me tell you, my dears, how Jackson came to be called "Stonewall." His Christian name was Thomas, bear that in mind. You have heard often, no doubt, of the great battle of Manassas. Well, when the fight got to be very hard, Gen-

eral Bee said to his men, "Look at Jackson, he stands as firm as a stone wall!" Sure enough he did stand like a wall of stone, for the Yankees could not make him budge an inch, but after a while took to their heels and ran off to Washington City as fast as their legs could carry them. Some of them were so scared that when they got to the City they fell down and fainted. So the bad men who came over a broad stream and walked many miles to fight our friends, left their horses, waggons, guns and knapsacks, on the road, so great was their hurry to get away. Ever after that great fight, all our friends called Jackson, "Stonewall" Jackson, as the good General Bee had said.

Every one in the Valley, and all over the land, had no fears when "Stonewall" got after the Yankees, for they knew he

would whip them. And he did whip them all the time. "Stonewall" died and all the people mourned for him.

# COMMODORE FOOTE

AND

# COLONEL SMALL.

LITTLE CHILDREN:—I am going to tell you a little story about little men and little things. Many who will read this

little story have no doubt heard of General Tom Thumb.

Before the two little men that I am going to tell you about came into the world, Tom Thumb was the smallest man that was ever seen. His right name was not Thumb, but his mother gave him that name because he was so small. His mother was a large, stout woman, and she could hold little Tom in one of her hands when he was twenty years old; and it is said that she used to sing—

"My son he is a little man
Not bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a new tin cup
And there I bid him drum."

I saw this wonderful little fellow many years ago. He was then going around the country, showing himself, in company with

the tallest man in the world—Mr. Porter, the Kentucky giant; and they were a funny couple truly. Little Tom's head only reached up to the giant's knee, and yet they were both grown men and very little difference in their ages

Mr. Porter, the giant, is now dead, but little Tom Thumb is yet living, and he is married to a little woman about his own size and age.

But I must return to the heroes of my story—COMMODORE FOOTE and COLONEL SMALL.

Last winter I was a prisoner with the Yankees in New Orleans, and there I saw these two most wonderful little men that ever lived.

When I first saw them, they were driving about the streets of that great city in their sweet little carriage, not much larger

than a cradle, which was drawn by two pretty Cashmere goats, instead of horses, with their driver, a little man not much bigger than themselves, sitting on the driver's box, with reins and whip in hand; and the little carriage, the little goat-horses, the little driver, and the little men inside the carriage, (looking out at the window, shaking hands with the hundreds of children and ladies and gentlemen who followed and surrounded them,) looked for all the world just as you see them in the picture

Driving around the city in this way attracted the attention of everybody who saw the curious little carriage and its still more curious inmates; and the result was that all the children in the city, and many grown people, were nearly crazy to go to the show and see the wonderful little men.

As I was a crippled soldier, the Yankees did not keep me in prison; so I was allowed to go about the city anywhere I wished. Well, that night I went to the Museum to see these wonderful little men.

The Museum was crowded with people, fully one-half of whom were little children, and when Commodore Foote and Colonel Small, who looked like dressed-up dolls, appeared on the stage and cut up all sorts of capers, making speeches like great men in Congress, drilling and fighting like sol-

diers in the field, singing songs, dancing and acting like clowns in the circus, al the children present nearly burst thei sides with laughter, and men and womer joined in with many a hearty ha! ha! ha.

Then they told the people that they wanted a little girl to come on the stage with them to help them in some of their little plays. After waiting a minute, a little girl about six years old was induced to go; and everybody in the Museum laughed like fun when the two little men asked her to hold out her arms, and they stood up by her side just as you see them in the following picture. The little girl was a head and shoulders taller than they were. (See first page of story.)

Then Colonel Small got a chair and stood up in it, and put his little arms around the little girl's neck and hugged

and kissed her, and the Commodore walked off in a pet, making believe that he was jealous because the Colonel was making love to the little lady.

The little girl was delighted with the loving attentions of the gallant Colonel, and all the people present fairly roared with laughter. And if you had been there to see them, you would laugh even now to think of it.

Just to think of that funny little Colonel, who was dressed in a pair of yellow pantaloons, boots with red tops and spurs, a long red vest, a blue coat with bright buttons, and a cocked hat, and looking just as much like the great Napoleon as you possibly can imagine, down on his knees before the little maiden, telling her how his little heart would burst wide open if she did not return his love, and telling her what

a great warrior he was, and what a fine lady she would be if she would marry him; why, the very thoughts of it makes me laugh even while I am telling you the story.

But the little girl made the Colonel no answer; and then he ran off the stage, and got his little carriage, with the little driver on the box, and rode in where the little girl was. Then he jumped out of the carriage and took the little girl by the hand, and begged her to get in and take a ride with him. But the little girl only laughed; for, though she was but six years old, she was larger than the two little men both together, and she knew that the carriage was not big enough to hold her alone—for the carriage, the goat-horses, the driver, and the little men, all together, were no larger than a baby's carriage drawn by two big dogs.

So the little girl laughed fit to kill herself, and ran to her father who was waiting for her at the foot of the stage, and jumped into his arms; and the Colonel hurried into his carriage, when the driver cracked his whip and they drove off at a gallop.

In a few moments more, the little men came back on the stage, and the Commodore told the Colonel that he had offended him by making love to the little maiden, and that they must decide who should have her by fighting.

Well, this being agreed upon, they each put on great big mittens, called boxing gloves, and at it they went. The gloves were padded with cotton, so that they could not hurt each other, though they hit as hard as they could, right in the face, and knocked one another down almost at

every blow. As they could not decide the matter in this way, they agreed to fight a regular duel, and so they each took a sword and they fought a mimic battle, in which the Commodore made believe that he was killed, and the Colonel dragged his body from the stage—when the curtain fell.

They played many other funny tricks and plays, and said many queer things; but I must stop here, as I have no more time to devote to them just now. But, by and by, after I have told you many other pretty stories, I may have something more to say about Commodore Foote and Colonel Small.

# THE LOST KITE.

WHEN I was a little boy my Uncle made me a very beautiful kite, and the first time I went out to fly it, I foolishly let go the string, and it flew away, fell in the river and was lost. When I went

to my Uncle and told him, with tears in my eyes, what had happened and what had become of my kite, my Uncle sat down and wrote the pretty piece of poetry which follows:

My kite, my kite, I've lost my kite!
O, when I saw the steady flight
With which she gained her lofty height,
How could I know that letting go
That naughty string, would bring so low
My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,
To pass for ever out of sight!

A purple cloud came sailing by,
With silver fringes, o'er the sky,
And then I thought it seemed so nigh
I'd let my kite go up and light
Upon its edge, so soft and bright,
And see how noble, high and proud
She'd look while riding on a cloud.

As near its shining marks she drew
I clapped my hands, the line slipped through
My silly fingers, and she flew
Away, away, in airy play,
Right over where the waters lay—
She veered, fluttered, swung, and gave
A plunge, then vanished with the wave.

I never more shall want to look
On that false cloud or treacherous brook,
Nor wish to feel the breeze that took
My dearest joy, to thus destroy
My pastime while a happy boy.

# THE BRAVE EDITOR.

BUT very few of my young readers have ever seen a great battle. It is really frightful to see the dead and dying

strewn thick upon the ground; and when the whistling balls and shrieking shells pass through the air with the speed of lightning, no wonder that the ear is startled, the hair stands on end, and the heart almost ceases to beat with mortal terror.

At the commencement of this story is the picture of a brave Editor of a Confederate newspaper, as he appeared on the battle-field of Chancellorsville, which he visited for the purpose of writing a description of the fight. You see his pen in his hand, and his hair stands up so straight that it has caused his hat to fall from his head. He was writing about the battle that was raging fiercely all around, when all at once a Yankee battery began firing upon the very spot he had chosen as the best from which to get a good view of the terrible struggle. The cannon balls and

bomb shells are falling thick around him, and, as you see by the picture, he is really terrified. But he is a brave man, and though in a perilous situation is determined to stand his ground.

He did stand his ground! and in a few moments a corps of Confederate troops, led by the gallant Jackson, charged the enemy's battery, took their cannon from them, and drove them in confusion from the field. So the brave Editor escaped unharmed.

The Editor about whom I have been telling you is a religious and pious man and he says that nothing but the unseen hand of God could have turned the deadly balls and shells aside and saved him from harm. Thus, God is good to those who love and fear him.